

# Taming A Billionaire

## #Chapter 211 - Two Hundred And Eleven: The Search - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 211 - Two Hundred And Eleven: The Search

*Chapter 211 - Two Hundred And Eleven: The Search*

The third point of view

He had run like crazy, Niklaus didn't know what happened next but all he recalled was the fact he abandoned all of the projects at hand and took a flight home.

He had seen the news on his phone, it wasn't hard to find; it was all over the internet.

"A controversial actress who goes by the name Maya Octavia has reportedly fallen off a bridge during a faceoff with anger fans. A search and rescue operation is ongoing and though her body has not been found as at the time of the report, the police are investigating for an indication of foul play or that she had taken her own life,"

Niklaus didn't stay to hear the rest of the news, he had heard enough. There was no way Maya would have taken her life, it was absurd. The Maya he knew was a stubborn, strong woman who never buckled under pressure.

This wasn't the first time she had had scandals and none had knocked her down. So why now? Why would Maya give up now, especially now she had their child?

The thought of his child made anxiety grip his heart like steel iron. It wouldn't have been a surprise if he had gone crazy at that moment

But Something was fishy, the timing was too coincidental. Why would such a scandal come out just after a day he left? There was no doubt that Tina or his father had a hand in this or both were in cahoots.

They should pray nothing happens to Maya or his child else he would bring down hell on them. Father or not, he had crossed the line and he would pay for that.

"Sir Niklaus," Lucas called after him as soon as they landed at the airport.

"You're wearing the wrong shoes!" Lucas pointed out the fact he had worn his shoes wrongly plus the buttons on his shirt too.

But Niklaus was far gone, he wasn't interested in his haggard state. His hair was messy with deep dark circles around his eye- he hardly slept a wink last night.

The moment he saw that news, he had ordered the pilot back and the journey home began notwithstanding his tired gaze,

All that mattered was finding his unborn child and his mother.

Lucas had already made arrangements so when he had stepped down from the jet, a car was already waiting for him.

"Sir, perhaps you should take a small bite," Micheal, his chauffeur, handed a paper bag to him.

The smell of mouthwatering food wafted into his nose but Niklaus couldn't stomach it. His alimentary canal was knotted from anxiety.

"I can't," he refused right away.

"You haven't taken anything since yesterday and that was a long ride from Country B plus the fact you haven't shut your eyes for a minute," His chauffeur complained.

"Just drive," Niklaus said. The only thing that could calm him down was seeing Maya safe in his arms.

Niklaus tried to think positive but the evidence was fairly conclusive and pointing to the assumption that Maya was dead. According to the information, there had been current in the river last night and the bottom of the Nillan River was steep.

Niklaus couldn't tell if Maya was a good swimmer since he never asked and the occasion never called for it. But the report from the search was suggesting that the water might have been too

strong for her last night and she tired out and drowned and was swept away by the current.

Hours after the report, the search for her had begun last night but the obscurity of the dark had made it hard.

Yet Niklaus chose to have faith, he wouldn't give up until he saw her body and confirmed with his eyes that.

Niklaus already had the fans who cornered Maya into that situation arrested - they would all pay for what they did to her.

The moment they arrived, Niklaus didn't even wait for Micheal to park properly and was out of the car.

The police had secured the area with their do- not- cross yellow duct tape but Niklaus tossed it aside amid watching spectators.

"Hey, you're not supposed to be in there," an officer hollered.

"Where is your deputy?" He questioned fiercely.

The officer was flabbergasted, "I don't know what's up with you but you need to leave or I'll have arrested for messing up a crime scene," was his threat.

"Where the fucking hell is your deputy?!" Niklaus treated his words like air.

The officer suspecting Niklaus to be high on drugs tried to incapacitate him but was shocked when he ended up being manhandled instead.

"You just assaulted an officer of the law," he stated, amid his painful moans. The officer was just about to speak into his walkie-talkie and call for reinforcement when he saw more of his people coming in their direction.

"You're in trouble now," he grinned at Niklaus who let go of him, "Now, not only would be charged for tampering with a crime scene, you'd charges for assaulting a police officer and? I bet you're high on something; your life is finished" thinking about it made the officer sneer at that fool.

But he was mystified when his partners set their sight on Niklaus, ignoring him. What the fuck.

"We are so sorry for the inconveniences," one of them bowed to Niklaus who grumbled a reply.

"Where is he?"

"He's down the river for the search," he answered.

"Take me to him,"

" Of course? sir,"

"Wait a minute, " the officer who had shamed him rose to his feet but Niklaus had no time for him and had already taken his leave.

"What are you doing?" His fellow policeman held him back.

His expression was livid, "Didn't you just see what he did -"

"Unless you want a death sentence, I'd advise you not to go there," the other policeman cautioned him.

Of course, the officer wasn't dumb. That man must have power else his mates wouldn't have respected him to that extent. Unlike what the public thought, even the security forces could be controlled by a powerful figure.

Niklaus was led down the river shore where the search was ongoing with full force; helicopters were scouring the area with citizens being held off.

"You're welcome, sir Niklaus" The deputy sheriff enveloped his hand in a firm handshake.

"What are the results?" Niklaus went straight to the point.

"So far, our divers and teams are searching the area with sonar equipment but haven't come up with anything," he explained.

"Then search harder," Niklaus hissed.

"We are doing our best here and are putting every available resource into this search. But so far, I don't think this woman has a high chance of surviving, the current here is no joke," the deputy confessed.

Niklaus' heart skipped a beat but he refused to give up until he saw her body, that notion kept him going.

"What are you trying to say?" His eyes narrowed.

"We started this massive search from last night, yet there's no trace of her. I'm suggesting we switch this rescue operation to a 'search and recovery operation' what do you say?" The sheriff proposed.

Niklaus' face darkened," So you're saying that I should accept the fact that the mother of my child is dead?"

The deputy was taken aback, the mother of my child? It was no wonder, all had been put into this search. Helicopters, sniffer dogs, divers, submarine vehicles with cameras, you name it.

The sheriff lowered his shade," I'm so sorry-

"Your sorry is useless in this situation but your hard work might give her a chance to survive," Niklaus said harshly.

The deputy sheriff didn't say anything, he understood the reason for Niklaus' hostility. He would be the same if he was in his shoe.

"Fine, we would expand the search and hang onto the fact that her body had somehow swept to shore,"

"That's a lot comforting," Niklaus knew that was a blatant lie but he needed positivity right now. He wasn't going to admit that he had just lost two loved ones- Maya and his child.

That news would devastate him, it would crush him. He wasn't going to acknowledge it yet until he saw the evidence. Maya must be somewhere.

Niklaus looked up that period and saw Eden with his assistant, talking to one of the police officers, and anger like no other coursed through him.

He strode towards them and before Eden could sense the impending danger, a powerful punch that knocked him to the ground met his face.

"This is all your fault!" He roared, pushing aside the police officer who tried to hold him back. He would kill Eden today.

Eden shook out the stars from his eyes, he never saw that one coming. He felt a metallic taste in his mouth and spat out blood, he saw red.

With a feral growl, he lunged at Niklaus and tackled him to the ground and they began to roll.

*Chapter 212 - Two Hundred And Twelve: Trouble*

The third point of view

The sight was funny yet not funny as both men rained blows on each other.

"This is all your fault! You caused this scandal!" Blamed Niklaus, straddling Eden and punching him.

But Eden rolled him to his back and ended on top of him instead, bringing down his own punches on him

"My fault, huh? Who caused this from the very beginning? If you had properly protected her from your vulture of a father, she wouldn't have been this vulnerable!"

Infuriated, Niklaus somehow kicked him away which caused Eden to stagger away from him. The officers at the spot took that opportunity to hold both of them.

"You two stop it now!" Hologered the deputy sheriff with hands on his waist and lips pressed together angrily.

"Pray to God that nothing happens to Maya else, I'll dismember your head from your body myself," threatened Niklaus.

"All you ever do is rain threat yet you're just a scaredy-cat. What have you ever done for Maya?! You let your father abuse her plus that bitch called your fisnceé! It's no wonder that Maya kissed me!"

That obtrusive confession coursed through Niklaus like electricity through a wet body and he broke free from the clasps of the officers with incredible strength.

Eden, already held back by the officers, had no time to retaliate nor did they see Niklaus on time as he speared Eden.

"Oof," The breath was knocked out of his lungs when Niklaus drove his shoulder into his midsection. The impact had Eden dazed and didn't have time to protect his face from his blows.

This was quite a huge show for the audience who whipped out their cellphones, recording the live wrestling. Two heirs fighting over a missing actress, it was quite a news.

The police were exhausted, both men were too strong and burning with anger. Left for them alone, they would have let both of them beat each other and blow off some steam. But they were the police and had to uphold the law.

With all their might, they managed to rip Niklaus from Eden who was a bloody mess.

"Call an ambulance," someone shouted amid the commotion.

Eden was helped to his feet while Niklaus who was being restrained by the police released a beastly growl; the growl of a wounded animal.

"You need to sit down,"

Eden who struggled to his feet and staggered about was advised. He was seeing doubles but his eyes were still focused on his target.

The officer thought him weak, so didn't oppress him as much as Niklaus who was being forced to his knee by the officers which allowed him to strike.

No one saw it coming, Eden ran to Niklaus and before he could be stopped, threw a blow to his head which knocked him out cold instantaneously.

Thanks to the sprinting, vertigo overtook Eden and he dropped to the ground before he could be subdued.

"At last," an officer breathed in relief. This was the toughest fight he had ever witnessed.

"Where is the damn ambulance!"

Meanwhile....

Christina was happy, super happy. She had never been this happy since the day she was born till now. She watched Inside Life showing live from her television and recorded it; this would serve as a memorandum.

She loved seeing Maya at her lowest point, she joyed in it. That lowlife had dared to mess with her, she had dared to take what doesn't belong to her and now was paying the price.

Kim did a good job at this. Perhaps, she would reward her for a job well done after the whole scandal. It didn't surprise her, the amount of hatred Kim had for her sister, Maya.

She had a brother too and all she had to say was that illegitimate specimens were scums. They try to reap where they did not sow and think it's alright. No, she would teach both of them a lesson - Maya and her brother.

Christina glued her eyes to the screen and enjoyed every video clip uploaded to the internet by angry netizens. They made a comical caricature of Maya; the daring fans used hate speeches, and the others started the "Kick Maya out of the entertainment industry" campaign.

Maya's popularity soared overnight, but not in a positive way. Her name was the most sought after in search engines and the show with Lily alone garnered thirty million views in just a few hours. The show presenter had a? large fanbase, it was no wonder.

But that joy didn't last long enough as Christina's countenance changed when she saw the news, " Maya fell into the bridge".

She was unsettled, what was going on? How could such a thing happen? Why didn't Kim plan this thoroughly?

Heart beating against her chest, Tina tried Kim's number but it was not going through. She tried again and again and yet nothing.

Christina began to chew on her nails, her heart pounding against her chest. Niklaus wouldn't trace this back to her right?

She knew Niklaus had been seeing Maya behind her back- Adam had shown her the pictures. Niklaus still liked the girl amid her advances to occupy his heart.

Christina had considered exposing that evidence too but it was a double-edged move. Sure, people would rebuke Maya, and her reputation as a gold digger, finscéé snatcher, and prostitute would be irredeemable but people would talk behind her back since Niklaus was involved too.

Those socialites who flashed their teeth at her with a smile would also scorn her when she wasn't looking. They would gossip, pinpointing how incapable she was in keeping her man and let him whore around with a former nanny, an illegitimate daughter! That was a big stab to her ego.

Tina had swallowed that insult, waiting patiently for this day which ended up a disaster too. Why can't the universe let her be happy for once?

Adam helped her by keeping Niklaus' away to not disrupt her plans. The plot was to ruin Maya's career and break her to the point where she willingly gives up on Niklaus and leaves the country; disappearing from her sight forever.

But now, Maya fell off a bridge instead and Niklaus would think she was the one behind that. Kim was the one who did the dirty job, she would not be held responsible, right?

Christina knew what Niklaus looked like when angry; he was destructive. Fine, had she forgotten her supporter?

The anxious Tina at once tried to call Adam but he was not picking up. She tried repeatedly yet got the same result. Shit, what was going on? Adam had not forsaken her, right?

Fine, she would calm down. Even if Niklaus found out about this, he would need to do an investigation- she would deny his baseless assumption. Hopefully, that would buy her enough time to think about her next course of action.

Also....

Kim was in a hurry packing her stuff into a bag to notice her mother.

"What are you doing?"

She let out a startled scream, her hand on her chest only to find out it was her mother.

"M-mom?"

Angela's eyes took in the sight of the bags on the bed, "Where are you going to?"



Gosh, she had planned to leave unnoticed.

Kim laughed awkwardly, "Mom, I just want to take an emergency vacation" she quickly brought up a lie.

"A vocation and you're packing this much?" Her mother's eyes narrowed on the passport on her bed.

Angela stretched and took it before Kim, her daughter could intercept it.

"Passport to Country F? Her brow raised, "Isn't that one of the highest crime country and a good hideout for criminals,"

Kim's throat dried.

Angela gave her daughter a skeptical look, "What did you do Kimberly?"

"Mom is nothing. I just want to take a break. Work has been so overwhelming that I need to catch my breath," Kim continued her lie.

Angela scoffed, "Do you take me for a fool Kimberly," she took slow deliberate steps towards her daughter.

"You're my daughter and I know you like the back of my hand. You can't just abandon your work especially now you're beginning to make progress on impressing your father that you're capable enough to handle the running of the company instead of hiring an outsider,"

Angela asked firmly, "What have you done this time," Suddenly, her eyes narrowed with suspicion, "You didn't do anything to Maya, right?"

At once, Kim kneeled in front of her mother and began to rub her palms together

"Mom, please help me,"

Angela's heart missed a beat, her daughter has done it again.

"What did you do to Maya," her pulse raced awaiting Kim's confession.

"I didn't mean to harm her, I just wanted to scare her a bit," Kim cried, burying her face in her mother's skirt.

By the time Kim was done with her one-sided story that ended with Maya falling off a bridge, Angela narrowly escaped a heart attack.

Here, her daughter was scared of getting discovered by Niklaus, without knowing that Sakuzi was the much bigger threat.

"Hurry up at once, you need to leave here before he finds you!" Angela urged her to pack faster.

*Chapter 213 - Two Hundred And Thirteen: Meet Father*

Niklaus' point of view

I had a nightmare, no, nightmares throughout my sleep. But I could remember one vividly.

I saw Maya, she was beautiful, so ethereal looking, and dressed in a white flowing gown that hid her feet. I was on the beach, watching her as she walked further and further into the waves.

"Maya," I remembered calling her name times without a number but she wouldn't answer; she kept waving at me.

I tried to run to her then, but it was like running on a treadmill. I was sure of making progress yet was stuck in the same place.

But something happened.

A boy popped out of nowhere and appeared by her side. A strange boy; however, the striking similarity between him and I was undeniable. A lump formed in my throat, he was my son?

"Papa," he called and waved at me too.

I was stunned, no, unsettled by this churning sensation in my stomach. A feeling of dread washed over me as both mother and son waved at me in synchronization, it was creepy.

"Maya, please don't do this," I croaked. I was so afraid of what was going to happen next.

"I love you," Maya whispered to me, and out of the corner of my eyes, Kay, my late ex-wife appeared.

"No, no, Maya doesn't do this!"

I panicked when I saw my dead ex-wife stretch her hands towards her.

No amount of pleading changed her mind. Maya took hold of her son's hand and placed her other hand on Kay's outstretched one.

"Don't leave me, please," I crumbled to my knees, unrestrained tears sliding down my face, "I can't live without you,"

"I'm sorry, Niklaus" Maya responded, "But the death and the living have no connection whatsoever. Live your life till we meet again,"

She turned her back to me.

"Maya!" I screamed and went after her.

Amid my hoarse screaming and breathless running, Maya and my child kept getting far away from me until they were swallowed whole by the waves of the sea.

"No!" I awoke with a piercing scream that had Lucas scampering to my side.

Cold fear washed over me. The crippling fear was bone-deep that I began to shiver like I was buried under a pile of snow.

"Oh my God, what's going on? Why are you as cold as ice?" I heard Lucas's worried voice but that was not my concern. I was intent on finding her, the love of my life.

"M-Maya?" My breath came in gasps.

Lucas must have pressed the intercom because doctors and nurses rushed in, blocking my sight and tackling me to the bed.

"No, you don't understand!" I said to no one in particular, "I need to find Maya, I need to find -"

Struggling, I winced as a drug was injected into my system yet that didn't stop me from yelling out my concerns.

"I need to find the mother of my ...." My eyelids drooped and my sight blurry. Did they drug .....

I couldn't tell how much I slept but it was the piercing sunlight filtering through the curtain that awoke me.

"What in the name ...." I groaned with effort as I sat up. My body was heavy and aching all over as if a trailer ran over me.

"Brother," I heard a familiar voice.

"Emily?" I was unsure until she came into my line of sight and hugged me.

"Emily," I breathed, wrapping my hand around her and hugged her tightly. Right now, I needed both physical and emotional strength.

She was crying, her tears wetting the new shirt I was currently dressed. Lucas must have had me changed out of my clothes, thankfully, not hospital clothes - I hated those.

"I'm so sorry, I failed Judy and Maya," she said, which made my brow furrow.

Speaking of which, I had tried Judy's number when I returned to the country but it couldn't connect. Where the hell was he? Wasn't he supposed to protect Maya

"What do you mean by that?" I asked my sister. But when I saw new tears gush out from her eyes, I rephrase my question, "What happened to Judy?"

Her lips trembled which made a foreboding feeling arise from the pit of my stomach.

I knew Judy and Emily had been close which was none of my business. Perhaps before, I would have been against it but after Maya came into my life, I found out one had no control over who he or she falls in love with. For Emily to be this emotional, something must have happened.

"What happened to Judy?" I repeated my question yet impatiently this time.

"He's dead. Judy is dead,"

My expression shifted, "What nonsense are you spitting?"

"It's the truth Niklaus, Judy is dead,"

I rubbed my face with my palm and back up till my hands slid down my hair. What's with the streak of disaster?

"Tell me what happened?"

"It's father," she said.

Of course, it had to be my father, I nodded wryly.

"He found out about me and Judy and it got bloody. He made me agree to marry Ahmed else Judy dies," My sister narrated with sorrow in her voice. It was obvious that whatever she

witnessed, traumatized her.

"Ahmed? Governor Ahmed?" I inquired.

Emily shrugged, "I had to marry someone befitting our status and not some shadow guard who does our dirty deeds," she said bitterly.

Oh, she found out.

"I'm sorry for not telling you but the women have always been omitted from that part of the family business," I disclosed.

"Yeah, women aside from your daughter, Isabella while the rest of us are dolls that stroke your male egos," she spat displeased.

"Isabella was a special case but she would be the wind of change. So please go back to the Judy story," I pleaded. We would treat the indiscrimination case later.

"Well, father tried to send him away but there was an attack. None of father's men survived and Judy as reported but his body is nowhere to be seen," she finished her narration.

There was something so strange about everything. I would have assumed that father had a hand in Judy's assumed death but he wouldn't have his men killed as well, right? But who was I kidding, he wouldn't have allowed Judy to survive in the first place.

Suddenly, something came to mind and I asked, "When did this happen?"

"What?"

"When did Judy die?"

"The same night as Maya's incident,"

White seething anger blinded me, this was all the old man's fault! If he hadn't captured Judy, he would have been there to rescue Maya from being pushed off the bridge. I didn't believe Maya would commit suicide, foul play was at work.

It was too true to be a coincidence that I get to leave for Country B, Maya gets involved in a scandal and Judy gets killed. It was planned and they would answer me.

"What are you doing?" Emily frowned as she witnessed me yank off the wires connected to my body.

"To father," I growled.

"Niklaus!" She grabbed my arm but I peeled it away and left for the door.

"What are you going to do, Niklaus?!" she yelled after me.

I ignored her question only to bump into Lucas blocking my way.

"What are you doing?" My eyes narrowed at her gesture threateningly.

"I'm not going to let you step a foot out of here," she declared.

I was taken aback momentary, my expression hardened, "Are you defying my orders?"

"You suffered a concussion to the head after that blow and a panic attack after you woke up two days later. I'm not going to let you risk your life out there when you're barely recovered," she announced.

I towered over Lucas but he was standing tall with lips pressed together and eyes glinting with determination.

"Are you getting out of my way or should I make you?"

"Take a look at yourself, Niklaus. You're so haggard-looking and under stress. I'm sure if Maya was here, she'd admonish you for putting your life in jeopardy!"

"You don't know anything about Maya! So get out of my way, woman!"

Lucas's eyes widened from shock. Seriously, does she think I would never discover she was a girl? I was a player and could tell apart a girl from a boy with just a glance. But she had hidden herself so well that I only found out after intentionally touching her on the shoulder; women's physiques were different from men's.

I don't know the intention behind her crossdressing but as far as she has no ulterior motive, it was none of my business.

"Niklaus, I still "

I pulled the gun out of her belt to her astonishment and shot at her.

Emily shrieked while Lucas- I wonder if that's her real name- staggered back. I had intentionally missed, the bullet only grazing her arm.

"While I had been asleep for two days, the mother of my child has been missing and you expect me to sit still?"

A loud gasp came from Emily. Yeah, they had no idea Maya was pregnant.

Lucas's mouth opened and closed.

"Have a good time in the hospital. Rest as much as you want," I said to her mockingly and left.

My father has questions to answer.

*Chapter 214 - Two Hundred And Fourteen: Revenge Of A Spencer*

The third point of view

Gunshots reverberated in Adam's manor like a beating drum during a carnival with the pungent Nitroglycerin smell lingering in the air.

No one needed to be told what was going on with the resonating bangs and the huge cloud of gunpowder.

No one had seen that coming. All the guards knew was that Adam had ordered an emergency lockdown; no one was to leave nor come in.

Though the guards that had been slain days ago were inconspicuous, the news had spread amongst fellow members and caused tension amongst the security department.

Yes, they were guards, but before that, they were humans too and some of them had families or people that loved and looked up to them for support.

So it wasn't surprising fear grew in their heart when the sudden lockdown was initiated. Guards were stationed at various strategic points, patrolling the area and keeping an eye out for the target - Niklaus.

Most guards didn't understand what made Niklaus go rogue but the inner circle guards - the guards closest to Adam - knew it was related to that girl.

How could they not know that? Her disappearance was the hottest and trending news in the country currently.

According to the officer's report as captured on the nearest surveillance camera, Maya had walked to the pediatrician walkway probably to blow off some steam after the revelation of that scandal - sponsored by their leader, Adam.

There was no suicide barrier constructed on the Nillan bridge which was below a turbulent deep stretch of water.

She had been leaning on a railing looking into the water when she had been surrounded by the fanatic fans who crowded the walkway.

The surveillance couldn't capture if it was a case of accidental slipping or if she had been pushed off of the bridge due to the commotion.

Her plunging happened so fast that she could not even cling to the bridge railing for dear life. She had slipped over the bridge quickly and gravity took effect.

Investigations into Maya's private life revealed that the girl never had suicidal tendencies though she once had a case of depression. But then, had the scandal knocked her down this time that she decided to use the guise of the fans to end her life?

While the fans at the crime scene had been detained as part of a murder investigation and they were presently been charged for reckless endangerment due to lack of evidence- yet - however, Niklaus wants it upgraded to murder.

The man was bloodthirsty for revenge and that was the same reason they were on the lookout for him.

"Incapacitate but do not kill my son," that was Adam's strict order which they knew better not to break. To avoid an accidental discharge, all guns held by the guards had been switched to tranquilizer dart guns.

Undoubtedly, Niklaus would not go easy on them and one might retaliate, resulting in shooting him accidentally in a fit of anger. The best option to avoid such unpleasant circumstances was to provide the dart gun.

They all waited anticipatedly for the arrival of Niklaus with their head in the game. No one wanted to slip up in fear of Adam's wrath.

Not long after, a car approached the manor and the gate was automated to give him access into the courtyard. They were all alert and patiently waited for him to step out.

The moment the door was opened and a figure stepped out, they rained darts on him.

"Yo, check him out !" A guard ordered from their hiding spot after some minutes of their firing spree.

Five guards dropped down from the one-story balcony different from the main house, approaching Niklaus who was sprawled out on the hard ground, face pressed to the side with darts sticking out from various parts of his body.

"He should be knocked out cold by now," surmised one of the guards.

They walked to him, one of them turning the supposed Niklaus over with his feet but the shock on their face afterward was apparent.

The man lying on the floor and snoring soundly was the same height as Niklaus' but not him; his hood and glasses shielded his face.

"This is not -"



He was still saying when a bullet was fired and it got the first one on the hand which made him drop his weapon with a yelp before another got him on the knee.

Before the other four could react, bullets had pierced through their hands and knees.

Niklaus had stepped out of the boot of the car without warning, applying the element of surprise and taking them unaware.

It was obvious Niklaus didn't aim to kill, else he would have targeted their heart, lungs, or head - for the instant kill - but the hand and leg were to disable them.

Niklaus looked like the god of death with two Beretta M9 in both hands as he fired at the guards with precision.

He knew his father's place like the back of his hand, having lived there since young and had knowledge of all hidden spots a sniper could consider.

It was like watching an action movie. Niklaus came prepared and each time he ran out of bullets, he took cover and reloaded before firing at his targets again. Grunt and moans of pain lay in his wake.

There was no smile on his face, his gaze so cold and murderous; there was no need to be happy. Maya was gone, no, she was still alive, just injured and stranded somewhere because of his father's selfishness.

Niklaus had successfully made it to the foyer of the house when a dart hit him on the neck.

"Shit!" He cursed, shooting at the bastard before ripping the tranquilizer out of his neck.

This single dart was not enough to bring him down but he had not much time left at this rate.

He had almost made it to his father's office when a guard came out of a hiding spot and kicked one of the guns out of his grasp.

Of course, even if he incapacitated everyone else, his father would still have a spare to protect him.

"Fine," Niklaus dropped the other gun to the ground, "Let's fight like a man then," he decided.

Of course, he had a reason behind this decision. He surmised the drug in the dart shot at him would take effect in five or ten minutes more but he could buy time by being active.

Both engaged in hand-to-hand combat at once, throwing punches at each other. Niklaus held the man's punch and twisted his hand backward but the man released himself by elbowing him on the face.

Of course, Niklaus saw that coming but he needed the pain to stay awake if he wanted to achieve what he wanted by coming here.

A kick at the gut made him double over and another powerful punch sent him stumbling to the ground.

Fine, that was enough, he had taken enough pain. They wanted to hold him down but it wasn't going to work.

Just when the man tried to pull him up by the hair, Niklaus punched him on the stomach and brought his knee up to his face, ramming so hard that he staggered back.

"Playtime's over," Niklaus said, picked up his gun, and shot him on the stomach.

"I missed vital organs but if you don't get treated soon, you're going to bleed to death- I'm sure you know that already," Niklaus reminded him. The hospital was going to have a handful today.

"You defeated forty of my best men," Adam was amused, "Rage does bring the best in a man,"

Niklaus who walked into the room strode over to his father and yanked him up by the collar.

"You must be satisfied now, right?" He breathed against his face.

All those anger Niklaus felt the past two days resurfaced and he felt the urge to rip that man called his father apart.

"I didn't do much but the universe seems to agree to my decision of getting rid of her permanently,"

"You animal!" Niklaus roared and punched his father in the face.

The impact whipped Adam's head to the side but Niklaus kept him up with his grasp.

Adam laughed, exposing bloodied teeth and busted lips, " Feel satisfied now?" He asked smugly.

"She was pregnant with my child, my blood; you killed a spencer!" He tightened his hold around his collar, choking his father but Adam showed no sign of discomfort other than a stunned expression.

"She was pregnant?"

"Yes, she was having my child!" Niklaus pushed him away like a worthless object, "But now you took both lives and made my own life a living hell,"

A faint trace of remorse was seen on Adam's face but it disappeared as soon as it came, "I didn't order her being pushed off the bridge, that's all you need to know," he told Niklaus, licking his bleeding lower lips.

"Yes, you didn't order that but you were the one who caused the events leading to the disaster!" Niklaus cocked his gun and pointed it at his father's head.

"Give me one reason why I shouldn't end your pathetic life?" He spoke bitterly through gritted teeth. Veins were protruding from his face and forehead with his eyes red from fury.

"Fine, go ahead and kill me if that would please you," Adam replied nonchalantly, "After all when I'm dead, you get in power instantly,"

Niklaus' hand shook as he battled mentally. At last with a wounded growl, he shot at the wall beside his father twice.

"From now on, you don't have a son named Niklaus nor a granddaughter Isabella," he announced.

Adam's eyes flashed, "You would do no such thing. Even if you want to leave, Isabella stays here!"

"Watch me!" Niklaus challenged.

"You're a Spencer and the next family head, so you would always remain a Spencer. My investment in you over the years would not be for nothing!"? Adam lost his calm.

Niklaus smiled coldly and promised him, "If I see you near my family ever again, I'll blast your head off," he picked up both of his guns from the floor

"Enjoy your life of power,"

*Chapter 215 - Two Hundred And Fifteen: Suicide Attempt*

Niklaus' point of view.

"Deputy, you said it yourself, there could be a chance she survived and was drifted somewhere we have no idea about," I argued with the deputy.

It was a day after the altercation with my father and the fourth day of the search and rescue operation for Maya. Normally, such a search didn't take that long due to expenditure of resources, time, and manpower but I contributed immensely to the search so no one complained.

But now, they were complaining.

They have searched for days and covered the whole stretch of water connecting to the sea yet couldn't find her nor sign of her survival and were insisting on starting a find and recover operation at once. At this rate, they had surmised that Maya had died.

"Yes, I said that because of the river geomorphology, but that's just a ten percent chance of survival. Suicide by bridge is gruesome, and death is almost inevitable. Yes, some people do survive but only if they hit the water feet first and come in at a slight angle," the deputy answered.

I groaned, gripping my hair tight. What was the percentage of Maya landing that way? Gosh, this was driving me crazy.

He went on, "According to official reports, when one plunges from that bridge; the impact is tremendous since the body goes from roughly seventy-five to eighty mph to nearly zero in a nanosecond. The physics of inertia being what they are, internal organs tend to keep going. The force of impact causes them to tear loose,"

I hardly understood the geek the deputy was speaking but one thing was for sure, Maya was not dead; I could feel it in my bones or maybe I was just scared of facing her corpse.

I didn't give up, "I know time is -"

"Yes, time is of the essence when retrieving bodies in case you don't know, Sir Niklaus," he interrupted me.

He looked me straight in the eyes saying, "Son, the sea reclaims bodies quickly. Fish eat them. Not just sharks, but little fish. They eat the eyes and other tender parts. As the body decays and opens up, all manner of sea creatures move in to feed. Eventually, the body comes apart.

"A body floats because decay causes gases to form within its cavity. If that cavity is breached for any reason, the gas escapes and the body sinks. And no one will ever know what happened." He summarized.

I shut my eyes, the sight of fishes eating Maya's body - if she were dead- made nausea rise to my throat. Was I being selfish and stupid by dragging out this case?

"Niklaus," The deputy called me casually this time which made my gaze meet his, "I know it's hard and you're obviously traumatized by this incident but you have to make a decision soon. It's time to let go and give the girl the peace she needs,"

He stood up, picked up an article from his side of his desk, and walked around to me. He placed it on the desk, opening it to a certain page.

"I hope this changes your mind," the deputy said, squeezing my shoulder comfortingly.

"Take all the time you need, I'll be back in an hour," he pulled away to check his wristwatch before putting his hands in the pocket of his khaki pants and left.

I spaced out for quite a long time and roused only for my gaze to rest on that page: The common injuries jumpers can suffer, depending on the angle of entry into the water.

My brows furrowed as I read through, " Torso injuries: Broken ribs; most ribs break, and their jagged edges puncture internal organs.

"Heart: lacerated by broken ribs.

"Lung: Punctured or torn by broken ribs.

"Lacerated liver: Torn Aorta leads to extensive internal bleeding. In most situations, the impact fractures the sternum, which compresses the heart and causes it to tear away from the aorta.

"Fractured pelvis: Spleen; lacerated by broken ribs or ruptured by force of impact.

"Kidneys would be ripped or torn upon impact.

"Limbs: Bones in arms and legs are seldom broken, but a significant injury can occur to the femur (thighbone) or humerus (upper arm bone).

"Humerus fracture, Spinal column injuries, and broken neck: Rupture of cervical disks, most commonly disks 3, 4 and 5, causes paralysis. Less common is a broken neck at the base of the head.

"Lower back: Impact causes rupture of lumbar disks 3, 4 and ..."

I couldn't read further as the tears sprang forth, blinding my sight and staining the article. I had kept myself so busy the past days that I haven't had time to cry but right now the situation dawned on me, I couldn't help but get overwhelmed by the guilt and sorrow.

I hit my chest repeatedly, why was it so stuffy in there; it hurt badly. I couldn't breathe, it was like I was underwater with no means to swim out.

"I'm going to be a father?!"

"Yes, you are,"

The memories made me cry harder and bitterly.

"Do you think Isabella would accept this new development, she's going to have a new sibling soon,"

"She'd go crazy with joy, you don't know how long she has been expecting a baby sister"

What was I going to tell Isabella? That not only had she lost Maya but her baby sibling as well? The news would devastate her. Isabella had seen enough deaths already.

First, her mother Kay, and now her favorite person, Maya? The girl would think she was cursed and that would ruin every progress Maya had made on her.

"You're going to return as soon as possible, right?"

"Of course. I'll finish up earlier than intended for you and our baby boy"

I shouldn't have left, I shouldn't have left at all!

With an angry swipe, I swept off all the items on the deputy's shelf to the floor. I needed to blow off some steam.

That time, I had warned her to stay away from danger without knowing danger was going to be the one to find her.

My outrage continued until I couldn't cry anymore; my tears duct were dried up. It was that pathetic state that the deputy found me in when he returned.

He took in the sight of his office which was wrecked beyond recognition- my handwork.

My eyes were bloodshot and puffy from crying and my fist bloody from the punches I threw to the wall.

"Feel better now?" Deputy kneeled beside me, my head lifting slowly.

I sat up against the wall, my legs pulled up to my chest with my arms wrapped around me.

"Go ahead with the investigation," I slowly rose to my feet, "Inform me when the body's found," I still refused to believe Maya was dead.

My head throbbed as I made my way to the car. Though I had done nothing vigorous but my body was heavy and ached terribly; I was just tired. I wanted to rest.

"Where to, sir Niklaus?" Micheal inquired.

My hooded eyes opened as I replied, " Home,"

I had not gone home since I returned to the country. Two days had been spent at the hospital unconscious while the rest was spent at the hotel after dealing with my father.

I couldn't face Isabella which was why I had hidden at the hotel. But then, I couldn't hide forever, I would have to face her sooner or later.

My smart daughter as expected heard the news and according to reports from Amanda, she went into her room and had spent most of her days locked up without company.

I was reluctant to go into the house since it contained memories of the time I spent with Maya but I had no choice.

"Where is she?" I asked Amanda who was delighted to see me yet her face was lined with worry.

"She's in her room," she answered.

I turned to leave for my daughter's room when Amanda's comment stopped me in my tracks.

"Maya, is she going to make it?"

I sighed, rubbing my forehead,

"The situation is not looking good," I replied curtly.

Heading to Isabella's room I knocked, " Hey sunshine, it's me, Niklaus"

No reply.

"Isabella, open up, please. I know you feel so overwhelmed right now but we can talk it out, it's not advisable to grieve alone. I know I'm the best father out there but I need you to trust me on this. I love you honey and no matter what, we are going to overcome this together"

No reply again. Which was strange. Even if she doesn't want to see me, Isabella would open up for me since I had successfully wasted my saliva - she would say.

The hairs on my back stood on edge when an outrageous thought came into my head, what if she hurt herself?

"Goddammit!" I cursed, calling on Amanda to get me the spare key to her room.

Amanda didn't know what was going on but the panic in my voice hastened her steps.

I unlocked Isabella's door with my heart in my throat, dreading the sight that would greet me once it opened.

Unlocked, I stepped into her room carefully, not to trigger any of her booby traps.

A sigh of relief was drawn from my mouth when I stretched my neck to discover that she was lying peacefully on her bed.

However, my eyes rounded when I caught her wrist sticking out of the bed with blood gushing out of it.

"Oh my God, Amanda call an ambulance!" I screamed and scooped Isabella into my arms, running out of her room as if the devil were on my tail.

I would die if something happened to Isabella.

*Chapter 216 - Two Hundred And Sixteen: The Show*

The third point of view

Kim knew the night was the best cover to leave. She wasn't a criminal - at least not yet - but she had to smuggle out of the country by ship.

She had nothing wrong aside from exposing her sister's wrongdoing but after hearing about the sudden disappearance of Lily, she knew foul play was at work.

Someone was pulling the strings from behind and if Lily had been captured, then it was a matter of time before she was taken too.

There was something people didn't know, she had been the one who brought those fans to Maya. Kim had just been driving to the station when she happened to come across Maya at the bridge.

With an evil smile, she had taken a photo of her and used a fake account that couldn't be traced back to her to inform the fanatic fans of her location.

Kim wouldn't lie. Yes, she never wanted Maya to be pushed or slip off the bridge but she bore ill intent by posting that. She wanted her sister to be disgraced further, at least



if her clothes had been ripped with pictures taken in that pathetic state, it would be interesting.

All she did was inform the fans that she had found Maya but tactically incited those ignorant fools to action. This wasn't the first time fans tracked down scandalous celebrities so what could the police do to her?

But the same couldn't be said for people who had no regard for the law. This couldn't be Niklaus anymore moreover, she heard he was busy searching for Maya so it had to be another.

But who was this powerful backer behind Maya? She bet her sister must have opened her legs for some old, bald, sugar daddy- that was what she was good at anyhow, she had bewitched Niklaus that way too- Yes, that must be it!

Her ugly, fat disgusting sugar daddy must be after her to avenge the death of his mistress- Maya-? Kim thought.

Kim looked around the dock and then her wristwatch, it was late already and way behind schedule, where was the damned pilot?

She was dressed thoroughly in dark clothes with a hood and her packed bags placed by her side. Once she leaves this country, she'd hide till this commotion was over - thankfully, she had her mom to look out for her and inform her of the latest happening.

Kim heard movements behind and breathed a sigh of relief, that must be the pilot. But when she turned around, her heart jumped out of her chest.

That was no pilot. A Pilot doesn't have murderous intent oozing off of him neither had she seen one as tall as Mount Everest. Kim knew immediately that she was in danger.

Kim gulped, taking quick steps back which soon turned into a sprint. But she had not run long before she bumped into a wall, no, a body; a hard-muscled body.

She crawled back on all fours with fear apparent in her eyes, they had found her- she was doomed. At once, she lurched to her feet and tried to make another escape but she had been surrounded.

Kim dived her hand into her pocket, brought out the pepper spray saying determinedly, "Don't take a step or I'll spray - "

The words were still being spoken when she was hit from behind and the spray slipped from her hand, falling to the ground. Before she could turn to meet the face of her assaulter, that huge man backhanded her with a force that made her see stars as she fell to the ground.

Her cheeks stung and she felt like crying. Kim was determined not to leave the floor but she was dragged up to her feet and a rag pressed over her nose.

Kim struggled, kicking the air intensely but her assailant was stronger. Before she knew it, she had inhaled the whole substance and passed out.

"You know the location, take her there," Emerald ordered.

Meanwhile...

Angela paced up and down her room. Thankfully Alfred was not around to see her in this state nor discover his daughter was gone. She would find an excuse to cover up her daughter's disappearance and yes it would be hard to live with, but her daughter's safety comes first.

"God, please keep Kim safe," she prayed for a very long time. She wasn't an atheist however she wasn't a zealous Christian either moreover, her work didn't give her time for such spiritual communion.

But right now, she was scared and the only thing she could think of was committing the life of her daughter to a higher entity. But then, she forgot the law of reaping what you sow.

Angela had just gotten off her knee when her phone beeped with a message. She opened it and shrieked, dropping her phone to the ground out of shock.

She began to hyperventilate, it was her daughter, Kim. She saw Kim being bound to a chair and gagged, the usual modus operandi of most kidnappers. A knife went through her heart that moment, her poor daughter!

Another message came into her phone and she glanced through it with shaky hands.

"How was the present, La mia Farfalla,"

Her heart skipped a beat.

Oh my God, she forgot about Sakuzi. Kim had been so intent that Niklaus was the one after her hence it didn't cross her mind that Sakuzi was Maya's father and must have seen the news already.

"Seriously, Kim!"

Angela screamed, gripping her hair tight. She warned Kim not to touch Maya yet she didn't listen. Now, see what she got herself into.

Fine, she was her mother and would do everything to save her. Maya's falling off the bridge was an accident and Kim never meant any of it.

"Where are you?" She summoned the courage to text Valentino.

"Why? You miss me?" He replied.

"Quit the game, Valentino. Where is my daughter?"

He didn't reply for a long time which made Angela worried. Had he waved her off? Valentino was an unpredictable man.

Just when she had given up hope, a message came into her phone; he sent her the address.

It was late in the night yet Angela didn't bother going with a chauffeur nor call the police. Calling the police on Valentino was asking for a death sentence. He had his forces there and knew the right string to pull and she would just end up aggravating the whole situation.

She arrived in a lonely,

an unseemly and indecorous neighborhood that would scare the shit out of her if Valentino had not sent his men to get her.

They arrived in some sort of warehouse where she saw her daughter sitting just as shown in the pictures sent to her.

"Kim!" Angela screamed which caused her daughter to open her eyes with a grimace. Kim wasn't spotting a black eye but her cheeks were red and swollen with split lips.

"Mother," she moaned.

"My daughter," Tears spurted from her eyes. Angela tried to run to her but a comment stopped her in her tracks.

"Have you ever cried for Maya?" Valentino's deep voice rang across the warehouse.

Two of his men each were guarding the entrances to the warehouse while Sakuzi sat on the sofa on a raised platform watching her with interest.

"Kim didn't kill Maya. My daughter might have done something dumb but she didn't mean any harm to Maya. She didn't mean for your daughter to fall off that bridge," was her defense.

Sakuzi was amused, "So Kim is your daughter and Maya is my daughter, is that it?"

Angela was speechless, she didn't mean it that way," I uh...I don't -"

Her heart leaped out of her chest when Sakuzi's eyes darkened without warning, "Your daughter caused the death of my own daughter, so she must pay with her life," he demanded.

" No!"

"Mom, what's he talking about?"

"Before then, we would see a mild demonstration of what Maya must have encountered during that fall off the bridge. But most of all, I'll like to see if that would draw some tears from your eyes. I advise you to buckle your seat belt, it's going to be one hell of a rollercoaster ride" informed Sakuzi with mirth.

Before her eyes, she watched as two tough-looking men began to lose the restraints on Kim but she knew they weren't setting her free, Sakuzi must have something evil in mind.

"Don't you dare touch -"

"Take a step more and I'll put two bullets in her head. Don't test my patience, Angela,"

Goosebumps formed on her back. That was a command and failure to do so bore consequences.

Against her will, Angela found herself sitting on the sofa positioned opposite his, awaiting the great show anxiously.

The couch was so close to each other that Sakuzi could easily lean and whispered anything into her ears, which he did.

"You're going to enjoy it,"

Oh yeah, she felt like throwing up already. It would certainly be a pleasant ride.

Since Angela arrived, there was a large red regal curtain covering a portion of the warehouse which made her wonder what was behind it.

"Here we go," Sakuzi prompted.

At once, the curtain slides open to reveal Kim standing above an incredibly large see-through water tank.

Blood of God.

*Chapter 217 - Two Hundred And Seventeen: For The Life Of Kim*

The third point of view

The fear in Angela's expression was obvious; her orbs widened to the size of saucers and her expression ashen. Her head turned towards Valentino, lips trembling, "What are you doing?"

His lips were pulled to the side in a smile and oh, how much she knew that distinct smile; the one he uses to hide the rage inside of him.

"What do you mean Mi Amor, it's entertainment," he answered pleasingly.

Angela didn't hassle him any longer. Valentino was not a psychopath nor masochist but he was a cold-blooded Mafia who could be both when pissed. The only language he understood was family and business, the rest could go to hell as long as he cares.

Her eyes returned to Kim who also settled her gaze on her. She was shaking her head vigorously, evidence that she was against whatever they were about to do to her.

Her daughter's hands were tied behind her back and her mouth was taped with two men standing behind her awaiting the order of this ruthless man sitting beside her.

This man wasn't the Valentino she knew, this version of him was clearly Sakuzi; a man who bears his clan's duty to the extreme. Valentino who loved her would never bear to see her in pain.

"Now," she watched Valentino bring his hand down and before her very eyes, Kim, her daughter was pushed into the waters of the big tank.

"Kim!" A wretched scream was ripped from her throat and she tried to go to her daughter's rescue but he held her back.

His grip on her shoulder was iron and no matter how much she struggled, she couldn't escape.

"This is just a mild illustration of the gruesome death my daughter Maya underwent and you're this emotional already?" Valentino's cold voice rasped in her ears.

A sob escaped her mouth and she used her palm to stifle it. Her daughter was in trouble right in front of her but she was helpless to help her.

Kim was struggling like a fish out of water inside the tank but there was nothing she could do. She was a good swimmer yet her hands were tied behind her so she could not swim her way out nor was she able to manipulate her breathing.

Her nose was burning from the uncontrollable amount of water gushing in. At least if her mouth wasn't sealed, she would have taken in air and held her breath for a few minutes but none of this was possible; this was torture.

"At this rate, you're going to kill her!" Angela couldn't hold it back. Kim's struggling was no longer as vigorous as earlier which meant she had grown weak and was slowly surrendering to the darkness.

"What do you think is my intention? Pet her?" He gave her a stupid look, refocusing his attention back to the "show" as he called it.

Angela's nails dug into the skin of her palm so hard it drew blood. If she kept mum like this, her daughter's life would slowly seep away and she didn't think she could live with that amount of guilt for the rest of her life.

Just a sight was enough to reveal Kim was on the verge of death but just when Angela shot to her feet, her daughter was pulled out of the tank which made her release the air she didn't know she was holding in.

"Thank God," she breathed, her hands sliding down the length of her hair languidly with her racing heart gradually returning to normal.

Kim had lost consciousness and they were performing chest compression on her, trying to revive her.

At a point, they did mouth to mouth ventilation. However, Angela didn't care about the asshole putting his mouth on her daughter's lips, all she wanted was for her to survive.

Her legs gave out and she crumbled to the ground out of exhaustion when Kim woke up, throwing up water.

But her joy was short-lived because her daughter hardly took a breather when she was tossed back into the water.

Angela saw red, "What is wrong with you, you crazy man!" She screamed. She wanted to walk to him and slap him till he saw stars but fear didn't let her. Valentino might have liked her, but that was in the past.

All these years, she had worked hard and done everything to gain power so no one messes or looked down on her because of her poor background. But no matter what, oppression still came her way and she loathed this feeling of helplessness the most.

As prideful as she was, Angela got down on her knees in front of Sakuzi.

"Please," she rubbed her palms together, "Have mercy on Kim,"

"Some people think that death by bridge is a light, airy way to die but in reality, you die the same way as someone hit by a car. When you hit the water hard, it's not a pretty death," Sakuzi said with no care to her pleading.

"Take a look at your daughter," he tilted his head to the tank to which Angela followed his line of sight tautly.

"Kim is just immobilized and her flailing about breaks your heart already but then Maya..." his voice increased a notch but he reeled in his anger.

"It breaks your heart to see your daughter drown but how do you think I feel after being told that my missing daughter might not survive that fall. A fall that high? The impact is tremendous. Her ribs might be broken and the impact alone would shove them into her heart or lungs,"

His eyes distorted but he continued speaking, "You're lucky enough to spend time with your daughter during her death but Maya! She was all alone as she slipped down that bridge; all alone as she flails about in the water, trying to stay afloat; all alone as she plunges in deep; all alone as she succumbs to death, fearfully" No report had come in about Maya being dead but the evidence was already pointing to that.

Her hand reached out to clasp her chest, Angela lifted her red teary eyes to Sakuzi, "I know you might not believe me but Maya's incident greatly upsets me and I've prayed for her safety but Valentino, I can't lose two daughters all at once. The thought alone haunts me, so please spare Kim,"

Angela kowtowed to him, almost lying flat on the ground with her forehead banging hard against the floor with each repetitive bow.

Yet Sakuzi was unmoved, his gaze was fixed on the tank where Kim struggled for air instead, gulped large amounts of water since the tape on her mouth had been taken off.

"Valentino, I'm begging you. If whatever we had in the past meant something to you, please spare my daughter and I promise you that you would never set your eyes on us again," she pleaded desperately.

His face was hardened and he looked undisturbed but Sakuzi was far from calm. Inwardly, his heart was in turmoil and he balled his fist.

Here was the woman he loved - and still loved a bit, a teeny bit- asking, begging, pleading for mercy, and yet, he was unreactive, was he such a cold bastard?

No, he was doing it for his daughter; he was avenging Maya. He clearly warned Angela not to lay a finger on his daughter yet she, no, her own daughter dared him.

Apparently, she hadn't given Kim enough reason to fear him and now she was going to have to learn it the hard way.

Moreover, Angela was the first to start this preferential treatment and must finish it to the end. His own daughter was shit while Alfred's was gold? Well, let's see how it goes now.

Angela turned around to see her daughter was not moving anymore and the last bubble escaped her lips and she cried with a loud voice, " Oh my God, Kim!"

Tears like never before wrecked Angela and she began to kowtow so hard and fast that her forehead split. Blood began to gush out, trailing down her eyes but she carried on with her actions notwithstanding.

The sight of a mother crying for the life of her child was so heartbreaking that even the cold

Sakuzi couldn't take it anymore,

"Bring her out," he gestured to them.

His men obeyed and this time they brought her down to the ground and began to resuscitate her.

"She's not responding!" Yelled the man who had done the first resuscitation.

Angela's wails increased, she sank to her knees, hands closing around her mouth to appear less pathetic as she looked right now.

He must be so happy, thought Angela without noticing that Sakuzi was greatly distressed by that scene.

For five minutes, they kept compressing kim's chest, and just when everyone had given up on hope, she awoke with a loud gasp, sputtering out water from her mouth.

"Oh my God, thank God," Angela hurried over to her daughter, pushing away the men in her path and hugging Kim in a tight grip.

"I thought I almost lost you," she hugged Kim who was still disoriented. She was drenched and looked like a wet rat; her hair clung to her skull, looking like a second skin.

"Let's hope we never cross paths again," Said Sakuzi.

Angela was startled, she was so engrossed with her daughter that she didn't notice him come over.



"Of course," she agreed, sensing the fear from Kim when she saw him.

"Goodbye la mia Farfalla," Sakuzi turned on his heels and left.

He knew the punishment was light but he did it for old times sake. Besides, the girl didn't directly push his daughter off the bridge but contributed to the events leading to it.

"How's the body?" He asked the man beside him on his way out.

"It's been prepared as we speak,"

"And my daughter?"

"According to the doctor, she's still in critical condition,"

Sakuzi stopped in his tracks and faced the guard saying "Tell the doctor that if he doesn't save her, he should be prepared to be buried alongside her,"

"Of course Sir," He bowed.

"Thank you," he patted the guy on the shoulder and continued his journey, " Now, where was I?"

*Chapter 218 - Two Hundred And Eighteen: I Need To Find Maya*

Niklaus' point of view

"How is she, doctor?" I rushed at the doctor when he stepped out of Isabella's hospital room.

"Thankfully, we were able to stop the bleeding on time. If you had brought her any later, she would have been dead," explained the doctor.

I released the breath I was holding in and searched blindly for the wall which I leaned against, using it as support because my legs felt like jelly right now.

"Has your daughter had a history of suicide attempts before?" The doctor asked.

"No," I shook my head, "Not that I remember,"

The doctor pursed his lips, " Then this must be her first attempt and something must have triggered that," He glanced up at me accusingly

"I love my kid, I would never push her to the extent she sees suicide as a form of escape," I refuted.

"Then, did she experience something traumatic?" He asked instead but I could still feel his heated gaze regarding me.

"Someone very significant to her just died, I think," was my unsure answer.

"You think?" His accusing gaze returned.

"She slipped off a bridge, her body has not been found yet,"

"Oh," the doctor said but seconds later, his eyes widened with realization, "Wait a minute, is that the actress -"

My instant glare shut him up.

The whole country was interested in this case but I didn't like that attention; Maya was not a circus animal.

Most were interested, not because they cared nor hoped for her safety but for gossip's sake. What became of the scandalous actress? Many were eager to know. Maya was truly capable, even in ...death, she could captivate the entire nation for days which wasn't a small feat.

"Well, here is the problem," the doctor continued, "An unsuccessful suicidal person might try over and over again especially when depressed,"

Amanda who had been quiet all this while, couldn't take it anymore and began to sob aloud. Well, I could not blame her, she had served me for years and Isabella now was a daughter to her.

"What should I do then to stop her from attempting suicide over and over again?" I inquired anxiously.

"Give her love and attention. Trust me, she needs it now more than ever. But most of all, find something that holds her interest," the doctor said.

"I don't understand," I scratched my scalp, "Find something that holds her interest?"

"Most suicidal patients are products of despair and must have lost all aspiration for life. You must find something that she takes fancy enough to hold on for life,"

I threw my hands up, "My daughter has most things other kids wish for and she is quite picky. What do I find then?"

"That's your responsibility, not mine," the doctor said, "You're her parent, I'm just a doctor whose obligation is to keep her alive but if I were to suggest to you, start with the smallest things,"

"Smallest things?" My brows knitted together in a frown, "What smaller things?"

"That's for you to figure out," he said adjusting his coat, obviously preparing to leave.

Seriously, what kind of doctor was this, speaking in code? Was he really a qualified doctor? Perhaps, I should call for a better, qualified, question clarifying doctor.

"Also," the doctor said on his way out, "Be sure to take her to a therapist when discharged. That kind of scar needs psychological attention,"

Amanda and I walked into her room after the doctor was done with his obscenity.

My heart broke at the sight of my daughter who looked almost lifeless. She had a sickly and pale complexion with slightly blue lips. My gaze traveled to her bandaged arms and my heart broke.

I was so engulfed with my own grief that I didn't stop to think that she was going through the same pain. If I had been a minute late, I would have really lost her, my only daughter and the only person still keeping my mind intact after Maya's incident.

The thought that I almost lost her today made my heart pound and sent chills down my spine.

"I'm so sorry," I took hold of her injured hand and kissed it gently while tucking away her hair from her face.

As much as I wanted to just go out and drown my sorrows in whiskey, I couldn't. I still had Isabella to take care of, in fact, I was the only person she had at the moment; we both had each other.

Maybe that quake doctor was right, Isabella needed something or someone to hold onto now Maya's gone.

"Start with the smallest things," I mumbled to myself.

I glanced up at Amanda who was busy arranging Isabella's stuff and trying not to weep- she knew I hated that. Well, to be clear, the previous me hated that. Now, I know not all tears are meant to manipulate me. There were still ten percent of sincere tears left.

"Amanda," I called, "Get me Pedro and Anabelle here as soon as possible"

"You think that's going to work?" She sniffed.

"I don't know but I have to try," I said to her, feeling my beard-ridden jaw. I had five days of stubble on my face.

"Alright," she dropped the fruit basket on the bedside table and left to make the arrangements. I knew Eden wouldn't dare refuse me Anabelle, he and I still had a score to settle.

He blamed me for whatever happened to Maya but he allowed that incident to happen in my absence after claiming to have feelings for her.

I didn't come with a change of clothes but since Isabella was still resting, I took that opportunity to freshen up, I stank. As expected, I put Isabella in a VIP room with all the necessary equipment to make her stay comfortable.

Isabella was still not up by the time I was out. So I sat at her bedside, deciding to have a little rest before she comes around.

But after a while, I woke up startled from my sleep when my hand felt around her bed only to come up with nothing.

My eyes snapped open, her bed was empty "Isabella? Isabella?! Dammit!"

I pulled out my phone, "Isabella left her hospital room, find her at once!" I barked orders to Lucas who I was sure was somewhere around the hospital.

Amid her little injury, she stubbornly followed after me although maintaining a safe distance from me.

I went ahead to search for my daughter too and almost gave up when I reached the lobby. But my eyes widened when I captured her small figure in the hospital gown reaching for the revolving door leading outside.

"Isabella!" I yelled her name and she turned around only to hasten her steps after seeing me.

"Fuck you"

I ran after Isabella, capturing her just outside the entrance and attracting people's attention- not that I cared.

"Let me go!" Isabella cried out, kicking quite vigorously if I might say.

"I'm sorry but I can't grant ...oof!" Isabella elbowed me quite hard in the guts which made me release my hold on her but she was not through.

She kicked me in the place where the sun never shines. A strategy which she learned from training to paralyze an enemy when helpless. Damn you, instructor! I did not have him train her to be used on me.

Oh God, veins sprouted from my neck and I groaned, going down to my knees; the pain was massive.

"Come back here!" I ordered her amid the agony I was in. Gosh, I hoped my future generation has not been smashed.

Isabella did not obey and continued to run but unfortunately for her, bumped into Lucas who immobilized her at once before she could retaliate.

"Let me go, I need to find Maya!" Isabella screamed, struggling against the unfazed Lucas.

At once, a train of doctors rushed outside creating quite a commotion. Lucas must have alerted them cause they pranced in their direction.

"Are you okay?" One of them helped me to my feet.

"Don't worry about me, get my daughter first. I'll come for an examination later," I winced, walking one-sidedly.

Isabella upon seeing the doctors coming in her direction became hysterical which prompted Lucas to hold her down forcefully.

"No, you don't understand, I need to find Maya!" She kept screaming at the top of her lungs even as the doctor administered her with a sleeping drug.

The sight broke my heart that tears slipped down my eyes unknowingly. I hated seeing her being manhandled this way but it was for her safety.

Isabella wasn't thinking straight in this state and might try to harm herself again. This was for her good. She might loathe me now but she would come to thank me later.

The drug kicked in almost immediately and she fell asleep on the doctor's arm who took her back to the hospital.

"Thank you," I said to Lucas after the doctors and their apprentices left.

"Is nothing," she waved it away.

"And I'm sorry for shooting at you earlier, it was - " I apologized.

"No, I was the one who spoke out of place," she took the blame.

"Why are you here?" I couldn't help but ask, " Of all work, why a bodyguard?"

"I'm sorry, I have my reasons but believe me when I tell you that I would not bring harm to your daughter nor you," she told me.

I scrutinized her deliberately and found out she was indeed telling the truth, "What's your name then? Your real name" I insisted.

"Linda," she answered, "Linda Rosemound," her eyes captured my limping, "Are you okay or do you need help with -"

"I'm okay...Linda," or will be after confirming my future generation hasn't been crushed like an egg.

*Chapter 219 - Two Hundred And Nineteen: That's Not Her Body*

Nik's point of view

Two days passed in a blur. But on the bright side, my manhood suffered no internal or external damage from Isabella's kick.

Talking of Isabella, she was so unstable that she had to be forced to sleep medically most times.

Eventually, my daughter calmed down but she wasn't the same Isabella I remembered.

She just sat on her bed and kept on staring into outer space. And no matter how much I incited her to action, she wouldn't say a thing to me. I guess she was mad at me but I couldn't put up with her shit anymore.

Right now, I felt so overwhelmed with responsibility; I had that daring presenter called Lily captive and haven't decided her judgment yet; I had to escape from Adam's shenanigans considering the fact I had relinquished my CEO position at the board meeting called by me yesterday- Adam probably thought I was joking when I said I wanted nothing to do with him anymore.

There was Maya's body recovery operation going on and last night, they recovered a heel she wore on the day of the incident and are now confident of finding her body soon.

But what seemed like happy news to them was a sad one for me, this new development meant I was holding on to false hope all this time; Maya was truly gone and I had to deal with that reality for the rest of my life.

There were just a lot of things to think about and solve and my daughter's emotional fit was not helping things at all.

"I never trained her to be this weak. Isabella is a strong kid, why is she doing this to me?" I complained to Amanda.

"Niklaus, breathe," she said.

"What do you mean breathe?"

"Take a deep breath," she demanded.

I inhaled deeply and released it after a long time.

"Again,"

I took a deep breath once again.

"And again,"

I obeyed and felt strangely better.

"Niklaus you have so much responsibility on your head lately that you need a breather else you burn out," she said to me.

"What do you want me to do then? I thought bringing Anabelle and Pedro over would heal her but she doesn't look any better," I pointed to her bed.

Isabella's room was spacious and had a connecting room where visitors or family who wanted to sleepover for the night could do so and that was where we- Amanda and me - were having this discussion.

"Niklaus, no matter how tough-looking Isabella is, she's just a child who is grieving differently at the moment, and as much as you dislike that, we still have to condone that. Maya was quite special to Isabella just as her mother, Kay was and now they both are gone, I can't even fathom what she's thinking," Amanda squeezed my shoulder.

"Isabella needs time and attention," she finalized.

I wiped my face with my palm with a great sigh, "I um... I understand but I'm just tired. These past times, no matter what I do it just turns out negative. It looks like God abandoned me considering the amount of sin I've committed,"

"Shh, don't say that," Amanda hushed me, "God doesn't abandon his people,"

I laughed wryly, "Sadly, I'm not one of his people,"

"Say that again and I'll swat you on the mouth," Amanda scolded me strictly, "God loves us equally -"

"If he loves me as you claim, why did he allow Maya to die when he clearly knew I needed her in my life desperately?" I asked her with an intense scorching gaze.

"God has a reason for everything," was her curt reply.

"Dammit, it Amanda! What reason would he have to let the mother of my child die that way?" I asked her.

"Oh my God," She gasped, hands-on her lips, " Maya was pregnant?" She was in shock.

" Yeah, I guess you know that now. So tell me, what concrete reason could be behind Maya's sudden death. No sign, just boom! She's gone?" I shrugged, " What's the gain, Amanda? What does God benefit from taking such a life-not one but two without warning?" I queried her, hoping she had a reasonable answer.

Amanda shook her head, " There's a time for everything; time to live and time to die. We do not question God's actions, Niklaus. He gave Maya to you, I'm sure he would send you a comforter, "

I looked up at Amanda, hugging her without words. Rubbing her back and nestling my head on her shoulder, I said " Thanks for your bullshit, Amanda, "

I felt her shake her head pitifully as she clicked her tongue, " You're a hard nut to crack yet I love you, "

"And I love you too," I kissed her on the cheeks and pulled away. Amanda was the closest thing to a mother figure in my life.

My phone rang and I looked at the screen, "The deputy is calling and I'm guessing they finally found her body. Hallelujah to your God," I said sarcastically and picked up.

I picked, "Of course, I'll be there," I said, ending the call.

"They found her body?" Amanda rubbed her clammy hands down her clothes nervously.

I shut my eyes and nodded.

A sharp gasp was torn from her throat.

"They need me to confirm her body," I said but there was this lump in my throat that made it hard to speak.

"Control yourself, I don't need Isabella to become disturbed once again," I warned her.

"I'm sorry," she began to wipe away the tears from her eyes, "I just can't help myself, the tears keep flowing. Poor Maya"



"I'm leaving," I turned around. I couldn't handle her being this emotional, it just messed me up further.

This time there wasn't Micheal to drive me there nor Lucas, no, Linda, I had her keep an eye on Isabella in case she tries another of her escaping episodes.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Deputy asked when I made it to the hospital.

"According to what I heard, it's not a nice sight and you might have to live with unpleasant, uninvited memories," he tried to change my mind.

My heart wavered, was I ready to see this? But I had to be strong for myself and everyone.

"No matter how gruesome-looking Maya's body is, I still need to see it. Right now, I'm left with a sense of unreality and I think viewing it would help me to bring the reality of loss.

"Confronting that reality would help me in the grieving process because the bond with the deceased need to be severed so I can make new attachment and for my well-being,"? I repeated what my therapist told me this morning - as if I had an intuition this was going to happen.

"Why do you need to sever that bond?" Was the deputy's odd question.

"Because I need to move on?" That sounded more like a question than an answer, "Her death has brought so many damages in my life,"

The deputy had just opened his mouth to answer when the coroner arrived.

"You can come in," he said, leading me inside the morgue.

And there on the table was a figure covered with a white cloth. My legs felt heavy while my heart pulsed knowing I was about to go and confront that reality.

"Do you want me to leave?" The coroner asked.

"No, stay," I lifted my eyes, I needed someone by my side.

When I reached that table, I took a deep breath and pulled away the clothes but stepped back as someone struck from electricity.

The deputy was right, this would scare me for eternity.? My leg gave out and I collapsed to the ground in a heap, beginning to sob aloud.

"Apparently, she hit the water face first. The impact opened up her face, from nose to chin, leaving a grotesque death mask and it has begun its decay already, having spent days in the muddy water " explained the coroner.

I gulped, shaking my head stubbornly, "No, that is not her. That is not Maya. I refuse to believe that is her,"

What was left of that face was just bits and bits of flesh held together by the jaw. The sight was nauseating and would have caused even the strongest of men to puke out their guts already.

The coroner sighed, " While going through the routine of checking the body and identification, her manager has confirmed that this was the clothes she was putting on that unfaithful day: Short black pencil skirt with graphic details paired with a ruffled top and of course the other missing heel,"

Maya always hated heels, always claimed it brought bad luck to her or something except the day she first met me - yet she hated wearing those.

The coroner lowered the white linen revealing the tattered clothes, barely clinging to her body. There was bruising everywhere and her foot still wearing her heel was twisted.

"It's enough," I ordered, fighting against nausea rising in my throat.

I took a photo of her before having her body closed entirely; that image would haunt me for eternity.

I couldn't touch her, she just seemed different like something had left her body. I was a spiritual person but not extremely religious. Whatever was there, was just a body, something had left.

"Cremate the body,"

"Huh?" The coroner was surprised.

"You heard me right," I said, wanting to give Maya the peace she needed; her body has gone through enough.

"But I.. this is a forensic evidence, I still need to carry out a postmortem examination to determine? -"

"Accidental slipping or not, I'll still use my power to make sure those animals spend their entire life in jail. Do you understand me or should I show you what I mean?"

My eyes were fierce, my threat apparent as I tightened my hold on his collar.

"Yes, of course, I understand," he slowly nodded.

"Good,"

*Chapter 220 - Two Hundred And Twenty: Destruction Worse Than Maya*

The third point of view

Lily struggled against the bond all to no avail. She had been kept this way for days and her hands were already sore and did she forget to mention she needed to stretch a bit; she was an athletic person.

How was she kidnapped?

Prepared to leave for a party she was invited to, Lily had just stepped into her car in the underground parking lot only to discover she wasn't alone.

There wasn't just one, but two strange men in the backseat of her car.

Lily wanted to scream and run out of her car however, she couldn't move a muscle before a gun, no, scratch that, two guns were pointed at her head.

"Move an inch and these bullets would quickly blast through your brain before you can even say Jack Robinson," was the deadly command.

She couldn't see their faces but the intensity of their words told her they weren't joking at all. They wouldn't hesitate to end her life if she dares to make a risky move.

"What do you want from me?" She asked with a panic-stricken voice, "Is it money? I? have enough. Just name your price," she implored of them.

Lily loved her life, she was twenty-seven; just at the prime of her youth, and cannot die like that.

"Drive" was his command as if her words were nothing but air.

"Is not money?" Her brows were furrowed as she thought hard while driving - she wouldn't dare to disobey the order.

She gulped, "If you don't want my money, is it my nude then? I'll give it to you freely and without hassle, if that's all it takes to let me go," Lily offered this tempting proposal.

Lily was no model nor actress but she had a beach-perfect body which she maintained with the right exercise and diet.

Thanks to that, she had been compared to a lot of other celebrities in terms of body proportion hence paparazzi wanted nudes pictures of her or even better, a sex tape.

The beautiful television presenter was one of the rare celebrities with zero scandal and a clean record which was quite unbelievable to some paparazzo or made some actresses mad with jealousy that they would pay to just smear her reputation.

Again, her abductor glared at her which made her realize that they wanted nothing from her, and the real fear set in. Were they really intent on murdering her?

Lily continued to drive in the direction they instructed her and when they came to a police checkpoint, her abductors began to converse with her like friends that she would have fallen for the trick if not for the remainder of the gun pointed at her back.

The threat was apparent, "say a word and you're dead". So she played it off cool with the cops who regarded them suspiciously.

It was odd seeing two suspicious men in dark clothing sitting in a car and been driven by a stunning woman.

"Are you sure you're okay, ma'am?" The police pressed and Lily saw him wink tactically at her.

Did he know? She was relieved.

Absent-minded, she was about to spill the beans when one of the men leaned towards her seat and tactically pressed the cold metal against her side.

Lily was wearing an evening gown since she was off to a party, hence felt the gun right away.

"A-hem," she cleared her throat, cutting eye contact with the officer, "Officer, I'm really good. These are my cousins and I'm driving them to their gig tonight hence their inauspicious appearance,"

The officer had a hard time believing her but Lily had dealt with people like him. So with a few words, she bought him over completely - thankfully, he didn't ask for the ID's

"Have a nice journey, ma'am," he even wished her.

As soon as the police were out of sight, her abductors took over the car while she ended up gagged and restrained in the backseat.

Yep, that was how she ended up here - she had no idea where she was. Lily had been blindfolded her entire stay.

And God! She ached all over, especially her back, and was so hungry she could finish a cow right now if allowed to. The only thing closest to a word called "food" she received from her abductors was rationed plain bread with water- which was an abomination.

Yes, she was constantly on a diet to keep fit especially with her line of work but she ate healthily - and deliciously, if she might add.

That bread was just like plain flour mixed with water and baked. Wasn't kidnapers supposed to treat their captive better so they don't die? The way she saw things, they gave no damn to her comfort nor well-being, but one thing they haven't done was assault her sexually - which she was grateful for.

But the irritating thing was the silence. Lily could surmise that she had been here for over four days or so and sometimes it could get so silent she thought she was in a graveyard.

The silence was nerve-wracking and emotional draining that she would scream her lungs out just to make some sort of noise and assure herself that she was still in human territory and not a forest where the wild beasts would ravage her body.

Lily was scared, so scared that she had urinated on herself twice after hearing a gun go off. What the hell does this mysterious captor want from her?

Once, Lily had grasped on the sleeve of one of her abductors who fed her the usual barbaric meal of bread and water. She had been blindfolded since day one of being brought here that it wouldn't surprise her if she had gone blind.

While he fed her - her hands were tied to the arms of the chairs - she had offered to pay him a huge sum of money if he helped her escape this hell hole. But his response had been a huge slap on her face.

"It's not about the money, madam. It's retribution," he said to her with a mocking snort, "You reap what you sow," he had whispered into her ears, abruptly cutting off her feeding that day.

Ever since that day she had been apprehensive, what had she done to deserve such cruel retribution? Heck, this was not retribution but a psycho taking the law into his own hands.

She, Lily, had worked hard to get to the position she's in today and yes, her work required stepping on some people's toe - it was entertainment, baby- but she had never gone as far as taking people's life.

And what the hell was taking the damned police so long to find her? Lily was not a billionaire but she was quite influential, having connection and fame, hence her bizarre disappearance was supposed to have been noticed.

"I'm pressed!?" Lily currently screamed, feeling the urge to urinate.

Whenever she does this, a few minutes later, a female attendant would see to her but today, the woman was taking damn long.

"Are you going to ignore me like this?!" She roared.

Lily could endure the fact that she stunk like a skunk having not bathe for days. But urinating was a must!

She had opened her mouth to protest this unfair maltreatment when she heard footsteps coming her way. Oh, finally.

But the footstep came to a stop before her and pulled off the blindfold to her utmost surprise. Lily squeezed her eyes shut, adjusting her sight slowly to the sudden brightness.

"You look well," said a voice so cold that it sent goosebumps down her spine.

Lily gulped, slowly lifting her head to view the identity of her captor, and "shocked" was an understatement of how she felt.

"N- Niklaus?" She asked unsure.

"Nice to see? you ..." His piercing gaze roved over her in a way that made her heart jump in her throat, "Lily,"

How was this possible? Lily thought. And of course, she knew him because he was quite active with public appearances and had appeared on her show once.

"Are you the one who brought me here? Why am I?" If she could remember, she had never offended him.

"How do you feel knowing that Maya's gone?"

"Wait- what? She's really gone?" She asked Niklaus, a trace of shock with a mix of guilt flashing across her face.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry but I don't understand why this is concerns -"

"You pushed her to her death," Niklaus said through gritted teeth.

Lily scowled at him, "Excuse me but I'm not the one who pushed her off that bridge," she defended.

"If you haven't forced her to a tight corner with that news, she wouldn't have sought the bridge as a solace in the first place!" He growled at her. He was having a hard time controlling his anger.

"You blame me for that but I'm not the one who went around sleeping for roles. Moreover, if I hadn't interviewed her, another reporter would have done the same. This is show business, a dog eat dog world where only the strongest survive and I don't even understand why you're so worked up over that slut -"

A slap met her face and her neck whipped around from the impact. Lily saw stars and just when she thought she would be left to recover from that assault, her hair was pulled so tight she screamed bloody Mary.

"Take a look at this," Niklaus pulled out his phone and brought it to her face. The image alone made Lily screech so loud it sounded animalistic.

"That is what remains of her," Niklaus showed her the same disturbing sight he had seen at the morgue.

"You're sick in the head," Lily cried, trying to look away.

However, Niklaus steadied her head, making sure her eyes feasted on the picture.

"You're such a hypocrite," Niklaus smiled creepily, "She slept around for a role, how sure are you? Did you validate the news? You say she's a slut? What about you? You think I don't know how you got to that position you are in today?"

Lily turned pale before retching, Niklaus let go of her and she threw up on herself instead.

"I thought about how to end you but I just realized, killing you is giving you an easy escape," he declared, "So I'll going to render? the same judgment you gave to Maya"

"No," Lily began to shake her head, she didn't like where this was heading, "You can't do this to me, it was all Kim's idea! She was the one who gave me the news" she confessed.

"Birds of a feather flock together," Niklaus mumbled under his breath. He scowled at the mess she made on herself.

"By the time you return to the city tomorrow,? all of your skeletons in the wardrobe would be exposed-both minor and major - to the world. I assure you, your own destruction would be worse than Maya's. Have a nice day."

Niklaus took his leave without looking back. He gave no attention to Lily's hysterical screams nor her grievous fit.

