

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 281 - Two Hundred And Eighty-one: Tried To Kill Me - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 281 - Two Hundred And Eighty-one: Tried To Kill Me

Chapter 281 - Two Hundred And Eighty-one: Tried To Kill Me

The third point of view:

"Hey,"

"Hey" Emily was breathless when she saw Kai, no, Judy, ugh! Whatever!

Ever since that time they kissed during their reunion, she's been tactically avoiding him. Yes, she admits she still has feelings left for Judy but then, she's a married woman.

Emily let him in, acutely aware of the way his eyes took her in and the smell of the aftershave he used.

"What do you want?" She asked and turned around to meet him, almost jumping out of her skin as she realized how close they were.

"You've been avoiding me?" He pointed out, closing the space between them.

Emily gulped but she couldn't tell if it was from the seriousness of the question or their proximity.

Yes, it felt good but Emily didn't like it. She felt heady, and whenever she was drunk, her inhibitions lower and she ends up doing something she would regret.

This was why she gave up drinking years ago. As the wife of a man involved in politics, she had to become a proper lady. It would spell scandal and smear her husband's reputation if it ends up on the tabloid that the governor's wife was found drunk or doing something stupidly hilarious.

"Judy..." She placed her hands on his broad chest to push him away, "I need air,"

But he grabbed her hands and pinned them above her head, pressing her against the door, "Are you sure that's what you want?" he whispered into her ears, intentionally nipping her earlobe.

Emily melted inside, her body trembled from that little contact. It was exhilarating, she couldn't remember the last time Ahmed made her feel this way. Who was she kidding? He had never made her feel like this, they always had sex for a purpose.

Their first sex was because of the drugs - the day they established that deal. The second time was to consummate their marriage, the rest of it was always to try out for a baby which has been unsuccessful till now.

"I'm a married woman, Judy," Emily tried to hold on to that tiny voice of reasoning in her head, "What we are doing right now is called adultery,"

"Is that so?" Judy lifted his head to look into her eyes after she made that comment.

Christ! His eyes were still as stunning as before, her heart was slamming against her chest.

"Then, I don't mind going to hell because of you," He said and attacked her neck.

Emily gasped as he sucked on his sweet spot. She was wet below and it wasn't helping matters that she wanted to thread her hands through his hair if not that he was holding them.

"Judy...." She heaved as he kissed his way up her neck and back down before moving to the other shoulder while his other hand traced the curve of her waist.

"We can't do this. Cecil would be back with Akim soon," Emily hardly recognized her voice anymore. She was panting like a wolf in heat.

"Much better,"

"W-what?" she choked, confused.

"This means there's no time left, we have to get down to business," He smirked at her and at once, slipped his hand into the inside of her shirt from below and traced the curve of her waist without hindrance from the fabric.

Shivers ran down her spine, his touch was branding her flesh and crumbling down her defenses.

"Why are you holding yourself back, Emily?" he mused, kissing his way to the corner of her lips, tempting her.

"Because I know I would lose myself completely to you once I give in," Emily said mentally. She couldn't do this, it would be betraying Ahmed.

"You were once the most adventurous and passionate women I've ever known, where has that woman gone? Or were you just pretending to be one all along?!" He growled at her face.

That comment made something snap inside of her, "Damn you!" She gave in.

Emily freed her hands, placed those on his shoulder, and hoisted herself up, wrapping her legs around his waist.

Judy smirked, he had awoken the real Emily.

She grabbed his hair tight, lowering it to smash her lips against his. The kiss was needy and hurried while fulfilling her wish of running her hand through his hair.

Judy pushed her up against the door, responding to the kiss hard and passionately. His tongue slid into her mouth as they began a battle of dominance.

Emily moaned, she has not felt this way in a long time; hot and lustful for someone; hence thirsted for it. She began to make a slow, sensual, grind against him. Judy hissed, fisting his hand in her hair and pressing the evidence of his arousal against him. This fervent woman was the Emily he knew.

Both of them were on fire and would have really taken things further, had a knock not sounded on the door - Cecil and Akim were back.

It felt as if cold water was poured on Emily. It dawned on her how far she would have gone with Judy had that knock not surfaced. She almost committed an abominable act. Shame washed over her.

"We would talk about this later," She told him, tidied herself, and went to answer the door.

"Hi, baby," She welcomed her son on a wheelchair.

As expected, Judy was a perfect match and would transfer the bone marrow soon. But first, Akim's body needs to be prepared to receive which is why they've started the conditioning regimen. This would take weeks before the actual transplant - depending on the readiness of his body.

"How was the little walk with Cecil? Do you feel any better?" She squatted down to his level while asking that.

Akim had complained about being bored in here having been cooped up all day and so Cecil decided to take him on a trip around the hospital, just so he could get some air.

"Hey, look, it's the prince again," The boy was excited upon seeing Judy.

Emily met Cecil's searching eyes. Without a doubt, the woman already had an idea of what went on here.

"Hi, boy," Judy also crunched down beside Emily which made her uncomfortable, especially with the way their thighs were slightly touching.

"How do you feel?" Judy asked his son with a smile.

"Well, the treatment does make me extremely tired, so exhausted would perfectly describe how I feel," Akim answered joyfully. Ever since he laid his eyes on Prince Kai, he liked him. The boy envied him and wished to be a prince like him.

Why? Everybody worshipped Royalty and wouldn't dare to speak ill of them. They are honored and loved. Maybe if he somehow becomes one, his father, Ahmed, would treat him better.

"You and my mommy must be good friends because you come here almost all the time," Akim pointed out innocently.

Both of them were taken apart by the bluntness of the question but Judy was quick to reply, "Yes, we are friends, very good friends," He said with his eyes trained on her, she looked away.

Judy had wanted to expose to Akim that he was his father but Emily had stubbornly refused. According to her, Akim was going through a very tough and mentally draining sickness. The least she wanted to do was add to the little boy's problems.

To avoid further unwanted contact, Emily stood to her feet intending to give the father and son time to bond when she heard him say,

"And to reward you for being a strong boy amid this challenging sickness, the queen has decided to come to pay you a visit,"

Emily's head whipped around to him from disbelief. She hurriedly instructed, "Cecil, can you please help Akim settle down while I have a brief talk with Judy- I mean, prince Kai?"

Cecil nodded, "Sure,"

"Let's go," Emily grabbed his hand and led him into the other room, closing the door behind them.

"What was the meaning of that?" she fumed.

"What do you mean?" Judy's brow drew together in confusion.

"You told your mother about him?"

"Why won't I tell her about Akim, he's her grandson for Christ's sake and the future king," he said.

Emily ran her hand through her hair, "You should have informed me at least before making arrangements for a boy who is undergoing chemotherapy to meet with the queen who happens to be his grandmother yet has no idea of that, have you ever wondered if Akim would be able to take all of this in?"

"I'm sorry," Judy was guilty, he didn't exactly think about that. He was just so excited about showing off his son to the world and stopping his mother from sending strange women to his bed.

"No!" Emily refused to take that shit, "You're so fond of doing this! You survived the incident all those years but then you decided all by yourself to let me believe you were dead!"

"I had no choice. Even if I were alive, what could I possibly do? You watched how your father separated the both of us, what could I have done if I came back at that time?!" He flew into a temper too.

"You could have at least called me!" Emily wiped the tears from her face furiously, "You could have given me hope! Told me to hold on that you're fighting to come back stronger and better! I would have fought on instead of surrendering early!"

"I couldn't because your father was the one who tried to kill me!" he blurted on.

Chapter 282 - Two Hundred And Eighty-two: Loose Screw In The Head

The third point of view

"Mom, I'm tired," the boy cried out, "Can I rest now?" he pleaded

"Rest?" Jennifer had an angry look on her face. She walked over to her son where he was seated on the chair in front of his study desk.

"Did I just hear the word rest from your mouth?" She gripped his jaw tight, causing him pain, "If you were half as smart as Reina's son, we wouldn't have been chased off!" She barked at him.

The harsh treatment made tears drop from his eyes, he began to wail like a banshee.

"Take a look at yourself?! All you know how to do best is cry and eat! What can you do,?you crybaby!" She began to slap his cheeks while Neon cried on.

"Mommy, I'm afraid," Neon slobbered since he had his mouth open wide crying.

Jennifer grabbed his root tight, forcing his face in her direction, saying threateningly, "If you don't master the periodic table by the time I'm back, I'll starve you for two days straight,"

Done, she shoved him off.

"Idiot," She cursed, straightening her button-up shirt, picked her purse from the study desk she had dropped earlier, and left.

Trembling, Neon huddled in his chair while crying. He was so scared. His mother changed ever since they left Niklaus' place. She gets angry at the slightest provocation, hits him once he makes a little mistake, and keeps comparing him to Allen, Reina's son.

"Where are you, Isabella? I'm so frightened," He whispered, wishing his sister was by his side. She promised to protect him, but then? She abandoned him.?They were all liars.

Jennifer made sure the door was locked, before she made her way to the garage and entered her car, zooming off. Thanks to the money Niklaus gave her, it wasn't difficult to find a house on the market which she purchased immediately.

Now, she had to go meet that crazy old man called Niklaus' father and know what he truly wants from her.

Yes, Adam was the one who sent her those photos, she found out that day they met. Though he hasn't told her what he wants from her, Jennifer bet he would spill his guts today.

As expected, it was a high-end restaurant and the man preserved a table next to the window side.

"You're late," Adam told her with a frown, checking the expensive wristwatch on his wrist, "My time is quite important to me; every second wasted is money,"

"Well, I had something to do, and don't tell me you're seriously complaining? Don't you have patience in your calendar?" she told him without as much as an apologetic look.

The frown on Adam's face increased, she had no fear nor respect - this one would be quite stubborn to control.

"Alright. Have a seat then," Adam hid his irritation beneath a smile. He knew girls like them and how to bend them to his will.

Adam opened the menu placed on the table, "You must be hungry, what do you want to _"

"Why am I here?" Jennifer interrupted him, going straight to the point, "I believe you didn't send those pictures and then meet up with me, without wanting a favor in return,"

Adam paused briefly, stunned by her directness. He dropped the menu, kept his intertwined hands on the table, and looked into her eyes saying, "It's more of a deal than favor - you benefit and I do too,"

A smile tugged Jennifer's lips to the side, "Color me interested,"

Adam smiled too, he has dropped the bait, the fish has been hooked, "As you know, I'm not in support of the woman Niklaus appears infatuated with,"

"You mean Reina?"

"Yes, it seems. You see, anyone with that miserable woman's face called 'Maya' is bad luck to us Spencers. I don't want that bad luck in my family again," Adam confessed.

But then, to his greatest surprise, Jennifer began to laugh at him; a burst of long, hysterical laughter that made him uncomfortable.

"What is funny about what I just said? "Adam was confused.

"It seems you're behind on your update but let me do you the favor of giving you the latest information," She leaned closer, "That woman Reina, that looks like Maya, is indeed Maya. Both are the same person and the reason Niklaus chased me off because he confirmed her identity," Jennifer notified him.

Adam was taken aback by that disclosure. Reina was Maya? Why didn't he know about that? It seems that ingrate Eden had a hand in this!

"This makes it all better then. It's obvious we have a common enemy. I need you to be my spokesperson; the woman I have chosen for my son, Niklaus. I just need you to get Niklaus wrapped around your fingers while I settle the rest. How's that?" he proposed.

"So in one word, you want me to be your puppet?" was Jennifer's reply.

"It might seem that way at first but the benefit outweighs the negative - you'd be with Niklaus at last," He added, "And with my whole support - trust me, you don't want to be on my bad side,"

Jennifer sensed the threat beneath his words, he wasn't giving her an option. It was a do-or-die affair. But then, she was not to be messed with either.

"You know," Jennifer began, relaxing against her seat, "People say experience is the best teacher, but I strongly disagree with that. You don't need to encounter an incident firsthand before one learns, rather I learn from the mistakes of others and Tina's downfall has taught me that having a deal with the likes of you is a death trap,"

"So you're rejecting my offer?" his tone was not exactly pleased.

"Yes, I am," she quickly said, "And before you go about threatening me, I'd have you know that I just recorded our conversation..." she said, showing him the recording, "And sent it to a reliable source in case something does happen to me mysteriously," she hinted he might try to harm her.

Adam was amused, " That's quite funny. What makes you think that a man of my status would be thwarted by such useless evidence if I wanted to eliminate you," He whispered to her, " I have the law in my hands, "

"Ahh," Jennifer nodded her head,

"I know about that which is why I'd send it to Niklaus instead, "

The color drained from Adam's face.

"Niklaus might not love me the way he loves Reina but I believe I meant something big to him. So imagine what would happen if I died questionably and he comes across this recording? What do you think he would do? Moreover, your relationship with him as of late is quite" Jennifer intentionally trailed off, but she knew he got her point.

Adam's jaw ticked, his fist clenched. This was the first time he was being put in such a tight and unfavorable position. He thought he got himself a trump card, sadly, it was a trojan horse.

"Listen here, Oldman," Jennifer didn't hide the contempt in her voice, "I'll get Niklaus in my own way and no one would stop me - not even you,"

It dawned on Adam, this woman was on a whole higher level than Tina. Christina, though greedy for the throne, still desired for Niklaus's heart but this woman? She was dangerous of all because she only aimed for the price- Niklaus! And when one keeps getting disappointed, that love would easily turn to extreme hate.

"Now," She picked up the menu with a smile, "Where were you?"

He has certainly met his version, Adam thought, slightly unsettled by this development.

Meanwhile, unknown to them all, Isabella hid behind a store that was across, watching them.

"Adam and Jennifer?" she mumbled to herself, "That's certainly not a good combination,"

Isabella had been following Jennifer since today. Ever since that day she slept Neon on the face, the girl had been worried about her behavior. The old Jennifer loved Neon so much that she wouldn't even bear to give him strenuous works. Hitting Neon? Something was wrong.

The look in Jennifer's eyes that day still scares her, Isabella could have sworn the woman had gone crazy and there was no way on earth she would leave Neon with a crazy mother.

Although Neon wasn't her biological brother, she had spent seven years with him and forged a great relationship with the boy. Sometimes, you don't have to be blood to become a family. Neon has helped her in her darkest time, it was her turn to return the favor.

"Hey," she heard a voice from behind.

Out of instinct, Isabella grabbed the hand that touched her on the shoulder, twisted it, and threw the person over her shoulder.

"Ouch!"

"Pedro?" Isabella's eyes widened to the size of saucers, "What the hell were you thinking sneaking up on me like that?!" She chided him.

"I wasn't sneaking up on you, I was following you and you seem to be following someone," He groaned, accepting the hand Isabella gave to him that helped lift him up.

"Why are you following me?" Isabella was not happy

"You've been avoiding me, I just wanted to talk to you," He told her.

"If it's about Anabelle and how sorry she is or whatever happened between us? Then you just kick that idea under the bus, I'm not ready for excuses," she dismissed him

He blocked her path, "Isabella, hold -"

"Listen here, I'm currently on a mission to rescue a seven-year-old boy from his seemingly crazy mother..." She gestured with her hands, " So unless you have a brilliant idea or helping me out, I'd suggest you get out of my path,"

Whoever teamed up with her grandfather definitely has a loose screw in the head.

Chapter 283 - Two Hundred And Eighty-three: I'm Blind

The third point of view

"Hopefully, we get him out before Jennifer comes back," Isabella told Pedro who had surprisingly kept quiet throughout their journey?-"as she commanded.

"It's locked, as expected," Pedro tried the doorknob.

"Jennifer always had insecurity problems, it's not surprising," Isabella muttered, crouching down.

"What are you doing?" Pedro was alarmed a bit when he saw her hacking the lock.

"What do you think I'm doing?" She said sarcastically, "Don't you get the whole point of busting someone out?"

"We are breaking into someone's house for Christ's sake, Isabella! There are legal charges for that which means we are dead if we get caught," He looked around uneasily.

"If you're that bothered, be on the?lookout, would ya?" Isabella says nonchalantly which irked him.

"Why are you stupidly brave? So careless about getting caught?" Pedro just couldn't understand.

Girls were cute; the weaker vessel creatures who needed protection from the men, not one who has a Ph.D. in fighting. Surprisingly, Isabella looks hot while landing his butt on the ground even though his pride was crushed. What in the world was he even talking about?

"Well, life's too short to be wasted being afraid or procrastinating. If you know what you want, just go for it,"

"Even if you hurt someone?" He asked her, hinting at their complicated relationship.

"This is life and life's unfair and such is life. If you want something, you go for it, no matter what. People are always going to get hurt in one way or the other. Just like everyone can't like you no matter how much you please them, that is the same too. Everything we do, someone must be hurt knowingly or unknowingly. That is what is meant to be - it's simply black or white,"

Pedro was so captivated by her speech until she added, "Moreover, I have a f*cking rich dad who would get my ass out of prison with a clean record. So why should I worry?" she smirked at him.

"Ugh," Pedro groaned in disappointment. He should have known, typical Isabella.

"And we're good to go," the door clicked open.

They stepped into the living room which was empty and scattered, it was as if a tornado happened in here.

"Where's the boy and why is the room like this?" Pedro asked, stepping on a pencil.

"Seems like he had a party or something?" there were white sheets of paper everywhere, with torn pages of textbooks.

Suddenly, a thud came from upstairs.

Their eyes connected, both of them hurried up the stairs immediately, walking into the room where the boy was throwing a fit.

His clothes were scattered all over the room, his toys lying on the floor, the contents on the bookshelf emptied on the ground and was on the mission of shredding a book, currently.

"Neon," Isabella called.

But the boy was too engrossed with destroying the textbook to listen to her.

"Neon, it's me Isabella!" her voice was louder and attracted his attention.

"Isabella?" he stilled, questioning under his breath with his back to her.

"Yes, It's me, Isabella,"

This time, he turned around to confirm the source of the voice.

"Isabella?!" a trace of joy flickered across his eyes.

"Neon!"

The boy ran into her arms, she hugged him tight while Pedro was awed. He never knew Isabella was capable of such warm, strong emotions - this was a new side to her.

But that joy was short-lived, he heard a car pull up outside.

Curious, Pedro went to the window, looked out, and discovered Jennifer stepping out of her car.

"Urm, Isabella? Cuddling time is over, Jennifer is back,"

"What?!" Isabella exclaimed, coming to look out the window by herself, "How's that possible? Her meal with my grandfather shouldn't be over yet,"

"Maybe she had a change of mind?" Pedro considered.

"Or maybe we set off a soundless intruder alarm without knowing - shit! I should have thought about it. Knowing Jennifer, she wouldn't leave her precious son Neon to go meet my infamous grandfather without keeping some sort of protection," surmised Isabella.

"Mom is home? " the boy began to tremble in fear, "I don't want to stay here with her. Take me, Isabella, help me!"

"Shh, keep your voice down, Neon," She covered his mouth with her palm quickly, "I'm here to rescue you but I can't do that if we get discovered. So promise me, you'd be a good boy by not crying,"

He nodded.

"That's my boy," Isabella patted his back.

"How are we going to get out of here with him?" Pedro was visibly unsettled by the turn of events.

"If my theory is right, then, Jennifer has locked all forms of escape. All we have to do is hide,"

"Hide where?"

"Get under the bed, quick!"

"This is too small for me to -"

"Neon?!" Jennifer yelled from downstairs.

The moment Pedro heard her terrifying voice, he went under the bed at once, squeezing himself beside Isabella. Gosh, his longs would suffer terrible cramps today.

"Neon?!"

They heard her stomp into the room.

"So you've been here all this while and you have the guts not to answer me?! "She roared.

"Mom-"

"What's the meaning of all this mess?!" She bellowed, "Are you attempting a rebellion against your mom?!"

Neon sniffed, "I was just so angry"

They heard a slap

Isabella almost came out of her hiding place had Pedro not stopped her.

"She slapped him," she whispered to him through gritted teeth.

"We can't come out now," He told her and she knew it.

"You're such a disobedient kid!" they heard more slaps.

"You're nothing like Reina's son?!?You're worthless!"

"She's comparing him to Allen, Reina's son. This is physical and emotional abuse, and I won't sit and let that happen!" Isabella declared, slipped out of Pedro's hold, and came out of her hiding place.

"Stop hurting him!" Isabella growled, landing a punch at Jennifer.

The punch threw the woman off balance, but she didn't fall. Jennifer glanced up at Isabella with loathing,

"I should have known you're the only one capable of breaking into my house," she wiped the blood at the corner of her mouth.

"How do you become this way? You are not behaving like the Jennifer I knew?" Isabella kept Neon behind her protectively. If it comes down to fighting, she could defeat Jennifer without effort notwithstanding their age.

Jennifer threw her head back and laughed, "You don't know me at all, no, I should thank you for making me see who I really am - not the pathetic, weak, Jennifer! Now hand Neon over,"

"No," Isabella was firm.

Jennifer lunged at her.

Isabella had already prepared to ram her fist into her head with enough force to knock her out when the woman brought out something from the pocket of her pants, spraying her straight in the eye.

"My eyes!" Isabella shrieked, searching around blindly.

"Stop hurting Isabella, mom!" Neon shouted and bit the woman on the thigh.

Jennifer screamed from the pain and out of vexation, pushed Neon hard that he hit his head on the wall and passed out.

Unfortunately, for Jennifer to turn around and survey the damage she did, Pedro whacked her from behind, she lost consciousness.

"I don't hit women but you're an exception," He threw away the iron he had picked at the corner of the room.

"Isabella!" He walked over to the girl on the floor, crawling on all fours and bumping into things.

"Hey," He made her sit down.

"Pedro, I'm blind!" She shouted, reaching out for anything.

"You're not blind, Isabella," He told her but it wasn't as assuring as he thought.

"Pedro I'm blind! Does it mean I can't see my father?! Maya?! My siblings?! And even worse, Neon?!"

"Calm down, Isabella! The blindness is only temporary!"

"I can't calm down! Gosh, I must look hideous right now! I'm so ugly! You must be disgusted with me! I must look like a beast!" She raved, shaking him.

Pedro had always seen Isabella, as a brave, collected, girl who had no problem at all. But seeing her now encountering a panic attack, she looked no different than the weaker vessel she was and needed his protection.

So, Pedro used that pathetic excuse to kiss her. Moreover, he read somewhere that kisses break the flow of thoughts and triggers which are leading to the attack. Or maybe, he just wanted to do that.

Hard as it was to admit, Isabella was glad when Pedro's lips covered hers in a warm kiss that regulated her already fast breath. It was slow and inquisitive, as if he was asking for permission to proceed.

Hell yeah.

The kiss slowly gained passion. She forgot all about her hideous passion or the sting in her eyes, instead plunging deep into this placating kiss.

Isabella wished she could see the expression on his face when they pulled away. Was he already regretting it because he was with Anabelle? Or did he somehow deeply desire they would kiss once again as she wanted?

"I should probably search for milk or saline solution to wash this off,"

His warmth left her.

Chapter 284 - Two Hundred And Eighty-four: Feel The Way I Feel

The third point of view:

Though Ailee suffered a superficial wound, Niklaus demanded the best treatment to be given to her. He had even planned flying her abroad immediately had Reina not calmed him down.

But it seems trouble is the only friend of the Spencer family, for less than an hour later, they received news from Pedro. All was not well.

Reina didn't remember much about Isabella but her heart broke at the sight of the girl when she was brought into the hospital. Thanks to Pedro's fast thinking, the irritant burning pain had reduced but doctors took charge to flush the rest of the spray from her eyes.

"What the hell happened?! " Niklaus was not relaxed at all, he stunk of bloodlust. Reina was the only person holding him back from committing murder.

"It was Jennifer. She attacked us when we tried rescuing Neon," Pedro narrated.

"Neon?"

"He's also admitted, sustained some head injury,"

"Why would Jennifer do that to her kid?" Reina was horrified.

"Isabella has been following her, she tried to take Neon away after we found out she's been abusing him,"

"I'm going to kill that bitch!" Niklaus fumed, about to strode out when Reina grabbed his arms.

"Niklaus, you'd only make things worse if you react with anger. You have to chill out," she pleaded.

"Then so be it," He declared and snatched free his hand.

However, Reina wasn't giving up on him. She blocked his way and drew him into a hug, refusing to release him even as he struggled against her.

"Niklaus, take a deep breath," she instructed.

"I'd be much better after punching her face; she dared to touch Isabella?!" He growled, his body vibrating with anger and trying hard not to toss Reina who clung to him like an octopus.

"Think about Ailee too, she needs you now more than ever, Niklaus,"

That comment did the magic because the raving beast inside of him was lulled, the molten anger in his veins, extinguished as well.

"I'm going to make her pay," Niklaus swore.

"We will," She promised him, clasping his face, "But now the kids need us more, alright?"

"Alright,"

After that incident of almost shooting his granddaughter to death, Sakuzi didn't have the guts to face Reina, hence releasing Niklaus without further delay. No one even remembered why they were fighting in the first place since everyone was concerned with keeping Ailee alive.

The man was burdened with guilt that he hadn't even called Reina to know how Ailee was faring, not that she would pick anyway.

Reina was so angry at her father it wouldn't surprise anyone if she removed herself from the family registry. Her father tried to hurt Niklaus amid her pleading? Where was the so-called love he claimed he had for her? Was a personal feud worth more than his daughter's happiness? Moreover, he almost killed Ailee in his process of exacting vengeance for his late son? That was unforgivable.

Meanwhile....

Isabella thought she was in heaven when she awoke. Everywhere was just white with holy radiance until her vision cleared.

"Oh, I can see?" She mumbled to herself. Taking in the look of the hospital room.

"You're awake,"

Isabella moved her head to the side,

"Pedro? What are you doing here? Don't you have something important to do other than watching me at my worst moment or are you always this useless? "

"As insulting as that sounds, I'm highly relieved to hear that," Pedro laughed heartily. If Isabella could whine her mouth like that, she was fine then.

"I'm glad you're okay,"

"Yeah, whatever. As if it would be easy to kill me, anyway," Isabella readjusted her head on the pillow, facing upward.

"Does my father know I'm here?" It suddenly crossed her mind.

"Yes, he was here with Reina earlier but you were sleeping,"

"That sounds like good news,"

"Yeah, Reina finally admitted to being Maya but the bad news is, one of your siblings was shot at,"

"What?" She sat up instantly.

Pedro patiently narrated to her what happened.

"I have to go see her," Isabella tossed aside the sheet with one of her legs already touching the floor when Pedro stopped her.

"You have to rest, your father made me promise him I'd enforce that. Rest assured, your sister is okay, she's brave just like you are," He said, looking her straight in the eyes.

Both stared at each other as if spellbound until Isabella broke off the contact. She laid back on the bed, staring fiercely at the ceiling as she ignored the blush creeping up her face.

An awkward silence reigned between them. How did the once bright mood change into an emotionally constipated one?

"You know Anabelle's really sorry," Pedro began.

"I'm not interested in that," Isabella sighed, hugging herself with her eyes closed in a bid to tune out Pedro's whinings.

"She broke up with me," He dropped the news.

Isabella's eyes snapped open.

"She did that?" She turned her head to him.

"Yes," He answered, holding her gaze.

"Then I'm sorry, I'm not the best at comforting the brokenhearted. Find someone else to call, cry, vent, talk about your ex, just not me," she said without a trace of warmth in her voice.

However, curiosity still got the best of Isabella cause she ended up asking,

"Why did she break up with you? Because we kissed? You practically cheated on her anyway - I was just the victim in the games played by both of you," she assigned blames.

"Yeah," Pedro took on the blame, "We played you but the kiss was not the reason we broke up,"

"Or maybe she's letting you go so I can have you just as she always does, the good-natured Anabelle!" Isabella seethed.

"That's not it, Isabella. Anabelle never loved me!"

"What?!" Isabella was shocked by that confession

"She wanted to date me so you can't have me,"

"You're joking, right? That is ridiculous," She laughed nervously, but Pedro's serious gaze shut her up.

Pedro said to her, "Anabelle was jealous of you,"

"Which is still ridiculous, why would anyone want to be like me, I'm messed up, " Isabella threw her hands up.

"Why won't anyone be jealous of you? You're brave -"

"Was it brave to get sprayed in the eyes?" she deadpanned.

"No, but you put yourself in the line to save someone that wasn't even related by blood to you, that's what makes you extraordinary. It's just like whenever a problem comes, you look it in the eyes, and boom! It vanishes. You're not afraid to say what you want, you attract people's attention effortlessly, you're just like a natural magnet and that's what Anabelle was jealous of! You're everything she desires to be! "

" Then she's the worst fool on earth to not appreciate herself the way she is. Everyone has their charm," Isabella spat

"Not everyone has your charm and that's exactly what I'm talking about!" He gestured, "Anabelle was jealous of us as kids, our closeness and how easy you draw people's attention. So when you left for years, she wanted to walk in your shoes - including owning everything that belongs to you.

"Eden's now the new family head which makes her the Spencer princess. She took over every one of your roles amid her sickness. Anabelle - "

"So you're trying to say I'm the reason for Anabelle's insecurity," Isabella pointed to herself.

"No, I'm just begging you to understand her. Not everyone can confront their problems like you, some of us are cowards who hide under the shadow of others, hoping for a time to emerge. So please Isabella, forgive Anabelle. The girl has realized her mistakes but she's quite ridden with guilt and might never recover if you don't look at her, please?" his eyes implored her.

"Fine, I'll see her but I still can't understand why someone would think the both of us fell in love at childhood...."

Or maybe she did. Anabelle was right to have been jealous. She had been quite close to Pedro anyway during their childhood - not that she would admit that. Anabelle and Pedro might have broken up but Isabella was sure he still had feelings for his ex-girlfriend

"About that kiss earlier..." Pedro brought up the case, " I want you to know that -"

"It was nothing," Isabella intercepted,

"I was having a panic attack, then you steadied my heartbeat by stealing the air in my lungs through the joining of our lips, nothing else. Stuff like that happens in dire situations such as someone drowning and requiring mouth-to-mouth respiration to resuscitate he or she," Isabella blabbered for the first time in her entire life. Why's the room suddenly hot? Where was the AC?

"I was going to say it meant something to me," Pedro confessed.

Isabella gulped, why was her heart thundering against her chest? What's with this role reversal? She's the one always doing the chasing and seduction, not the other way around. That way she's more in control, knowing when to step back if things go south.

"I'm not asking you to date me immediately considering the shit that went down between the trio of us, but I just want to know you feel the same way I feel, Isabella," Pedro took her hand - after a great struggle - and placed it on his thudding heart.

"I'm tired of being lied to, tell me you feel the same way. And if you don't, I'll just let you go," He caressed the top of her palm still on his chest.

For the first time in Isabella's life, she wanted to run.

Chapter 285 - Two Hundred And Eighty-five: Moving Too Fast

The third point of view :

"Mom, do you think the queen would like me?" Akim asked his mother who was examining the Central Venous Catheter inserted in his chest by the doctors to give him fluids, blood, and medications faster.

Today was the day when the queen was going to pay him a visit. Though he was excited at first but with her coming closer by each passing minute, he became nervous.

"Do you feel any pain?" Emily asked her son, checking for redness or swelling after administering his usual medicine.

"No, I feel good," he replied.

"Alright," she pulled down his shirt, then clasped his face in her palms saying, "Have no doubt Akim, the queen's going to love you beyond unreasonable doubt," because she's your grandmother and you're the only grandson she has, Emily didn't say that one out loud.

Her son would be treasured for sure until Judy marries another woman who would produce an heir. She has to get powerful so whoever gets into the queen's position doesn't maltreat her son.

A knock came on the door.

"I think they're here. Where's Cecil?"

"Right here," the woman came out from the other room all dressed and dolled up. Turns out Akim wasn't the only one excited to see the queen.

Emily went ahead to open the door for them.

Judy was the first to step in and she didn't fail to catch the way his eyes took her in which made her self-conscious.

Emily had put a lot into dressing today, after all, they were to see the queen and one had to dress for such an occasion. It wasn't much though, just a simple black long-sleeved gown that reached her knees with stylish embroidery on the skirt, the material hugging her waist, and a unique feathered pattern on the neckline.

For makeup, she added a slight red on her lips and powder on her face. Her hair was left to fall on her shoulder, not because she didn't want to curl it but taking care of Akim had swallowed much of her time to dress up.

The queen made her appearance right after Judy and damn! She saw the reason people bowed down to royalty. She was just ethereal! The woman carried herself with dignity and grace that even walking seemed as if she was gliding. Wow, Emily was stunned.

She could see where Judy got his looks, he was her copy. He took her hair, face, everything except the eyes. That particular feature must have been from his father, the king - may his soul rest in peace.

Even Judy had the same aura today, seems he intentionally lowered it on other days. Emily didn't dare look him in the eyes, not after that argument that day.

After discovering he survived, Emily had been pretty mad at Judy for making her believe all those years that he was dead. Who knew her father was the one who orchestrated the whole plan?

Adam was capable of such cruelty? Well, what was she expecting? Her father would have forced her to abort Akim if he knew on time, so attempting to kill Judy shouldn't surprise her - She was a fool for trusting him. Now she couldn't face Judy any longer.

"Goodday, your highness," Emily bowed to her and so did the others - Cecil almost fell to the ground in the process of bowing.

"Good Day too, Emily," The queen smiled warmly at her that made her relax a bit. She didn't have a great relationship with her mother-in-law considering the fact Ahmed's grandmother disliked her strongly.

The queen's eyes were trained intensely on Akim who was uncomfortable with her scrutiny.

"Good day your highness," Akim did an elegant bow which pretty much impressed the queen.

Emily wished she could kiss Akim right now. Her son was smart and a good lady charmer.

The emotional queen quickly took Akim into her arms, however, she was careful not to hurt him.

"He's exactly your blood," She gasped, tracing the boy's face with her hands.

Emily scratched her hair awkwardly and hoped to God that Akim wasn't smart enough to figure out what that comment meant. She looked at Judy as if asking for help.

Judy, who understood the meaning of that gesture, went over to his mother and whispered into her ears which made the woman look up at Emily with shock.

"You haven't told him?"

"That is still a work in progress" she answered, nervously.

"Oh don't worry, I know already," Akim said out of nowhere.

"What?!" Everyone shouted.

"I know you're my father..." He pointed to Judy, still reeling from this open confession, " And that you're my grandmother," He pointed to the queen too.

"B-but how?" Emily found it hard to believe.

Akim rolled his eyes, "Mom, this is the twenty-first century, kids know stuff parents might not even have an idea about. Moreover, I never understood why you always had to dye my hair black to fit my father's until I saw him,"

Emily came over to her son, sitting beside his bed, asking, "If you knew all this while, why didn't you say anything? "

"I just wanted to confirm it further besides, it was fun seeing you treat me like a three-year-old, " He grinned, exposing pearly white teeth.

Emily facepalmed, she was worrying over nothing all this while.

"Your majesty, the queen, does this mean I'm a prince too?" the young boy bit his lips, hoping to get a positive answer.

"Of course you should call me Roselle. Though your father is still a prince he would assume his kingly status once he gets married..."

At the mention of getting married, Emily's heart ached. Why was she feeling this way? No, what was she even thinking? That she would be Judy's wife, not to mention being the queen? What a big joke.

Ahmed would never let her go as far as the election is forthcoming. Even if they do separate, what kingdom would accept a divorcee as a queen? The queen dowager might be friendly to her now but not when the issue of the future queen's position is concerned.

To the queen, she would just be the mother of the first prince. Once Judy got married, the woman would birth many other children - prince and princesses - who would contend for the throne with her son. Then, she might not even be worth anything in the queen's eyes anymore.

However, if fate does rule in her favor and she marries Judy, she still could no longer give birth. So, she should just give up on this fairytale dream of hers.

Emily nearly jumped out of her skin when someone took her hand in his. She was so lost in thought that she had not noticed him sit beside her on the bed.

She tried to pull her hand away but that man was stubborn, he wouldn't let her hand go. In order not to create a scene or get the queen to notice their struggle, she let him be. However, Emily couldn't relax with him caressing the top of her palm and all.

The queen sat on the chair provided for her, having a great conversation with Akim when she suddenly declared, "I'll have you moved to the palace and have the best doctors attend to you. It's your home and as the prince, I need to introduce you to your people while you undergo treatment"

Oh no, this was moving too fast; Emily felt like her son was slowly being snatched away from her. she almost shot up to her feet to counter that decree had Judy not stopped her.

"No," He told her through eye contact.

"He's my son!" She communicated back.

"Just pretend you didn't hear that, we'd review that later,"

Emily gave in with difficulty. It has been she and Akim all these years. Suddenly being away from him was an awkward and unwelcome development.

Ever since she found out that Judy was alive, she knew deep down that a moment like this would come no matter how much she tried to deny it. But she wasn't ready to let go of her son, yet. No! She would not give up on him. She had been the one who risked her life in keeping him alive all those years. Her right to him has to be acknowledged too.

But a commotion outside captured everyone's attention. What was going on?

Suddenly, the door snapped open, and there stood Ahmed in his furious glory with the guards owned by the queen after him - they must have thought he was an intruder.

"Ahmed!" Emily sprang up to her feet, shocked. He came?

To fulfill all righteousness, Emily had informed him about Akim's illness. But she never thought he would fly over to Lincolnshire considering it's been a week since she sent that.

"Father!" Akim stiffened, affected by his presence.

"Uh-oh," Cecil breathed

The guards let go after seeing what was going on.

"What the hell is going on?!" he bellowed.

"Could you lower your voice a bit young man, you're hurting my ears?"

"Who the hell are you?" Ahmed narrowed his eyes on the queen before resting his gaze between Akim and Judy.

"Oh, I see what's going on," He connected the dots, "You've found his father who you clearly told me was dead!" he seethed

"Ahmed, I can explain....!"

But the person in question had already strode out of the room.

"Ahmed, wait!" She tried to go after him but Judy grabbed her hand.

"Emily," his eyes begged her not to leave.

"I'm sorry but this is family business," She pulled her hand free and ran out of the room.

Free, Emily ran out in search of Ahmed but the person in question had disappeared into thin air. She couldn't find him anywhere in the hospital nor did he pick up her calls. Shit! She had to return to the city.

Chapter 286 - Two Hundred And Eighty-six: Barren Wife

Emily's point of view

When I said I needed to leave for the city, I didn't mean with him.

After I missed Ahmed at the hospital, I was ready to schedule a flight back home knowing he was returning - what would he do here anyway? But then, Judy suggested sending me back in his private jet which I rejected - even the queen agreed with me, how encouraging.

But Judy had always been a headstrong man, who would not give up until he got what he needed. So that was how I ended up with him in this private jet, our son left to be catered to by the ever willing Cecil, the queen, and the rest of the royal assemblage. Akim would have a blast - that was for sure - the queen would spoil him rotten.

"You shouldn't have come with me," I told straightforwardly, "I can handle this by myself,"

"Your marriage is currently on sinking sand because of me, the least I can do is to explain to your unreasonable possessive husband that you never lied to him," he said blandly

I bet he didn't even mean that.

"He's not unreasonable but furious, any man would have been in that state - you included," I pointed out.

"No," Judy said, surprising me, "I wouldn't have done that if I was in his shoe. I trust and know what you're capable of doing. I would have calmed and listened to your excuse at least before storming off like that,"

I was dumbfounded by his words, and no matter how much I tried to deny it, his words indeed made sense. If Ahmed trusted me, he should have known what I was capable of doing or not hence making a good conclusion out of the situation.

"If I were him," Judy continued, but this time his gaze held mine and I couldn't take my eyes off. I was spellbound by that alluring grey eyes of his; I lost myself in there, "I would be smart enough to know that the woman I love would not betray me but rather keep our baby safe no matter the difficulty in her path or if I'm alive or not...."

Wait a minute, why does this sound familiar? Why had he diverted into another topic altogether? No, this had to stop.

I pulled my gaze away but he grabbed my face; turning my chin to him gently, careful not to hurt me while his hands caressed my cheeks lightly like the stroke of a feather.

"I'm sorry I'm late Emily but I'm very much still interested in you," He confessed.

I gulped, swallowing my saliva with great difficulty. I was not going to lie, I had premeditated a moment like this ever since he started checking me out with those longing eyes.

"Is this supposed to seduce me or what?" I asked, trying hard not to show I was affected by those sugary words.

He chuckled, the deep rumble making me shiver, he leaned closer and whispered into my ears, "If I wanted to seduce you, you know where you would be by now,"

Yeah, on his bed, wet and ready. Christ! Emily! What in the world are you thinking about?

I turned to answer him appropriately but that only brought my face closer to his, our noses touching.

I had never been tempted in my entire life than now. With this proximity, I just had to tilt my head a little, and boom! Our lips are connected.

To make matters, Judy enticed me, "Come on, Emily, I know you want me," his breath hit my ears, I grabbed my skirt tight, "I can't do anything without you giving me the permission,"

Just like a vampire being tempted with blood, Judy was blood to me and I was insanely tempted to drink him.

"I'm sorry but I'm a married woman," I pulled away with an audible gasp. How could staying away from a man - an insanely hot prince - be this difficult?

"You're not happy in that marriage" He argued.

"That is not your business. Now, leave me alone for the rest of this flight, or I'm going to find another seat," I warned him.

He wanted to quibble with me but my chin thrust forward defiantly, silencing him.

"Fine," He raised his hand in surrender. Case closed.

We arrived in the city faster than a normal flight would but to my greatest surprise, Judy had already made a reservation for my transport.

"What are you doing?" I asked, seeing him enter the car too.

"Relax, I'd just take you to your destination. You should think of me as a backup in case things goes south,"

"I know what you're thinking but Ahmed has never abused me," I cleared the air.

"It's not only physically, Emily. You could be abused emotionally, psychologically, and from the look of things you've been -"

"Enough!" I barked at him, annoyed, "Can't you seriously wish me well in my marriage?"

"Fine, continue with your sinking ship," He turned his face the other way, vexed.

Thanks to that short argument, none of us talked to each other until I reached my destination.

"Don't you dare wait for me," I told him but he gave him a bored look. I had a feeling he was going to do the direct opposite of that, not that I cared anyway.

I shut the door close, heading into the magnificent building. Walking into the lobby, I headed to the elevator that led directly to his floor.

"Is my husband around?" I asked the receptionist who looked startled by my appearance.

"Ah, ye-no!" She stumbled over her words.

"Thank you, I'll go see him then, " I complimented her for spilling the truth.

"No, madam!" She rose from her desk, blocking my entrance into his office, "I'm sorry but he gave me specific instructions not to let you in,"

"Get out of my way," my voice was taut and low, hinting at the storm brewing inside of me.

"No, I'm sorry -"

Pah!

A loud cracking sound was heard as my hand connected with her face, I pushed her out of my way roughly.

I wasn't always like this but my anger has reached its boiling point. Also, this bimbo would not let me in unless I applied some action - I would apologize later.

I got into Ahmed's scrupulously clean office - he enjoyed tidiness - yet there was no sign of him. He must be in the adjacent room doing something important to him or blowing off some steam.

I spaced up and down his office, what was I going to say to him? This was too awkward. I was in that meditative state when his phone suddenly beeped, the screen lit up with a call.

Normally, I wouldn't have picked up his call knowing it could be one of his party members or an important personality trying to reach him but my curiosity was piqued when I saw the contact name, "Julie's mother,"

Call it my sixth sense or woman's instinct but I felt a feeling something wasn't right here. So I swiped up the screen, picked the call, and placed the phone against my ear.

"Seriously Ahmed! What do you think you're doing?" A woman's angry voice rang into my ears. She didn't even wait to hear a response from me, going ahead to bellow,

"Yesterday was Julie's two years birthday and you didn't dare to come?! Do you think I'm a fool to be given that pathetic excuse?! I'm the woman chosen for you by your grandparents to give you a suitable heir and occupy that position that your barren wife is controlling right now. You better visit me or I would release news of me being your baby mama, presidential election or not," she threatened.

At this point, I was incapable of speech; my lips trembled but no words came out of it. Tears filled my eyes and it was at that moment that Ahmed came into this room.

"What the hell are you...." his gaze rested on the phone in my grip, the fire in his eyes intensified, "How dare you pick up -" then he saw the call going on.

"You are such a bastard," I hissed, the anger made my teeth clench together.

"Emily...." He tried to grab me but I reacted on instinct and struck him on the face.

"Don't you ever touch me, I'm so disgusted,"

"You're disgusted?" he scoffed, taking off his reading glasses, "Isn't that the same case with you? You lied to me about Akim's father being alive?"

"I never knew he was alive!" I screamed at his face, "My father was responsible for the incident, he survived by luck and has been in hiding all this while. We reunited by chance! I came here to explain that but it's obvious you have other plans!"

"Emily -"

"Don't Emily me!" I threw my head back, laughing mirthlessly, "You know I wanted to make this marriage work amid the cold shoulder from your grandparents and then you in the later years. I guess I was too blind to see I was being emotionally manipulated in this relationship just because you covered up my pregnancy,"

I took a deep breath, "I don't want to talk any further but I hope to God I never see you again, Ahmed. Let's go our separate ways, "

Chapter 287 - Two Hundred And Eighty-seven: Getting Married

The third point of view:

I was still giddy after meeting my kids. Truthfully, I had felt nervous to meet them at first but now, I couldn't let them go.

"Your mom told me you're Ailee," I said to the little girl who survived the bullet wound - my heart still aches for her. Her brother sat at her bedside, regarding me with his skeptical gaze. However, I now understood what Victor, my private investigator meant by "He was my replica". It was like staring at the younger version of myself. Even if I had reason to doubt Reina, there was no need to conduct a DNA test on this one.

My amber orbs, strong jawline, and brown hair, he had it all. I could almost say the same for my temperament except Allen was quiet and slightly cold - that trait must have been inherited from his grandfather Adam.

I am not quiet nor emotionally distant - maybe a little considering I never open up easily? - but if I was as cold as a popsicle, how could I have gotten all those women into my bed - I'm trying not to be boastful of my achievements here, fellows. If I had a bit of Allen's bone-chilling aura, all the ladies would have scampered for safety.

Adam should take the credit for Allen's personality. My father had more words in his head than he would release out; he was a man of little words. I'll just put more effort into the boy so he doesn't end up like his grandfather.

"Yes, I'm Ailee. I've read so much about you, father," the girl boomed a smile at me.

I was uneasy on my feet, I wondered what she read about me. This is why parents should set good examples for their kids - trust me, they're going to ask you about that later.

Turns out Ailee was the chatty one and had more of Reina's features and a little bit of Sakuzi in her - probably Isabella the second. I just hope she's no worse than her sister, I'm too old to handle another of those infuriating pranks.

"Allen, aren't you excited to see your father? You were the one always bugging me to meet him, " Reina too sensed he wasn't that excited to see me.

"Yeah, because I wanted to confirm we weren't fatherless but now, I'm thinking if he's worth everything, " He said, apathetically

"Allen!" She called his name with a warning tone.

"It's okay," I raised my hand to stop Reina from scolding the boy, plus that angry vein on her head was beginning to pop out.

"The boy is right,"

"What?" Reina was dumbfounded.

"I've not been a part of his life for seven years - I'm not trying to blame you for that, Reina - but he's been fine all those years without me. He's smart to ask what I'd contribute to his life now,"

From the looks of things, Isabella has gotten herself a replacement if she's not interested in the company; her brother has the foresight and wiles.

"Look kiddo, I know you have no reason to trust me - you might even resent me for growing up without a father - but I'm your father and fathers love their children unconditionally," Speaking of which, I'm beginning to question Adam's fatherhood.

"As a human, I might bring you to anger sometimes - that's inevitable - yet I would shower you and your sister with all my love and my attention. That's a promise,"

There was a short silence, as they took in my words. Suddenly Allen asked, "What about mother? What's going on between the both of you. I don't do single parents,"?He demanded.

A smile tilted my lips, "Well, about your mother...." I drew her closer to me by the waist to her shock.

"Niklaus," She gasped, looking uneasily at the kids, "What are you doing?"

I ignored her, facing the kids,

"Well, with your kids permission, I wouldn't mind tying the knot with her,"

"What?!" Reina shrieked, staring at me like I've grown an extra eye.

Ailee whistled.

Allen smirked - guess his heart wasn't thoroughly frozen after all. He was a kid who needed love and attention and he would open up in no time.

"All in," Ailee answered for her brother too

"You're crazy, shouldn't you be asking for my permission too?"

"Honey, you gave up on your right to refuse after you ran from me for seven years," I told her exasperated self.

"You're shameless," she spat

"Yet you love me - shamelessness and all," I grinned at her, she lost the strength to quibble with me.

"I'm not marrying you without a ring on my finger - I heard Maya never received one," She insisted.

My smile deepened while her confusion grew as I got on one knee. I brought out a little box, opening it to reveal a ring with a bright white and sparkling marquise-cut diamond.

A gasp was torn from her lips as I took her right hand and said, "Would you, Reina Maya Armani Sakuzi make a man out of this hopeless fellow, Niklaus Spencer?"

"Why did you have a ring with you all this time?"

She purposely didn't add " while being tortured by my father?"

"I was looking for the best opening, Reina. So please respond to my proposal," I was almost pleading. The Maya I knew wasn't fickle but anything could happen, hence I needed an answer.

"But then, what if the ring had mistakenly fallen off?!" Reina sure had a Ph.D. in demoralizing my determination.

"Mom, just answer the damn proposal!" the twins spoke out in unison, unable to handle her hesitation anymore.

"Jesus! Fine! Yes, I would marry you," she agreed.

What a great relief! My heart finally resumed its normal rhythm. I gently slid the ring into the appropriate finger and Ailee released a triumphant shout.

"Wait a minute," Reina pulled back questioningly as soon as I leaned closer, "Were you just about to kiss me?"

"Yes? Any problem?" My brow arched.

"In front of the kids?"

She gestured to our children watching us intensely as if waiting for the very moment our lips connected.

"I'm sure they have no problem with their parent's showing a slight display of affection to each other,"

As if to confirm my words, the kids pursed their lips and shrugged nonchalantly.

"But still -"

I took that opportunity to kiss her, silencing her excuses.

I heard "Ohh's" from the kids and the sound of a camera shutter but I didn't care, focusing all my attention on this woman in my arm. I couldn't believe it took a whole seven years to finally marry Maya Octavia.

So excited was I that immediately we pulled away from the kiss, I swept her off the ground. Reina screamed, grabbing onto my neck for support; I was just so happy.

We spent more time with the twins before Reina and I decided to go visit Isabella and as well, announce the good news to her.

We knocked on the door twice but when we got no response, I decided to go in; my hand intertwined with Reina's when we got the shock of our lives.

Pedro and Isabella were making out - fiercely - like he was on top of her and my dear daughter didn't seem to be complaining.

I didn't even understand why I was angry but I cleared my throat so loud the boy fell from the bed.

"Dad?!" Isabella readjusted her cloth with an embarrassed look.

"Isabella," My voice seemed fine but she clearly understood it wasn't as it appeared; a storm was brewing underneath.

"I didn't hear you come in,"

Isabella was low-key telling me that I should have knocked.

"I knocked but it seems you were busy - I understand why now," my murderous glare trained on Pedro who had now risen to his feet.

"Hi sir Niklaus," He breathed, accidentally meeting my dark gaze, "I think it's high time I left already,"

"Yes, it's time" I concurred.

"See you later, Isabella," He waved and almost passed us by when I placed my hand on his shoulder, Pedro stiffened.

I squeezed his shoulder, he has grown fine, "We'll talk about boundaries later, young man,"

"Of course," Pedro gave me a forced smile.

"Now go,"

He fled.

Isabella rolled her eyes, "That was not cool, old man,"

"I'm your father and would supervise-"

"I don't want to hear that," she interrupted me, "Please,"

"We would have a long talk about your manners and sex life as soon as you're okay," I told her nonetheless her unwillingness to listen, "Now, how are you doing?"

"Fine, and please tell me you have good news for me," She gestured at our intertwined hands with her eyes.

"Well, if you're that interested, then you should know that Reina and I are getting married,"

"Figures," said Isabella, not even half as excited as I expected. She added,

"No wonder, you're grinning like a monkey,"

"I'll take that as a compliment," I was too happy to get angry.

"So finally Maya, you finally get to be my mother, huh?"

"I don't remember much of my life as Maya," She notified her.

"Works fine then, some things are not worth remembering. We'd just make new ones then," Isabella for once behaved like a good kid.

Suddenly, a text came into my phone and I read it with a complicated expression.

"Reina," I nudged her with my shoulder, making sure Isabella could not hear our conversation, "It's Eden, he's here at the hospital and he wants us to meet, says he has something we might need it,"

Chapter 288 - Two Hundred And Eighty-eight: Kill Adam

The third point of view:

"You were right about me," Eden said to them, "Your father Adam is the real owner of this position. I'm just his puppet, a paper tiger," he confessed.

Niklaus didn't know what changed Eden's mind but it seems he was tired of the situation. No wonder he called them over to say this.

"So you're trying to say that my father really manipulated you to do his bidings?" Niklaus asked, to prove he was hearing right.

"Yes," Eden confessed, "Your father poisoned Anabelle. Hence, to get the cure, I had to obey each of his commands to receive the temporary relief to her tomentous ordeal,"

"I know my father is not any better but Niklaus, Adam has crossed the line," she added, "And you know this is not the first time neither would he stop anytime soon,"

Yes, Niklaus knew it was true but no matter how evil the man was, he had hoped he would turn for the better with the past seven years.

"So you couldn't bring him down because he has the antidote to Anabelle's disease, " it now made sense to Niklaus.

Honestly, when he left seven years ago, Niklaus kept his ears and waited to hear news of his father being dismissed from his position but none of that happened.

"I have the complete formula to make the antidote and since this is obviously a meeting to bring your father down, I might as well make my confession," Reina announced.

Niklaus was surprised at her comment, his fiancée of an hour ago still had secrets kept from him?

"What is it? " he gave her the benefit of the doubt.

"You weren't the only person my father wanted to have revenge upon, I want to exact my vengeance on your father too for what he did to me. Which was why I cooperated with my father Sakuzi; I help him get you, he helps me get Adam, "

"This is unbelievable," Niklaus cursed, running his hand through his hair,

"When you talk about exacting your revenge, you seriously don't mean to kill him right?" Niklaus hoped she meant the opposite but the look on her face answered it all.

"This is insane," He looked the other way.

"No prison on earth can hold Adam. He's too powerful; smart and has too many connections - he would surely work something out in the prison. If not order our death while in there," Reina told him.

"Reina is right, your father has to die," Eden supported her.

"No, killing him is out of the equation," Niklaus refused, " We can banish him, strip him of all his title and power,"

"Taking his resources from him, huh? Can you account for the number of resources your father secretly has?" she dared him to answer.

"Fine, I don't know but we can work something out. I hate Adam, my father, but I can't deal with the guilt of being aware of his assassination and yet do nothing - Kay is enough torture," Niklaus claimed.

"Niklaus, your father is not human! He was responsible for the incident that almost killed his brother, my father, Eric! Who does that?! " Eden yelled at him, heaving with emotion.

"Someone blinded by power?" Reina contributed.

"And did I forgot to add, he's also responsible for Christina's death, and don't you dare tell you never had a hunch it was him," Eden's eyes were red as he accused him.

Niklaus wiped his face with his palm, then screamed outright at no one in particular. He just wanted to get the stuffy feeling out of his chest.

"Niklaus," Reina's voice was gentle as she laid a hand on his shoulder, his back turned to her.

"I'm sorry but if I'm going to marry you, I need to be sure that I and my kids are safe. Adam never liked me with you and would never like me. We're dealing with a ticking time bomb which we have to diffuse before it detonates,"

Both of them waited patiently for Niklaus' decision. They knew it wasn't easy planning the death of one's father - even Reina knew she'd have a hard time doing so to Sakuzi if the need arises. Still, Adam was too dangerous to keep alive, they had to strike him before he strikes them.

"His birthday is this week, we could take him out on that day," Niklaus disclosed.

"But then, security would be tighter that day. Not to mention Adam would be self-conscious since he knows he has many enemies who would want to kill him that day,"

"Adam has never been a fan of huge parties. The guest list is limited to hundred people of which sixty percent of them are his family members. His assassination would be low-key and disguised as an unfortunate incident" Reina showed off her knowledge about the party earning looks from both of them.

"I do my research," She was smug.

"A silencer gun would be best for this operation," Eden suggested.

"Or a silent yet quick poisoning," Niklaus proposed, "My father trust me, I'll give him the poison,"

Eden and Reina's eyes connected, they were skeptical about his plan.

"Are you sure you can do this?" Reina was concerned about him, " No, you don't have to do this. I could get one of my men to -"

"I'm the best man for this job," He interrupted her, "My father trust me, he would never see it coming,"

Suddenly, Reina's phone rang, "Excuse me, I need to take this," she moved away from there.

"Hello, who is this?" her tone was cold and businesslike, this was an unknown caller.

"R- Reina, is that you?" She heard a stutter from the other side.

"Jennifer?" her brow raised, that was her voice.

"Listen, Reina, I'm so sorry," Her voice was broken and hoarse. It seemed like she had been crying for hours.

"I think you should save that apology for Isabella and your kid, Neon. What kind of mother are you?" Remembering that incident, made Reina's blood boil.

"I know... I know... I don't know what came over for me, I just lost it. Reina, I think something's wrong with me and I don't know who to go to, I don't have any friends nor anyone in this city... gosh, I'm so afraid, I'm so sorry for what I did... What is happening to me? "Effused Jennifer.

Reina frowned, could it be that what Isabella said was true, Jennifer was losing her mind?

"Where are you?" Reina asked.

"I'm at this Cafe, I couldn't go back to my place... It reminds me of what I did to them, "

Oh, she was lucky not to have gone back, Niklaus already has people waiting for her.

"Send me the location, I'll be there immediately," Reina ended the call and went back to the discussing duo - Niklaus and Eden.

"I need to step out for a while," Reina notified him.

"Where are you going?" Niklaus asked her.

"I have to hand these really important documents to my assistant and I'll be right back," She lied to him.

Reina knew if she dared tell Niklaus about her going to meet Jennifer, he would erupt in anger. It was common for people to lose their temper, and as a mother too, she understood what Jennifer was going through. Though she was wrong in hitting Isabella and Neon, the guilt was gnawing at her - that was a sign she regretted that decision.

"Alright," He agreed without much thought.

"See you later," Reina intended to peck him on the lips but trust Niklaus and his willingness to take advantage of every situation.

Niklaus tricked and kissed her deeply to the extent that even Eden was uncomfortable with the whole scene.

"We are going to discuss your rapacity later," his frivolity was getting to her.

"Sure," Niklaus grinned lewdly,

"Hopefully we'd talk on my bed,"

Reina gasped at his shamelessness, she went red in the face knowing Eden heard all that. Unable to land a comeback, she went her way.

Getting into her car, she drove to her destination thanks to the GPS coordinates Jennifer sent to her.

Reina didn't step down immediately she arrived, rather scrutinized her environment to ensure she wasn't falling into any trap - Sakuzi has taught her not to trust anyone wholeheartedly. Satisfied with the outcome, she made her way to the Cafe.

As expected, Jennifer was a mess; Her hair was messy, her eyes red and swollen from excessive crying while her clothes were stained.

Upon seeing her, Jennifer stood from her chair and embraced her in a surprise hug, "Thank you for coming,"

To think that this woman was hostile to her just a week again. Perhaps the fact that there wasn't a permanent enemy nor friend was indeed true.

"It's nothing," Reina was uncomfortable with this new tenderness.

"Do you want anything, I could order -"

"No, I'm good,"

"Alright," Jennifer said, then fanned the smoke of a lit incense in her direction.

"What is that?" Reina was creeped out by the way she inhaled those.

"It's a kind of calming medicinal incense. After the incident, I found out I couldn't settle down, hence bought these - got the recommendation from the internet," Jennifer pushed the stick in her direction, "Here you should try it,"

"No," Reina rejected as soon as the strong smoke wafted into her nose. She pushed it back to her, "No, thanks,"

"You don't want it?" her voice sounded disappointed.

Reina tried to explain, "No, is not that I don't want it but I'm -"

"You hate me, don't you?" Jennifer accused her out of nowhere.

"What?" Reina was stunned by the sudden change of events.

"Get out!"

"Huh?!"

"I said GET OUT!" Jennifer shrieked so loud the other customers in the shop were startled.

Reina didn't need to be told twice, she picked up her purse and left - so much for trying to help a wounded soul. Isabella was right, Jennifer was not alright. They needed to take her to a psychiatrist before she hurts anyone.

With that thought in mind, Reina drove back to the hospital, however, something happened on the way.

While driving back, Reina found out she was having a hard time concentrating on the road no matter how much she shook the dizziness out of her head. The next she knew, she fell asleep on the steering, her car crashed.

Chapter 289 - Two Hundred And Eighty-nine: I Remember

Niklaus point of views

I was having some discussion with my kids when news came to my ears that Reina had an accident.

I couldn't believe my ears, no, I didn't want to believe it, how could that have happened? Reina was just with me an hour ago, she said she needed to take care of a little errand, how could she be involved in an accident?

This must be a sort of nightmare, I must be having a realistic dream. But then, no matter how much I denied it, the truth was right in front of me. She had the crash on her way back to the hospital, hence was taken here immediately.

The doctors told me she had nonfatal injuries but I didn't want to believe them until I saw her with my own eyes. That was what they told me during Kay's time until she was confirmed dead.

As a matter of fact, I think I'm going to hate hospitals from now on. First was Ailee getting admitted, followed by Isabella and now Reina? Who knows whether Allen is next? I have to tie him up somewhere safe before anything of that sort happens.

This was just so maddening, Maya seems to have a knack for making my life miserable. First, it was falling off the bridge and losing her for seven years, and now this? I'm just so tired of getting taken unaware.

"What did you get?" I asked Eden who had offered to investigate the source of the incident while I waited for news from the ongoing surgery plus calm the kids from panicking.

"According to eyewitnesses and other drivers, Reina had fallen asleep on the steering wheel hence crashing into the car in front of her," Eden narrated his findings.

"That's suspicious," I said, "Reina would never sleep on the wheel neither is she suicidal. She wouldn't have driven at all if she knew she was drowsy or taken such a drug," it just seemed too doubtful. Did my father have a hand in this? If he truly did, I'm afraid I'm going to kill him with my own hands.

"I thought the same thing, hence did more investigation and stumbled upon something interesting. Through the surveillance camera, I found out that just before Reina hit the road, she came out of a Cafe after meeting a special someone," He flashed a derisive smirk at me and I didn't like it one bit.

"Who is it?" I hated the unnecessary hesitation from Eden, this wasn't some sort of reality show.

"Who do you think other than your one and only Jennifer," He dropped the news.

But to me, it felt like a huge explosive detonated in my ear, what did I just hear?

Reina met Jennifer behind my back? Was it the important errand she talked about? Just like in the past, Maya was still a goody-two-shoes; she didn't change at all.

Why couldn't she just learn? Some people would never change, just like my father - it slowly dawned on me. They were all right, Adam has to die for others to live a peaceful life.

"Where is she?!" My anger began to boil. First, it was Isabella and Neon, now Maya? She has some nerves.

"Oh, she's still at the restaurant waiting for you,"

"Waiting for me?" I did a double-take. She should be running from me, not waiting for me. Fine, she wanted to play this game, I'm in.

Without further words, I drove to the Cafe like a madman with Eden after me. The place was empty with Jennifer the only person in sight, Eden seems to have cleared the place.

"Niklaus!" her face lit up as soon as she saw me. Jennifer must have overflowing confidence since she stood from her seat to come and hug me.

Naturally, I don't hit women since that's abuse against God's wonderful fragile creature. But she was a clear exception.

I raised my hand and slapped her twice across both cheeks, the weight sent her to the ground.

"How dare you?!" I growled, taking slow steps towards her.

I expected fear to appear in her eyes but she wasn't scared at all. Instead, she stood to her feet once again, her lips curved to the side mockingly with my palmprint on her cheeks.

"It must have worked," She simpered

"What?"

"Did Reina die?"

My breath hitched, eyes darkened and I grabbed her by the neck, choking her, "What did you do to her you bitch!" I roared at her face.

"See that incense," She tilted her head to the direction of the burnt-out ashes on the table, "That's a very hard soporific" she laughed hysterically as I figured out the rest.

She lured Reina here and got her to inhale the smoke hence resulting in her sleeping on the steering and getting into an accident.

"So tell me, did she die? Am I going to occupy her position?" She had this huge expectation on her face. This woman has lost it, Isabella was right; Jennifer was crazy.

I released Jennifer, pushing her away from me with so much force that she hit a table yet didn't mind the pain. I'm so disgusted with the sight of her.

"Niklaus, tell me the news!" She demanded, coming back to touch me even after manhandling her, "Reina died, right?"

"No," I snorted, "She didn't die at all. Your plan failed woefully," I enunciated it slowly for her to get the whole fact into her head.

"No!!" Jennifer shrieked to the extent that even I was startled.

"That is impossible! She's supposed to be dead! I'm the one who's supposed to be your wife!? You love Neon, we can be one lucky family," She raved.

I was amused, this crazy woman had high expectations. I scoffed, "Keep on dreaming," and turned to leave.

Jennifer needs to be locked up in a mental asylum before she hurts others and possibly herself.

"If I can't have you, Niklaus Spencer, nobody will!" I heard her roar but didn't glance back at her. She can continue with her delusion.

"Niklaus, watch out!" I heard Eden warn me.

I turned in time to see Jennifer coming at me with a knife. I simply sidestepped her, she went awry and lost her balance, crashing into the tables and chairs at that side and passed out from the impact.

Eden snatched the knife from her grasp while I tried to calm my racing heart. As expected, adrenaline had kicked in at that last minute.

"Go and stay with Reina, I would deal with her," Eden said to me.

"Thank you," I said to him, extremely grateful. I was just about to leave when something came into my head and I didn't hold it in.

"I'm sorry for snatching Kay from you," I apologized.

Eden looked up, staring at me like I was an alien, "Are you Niklaus or another personality possessing him?"

"I take back my words -"

"I'm sorry for tipping off the police on that day. Trust me when I tell you I never intended Kay to die, heck! I didn't even know she was there. I just wanted to cost you that deal so your father could punish you," he confessed.

I wrinkled my nose, "Yeah, I know. Why do you think I've been keeping it a secret since then till that day,"

"Because you wanted to show off your stupid magnanimity to my face?" he teased me.

I chuckled, "Maybe,"

Eden laughed.

"You know, maybe, when all of this craziness is over, we could have a drink sometime," I offered.

"No problem, as far as you don't end up falling for my charms," He joked.

"You don't have to worry, I trust Isabella to bring my senses back around,"

We laughed like old-time friends.

"I should go to Reina,"

"Yeah," Eden nodded, looking away,

"Don't scold her too much, she's designed that way; no matter what she has gone through over the years, Maya just likes to see the good in everybody amid the darkness,"

"Yeah," I concurred with him, " She has the 'one woman can change the world' bullshit personality," I breathed, exhausted.

"It's bullshit, however, that's her charm. So if you don't take good care of the rare gem you have, I'll take her away from you - kids or not,"

"You can try but we both know she would still end up running back to me because we're meant for each other. She's my match made in heaven, bro and I hope you find yours too," I said to him sincerely.

"Alright, so can you please stop rubbing the whole thing in my face and get the hell out of here," Eden groaned.

I patted him on the shoulder and left the Cafe, the police would do their duty soon. But there was no need, even with the charges after the investigation, Jennifer would end up in a psychiatrist for half of her life.

By the time I got to the hospital, Reina had gotten out of surgery and according to the doctors, suffered a concussion and a neck injury, nothing else - no damage to her internal body parts.

Isabella took great care of the kids and it was comforting to see them getting along with Neon. The boy would have to see a therapist once he's discharged from the hospital, thanks to his mother's abuse of him.

Surprisingly, Anabelle dropped by afterward but I didn't stay to watch their interaction since I received news from the nurses that Reina has awoken and wanted to see me.

"Hey," I came into the room and sat by her bedside, smiling warmly at her.

She didn't reply, just kept staring at me for up to five minutes which became quite creepy.

"Reina, why are you staring at me like that? Do I have something on my face or something?" I asked and at the same time, wiped my face with my hands.

"Niklaus, I think I remember," was her sudden comment.

I froze, "W-what?"

"I've recovered my memories,"

Chapter 290 - Two Hundred And Ninety - Unbound

Emily's point of view

I didn't want Judy to see me in this state; weak and defeated; this was my lowest point. My pride has just been crushed and the last thing I needed was an old flame having sympathy for me.

Knowing he would be waiting for me in his car, I lowered my head and walked directly opposite from him. I was having a hard time controlling the tears blinding my eyes hence didn't see where I was going and bumped into someone.

"I'm so sorry," I apologized, not looking at the face of the person I hit; I don't want their pitiful gaze. Pity was what got me into this mess in the first place.

I wiped the tears from my eyes, moving out of the victim's way when I felt the person drag me back. How was he not satisfied with my apology?

"Look, I'm...." I glanced up and froze. It was Judy.

"You never change," He grumbled.

I tugged my hand from his grasp, planning to walk away from him but he blocked my path.

"Why are you crying?" he asked, giving me that pitiful look I hated.

I sniffed, wiping my face once again, "Get out of my way,"

"I'm not letting you go until you tell me what's going on," he said firmly

"What is going on with me is none of your business," I hissed out.

"Contrary to your belief, you know you've always been my business since day one we met,"

"Get out of my way you big bully," I pushed him on the chest, he didn't budge.

"Not unless you tell me what happened in there,"

"Why?" I huffed, " So you can laugh and tell me you told me so', Is that it?"

He wrinkled his forehead, "The conversation didn't go well, did it?"

I didn't reply.

"This is why I should have come along and I'm done with your attitude,"

"What?"

Before I could tell what he had in mind, Judy carried me off my feet while I let out a sharp yelp.

"What do you think you're doing? I am going to scream 'rape', " I threatened him.

His eyes screamed with laughter, "Sure, go ahead and shout it since we're standing outside the building of your soon-to-be presidential husband. If the news of you seen in my arms surfaces, who did you think would suffer more? Me? The prince of the Lincolnshire kingdom and one of the eligible bachelors around? You? The wife of a politician? Or your husband? The aspiring president? Would the scandal make things easy for him? "

"Bastard! " I spat, my blood boiling.

"Let's make this easier for the both of us, would ya," That being said, he carried me over to the car while I hid my face in his chest so no one recognizes me.

Yet, that was a risky move.

Rubbing my face against his chest made me realize how muscular Judy had gotten over the years and how much I missed caressing that firm abdomen. My hands itched to touch him but I clench my fist, digging my nails into it. But that wasn't the only torment, his manly scent wafted into my nose, my stomach did a stumble.

As soon as Judy placed me in the back seat, I had already planned to escape through the other door but that smart bastard put on the child lock.

"It's a relief to know that you haven't lost that spark in you," he smirked.

I snorted and looked away.

Throughout the journey, I was unresponsive to every conversation he tried to start with me. I just needed some space, doesn't he get it.

We reached our destination, a mansion located in a serene environment with lots of palm trees around.

"I couldn't take you to a hotel since you're a big shot and it would spell scandal. So here's one of my properties," He said, opening the door for me, finally.

I stepped out of the car and looked around the environment, "So what am I supposed to do here? Live here?"

"Exactly, sort out your emotions here. It's a calm neighborhood to collect your thoughts with hardly any occupants that would recognize you - they mind their business anyway. What do you say? " he waited for a hopeful answer.

"Thanks but no. I don't need your sympathy and I have my own property - Ahh!" I screamed my lungs out when he grabbed me off my feet again. What the hell was his problem? Can't he respect my wish to be alone?!

Amid my protest and punches on his chest, he didn't slow down nor stop till we reached the living room and placed me on the couch with care.

I shot up to my feet, "Let me out now!"

"Seriously, just tell me what the hell happened and stop acting like a kid?!" He lashed out at me.

"Ahmed has a kid behind my back, that's what happened!" I blurted out, angry. My chest rose and fell rhythmically with our eyes staring straight at each other.

"What?" He expressed shock.

I laughed, "He has a two-year-old kid and a very foul-mouthed baby mama,"

"That bastard!" he cursed.

"All this while, I've been wondering what brought on the sudden iciness in him. He wasn't that way at first you know...." the tears began to fall, " He knew from the start that Akim wasn't his blood, and yet he accepted him wholeheartedly. His kind gesture moved my heart so much that I decided that I was going to dedicate my life to him, pay him back for this huge favor - If only I knew it was just a honey trap.

"It happened that I suffered difficult labor with Akim and developed some complications with my womb, Prolapsed Uterus. And yes, the condition was corrected with surgery, but I still couldn't give birth. We went through many methods in the search of a child, I even took native herbs but none of it worked or maybe it did - Ahmed has no idea that I once had a miscarriage.

"When I lost that baby, I gave up, knowing I would not bear to risk another fetus - the guilt was too much. That was where my sorrows began, his attitude took a three-sixty degrees turn.

"His grandparents were the worst; they had a knack for criticism. But I took all of it in good faith, after all, he saved Akim's life - I kept telling myself. Their emotional abuse was better than my father getting his hands on Akim.

"However, what pains me the most is that I strived hard for this marriage to work due to the fact I owed him that. I was so blinded by the favor that I didn't see I was losing my self-value, my self-worth, I changed myself to become a good, submissive," the tears couldn't let me speak anymore.

Judy engulfed me in a hug, I cried on his shoulder, releasing all the pent-up emotion. My lips trembled, tears gushing out like a waterfall.

"It's okay, you're safe now," He said to me, ruining his hands through my hair in a soothing manner.

However, the sincerity in his voice made me cry harder.

"Why didn't you return any sooner?!" I wailed.

I knew he never meant to keep me in the blind all those years, but it still hurts me - I've spent the last seven good years with a man who never loved me.

The tears continued to flow and the sobs wracked my body, robbing it of the ability to speak. I couldn't even breathe properly.

"I'm sorry. It would never happen again, I promise you," He murmured into my ears.

We stayed in that position for God knows how many hours until my senses returned. I pushed away from him forcefully and stood up to my feet, embarrassed by what just happened; I told him everything.

" Emily - "

"Where's my room?" I intercepted, knowing the issue he was going to bring up next. I wasn't ready for that.

"Just walk up the -"

I didn't even wait for him to finish and found the rest of the way myself. Since there wasn't anybody around - just me and him- any room should do.

I locked myself indoors for the rest of the day. Spent most of it sleeping and crying only to wake up at night time to realize sleep has left my eyes.

Unable to take the boredom anymore, I made my way downstairs to find Judy drinking and watching television in the living room.

He turned around at the sound of my footsteps, "You're awake," He stood up to his feet.

I ignored him, heading in the direction of the fridge but heard him say from behind, " I made you food - though I can't assure how that tastes,"

Hmm, I can only imagine. He was never a good cook from the very beginning. Just to satisfy my curiosity, I went to the table to find a plate of cheese sandwich.

The appearance looks luscious but when I took a bite? Let's just say I'm going to regret it for a million years to come. I ran to the kitchen and threw up the whole thing in the sink, how did he even stomach that. This was poison.

"Take this," He handed a fizzy drink to me which I used to wash out the sour taste in my mouth.

"Unless you want to send me to an early grave, don't you ever cook for me again," I warned him seriously but the crooked smile that appeared on his face left me confused, " What is it?"

"Does this mean there's a chance of me cooking for you again?" He smirked.

I blinked, going backward when he began to step towards me. My back hit the sink, no escape.

"What are you doing?" I tried to push him away but all I did was increase the sexual tension between us.

"Why are you trying to fight it?" He brought out his hand to caress my cheeks, my breath hitched.

My heart began to pound in my chest, heat pooled in my leg and I clenched my thigh together - a movement he noticed. He knew I was extremely turned on.

He began to lower his head, till our faces were inches from touching, "You no longer belong to Ahmed, so break out of your shell, my love. I need the daring, feisty, and bold Emily back,"

And just like that, whatever bind that was holding me back was broken.

Our lips met in a mad rush, smashing my lips against him as he kissed me with the same intensity. I bit down on his bottom lip, growling irritably when he clenched his teeth hard, unwilling to give me entrance into his moist cave.

With our hands, we explored each other frantically just as I grind against him, making him moan, and took that opportunity to receive the access I needed.

Judy carried me off my feet while I wrapped my legs around his waist, lips attached to his as we found ourselves on the couch and surrendered ourselves to the intense desire rushing through us.