

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 221 - Two Hundred And Twenty-one: Dismiss Her As The CEO - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 221 - Two Hundred And Twenty-one: Dismiss Her As The CEO

*Chapter 221 - Two Hundred And Twenty-one: Dismiss Her As The CEO*

The third point of view

Christina strode into her company, her heels click clanking against the marble floor. The look on her face was harsh and murderous that no employee dared get in her way. It was obvious that she was pissed off.

Anger reeked off of Tina, those bugs dared to dismiss her? How dare they?

Entering the elevator, one of the employees who had been there before her quickly high-tailed it. They all knew and experienced how violent their boss lady could be when mad.

Pressing the button to the tenth floor, Tina wrapped her arms across her chest while her feet tapped on the floor impatiently with her lips pressed together.

Why was this elevator going so slow? She wished she could teleport herself to the conference room.

Well, at last, her prayer got answered cause the elevator doors finally opened and she made her way to the meeting room.

"Ma'am, you're not supposed to be here," A filthy employee tried to stop her in her own company?

Anger boiled in her veins and Tina turned around and backhanded the woman so hard that her long artificial nail clawed at the victim's face, drawing blood.

"Know your place, filth," she spat acidly and strutted into the conference room.

She pushed open the glass door carelessly, making an epic appearance.

"Well, well, what have we here?" Tina drawled dramatically, giving her board of directors accusing gazes "A bunch of traitors planning my dismissal, isn't it?"

"You're welcome miss Tina, though the meeting's over" She watched her brother Luke stand to his feet with that sleazy smile that made outrage ripple through her.

He went on, " You shouldn't have bothered yourself coming here. We were planning on delivering the news face to face,"

Tina had been feeling some dissonance from her board of directors lately, she should have known that it was her brother's evil manipulation.

"You can't oust me from my position, I own a controlling share of the company!" Tina insisted.

"Oh, come again, you owe the controlling share?" her half-brother cleared his ears with his finger in a mocking gesture.

He went on "Ah yes, you owed forty percent? Yes, I think that's right," he said comically.

"Do you think I'm here for your jokes?" Tina glared at him yet was unsettled by his charisma. Why was that scumbag confident about defeating her?

"Of course not," her brother smiled, exposing cute dimples, and oh, how much she hated that face.

They didn't need to conduct a DNA test to confirm if Luke was her father's child or not, his features were strikingly similar to him. Their blonde hair was the only feature connecting both- Tina and Luke- as siblings.

While Luke took every other resemblance from their father, she had inherited the rest from her mother.

Her brother started, "You had forty percent share," he purposely emphasized on the tense "had". "Did you forget you sold ten percent of it?"

Ahh, right, Tina remembered. She had sold those shares to fund hospital research by doctor Sam as promised - the trap Niklaus led her into. Oh shit.

"Well, guess what? Someone bought that share plus the vote from the majority of the board members; you were voted out," He announced.

Tina was stunned, she felt like she didn't hear right, "That's impossible, you can't terminate me!"

"We just did," A board member said.

Tina's eyes became fierce and she focused them on the man, " You!" She walked over to him.

"I helped you out when you were experiencing some troubles and this is how you repay me," she purposely emphasized on the "troubles".

The man went red, looking uncomfortable as he readjusted his tie on his neck.

"Are you threatening a board member, Miss Tina? You do know that's punishable by law?" Luke reminded her with a knowing look.

"Oh please spare me the bullshit," She rolled her eyes, "And who gets to be the new CEO, you?" Was her mocking laughter.

"For the company's future growth and success, the board has appointed me as the new president," Luke dropped the bombshell.

"Impossible!" Tina lurched at him but before she could lay a finger on him, two security guards appeared by her side and held her.

"You thief! You finally succeeded in taking what doesn't belong to you!" She accused him.

Luke approached her saying, "We are not entirely chasing you out of the company," he informed her, "Once you agree, we can fix you in another department where you head the product or ...."

He came closer, "You can decide to leave and we can negotiate some outgoing compensation —perhaps some stock vesting acceleration or severance pay," Luke proposed.

"Go to hell with your packages but I promise you all, you're going to regret this!"

"Why would they regret this? We all need a president who can scale and not just one who barks orders and threatens a board member," he purposely pointed out.

"You know?" Luke said in a tone low enough for her to capture,

"This wouldn't have come to this if you had just left me and my mother alone,"

"You are a scum and your mother is a slut and a golddigger who purposely opened her thighs for my father so this could happen and it finally did as I predicted," Tina insulted.

"No, this happened because you made me desire that power so I could protect my loved ones from your cruel acts!" He heaved, veins protruding from his head.

Luke took a deep breath, "You know? I felt guilty earlier for taking this spot from you but now? I don't regret a thing anymore and huge thanks to Niklaus, by the way."

Tina stilled, "What are you talking about?"

"How do you think it was possible to change the mind of all the board members that feared you?" He asked smugly.

This time Tina stopped struggling and collapsed against the guards, no way.

All this time, she had thought she was free from Niklaus' wrath, who knew he was planning on hurting her where it pains the most?

Luke smirked, "With that black heart of yours, who knew what you did for your supposed Fiancé to turn on you?"

Maya? That was the reason, Tina thought. And just like her brother, these illegitimate scums were intent on ruining her life.

"Let me go!" Tina ordered the security men who looked at Luke questioningly.

"Let her ..." He didn't finish before she shook out of their grasp.

"I'm coming back for you," She promised her brother and strode out of the meeting room after eyeing each board member.

Tina's fists were clenched tight as she walked down the lobby to see her employees giving her looks. They must have known about her termination.

"What are you all staring at?!" She shouted and everyone scampered away, minding their business.

The proud, authoritative queen entered her car, ordering her chauffeur to drive to Niklaus' place at once.

Along the way, she let her mind wander. Why did Niklaus hate her so much? Everything she had done was for them to be together! Why treat her this way, then? What was so special about Maya? What did that scum have that she didn't have and more?

Everyone hated Maya; her mother, sister, the world? Yet, what did Niklaus see in her? Was his eyesight that damaged?

Sadly, when Tina arrived at Niklaus's house, she was refused entrance by his guards.

"Tell Niklaus that it's me, Christina!" She demanded.

"I'm sorry but our boss doesn't know anyone by that name," The guard insisted.

Tina noticed that there were more security men at his place than usual and they all were new and intimidating.

Niklaus had blocked her number so she couldn't call him nor was she going to fight these scary men; she wasn't a gangster.

Tina had already decided on leaving when she was suddenly granted access. With fury, she sauntered into the house and found Niklaus sitting in the living room with his arms crossed and leg thrown over the other.

She marched over to him, "How dare you?!" Tina landed a slap on his cheek twice.

Amid the pain, she inflicted on him, Niklaus didn't react and just stared at her emotionlessly.

"How could you do this to me, Niklaus?! After everything we've been through all these years?!" Tears flowed from her eyes. She was truly hurt this time.

He knew how much that company meant to her yet he let that scumbag take over. He not only hurt her pride but broke her heart.

"Are you done?" Niklaus asked coldly to her shock.

She watched Niklaus rise to his feet, trying to walk past her which she stopped by holding his arm. But what Tina never expected was for Niklaus to grasp her neck suddenly.

Her eyes went wide while trying to lessen his strong grip; he was smothering her.

"How dare you?" Niklaus hissed, tightening his grip around her throat.

"Niklaus," She jabbed him on the chest as a reminder he was choking her.

"You think I don't know what you did? That you and Kim were in cahoots?" Niklaus asked, his red puffy eyes - she noticed for the first time- piercing into her's.

Fear overwhelmed Tina, he found out?

"Why don't I kill you? You need to keep Maya company in the underworld," Niklaus suggested.

Tina thought he was joking until Niklaus added his other hand, cutting off her windpipe. He wasn't joking, he has finally lost it!

Tina began to gasp for air, hot tears trailing down her cheeks as a result of lack of oxygen and her limbs began to go weak.

She had almost succumbed to darkness when she summoned the rest of her strength and kicked him in the groin.

The pain made him relax his grasp and she used that chance to make her escape. It seems that kick cleared Niklaus' mind since he didn't chase after her.

Tina didn't even glance over her shoulder and ran outside, urging her chauffeur to start the car.

"Go, go now!" She pressed him to speed out of there.

Her mind was clear, whatever lingering feeling she had for Niklaus was gone - forever. He dared to murder her! Fine, she refuses to go down without a fight! Her life shall not be ruined alone, he must go down with her.

That was Tina's thought as her driver drove through the lonely highway when a truck came out of nowhere and rammed into them and her world blackened.

"It's done," said a strange man who stepped out of the truck with a toothpick in his mouth while answering a call and viewing the wreckage he caused.

"Good," the person from the other line said.

The man ended the call with a satisfied smile at the corner of his lips as he watched the car catch fire.

*Chapter 222 - Two Hundred And Twenty-two: Goodbye My Love*

Niklaus' point of view

"I know I failed you and I'm not worthy to stand before you and say these words but hell, it's killing me inside and if I don't say it out, I think I would regret this for the rest of my life.

"I wish things didn't turn out this way but there are some things that are uncontrollable in life and it pains me a lot to know that upon all the money and power I have, I still couldn't save you nor our child.

"Little Coco must really hate me- yeah, that's the name I came up with for our child. I kind of derived it from coconut since I was planning on feeding you lots of that during the entirety of your pregnancy. Funny, isn't it?

"Honestly, I'm not prepared for this shit. I never imagined that I would be standing here on a bright day like today to say goodbye. I've always envisioned that we would get married before our first baby comes into this world and be the best parents ever. Then you would eventually give me five or six kids afterward, that is if you were up for it since

I have enough money to give them a better life. But now, I would never see you nor the kids, it's so unfair, Maya.

"You know? I was afraid of being a father. I was afraid that I would fail at parenthood just like I did with Isabella. But when you told me that I was going to be a father? Honestly, I was scared at first but when I realized it was going to be our child, I looked forward to it. I couldn't wait for Coco to come into this world that I even became a godfather to this child, Neon - I wanted to genuinely know what fatherhood felt like once again.

"I'm here to say good-bye but somehow this still feels like a dream to me. You left suddenly, without warning just like lightning. I asked you to wait for me to return...I asked you to wait for me so I could make things better and you promised yet couldn't keep it. I wanted to forever make up for all the suffering you went through but I guess it's impossible now.

"Remember the first time we met? The truth is that I fell for you at that moment even though it took me so damn long to realize it. You were just so damned stubborn yet cute and different from the other girls I knew and met. Perhaps my heart unconsciously recognized you were the one for me which was I stubbornly held onto you during the nanny bid and I don't regret spending that much for you.

"Remember the first time I introduced the marriage proposal? I was just spineless to admit that I wanted you in my life. I was afraid to admit that I loved you yet was scared to lose you too. That day you told me you loved me? That's the best memory I ever had with you and yes, I didn't give you a concrete reply as usual. I've come to a startling realization lately, I've been a coward all through my life.

"Remember that day I broke up with you? That was the hardest day of my life. I deceived myself into thinking that I would be alright but it was hell and Isabella made sure of it. You know, amid the pain, I love that you made me feel that way.? At Least, there would come a time when I would look back and remember that there was one special woman who made me believe in love once again.

"I would remember that there was a tigress who could scald me with just a fierce look. I would remember that there was this woman I was willing to lay down my life for. I would remember that there was this wonderful lady who solved my commitment issues. I would forever remember that I loved someone like you.

"To be truthful, I'm not going to live well. I don't know if I would ever recover from your sudden departure which has caused a deep scar in our hearts. Right now, I feel so overwhelmed that I just want to give up. I have asked so many questions- even to God- why you had to leave so quickly but the memories of us is what's pulling me through - though choking me at the same time.

"I would try to live, no, I'm going to leave for my sake and Isabella's sake, because I know that's what you'd want me to do if you were here. You rescued a lost cause like me so that's the least I can do for you, Maya. There would be no more playing or breaking hearts knowing that would dishonor the precious memory I had with you.

You would forever be in my heart, Maya and I don't regret ever knowing you. Even in our next, I wish to fall for you alone. Take care of coco. Good-bye, till we meet again, my love"

Done with my speech that had everyone in an outburst of tears, I placed the beautifully crafted gold urn sculptured with Maya's face in one of the niches on the columbarium wall.

After Maya's body was cremated, instead of spreading her ashes across the sea or park, I decided to retain it, preferring to store the cremation urn permanently in a columbarium which was located in the lower level of this cathedral.

I needed a place that I could come and visit to remember and memorize Maya, having heard from my therapist that it would aid the healing process of recovering from the loss.

I didn't want a burial, I didn't need hypocrites coming to lay flowers on her casket nor shed fake tears.

The only people in attendance at this significant event was my daughter Isabella, Emily, Cecil and her kid Pedro, Eden and his daughter Anabelle, her manager Camille and her fellow actress Lisa who had gone on that show with her and surprisingly, her parents, Angela and Alfred.

I contemplated denying her disgusting parents entrance but decided against it, I didn't want to ruin this important day. Moreover, Mata was stubborn yet weak-hearted, she would have loved to see them nevertheless - her mom to be specific.

Amid the crying, each and everyone one of them began to personalize the niche by dropping items such as photographs, mementos, flowers, necklaces, and so many others.

Everyone began to leave one after the other after making short speeches until it was just Isabella and me.

"Let's go, Isabella," I tapped her on the shoulder but she kept staring at Maya's photos.

"I know it's hard but we're going to get through this, together. Also, I have something at home for you," I enticed her.



Thankfully, Isabella has not attempted any suicidal stunt lately but she hasn't fully recovered either. She reacts a bit to conversations now, that's all.

Isabella followed me home without complaint which was totally different from her argumentative personality formerly. To be frank, I missed her old self.

When we arrived home and got into the living room, Isabella didn't say a word but I knew the way her eyes darted around that she was searching for the surprise I had installed for her.

"Stay here," I told her and went upstairs, only to return with little Neon in my arms.

"Here, Isabella, I want you to meet Neon, my Godchild," I lowered the baby so she could take a good glance at him.

"I know this is not going to make up for the loss of Maya nor be her? replacement but Isabella, would you be a godsister to Neon?" I asked with a hint of anxiety.

Her therapist had suggested giving Isabella an intriguing responsibility that would take her mind off the loss. And this was the only idea I could think of in making Isabella human again.

Isabella regarded Neon who was bundled in thick clothes - almost looking like a little mummy- from his head to his feet.

"He's ugly," She finally commented.

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding in, Isabella acquiesced.

"Do you want to hold him?" I offered her, with a smile.

She nodded and I gave her the child, adjusting him properly in her arms to my surprise.

"What an ugly thing," She pouted, rocking him gently while Neon smiled up at her, babbling saliva and all.

"He's a living thing," I pointed out yet had never been so happy at her choice of words.

"Who cares," she rolled her eyes which were more like the Isabella I knew.

"Since I'm the godsister, does that mean he would live with us and I get to train him?" She asked, letting the child captivated by her hair to play with it.

"If you want to, he could live with us but I'll be the one doing the training," I cleared her and as a matter of fact, was already visualizing her definition of training.

"I'll be the one spending much time with him anyway, I'm game," she agreed, already fascinated by the little boy.

"Isabella, meet Jennifer, Neon's mother," I introduced the woman who was intent on hiding away from Isabella.

"Hi, I'm Jennifer," the shy woman finally came out of her hiding spot, extending her hand for a handshake.

Isabella lowered her head, motioning that she was carrying a baby, her baby, so unable to shake hands with her.

But she introduced herself notwithstanding, "Hi, I'm Isabella and I pray we get along,"

A grin curved my lips, Isabella was back.

*Chapter 223 - Two Hundred And Twenty-three: Date With Ahmed*

The third point of view

Emily stared at herself in the mirror attached to her dresser, today was the D-day. The day when she finally puts her plan into action.

Her father had finally set up a date between her and Governor Ahmed. And to his surprise, she agreed readily.

Thankfully, Emily had managed to cover up for her pregnancy and just had to plan meticulously for the next nine months if she were to succeed.

Tonight, she was wearing a red low cut bodycon dress that clung to her midthigh and let her hair fall over her shoulder in waves. She had a touch of red on her lips and looked irresistible.

Emily knew she was beautiful enough to turn heads but today she was just provocatively hot; she was dressed to kill.

If Judy had been here, he would have insisted she go and change out of these clothes and wear something more "appropriate".

But he was not here anymore, there was nobody to judge her attire nor dictate what she had to wear or not.

It's been two weeks since Maya and Judy died and so far it wasn't easy for her. She lost both a friend and lover at the same time, thinking about it gave her a headache. The only thing keeping her going was the thought of the baby in her womb.

Honestly, Emily was scared. She knew the repercussions of what would happen once she gets busted but she had to protect this child.

Judy was an orphan, she refused to let his lineage die off like that. She must give birth to this child that would carry-on with his bloodline, that's the least she could do for him.

Guilt gnawed at her heart, Judy met an early demise because he got to associate with her. He would have still been alive if he hadn't gotten involved with the likes of her.

If she remembered clearly, Judy always avoided her but she had been the one shamelessly chasing and clinging onto him.

Emily had thought he was playing hard to get, who knew he just had a good reason to avoid her. Now she pondered over it, she was indeed the one who drove Judy to his death.

Had she left him alone as he requested, he wouldn't have met an early death. Well, that was in the past now, she had to be optimistic about the future because of the baby.

As soon as Emily made it downstairs, her father scrutinized her intently, "You look good," he remarked.

She wasn't living with her father anymore yet came over tonight specifically because of her plans. Adam claimed that whatever feelings she had for Judy was puppy love. Hence since last week, she had intentionally been proving him right.

Adam, her father was smart, it would appear strange if she was into Ahmed suddenly, he'd sense something was wrong. So since last week, she began going to clubs, pretending to have resumed her reckless lifestyle.

And yes, she did always return with a guy to appear real ever since finding out that her father had eyes everywhere, but she was smart.

Each time Emily returns home with one, she'd tactically drug them to sleep, and in the morning, off they scurry, calling her a weirdo. She wouldn't taint the precious memories she had with Judy with a one night stand asshole.

With a smile that looked too fake to be real, she informed her father, "You don't need to wait up, I won't be returning home night,"

"Sure, take all your time tonight," he said and yes, she understood that suggestive smile he was giving her.

Emily, just take a deep breath, do not give yourself out, she cautioned herself.

"Alright," she sauntered out of the house.

Once outside, she could finally breathe again. God, her father was suffocating her. It was no wonder that Niklaus left the family.

Her brother asked her to do the same but she wasn't as brave as him. Moreover, Adam had an avid fascination with her because she bore a striking resemblance to their mother.

There was no way he would let her, who looks like his wife, to go that easily. He would use his resources to hunt her down, just to have her where he could see her - like a doll -? and when he found out she had Judy's son in the process, he would try to get rid of it to not cause a problem.

That was the same thing he had called the father of her child and had tried sending him away which led to his death.

Emily didn't have as much power as Niklaus to ward off their father. This is why she started her own private business and not just working as a departmental leader in Adams' company.

She craved power and connection, so no one messes with her easily anymore or in the future. Emily had always been good with arts and with her fund, established her own clothing and makeup brand. Though it was just starting, she had sought advice from Cecil, and soon, they might go into partnership.

Emily knew she had to start preparing for her baby's future, who knew how long this protection would last?

Even if she manages to fool her father and Ahmed for a long time and she delivers safely. What about when the baby is born and the child bores no resemblance to her but Judy instead? How was she going to work it out then?

This was why she had to start working like a bull to gain more power before the rainy days comes.

Thankfully, Cecil was a single mother and had understood her plight when she confessed the truth to her and now she was going to help her with her dream. That was what Maya would have wanted, Cecil would say.

"Thank you, you can leave now," Emily said to her chauffeur.

"Huh?" The man was surprised.

"I won't be needing you tonight," she cleared him.

"Then I should leave the car...?"

"No, go with it. I have another ride tonight, "

"Alright, ma'am," he drove off.

She had her plan, an evil smile tilted Emily's lips to the side.

Emily walked into the restaurant confidently with her head held high, she must not show a trace of nervousness tonight.

It was not hard to locate Ahmed and was refreshing to see he was not dressed in a suit- he was always wearing that.

Today, he was dressed in a simple long-sleeved print shirt that was more expensive than it looked and jeans. He looked so casual with his tousled black hair.

At that moment, he turned and caught sight of her, waving her over to his table.

"Nice to meet, Governor Ahmed," She thrust out her hand for a handshake.

He stood, "Nice to meet you too, Emily and you should call me Ahmed considering our relationship," was his reply.

"Alright, Ahmed," Emily responded, hyper-aware of the way he stroked the top of her palm.

"Your beauty is indeed one of a kind," Ahmed breathed, drinking in the sight of her.

Of course, no matter how strict looking he appeared on television, Ahmed was also a man who would

also, be attracted to a beautiful woman.

Honestly speaking, Ahmed was quite handsome especially with that enchanting sea-green eyes of his, and quite a successful young man.

Emily had seen the way women ogled him during events- this wasn't the first time they had met- but she was just not attracted to him. He wasn't Judy.

"How's your father?" He asked while going through the menu the waiter handed over to them.

Her mood turned sour at once but he didn't notice since his face was buried in the menu.

"Papa is good," She curtly answered.

"I want this and this,"? He made his choice with Emily selecting hers too.

"Why do you want to marry me?" He asked as soon as the waiter was out of hearing shot.

"Do I have a reason not to?" She questioned him back which brought a smile to his lips.

Emily felt guilty, he didn't deserve to be cheated upon but she had no choice, he was her saving grace.

"You know what I mean, Emily?"

"Being born into a family like mine, you should already know the outcome," she didn't go into much detail.

"We don't love each other" he reminded her

"Love would develop naturally between us with time," she answered him. That is if he doesn't find out her trick and divorce her afterward.

"I heard you like clubbing," he brought it up, " I'm a governor and I have a reputation to uphold to the public and I would intend my future spouse to -"

"I get your point, you don't have to worry about a thing," she assured him.

Emily's eyes shone the instant the waiter served them food and wine, this was her opportunity.

"Is that ..." She intentionally pushed down his food.

"Oh no," Ahmed sighed when the food ended on his body.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry," Emily in the guise of apologizing as he wiped himself, slipped a substance into his drink and hers.

*Chapter 224 - Two Hundred And Twenty-four: Take Responsibility*

The third point of view

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry," Emily in the guise of apologizing as Ahmed wiped himself, slipped a substance into his drink and hers.

Then she picked a tablecloth and wanted to aid him in the cleaning which he turned down politely.

"No, I'm good," He put up his hand. Fortunately, it was not an oily dish so he was saved from soiling his shirt.

"I'm so so sorry, I just wanted to-"

"Don't worry, it's alright," Ahmed promised her. A waiter came over and helped with the mess while he reordered.

Emily glanced uneasily over her shoulder, scanning to see if anyone had seen her slip anything into his drink and was giving her odd looks or thinking of calling the police.

But so far, no one was staring her way, everyone was minding their businesses- to her relief. Though she was fast and swift, there was no assurance one hadn't seen her.

Frequenting the club had taught Emily one or two tricks such as that. At the club, she had to be careful about what she ate or drank since an unattended drink was a honeypot for desperate sick fuckers.

She had contemplated putting a roofie in his drink but Ahmed was smart. If he passed out and woke up with her in bed, he would begin to question her motive especially when she pins an unplanned pregnancy on him weeks later.

So she opted for an aphrodisiac from someone at the club who knows someone that knows someone that sold such stuff. It was far better than roofy due to the fact it reacted slowly yet powerfully; she just had to play her cards well.

"So aside from being a Governor and doing boring stuff at the office, what're your hobbies?" She struck up a conversation with him.

"My work is not boring once you get used to it," He laughed, bringing the glass of wine to his lips and took a sip.

Emily exhaled in relief when her date drank the wine, the first step of her plan has been achieved. She took her own drugged wine and drank out of it too.

One might ask why she drugged hers too? If she was going to sleep with him tonight, she might as well do it under the influence of a drug and not while clear-headed.

"Really?" She asked.

"It can be strenuous at times- I'm not going to lie- but I love what I'm doing which is all that matters. Besides, with my power, I help people and make the world a safer place to live," he explained with the glow of someone who enjoyed his occupation.

Why Emily, why are you doing this to an innocent person? Guilt began to gnaw at her heart and she shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

"Well," Ahmed continued, oblivious to the mental war going on in Emily's heart, "I enjoy hiking with friends, reading in my spare time, playing golf, and ...are you alright?"? He finally noticed her fidgeting in her seat.

Tears flowed from Emily's eyes,

"I'm sorry but I can't do this any longer," her hands flew to her mouth and she rose to her feet, running out of the restaurant.

"Emily?" Ahmed was stunned for a while, what had he done? Did he say anything wrong?

"Emily!" He chased after Emily and caught her trying to flag a cab down.

"Seriously, Emily!" He grabbed and turned her around to him,

"Talk to me, what the hell is wrong with you?"

"No, you're going to hate me after discovering what I did to you" Emily cried out, refusing to meet his gaze.

"You know what? We'd discuss this at my place," he decided without her opinion.

Emily wanted to refuse but Ahmed grabbed her wrist amidst her struggles, dragging her to his car.

Throughout the ride, Emily didn't say a word instead she kept sobbing quietly while staring out the window.

Ahmed let her be but the veins in his head throbbed, not to mention that he was feeling strangely hot. Why wasn't the air conditioner working?

Everything was a blur, all Emily could remember was them reaching his place which was heavily guarded, and then to his own room which he felt was more private than the living room.

"Alright, nobody can eavesdrop on our discussion, the walls are soundproof, and it's just you and me. So feel free to tell me what's going on with you Emily," Ahmed told her, removing the tie from his neck.

He was contemplating stripping completely since the heat was making it unbearable for him to stay with his clothing but he had a guest over so had to be on his best behavior.

"We should cancel this marriage arrangement, it's no longer going to happen anyway," Emily said with raw emotion.



Ahmed ran his hand through his hair, "You're making everything hard to understand, Emily"

"I spiked your drink "she confessed.

"What?" He was dumbfounded.

"I drugged you, so I could sleep with you," Emily added details.

"That is what I can't understand, Emily. Why would you drug me when you could have just asked to sleep with me if you were that horny -not that I'm judging you by the way- but I'm officially your fiance now" he questioned, gesturing with his hands and all.

"Because I'm pregnant," Emily ultimately disclosed the truth, her tears falling harder.

Great, she ruined it! She was supposed to hold on and go through with the plans tonight. Yet here she was, spilling her guts out already.

Honestly, Emily had expected Ahmed would order her out of his house with blazing anger having realized her plan. But to her surprise, he calmly asked, "What happened?"

Emily began narrating the whole events amid the choking tears, without leaving a stone unturned. By the time she was through, Ahmed had gone still with bewilderment.

"I'm leaving cause I feel so embarrassed right now. I almost did such an abominable thing to a good man like you,"

Emily was hurting badly. She was close to doing something against her principle so she could survive.? How would she feel if someone had done the same to her?

She picked her purse, preparing to

walk out of the door when Ahmed said

"I'll take responsibility,"

"What?" Emily felt she heard wrong.

"Let me be the father to the baby," he insisted.

Emily's brows furrowed, he must be joking right? Why would a rich, handsome perfect guy want to be the father to a child that isn't his?

"Why would you do such a thing for me?" She became unsure of his intention.

*Chapter 225 - Two Hundred And Twenty-five: I Had To Do This*

The third point of view

"Why would you do such a thing for me?" Emily was unsure of his intention. This offer was quite a rare one

Perhaps, if he was in love with her, it would be a different case. Then, Ahmed would be doing it because of the genuine love he had for her.

Funny enough, that was not the case here! They came to that restaurant to know each other and none had romantic feelings for one other. This was just an arranged marriage; one made to strengthen the relationship between both families.

"My mother," Ahmed began, "got pregnant with me at the age of seventeen. She was just a senior in high school when her devoted Christian parents discovered her pregnancy and it didn't sit well with them.

"They admonished her for such reckless act and putting their reputation in jeopardy considering they were deacons and deaconess at their local church respectively; it would be a huge shame if the members of the church were to find out about it.

"Turns out the father of the child was a major dork at school- typical bad boy- and her parents had warned her times without number to stay away from him; the boy was bad luck, yet she wouldn't listen.

"As expected, the son of a biscuit denied the pregnancy and went ahead to announce to the whole school that she was a lying bitch, trying to pin the unknown pregnancy on him.

"Her parents were mad when the news of the pregnancy spread across the town and insisted she should have an abortion.

"However, she refused and after a heated argument with her parents one day, she ran away from home and came to live with a distant relative from her mother's side.

"Unfortunately, people were not as open as they are now. Nosy gossips gave her the shaming look wherever she went.

"My mother was shamefaced remembering she was a teenager without even a high school diploma. At first, she was sad which gradually developed into resentment, and finally, she fell into a deep depression.

"Amid everything her relative did, my mother took her own life after giving birth to me. You know the funny part?" Ahmed gave her a pained look.

"That was the same day her parents pardoned her and were planning on taking her back home but they arrived too late; she was gone. Forever.

"I was raised by my grandparents and I've seen the guilt eat at them. The guilt of knowing they should have done the right thing without caring about public opinion and I don't want the same thing to happen to you," he explained.

Emily was speechless, she didn't know what to say at all. It was rare to see gentlemen like him these days. Maybe this marriage to him wasn't a bad idea at all, she thought.

"What were you planning on doing if I had rejected you?" He unexpectedly asked her out of sheer curiosity.

"I don't know?" Emily shrugged,

"Probably run away from home which is an unrealistic plan since my father would eventually find me and -"

"You'd commit suicide?" He interjected.

She bit on her lips, glancing up at him, "I strongly want this child to live since he's the only seed his father left on earth. But I don't know what I'll do if my father forces my hand, I might as well die with my child rather he dies alone," Emily declared, her slitted eyes flashed with determination

Ahmed gulped, a mother's decisiveness was scary. They could go to the depth of hell and return for the sake of their child.

"I think it was good you came clean with me else I would have been really mad if you had tricked me for years, only to find out one day that the child I invested all of my resources and time wasn't mine," he told her.

Emily lowered her head apologetically, "I'm sorry," she said.

Well, how was she going to tell him that? Not every man was willing to carry such a burden.

"How late are you?" He asked with eyes on her stomach.

"Almost a month," was her reply.

"Then we need to get married quickly. The later we wait, the more rumors are to arise if you give birth prematurely to a perfectly healthy child," he saw deep into the future which warmed Emily's heart. She just hoped he extends this little affection he has for her to the unborn child too.

"When do you want us to get married?" She inquired, hoping to arrange it. That was the least she could do to thank him for everything he has done for her.

"Tomorrow. If that's alright with you?"

"Huh?" That quickly? How was she going to plan the invitation? Catering? Her wedding gown?

"I would clear my schedule and then we would go to the civil bureau tomorrow and get our marriage certificate. Then, my PA would plan the wedding afterward," he disclosed his plans to her.

Emily's eyes dimmed, she forgot she was having a shotgun marriage and a loveless one at that - she almost suggested they plan the wedding together.

Fine, she would take what was given to her. He has tried enough for her, not everyone was this accommodating.

Ahmed's eyes rested on her face,

"Why are you sweating?"

Oh right!

"I took the drugs too," was her response which made him mad.

"Why would you do such a thing? You almost risked the life of your child!" He reprimanded her.

"It was to make it easier sleeping with..." She didn't need to finish the rest of her words because the look on his face told her he understood it all.

"So where's the antidote?" He stretched out his hand expectedly.

Emily frowned, "I don't understand,"

"The cure to his heat spreading through my body," he pointed to the beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Urm, the cure is the joining of our 'you know'," she pursed her lips, looking everywhere but at him.

Ahmed blushed, "There has to be another way,"

"This was bought from the black market and is uncertified," she pointed out.

"You're saying if I don't sleep with you to wear off this drug, there would be side effects?" He queried, she nodded.

"No, that's not going to happen," he shook his head.

Emily's face fell, "Why? You don't desire me because I'm a used product?"

"No, that's not what I'm saying- God damn it, you're a beautiful woman, Emily- you're still grieving the love of your life," he said.

"We are getting married tomorrow and as my husband, it's expected that you'd demand your nuptial right and I'm sure, you wouldn't want to wait four years for me to end my grieving process," she added, "I need to move on and this would help me recover quicker,"

Then Emily slid her arm around his neck, lowered his head, and kissed him. At first, Ahmed didn't respond but when the fire traveled to his groin, his primal instinct took over.

A man would always be a man, Ahmed forgot his self-control he had been holding onto a few minutes ago, deciding to eat the meal set before him.

"I'm sorry Judy but I hope you understand why I had to do this," Emily said mentally.

*Chapter 226 - Two Hundred And Twenty-six: Give Him A Hug*

Isabella's point of view

"How do you feel today?" My annoying therapist began again. Since the past week, she has been trying to get me to open my mouth but I kept mum.

"I feel like I don't need you in my life," was my reply to her current question. She was lucky I got a reason to talk today.

Instead of my therapist frowning her face like the others do when I talk to them that way, she smiled at me instead.

After I was discharged from the hospital, Niklaus, my father would send me here and have me listen to this woman ramble about death, grieving, and blah blah.

Honestly? If this was her method of getting me to talk, It sulked terribly; she bored me to death. I just didn't want to talk to anybody at that time, why don't they all get it?

"You're a fierce one, which is an improvement," she said, jotting down God knows what into her notebook.

Gosh, I hated this. It made me feel like a lab rat being experimented on. Each word I spoke was written down and her hawk-like eyes scrutinized my every reaction.

Why do people call this therapy? It sounded like surveillance instead.

"Why didn't you say a word to me last week?" This blonde therapist of mine inquired once again. She was always the one asking the questions but trust me, roles are about to be reversed.

"I didn't want to speak to you, is that a problem?" I wrapped my arms against my chest and sat comfortably. Things were about to get interesting.

"No, is not a problem," she answered patiently- I wondered how long that would last " But it would be interesting to know,"

"Is there a rule that states that I must talk to you during a supposed therapy session?" I asked.

I continued, "Do you know that the average woman speaks twenty thousand words a day while the average man speaks seven thousand words a day. Instead of wasting my saliva like that, I'll rather use it for something productive," I summarized.

"No, it is not compulsory, Isabella, and talking to you is a productive job. But then, you could remain silent as you did throughout last week, if that's what you want - nobody would force you nor would I judge you,"

She added with a gentle tone, "But the reason I want you Isabella to talk to me is so I could figure out your problem and help solve it?"

"Really?" My eyes brightened with an idea

"Yes, Isabella"

"Alright then, I have one question for you," I requested.

"Of course, go ahead" Silvia gestured to me to go ahead - yeah, that's her name.

"A-hem" I cleared my throat, adjusting my butt on the sofa, "Silvia,"?I called.

"Yes, Isabella?"

"You solve problems, right?"

"Yes, I help solve problems," she clarified.

"Fine, who solves your problems?"

"Huh?" I saw the confusion on her face.

"I mean, who helps solve your problem?"

Silvia laughed awkwardly, "Why are you interested in that?" She didn't even realize she's now the one being questioned. Who's the therapist now?

"Since you solve mine, I'm just curious as to who solves yours, or am I not permitted to ask that? Is that not the point of this session? Getting to know each other?"

"Of course, it's part of our therapy," she was quick to answer, "You see when I have problems, there's my husband to help reason it out with - "

"Let's say you didn't have a husband - I'm not wishing you bad luck in your marriage by the way; though most marriages no longer last - who would you have turned to?"

Silvia was dumbfounded by my statement yet answered anyway "Parents? Siblings?" She shrugged.

"And if none of them are available?" I pressed.

"I could always call them on my cell phone and seek their opinion," she was becoming flustered this time.

"No, like if they're dead?" I said wryly

She gave me an odd look

"I'm not trying to say they're gonna die," I corrected, "But what if such a situation arises? Who would help solve your problem?" My question continued nevertheless.

"There's my mentors, friends, elderly ones..." Her face scrunched up, "And why are you even curious about that...wait a minute, aren't I the one supposed to be doing the questioning?" She asked no one in particular.

She finally realized.

"Oh, seems to be true," I gasped dramatically, this was turning out to be fun.

Silvia narrowed her eyes at me,

"Isabella, you purposely distracted me, didn't you?"

"Did I?" I blinked innocently.

"You sly one," She took a deep breath, "Fine, it's my turn to question you now, Isabella"

"Fine, bring on," I threw my head back against the sofa, I knew what she was going to ask already.

"Why did you slit your wrist Isabella?"

There, as expected.

"I wanted to know where Maya went," was my answer.

"Excuse me?"

I turned my head towards her,

"You heard me right,"

"You do know that if suicide is explained this beautifully, everyone would have attempted it already," Silvia pointed out.

"Is that a bad thing?" I couldn't help but ask, "Isn't that an easy way to die?"

"You're quite young, Isabella. Why would you want to die?" She inquired.

"Because I'm a jinx? Women who end up being or desire to be my mother end up dying," I answered her, refusing to let the tears flow.

"I'm not a baby, I ain't going to cry" I chanted in my head.

"Isabella, you're not a jinx, no one born under this earth is a curse -save Cain from the Bible." She attempted a dry joke

Yeah, try again later.

She went on," Perhaps to people committing suicide, it's easy- after the pain comes the peaceful death, they believe - but the people they hurt most are the loved ones left behind. They are the ones who have to deal with the pain of their death; they're the ones whose hearts are broken.

"Take for instance: Isabella, you're in pain because Maya died. What about your father? What would your father have done if he had lost both Maya and you?"

That question stabbed at my heart, it never crossed my mind.

"I didn't think about that," I blurted.

"You might not see or understand its value but your life is precious to a lot of people, especially your father,"



Have I hurt my father? I couldn't help but think.

"Tell you something, when you leave this office, Isabella, remember to give your father a warm long hug; there are so many wonders it can do," she boomed a smile at me expectantly.

God, I wasn't ready for this.

"Are you going to do that, Isabella? Even if for nothing else, for my sake?" She pleaded with a pout, "Pretty please?"

"Fine, whatever,"

I hate cute faces

*Chapter 227 - Two Hundred And Twenty-seven: Wear A Metal Pant*

Nik's point of view

I was right in bringing Neon over to my place, Isabella's mood changed for the better instantly. She was as delighted as a child who found a profound love for a new toy. It was as if the baby gave her the reason to live once again.

But unknown to her, seeing Neon was a big stab to my heart. His appearance kept on reminding me of what I had lost and would never regain for eternity.

Each time I saw him, all I saw was my own child who would have reached that same level of growth if he had been given a chance at life and his mother I had failed to protect.

It wasn't easy to live with the raw memories, however, it got easier day by day. Now, I could breathe a bit seeing that smile on my daughter's face.

For reasons known to her, Isabella wasn't that open to Jennifer which she noticed, still didn't complain nor harp on it - thankfully, the woman knew her place.

I might be Neon's Godfather and sympathetic about her husband's death but I won't have anyone come into my house and oppress my daughter, she understood her limit - clearly.

It was good to know that Isabella didn't make Jennifer's stay that uncomfortable neither did she play a cruel prank on her - she just maintained her distance from the woman, making small talks when necessary- which made me conclude, my daughter was afraid of giving out her heart.

Well, I was not going to force Isabella into liking her, Jennifer would just have to give her space and time.

However, the same wasn't said for Neon, Isabella had stolen the role of a mother from Jennifer; morning, afternoon, night, Neon was always in her arms.

In just a few days, Isabella dedicated her entire time to the boy - which was quite frightening if I might add - She was always seen cradling Neon in her arms - doesn't her arms ache at all?

Isabella was always singing lullabies, feeding and making funny faces at him, and changing his diapers - something I haven't done since I took him in.

In conclusion, Neon was her new obsession. The only thing Isabella hadn't tried on is breastfeeding him - which I'm afraid she might have done if she had one. Who knows what's going on in that mind of hers?

Currently, I'm outside her therapist's office waiting for her session to be over. But there was something different about today, this would be the last therapy Isabella would be receiving, not because she's cured or something, but because we're moving out of here.

Yeah, this was the final step of recovering from the grieving process - leaving the memories behind. Correction, I wasn't forgetting about Maya, rather I was moving on.

But I can't forge ahead when everything in my place reminded me of her. I can't keep dwelling on the past and I'm sure Maya understands that wherever she is.

So we're leaving, my daughter and I, with the new addition to the family. Sure, we would be back but that would be after the wounds in our hearts are all healed.

My attention was drawn when the door to the office was opened and Isabella came out only to surprise me with a hug.

My body stiffened, I wasn't expecting that. This girl would give me a heart attack with her surprises one day.

"What is it now Isabella, do you need a favor?" I asked, knowing she always has a valid reason for everything she does.

"Can't a girl hug her father?" She glanced up at me, her hands still wrapped around me.

I smirked, "Not when she has an ulterior motive" her gaze met mine and she looked away with a bashful blush, like a thief caught in the middle of the act.

"Well, there's no motive behind this one, so just shut up and savor this once in a while opportunity,"

"Fine, madam," I wrapped my arms around her, enjoying this rare occurrence.

Looking up, I caught sight of the therapist taking a photo of both of us.

The sharp Isabella, sensing the presence of a third party, pulled away abruptly, adopting a poker face.

"You both are so cute together, " gushed her therapist who goes by the name Silvia while I made a mental note of requesting that picture later.

I cleared my throat, "Is she done for the day?"

"Of course," Silvia lowered herself to Izzy's height, "Do remember to send photos of your new friends to me,"

"Yeah, in your dreams," Isabella clicked her tongue and faced me saying, " I'll wait for you in the car, don't keep me waiting for long,"

"She's a darling yet a handful," Silvia observed.

"Yeah," I acquiesced before focusing my attention on this beautiful therapist. I would have gotten into her pants already if I was back to my playboy ways.

"I can't thank you enough for what you have done for my daughter,"

She waved it off with a laugh, "Nah, I just did my job. Moreover, the only reason this treatment was effective was that you took my advice seriously and worked hard to see your daughter returned to normal. You're the one who should be proud of your achievement,"

Well, I was not going to lie, it had been quite a tough struggle the past weeks dealing with Isabella.

"Alright," I tucked my hand into the pocket of my jeans, " I'll keep you updated on her progress,"

"Sure" she agreed.

I hugged her, not to feel her curves- mind you- I'm a changed man.

By the time I made it to the car, Isabella was giving me judgemental looks.

"What?" I asked when her scorching gaze became too much.

"Nothing," she pursed her lips.

Liar.

I continued the drive home since we would be leaving in a few hours.

"Look, I didn't hit on your therapist if that's what you're thinking- I'm still grieving for Maya," I explained myself.

Isabella had seen me at my worst behavior - which I'm not proud of- it was not surprising for her to think that way.

"Then keep up your grieving for five years more," Isabella conditioned.

My head whipped towards her from shock, "Are you for real?"

"I don't need any woman in your life for five years- loved or not. Are you not up for it?" She cocked her brow challengingly.

The corners of my mouth quirked.

I was a man, how was I going to bring to a standstill my sexual urges for that long? Isabella might as well have told me to wear metal underwear with a lock and key. Fine, it's all for Maya.

"Deal,"

*Chapter 228 - Two Hundred And Twenty-eight: Murdered Christina*

The third point of view

"Surprise!"

Niklaus and his daughter Isabella were stunned out of their mind when a stream of confetti fell on them as soon as they stepped into the living room.

"What in the name of God," he muttered, taking in the sight of the guest he had not invited to his place.

"How could you be so heartless brother, leaving without notifying me?" Emily stepped forward, punching him abruptly in the stomach.

"I was planning on doing so," He groaned, gripping his stomach. Gosh, where did she learn to hit like a man? That must be Judy's handiwork.

Emily laughed sarcastically, "Really? You were planning on doing so? Hmm, let me guess?"

She rubbed her chin thoughtfully, "When you're on the plane already?"

Well, she was right. Niklaus had planned on departing without informing any of them but Amanda busted his plans.

Niklaus didn't want the dramatic separation at the airport; the crying with snots running from noses and the never-ending hugs.

To crown it all, they had made it worse by organizing a "Goodbye" party. Now everyone was going to drop their tears on his shoulder during the ceremonious see-you- again hug.

"Fine, I'm sorry,"

Emily went on her tiptoes and hooked her arms around his neck, "Well, if you're truly sorry, there's this...."

Oh boy, girls and their manipulation.

"Hey Izzy," Isabella, who was more eager to see her baby, Neon, was stopped halfway.

"Why didn't you tell me you were leaving?" Anabelle stood in her way, hands placed on her waist with a stern expression.

"Get out of the way, you're not my human GPS," Isabella shooed her out of her way, straining her neck to catch a glimpse of the nursery.

"What's she looking at?" Pedro as expected joined in expending her time.

"Mind your business," Isabella told both and tried to move around her but they- Pedro and Anabelle- swiftly moved to that same side.

"Leave me," Isabella glared at them, her anger gradually reaching its boiling point.

"She's keeping something from us," Pedro narrowed his eyes at her suspiciously.

"She's always hiding things from us," Anabelle grumbled, stomping her feet.

"I bet it is a dark secret," Pedro grinned, his eyes glinting with expectation.

Isabella facepalmed, both of them were idiots. At this rate, why doesn't she just agree so they could leave her alone in peace.

"Fine, come and view the dark secret," she said with sarcasm, leading them to the direction of Neon's room.

"Wait a minute, why is this room renovated?"

"Jennifer," Isabella interrupted Pedro, startling the poor woman having alone time with her son.

"Isabella," Jennifer was taken back by her presence.

She had expected them to spend more time with her therapist since today was her last session.

The poor mother hardly spent time with her baby anymore and was quite scared. Why if her son grows up thinking Isabella was his real mother instead of her?

"What is a baby doing in your place?" Anabelle was curious with a tinge of envy.

"Jennifer, let me have him," the girl stretched her hand to the young mother expectantly.

Neon's mother was reluctant but had no choice but to hand over her son who was as well thrilled to meet his new favorite person Isabella.

"Guys, meet Neon. I'm his godsister," Isabella dazzled them with a rare smile that took them a minute to recover.

"Ooh, he's so cute," Anabelle tried to poke his cute soft cheeks but Isabella swatted her hand with a lethal glare.

"Oww," the girl exclaimed in pain,

"What was that for?" She was dumbfounded.

"I said, see, not touch," the protective Isabella reminded her fiercely.

Anabelle retorted, "How can I just watch and not touch this cute looking innocent baby," she cooed.

And on cue, Neon chuckled and he stretched his hand out as if inviting Anabelle to carry him.

Isabella was alarmed at once, her sly cousin must be trying to convert the love Neon has for her.

"Jennifer, continue with what you were doing," Isabella handed the baby back to his mother and began to pull the guests out of the nursery.

"Isabella, what is wrong with you?" Anabelle was offended by the way she chased them both out.

"The two of you have seen the dark secret I'm keeping so be on your way," she expelled them without blinking her eye.

"You're so selfish," Anabelle accused, tears stinging her eyes.

"Don't let it fall, you know they don't move me," She advised her cousin not to shed tears in her presence.

"You're so mean!" Anabelle spat and ran off.

"We just came to see how you were progressing and see you off as well. But you're obviously doing more than fine," Pedro said to her with an attitude before going after Anabelle.

"Why does my heart hurt?" Isabella caressed her chest feeling disturbed by this new unusual feeling.

"Whatever," she dismissed it and went back to the baby's room.

Meanwhile, Niklaus found himself agreeing to sponsor all of Emily's shopping this season- though he wouldn't be here presently. He and his sister were reminiscing their childhood when he caught sight of Eden.

"You brought him here, too?" He asked in disbelief.

After Maya's death, his relationship with Eden was no better than a stranger's. The only reason both were still on seeing terms was because of their daughters' relationship.

No matter what they did to those two, the girls always found a way of communicating with each other. So they let them be.

Though Niklaus tried not to be angry, Emily could see the strong look of disapproval on his face.

"No matter how much you both dislike each other, you're still family-"

"And he's headed my way," Niklaus interrupted her.

Eden strode towards Niklaus with his jaw clenched with an apathetic outline.

"I need to talk to you," he said.

"And I need to leave soon," Niklaus gave out his own excuse.

Eden took a step forward, "It is something important," the pissed cousin intentionally stressed on "important" to tell Niklaus he wasn't here to fiddle.

"Sure, say it," He finally agreed.

Eden's gaze moved to Emily, "I can't ..." he was shut up by Emily's glower.

"Sure, go ahead. I'm always been kept in the dark anyway," she huffed and left them.

"Let's go to my office," Niklaus somehow sensed this wasn't a subject to be discussed casually.

"Make yourself comfortable," Niklaus gestured to him to take a seat when they reached.

But Eden chose to stand while Niklaus leaned against the edge of his desk, arms folded across his chest.

"Now, speak up, my time is precious" he demanded

"Have you heard of the misfortune that befell the Devon family?" Was Eden's odd question.

"You mean the death of Christina?"

"Yes, the death of your fiancée, Niklaus," Eden pinpointed.

"Yes, I heard the news and it's quite an unfortunate incident," Niklaus said, but there wasn't a trace of grief in his tone.

Eden looked him straight in the eyes, "Why did you murder her, Niklaus?"

*Chapter 229 - Two Hundred And Twenty-nine: Goodbye Maya*

The third point of view

"Why did you murder her, Niklaus?"? Eden accused him without evidence.

"Excuse me?" Was Niklaus' statement.

"Don't act dumb with me, Niklaus" his tone was firm.

Niklaus answered back, "I tried to kill her but didn't kill her,"

"What kind of excuse is that?" Eden gave him a stupid look, "Did you kill her or not, Niklaus?"

"I didn't kill Christina," he growled at Eden but calmed himself after realizing there was no reason to get worked over this. Christina was not worth him getting riled up.



"Believe me or not, I didn't kill that witch,"? He spoke through gritted teeth.

"What's your story then?" Asked Eden who wasn't fazed by his emotional outburst.

Even if Christina was a witch, both of them had something great in the past, Niklaus should show some sort of grief for her death.

However, that was not the case with his cousin, Eden observed. If anything, his expression looked like someone relieved of a big burden.

"What's your story then," He inquired.

Niklaus began, "I found out the witch was responsible for the scandal you created from the initial start - she and Kim were in cahoot"

Eden's jaw ticked when he heard that statement but didn't say anything. Maya was the one who kissed him, he would take that secret to the grave.

That was a secret between him and Maya and a memory he would treasure. He fucked his chance with the girl and that scar, he would carry for eternity.

"So I had my revenge, by taking away something that matters to her just as she did to me " Niklaus went on with his tale, "I took away her position and handed it over to Luke, her illegitimate brother. Tina has a huge pride, so that move was a great slap in her face and she strode to my place to throw a tantrum about that -"

"So you had her killed when she threatened to expose your dirty linen in public," surmised Eden.

Niklaus chuckled, "Nice try, detective," he mocked him yet continued the story, "I admit it, I did lose my temper a bit -"

"Rate your definition of losing my temper a bit," Eden discontinued his narration.

"Cut me off once again and you can get the hell out of here, Eden. After all, I don't answer to you" Niklaus gave him a clear warning which he heeded.

"Fine, go ahead," he signaled.

"It was so outrageous of Christina claiming I hurt her when she didn't just harm but destroyed my life. So I grabbed her neck- intending to send her to hell where people her type go- but she got lucky and escaped and I didn't give chase. Hours later, I received the news she was dead," Niklaus recounted.

Truthfully, Niklaus was a bit regretful over Tina's death but each time he recalls what she did, that remorse vanishes.

"Let's say I believe you, if you didn't kill your fiancée, who did?" Eden pressed.

Niklaus' eyes narrowed, "What's the point of this interrogation? The cops should be the one doing these," he inquired, scrutinizing Eden intently.

"The Devon family might not be as rich and resourceful as ours but they have connections with people in position and they would look deep into this -"

"Case?" Niklaus smirked, "You've forgotten that we carry out special tasks for those people in position, " he didn't need to explain further after emphasizing on " special task".

Eden shook his head, " You confidently create a problem and try to run off after knowing that strangling is a high legality crime. Somehow, I wish that the fact you strangled her would be revealed,"

Niklaus walked over to him and said, "I don't care, and don't you dare judge me. We both know that you've done much more worse,"

Eden's jaw ticked, any male born in the Spencer family doesn't spend the rest of his life without shitty blood on his hand; they were all guilty.

"Besides, the burning would eliminate evidence of trauma and if it doesn't, I'm sure the killer would eliminate the evidence,"

Eden gave him a sharp gaze, "What are you talking about?"

"Who was so eager to get Christina married to me?" Niklaus him.

"Huh?" Eden's brow furrowed together, "Wasn't your father the one adamant on getting her...oh " It finally clicked in his head.

"He had invested a lot in Christina but when she didn't surpass his expectation and instead got to be a liability and threat to his investment aka me, he -"

"Had no choice than to get rid of her," Eden gasped from shock and disbelief.

"Good luck being the next family head," Niklaus tilted his head in his direction mockingly.

"You're leaving the family on purpose," It finally dawned on Eden.

Presently, he thought he was the one benefiting from Niklaus stepping down as the appointed family head. Thus he was the one being placed at the battlefield; It was him versus Adam.

Niklaus shrugged with a pleased smile on his face, "You wanted to be the family head all this time, your wish has been granted."

"Do you think your father would let you go that easily?" Eden snorted, "He paved the path for you, all his efforts were so you could remain in that seat"

"I'm not going to remain in a position where I'll remain someone's puppet. Yes, he would not let me go but Adam has no choice if he doesn't want my name removed from the family registry. Moreover, he still has two more years to plot his devious plans, you should be the one worrying for your life," Niklaus told him.

With Niklaus stepping down, it was obvious to Eden that he would be taking over that position since he's the most capable amongst his relatives. However, would Adam let him be?

That man had killed his father, his own brother, and took over a position that wasn't meant to be his. How much more him?

"You now believe that your father killed my father?" Eden was astonished.

"Oh, right? Why do you think I gave up my position?.." Niklaus rubbed his jaw, "Because I'm running away like a coward I am?" He used Eden's words against him.

Eden in question flushed from shame, he misunderstood his intention. He had thought Niklaus just liked causing trouble and putting everyone in a tight spot, not knowing he had done him an enormous favor.

If Niklaus had remained in that position, he would fight against Eden's every intention to expose his father - no matter how evil a father is, what child would want to expose him?

His ungrateful and inconsiderate cousin, Niklaus - as he once thought- gave him a fighting chance against Adam, his father, not to throw him in the frontline of the battle.

Niklaus said suddenly, "But don't think you would get that position easily?"

"What do you mean?" Eden asked.

"If indeed Adam killed your father, what makes you think he would step down for you?"

"You're trying to say he won't give up the seat?" Eden doubted his claim.

"If he doesn't?" Niklaus questioned him back with a knowing smile. He had already foreseen what would happen.

Eden thought hard about it and couldn't argue with that fact. After all, Adam had all the power now and could do whatever he wanted.

"If I were you, I would start building my forces before his two years rule is over - That is, if you want your daughter Anabelle to live safely," Niklaus hinted Adam might threaten him with the life of his daughter.

Anger rippled through Eden, feeling the urge to just storm to Adam's place and put a bullet through his head- but he knew better than to do that. If he attempts such an act, Adam would use that circumstance to get rid of him once and for all.

With more evidence in hand - He had been the one who went to his place in the first place - that evil man would lay God knows what accusation on him, probably a coup? And he would die unfulfilled.

"Why are you doing this?" Eden couldn't help but ask, this was unusual of Niklaus. The Niklaus he knew was a selfish bastard.

"Because that's what Maya would want me to do," He answered without hesitation.

Oh right, Maya, his light in the darkness, Eden nodded solemnly.

Niklaus took a step closer, "But don't think we're friends now because of this. I still haven't forgiven nor forgotten that you were the snitch during that deal with Sakuzi that led to Kay's death,"

With that being said, Niklaus left the room for him while Eden stood still like a dry tree.

He knew all this while and said nothing? What kind of person was Niklaus?

However...

Isabella, who had been having a great time with Neon, wasn't comfortable anymore. Her mind kept wandering to the words her cousin and Pedro said to her.

"Aish," she stomped her feet, irritated.

"What is it, Isabella?" Jennifer was surprised by her behavior

"Nothing!" She snapped at the woman unintentionally.

Jennifer minded her business at once.

"I'm sorry," Isabella mumbled an apology.

"Alright," Jennifer was taken aback by her odd meekness.

"Take care of my Neon, I'll be back," she handed the little boy back to his mother and went in search of those idiots.

Isabella found them sulking in the garden.

"Hey," She called but silence met her.

None of them said a word to her instead busied themselves with the flowers.

"I'm sorry," Isabella rendered an inaudible apology.

"Anabelle, do you hear a butterfly speaking?" Pedro pretended oblivious to Isabella's presence.

"What butterfly?" Anabelle snorted and rolled her eyes, " All I hear is a bug; a big, ugly bug" she said, mercilessly plucking out a flower petal - what did that flower do to you?

"Fine, I'm sorry!" Isabella shouted at the top of my lungs, " I'm a mean, selfish brat, satisfied now?!"

At first, both - Anabelle and Pedro- wanted to punish her further for her attitude. But they were too softhearted and accepted her once again and all headed to the nursery to see Neon.

Since they had a jet to catch, the party didn't linger long before the tears inducing moment came - the time to say goodbye.

Just as Niklaus dreaded, his sister alone spent half a liter of tears on his shoulder, followed by Amanda; Cecil just sniffed.

Eden didn't cry but gave him a bro hug, patting him on the shoulder which he had no option but to reciprocate. After that discussion upstairs, they had come to a mutual understanding, and the tension between them lessened.

Anabelle did cry a bit- he didn't know the girl loved him that much - while Pedro bumped fist with him instead.

Currently, Niklaus stood watching the now empty house with Isabella by his side. He had moved all his men - those willing to follow him to the end of the earth - abroad. It was time to start afresh.

"When do you think we're going to be back?" Isabella asked, feeling nostalgic all of a sudden.

Niklaus glanced down at her, pursing his lips " Don't know? Five? Ten years? Who knows?"

"We need to go, the pilot is not going to wait forever, sir," Michael informed him from inside the car.

"Would you sell off the house?" his daughter inquired.

"No, Amanda would take care of it till we're back,"

"Much better," Isabella breathed, heading back to the car to go see Neon.

Niklaus stared at the house smiling wryly as tears stung his eyes, "Good-bye Maya,"

He whispered, turned his back, and left.

*Chapter 230 - Two Hundred And Thirty: Shape Her The Way I Want*

The third point of view

"I've discovered a secret route we can pass through and transport our goods without the minor disturbances across the Caribbean," Emerald handed a map to Sakuzi who sat on his desk, cupping his chin with a lackadaisical look on his face

"Sakuzi?" Emerald called, yet there was no answer.

"Sakuzi?" He repeated.

"I heard you the first time, I'm not deaf, Emerald" Valentino yawned loudly.

He gave the map a lazy glimpse, resuming his bored stance which caused a frown to plaster on Emerald's face.

Sakuzi had been breathing down their neck about them tracing that route and now they successfully did it, he didn't even give it as much as a stare- which was totally unlike him.

"What is the matter, Sakuzi?" Emerald inquired, having a feeling something must be weighing him down.

"When is my baby girl going to wake up?" He sighed like a devastated widower mourning for the loss of his wife.

The doctors had successfully saved her life and were past the danger period, but the problem? She was in a coma.

Thankfully, Princess wasn't in a vegetative state so everyone had high hopes of her waking up safely.

Perhaps, it might not be to the others however, it was a great relief to Emerald that the girl was in a stable condition - it limited the number of bodies he had to bury. Maya's survival was the major dictator if the doctor gets to live or die.

"The doctor says she would be up in no time," he said to Valentino.

"The doctor gave no precise date," he moped.

"They're neither gods nor magicians but humans who study the human body and try to come up with a positive report," he pointed out.

"Maybe, he's not qualified?" He pondered.

"One more and he'll be the twentieth doctor you've fired already," complained Emerald.

"My daughter deserves the best,"

"Your daughter is becoming an experimental organism for each doctor to test out their thesis,"

Sakuzi shot to his feet, banging his head on the desk as his eyes flashed, "Who used my daughter as a lab rat?!"

"I meant literally," Emerald was quick to add.

Seriously, that damn old man. He still had his surviving two sons running the family business back home but here he was, fawning over his daughter.

Well, one couldn't blame him. He had always wished for a girl child -one he could pet and spoil- it was sad that madam couldn't give him one when they were still together.

"Hmm," was all he said and sat back down but the disapproval on his face was apparent.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door that broke the sudden silence between them.

"Come in," Sakuzi ushered whoever was at the door in.

"What is it?" He asked the guard who came into his office.

"The doctor is here to see you," he notified him.

Valentino's eyes brightened at the prospect of good news, "Of course, let him in. Do I need to tell you guys what to do every time?!"

The guard scurried away, his feet carrying him out of the room as brisk as a Jaguar.

The doctor walked in looking a bit anxious with his head lowered. He had heard about his forerunners - the doctors before him- and couldn't tell if they had been killed or returned to their homes safely.

How was he even kidnapped?

He was returning home after a long day at work when that huge, tall man - he doesn't know his name - called him, and the next thing, someone snuffed out his light from behind. He awoke and found himself here.

Though they treated him well, very well, to be honest, the doctor still desired to leave this place; there was no place like home.

"Hey, doctor, I bet you came with good news," Sakuzi left his desk to happily welcome him.

The man gulped, "I came with a bit of both,"

"What do you mean?" His expression shifted.

"I-I came with bad news and good news, which do you want to hear first?" He summoned the courage to say.

Sakuzi's hands on his shoulder tightened, the doctor could see his death now - the man would toss him down the bridge the way his daughter did.

Of course, most of the doctors- the ones who survived? he had no idea- knew they were treating Maya, the girl making the headlines on the news recently, but none dared to expose the news for the safety of their life and family.

The doctors who had been "ended" by Sakuzi were mostly quake practitioners whose luck ran out by falling into the wrong hands aka these gangsters.

"Well," Sakuzi's hand on his shoulder loosened a bit, "Hit me with the bad news first so I could punch some faces before celebrating the good news," he made his choice.

The doctor's pulse raced but he tucked the fear on his features and revealed, "Your daughter is pregnant,"

"What?!" Both - Sakuzi and Emerald - said at the same time. They had not seen that one coming at all.

"What do you mean she's pregnant?!" Sakuzi was furious.

The doctor tried to step back but his glare cut him and he answered instead, "She's pregnant with babies"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Valentino was still wrapping his head around all these revelations.



"It means she's gonna pop two melon-sized humans from her [email?protected] in months to come," Emerald explained crudely which made Sakuzi's head swirl- the narration was quite detailed.

"That son of a biscuit!" Sakuzi's face grew with rage. He had not spent much time with his daughter and she was already going to birth two creatures that would take her attention from him. Not to add the agony she would go through in the process.

"I should just kill that bastard," Sakuzi mumbled without knowing Emerald heard him.

"Just what I was thinking! What would it be? Death by asphyxiation? Drowning? Dismemberment? Arson? I have the duct tape and body bag already or maybe we can just cut off his member as a lesson?"

"You dumb ..." Sakuzi kicked him in the feet but Emerald was not affected by the pain, if anything he was the one who winced.

"Use your brain sometimes!" He wagged his finger at Emerald, having a hard time ignoring the stabbing pain on his feet.

"What did I do wrong? You were the one who wanted to kill him, I merely suggested methods on how to end him," he asked innocently.

"Don't you get it? Princess would be pissed if she wakes up to find out I touched the father of her kid, no, kids," he corrected and clicked his tongue, "How annoying"

"We could get rid of the pregnancy," Emerald suggested once again.

Sakuzi scowled at him, "Don't make me make you their babysitter, no, you're going to be their babysitter," he glanced up at the doctor without noticing that Emerald had frozen like a popsicle out of shock.

The man hated children, those annoying little squirrels that never ran out of energy. He couldn't believe Sakuzi would do that to him, this was the worst nightmare ever.

"What's the good news?" He focused back his attention on the doctor who was covered with sweat.

He had heard all their talks about murdering the father of the child. The people were not just brutal, they were animals!

\*Sob\*sob, he wanted to live. He hadn't even told his love interest he loved her, what kind of cruel fate was this?

"Doctor?!"

"Huh? Eh?" He was awoken from his reverie

"What is the good news?" Sakuzi repeated himself. He hated repeating himself and was considering how to get rid of this dumb doctor when he heard ...

"Your daughter has awoken but ..."

Valentino didn't wait for him to finish the rest of his statement and zoomed off like the Flash to her room.

"P-princess!" Sakuzi was out of breath by the time he got to her room, heaving like a snoring gorilla and scaring the poor girl who shrank away from him.

"Oh, thank god, you're awake, Princess" he still went after the girl who was bothered by his presence.

"Who are you?" The girl scrutinized the man before her and for some reason, he didn't seem like a bad person.

"Princess, I'm not going to hide it anymore, I'm your father" he patted his chest, "I'm not your sugar daddy but your real father," he disclosed, expecting her to blanch from shock but all he saw was confusion with a flicker of curiosity.

"Princess?"

"Is that my name?" She asked.

"Huh?"

At that moment, the doctor with his chest heaving- evidence of his short sprint - and Emerald arrived.

"Doctor, something seems to be wrong with -"

"She appears to be displaying signs of amnesia," the doctor said breathlessly, leaning against the wall, "That was what I was trying to say but you ran off like the Tasmanian devil cartoon..." he attempted a joke but their glare cut him off which made him clear his throat awkwardly.

Sakuzi gestured to Emerald to follow after him and they went to a corner of the passageway and began their hushed discussion.

"Do you know what this means?" Valentino asked the huge man.

"No,"

"This means that with her memory gone, I can now shape her the way she was supposed to be if Angela had done the right thing by giving her to me,"

"In one word, you're about to change her personality?"

"Not her personality but her entire life; Maya's gone, my princess resides in there now. No one is to know she's alive, silence the doctor,"

Sakuzi changed his mind afterward, "No, pay him off but give him quite a scare - only because he restored Princess's life,"

He turned to leave when he remembered, " Give the pilot a call, we're leaving this country instantly"

Then he walked into his daughter's treatment room, it was time to change some things.

Heaven has given him a second chance!