

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 261 - Two Hundred And Sixty-one: Have So Much Fun Together - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 261 - Two Hundred And Sixty-one: Have So Much Fun Together

Chapter 261 - Two Hundred And Sixty-one: Have So Much Fun Together

Reina's point of view

"I'm sorry I'm late," I apologized, drawing out a seat, and sat down comfortably.

"Woah!" Eden exclaimed, taking in the sight of my dark emerald hair.

"Don't say a word, I don't need your critique, " I warned him quickly.

Thankfully, Allen was sensible enough to use some gothic emerald and not pastel mint green or worse punk Neon green.

"What criticism," He said, "I was going to say you look goddamn sexy,"

A faint blush crept up my face but I hid it away. Seems while Niklaus's good with his hands this one's good with his words - I need to be careful with both.

"You really think they look good?" I still couldn't help but ask. Sigh, women, and beauty.

He smiled at me, exposing peerless white teeth, and for a moment there, I felt deja vu, like some memories flashed before my eyes. Had I been close with Eden too? No way, I couldn't have been a two-timer. Seriously, I needed my memories back desperately, some things did not seem right.

"You look good, Reina," He complimented me.

Well, it looks like I wasn't going to have a hard time with this one, he doesn't insist I'm Reina or it was just a ploy to make me lower my guard and catch my lie unaware.

At once the waiter came to our table and we made our orders from the menu handed to us. It was a high-end restaurant so I didn't have to worry about any video leaking out like the last time with Niklaus.

"So, why did you decide to nag me with this meeting, Eden?" I went ahead to kickstart this discussion. I had no time for his game.

"What do you think, Reina?" his face curved with his killer smile, "I wanted to have a meal with a lovely woman like you,"

I smiled back too, two can play at this game.

"Really, I'm so flattered. So you've been bothering me the past few days because you wanted to go on a date with me? "

He took a sip of water, "Yes,"

I threw my head back and laughed, "Why don't we come off with the pretense, Eden. I'm sure you have questions on your mind,"

"Questions like what?" He continued with his pretense.

"Questions like how I look so similar to the Maya you failed to protect?"

He shook his head, "Oh, don't worry,"

"What?"

"I couldn't protect Maya, so I'll court and protect you instead. I'm sure Reina would do better than Maya since they're the same person," He dropped.

My smile froze.

I glanced up, our eyes met and held. For a complete minute, none of us said a word; we just kept staring till tears almost fell from our eyes.

"What do you want, Eden?" I crossed my leg over the other, adjusting to my seat. This was business time.

"You," He was blunt.

"I'm sorry Eden but I'm not -"

"You might have changed everything but those eyes, they never lie," He stated, his probing gaze never leaving me.

I felt exposed under his scrutiny like he could see right through me- not that I was going to agree to his claims readily.

"So what if I'm Maya? What are you going to do about it?" I challenged him with my brow raised.

His eyes darkened.

Eden leaned closer, took my hand I placed on the table, and brought it to his lips, placing a kiss on it, "If you were Maya - which you are - I'll make sure not to let you slip through my fingers this moment around,"

My pulse raced but I didn't think much about it. After all, a woman's body was designed to react to a man's advances.

"Instead of courting me, why don't you figure out how you're going to come out of Adam's control," was my sudden comment.

His eyes widened, the grip on my hand loosening.

I continued, "Anabelle needs a full treatment else, who knows when her body might start to reject those antidotes,"

"H-how did you know about that?" Eden couldn't believe his eyes.

An evil smirk tilted my lips to the side,

"Never you trust any woman with Maya's face,"

There was a roller-coaster of emotions on his face - mostly confusion and disbelief.

I pulled my hand completely from his grasp, "When you're ready to not date me, we can meet up again. Who knows?" I shrugged, "I might have that antidote you desperately needed,"

With that being said, I picked up my purse just as the waiter arrived with our food.

"Bon appetit," I winked at the defeated Eden and took my leave.

I walked out of the restaurant with my phone to my ears, answering a call.

"Are you sure he has the evidence," I called my assistant to ensure I played the right card?

"Yes, he has the evidence. It wasn't destroyed and I'm sure Adam knows that which is why he's trying his best to clip his wings," She responded.

My car was parked on the side of the road, so I just had to cross over to get to it. I looked left and right and left again to confirm the road was clear before stepping out.

"His birthday's coming up soon, right?" I asked.

"Yes,"

"Get me an invitation, it would be memorable -"

The loud pitched humming of tires against the asphalt interrupted me and I turned around to the source of the noise only to be blinded by the headlights of a car coming at me with high-speed.

It was too late to dodge it and when I thought this was my end, someone pushed me out of harm's way. We rolled out of danger while the car zoomed off after failing its evil mission.

Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw another car chase after it - it was probably Andrew. I looked down at the face of my rescuer only to discover it was Eden. Oh no.

"Hey, are you okay?" I asked out of concern, getting off of him. He had taken much of the impact while saving my ass.

"Yeah, I should be," He replied as I helped him to his feet.

But the moment he stood, he passed out on my body.

"Eden," I shook him yet he didn't wake up.

Amid being watched by passersby who had witnessed what happened, I dragged Eden who weighed quite a ton to my car and drove to the nearest hospital where

he was admitted and ministered treatment - turns out he had a concussion.

"Who's responsible for the attack?" I asked Andrew, standing in the room while I kept watch over Eden.

"The Lucian Family - the eldest son to be precise. Turns out his beloved girlfriend choose your father over him,"

"Cherry?" I was disgusted. I hated that girl with a passion. She was not with my father because she loved him but what she could benefit from him.

"Exactly,"

"So I almost lost my life because of some slut who's currently in some Caribbean Island having fun!" I snapped.

"Yes," Andrew answered.

Groaning, I rubbed my throbbing temple with my eyes shut. When I opened them, a resolution was burning in them. It was time to kick someone's ass.

"Where is the man?"

"In a club downtown. What are you planning to do, Reina?"

"Teach him a lesson. He shouldn't joke with my life, I still have my twins to train up," I spat angrily.

"I'll come with you," He insisted.

"I don't care what you do, just don't get in my way," I told him sternly.

"No problem, princess," He said.

I eyed Andrew, I hated that name. I don't know what happened between him and Emerald, but he's been behaving appropriately lately - to my relief.

There was no need to head home to change, I just walked into a department store, got the typical skimpy, sexy, party wares and purple wig alongside heavy make-up; I looked nothing like me.

Having Andrew with me was an advantage because he somehow worked things out and I got into the club without having to queue up.

"Jeremy Lucian, first son of the Lucian family and heir to the Iron fist mafia; a useless scumbag and waste of earth's oxygen," I profiled him after sighting the asshole with his scoundrel friends.

He must be celebrating for having his useless revenge on Sakuzi - what a weasel.

The club reeked of cheap perfumes and sweaty bodies rubbing together on the dance floor yet I picked a drink from the bar and walked over to his booth.

"Hi," I said and without warning, sat astride his lap earning sharp "Oohs" from his peers.

Jeremy was startled by my sudden arrival but when his eyes drank in my features, his lips curved to the side. Oh I know, I looked nothing short of a hooker.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, "I have been staring at you for a while now and I have to say, you're my type of person," I purposely purred into his ear.

"And you're my type of person too," He said, his hand squeezing my butt hard.

That sneaky bastard! I almost punched him in the face if I hadn't remembered that?I was acting. I gave him a fake smile when all I wanted to do was to squeeze the life out of him.

"You know, I have my car parked outside, we could do something quick, " I said suggestively and though there was lust in his eyes, I still sensed caution from him. He was a mafia, so it was normal for him to be careful.

"What do you say?" I added, purposely grinding against him, sending the rest of the doubts flying away.

Jeremy gave in.

He stood to leave and his friends cheered him while ogling me with their stares. He wrapped his arm possessively around my waist and began to walk out with me.

We went to my car parked in the club's underground garage and I opened the door for him to get into the backseat with an enticing smile.

"We are going to have so much fun together," I promised him as I climbed in after him.

After the car door was closed, A man's agonizing cries of pain were heard almost immediately while Andrew stood guard outside, watching out for any interruption.

Chapter 262 - Two Hundred And Sixty-two: Their Closeness Irked Her

The third point of view

"Guys, I'm telling you that I know what I saw," Isabella told them for the umpteenth time already, yet they didn't believe her. She was having a video call with Pedro and Anabelle.

If Niklaus was here, he would probably have a heart attack knowing nothing good would ever come out with those three together, judging from their reputation when young.

"Isabelle, Maya died years ago," Anabelle asked her, "Have you been taking your medication?"

Isabella glared at that fool, was she saying she was crazy.

"Exactly," Pedro supported, "We know her death hurt you the most but you can't keep living like this, you have to move on and stop mistaking others for Maya," Pedro gave his award of the year speech.

Isabella rolled her eyes to heaven, these two had not changed at all. "Fine, I'll change your minds," she began to type on her laptop while saying, "I have some evidence with me here and is on its ways to you guys,"

"What evidence?" Anabelle inquired.

"Pictures of her that I captured without her noticing- by the way, she's quite sensitive about people taking photos of her which makes me wonder what she's hiding," Isabella complained, rubbing her chin thoughtfully.

"Holy shit!" Pedro was the first to see it and exclaimed from shock.

"Unbelievable!" Anabelle's eyes grew to the size of saucers. Isabella enjoyed watching their shocked expressions. It was like slapping the two unbelieving idiots on the face with the news.

"She's exactly the same," Pedro was shocked.

"And that little boy by her side looks exactly like your father Niklaus," Anabelle scrutinized the photos closely after zooming on them.

"Wait till you see the girl," Isabella informed them.

"Izzy, your father should know of this, why haven't you shown him yet?" Pedro inquired. He knew she always had a reason for everything she does.

Isabella's face changed at the mention of Niklaus, "Well for starters, I'm currently angry at him, so we're not on talking terms, to be honest. Even if we were, I don't trust him not to mess this up. I did everything to make him and Maya come together previously and he threw that opportunity away with his stupidity. This time, I'm going to do everything myself," she was determined.

"So what are you planning, Isabella? How are you going to bring them back together" Anabelle was curious.

"I don't know but the few ideas I thought of involves kidnapping her and locking her up together with my dad - which is unrealistic," Isabella scratched her scalp out of irritation.

"You know what?" Anabelle grinned.

"What?" Isabella didn't like that look on her face.

"You guys should come over to my place, we would solve this mystery together as we always do when we were kids," She suggested.

Pedro pursed his lips, "Fine by me. Moreover, my mom isn't here anyway, I'm bored to death and as a bonus, I get to see a grownup Isabella," He grinned.

"You shouldn't have expectations, you're going to be disappointed," Isabella said blandly.

"Till we meet then," He winked at her, " I got to go, ladies," He told them and disconnected.

"Like anybody's going to miss you," Isabella mumbled under her breath, "I'm leaving too, Anabelle. See you when I arrive," she waved and ended the call.

The moment the video ended, Isabella who had claimed to be indifferent to this visit rushed to her walk-in closet, ransacking it for her best clothes.

"No, no," She couldn't find something that matched her taste. The clothes were too boyish - her doings - or too feminine - Jennifer's handwork- none matched her taste. Isabella wanted something she was comfortable with, had a feminine feel, and a touch of her everyday attitude without seeming?Barbieirish.

"What the hell is even wrong with me?" Isabella returned to her senses. Why was she trying to change her personality because of some fools she hasn't seen in years ago?

With that thought in mind, Isabelle took a quick bath and ended up donning a black motorcycle jacket paired with a white shirt inside and blue jeans, completing it with studded boots.

She let her brunette hair fall over her shoulder, adding a touch of red to her lips before deciding she was good to go. Isabella looked casual yet daring in her dressing; she looked nothing short of her personality.

"Where are you going this morning, young lady?" Niklaus interrogated her as soon as she made her way into the living room.

Isabella rolled her eyes, she didn't expect to run into him and had thought he had left for work.

"I'm going to help your future," She answered nonchalantly, noticing the way his brow raised questioningly. Oh right, he doesn't speak her language.

"I'm going to visit Anabelle, do you have any problems with that?" she raised her chin defiantly.

Niklaus stared at his daughter from her head to the sole of her feet, taking in her appearance. This was better than other days, "When you're back, we're going to have a heart to a heart discussion about your recent attitude,"

"If I were you I wouldn't count on that," Isabella told him, strutting to the entrance door

"I'm serious here, Isabella," Nik stated.

"And I'm serious too," She said before leaving.

Isabelle didn't take a car, she knew it would make it easier for her father's people to track her down. So she chose a bike instead from the garage and zoomed off. With this, she could easily shake them off her tail if she wanted to.

The girl arrived at Anabelle's place in no time, parked her bike, and went into the familiar house. Though there was a recent renovation, unlike them, Eden didn't make major changes to the house.

Isabella was led to Anabelle's room by the new butler and came in to see Anabelle and Pedro laughing at something. Both were sitting on the couch with Anabelle beating him on the chest playfully and Pedro didn't stop her nor did he seem to want to.

Isabella's brow raised at that scene, had they always been that close? For some strange reasons, their closeness irked her. But why? She wondered. That must be because they were having all the fun by themselves, she felt left out - yes, that must be it.

"A-hem," She intentionally cleared her throat so loudly it startled them. The two had been so immersed in their fun that they didn't hear her come in.

"Isabelle, you're here," Pedro stood up with a welcoming smile on his face, Isabella's breath caught in her throat.

Chapter 263 - Two Hundred And Sixty-three: Make Sure Of It

The third point of view

Had Pedro always been this handsome? Isabella had not given it many thoughts since they were kids. But now? She greedily took him in.

He was wearing a snug sweatshirt that didn't hide his muscled abdomen - he must work out regularly - with jeans. Pedro didn't look that different from his younger self, just that his features were much defined.

Gone were the baby fats, replaced now by a chiseled face with thick brows. His blonde hair was tousled, his rare pale blue eyes adding to his charm. Not to mention he was quite tall right now - not that Isabella wasn't tall herself - however, he was a head taller than her.

"Isabelle, I get that you haven't seen me in person for ages but your staring is becoming uncomfortable," a faint blush was found on Pedro's face.

Oh, she had been staring - in a lavish manner?

"Sorry about that," Isabella apologized, composing herself.

"No problem, I totally understand," Pedro waved it away, "You don't look bad yourself," He drank her in.

Isabella had grown into a fine, sexy lady with those wicked eyes that spoke of mischief. A slim fit body with a bit of muscle yet had killer curves that were emphasized by her fitted jeans. Maybe he shouldn't go down that area considering the fact he and Anabelle were a thing now.

"I missed you, Izzy," Anabelle took her into her arms before she could resist. She knew how much she hated hugs.

"I heard you're sick, how do you feel?" Isabella was relieved to be free of her bone-crushing hug.

"Well, I feel better now," She twirled around for Isabelle.

Anabelle had grown up beautifully. With her brunette hair - which seems to be a dominant trait in Spencer's family- and those spell-bounding blue eyes, no man would pass her by without staring twice. Though she was sickly slim, she held promises of being well endowed when recovered.

The only difference between both cousins was that while Anabelle had an enthralling yet soft beauty, Isabella was a hot, provocative beauty that was heightened by her daredevil personality.

"So now we are done admiring each other's body parts, can we go over to the business of the day," Isabella said crudely.

"Which is? Remind me again?" Anabelle requested.

Isabella gave her a hard stare. Don't tell me she was as dumb as when they were younger, she thought.

"Well, we are here to discuss how to bring this woman who's obviously Maya yet claims to be Reina and my stubborn - currently - irritating - me - father together," spat Isabelle.

She had expected Jennifer and her father to break up the moment they had that intense argument, who knew they would still end up together. Isabella loved Neon and respected his mother but she had real siblings out there; they had to return to their rightful position.

"Why does it have to be your father only?" Anabelle complained, "My father Eden loves Maya too and since your father loves Jennifer and you like Neon, why don't my father end up with Maya instead" She reasoned and turned to face Pedro for support, "Don't you think so too?"

"Urm..." Pedro felt trapped between Isabella's heated orbs and Anabelle's hopeful ones. Why do these two always put him in a dilemma?

Pedro said, "Anabelle, you do make a fine point..."

Her smile grew, Isabella glared at him.

He added, "But not when her siblings are involved, you heard Isabella -?that woman has her twin siblings. Uncle Niklaus would not stand still when he hears of his kids no matter how in love your father Eden is with her," Pedro spoke truthfully.

"You always support Isabella!" Anabelle threw a fit, standing up to her feet.

Pedro stood to his feet too, "I'm not taking sides here Annabelle, I'm just stating basic facts. Children complicate matters of the heart," He tried to make her see reasons with him.

However, Anabelle was unreasonable which made them begin to argue back and front while Isabella watched with no intention of breaking them up - it was entertaining. But then, the more she watched, the more Izzy sensed something was off about these two.

"Are you two dating by chance?" she asked out of nowhere.

That question silenced the both of them instantly. An awkward silence reigned for a whole minute, and just when Pedro was about to answer her, Anabelle interrupted him by bursting into laughter.

"Of course not," Anabelle cracked up at Izzy's claim. "Why would I date this ugly knucklehead," She playfully nudged Pedro on the shoulder.

Pedro's brow furrowed in confusion, what was Anabelle doing? Why was she lying to Izzy?

"I value our relationship too much to consider that," Anabelle said, nervously.

"I think Pedro is hot?and I would date him if I wanted to, why should I care about our relationship?" Isabelle was crudely blunt.

Anabelle was taken aback by her comment, she had forgotten Izzy can be quite direct. "Well?" She shrugged, "Don't you think it would be awkward for you if I date Pedro - not that I'm going to-?I mean, we're a team here; one for all, all for one?"

"Nope, it wouldn't be," Isabella answered.

"Alright, I'll consider that if I want to, but hey, I'm not going to," She laughed awkwardly to cover up.

"Can we go back to the plan we've branched off," Pedro's voice was gruff and he looked somewhat angry. Izzy wondered if her comment angered him, what was so wrong about what she said? She even told him he was hot!

"The plan Izzy," Anabelle acquiesced, pretending to be oblivious of Pedro's anger.

"Alright, here it is," Isabella rubbed her palms together and started, "Since I can't kidnap Reina, no, Maya, whatever!" She groaned, "Well, I did some researches and discovered her brand offers customized jewelry for very very wealthy clients,"

"So?" Both asked, confused.

"So it means that Reina herself visits the client to get an idea of what he or she wants,"

"Oh," Pedro got it, "So when she comes over, you can pull some tricks and get the two of them together, alone. What a brilliant plan, Isabella," He praised her, not noticing the dimmed look on Anabelle's face.

"So this is where you both come in, I'll offer an astronomical sum for the design but you two need to support me on that - Niklaus would suspect my actions if I withdraw such a huge amount,"

"But what if after all of our efforts, they still don't reconcile? Would you consider her with my Dad then?" proposed Anabelle, arms wrapped across her chest in a business-like manner.

"Oh, don't worry, they would," There was a dark glint in Isabella's eyes, "I'll make sure of it,"

Chapter 264 - Two Hundred And Sixty-four: Who Is Reina?

Niklaus' point of view

"Wake up sleepyhead," Her playful chuckle woke me up. Was this real?

"Maya?" was my question when I saw the blurry face hovering over me. Then I sat up and the blurriness in my eyes cleared, it wasn't Maya but Jennifer.

"Jennifer? What are you going?" I was startled.

"I thought to serve you breakfast in bed," She said, bringing a tray of

mouth-watering pancakes to my view and intentionally ignoring the fact that I had mistaken her for Maya less than a minute ago.

"You don't have to do this," I told her, accepting the meal from her.

"No, I had to do it. I discovered that I've been the one on the receiving end of this relationship..."

At the mention of relationship, the pancake that I already took a bite from, went down the wrong pipe and I entered a coughing fit.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry" Jennifer climbed the bed to my side, rubbing my back.

"No, it's not your fault," I managed to say, hot tears already blurring my eyes from the outcome.

Somehow, this reminded me of Maya and her coughing fits. A smile curved my lips at the memory.

I must have stared into space for a long time because when I recovered myself, Jennifer was obviously not happy.

"Jennifer-" I was still saying when she interrupted me.

"Niklaus, if you're about to restart that conversation again then I suggest you keep it,"

"This is hurting you, no, I'm hurting you," I pointed to my chest, "The more you stay by my side, the more unhappy you are because it's obvious that my heart is not with you,"

Jennifer shook her head, "No, your heart was with me before she came along,"

"I never gave you my whole heart," I corrected the impression.

"Then keep it that way, I'll be the one to open up to you," she said.

I placed the food on the side, "Don't you get it, Jennifer, you're living in denial. All evidence points to Reina being Maya and the more you keep doing this, the more you keep getting hurt,"

"You already hurt me by making me fall for you and promising me marriage," She picked at that.

"And for that, I've apologized and forever would be guilty," I can't even remember how many times I've said this already.

"Then keep being guilty, at least, that would continue to remind you of me, just as the pain reminds you of Maya." She added, "Moreover, we made a deal, until you confirm beyond unreasonable doubt that the woman is Reina, we're very much together. Have a nice day at work Niklaus," She pecked me on the cheek and strode away from the room.

I tousled my hair the moment she left, lying back on my bed with a sigh and staring up at the ceiling with a thousand thoughts.

This was the very reason I loved my playboy days. Then, I was indifferent to women's feelings. Neither did any of them last long enough to create a bond to be guilty over when the agreement ended.

Women were just objects to satisfy my sexual urges until Maya came around and changed my view on love. She made me soft by making me feel things that were now being a disadvantage to me.

I could easily chase Jennifer away but the thought of Neon holds me back plus the morals Maya inputted in me - putting myself in people's shoes always. I keep thinking, what if my child somehow survived and it's being treated that way?

Ugh, this was plain torture.

Standing from the bed, I went to take a shower and prepare for the day ahead. I still had the problem with Reina's company to settle, though she had dropped the charges, we still hadn't reached an agreement yet.

I made it downstairs only to receive a call from Victor, the private investigator for Reina's case.

"Tell me you have good news,"

"You were right, there's a kid," he dropped the news.

I didn't know how to feel, I just stood stunned and out of words. Tears fell from my eyes unknowingly, my child survived. I was greatly relieved.

"But there's something else," He said.

"What is it?" I was slightly anxious, what could be the problem now?

"There's another kid,"

"What?"

"By chance, I happened to find them visiting her apartment this week. I still can't tell whether they're siblings or just a friend accompanying the boy- but the boy was your copy, no doubt,"

I thought hard over it, could it that? Maya had twins for me or that was another man's child? It wasn't impossible, I mean it was seven years already. What if she was secretly married to a powerful rich man, hence her ability to effortlessly hide away from me?

"Send me his pictures," I couldn't wait to see him and confirm it with my own eyes.

"I'm sorry but I don't have any with me. He was so heavily guarded that I couldn't even take a shot from my hiding place. I'm still going to warn you, sir, you're dealing with a dangerous person here,"

"All the better," I told him, "Dig further and call me the instant you find out something,"

"Alright,"

The call ended.

I hardly took the phone off my ear when my lovely daughter made her appearance. Ever since Isabella returned, she hardly spoke a word to me and if she did drop a word, it dripped heavily with sarcasm.

"Where are you going this morning, young lady?" I was surprised at her putting on cute makeup.

Of course, Isabella rolled her eyes.

"I'm going to help your life, "

What? My confusion grew, what was she talking about?

"I'm going to visit Anabelle, do you have any problems with that?" She thrust up her chin, ready for a fight.

I simply regarded her appearance, this was moderate than the ones she wore abroad.

"When you're back, we're going to have a heart to a heart discussion about your recent attitude," I informed her on time.

"If I were you I wouldn't count on that," she retorted without even looking over her shoulder.

"I'm serious here, Isabella," I shouted after her.

"And I'm serious too," My daughter said with no care and left.

Who said fatherhood was easy.

Immediately my phone rang. I groaned inwardly, who was it this time? Looking down at the caller, my mood changed instantly

"Hello? What do you want now, father?" I said sarcastically.

Adam asked, "Who is this Reina I hear about,"

Chapter 265 - Two Hundred And Sixty-five: Headrub

Reina's point of view.

"Who sent this?" I asked, surprised at the flower handed over to me.

"It came with a card, ma'am. I just need you to sign these," the delivery man handed the paper to me which I penned down my name. I almost wrote "Maya" instead of "Reina" but was quick to remember the correct one at the last minute. Phew, that was close.

"Thank you," I smiled at him and closed my door.

"Let's see..." I mumbled, opening the perfumed card, "I can't stop thinking about you, you're stuck in my head. Come on a date with me Reina ~ love, Eden."

"He's quite a cute poet but no would do," I said to myself yet breathing in the refreshing smell from the flower.

"You're staying," I pointed at the flower and kept it on my desk, I would find a vase for it later. Right now, I had an important appointment to catch.

There was no room for distraction, I had a war to fight. I found out that Niklaus's daughter wanted me to make jewelry for her and made a VVIP request. And per the rules - created by me - those kinds of clients were mine to take care of personally.

I didn't know if this was another of Niklaus's ploy to get me to talk to him - he's been bothering me quite a lot lately - or truly his daughter's wish, but I had to go. Besides, it was at his place, who knew what secret I'll stumble upon.

So taking one final glance at my appearance, I picked up my clutch purse and left for his house. None of my guards were following me, I had asked them to stay back; I could handle Niklaus myself.

I drove there, arriving some minutes later than the said time. I was let into the house without any questioning, it seems my appearance was highly awaited.

"Over here, miss," One of the guards led me to the stunning modern front door which was opened before I could even ring the bell.

"You're here," A beautiful girl emerged.

"Isabelle Spencer," I profiled her, "A famous prankster, the only child of Niklaus from his late wife - well not her only, she had siblings now. " A golden yet rebellious child to the point of being a thorn in Niklaus's side".

Amid everything I found out about Isabella, the only thing that warmed my heart is,

"Maya's diehard supporter". Apparently, the little girl had been a shield and protector to me, no Maya. And for that, I was grateful.

"Yes, I am, "I flashed a smile and thrust out my hand," Nice to meet you, I'm Reina Armani, "

"Nice to meet you too, I'm Isabella Spencer, " She enveloped my hand with hers.

While we shook hands, I felt this strong flash of memory; Isabella was much smaller and younger and it looked like?I was trying to get her downstairs as part of a challenge or something.

"Are you okay?" Isabella asked out of worry when she saw me wince, stumbling slightly.

"Yes, I'm okay," I said, gripping onto her for support, " I just feel dizzy and?a need to rest a bit,"

She led me to the living room where she helped me to a couch, I lay back.

"You look sick, do I need to get you medicine?" She gestured and all.

"A painkiller would do the magic, thank you," I told her.

"I think I have one upstairs, I'll get it," she said and zoomed off before I could even say thank you.

With her gone, I closed my eyes and rested. This wasn't the first time I had this mind of migraine. Each time I remember a piece of my life as Maya, it gives me a headache.

But today's own was so strong and overwhelming that I felt like crying. It was as if a hammer was pounding down on my head and I was so grateful that Niklaus was not around. I prepared myself for nothing or so I thought because fate always found ways of messing with me.

"Isabella, where did you say you dropped my...." someone's voice descended the stairs and only stopped when his sight rested on me.

Niklaus. I didn't need to guess that twice.

I unlidged my eyes, staring straight at fiery amber ones, he looked like he could use me for dinner right now.

For a minute, none of us talked nor moved, just stared at each other with emotion till Isabella broke the moment.

"Here's the painkillers - oh, Dad?" She looked genuinely surprised by his appearance. It was impossible to think that this performance was planned.

"Why's Reina here and why does she need painkillers?" Niklaus seemed ignorant of my coming. Was it all planned by Isabella?

"Oh, about that..." She scratched the back of her head, "I need Reina to design a masterpiece for me, so she came over to check the details with me. She just didn't premeditate she would get sick,"

"I'm not sick, it's just a slight headache," I corrected her. I don't need anybody looking at me like I'm some fragile, Chinese ware. Most especially, that look shouldn't come from him Niklaus, he's a great womanizer and actor.

"Headache shouldn't be taken lightly," He said with a look of disapproval, "Some people die from so claimed simple headaches," Niklaus pointed out.

I looked away with a murmur, who was he to give me lectures?

"Here," Isabella handed the tablets to me alongside a glass of water which I used to push the medicine down my throat and laid back again.

"Just so you know, I have a method to help with the headache," Niklaus offered, already going to the back of the couch and tried to touch my hair but I grabbed his hand tight.

Does he think I'm stupid? How could I not know Niklaus wants some strands of my hair for testing.

"What are you doing?" I asked him fiercely.

Niklaus scrunched up his face, "Why are you so jumpy and untrusting? I just want to give you a good head rub, what's so bad in it?"

"H-head rub?" I narrowed my eyes at him in both confusion and suspicion.

"Yes, a head massage," He explained, freed his hands from my grasp, and began to massage my scalp in a way that felt good.

Chapter 266 - Two Hundred And Sixty-six: What Could Make A Man Cry

Niklaus point of view:

I thought I was dreaming when I saw Reina on my couch. But when she held my gaze, staring back at me fearlessly, I knew this was reality.

How and why was she here? I was puzzled. She had been avoiding and canceling my offers to meet in the past days, so why would she suddenly come here all alone and by herself.

But that was until Isabella arrived, it was her doing, no doubt. Guess I wasn't the only one who was skeptical of Reina's identity. For once, I was happy to say that I'm proud of Isabella's underhanded tactics.

Isabella was gravely devastated by Maya's death. Personally, it would have seemed awkward if she saw someone that looked exactly like Maya and did nothing.

"What are you doing?" Reina cast fierce orbs on me.

I gulped yet didn't show it. Instead, I covered it up with a smile, "Why are you so jumpy and untrusting? I just want to give you a good head rub," I lied.

I had ulterior motives and that had been stealing some strands of her hair to use to conduct a DNA test later to confirm her identity.

"Head rub?" she still regarded me suspiciously.

"Yes, a head massage," I freed my hand and began to massage her scalp before she brought up her guard around me.

At first, Reina was cautious of my action. However, by the time I used very firm pressure and a tiny circular motion, gradually moving my fingers up along her hairline until they met in the middle of her forehead, massaging her entire forehead and scalp, she relaxed into my touch. I inched along, massaging her untiringly till she fell asleep.

I only withdrew my hands when she was sound asleep and looked up to find my daughter giving me a knowing look and smile - it was quite creepy, to be honest.

"Urm," Isabella slapped her head as if trying to recall something, "Imma go check if Jennifer and Neon are done with that visit to the dentist, I suddenly need to do some heavy shopping," she said, winking at me. I understood that gesture, Isabella was buying me time.

When Isabella left the house, I carried Reina off the couch, careful not to wake her up. I didn't go to my room, rather took her to Maya's room.

Every room in the house was renovated except that one and kept off-limit to everyone - including Jennifer and she knew better than to disobey that one. Only Amanda was the one who came in to keep it tidy.

I placed her on the bed slowly before lying down beside her. The motive of stealing some strands of her hair was still fresh on my mind and I was set on accomplishing it when a better idea struck me.

I moved closer to Reina, pushed away her hair on her left shoulder, and found what I was searching for; the scar on her left neck.

Dumbfounded was an understatement to describe how I felt, I was struck numb - so much for pretending to be who she wasn't. After the cat and mouse game, I found out about her this easily.

Amid all, I was greatly relieved to know that she was alive. Maya had survived that fall? It was a huge miracle to me. All those years, it had been my guilty conscience tormenting me instead of her supposed ghost.

"Thank God, you're alive," I kissed her forehead, lingering there while tears slipped from my eyes.

Reina's point of view :

I woke up with a startle, how had I fallen asleep that easily? That sly manipulator, luring me to sleep so he can have his way with me must have been his intention.

However, when I turned to the side, my soul almost flew out of his body when I saw the face staring back at me. He was probed upon his arm and staring back at me with red, swollen eyes.

What the fuck? Had he been crying? Why was he crying? Most of all, it was a relief to know that I wasn't exploited sexually.

"I missed you, Maya," He whispered but that statement was as loud as a bomb in my head. My eyes grew wide, how had he found out?

His hand suddenly moved to my face, caressing my cheek. The voice of reasoning told me to take his hand off but I was captivated by the tears streaming down his face.

My heart arched, what could make a man cry this hard?

To my greatest shock, I found myself leaning over to kiss the tears on his face, I wanted to kiss it better. I began to trace his features with my lips before my gaze flickered to his lips, it was so tempting and I wondered how it would feel pressed against mine.

I was suddenly reminded of the day we met, the way Niklaus held and kissed me; heat flared up in the pit of my stomach. This was a mistake - that was for sure- but I'll deal with the consequences later.

So I pressed my lips against him softly, testing the waters gently first. Niklaus didn't rush me either as if he was waiting for me to make up my mind. Then I deepened it, kissing him hard as the passion ignited between us, he tasted like heaven.

I pried his teeth open, forcing my tongue in and drinking from him. His hand went around to lift me, readjusting himself on the bed, and made me sit astride him.

While I kissed him, running my hands through his hair, his hand slipped into my shirt, caressing the skin beneath before moving to my breast and cupped it.

A moan escaped my throat yet he swallowed it. Niklaus pulled away, trailing kisses down my neck and sucking on my sensitive spot, my moans reverberating across the room.

I was heady with desire and Niklaus wasn't left out either. Raw, intense hunger could be seen in his darkened eyes which made me shiver. The sly curve of his lips and the lascivious glint in his eyes held sweet dark promises of what was to come. Which I would have enjoyed immensely if we weren't interrupted.

Chapter 267 - Two Hundred And Sixty-seven: Isabella Played Her

The third point of view

"Just limit the number of sweets you give to him and his teeth would live longer," the dentist advised, done with his checkup.

"Alright. Thanks, doctor," Jennifer stretched her hand for Neon to take, "Come, let's go home, baby boy"

Neon nodded, he was excited to be out of here. Jennifer took her child's hand and was about to leave when she received a call,

"Isabella?" that was surprising.

"Hey Jennifer, are you done with the checkup?" Isabella asked from the other line.

"Y-yeah," she was breathless. Isabella had not spoken to her for days now, so this was quite a miracle. If she could get Isabella to like her - not that she hasn't tried- it would benefit her in the long run. Isabella was the apple of Niklaus's eyes, get her and you get him.

"Is there a problem?"

"Ah, yeah," Isabella sounded a bit unsure. Strange, she was always firm about what she wanted, Jennifer noticed.

"I just found out how horrible my wardrobe is after I returned here. So I wanted you to come with me to shop. You know to advise me on some stuff?"

Jennifer pursed her lips, "Would you really like that? The last clothes I bought you, you told me you weren't a Barbie girl in a pink world," Jennifer pointed out.

"Because they're pink and I hate the color pink,"

"Then it's obvious? I wouldn't be much of a help to you- my fashion sense lacks anyway,"

"No, don't hang up?" Isabella was quick to add, "I just need you to guide me on the feminine trend, I'll pick out the clothes. Besides, shopping is boring when you're doing it alone, please?"

Jennifer scratched her brow, it sounded almost as if Isabella wanted her presence desperately. Well, there was no harm in going, who knows? Luck might shine on her and they become besties.

"So where are you exactly?" Jennifer inquired, so she could drive over there.

"Right outside the dentist,"

"Huh?" Wait, she was here?

Isabella hung up the call.

Surprised yet filled with anticipation, Jennifer made her way outside where indeed Isabella was leaning against her car.

"Sister Isabella!" Neon broke free from her clasp and rushed to Isabella who picked and lifted him off the ground.

"That's my boy," She ruffled his hair playfully.

Jennifer smiled wistfully at the scene, they could be one big family you know? Isabella loved Neon, so did Niklaus and she loved them all. They would be a happy family if only that woman wouldn't appear to cause them trouble - neither was she ready to tell Niklaus she saw Reina with a child that looks like him.

Even without a DNA test done, Jennifer had put two and two together when Reina appeared beside the little boy that day they had an altercation. She had no idea how Reina survived that fall off the bridge and the reason she was denying being Maya.

However, Jennifer hoped it remained that way - she would the poor woman by keeping her mouth shut about the boy.

She drove Isabella to a departmental store where she began a shopping spree. To be honest, It was fun but there was just something off. Is Isabella being this warm to her? It was odd.

Yes, Isabella treated her well but she was kept at an arm's length - as if the girl was afraid of letting her into her heart. The only person who received her whole affection was Neon. So why would Izzy turn friendly unless this was some sort of bribe? Bribe for what? Did she want a favor from her or something? What could that possibly be?

"Yo, Jennifer come check this out?" Isabella called out, rousing her from her reverie.

She went over only for Isabella to drape some luxurious faux fur scarf around her shoulder.

"Oh, that looks good on you, plus matches the color of your hair," Isabella flattered her.

"Yeah, looks good but this is not my style..." Jennifer began to take it off but Isabella stopped her saying,

"That looks good on you and I'll buy it because it's my shopping, not yours," she declared, already handing out her card to the sales clerk.

Jennifer sighed, "Isabella, why are you doing this?"

"What do you mean why am I doing this?" She asked with a straight face.

"I mean, we've never gone shopping before and then you've not been talking to me for the past few days but now, you're being so friendly, what's the catch?" Jennifer threw her hands up, this was too good to be true.

"Are you doubting my goodwill?" Isabella asked her, jaw clenched.

She gulped, "Yes, no, I'm not?-"

"I found out how much of a bitch I've been lately and decided to mend our awkward relationship starting with this shopping and this is what I got in return?" She fumed.

"Come on Isabella, see from my perspective, you're suddenly super nice. You're never this good - which is creepy," Jennifer complained.

"Alright, thanks for your doubt, I'm going to check up on Neon and see how's he doing in the children's section," Isabella said with a wry smile and left.

"Seriously, Isabella? " Jennifer was frustrated. So much for making progress!

Jennifer was in the process of ruffling her hair out of frustration when a notification came into her phone. Her brows furrowed when she saw a strange number sent her

Her eyes suddenly widened when she clicked open the notification to see a picture of Reina at her place and Isabella opening the door with a huge smile.

She was wrong, Isabella wasn't asking for a favor, this was a distraction. Isabella had been playing her all this while!

With anger, Jennifer stormed out of the store and got to her car, driving back home at once. Niklaus was still home and if Reina was there, who knew what those two were doing by now?

Niklaus could have discovered the truth already or even worse, they could be doing something.... The thought plus anxiety, fueled Jennifer so much that she raced like a pro racer, reaching the house with a record time.

She didn't even pack properly, jumped out of the car, stride - ran into the house, and stopped short at what she stumbled upon.

Chapter 268 - Two Hundred And Sixty-eight: His Fiancée

Reina's point of view

The call from Nik's phone had been a savior.

It brought my mind back around, reminded me of what I almost committed myself to. What the hell was wrong with me?

"You have a call" I reminded Niklaus when he purposely allowed the phone to ring on.

"I don't care," he mumbled, trailing kisses down my neck.

I suppressed a moan, I had to untangle myself from this mess. "Niklaus, answer the damn phone," I mustered enough strength to push him away.

This time he listened, picking the call while I got off the bed and rushed to the door, hoping to escape but it was locked - I should have known. No wonder he seemed so relaxed answering the call because he knew I couldn't escape.

Knowing escape was not likely, I decided to use that opportunity to make myself presentable. I looked a mess; the buttons on my shirt were open, my bra one-sided, my hair disheveled and my makeup ruined.

There was a standing mirror in the room which I used to view myself and for a moment there, I thought I saw a girl of the same features as me but with brown hair instead, imitating my very actions.

The headache returned, I rubbed my forehead. I was not stupid not to notice my memories were returning and I couldn't tell if that was a good thing.

Truth be told, I was scared; scared that I might have been wrong about Nik all these while; scared that I might return into being the pathetic Maya who couldn't protect herself because she was too weak.

My breath hitched when I felt strong arms wrap around my waist from behind, it was Niklaus - talk about escape.

I turned around in his arms to meet his face but gulped instead. There was something different about the way he gazed at me today, it was tender and affectionate and I didn't want to believe it - it made butterflies flutter in my belly.

"Niklaus, whatever happened earlier between us was a mistake. It was just our pathetic hormones trying to make us do something awful ... you know what? I have to go," I placed my hand on his chest to create some space between us, but all I did was make me aware of how taut his muscle of his chest was. How can someone have a godlike body?

"Mhmm, continue? " Was all he said, beginning to trace the curve of my waist.

"Niklaus!" I was strict this time, "I have to go," My control was slowly slipping and I didn't like it.

"Fine, have coffee with me and you can leave," He wasn't asking, this was an order - like I was going to accept in the first place.

"I don't have much time to waste," Was my reply which made his lips tilt to the side. That wasn't a good sign, right?

"Then we can continue where we stopped, gladly," He had already lowered his head to kiss me when I shouted quickly.

"Fifteen minutes. Not less than that,"

There was humor in his eye, "Deal, my lady,"

He let go of me slowly, making sure his hand trailed down the curve of my butt. Seriously, that sly asshole!

With irritation, I strode to the door, already waiting for his royal highness - note the sarcasm- to come and open it.

Niklaus fished out a key from his pocket and opened the door through which I stepped out. But that asshole made a comment that made me stop in my tracks.

"Nice ass you got there, Reina"

I went red in the face instantly and turned around to give him a piece of my angry mind, only to bump into him.

I glanced up to see his brow raise questioningly, "Reina.." he called my name so softly it was almost a whisper, "Are you trying to seduce me?"

"What?" I almost spat blood. But I was never one to give up without a fight, "Seduce you? Who was the way who brought me to the bed?" Let's see how he would get out of this one.

"Oh? This is how I get paid for my act of free will?" he scoffed.

"Free what?" what was he talking about?

"You had a headache and I, out of my generous heart willingly gave you a head massage that you enjoyed so much that you fell asleep. Like the gentleman I am, I knew the couch was uncomfortable and brought you to a bed so you could have a comfortable rest. Also, I slept beside you just to chase the mosquitoes from biting you and didn't even molest you yet you accuse me of seducing you? You were even the one who kissed me, shouldn't I be the one who should complain about molestation? "

I was tongue-tied by the time Niklaus was through. Seduced? Molested? I did all those. How could this guy be so shameless, he was obviously making me the guilty one here.

" I seduced you first? You were the one who preyed on my consciousness by crying, producing the thought of kissing your tears better!" I blurted out.

"Oh," Nik was taken aback by my confession, "So Reina.." he began with a straight face, "What you're trying to say is that you kiss any guy that sheds tears from his eye?"

I was short of words, Niklaus was angering me to death. Was he accusing me of kissing any guy I just met? I knew I could just ignore him but that accusation bothered me so much that I felt the need to clarify this misunderstanding.

"I have not seen a man cry nor have I kissed any crying man, only you! "?Wait a minute... It finally dawned on me.

This son of a biscuit had been goading me all along; he wanted this reaction out of me.

"I hate you," I said and stomped away.

"Reina, you don't hate those you kiss with fervor and you're going in the direction of my bedroom,"

I heard his annoying voice from behind and retraced my way back to him with blushing cheeks.

"If you want me that much, you just have to ask darling," He openly flirted with me.

I ignored him and he took that as a cue to lead me back to the living room.

"Follow me," He said and I did, guessing he was heading in the direction of the kitchen to make the so-called coffee.

Fine, some minutes more and I'm out of here.

Though I was irked by Niklaus' presence, I still couldn't help but get enthralled by the way he carried himself with grace. The more I watched him, the more I kept getting flashes of memories and déjà vu. I did live here - that was for sure considering I was his daughter's nanny.

"A cup of coffee for a beautiful lady and I hope you enjoy bitter coffee cause mine is acridly bitter,"

At the mention of bitter, I thought I saw something and the next thing I knew, I had stretched my hand to stop Niklaus from taking the coffee into his mouth

"What is it, Reina? " Niklaus asked me, surprised.

I stilled, what just happened. For an instant there, I had a feeling someone mixed fenugreek seeds with his coffee seeds which gives it a more acrid taste.

"Nothing," I sat back down. I guess it was my stupid imagination because the kitchen I saw in my memory wasn't the same designs like this one.

Niklaus didn't say anything further, he simply gave me a long stare and resumed his coffee. I took a sip from the coffee too and gosh, it was bitter. How can he drink this so easily like it was water?

I set my barely drunken coffee down, using that opportunity to look around the kitchen and for some reason, something felt off.

"Did you renovate this place?"

"Yes, why do you ask?" Nik was quick to question me.

"Nothing, it just feels new," was my lie, but the look Niklaus gave me told me he didn't believe a word. Had Nik somehow discovered something about me? These looks of his were beginning to unsettle me.

"When are you going to stop with these games, Maya?" Niklaus dropped the bombshell.

I looked up, his gaze was firm and determined. I knew he had no evidence to support that claim, he was just trying to trick me into saying the truth; he was in for a loss.

"When are you going to stop being obsessed with me and focus on your fiancée, Niklaus?" I retorted.

Speaking of his fiancée...

Jennifer barged into the kitchen, startled at seeing the two of us together. I smirked, someone must have tipped her of me being here else she wouldn't be heaving like an elephant - she must have run over here the moment she received the news.

"Jennifer," Niklaus was surprised at seeing her here. I guess Isabella's plan didn't work out so well.

"What's she doing here?" her heated gaze was set on me. She would murder me with those eyes if they were bullets.

This was going to be fun to watch.

Chapter 269 - Two Hundred And Sixty-Nine: The Truth

Reina's point of view

"What's she doing here?" her heated gaze settled on me. However, when she turned to Niklaus, she assumed a meek and calm demeanor. Women were pretty good pretenders.

"She became my guest after Isabella bailed out on her," Niklaus answered.

"Your guest?" Her assessing gaze scanned me and trust me, I chose that moment to tactically display the hickey on my neck.

Her eyes darkened but she covered it up with a smile, "Oh, so that was what happened,"

Jennifer sauntered over to me, stretching her hand for a handshake, "Hi, I'm Jennifer, Niklaus' fiancée," she emphasized on "Fiancée" to the point that Niklaus became clearly uncomfortable.

"Hi, I'm Reina. It's nice meeting you," I accepted her firm handshake.

"Honestly," she pulled her hand away, "I didn't know what to think of you when I saw that video of you kissing Niklaus," She added, "I thought, who is this hole kissing my fiancée but seeing you now, I guess it's all a misunderstanding. You look like a fine, young lady who can cater for herself and more," she said all this with a sweet smile on her face.

It was good to know that my intuition wasn't wrong, the quiet ones are always the best pretenders.

"And Reina was just leaving, " Niklaus was not pleased by her comment even though she tried to make it seem harmless.

I raised my hand to stop Niklaus, two can play this game, "Oh, about that, I'm truly sorry," I mustered an apologetic face, I guess being an actress in the past does come in handy now.

I continued, "You see, Niklaus and I met that day to clear some problems between our company, I just never expect him to mistake me for his late ex-girlfriend?and you know..." I shrugged, "The kiss happened which I'm truly sorry for even though he's the one who initiated it - he must have loved his ex dearly, " I said innocently.

Jennifer struggled to keep her boiling emotion in check but her mask was cracking. I warned her never to start a war she couldn't fight.

I had gone through training and experiences that had taught me to perfectly hide my emotions and the right time to use them as a weapon, manipulating them to my advantage. The only person who could ruffle my feathers at the moment was Niklaus - which I seriously don't like - Jennifer was just a piece of cake.

When she tried to speak, I quickly added, "But don't worry, Niklaus and I are very good friends now thanks to Isabella," I turned to him gleefully, "I give you the exclusive right to use those designs,"

Niklaus gave me a wry smile, he wanted to flatter me but the tense atmosphere plus the pinning look from Jennifer shut him up.

"That's good to know," Jennifer smiled at me as a show of her gratitude. Oh please, who was she deceiving? "At least dear, you won't have to stay up all night thinking about the company anymore, right?" Jennifer said, going to wrap her arms around his waist possessively.

"Get off,"

"What?" Jennifer's face distorted in belief.

"Fuck off this instant!" Niklaus bellowed, startling Jennifer who jumped away from him with a look of horror.

My brow raised at the sudden turn of events, what brought on this sudden change in him? Niklaus had been condoning her wiles all these while, why was he suddenly disgruntled?

"You know where the door is Reina, make use of it," He dismissed me and grabbed onto Jennifer, "Follow me," Niklaus dragged her out of the kitchen and up the stairs.

"I guess this is my cue to find my way out of here," I mumbled and picked my things to leave this place. I don't know everything about Niklaus but that fierce look on his face told me things are about to get pretty intense in there.

"Maya?" I heard someone call my name when I successfully made it to the living room. I turned around to see a middle-aged woman who had this frigid smile mixed with doubt on her face.

"Who..?"

I was slammed to her plump body with a great force that knocked the breath out of my lungs. Alright, she's a hugger.

"How can this be possible?" she teared up which I hated, to be honest - tears were threatening to fall off my eyes too? No, I had to be strong!

She pulled away, taking a good look at me, "How are you alive? You were proclaimed dead, we even had a burial for you! Do you know how much Niklaus suffered thinking you were dead?" she bombarded me with questions.

"Niklaus suffered?" That was the only one I was able to understand.

"How could you be alive and not notify us?"

"I'm sorry but I'm not -" I could not finish the rest of my words because she hugged me again.

"Niklaus wasn't himself when you died, Maya. If it wasn't for his daughter Isabella, I was sure he would jump down that bridge with you,"

I was just about to push her away when I heard that comment and for some reason, my heart ached. I felt sadness wash over me. Wait a minute, was I actually feeling compassion for Niklaus?

"I'm sorry but I'm not Maya," I pushed with my might, making an escape for the door while she kept on calling after me with the name, "Maya,"

I made a mad rush for my car and out of the corner of my eyes, saw Isabella moving toward me, yelling "Maya!" too.

"You all should just leave me alone!" I screamed, climbed into the car, and drove off.

I felt underwater. Everything I was told since I came out of that coma was crumbling down, they were lies? I didn't want to believe it, father loves me so much. He wouldn't go to the extent of fooling me just to exact revenge on the guy I loved, right? Loved? What joke? He's playing with your feelings, the evidence is there.

My head swelled with so many thoughts that I found myself driving straight to my father's place. I needed the truth and it was time someone provided it.

At the mansion, I didn't even respond to the greetings from the gang members, heading straight to my father's office.

"What do you plan to do to Niklaus?!" I stormed in.

Chapter 270 - Two Hundred And Seventy: Sadistic Side Of Him

Jennifer's point of view

I was so scared of this side of Niklaus. He had never raised his voice on me until today and he looked so frightening.

"Niklaus, you're hurting me," I cried out yet he gave me a deaf ear nor did he slow down his strides.

Why was he treating me this way? All I did was just say the truth, why was I now the evil one and Reina goes scot-free? It was so unfair!

I knew they did something in here, I saw the hickey on Reina's shoulder which she showed off on purpose. Even without that, I saw Niklaus's wrinkled shirt and slightly messy hair - he must have tried to tidy up, but he failed to cover up everything. Niklaus was a person who enjoyed cleanliness, even a dirty spot on his clothes upsets him, not to talk of rumpled ones.

"Get in!" He pushed me inside the room. Wait a minute, this was my room, why would he bring me here unless...

"Pack your things and get the hell out of my house" He spat fiercely.

"What?" No way, this couldn't be happening, "You're pulling my legs, right?" I laughed uneasily.

His gaze pierced into me, "You heard me right, pack your things and get the hell out of here!"

"No, you can't do this to me" I shook my head stubbornly, tears falling from my eyes, "Niklaus, you don't mean this..." I tried touching him but he hissed at me, "You're just angry, when you're calm, you'd realize you're making a mistake,"

"Don't make me repeat myself twice cause you're not going to like what I would do to you," The threat in his voice was obvious but I refused to believe it. Niklaus was not this kind of person.

"I'm sorry," I got on my knees and began to plead with him, "If it's because of Reina, then I'll go over to her place and apologize, no, kowtow to her, but please don't send me away,"

"You of all people, Jennifer..." he spoke through gritted teeth, "Knew what the hellish ordeal I went through the past seven years, and now I've been given a second chance, you dare to try to ruin it?! " he yelled at me; eyes red and wide from anger," Moreover, we had a deal and now I've confirmed she's Maya, it's time to honor your end of the deal, "

"No! You heard her today, she insisted to be Reina," I argued.

"That's none of your business, Jennifer," He told me, "Why she's pretending to be another person she isn't is left for me to figure out. Now get out of here!" He treated me like I was some trash.

I would not take this.

I shot up to my feet, fist clenched "You did this to me, Niklaus! You made me fall for you and this is how you treat me? I'm the victim here! Can't you see it, I'm the one who suffered the damages in this game of yours!" I screamed right at his face. I didn't care if I looked like a lunatic right now.

To my horror, Niklaus' eyes darkened, there was this murderous glint in his eyes as he whispered, "How dare you? "

That whisper sent shivers down my spine, I took a step back. Niklaus was becoming increasingly scary, I didn't like it one bit.

"How dare you try to emotionally manipulate me?" he questioned, his eyes looking like a storm was brewing in there.

I forgot to breathe when he backed me into the wall roughly. I whimpered from the pain but he didn't seem to hear it or choose to ignore it. He grabbed my chin so tight it hurt, the tears fell faster

"Who do you think you are to try to emotionally blackmail me, Jennifer? Do you even know who I am? Just because I let go of my dark side, you try to play me like a yoyo, is that it?!"

I could only shake my head in reply, it was not like I could speak anyway; Niklaus clamped my jaw so tight I could only make muffled noises.

It hurt and he seemed to enjoy my terrified state. It was so heartbreaking, I've been with Niklaus for seven years and I never knew he had this sadistic side to him, I was so scared now.

Niklaus went on, "I've made people disappear without a trace, done so many bad things and gotten away with it. Yet, you little fly with no value dare to manipulate me?"

I cried further, I was so afraid for my future now. He could kill me if that satisfies me but I was concerned for my son, Neon. Niklaus would not kill him because I know he loved him more than he ever loved me - Neon was a substitute for his son he thought died - but what if he takes Neon away from me?

Neon was my life, he was my everything. What if Niklaus keeps Neon away from me as some sort of punishment? No, I would rather die than accept that.

"I'm taking into account the time we spent together, but if you ever step foot here - unless I order so - I'll make sure you never set eyes on Neon ever again," Niklaus threatened, let go of my chin and stride away without glancing back.

I said it, he knew.

I slid down the wall to the ground, bringing my knees up to my chest, and cried my heart out. I was a fool to have believed Niklaus. He said he was going to make me happy! He said we were going to get married and make a comfortable family! They were all lies! Niklaus lied to me! He used me!

With anger burning in my heart and fresh tears blurring my sight, I shot up to my feet and began to pack up.

All of a sudden, I tossed the bag to the side. I don't need this, I don't need this shit! I would leave my stuff here so when Niklaus passes here, he would be reminded of me and the guilt would eat away at him.

A smile curved my lips, I would do exactly that. This was not yet over, Nik would still come back to me. He loves me, he just hasn't realized it because Reina has bewitched him.

I grabbed only my purse, cards, and other necessary documents, stuffed them into my handbag, and made my way downstairs.

Isabella was there with Neon and she seemed to know what happened since she had this apologetic look on her face. The day I leave, she finally shows her sincere emotion, how pathetic!

She lowered her head apologetically, "I'm sorry for - "

"Keep it, I don't need it," I raised my hand, cutting her off. I snatched Neon from her, he looked at me with eyebrows drawn together in confusion.

"Let's go,"

"Go where? "

"Anywhere but here," I answered blandly

"Will Isabella come along with us?" he asked, pointing at Isabella who looked away from the guilt.

"No, it's just you and I; the two of us alone," I answered, getting annoyed by his probing question. Couldn't he just look around and sense the unwelcomed mood here? Neon was so dumb, no wonder Reina's kid was able to beat him.

"No, I don't want to go without Izzy," He slipped from my grasp and ran to Isabella's side. This angered me and I went over and dragged him back, slapping him on the cheek.

"Jennifer!" Isabella was stunned and tried to step in but I pinned her with a look.

"You're not a family member, don't get in the way of me disciplining my son," I told her off.

"Suit yourself!" Isabella stormed away while Neon cried for her to return. He was such a crybaby, why couldn't he do one thing right.

"Get off the floor," I began to pull him away.

"Jennifer," Someone called my name and I turned around to meet Amanda. "What is it?" I didn't have much patience anymore.

"Sir Niklaus asked me to give this to you," She handed a black card to me, " He said the amount should be sufficient for you to live a comfortable life with Neon,"

I took it without thinking twice.

Yes, you might ask why I took the card? I wasted seven years of my life with him, I deserved this at the barest. I had married my husband at the age of eighteen and he

died just a year later, so I was still quite young and attractive. While my friends were dating and getting married, I remained devoted to Niklaus, and in the end, this is what I get in return.

I took one final glance at the place I once called home and took my leave. Neon had calmed down but he wasn't talking to me - I'll get him to talk later by bribing him with ice cream. I drive off in my car without looking back.

Logging into a hotel, I began to think about my next step of my life when my phone lit up with a message. It was from that same number that sent me the photo earlier. Who the hell was this, I wondered.

Curiously, I clicked on the message,

"Let's meet up, Jennifer"