

## **Taming A Billionaire**

### **#Chapter 251 - Two Hundred And Fifty-one: Apologize To My Son - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 251 - Two Hundred And Fifty-one: Apologize To My Son**

*Chapter 251 - Two Hundred And Fifty-one: Apologize To My Son*

The third point of view

Those chipmunks were getting on her nerves, they wanted her to age faster than her time.

Reina had waited for them, patiently. They had even dared to disguise their appearances - what kind of mother would she be if she couldn't identify her own children?

So the moment they came out of the arrival terminal, Reina had recognized them and they did too because they sprinted into a run.

And so the cat and mouse game began. Nonetheless, they gave her a hard time finding them but it also came as a relief to Reina- they wouldn't be kidnapped easily by the enemy.

But the kids underestimated her, she was able to find out Allen's location through the surveillance camera now monitored by her people.

Informed of Allen's location, she sashayed into that lunchroom to give her son a piece of her mind when she stumbled upon a scene that made her boil with anger.

"You rude child!" Reina saw this woman yelling at her child. Her brow raised, someone dared to bully her son in her absence?

"Who's your mother?! "

The nerve!

Fine, she summoned her? Here she comes.

"I am,"?Reina strutted comfortably to the middle of the noise that had also attracted the attention of other people.

Jennifer was angry seeing Neon cry his eyes out, her son was a nice child. Who knows what that evil child has done to him?

The anger plus the frustration of discovering that the man she was supposedly getting married to was cheating on her, made Jennifer call out the kid's mother.

But she never expected to see that woman! Jennifer had watched that video over and over again to the point of insanity. Hence, there was no way she couldn't recognize her at first sight.

Honestly, She was intimidated. There was this aristocratic yet dangerous aura around this woman not to talk of the way she carried herself confidently - an attitude she couldn't pull off without appearing clumsy.

"You wanted me here? Why can't you talk? Cat got your tongue?" Reina taunted her without holding back

Reina recognized this woman instantly, she was Niklaus's fiancée who he would get married to or so he thought - she wouldn't let that happen.

There was no need to pretend, Reina didn't like her nor did she like her either. At the least she wasn't fake with her feelings, that was an admirable trait.

"Yes, I did," Jennifer thrust her chin forward, wanting to look intimidating. Her fists were folded by her side as she scrutinized Reina. She could see why Niklaus was attracted to her.

The woman was beautiful- not the enchanting version of beauty but the type enamoring enough to make a man whistle. Jennifer herself wasn't left out in the beauty department, but she was cute and plain, she thought.

"Your son hurt my son and refuses to apologize, " Jennifer laid her complaint.

Reina gave her a mocking look, " You mean your son or the ice cream?"

Jennifer went red in the face, " Is this all you can say? No wonder your son has no manners," she blurted out. She didn't mean to say that but staring at that face reminded her of that video and how much it irked her.

"Excuse me? " Reina raised a brow, threading her hand through her hair. Someone just provoked her.

"Isn't that what you should say to yourself?" Reina settled her fierce orbs on her.

"What?"

" Your son was the one who wasn't looking and bumped into my son. Still yet you dared to request an apology even when he offered to buy him another one? How shameless

could you get!" Reina raised her voice on her, the way Jennifer had done to her son moments ago.

Jennifer was speechless, this wasn't the reaction she expected.

" Mommy, " Neon who had stopped crying tugged on her clothe, " Stop crying, "

Jennifer at once realized tears were streaming down her face and began to wipe them away, furiously. She didn't intend to cry but she was such an emotional person.

At once, people began to murmur, gesturing in disapproval against Reina. In their eyes, she was now the woman bullying mother and son.

"Stupid people," Reina muttered, pulling out her purse to bring out wads of cash which she placed in Jennifer's grasp amid her refusal.

"My son offered to pay for the damages and as his mother, I'm taking on the responsibility. That should be enough to buy your son the ice cream and a lot more," she enclosed the money with?Jennifer's palm, " But then, I want him to apologize to my son!"

There was a deep outroar from the crowd, this woman was crazy! Not only was she bullying mother and son, but she also wanted an apology too? Shameless! How shameless!

"Mom, don't bother. Let's just leave," Allen told his mother but she stood firm.

At first, Reina would have left but not when people were giving her son condemnatory looks. She wasn't Maya who let people play her around. Now, she was Raina. Neither would she allow her son to be accused unfairly. Justice must be brought to light now!

Jennifer blinked away the tears, her lips pressed in determination. She wasn't going to lose this fight to this woman.

"How can you be so sure that your son is innocent? You just chanced upon the scene halfway plus your son wasn't respectful, he called my Neon a crybaby and made him cry further," was her defense.

The crowds murmuring increased.

"Fine, let's come to a deal then," Reina's mouth curved to the side, "If my son is guilty, not only would he apologize but I would too as his mother. However, if your son's at fault, you would apologize alongside him, how's that?"

Jennifer was conflicted, it was true that Neon could get distracted once with ice cream but then, that little boy had been too proud, he surely must have done something. So with that assurance and

pressure from the onlookers, she gave in," Deal, "

Reina's smirk grew, she knew her son, Allen too well. The boy was a very straightforward and proud individual; his yes was yes and no, no - she would have doubted Ailee but not Allen.

Jennifer continued, "But how are we going to -"

"That camera should have captured everything," Reina pointed to the surveillance camera, having known she would ask for evidence.

Due to the intensity of the case, the manager of the eatery had no choice but to connect the camera via the web browser on a PC for the crowd to watch and judge the case truthfully.

The video was forwarded to that very time that Neon was getting his Ice cream from the counter with a fascinated grin and Allen coming into the room. At first, it looked like both had bumped into each other but Allen moved away at the last minute - that action would have proved fertile if Neon had dodged him too. But then, he had been immersed in the Ice Cream that he ran into the boy and burst into tears.

The whole arena went cold, no one made a sound. So the loud, obnoxious woman was saying the truth.

Jennifer was the most shocked. She knew Neon had been spoiled rotten by Niklaus and Izzy but she never thought him naughty to this extent.

"So," Reina's smug voice broke through the silence, "Do I get my apology or not?"

Nobody made a sound, still.

"I'm fine if you don't want to keep onto your end of the deal," She told Jennifer, "I just wanted to ensure my son's name wouldn't be dragged through the mud because of something he didn't -"

"I'm sorry," Jennifer's voice became meek.

"Did I hear somebody speaking? You were quite enthusiastic when scolding my -"

"I'm sorry for accusing your son falsely," her voice climbed several notches up.

"Oh, yes. You did say something," Reina then turned to Neon, " I believe you owe my son something an -"

"I don't need it," Allen rejected to her surprise, turning to step out of the place.

"Well then," Reina didn't push the case further but she stepped closer to Jennifer, saying to her hearing only, " I can't tell yet if you wear your heart on your sleeves and cry easily naturally or a master emotional manipulator but find your match the next time"

She drew close and whispered into her ears, " Say hi to Niklaus, would ya," and withdrew, their gaze clashing.

Reina turned around and strutted out of the place while her men did their job, seizing and deleting any picture or video captured by the gossipy onlookers. Every trace of them would be erased for her children's safety.

"And you," Allen who thought his mom's anger had dissipated, was grabbed on the ear as they walked out to see that his twin sister had been found out as well.

"You kids have a long talk with mommy today," Allen and Ailee shivered, sensing the threat beneath those words.

Reina grabbed his sister's ear as well, both wincing in exaggerated pain- it didn't move her, those pretenders!

So, she left with the kids while the men cleaned up, not knowing that a certain person named Isabella had captured everything from her hiding place.

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*Chapter 252 - Two Hundred And Fifty-two: Find Everything About Her*

The third point of view

Eden barged into Adam's office, a violent look on his face. The veins on his neck were bulging, one didn't need to ask if he was angry or not.

With one clean sweep, almost the items on Adam's desk were swept to the ground while the man in question was unfazed by his action.

"What's the meaning of this?" Adam asked him, dropping the cigarette into the ashtray that survived the fall.

"Her treatment is late," Eden spat, smoke literally dissipating off his body.

"It isn't late, I was waiting for you to come and collect it yourself,"

"What?" Eden was dumbfounded.

"You heard me right, Eden. From now on, if you want the antidote, you'd have to come and pick it yourself," Adam said to him without a trace of emotion.

"You're evil, you know that right?" Eden glowered at him, fists curled by his side. The kind of anger boiling through him made him envision ramming his fists into Adam's face till he was nothing but a pulp. But he couldn't do that, not if he wanted Annabella to live.

"It's not being evil but manifesting power. If you have the resources, flaunt it; if you don't have, stay and remain below," He told Eden straightforwardly.

"Fine, now hand over the antidote," He stretched his hand out with expectation.

The corner of Adam's mouth stretched into a sneer. He brought out a little unlabeled container from one of the drawers and just when Eden was expecting him to place it on his desk, he tossed it to the ground.

Eden's brow raised at his action, "What's the meaning of this?"

Adam glanced down nonchalantly, "Oh that? Of course, that's the antidote. If you need it, pick it,"

Eden's bit on his tongue till he could taste blood, this humiliation, he would surely return it a million fold.

He bent down, tears stung his eyes but he blinked them away, he would take any disgrace that came his way as long as Annabelle survived.

"Now Niklaus is back, you should know not to whine your mouth carelessly," Adam said.

"Why?" Eden wrinkled his nose, "Because you don't want him to know the kind of monster you are? "

Their gazes met; Eden's red, aggrieved orbs staring into dark, hardened ones. None of them was smiling.

"I'm going to offer you once again: leave this position for Niklaus and I'll give you the full formula, you and your daughter can go live in any country of your choice,"

"Nice try," Was all Eden told him and departed.

He wasn't stupid enough to agree to such a deal. The only thing still keeping him and Annabelle alive was this position. Even if Adam fulfills his end of the deal, there was no guarantee that that evil man wouldn't do something to them there.

The past seven years have been a horrible experience for Eden. Niklaus was right, he shouldn't have underestimated Adam.

Just as he planned seven years ago, Eden had already secured the evidence that linked Adam as his father's killer. He was prepared and planned to reveal that piece of evidence on his inauguration day as the new family head.

But then, disaster struck, Annabelle fell sick. She was hospitalized and the test revealed that she had accumulated a large amount of an unknown poison- someone had been slipping small amounts of a slow-reacting poison into her food. For how long? He couldn't tell.

None of the hospital treatments worked, she was flown abroad to diverse countries, and yet none came up with a positive effect - her health deteriorated.

Eden had a suspicion that Adam had a hand in whatever happened to his daughter but he couldn't confirm it until Adam verified it with his own mouth.

He could remember that day clearly: the night he was summoned into his office and that man began to spit nonsense.

Eden had been intent on finishing Adam that day but that sly fox reminded him of his daughter's health and a feeling of helplessness washed over him.

Everyone knew how much he loved and cared for Anabelle, the only family he had. So in exchange for the antidote, his power was taken from him.

In reality, everyone knew he was the new family head, but in the dark, Adam was the one calling the shot. That sly fox never gave him the complete antidote but one that was taken monthly to minimize and lower the effects of the poison on Anabelle.

Eden had over the years tried to replicate the antidote that he set up a secret lab but none of their experiments was successful - if only they could get their hands on that recipe.

So he had to take all of Adam's insults to rescue the life of his daughter, he would do anything to ensure that Anabelle survived amid all these obstacles - even if he had to eat shit.

Once Eden came back home, he handed the antidote to the doctor who administered the medicine to Anabelle lying on her bed.

His daughter was pale; her lips slightly blue and chapped, with sunken dark circles plus the fact she was thinner than girls her age.

"Don't worry, I'll protect you," Promised Eden as he kissed the top of her palm. At Least, this month's dilemma was over, and he would have to wait until next month for the antidote. Who knows what that evil man has in store for him by then?

Eden stayed by Anabelle's side as she slept through the night. Just like other times, she would feel better in the morning.

Feeling bored, he brought out his phone, and began to scroll through the news, somehow stumbling upon a viral video of Niklaus and a woman kissing - he didn't see her face clearly.

"Seriously?" Eden sighed. His cousin wasn't even back in the country for a while and was already causing waves across the internet. Wasn't he engaged or something? Sigh, a player would always remain a player.

Eden had wanted to ignore the video but for the sake of satisfying his curiosity and whiling away time, he clicked on the video and it played.

His world was turned upside down at that moment.

He sprang up from his seat, eyes widened to the size of saucers. Maya? How was that possible? How could this be?

Eden was sure that his heart stopped right there and then as the video played on. No wonder Niklaus had been so taken that he literally assaulted her.

However, a pang of jealousy hit Eden watching that, how could Niklaus get to her first? Why was it always Niklaus?

Nevertheless, Eden was relieved that she was alive. The guilt gnawing at him for years was finally alleviated. But then, how did Maya survive?

At once, Eden grabbed his laptop and began to make inquiries about her.

"Princess Reina Armani. Thirty years old and daughter to a mysterious rich businessman. News had it that the owner of "Nirvana enterprise" had never shown his face to the public nor his family members. And only this year, did his daughter, Reina, make her debut to society by heading their jewelry subsidiary and has ... " Eden read out from one of the few blogs that had her information.

"What kind of sick game was this?" he mumbled as he continuously read down. If Niklaus was sure that this person named Reina or whatever, was Maya, he was surely on the right track.



Something was wrong, Eden could smell it. Why was everything about this family hidden? What were they hiding? Why didn't they want to be discovered and why wasn't this Reina admitting she was Maya?

Sure, her appearance would create quite a buzz on the internet. After all, her case had been quite a sensitive one in the country years ago and two females - two of the most suspected fans had been convicted- and sent to prison.

But she could continue with this name since she has made it so far uncovered, which means she had a secret backer - Eden hoped whoever he was, doesn't turn out to be his love rival. This time, he wasn't going to lose to Niklaus.

Eden picked up his phone to call his secretary.

"Hello, sir," His secretary's voice sounded weak and thick with sleep. Well, his bad, but he wanted this done as soon as possible.

"I want you to do something for me as quickly as possible- you'd be paid extra for it, "

"Of course, what is it?" he sensed the willingness in his voice. Money does do wonders.

"Set up a meeting with Reina Armani of Nirvana Enterprise for me, the earlier the better,"?Eden ordered.

"Alright, sir. Consider it done,"

"I hope so,"

Eden ended the call yet didn't stop there, he called his shadow guard.

"Keil," He called.

Keil was his new shadow guard after the other one died a few years back. There had been an accident involving the both of them - he laid his life for him.

"Hello, boss,"

"I need you to investigate someone for me,"

"Who,"

"Princess Reina Armani. Use all your underworld influence and my resources. Don't mind the cost, just find everything you can about her," He added, "Quickly,"

Niklaus saw her before he did which means he would be investigating her as well.

"Alright, sir"

Reina, if you really turn out to be Maya, then you should know that I'm not giving up on you this time, he swore.

*Chapter 253 - Two Hundred And Fifty-three: Desperate For A While*

The third point of view

In the kingdom of Lincolnshire:

Even after seven years, his senses had not dulled at all. So when he felt a dip in his bed and the heat of a body next to him, he became conscious of a presence. Before the person could touch him, he had sprung up and grabbed her hand.

"Who are you and what do you think you're doing?" He glared at the woman attempting to get into bed with him. His gaze was cold and murderous, the woman shivered.

"I-I sorry," She choked, "My prince, it was the queen. She insisted I must sleep with you today else my head would be chopped today,"

Prince Kai whipped away the sweat on his forehead and with a harsh voice, ordered, "Get out!"

The lady was hesitant, "B-but my prince, the queen-"

"Do you want me to tie you up and send you out?" He threatened.

"Of course not," The lady gulped, the prince was so frightening.

"Now, get out!"

"Yes, my prince," She scurried off as if the devil was on her heels.

With a loud sign, Kai plopped back on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Who said being a prince was an easy job?

Every day he had to ward off women from his bed each time he dared to close his eyes?- courtesy of his mother who wanted an heir as soon as possible. If only she knew another person was occupying his heart for the past seven years.

Seven years? He wondered if she would still remember him? Plus the fact Adam declared him dead.

Adam? That name made his fist curl and fury appear on his face. He was the reason why they had to separate and her to marry another. Kai trusted him and fulfilled his part of the deal, only to get stabbed in the back.

He had known Adam was never a truthful person, a sly old fox but he just hoped that the man would put his service to his son Niklaus in account while meting out judgment on him. Who knew the man was just a devil in angel's clothing.

He would have his revenge - that was for sure - even if it hurt Emily but her father has committed so much atrocity he doesn't deserve to live. If it wasn't the fact that his mother had been keeping an eye on him, he would have died that night.

Prince Kai got to his feet and took a quick shower. His birthday was around the corner and unlike other years, he was going to celebrate this one in a grand style.

Other times, Kai had not been interested, always slipping out of the palace before D-day - his training as a shadow guard does come in handy in times like that. Royal birthday parties were so boring, observing courtesy and entertaining some socialite brats that threw themselves at him. He'd rather go about, accumulating power and preparing himself to return to Emily.

Donning a crisp white shirt paired with perfectly ironed black pants, Kai was just working on his top last two buttons when the door to his room was opened. Thinking it was his valet that came into protest - he never let them dress him up - Kai let down his guard nor did he glanced over his shoulder to acknowledge his presence. However, he never expected a pair of fair hands to wrap around his waist from behind.

Great, Fiona! He should have known. Here was another aristocrat who made it her life goal to claim him as her husband.

Fiona's father was part of the royal inner cabinet, possessed lots of land and property, hence had quite an authority here and abroad - still below the royal family. Hence, a union between both families would be a fruitful and blessed one.

"You can let go of my waist now, I hate clinging women," Yes, all, except one.

"Nope, just let me be for a minute. It's not every day I get to have this rare chance of touching you, ice prince," She mumbled, nestling further into his back.

With a sigh, Kai began to pry her hands off him one after the other till he was free from her clutches.

"Seriously, you're no fun," She pouted her lips like an aggrieved child.

"Thank you," He said without much emotion, "Look for someone to bother,"

"I live to bother you," Fiona smiled, exposing her white peerless teeth, trying to hug him once more but he turned her away.

"Seriously," Fiona stomped her foot, exasperated, "Why don't you like me?" she began to list "I'm beautiful.."

Indeed, Fiona was beautiful. She looked like a fairy with her strawberry blonde hair, hourglass shape, sensual lips, and green eyes that could hold anyone spellbound. But he was just not into her, he had another preference.

"I'm rich -"

"You mean your father's riches? " Kai interrupted.

She stood akimbo with her chin thrust high, "My father's money is my money,"

"Yeah, sure," He sassed, " Pray he doesn't marry a second wife who gives him a male heir,"

Fiona's mother had died at an early age hence, her father spoiled her rotten to make up for the loss. But then, with his appetite, it wouldn't surprise Kai if a lady claims to have a child for him - bad news for Fiona. As an only child, it was expected that she would take over her father's position once he departs. However, there might be some alteration if a sibling appears out of the blue.

Fiona gave him a sharp scowl, " I have enough resources without my father's to ensure you have a stable reign without the incident of treason.." she faltered at once she realized what she just said.

Kai gave her a look that made her wish the ground would open and swallow her up. She knew it was forbidden to bring up that ugly part of the Lincolnshire history but she had been trying to make a point and that slipped out of her mouth.

Kai didn't say a word but his intense gaze spoke volumes. Though he wasn't here when the Lincolnshire treason occurred but the haunted expression on her mother's face hurts him each time it was mistakenly brought up.

The reason he had to be given out at a young age was connected to the treachery. Unexpectedly, the royal family was betrayed by one of the lords of the inner cabinet; they killed the king and other royal blood male blood who might rise to contend with the throne.

Prince Kai would have been a victim too if the queen wasn't smart and quick to hand him over to a servant who fled the kingdom of Lincolnshire with him that night.

To avoid being tracked down, prince Kai had to be dumped at an orphanage and given the name, Judy. From afar, the humble servant observed and kept track of his progress which she reported back secretly to the queen.

So after all the battles, the queen finally reclaimed the kingdom and the prince was to be returned home.

"You can leave now," Kai dismissed her.

"I'm sorry," Fiona apologized with her head lowered, " I didn't mean to say that,"

At once, a knock sounded at the door which Kai guessed to be his assistant, it was past the time he came to give his daily reports.

"Come in,"

The young man walked in

"Good Morning my prince," He bowed his head.

"Morning to you too, Archie"

Archie's gaze rested on Fiona, he cleared his throat, "A-hem, lady Fiona, as you know, it's highly inappropriate for a humble lady like you to be in the prince's room by this time of the morning when you're clearly not married to -"

"Fiona was just leaving, weren't you?" Kai focused his questioning gaze on her.

That was an order, Fiona realized.

"Of course," She acquiesced, knowing when to draw the line. She did a formality bow, " See you later, Prince Kai," And left.

Kai was relieved but then, his eyes spat fire at Archie, "What are my guards doing? This morning, one of the servants sneaked into my room to seduce me!" He barked.

"I think you should see the queen for that issue, my prince," Archie told him the plain truth.

Kai pressed his temple, the woman was so desperate for an heir that she now employed servants in her evil plot?

"Fine, how're the arrangements going?" he asked Archie who understood what he meant by that.

"I've sent the invitations and from the look of things, she has accepted and is coming alongside her friend and son"

"Son?" His brow raised interestedly, the child she had for Ahmed? Yes, Kai understood that Emily was forced into marrying Ahmed but he somehow wished she still waited for him - if wishes were horses. Fine then, even if the child was Ahmed's, he would like to know and hang out with him. After all, the child still shared Emily's gene and he wouldn't want to hurt her.

"Once they arrive, make sure they don't log into a hotel. Give them free accommodation in the palace, find the best room. Secondly, take off all my pictures from the walls in the palace except the restricted room - she wouldn't be able to go in there. If the queen asks, make up one of your wonderful lies, " Was his strict instruction.

Archie's mouth twitched, he had to take that as a compliment.

"If I might ask my prince, why don't you want her to know about you when it's clear you want her to see you," The assistant asked out of curiosity

Kai answered, "She thinks I'm dead. I don't want her to faint from shock when she eventually sees me. I'll expose the truth to her slowly during her week-long stay,"

*Chapter 254 - Two Hundred And Fifty-four: Confirm Her Identity*

Niklaus's point of view

What do you mean you can't find anything more on her?! " I yelled into my phone.

How can that be so?

It was just a day after the knocking out incident; I should have known to trust Maya standing behind me. However, I was convinced beyond every unreasonable doubt that Reina was Maya.

But there were just some things that didn't make sense. I had watched her fight that assassin sent after us, sure Maya had been fearless but not against one with a gun. However, the way Reina went after him, it was as if she scanned him; knowing his weak point, area to incapacitate, and the right time to strike. Also, those moves? It wasn't just something one would learn from a martial art center and execute it perfectly.

Reina was perfect and focused, knowing a slip would result in the loss of her life. Which got me thinking, either I had mistaken Reina for Maya or she was Maya who had gotten herself involved with some shady organization.

I pressed my temple, my heart throbbed. After she had knocked me out, Micheal was the one who tracked me through the GPS location of my cell phone and brought me home- thankfully she cleared the assassin.

So far, all I knew about Reina was she was an aristocrat from some mysterious family - highly suspicious- studied and spent most of her life abroad - there was even picture evidence to support that. But I refused to believe it without analyzing the images myself. We were in a technological age where one could photoshop a picture and it looks entirely convincing.

"What about the surname, Armani? Did you search for that?" I inquired.

"Yes, I did. There are not so many families with that surname but they don't fit the 'mysterious' theme,"

"Alright. Get me the address of where she lives," I ordered.

"I did but there's something strange," was his sudden report

"What is it?" I pressed the phone closer to my ears as if I was going to hear better. I was so damn curious this time, hoping this was good news.

"Until today, she had not been living in that apartment," He revealed.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I got this information by chance but Reina had not been living in that room until today,"

My brow furrowed suspiciously, "If she had not been staying there then where had she been living?since she arrived in the country?" I asked, rubbing my chin. Reina keeps getting mysterious

"The first thing that came to my mind was a hotel but I've searched almost all the hotels in the city but none accommodated her. So I narrowed down the places she could have gone to the past weeks but I couldn't get anything from the cameras. It's almost as if her information was purposely wiped out, "

"She's hiding something," I mumbled, staring at her information the private investigator had sent to my laptop that was resting on my lap. That picture must have been taken without her consent because she was looking away from the camera. That face? It must be her.

"Sir, don't you think she's dangerous?" was his question

"Huh? "

"Someone who can hide her presence like this, she's not someone you should mess with,"

My mouth curved into a smile, dangerous? I find her cute and this hide and seek game made my blood throb- I was someone who enjoyed the thrill of the chase - she turned this into one.

" It's fun, "

" What? "

"Forget about it, I need you to do something else, "

"Anything sir,"

"Find out if she has a child,"

"Child?" he was surprised, " But sir Niklaus, she's a single lady who just-"

"Just do as I say," I gave my formal order, "She'd probably try to hide that secret the hardest, do everything to dig that out. Inform me right away if you find something,"

"Alright, sir,"

The line went dead.

I wiped my face with my palm, exhaling loudly. As much as Reina insisted she wasn't Maya, the moment I find her with a child, it would be game over.

Either she tells me what the hell is going on with her or she can forget about the child forever. Yes, I would do exactly that, I made up my mind.

At once, the doorbell rang but I didn't bother myself since Amanda had gone to answer neither was I expecting anyone or so I thought.

"Isabelle?" My eyes widened, what the hell was she doing here and with luggage. Didn't I tell her I'll be returning soon once I settled the problem at hand?

As if that was not enough, Jennifer and her son made her appearance. I swallowed, I should have known this would happen after that video went viral.

"Uncle Nik!" Young Neon ran to me, wrapping his arms around my waist. I looked up and found Jennifer scowling at me - yeah, it was time to face the music.

"Jennifer," I called her name but she ignored me and strode into the house with her heavy luggage.



"Neon, stay with Isabella, I'll be back," I nudged him to Isabella who took him, going after Jennifer.

"Jennifer," I called after her but she ignored me, entered her room, and wanted to bang the door at my face but I grabbed the door.

"Get out!" She roared, turning her back to me.

"Jennifer, listen to me," I grabbed her arm, turning her to me amid her struggling.

"No, let me go. You're a cheating liar!" She roared.

"I'm sorry!" I apologized, she stilled.

"I'm sorry, alright," I let go of her but she didn't move a muscle yet tears streamed down her face, "I'm sorry that I'm a cheating liar but I couldn't help myself,"

"Because she looks like Maya?" she questioned with tears in her eyes.

I didn't reply, yet the look on my face answered her.

"Niklaus, for fucking sake, Maya is dead! You told me you confirmed it yourself!"

"I know I said that but I think I made a mistake or someone intentionally made it look like way," My brain registered this new information. Someone seems to be pulling the strings from behind and my mind tells Reina has an idea who.

"Niklaus, there are people who look alike in this world and it's been seven years already. If she was alive, why didn't she call you? Why now?"

"She must have a reason for that,"

"Niklaus..." Jennifer took a step back, looking hurt, "Did you ever love me?" she asked out of the blue.

My adam's apple bobbed up, I swallowed deeply. Why was that question so damn hard to answer, "Jennifer, I have feelings for you, you're a nice woman. "

"Yeah," She laughed, wryly, "Obviously, you love Maya too much,"

I wet my lips, "I'm sorry, Jennifer but I can't do this anymore,"

More tears flowed down her face, she began to hit me on the chest, "You shouldn't have bothered me! You shouldn't have made me feel this way for you if you weren't going to take responsibility!"

I grabbed her hands, enveloping her in a hug as she sobbed her heart out. I hated seeing her cry and it hurt me the most that I was the one who made her shed tears.

I was responsible for this heartbreak but I didn't mean to. I had prepared to spend the rest of my life with her, lavishing and spending on her the care I could have showered on Maya if she were alive. But then, things have changed. I made a promise to Maya and now I've found out she's alive, I'm going to do everything to fulfill that.

"You're a good woman Jennifer, I'm sure you would find a better man who isn't an asshole like me," I comforted her.

"No, Niklaus," She fisted the front of my clothing, "I can't just let you go like this, we've gone through many things for the past seven years. I'm sure we can work something out" Jennifer pleaded.

"Jennifer, I'm sorry but -"

"You don't even have the evidence to confirm she's Maya yet," she pointed

I pinched the bridge between my nose, tired already "We just talked -"

"Fine, let's do this," she came up with a deal, " Until you have solid evidence that confirms that woman is Maya, we're still a thing,"

"I don't want to hurt you further, Jennifer,"

"You're hurting me by not agreeing to this, Niklaus.." she poked me on the chest, "You owe me this at least, Niklaus,"

My mouth hung open and closed helplessly, what was I going to reply to that. Couldn't she see I'm trying not to make things harder for her?

"I promise to leave by myself if she indeed turns out to be Maya, please Niklaus. Don't throw me out because of someone you're not sure of yet," She cried harder.

"Fine," I gave in after a long, deep, contemplation, "Let's consider that then,"

"Thank you," She hugged me tight this time, "Thank you, Niklaus,"

Sigh, what have I done?

*Chapter 255 - Two Hundred And Fifty-five: The Patient Dog*

The third point of view

"On your knees, now!" Was Reina's firm order as both kids plopped to the ground.

"Hands up!" She boomed. No smile was found on her face.

They obeyed hastily.

"You would remain that way for an hour for disobeying my orders," She declared.

"But mom -" Ailee whined.

"Don't mom me! " Reina warned.

"This is your fault," Ailee blamed Allen.

"Who came up with the idea in the first place," Allen mocked.

"Who claims to be so smart yet can't plan a simple escape successfully," she taunted back at him.

"At least I'd planned, all you do is sit around and enjoy the effectiveness," He argued.

"Oh really?" Ailee snorted as both began to bicker back and front.

"I gave you both a punishment to reflect on your mistake not disturb my peace of mind," Reina shouted, breaking both up.

"You?" She pointed to Ailee, "The suggester. You were the one who planted the idea in your brother's head, isn't it?"

"Well, I tried to talk to Allen but he wouldn't listen to me until I mentioned that - hinted maybe?" Ailee confessed.

She should have known Ailee speaking to Allen on a diplomatic level was a bad idea.

"And you," Reina faced Allen, "Master planner, how did you pull it off?" the sarcasm dripping from her voice was obvious.

Allen didn't say a word; He was down on his knees, hands raised and lips pressed together firmly.

"Don't make me force the words out of your mouth," she threatened in a low voice.

"Fine," his resolve broke, "I found a guy on the internet and paid him to pretend he's our guardian so we could get on the plane and the rest is history," was Allen's confession.

Reina was shell-shocked by this revelation, "Did you know how much risk you took coming here? You employed some dude from the internet - you don't even know the person upon knowing the kind of family you're into! " Reina admonished them and yes,

they knew they were from a crime family. The kids were smart, it was not hard to figure that out with time plus the circumstance surrounding them.

"I'm your mother," she pointed to her chest, "I know and would do what's best for you, which is why I left you back there to protect you - which you obviously don't appreciate," she was disappointed in their recklessness.

"Yeah, maybe we can start appreciating it if you start telling us about our father," Allen demanded suddenly.

Reina sighed, "Not again, Allen,"

"If you're not enthusiastic to see him, I want to, no, I need to,"

"I told you I'll tell you everything when the time comes," She reminded them.

"That's what you've been telling us since the very beginning," He complained while Ailee remained mum, enjoying the drama.

"Allen, I promise this time you're going to see him soon. And if you miss him so much, just look in the mirror, you'd see him in you," Reina coerced him.

"Yeah, that tactic worked when we were five, now I'm seven - incase you haven't noticed," He stood to his feet.

"What are you doing?" Reina's brows raised at his action.

"I don't need to listen to you," He grumbled, dusting invisible dust on his trousers.

"Allen!" Reina hollered.

"Try again later," He said, striding away from the room.

"Come back here, Allen!" She stomped her feet in anger yet the little boy went his way without even looking back.

That disrespectful pain in the ass!

"Mom" Ailee drew her attention.

She gave her the attention.

"Allen's gone. Technically, doesn't it mean I can go free now?" She inquired, hopefully.

Reina rubbed her temple, raising these kids was not an easy job. They were so stubborn and never even listened to her - where did they pick that attitude from?

"Fine, go away," she dismissed her daughter who gleefully sprinted away.

"That went well," Valentino made his presence known just after his granddaughter skidded away.

"They never listen to me," She poured herself a drink, bringing the glass to her lips and taking a sip.

"Do you ever listen to me?" He asked her, his gaze holding hers.

"Well, maybe you do have a point," She took off her gaze, admitting defeat.

"I heard the kids made a scene and Allen got discovered," Valentino said.

"The men had it cleaned up and yes, Allen made a scene - I won the fight by the won," A small smile played at the corner of her lip.

"That woman you fought with, I heard she's with Niklaus. Wouldn't she burst the news to him?" He was concerned about the news of her having children getting out.

"No, she wouldn't," Reina answered, swirling the drink in her grasp.

"How can you be so sure?" Sakuzi asked, going to sit on her sofa. He was not getting any younger - damn, his waist.

"Call it women intuition or something. Jennifer has been with Niklaus for years and must have heard of me being pregnant for him before I died..." she stopped to take another sip, " Year's later, a woman who looks like Maya with a child identical to Niklaus appears out of nowhere, even the dumbest person on earth would figure that out as well. Jennifer's hopelessly in love with Niklaus, she wouldn't dare to tell him what she saw?and would do everything to keep it a secret else it's game over for her,"

Sakuzi was impressed, he nodded his head. She thought everything over.

"Though, I have something to ask you, father, " She dropped the glass on the desk she was leaning against, her expression serious.

Sakuzi prepared himself as well, his daughter had an important issue to discuss with him judging from her taut facial expression.

"What is it, Princess? " he asked.

"What do you intend to do with Niklaus," She went straight to the point, "You're not planning on killing him, are you?" One could sense the anxiety in her voice

"What do you think?" questioned the less tensed Sakuzi.

"You can't! As much as he committed a crime against you, he's still the father of my kids - he can't die," she insisted.

"He'd suffer for what he did, not die," Sakuzi informed her.

"That's better," Reina was relieved. As much as she hated Niklaus, she does not wish for him to die.

"Also, there's another thing, "

"What's it?"

"You might have to take care of the kids for a while,"

"No worries, I'll take care of them. But why?"

"Niklaus is highly suspicious and has begun his investigation. As much as my activities are erased, my going in and out of here puts us at risk of being discovered. I need to find a place - a normal place," She emphasized, knowing her father doesn't understand the word "moderation" when it comes to her comfort.

"I have some apartments in the city. Feel free to choose one. Contact Emerald and he would give you the details," Valentino told her.

"Thank you so much father, I wonder what I would have done without you,"

Reina walked over to him, stopping to give him a proper hug, rubbing his back affectionately.

"You don't need to thank me. After all, I get to spend enough time with those two cockroaches," He was joyful.

"Those two cockroaches are my kids, father. Never you call them that," she added, "Also warn your men not to use any vulgar language around my kids. I want to train wonderful children, not gangsters, "

Reina had been here for years and knew his men vomited offensive words without considering those around.

"Alright, would do,"

"Thanks so much, dad, I'll go and get my bags ready to leave. Also, I'll visit a lot to check up on my kid's,"

Speaking of the kids :

"You know you can't be angry at me forever," Ailee coaxed Allen who turned the other way.

"Seriously, come on, you got to admit that we work like two wheels on a bicycle, right?" she tried again.

This time, Allen devoted his attention to the game playing on his phone.

Yet, Ailee didn't give up, "Look at this; I came up with an idea, you execute it, isn't that a perfect teamwork?" she smiled at him.

Silence.

"Fine, I'll help you find Dad,"

That plucked his attention.

"How do you intend to pursue that?" he asked her, hooked by that sudden proposal.

"I don't need to do that, mom has done the work already,"

"She knows who Dad is, we just need to know what she knows," He figured out the rest of her plan.

"Exactly," she nodded at him, "And you know where she keeps all her secrets,"

"Mom's laptop," his eyes shone, "I need to get to her laptop and copy all the information in there," At once, he picked up his phone, searching around for a USB cord.

"Whoa, slow down buddy," Ailee placed both hands on his shoulder, halting him,

"You might have the high IQ but I got both IQ and EQ altogether, so listen to me" she kind of bragged.

"What if you successfully get the information but mom catches you while leaving, what are you going to say?" Ailee asked him.

"Come up with a smart lie," was his response.

"Exactly, she'd catch you right away. Mom knows us too well and both of you just fought - again- and would guess whatever you did in her office can't be good. Result: busted," she explained to him.

"So, what do you suggest I do?" Allen inquired.

"Wait for the right time," Ailee smiled, "The patient dog eats the fattest bone,"

*Chapter 256 - Two Hundred And Fifty-six: The Prince Kai*

Emily's point of view

We wheeled our luggage to the expressway, waiting by the sidewalk for our transport or so we thought because almost immediately, a breathtaking limousine came to a halt in front of us.

"Whoah!" Cecil and I exclaimed at the same time, jaw-dropped.

"I wanna be royalty," Cecil fawned over the car even though she had enough money to get herself one.

"You wish for a lot of things," I laughed at her just as the chauffeur stepped out and opened the door for us to get in.

"Yeah," She sighed, "Like I wish Pedro was here with me. You know, he complains that I don't spend enough time with him and yet, when the opportunity finally comes, he chooses to spend it with Anabelle - ouch, my poor heart," she complained.

"Let the young people be, it's his time so it's not a crime he chose to have fun with people his age than the old you. I'll just take advantage of the little time I have with Akim before he finally grows up and decides that girls and his phone are a better company, " I said.

"I would never leave you, mom, " Akim said to me with hearty eyes.

"Ooh, so sweet," I placed my hand on my chest, "But I know better than to trust a man's words,"

Cecil burst into laughter before she thought of something, "You know I really thought Pedro was going to end up with Isabella. I mean they were oozing with chemistry,"

"Isabelle?" I gave her the look, " Are you pulling my leg or something? That girl is incapable of loving - gene borrowed from her father. Besides, that was when they were kids, bug my brother to update you on her status and you'd keep your son away from her by all means," was my advice.

I know Isabella's my good niece but Cecil's my friend and Pedro, a son to me, I'm not going to watch him fall into the fire with his eyes opened.

"Alright, advice taken, " Cecil accepted with good faith.

"By the way," I asked, leaning back against the seat I had lower back a bit, "How did you arrange all these? If I could remember, even with our connection, royalty is not easy to win over,"



"Point of correction," She adjusted, "I haven't won them over yet, that would be your responsibility at the ball tonight - I've tried enough. Also, it wasn't that difficult if you have people in positions of power,"

Seriously, I couldn't understand Royalty at all. Why organize a week-long birthday party instead of fixing it on D-day instead. Just wasting time, space, and resources.

Well, I was not complaining since the expenses were not coming from my purse. If anything, it benefited me. I'd be the one socializing, having a great time of my life, and making more connections with rich, influential people. Who knows who I would make an acquaintance with?

I couldn't tell if Ahmed got my message or not. Because if he did? He wasn't showing it. How did our marriage come to these? I knew the only thing holding Ahmed from divorcing me was the presidential election. Once it was over - whether he won or not - I better be set to go.

"We're here!" Cecil squealed as soon as we came to a stop. She was even more excited than Akim who took in everything with a solitary look - until he stepped out.

"What the..." my breath was taken away by the sight of this great mansion. Who was the architect in charge of this place? The castle was a mix of Medieval and Renaissance style with a hint of modern touch.

The staggering 135,280 square feet was a fortified building with a moat and a drawbridge featuring a thousand plus rooms of which there were about two hundred bathrooms. The views from this mansion are unparalleled as one can enjoy the view of the deep and wide moat from the high walls.

Not to talk of the vaulted ceilings, crystal chandeliers, grand foyer, and the hallway that seem to run on forever- I was going to get lost in here.

We were assigned to a single room which was my choice. We were already staying for free - thanks to their extended courtesy, their prince seems to be a huge fan of our designs - so I wouldn't want to make things more difficult. Besides, we weren't the only guests staying over - lots of them actually - so I just made sure to use fewer rooms.

However, the room assigned to us was a one in a million; with large windows, modern amenities, and a comfortable bed, ensuite bathroom - what more could a woman ask for?

After that, we spent the rest of the day getting a tour of the castle by the head butler and I couldn't help but notice something.

"Excuse me, sir,"

"What is it, lady Emily?"

"I haven't seen the prince's picture throughout our tour? Is anything the matter because you have shown us of his mother, father, grandparents, great grandparents, great-great ...."

Yeah, the lesson was info-packed.

And I had a good reason for asking. I mean, I couldn't even find an image of him on the internet. He was so damn mysterious. I needed to know who I was going to talk to tonight at the masquerade ball - which is in approximately five hours -?to have an idea of his personality. This deal was too expensive to be handled carelessly, I can't afford to fail.

"Oh about that," The man cleared his throat, "Our prince is a very shy, private person. I'm sure you'd know about him tonight,"

"But sir -"

"And back to our tour,"

Wonderful. So I was to have a meeting with someone I have no idea what he looks like. Just great! What if I piss him off unintentionally? Like it happens in movies: I bump into him or destroy something precious to him? Boom! What a great start!

Soon the tour was over and we got to have two hours of sleep before getting prepared for the ball. But then, when we were set to go, Cecil had a bad stomach.

"Gosh, I feel like dying," She moaned from the toilet. Her hole must hurt.

"You know? I can cancel tonight and take care of you, after all, there are still six days left of these parties," I offered.

Cecil has been the closest person to me over the years, she stood by my side and it's expected that I stay with her tonight.

"No, Emily. Go out there and have the fun you've been lacking in your life lately," She groaned.

"But then, you need someone -"

"I'll stay with Cecil, mommy," Akim said out of nowhere.

"Really?" I was touched. In a situation like this, kids his age would want to be out there, exploring this new place but here he was, applying to be a babysitter.

"Are you sure you want to do this, Akim? It's not a crime if you don't want to stay, just tell me, okay?" I massaged his scalp.

"No mom, I'm cool. Besides, I heard that it's an adult's party, it's not going to be fun for me anyway," He said with a bored yawn but I knew he did it on purpose.

Akim might be slow to show his feelings - because of the bad experiences with his father - but the boy is a curious bee as kids his age should be.

"Alright, here's the deal. I'll take pictures and tell you all about it once I'm back. How's that for a deal?"

"Sure," He agreed.

We bumped fists, sealing this deal with our signature promise sign; made by twisting our fingers at some angle and making sure our thumb met in the end.

Finally relieved, I picked my purse and made my way outside where a servant was already waiting to send me to the banquet hall.

I was wearing a yellow off-shoulder gown, that had its edges intricately embroidered with golden roses while its skirt was a Lincolnshire print fabric. The dress was designed by me - If I wanted to strike a deal with them, I had to show them I had an idea of their culture.

The dress was simple and breathtaking but not too distracting enough to take people's minds off the celebrant, the prince - who hasn't made his appearance for over an hour now.

Since this was a masquerade party, no one could see each other's faces - like how would this help me locate the prince- else I'd be able to recognize some people at least.

Sure, people who were awed by my dress schmoozed with me, inquiring where and how I got the dress which resulted in me exposing my identity and arranging a meeting with them but I was running out of patience.

From what I heard, the prince was single and most ladies here wanted to get a piece of him - not me neither was I prepared to fight for his attention with them.

If Cecil had gotten his number, it would have been a lot more consolating. I would have talked to him one on one and not have to get in the earshot of anyone who mentions the name, "Prince Kai,"

"Hi," Someone said from behind me. It made me jump out of my skin - I was so immersed in listening to these ladies' fantasies about Prince Kai.

With a bored look, I turned around to sight who disturbed me and froze those eyes. Why did it look so familiar to me?

*Chapter 257 - Two Hundred And Fifty-seven: Relative To The Prince*

Kai's point of view

They say the eyes are the window to a soul. I couldn't tell if Emily had somehow recognized me else she wouldn't be staring at me this way like she somehow knew it was me.

I watched her shake her head as if trying to remove some ridiculous thoughts from her head.

"Hi," I said once again.

"Hi," she sounded almost breathless. She still looked as sexy as hell. I had to fight against the urge to just whisk her away and tell her everything.

No, I couldn't yet. If I rushed her at once, she'd think I was a liar and this was a prank or something and probably smack me on the face.

"I'm Emily and why are you staring at me that way even though you haven't told me your name yet," she roused me from my reverie.

"Oh, sorry," I thrust out my hand, "I'm Kai - kain," I corrected immediately with a sheepish grin while enveloping her hand in a handshake. I must look stupid right now.

"I'm Emily," She replied with a formal smile.

I rubbed the top of her palm, brought it to my mouth, and placed a kiss on it with my gaze holding hers.

Emily shivered, I felt it, coupled with the way she took her hand away as if stung by a bee. And it pleased me to know that unconsciously, we were still attracted to each other.

"You're a lovely woman, I'm honored to make your acquaintance," I muttered sugary words to her, the way a gentleman would.

"You have such lovely eyes, I would really like to see what you look like without the mask on," was her reply.

I tried not to show I was taken aback by her comment. She was regarding me skeptically - seems the whole dye the blonde hair dark didn't buy her over.

"Really?" I indulged her further,

"Removing the mask, isn't that a bit early in this relationship? I think we just met," my brows flirted with her.

She chuckled, "Forgive my manners. For a moment, I just thought... no, you just looked incredibly familiar to someone I knew?"

"Someone you knew?" I tactically pressed. I was wearing a Venetian mask that featured both gold and white color combination and covered the entirety of my face - my eyes were only visible.

"He was someone special to me but that's bygone. You haven't told me why you approached me?" She was quick to change the topic.

That unsettled me, had she forgotten me that easily. It was seven years already - I couldn't blame her - but I didn't have a choice. I would have come back for her sooner but I had to rebuild the kingdom from the scratch, get rid of the traitors, make it safe for her.

Now, it's finally done. Yes, Emily might not forgive me that easily but I'll work for it, make it up in every way possible till she accepts me back.

"You still haven't answered my question,"

"Huh?"

"Why did you approach me?" she asked with all manner of seriousness.

"You're a lovely woman, why wouldn't I approach you?"

"People in here have approached me for diverse purposes; some to inquire about my dress- I'm the designer by the way; some to socialize and the rest to flirt and see if they could get into bed with me - I'm a married woman by the way," She quickly drew the boundaries.

I chuckled inwardly, was that "married" part supposed to scare me away.

"Your dress is fine, it's being fun socializing with you and I'm not here to get into your pants," I would get the whole of her soon.

"So what's your motive," She persisted.

"To dance with you," I began to draw her towards the stage where the royal band was already playing a number, a slow romantic tune, yet she refused.

"What is it?" I asked, surprised. The Emily I know wasn't one to refuse waltzing all night long, she was a great dancer.

"I can't dance," She lied.

I gave her an indifferent look, saying In a sing-song, " Liar liar, pants on fire,"

"I've forgotten how to dance," She restated her lie.

I drew her close to me suddenly causing her to gasp loudly as our bodies met. I whispered into her ears, "Don't worry, I'll teach you," dragging her to the center of the stage before she could protest.

Her eyes were wide out of panic, her eyes darting around the hall while I used that opportunity to place her hand on my chest while mine went to her waist, pressing her flush against me - a little more than required but who would chide me.

"You're not relaxed," I observed.

"People are watching," her words were rushed.

"That's the purpose of dancing; entertain the crowd and have fun yourself," I said jovially yet the anxiety on her face told me she wasn't joking.

"No, you don't understand," she was ready to fly out of my grasp.

"Make me understand," I said to her, desperately. I couldn't understand why she was alarmed over a single dance.

"My husband is a politician..."

Oh, that man.

"He's running for the presidential election and I can't have a scandal coming out of this," she said pointing to the exclusive reporters at a corner of the room.

"Emily, those reporters belong to the royal family, they wouldn't cause any scandal to our guest, I mean the guest..." I had to take perfect note of my pronouns from henceforth, "Besides, you're in a mask neither are we doing anything scandalous - unless you want us to do something," I intentionally insinuated sexually.

Emily gulped, before her mind returned to the issue at hand, "I'm so sorry,"

"Why are you sorry?" my confusion grew.

"When I'm extremely nervous, I get?anxiety attack at times -"

"You never had an anxiety attack before? How did you get one now?" Oh, I just got busted.

She gave me the look, "How did you know I never had an anxiety attack?" her suspicion began, again.

"Urm... Yeah, you didn't experience a panic attack when I was talking to you earlier... so that, you know, that explained the rest " I was short of words.

She nodded her head in understanding but I could tell she was having a hard time believing me. Maybe, I should just come all out with the truth. Yeah, my lie was pathetic.

"That's understandable," she smiled wryly, "After he died, I got this attack whenever I'm working on a big project," Emily said without even realizing she was dancing in tune to the slow music.

"Big project?"

"Yeah, I need to speak to prince Kai regarding his interest in our clothing line. If we become one of his designers, it would be a huge boost to my fashion line," she explained.

So, he was the reason for her being stressed out? Good going Judy or Kai or whatever.

"Say no more because you're in luck today."

"How?"

"I'm one of the Prince's people,"

"You mean, relative?"

"Well, sort of,"

"So you can get me to meet the prince?" she stopped dancing, clasping my hands from relief.

"Y-yeah, with due appointment - the prince is not an easy man, spares no formalities for his relatives too,"

Her face fell.

"But don't worry, he'd answer to me faster than normal people. Besides, I'll keep you informed of my progress every day after we exchanged contacts," I probably looked like a scammer right now. God help me.

Yes, her brows furrowed, "How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"You don't need to trust me... oh boy," I swallowed when I saw my mother's head of guard coming my way.

"Oh boy?" she gasped in disbelief, "You're one strange..."

"Run,"

"What?"

"Run now," I grabbed her hand, leading her out of the dance arena just as the guard chased after me.

"Why are we running?" she asked as we successfully made it out of the bouquet hall.

"Let's just say the queen isn't as benevolent as her son, the prince. She wants to marry me off by all means possible," I shouted while going through a secret hallway the guards hadn't noticed until today.

"Why?" She asked, even though she was running out of breath.

"I'm her orphaned nephew, she wants me to raise a seed in case I die. Do you still doubt me being the prince's relative?" I asked her, this chase turning into fun for us.

Before they could reach us, I dragged her into a secret room, locking us in. I had this palace renovated, having the map in my head hence knowing all secret ways and rooms - essential for the king's life during an attack.

We heard the guards pass the room by, not that they realized there was one. We listened to their descending footsteps and turned back to realize we were intimately close to each other.

Her back was pressed against the wall, her chest heaving from the run, and unlike earlier, her cheeks had color now and she looked livelier - her mask had fallen off during the run - she looked more like the Emily I knew now.

I felt a pang hit my chest, wondering what Emily had gone through to make her turn dull and lifeless.

*Chapter 258 - Two Hundred And Fifty-eight: The Fraudster*

Emily's point of view



There was something off yet awfully familiar about this man called Kain. For starters, his eyes looked oddly similar to Judy's, and yes, I know people can possess the same eye color but it was just so damn familiar like I was talking to the same person.

Their voices were not exactly the same, he was much deeper but then age has always been known to influence that coupled with a neurological disorder, or psychological stress or whatever. The point is there was something about him that reminds me of Judy.

And he couldn't be Judy, I laughed nervously in my head. Because he's dead - even though his body was never found- but then, if he were... like if he were alive, which is impossible. If Judy had survived, he would have called or tried to reach out to me since he promised to come back for me.

"Judy couldn't have been alive and let me pass those hellish years alone" I comforted myself with that thought.

However, there was another problem, why was my heart pounding so quickly for this stranger? That run must have affected me. Yes! that must be it! Else I wouldn't have this ridiculous thought of kissing him if his Goddamn face wasn't covered with a mask right now.

Gosh, Emily, get a grip of yourself. You're not a kid anymore, you're married, and not just married, but to an aspiring president of a country. Ahmed's strict grandparents would eat me alive if I did anything that caused the failure of his son.

They already disapproved of me for having the nerve to let him father another person's child and yet can't produce a child with their bloodline for them - that would be comforting at least. What a witch I am.

So I pulled away from Kain, creating space between us. Whatever attraction between us must come to an end - this was too risky neither was I an adulterer.

"So, what's this place and why didn't those guards care to search here?" I asked to ease the awkward tension in the air. Thankfully, this Kain didn't try monkey business with me.

"It's a secret trophy room and yes, they don't know of this place yet. I had it designed for that purpose,"

My gaze narrowed together suspiciously,

"I didn't know relatives could have secret rooms built in a palace without even the royal guards sent by the queen herself knowing of it?"

Something was not right with this man. Maybe I shouldn't have trusted him that easily whether he had Judy's eyes or not.

"Urm, yes, that's not possible." he laughed awkwardly, "But then the idea was suggested by the prince and I carried it out in secret," he added with a sheepish grin, "For the prince,"

I smiled back at him but inwardly, searching for an escape out of here. He was lying to me and it's kind of dangerous because I don't know why he's lying, what's he trying to cover up? What if he's some sort of serial killer who has lured me to a perfect arena where he can kill me without being noticed?

Good going, Emily. Your excessive trust would be the end of you.

"You don't believe me, do you?" he asked, an odd emotion crossing his gaze.

Uh-oh, I couldn't let him believe I've caught up to his lie else he kills me faster than scheduled.

"Of course not!" I laughed, hitting him playfully on the chest, "I believe everything you said, you're the prince's favorite relative, aren't you?"

He didn't smile causing the forced smile on my face to freeze as well. Things just got serious. And if I've watched enough crime films, this is the part where the psychopath begins to confess his identity and motive before knocking out the girl.

"Emily," He called me with a voice that sent shivers down my spine. Why does this killer's voice sound creepily affectionate?

"You're right, I'm not who you think I am," He stated.

I took a step back, it has begun: the confession that leads to the final murder.

"I lied to you,"

Alright, how many steps more do I have to take to get to the door.

"Y-you did?" I purposely indulged him in a conversation so he can't guess what's on my mind.

"I'm not Kain,"

I gulped upon hearing that confession. My fears have been confirmed, what did I just get myself into? But I can't die yet else Akim would be all alone in this world.

Without being told, I sprang forth to the door, taking him by surprise or so I thought because we pushed the door close as soon as it was opened.

"Get away from me, you killer!" I attempted to throw a fist at him but he snatched my hand, pushing me up against the wall.

"You don't have to be scared of me," He pressed his body against mine while struggling with me.

"That's what all psychopaths say before their victim ends up drugged and finally dead!" I spat, refusing to give up on this fight.

"I'm not a psychopath nor am I a killer!" He claimed

"Like I believe a word you say! All you have ever told me since we met are lies, so don't think you can fool me and let me go this instant!" I strived against his ironclad hold.

"I'm not a psychopath because I'm the prince!" He yelled at me.

"Huh?" I was startled.

"My name is not Kain but Kai. I'm prince Kai," He continued with this new act, who does he think he's fooling.

"You have a vivid imagination," I mocked, resuming my escape.

"Damn it, I'm really Prince Kai,"

I hissed at him, "Like I'm going to believe a word that comes out of your mouth. Royalties are known for truthfulness, why would you dare to fool a commoner like me if you weren't a fraudster,"

"Because I wanted to expose the truth to you slowly, one after the other, it's a lot to take in," was his excuse.

"What truth? That you're the prince that's been giving me anxiety since I landed in Lincolnshire? How's that shocking?"

"No, there's more to that," He said.

My eyes widened, "You're keeping another secret from me," It slowly dawned on me, "What's indeed your motive of approaching me?"

He grabbed my hand, "I have something important to tell you,"

"Yeah, sure. It's going to be extremely shocking,"

"It is,"

"Try me," I urged him.

Our eyes met, my breath hitched. There was just something about that gaze that made me feel butterflies in my stomach. I couldn't possibly be attracted to this fraudster - I'll believe he's a prince when I see the evidence.

"Emily, the truth is... I'm not who you think -"

"You've said that before, go straight to the point," I interrupted him.

He swallowed and I saw him flex his fingers, was he nervous? Why was he nervous? Am the one who should be nervous!

"Emily, I'm -"

My phone rang.

"Sorry, I have to take this call," I said to him with uncertainty. If he was a serial killer, he definitely would not allow me to answer this.

"Sure, I have all the time in the world," He shrugged.

I gave him a thankful nod- at least I'm not dying anytime soon. I picked up, "What is it Cecil and if you are calling to inquire if I'm having a good time at the party, then you-"

"Akim is in the hospital,"

"What?!" I shrieked, drawing attention from that fraudster.

"W-where," I choked, "What hospital?"

She gave me the address, I ended the call

"What is it, Emily?" He grabbed me as soon as I wanted to leave.

"No, you have to let me go. My son, he's in the hospital,"

His eyes showed deep concern when he heard that but I was too disoriented to take note of that.

"Come, I'll take you there,"

"No, you don't have to bother..." I was still saying when he grabbed my hand and began to lead me out with powerful strides. One look at him and one might think he was more worried than me.

However, he hardly made it out of the hallway when those guards from earlier caught up to us.

"I believe you've had enough fun already, Prince Kai?" One of them who seems to be the head guard said.

"Tell the queen I'll come to see her when I'm done," He said to them but none of them budged out of his way.

"She wants to meet you, now" He enunciated the "Now"

"Fine," He gave in, then turned to me, "I'll come to the hospital once I'm done here, one of them would take you there, alright"

I was speechless, he was Prince Kai? I was communicating with him all this while yet I had no idea nor did I believe him when he told me? But then, I was more concerned about the safety of my son.

I found myself nodding as a response.

"You take her," Kai said to that headguard.

"But my prince..." the others protested. It seems this man had a high status here.

"It's either you take her while I see the queen or you don't escort her and I don't see the queen, there are no two ways about it," He conditioned.

"Fine," the head guard said.

"If a hair on her head gets hurt, forget about your life," He warned the man to my surprise. Why was he so concerned about me? We didn't even know each other until tonight.

"I'll see you later," He smiled at me before leaving with the rest of the guards. I would ask him why he's so kind to me the next we meet but at the moment, my son was my priority.

Thanks to the guard who I came to know as Dominic, I didn't get to miss my way, arriving in the hospital as quickly as possible. Akim had been stabilized but then, I got the news that shook my world.

"Your son has leukemia and he needs a bone marrow transplant as soon as possible. You should ask family members

if they are willing to donate their stem cells, and then we can conduct tests to determine if they are a match for the patient,"

Yeah, exactly, who?

*Chapter 259 - Two Hundred And Fifty-nine: The Lovers Reunite*

The third point of view

"What is this I hear about you chasing after a married woman?" The queen was furious. Her eyes were bloodshot, hands trembling on the armrest of her throne while glaring at her stubborn son.

"How did you find out about her?" Was Kai's question

"How I found out doesn't matter, what matters is that you'd be leaving that poor woman alone!" She declared.

"Didn't you want me to get married and produce an heir as soon as possible? Then here she is; I've been waiting for here all these while," said Prince Kai standing in front of the queen.

"Christ, Kai!" She blanched from shock, "That I want you to get married desperately doesn't mean that I'll let you destroy another's marriage, not to mention that her husband is a potential president, I would not let you cause me such hostility in the long run -"

"Or what?" he challenged.

The queen was taken aback by his blunt challenge of her authority yet didn't show it. She continued her calm demeanor, " It's either you let her go or I'll help you let her go,"

"I'm not going to let her go, do your worst," He made his point known. What could she do? Take his title from him? That was impossible, he was the only rightful heir to the throne.

The queen, seeing that coercion wasn't going to work, decided to reach to him on an emotional level.

"Kai," She called out to him, "You're my son and I would never do anything to harm you. But then, you're hurting this woman. I get that you both had a history together in the past but the past is past, she's married and even has a child for him. Do you ever consider how the consequences of your actions might affect the child? "

"She's drowning in that marriage, I need to save her," He simply replied.

"Did she tell you she wants to be saved? And what makes you think that you're the savior? Have you considered if she'd sacrifice her marriage to be with you?" She barraged him with questions.

Kai smiled wryly, "I guess there's one way to find out,"

"What?" the queen's brow drew together in confusion.

Kai turned around, "I'm going to tell her the truth,"

"Kai, stop right there!"

He continued with his journey without looking back.

"Stop there this instant, it's the queen's command!" She used her authority which produced a result this time.

Kai stopped, turned once around to her saying, "My command overrules yours, queen dowager," and left while the queen almost fainted from disbelief, her handmaids rushed to rescue her.

Kai didn't waste further time, racing to the hospital like a madman. It seems the queen wasn't all that heartless because he saw the guards secretly tailing him to ensure his safety.

It wasn't hard to find the hospital room since he ordered them to be assigned to one of the VVIP rooms.

He knocked on the door which was opened by another woman who Kai recognized to be Cecil.

"Christ!" Cecil almost jumped out of her skin upon seeing Kai which reminded him that he was still in his mask.

"Sorry about that. I'm prince Kai and I need to see Emily, is she here?" his searching gaze darted across the spacious hospital room.

"Y-you're the p-p-prince?" Cecil stuttered. So Emily had not been joking earlier when she mentioned the prince's odd interest in her. Oh boy, this was going to be a problem. But then, what's with the mask?

"She's supposed to be here," he muttered, peering over her shoulder and taking note of the empty bed.

"She's not..." Cecil was planning to lie when the man let himself in.

"Well... " She had no choice but to close the door. This was the prince of Lincolnshire who showed them hospitality when they first arrived, it would be rude to chase him off. Would her head be cut off for chasing him off?

Cecil scratched the back of her head, there was no need to question this man's motive. Just a look in his eyes and one could tell he was taken with Emily. Was that why they had a smooth journey here? She couldn't help but feel that coming here was somewhat orchestrated. But then, this was the first time the both of them met, what brought on this attraction? Had he and Emily known somewhere? Whatever it was, this wasn't good for Emily. That girl needed peace for once in her life.

"Where is...? "

Judy was interrupted by the sound of a door opening only to realize it was Emily coming out of the restroom with the boy in her arms.

"P-prince Kai," Emily was startled. She never expected to see him here nor so soon.

However, Kai focused his attention on the boy when the towel draped over his head fell off.

"He has blonde hair?" he blurted out.

Emily's eyes widened, hastily picking up the towel from the ground to cover Akim's hair.

After the doctor diagnosed her son with Leukemia, she hurried to wash off the dye to not complicate matters. She was not experienced in the medical field but she knew those things contained chemicals nor could she tell how it would affect her son now he was sick. Her only thought was to give him the maximum comfort.

"Mum, who is he?" Akim asked, eyes taking in that strange man in a mask.

"Urm, he's a very important person, Akim. He's the prince of this kingdom," she answered, going over to lay him on his body - the doctor told her exhaustion would be one of the symptoms he would experience henceforth.

"Wow, must be cool to be a prince," He chuckled.

"Yeah, must be cool," Emily agreed, tucking him in bed and wondering why that prince was staring intensely at her son.

"You're Akim," said Kai, walking over to the boy's bed. For some strange reasons, the more he stared at the boy, the more resemblance they both shared.



"Yes," Akim nodded with admiration in his eyes.

"He needs to rest," Emily's voice was taut, Kai noticed. Why was she so sensitive about her son and why had she been dyeing his hair black when it was blonde all this moment.

Something clicked in Kai's head abruptly, Ahmed wasn't blonde neither was Emily, the only blonde person she dated was... him? No way.

"The boy needs to have a rest," Emily's forehead wrinkled from worry. Prince Kai was staring at her son intensely, did he find something out? Sure, he must have looked into her background since he has the intention of doing business with her.

That statement must have woke him from his thought because when his eyes found hers, the truth was there. She understood that enlightened orbs.

"Let's go outside. Cecil, help take care of Akim for me, I'll be back briefly," She at once grabbed his hand, beginning to lead him out of the room. She dragged him to the hospital garden, with thankfully few people around.

"What do you want from me?" Emily asked him sternly. He was strangely interested in her and Akim and didn't like it one bit.

"That's not Ahmed's son, is he?" Kai asked, eyes boring into hers.

"What rubbish are you talking about and why are you unhealthily nosy about my family?" She hid her nervousness.

"Answer my damn question, Emily!" He boomed at her, she almost jumped.

"It's none of your business! Why are you so interested in another person's family?!" She yelled back.

"Because I'm Judy!" He pulled off the mask at the same time as his words were uttered.

Emily's eyes grew wide, her jaw dropped, nor did she move; her feet were stuck to the ground. For a minute, no one said a word, just staring at each other. How was this possible?

"G-ghost," She choked and fainted.

"Emily!" Kai caught her before she could touch the ground. Seriously, this was the reason he wanted to take everything slowly but then, fate always seems to have a plan of its own.

When Emily woke up, she found herself on a hospital bed. What the hell? She had the strangest dream where she saw...

"Judy?" she sat up abruptly, discerning a figure sitting on the edge of her bed.

"Emily," He responded.

Oh my God, it wasn't a dream.

The sleep in her eyes cleared at once, giving her a clear view of his face. It was him.

Tears clouded her vision as she moved to clasp his face with both hands, "It's really you," her words were a whisper while tracing his features.

"Oh my God, you're alive," Her hands shook before she lowered her head and kissed him hard on the lips; pouring all her relief, anger, and words she could not say into that kiss.

Judy kissed her back, his arms wrapped securely around her waist, afraid to let go and realize this moment was not real. Fate has given him another chance and he would take advantage of it - and pay back his oppressors in their own coin.

*Chapter 260 - Two Hundred And Sixty: Find Father*

Reina's point of view

The past few days have been a war. It seems it wasn't only Niklaus I had to look out for, but his cousin too. I wonder what Maya must have done in her past life to attract such douchebags and now Reina has to clean up the mess. This is why today I would be having a meeting with Eden, the disturber.

That man was quite persistent and sly, I had refused meeting with him - Niklaus was enough trouble-?but he just had a way of cornering me and now I had no choice but to agree to a meeting.

Since the meeting was scheduled in the afternoon, I decided to enjoy my morning or so I thought.

The doorbell rang.

I was on alert, I wasn't expecting anybody neither was it any of my people - they would have alerted me beforehand. So I carefully made my way to the door and looked through the peephole, there was nobody.

Maybe, it was just a prank.

A family was living in the opposite apartment on the same floor that had these children that does that.

However, I hardly took a step forward when the bell rang again. I shut my eyes tight, someone was getting on my nerves. Was this an expensive joke or what?

But then, just to be sure, I picked up my gun from the table where I had kept it and hid in the waistband of my pants before going to answer the door.

I opened the door cautiously with one hand while the other was readily accessible to the gun from behind in case push comes to shove. Peering out from the door left and right, the hallway was empty.

"Hi mom," Someone jumped into my view out of nowhere.

"Christ, Jesus!" I almost aimed the gun at Ailee, my daughter, "What were you thinking scaring me like that?"

"Hi mom," Allen made his own appearance.

"Oh," I should have known. Ailee without Allen was an incomplete equation.

"Who sent you both here?" I kept the gun away and folded my arms across my chest, knowing their grandfather wouldn't send them out to me after knowing they were in danger of being discovered by Niklaus.

"We sneaked out," Ailee was quick to add, "But we came with a guard,"

Oh, Ailee, always the master planner. She knew I would chew them alive if they didn't come with protection.

"Why are you here?" I asked them.

I know, yeah, what an odd question for a mother to ask her kids but if you've lived with them for seven years, you'd understand why the caution sign is placed in a dangerous area.

"Because I missed you, even if Allen didn't," Ailee went ahead to pout her lips, wrapping her arms around my waist playfully.

And yes, she's always the first to diss Allen - after supporting him.

My gaze rested on Allen, our eyes met, he looked away yet muttered, "I'm sorry for my behavior the past days,"

I was surprised hearing that from Allen, the boy had an ego as huge as an elephant. That must have been hard for him to say.

"Well, I'm sorry too. You have the right to know who your father is, son. But just give me a little time and soon you both would meet him,"

I watched his gaze move to his sister, they communicated something through their eyes - I just hope that was positive information.

"Sure," they answered at the same time.

"So can we spend time with you, mommy?" Ailee pressed.

My sixth sense told me something was not right yet I waved it off. How could I resist my wonderful kids?

So I let them into my apartment with a grin. I had been so harsh on them lately, it wouldn't be bad to spoil them rotten this morning.

I couldn't go out with them and even if we did, they had almost everything they could ever want from a store.

We ended up playing video games for two hours before moving over to baking. We competed with each other on who was going to make the best cake.

It was quite fun because we wasted flour - I included - turns out the kitchen was not meant for me. Allen had the best cake - but not to a professional level- yet we had enjoyed eating it.

After that, we were so exhausted that we sprawled undignified on the couch until Ailee suggested I braid her hair.

I was so glad by her warm request, I had always wanted to do that for my kid when she's of age. I was engrossed with that joy that it took me five minutes to realize Allen was no longer with us.

"Where's Allen?" I asked, reality dawning on me. Allen, being left to roam around unsupervised was not a good thing especially if he had a motive in mind.

"Don't worry about him, he's probably somewhere doing what he always does best,"

Exactly, that was the problem. Whenever Allen does something he likes best, it is always something big.

I glanced down, scrutinizing Ailee who gave me her super-duper innocent face - she definitely inherited my acting skills- this was a distraction. Why would she request me to

braid her hair if it wasn't an avenue to draw me away while Allen does whatever he came for?

Realization dawned on me and I sprang up to my feet with quick reflexes. I headed in the direction of my study with Ailee after me. Allen probably went there to get into getting information from my laptop about his father - his current obsession.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Ailee questioned after me but I ignored her, she was a good pretender.

I made it to the room, turned the doorknob, and entered with the expectation to catch Allen in there only to discover it was empty.

My confusion grew, this was impossible. I was so sure of catching him in the act that meeting this failure felt like a huge slap on the face.

I checked the room for signs of any intrusion but my things were exactly the way I had kept them. My gaze rested on the laptop on my desk and was about to go check signs of tampering when I heard the sound of water being flushed and a door opening.

"Allen?" Ailee called.

I abandoned thoughts of checking the device to go see Allen and where he emerged from.

The toilet.

"What is wrong with you?" I asked out of concern, seeing the sweat on his forehead.

"I think the cake reacted badly with my stomach," He groaned, clutching his stomach.

I felt guilty, here I was suspecting him of intruding into my study when he was going through this agony this whole time.

"Take Allen to the living room, I should have medicine for that," I instructed Ailee to help her brother to the sofa while I went to my room to get some over the counter drugs.

So I ended up nursing Allen to good health till some colors returned to his pale cheeks. We spent more time together and I had to admit, the relationship with my kids deepened. I needed to summarize this whole revenge thing quickly so I could spend more time with them.

"Kids, you need to leave. I have someplace to be very soon," I told them, checking the time on my cell phone.

"No" Ailee whined.

"Ailee," I pleaded.

"I'm bored, I need to spend time with my mother; that's what kids my age do," She threw a tantrum.

"I know, honey, which is why I'm so sorry and would find a way to make it up to you guys," I mollified her.

"Leave mom alone, Ailee. If you're so bored, go practice your knife-throwing skills - you suck terribly," Allen told her.

Before I could even react, Ailee had tackled Allen off the sofa and to the ground, sneering, "Who's pathetic now,"

Without warning, Allen broke out of her hold before Ailee could even blink, tackling her instead, "Really? Who's the Damsel in distress now?"

"Alright, both of you knock it out, now!" I boomed when they began to flip, unflip, roll each other to the ground, claw, screech, pull at hairs - in one word, they were fighting each other. Niklaus would give me a five-star rating for raising the kids well.

"If I hear you two fought ever again, you'd get it from me. You were trained to defend yourself not use the skills on each other, understood?! " I chided them sternly.

"Understood mother," Both chorused.

"Now shake hands," I ordered.

They obeyed, reluctantly.

"Good," I smiled at them, "Now give me some peace and quietness,"

They knew what that meant, bidding goodbye to me as they found the door.

With a sigh, I made my way to the bathroom. I had not less than an hour to meet with Eden and needed to bathe since I had some flour on me from our bonding activity earlier.

Done with bathing, I walked into my room with the towel wrapped around my head like a head wrap when I suddenly looked down to discover my hands were slightly dyed.

"No, no, no," I shrieked, running to the mirror in the walk-in closet, losing the towel as well, dyed green hairs fell across my shoulder.

My jaw dropped, there was no need to guess who put green dye in my shampoo.

"Allen!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Meanwhile, unknown to Reina :

"Did you get it?" Ailee asked with a pleased smile as they climbed into the car.

"Of course, who do you think I am," He smirked, showing off the USB drive in his grasp.

Ailee's smile deepened, there was admiration in her gaze, "How did you manage to crack mom's password?," she took the USB from him to take a good look at their success.

She and Allen had purposely fought earlier to clear every doubt their mother might have regarding their visit. That woman was too damn suspecting.

"Easy as pie," Allen was smug, "There are just too many skills one could pick up on the dark web,"

Ailee was delighted, "I guess it's time to find father,"