

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 301 - Three Hundred And One: Malevolent Eyes - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 301 - Three Hundred And One: Malevolent Eyes

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The third point of view :

"It's an honor to be acquainted with your royal highness, the queen," They all bowed or so - Reina almost fell from her heels. She hated wearing that torturous mountain but Camille had insisted she had finesse if they were going to have their bachelorette party together.

Damn it! Who said she wanted their bachelorette party together? Currently, Camille has assumed the role of a mother hen, making her do things she doesn't want to.

Reina could only blame Eden for this, why was he always competing with Niklaus. No offense, but he met Camille for literally less than a month and decided she's the love of his life. Well, who is she to put asunder what God has joined together. Moreover, Eden was mature enough to take responsibility for his actions.

"You are welcome to my palace," The queen said to them yet her eyes rested on Judy, questioningly, "Who are they?"

"Oh," Judy began the introduction, "They're friends of mine and Emily - they helped me out during my life as Judy," He explained, purposely excluding the fact that some of the faces present were unfamiliar- Camille and Lisa. But these are Reina's friends and he trusted her enough to know she made friends with responsible people.

"Oh,"?The queen dowager said and stood up from her throne, gliding graciously down the stairs and met them with their head slightly bowed, "A friend of my son is also a friend to the royal family. Have a great time in the palace, spend as much time as you want here,"

"Urm, they are not staying in the palace," Judy announced.

"They're not?" A faint flash of disappointment crossed the queen's eyes, she blinked it away, "Quite a pity then. But you should know that my doors are always open for you all,"

"Thank you, your highness," They all bowed

"You can leave now and have a happy bachelorette party," the queen dismissed them with a graceful motion of her hand.

Without saying a word, they all left. But as expected, the crucial discussion began as soon as they left

"Are all the royal family this pretentious - no pun intended, Prince Kai," Reina said with a hint of sarcasm as soon as they left the queen's throne room.

"Pun noted. But we royal family have to mask our feelings - that's like standard royal etiquette,"

"Royal life is boring," Lisa yawned.

"It's not as boring as you think, there's enough drama to keep you occupied," Emily said and as a matter of fact, had her eyes trained on Judy insinuatingly.

The other women looked between the two of them, why does it feel like they were missing a huge drama here?

"Your mother is lonely, take good care of her," Camille remarked. She was the perceptive and observant one amongst them.

"Huh?" Judy was taken aback by her comment. But then, thinking about it made a lot of sense. When was the last time the queen had a male company other than him ever since her husband died?

A smile suddenly appeared on Judy's face, Camille just solved his problem. The only reason the queen had time to meddle in his case was that she had

forgotten about love. Since she had the time to send women to his bed, why doesn't he set her up for a date and keep her busy?

More than happy for the idea, Judy reached out and hugged Camille to her shock.

"Thank you so much," Judy ruffled her hair yet didn't forget to turn to kiss Emily knowing how potent a woman's jealousy was nor was he trying to create a misunderstanding.

"You all should have fun," He placed a quick peck on her cheeks and left.

"Judging from his expression, I can safely guess Judy has no idea that we requested for a -"

Before Lisa could finish the rest of her comment, all the girls closed her mouth with their hands plus a disapproving look.

"The walls have ears," Reina referred to the numerous guards stationed at strategic points. The palace was as tight as a bank, even tighter, it was meticulously guarded.

"Why do you think we're leaving the palace?" Emily gave her a stupid look yet was conscious of the guards situated around them.

They knew all their plans wouldn't be fulfilled if they stayed in the palace. In here, they were expected to act refined and prim - that was the opposite of this Vegas weekend. They were here to have fun and fun they would get.

So the girls quickly left the palace ground with a look of excitement on their faces. Judy had provided them with a low-key yet expensive car and chauffeur to cater to their needs.

The first place they had gone to was shopping, they were in pursuit of hedonistic pleasure.

"No," Emily, Lisa, and Cecil became the audience and commentator as Reina and Camille began the fashion parade. They had booked the departmental store to themselves just so they could have enough fun without interruption.

They were not frugal in their expenses because everyone here was successful in their career or came from a wealthy family or had a rich fiancé to sponsor her luxurious spending.

"Good. Nik is going to like the red one better and it suits your skin," Emily commented on the ruffle dress Reina had on.

"The black suits you better Camille since you're paler," Lisa pointed out.

They continued their shopping spree until it got to the lingerie section.

"How's this? Good for a wedding night, right?" Camille came out clad in a strappy balconette bra and matching briefs with geometric cutouts.

Emily choked on the drink she had ordered - yeah, Vip service was in full swing. What the hell? She could now understand why Eden fell for this woman? I mean, she was flustered.

"Did someone turn off the Ac?" Lisa fanned herself with her hand, seems she wasn't the only one affected here.

"You guys haven't said anything," Camille was confused at their odd reaction. She looked down, was something wrong with her underwear?

"You look great," Cecil said with a thumbs up, but the others could see she was clearly uncomfortable like the others and one couldn't blame her.

Camille was a very attractive woman who exuded sexual appeal effortlessly. She wouldn't even have to try hard if she wanted to turn any of the women here gay.

"What about me?" Reina came out of the dressing room in a halter neck bra with mesh panels and lace flowers.

"Wow," they were all awed.

There was a clear difference between the two women. While Camille was a hot, provocative beauty, Reina was refreshingly sexy coupled with her jolly personality - it added to her charm.

Emily whistled, "My brother and cousin are definitely going to have a blissful wedding night,"

"Oh please," Cecil rolled her eyes playfully, "They've eaten the forbidden fruit already,"

"The wedding night forbidden fruit has a different taste to it, not to add the honeymoon that follows after it," Lisa argued

"Guys, you are drifting off the topic at hand. We asked about the undies, not whatever you trio are talking about right now," Reina tried so hard to hide the blush creeping up her face.

"And speaking of that issue, are you planning on giving Niklaus another child; you have two already," Cecil raised the issue, Reina's mouth opened and closed helplessly.

"Anabelle wants triplets because Reina has two already and might be on her way to delivering the third one - Neon excluded," No matter how much they welcomed the boy, he was not a Spencer and his mother would come to take him once she recovers her senses.

"Good luck with that," Lisa laughed at her, "This is why we marry the single ones,"

"I'm not giving birth anymore - I have two twins I can hardly handle. I'm done," Reina concluded.

Emily and Cecil released a stifled laugh, giving each other knowing looks. If Emily could remember correctly, the last time she and her brother Niklaus had spoken, he had talked about having twelve kids.

"What was that for? " Reina didn't like the sound of that laughter.

"Nothing," they chuckled

Reina groaned, rubbing her temple. They didn't believe her one bit.

"Alright," Lisa stood up, "Let's not dampen anyone's mood here. This is a double bachelorette party and we're supposed to be having fun!"

"Yeah!!" they all roared

"What's our next stop?!" She shouted.

"The casino!" They shouted back excitedly.

And just like that, they changed into casual outfits, dumped their shopping bags in the booth of the car, and drove to the casino where they continued with their spending splurge.

As was expected from a casino, there were many games to play but Reina was prohibited from participating in the blackjack. They had no doubt Reina was a pro in the game having lived for seven years with her rugged father and the dangerous falcon gang, added to the fact her family had numerous scattered casinos too.

They were all afraid that she would go on an unbeatable winning streak and draw unnecessary attention to themselves. However, the women must have misunderstood the concept of "Do not draw attention to themselves" because they stood at the slot machine for more than an hour, squandering thousands of money in the childish game of luck unknowing that malevolent gazes were scrutinizing them intently.

Chapter 302 - Three Hundred And Two: Something Was Not Right

The third point of view

"Woohoo!"

Women clad in bikinis flooded the pool area, dancing to the music blasting from the speakers. Drinks were being served by passing waiters while games were played in the water.

"Whose idea was this?" Niklaus had a scowl on his face.

Eden and Pablo pointed at each other - they had thought Niklaus would be overjoyed at their setup but the reverse was the case. Ever since Reina left with her friends to Lincolnshire, the man had become a brooding fellow.

Niklaus wiped his face with his palm, all he wanted was a low-key party to commemorate his long gone bachelor days until Eden came up with his own devices.

Left alone, he wanted a cool time with his groomsmen, play golf or some "guy sports", something like that, not this headache-inducing party.

"You don't like it?" Eden finally took on the blame.

"Do I look like I like it?" he glared at his cousin.

"Niklaus..." Eden came and put his arm on his shoulder in the middle of accepting a drink a waiter offered him, "The purpose of a Bachelors party is to get together with all your closest friends, say goodbye to the single life, as you prepare to start a new chapter with your chosen partner for life - this is the day to have fun you'd never be able to for the rest of your pathetic marriage confined life - I included, technically, "

Niklaus grimaced, staring at the half-naked women playing with the water balloon in the pool. One even came up to him enticingly, "Hi handsome," the woman purred, circling him as she checked him out.

Niklaus in question looked casual in his grey sweatpants and a black tank top that revealed the tattoos running down the length of his right arm to his neck, back, and receding at his chest.

He had gotten the tattoos after Maya allegedly died, choosing to have her pictures drawn on his flesh to remember her in case his memory of her eventually fades with time; he could always look at the mirror and see her. Moreover, with her images on his body, it had made him feel she was with him.

Niklaus' cold gaze regarded the woman slowly, watching and wondering what she was up to.

"Cool tattoo you got there," she reached out, trying to touch his arm when Niklaus caught her hand, tight.

"Back off, I'm taken!" he growled threateningly like one of those alpha werewolves shown in fantasy and sci-fi movies.

"Ouch!" the lady yelped in pain. He was almost crushing her wrist.

"Niklaus," Eden intervened, successfully detaching his cousin's unbelievable tight grasp.

"You're such a bastard!" the lady huffed and stormed away.

Eden facepalmed, this wasn't going the way he planned it, "You can't keep scaring the women away with that murderous gaze,"

"I'm going to stay out of this one," Pablo quickly escaped. He had a feeling things would escalate pretty soon and he would not be there to experience it.

Niklaus ignored him and began to walk into the house but Eden blocked him saying, "You're in this party today to have some fun for once,"

"I can't seem to agree with your definition of fun,"

"Let loose," he urged.

"I can't exactly let loose in a pool filled in and out with fifty or so almost naked women. I'm sorry Eden but I'm not that same old Niklaus, my conscience is guilty,"

Eden didn't give up, "Nobody is asking you to sleep with any female. Just play around, loosen up a bit, tough boy, " He beat him on the chest but Niklaus wasn't amused at all.

"Fine, since you feel guilty, I would tell you with a hundred percent conviction that your soon-to-be wife is out having the time of her life - she must have even forgotten you exist. You're hesitating to have simple pool fun but the girls are out there having a much better... " Eden trailed off when he realized he might have spilled more than intended in the process of trying to change Niklaus' mind.

At once, Niklaus narrowed his eyes at his cousin, something was not right here," Are you hiding something from me? "

Eden gulped, Niklaus had sensed something? He was dead meat. He wondered whose hand he was going to die today, Niklaus or Camille's.

Camille had told him of their intention and he had not objected to their plan since he was cool and trusted her enough. But knowing Niklaus's extreme possessiveness and jealousy, she had begged him to keep Niklaus distracted hence the reason for this party - who knew it wasn't going to work?

"What are you talking about?" Eden laughed it off but Niklaus's stern expression showed he didn't buy that bullshit.

"Eden," Niklaus growled warningly.

Though Niklaus was taller than him with barely noticeable inches, Eden felt towered over this very moment.

"W-what?" he now stuttered.

"My patience is thinning," He cautioned.

Eden tried to look for a source of escape but Niklaus blocked his path, demanding, "The truth now,"

"Fine, they are having company,"

"What?"

"They are having a private party with the presence of strippers," Eden finally disclosed and he swore he saw grim reapers descending from heaven - Reina better run far.

A trace of rage tore across Niklaus' features, his gaze darkened and his form vibrated; the fury of the heavens was about to descend on the earth.

"God damn it! I should have known!" He roared. Unlike the sleeping tigress called Maya, Reina was an untamed cat who just showed off her paws and he was going to tame them.

"Where are you going to, Niklaus?" Eden blocked his way.

"Where do you think! " he snapped at him.

"This is exactly why they never told you knowing you'd react this way!" Eden retorted.

"Exactly. They guessed right! " Niklaus was blinded with anger.

Eden drew him back, " I seriously can't understand what Reina saw in you because I'm sure I won't and would never deal with your pathetic grumpy ass, "

"And you can never be her," He brushed his arm off.

"This is her bachelorette party, do not ruin it for her out of your selfishness," Eden told him.

"I lost her for seven years - I'm not about to let some random bastard lap dance on her," He added, "You can choose to come or not, I would simply capture the picture of the male with your woman," He spat

"Damn you!" Eden swore and strode after Niklaus. He was not going to lie, though he told Camille to go ahead with whatever they planned to do, he was still damn curious - he was just trying to be an understanding fiancé.

And just like that, they began the journey to Lincolnshire after alerting Judy beforehand - however, they didn't tell him about the stripper part.

Eden stared at his cousin Niklaus who had been quiet since the flight began; it was a journey of three hours. He wondered what was on his mind considering he looked so deep in thinking. Eden was sure Niklaus was not going to hit Reina but she sure better have a special strategy of coaxing him.

Nonetheless, Eden had a smirk on his face while observing his cousin. This was the first time Niklaus was this stirred up because of a woman. Even when he had Kay, their

marriage was just so so, there was no passion. But with Reina, Eden was sure his sometimes stupid cousin would dive head deep into trouble for her.

Ugh! Camille would definitely deal with him later.

Niklaus sat staring out at the cloud, his mind far from the present world. He still couldn't believe Reina lied to him, no wonder she had been secretive and touchy about her bachelorette party plans.

Just the thought of a stupid male stripper standing before his woman, titillating his hips in those leather pants that showed off his bulge, touching and rocking her sent rage coursing through him. May God help that stripper!

In no time they arrived in Lincolnshire and Judy was there to welcome them as expected.

"If you had given me a better notice, I would have given you both a grand welcome," Judy told them as he led them to the car.

"You don't need to bother yourself, I have more pressing issues than a grand reception," Niklaus said tautly climbing into the car, alongside Eden. Judy got in the backseat with them too as the driver took off, the discussion began.

"Where is Emily?"

"She's with Reina and the rest, which you know already," Judy mused over it, "What's the reason for this impromptu visit? " he wanted the truth now.

"Reina and Camille organized a party- which should have begun already-they extended their invitation to strippers,"

At the mention of "strippers," Judy's expression shifted - talk about another possessive partner.

"Damn Emily," Judy cursed under his breath, brought out his phone, and called her at once.

"The number you dialed is not available at the moment, please try again later," was the reply he got.

"I can't get to her," Judy notified them after the fifth try.

"I can't connect to Camille either," Eden had his phone on his ear.

With a frown, Niklaus called Reina too, "The number you dialed does not exist, please check the number and -" he cut the line.

"Something is not right," There was a grave look on Niklaus' face.

Chapter 303 - Three Hundred And Three: Where Are My Strippers?

The third point of view:

"

You're on a different road,

I'm in the Milky Way

You want me down on Earth,

but I am up in space

You're so damn hard to please, we gotta kill this switch

You're from the '70s, but I'm a '90s bitch

I don't care, I love it

I don't care, I love it, I love it

I don't care, I love it

I don't care, I love it, I love it

I don't care, I love it "

Icona pop's "I don't care" reverberated across the room, the music so loud it was a surprise the house hadn't collapsed yet. Lucky for the girls, the house was soundproof so none of their neighbors was calling the cops on them tonight - exactly why Emily had rented the place.

As expected, it was a mansion worth thousands of dollars just for a night, but the girls weren't bothered, they had the cash hence went all out for this party.

"Hundred and five! Hundred and six! Hundred and seven!...." they chanted as Reina kept drinking.

Just as anticipated, they were having a wild celebration and games, and currently, Reina was doing a keg stand. It was a drinking activity where one does a handstand on a keg of beer and attempts to drink as much for as long as possible.

Unlike Camille, Reina didn't need people to help hold her up since she was flexible and could manipulate her own weight

"Hundred and eight! Hundred and nine! Hundred and ten! Yes!" there was a cheerful clamor as Reina removed the keg tap from her mouth and got down.

The girl threw her head back and sprayed out the alcohol she had sipped with a triumphant roar; she won over Camille who didn't survive past the Sixty-fifth count.

Everyone else cheered and grabbed a cup, donning down the drinks and dancing to the music. For sure, they were going to suffer a very, very, terrible hangover the next day but who cares? They needed to get wasted tonight, tomorrow would think about itself.

"We've run out of pizza," Cecil complained, tossing aside the pizza boxes on the table. Everywhere was a mess; there were scattered clothes here and there from their crazy role-play earlier, empty drink bottles, pizza packages, leftover fruits, and snacks - May the lord save their soul.

"I'll order another one," Lisa was already on her phone.

"Where are the strippers!" Reina bellowed, impatient. She wasn't drunk - so she claimed - well, maybe, half-drunk since her inhibitions were lowered a teeny bit. All she wanted to do was have fun and party all night.

"They said they're on their way," Camille said with a frown on her face, dialing their numbers once more.

"That was like thirty minutes ago," Emily pointed out, " I'm beginning to think they're not going to make it,"

"No, they have to make it! This is my bachelorette party!" Reina growled.

"Our bachelorette party," Camille corrected.

"I don't care!" Reina shouted, unstable on her feet. Why was the floor beckoning to her?

"I think she's drunk," Lisa said.

"Agreed," Cecil seconded

Emily turned down the music.

"No, put the music back on!" Reina rushed at the woman like a jaguar, snatching the remote from her, "I lied to Niklaus for this party and must have funnnnnn!"

At once, the girls rushed at Reina and grabbed her while she struggled fiercely.

"Let me go, you frenemies! Give me my strippers!" She hollered as the girls struggled to hold her down.

"Why is she so strong?" Lisa complained, barely avoiding getting her eyes gouged out by Reina.

"Are you seriously underestimating someone whose father is a drug lord?" Emily heaved.

"Drug lord!" Lisa shouted, they never told her about that part. No, she didn't sign up for this.

"We need a rope!" Cecil announced, "We can't keep holding her down forever, Jesus....!"?Reina kicked her away.

"We don't have a rope but we have this," Camille picked the bra she found on the floor and tied up her hands.

"One wouldn't hold her, we need to tie her legs too," Cecil told them.

"Oh, I know!" Lisa suddenly remembered and then rushed into one of the rooms, foraging for bras in the shopping bags amass the bed.

"Here," She ran back and handed all she could take to them, "Would this be enough?"

"More than enough," Cecil breathed and they began the torturous party of striving to tie Reina up; they conquered at last. Done, they are collapsed in a heap on the floor and couch.

"I promise to never get her drunk again," Cecil swore, moaning in pain from where the agitated Reina had hit her.

"This party is a disaster," Lisa groaned.

"Where are my strippers!" Reina cried out, beginning to pull on the restraints with her teeth to set herself free.

"No, no, this ain't happening, " Lisa stood and tied an extra bra at Reina's hand, gagging her with a cloth - they couldn't risk her losing herself.

"Mmm!" Was Reina's muffled protest. Her eyes were red and puffy. The angry veins protruding from her head hold a dark promise of the tortures to come once out of this bind.

"This is all my fault," Camille cupped her mouth, "This was all my idea. I turned Reina into a stripper fanatic,"

"No," Emily disagreed, " It's all our fault for pumping her with alcohol till she can't recognize her left from right - can't blame us fully, she wanted to have fun,"

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Everyone looked between one other, frozen. It can't be that the strippers were the ones at the door right now?

Suddenly, as if an invisible director shouted, "Action! " all the girls rushed to the door, battling to open the door first.

Finally, the door was opened, the squabble began:

"How could you be late?!"

"Do you know what we went through because of your lateness?! "

"I almost lost an eye!"

"I thought you guys were professional!"

"Ladies shut it!!!" Emily screamed, their chatters died down instantly.

Emily's chest was heaving as she stepped forward and asked the three men all dressed in black jackets,

"Are you guys the strippers?"

"Yes," One who seems to be the leader answered with a wavering dry, husky voice; he must smoke a lot.

Truth be told, Emily was not impressed by their appearance, they weren't as good-looking as she thought.

"Was there a change because you guys look different from what I saw on your profiles?" Lisa scrutinized them. She always had an eye out for the pretty ones.

"Yes, you're right," the other man acquiesced, "The initial guys had an accident on the way here - we're their replacements - hence the reason for the delay,"

"Oh my God," Cecil, the emotional one gasped, "I'm so sorry, hope there was no life lost,"

"We don't know as of the moment," the first man answered.

"Aren't you going to invite us in?" asked the third man.

"Of course, come in," Emily had already made way for them to come in when Camille the observant one said out of nowhere,

"Stop right there"

"Huh?" everyone was surprised by her halt.

"Where are your props?" she asked.

The three men said in unison, "Props?"

"Why are you asking me that? I should be the one asking you that... where is the equipment you're going to use to do your thing as strippers..wait a minute," it dawned on her, " Are you guys even professional strippers?"

The reply Cecil received was for guns to be pointed at her head. It happened so quickly that the girls had to process what just happened a minute later.

"Ahh!" the others screamed and ran back into the house while Camille lifted her hands, innocently.

"Gerald, lock the door! Jade stop them from calling for help!" the man who seemed to be their leader barked, "You move!" he gestured to Camille to start walking into the house.

Emily had picked her phone to call the chauffeur Judy sent to get help when the phone was ripped from her grasp and smashed against the wall.

"Get down on your knees!" Maxwell the leader bellowed and the girls screamed yet obeyed - all except the drunk Reina still trying to free herself.

"What do you want? We would give it to you willingly, please don't hurt us," Emily tried to negotiate with them.

Jade was busy searching for phones and devices for communication, disabling them.

"Of course, I know you're going to give me whatever I want because you all are loaded," Maxwell said with a sleazy smile that sent shivers down their spine.

He continued, "We've been watching you all day ever since the casino and checked your backgrounds.... " he laughed cheekily, " Turns out you all are big shots, "

The girls looked at one another, seems like they weren't as low-key as they thought.

"Jade, search their rooms! Get their credit cards and whatever goodies you can find in there," He commanded.

"Yes, leader! " he left to begin his work.

"Now, the rest of you would stay still like good little angels while I -"

"Freedom!!!" Reina's excited shout interrupted him as she finally got out of those binds.

Both men looked on with confusion, they had not noticed her earlier.

"Lady, get down before we blast your head off," Maxwell pointed the gun at Reina which made the girls scream. They tugged at Reina's ankle trying to make her kneel but the drunk girl kicked their grasps away and staggered over to the dazed men - she was a weird one.

"Hey men, are you the strippers?" there was a happy glint in her eyes as she tried to hug Jade who pushed her away to Maxwell.

"I said go down woman!" Maxwell struck Reina on the face.

Emily and the others let out a shriek at the action, Reina's head swiped to the side from the impact. Her eyes turned red like a robot in attacking mode, a malevolent smirk curling her lips to the side.

"Why is she staring at us that way, boss? It's creepy," Jade whispered to him, unsure.

"What is creepy?!" Maxwell dismissed his claim away and tried to hit Reina the second time to get her to obey his order when she caught his hand in a death grip.

"How dare you? Are you asking for a death wish?" The man was enraged by her guts.

No one saw what happened next because the women took cover behind the couches when Maxwell fired. However, what filled their ears afterward were the grunts and pains of the men. Reina crippled them with a shot to both legs.

The other partner Gerald who heard the commotion came out to view what was going on only to receive a shot straight on the hand, the gun dropped from his hand; Reina crippled him too - the signature move of the Sakuzi clan.

Done, Reina tossed the guns aside while the other women climbed out of their hiding place, still trembling.

"Where is the stripper?" Reina yawned, tossing the gun to the side.

They froze. They had no idea where the strippers were, would she shoot them too?

A knock came on the door.

Reina's gaze hardened, instantly. Has another group of fake strippers come to harass her again? With fearless angry strides, she marched to the door, opened it, and attacked whoever was there - but the opponent was prepared.

The strange man at the door matched her fast-paced punches as if he knew her moves, finally disabling her by pressing her against the wall. However, Reina's eyes lit up with excitement when she saw his pretty face.

she asked him, "Hi mister handsome, are you my stripper?"

Chapter 304 - Three Hundred And Four: Her Type Of Guy

The third point of view :

When Niklaus couldn't connect to Reina, his heart was in his throat. It couldn't be that something bad had happened to her, right? Oh no, he should have listened to his feelings. He always had a foreboding about this trip to Lincolnshire but he didn't say it out loud because he saw how happy and excited she was about the trip. He should have listened to his guts, especially when his eyes had been twitching non-stop earlier.

"Tell me you have a way of tracking them down," Niklaus was impatient. He wished he had superpowers so he could get to her and spank her hard on the butt for lying to him. Now, she put herself in danger.

"Give me a second," Judy said to him, going ahead to call the chauffeur he sent with the girls earlier but it was the same case - his phone could not connect.

"Archie," He commanded his assistant, "Track down the car at once,"

"Yes, your highness," the man answered, going to work. He had already figured out what was going on and knew delaying would get his butt roasted.

"What do you think is going on? What if we're too late?" Eden said but received a death glare from his cousin.

Niklaus didn't need any negativity, he had a strong hope that Reina and the girls were alright. She had gone through abuse in the hands of her family yet conquered, survived a fall down a bridge and an accident, what more can't she take? Niklaus comforted himself, he had to be strong.

"I've found the car," Archie announced, displaying the GPS location on his laptop.

"Drive there, immediately," Judy ordered with a serious look on his face. He had to solve this issue as soon as possible without the queen finding out - he highly doubted that though, the woman had her eyes on him. It was bad enough that his mother dislikes

Emily; if news of her hanging around with strippers reaches the queen's ear, he could guess that there was no changing her mind about her.

Royals were expected to be of good behavior; refined, prim, and delicate. They were to be scandal-free and know basic etiquette and so far, Emily probably scored twenty over a hundred from all this requirement. He couldn't blame her though, she wasn't used to such a strict life - Emily was a flying butterfly.

He sighed, they would have a deep discussion about her behavior once he found her. If she wanted them to be together, she had to contribute too. He has done his best.

Eden was not bothered at all, he was cool with his woman - he was the only open-minded one here. If anything, he was more scared she would give him the silent treatment for failing to keep up with their deal.

Not long after, they arrived at the property and found the car the girls drove in. It was dark and looked abandoned or so they thought.

"Mmm," they heard muffled noises and grunts as someone kicked at the door. Niklaus went ahead to open the car without safety checks - what if a bomb had been planted in there? He didn't care, he was highly anxious.

He found a man possibly the chauffeur, tied and gagged in the back seat - which wasn't surprising. He pulled off the blindfold and clothe used in his mouth without second thoughts.

"Thank you for saving me," the man said immediately, "By the way who are" his eyes fell on the men behind him and his eyes rounded, " Your highness -"

He was on the verge of bowing even with his hands and legs tied up when Judy interrupted him, "Where are the women? What happened? "

"Your highness, some men came up to me - three to be exact - parading to be strippers, but I saw through their tricks and was just about to call for help when they bounced on me. They are inside with the women now, you must save -"

Niklaus didn't wait to hear the rest of his narration, he had already zoomed off with the others running after him.

"They had guns," His mind kept telling him. Sure, Niklaus had faith his woman could take care of those assholes with ease. But with guns? No way. Never in history has a fist flown faster than a bullet, those men would blast her head off - May God help whoever touches her. Sure, Niklaus would put them in burning hell, but then Reina would be gone - he still lost out.

No! He had spent seven years thinking she was dead, he would not lose her this time. No matter where she went, to the underworld or hell, he'd drag her back. It was this determination that fueled Niklaus with so much adrenaline that he caught the punch that was thrown his way without warning.

His eyes widened when he saw it was Reina herself nor could he understand why she was attacking him. But Niklaus was not ready to feature a blackeye which was why he went on the defensive until he had her where he wanted.

With his arm pressed against her neck, but not with enough force to block her airways, Niklaus restrained her and leaned in closer only to inhale the reeking smell of alcohol - she was wasted.

Angry was an understatement, Niklaus was boiling with fury and was about to give her a piece of his mind when the girl leaned closer, asking, "Hi mister handsome, are you my stripper,"

What the f*ck...

Niklaus was dazed for a second before he regained the ability to speak. However, just when he was about to ask what game she was up to, Eden chimed in.

"Reina, what are you talking about?"

At once, Reina's focus left Niklaus and she cast those lovey-dovey eyes on Eden and Judy, "The heavens must be so generous today to give me these eye candies as strippers," she swooned over them.

"Eh?" Eden was shocked while Judy flushed with embarrassment unlike a certain person who was drinking vinegar - he was jealous. There was a deep furrow on Niklaus' face and his eyes had darkened, why was Reina giving other men attention?

Eden felt a shiver run down his spine as a result of a glare from a certain someone - Niklaus looked like king Yama of the underworld at that time. Just when Eden was about to find a way to save his ass, the other women cried out and ran to them, pushing Reina back to Niklaus' arm in the process.

Reina looked up to discover she was back in the arms of that stony-faced gorgeous man. She reached out and trailed his face. For some reason, he looked familiar but she couldn't get her head around where she had known him. Her memory was hazy and scattered. She went on, "Hi handsome, are you single? You're exactly my type and I want us to tango"

Niklaus didn't say a word this time, he could see she was drunk out of her mind and as much as he wanted to give her a piece of his mind, this drama was too funny for him to miss out on.

Lisa, still shaken from the incident, happened to pick the comment from Reina. She went red in the face and turned around to correct her, " What are you talking about Reina, this is Niklaus your -"

Niklaus immediately put a hand to his lips gesturing her to be quiet and Lisa obeyed - both couples were one strange person. She shuddered and decided to mind her business.

"But before then," Reina leaned closer, her chest pressed flush against his saying, "You still have to strip for me, handsome,"

A wide grin surfaced on Niklaus' face, he could not believe he would come to like Reina's drunk side one day. But he was more happy misfortune befell those damned strippers and now, he would take their place - mwahaha!

Without wasting time, Niklaus carried her off her feet which made her giggle, excited.

"Clean up the mess," He ordered Eden without even glancing his way.

"Where are you going? " Judy asked him.

Niklaus told him, "You heard the lady, she wants me to strip," He added, "You guys are not allowed to watch,"

Everyone's jaw dropped to the ground as he left. He seriously wasn't planning on.....you know what? Never mind.

Niklaus went into a room of his choice and sat the drunk fellow named Reina whose eyes were full of expectation on the edge of the bed.

The girls had high taste because the room had everything he needed to pull this stunt off and in no time, he had set up the sound system and turned on the colored light giving the room a sexual ambiance.

Niklaus leaned against the bathroom's doorway and began as soon as the song played,

"Put your head on my shoulder,"

He moved at once, taking off his blazer and letting it drop to the floor enticingly - he had changed out of his casual wear before coming to Lincolnshire.

He recalled the way women danced in the club he had been, putting them into valuable use while Reina watched, enthralled. One by one, Niklaus sexily undressed until he was in nothing but his briefs.

He titillated her with gyrations and suggestive movements; his body whining and twisting to the progression of the song.

"Squeeze me oh-so-tight," the song continued on a repeat when it ended.

Niklaus looked into Reina's eyes and saw the desire in there. It pleased him to know that she wanted him even without remembering him.

So when she stood up to her feet, he knew things were about to go down for real; his member roared to life - he wanted her too.

Reina came up to him and wrapped her arm around his neck, leaning closer to kiss him. Niklaus' pulse zinged and his arm went around to cup her ass, pressing her against his arousal.

But just when their lips were inches from meeting, Reina collapsed on him and fell asleep. Dumbfounded, couldn't explain how he felt at that action.

"Reina," He shook her not once nor twice, but all he received was her loud snoring.

"Damn it," Niklaus cursed out loud. He was going to need a cold shower tonight.

Chapter 305 - Three Hundred And Five: The Unadulterated Fun

The third point of view:

Back at home

"He was a liar and cheater!" Anabelle blew her nose on the tissue noisily. Her makeup streaked down her face as a result of her crying and her hair was disheveled; sticking out from all directions. In one word, she looked a mess.

Isabella scratched the side of her face awkwardly while Pedro took over solacing the crying Anabelle. She had seen this scene coming and tried to warn her cousin, but she had been blinded by the handsome face and now was bearing the consequences.

"Julie was so handsome and sweet; he was the perfect gentleman for me. He said he was in the lingerie shop for his friend after he had lost out on a truth or dare game.."

Yep, Isabella sighed. Cliché alibi.

"We clicked at once. I thought we were soul mates!" Anabelle cried harder while Pedro rubbed her back, muttering coaxing words.

Isabella had been the one doing the comforting but she reached her limit thirty minutes ago - Anabelle was crying a river.

She went on with her tale, "We exchanged numbers and chatted throughout the night - I thought I had found my Romeo finally. Then we set up a date and to believe I dressed up prettily for him and even straightened my hair because he loved bone straight ones - the Spencers had naturally wavy hair"

Isabella nodded her head to show she was following her narration.

"Julie took me to this fancy romantic restaurant and we were having the time of our life when his phone suddenly rang. I was a fool for not putting many thoughts into how stressed he looked by that call - I was just so swept up at the moment. He said he needed to use the washroom and I let him go like a dummy... " the tears couldn't let her continue.

"It's okay, Anabelle, " Pedro patted her on the back, " You don't have to recount it if you can't take it,"

"No," Anabelle shook her head, " I need to say it out so you two could learn from my experience - never trust a guy in a lingerie store," she claimed.

Isabella felt the urge to roll her eyes but she didn't want to come across as the villain here - Pedro, the good boy wouldn't like that. Who needed the experience? She had seen the heartbreak coming and tried to warn dear cousin but she had been headstrong about changing her fate and now? She was reaping the cost of her foolishness. Fine, be a good girl, Izzy.

"Anabelle, you don't have to beat yourself up over that single mistake - everyone makes mistakes,"

"I know, Izzy, but I'm the biggest fool. I could sense the panic from him when he returned from the restroom but I waved the suspicion to the back of my mind until his uncivilized psycho girlfriend barged in. She drenched me with the entire bottle of wine, pulled my hair, and called me 'a boyfriend snatcher' while I stood helplessly, unable to defend myself - I was the victim here, why couldn't anyone see it,"

The moment she heard of the abuse, Izzy who had earlier waved this matter aside became fired up - it was one thing to mislead her cousin and break her heart but it was a much greater crime to lay a hand on her cousin. Anabelle was hers to bully alone, no one else was permitted to touch her.

"Where does that asshole live?!" Isabella roared, she shot up to her feet, "I'm going to teach him a lesson,"

Pedro who had been calming Anabelle, ran over to Isabella before she could make it past the door, carrying her back on his shoulder like a sack of rice. He didn't dare to imagine the level of destruction she would wreck with that level of outrage.

"Let me go, this instant, Pedro!" Isabella thrashed around on his shoulder.

"Not until you calm that, you're going to make things worse in this state," Pedro told her before settling her back on the couch.

"I said let me go!" She tried to stand but he pushed her back again.

"Isabella please," He begged, knowing her strength could rival his with that level of adrenaline rush.

"Yes, Isabella, please listen to Pedro," Anabelle joined in calming her down.

Isabella hissed, disappointed,

"Are you seriously defending that bastard that did these to you? "

"No, but I'm not going to let you do something bad and get into trouble because of a boy that isn't worth a hair on my head," Anabelle persuaded her

"Are you okay? Did you get hurt anywhere?" Isabella asked, checking her body for even the slightest scratch.

"No, I'm fine. The security took her away before she could do any real damage,"

Isabella gave her a skeptical look yet didn't say anything. She took a deep breath, "You should stay with me tonight since the adults are not around. We could have a girl's night just the two of us - binge on Ice cream and Netflix - what do you say?" Isabella proposed.

The adults had gone to their respective parties in Lincolnshire and left them, the kids, to cater for themselves. She didn't want Anabelle to stay alone tonight.

"No, I'll head home," Anabelle said to her greatest shock.

"Why would you stay home all by yourself when Pedro and I are here - even the little ones are upstairs," Isabella just couldn't understand.

"The housekeepers are home and I need to lick my wound by myself - I can't keep depending on you, Isabella. If I'm going to be strong like you then it's time I start taking tough decisions," Anabelle said, yet intentionally didn't say out loud that seeing her and Pedro so sweet with each other broke her heart further.

"But - "

"Isabella," Pedro stepped in, "Let her be, please,"

Isabella squeezed her eyes shut and drew in a fleeting breath. But then she did the most difficult thing she had ever done in her life. She drew Anabelle in for a hug to their greatest shock; stroking her hair affectionately as Maya once did for her.

Anabelle stiffened like a rock, what the hell was going on? Isabella was hugging her? Was this the same Isabella she knew or another soul transmigrated into her body? But with time, she relaxed and hugged her, letting her warmth engulf her. Moreover, who knew when next she would see this side of Isabella? She has to enjoy this sweetness while it lasts.

When Isabella pulled away, Pedro had a sheepish grin on his face which made her flush with embarrassment - when did she go this soft? Now people would begin to think she was a paper tiger.

Immediately, Isabella's attitude took a three-sixty degrees turn, "Well, what are you waiting for? Leave and begin your one-woman reformation,"

Unlike before, Anabelle wasn't affected by the ridicule in her voice, she had finally seen through her act.

"Fine," She joyfully stood to her feet but not without giving Isabella one last hug, "Take care of yourself,"

She snorted in response, "Who needs care between the both of us?" and looked away.

"Take care of my cousin, Pedro," Anabelle told him with a wry smile.

Isabella rolled her eyes, the one in need of care was asking another to be cared for - gullible Anabelle, no wonder she was so easily fooled.

"Of course, Anabelle," Pedro promised her, "You don't need to tell me twice,"

Satisfied, Anabelle left through the front door and an awkward silence fell over the young couples.

Pedro summoned the courage to speak, "You're still angry," He noticed the way her leg tapped on the floor restlessly.

"Well, what am I supposed to do?! Someone maltreated my cousin!" She snapped at him.

Pedro was stunned at her outburst.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell at you," Isabella realized what she just did.

"I know but you need to calm down," He told her, face filled with understanding.

"I'm trying but I can't seem to calm down. I need to release the anger at something or someone - Julie seems like the perfect target," Isabella fought against the urge to shout at him again.

"You're not hitting anybody," Pedro told her and got on his feet, walking over to her side of the sofa.

Before Isabella could open her mouth and ask him what he was going to do, Pedro lowered his head and kissed her fully on the lips.

Isabella was struck dumb, this was one of the few times Pedro had taken the initiative to kiss her - she was the one always making the move on him because he was holding back on showing his affection.

Her heart missed a beat while her body tingled with excitement, she was hyper-aware of his hand running through her hair and the other stroking the curve of her back. Her pulse zinged, she was going to have him tonight - enjoy him like a full course meal.

Isabella pulled away, spellbound as she stared into his eyes, "I want you," she confessed.

Pedro gulped, "Isabella, your father -"

"Don't give me that bullshit..." her expression shifted abruptly, "Or don't you want me?"

"Of course, I want you so much that I crave you like a drug," He answered quickly.

Isabella was so touched by his word that she pulled him in for another long, sweet kiss, "Then say no more, we're doing it tonight with or without my father's consent - I would deal with Niklaus later,"

"Fine," Pedro gave in, he highly anticipated this moment too, "But you should know that I don't have any protection with me,"

Isabella giggled, "You don't have to worry about a thing, I know where my father keeps his,"

Pedro was stunned, this family keeps getting weirder - but he loved Isabella nonetheless.

And just like that, Isabella went into Niklaus' room. She headed straight to the bed, pulled out a box from under, unlocked it, and picked as many condoms as she wanted. She smiled unconsciously, tonight was going to be a great one.

She then stored them in the pocket of her shorts and went back downstairs to take Pedro's hand, saying enticingly, "Let's go to my room,"

The girl returned to her room with her back, her eyes trained on Pedro the whole time - she knew every nook and cranny of the house even without her sight.

So entranced was she with the thought of the upcoming unadulterated fun they were about to have that she didn't notice the thin, almost invisible cord planted in the doorway.

The moment Isabella opened the door, she was drenched in a cold, wet, sticky substance while Pedro's mouth was opened so wide a fly would have no problem getting in.

Isabella gasped as she wiped the white paint dripping from her hair, a look of disbelief on her face - a look of fury followed afterward. She didn't need to think about who orchestrated this prank - this was the twin's third one this week.

Pedro took a step back, the demon in her was slowly climbing to the surface. Even he couldn't stop Isabella's anger this time - the twins were sure going to get it from her this time around.

"Ailee! Allen!!"

Chapter 306 - Three Hundred And Six -The Gods Were Silent

The third point of view:

Reina felt horrible. To make matters worse, the sun filtering through the open window didn't help her hangover at all. She moaned, her eyes stirring open.

What the hell happened to her? Where was last night? What happened to last night? Why was it morning already? Questions upon questions assaulted her brain which worsened the headache.

Why do people even drink? It was obvious that hangover was a great mood killer yet humans still kept coming back for more? Were humans a sucker for pain or something?

With a loud earth-shattering grunt, Reina drew herself so she could sit up on her bed. Her body ached; every fiber of her being hurt. It was almost as if she was run over by a truck, then died, resurrected, yet got hit again and continued the procession all over again - this was the worst hangover she had ever experienced in her entire life.

Reina couldn't remember anything from last night but she had no doubt it had been goddamn crazy - she just hoped she hadn't done anything she would come to regret. With that thought in mind, she yawned in an unladylike manner and turned to the side only to get startled out of her mind.

"Son of the devil!" She exclaimed from extreme shock upon seeing Niklaus sitting on the chair beside her bedside.

What the f*ck! Was she now seeing things?!

The last thing she remembered from last night was finishing that kegstand challenge, everything else was blank, like a long stretch of darkness.

Was she still drunk? Was she dreaming?

She cleared her eyes with her hand yet that devilishly handsome face still sat where he was and seemed to have a dark smirk gracing his breathtaking features.

This is crazy, Reina thought to herself. Did she just miss him that much that she was now conjuring his image? Only alcohol could cause this, she's wasted! There was no hope for her! Reina lamented.

So to ensure she wasn't dreaming, Reina slapped herself on the face and shit! That was painful. However, the imaginary Niklaus still sat where he was.

Damn! That must be a strong imagination!

So to destroy this currently annoying - she had a feeling that the strippers eventually came last night - guilt in her heart, she reached out hoping to destroy this image. Reina had expected her hands to go through him like air, after all, he was her imagination, however, she touched flesh; warm, smooth cheek.

No...way

"Are you done?" Niklaus' brow lifted arrogantly while his smirk deepened - it held a grave promise of what was to come.

"Ahhh!" Reina tossed her covers aside and jumped out of the bed. Like someone who's seen a ghost, she barged out of the room and ran down the flight of stairs still screaming only to bump into someone.

"Hey, easy, look where you're going," she heard a deep chuckle as someone tried to steady her.

Reina shivered, a bad premonition. She glanced up, Eden.

"Ahhh!!!" Reina's scream went up a notch as she covered down the rest of the stairs. What the hell was going on? Why were Niklaus and Eden here? What happened to her bachelorette party?!

Still wailing like a banshee, Reina ran into the living room only to stumble upon the scene of Judy sitting like the prince he was and sipping a cup of coffee - oh no, not him too.

With nowhere else to run to, Reina stood like a statue and continued her screaming - this had better be a nightmare. Someone, please tell her that this was a dream inside a dream and that very soon, she would wake up and there would be no Niklaus, no Eden nor Judy, just she and the girl....

Reina's eyes widened to the size of saucers when she saw the girls in question sitting docile like tamed cats on the long couch. Oh no, there was a fire on the mountain.

And that was further confirmed when she turned around to see Niklaus striding towards her with his towering frame, she suddenly felt too little.

Reina began to back away from him but of course who was Niklaus, a big bad bully who was enjoying the guilty and frightened look on her face.

In the process of moving back, Reina didn't look properly where she was going and tripped over a stool from behind. She would have landed on her ass hard had Niklaus not reached out and caught her by the waist.

"Going somewhere, Tigress?" he still had that irritating brow raised, "I bet you must have had a lot of fun last night,"

Reina gulped down the lump in her throat while shifting uneasily on her feet. She recognized that look on him - she wasn't going to get out of this one easily.

"Yesterday, you showed your great love for stripping services," Niklaus said casually but she sensed the venom beneath - how could she not know? She has lived with this crafty old fox for weeks now.

He added, "Plus your proficiency at fooling me, "

Wonderful, she was dead meat - officially dead. Where were the funeral homes, they should write on her gravestone, "Here lies the foolish Reina for inviting strippers to her party even after knowing she had a possessive soon-to-be husband,"

Wait a minute, was it too late to back out of this marriage? Who was she fooling? Would this clingy man let her go? Reina was sure Niklaus would chase her down wherever she went, even to the end of the earth.

She laughed nervously, "Is not what you're thinking," she tried to squirm out of his hold but Niklaus was immovable as the land of the earth, there was no fleeing for her.

"Really?" He was half-amused? "Then you tell me? What was it then?"

Reina had a smile on her face while facing Niklaus but inwardly she was so frightened that she was mentally kowtowing to the God in heaven, 'Save my soul from this devil's son, '

She somehow wished she could remember what exactly happened last night so she could choose her words carefully and not land in deeper shit. She looked towards the girls for help but they had a forlorn face - seems she wasn't the only one in trouble. Just what in the world happened last night? How in the world did these men find them?

"Reina, you should join the others. We have a great matter to discuss," Judy's somber voice rang out.

Oh, the heavens have finally saved her! Reina was relieved she would finally be free of this terrifying man or so she thought.

The moment Niklaus released her-Freedom had never felt so good as now- Reina spread forth her wings, about to sandwich herself between her same-sex brethren when someone caught her by the waist, hoisted her up, and sat her down with him - she was sitting on Niklaus!

Boohoo! Reina didn't know whether to laugh or just break down in tears. Nor could she tell which was worse: The fact that she couldn't remember last night and might have done something cringe-worthy or the fact that her stomach was a bundle of nerves because she was sitting directly on Niklaus' hard-on with his shaky hot breath burning and sending shivers down her back.

"The strippers, whose idea was it?" Judy asked no one in particular.

All the girls stared at one another; they were communicating telepathically. Of course, all of them knew Camille came up with the idea but they had supported her and were as guilty as charged. Moreover, none of them was willing to throw any of them under the bus just to save their pretty asses, they might not be related by blood but they've formed a bond that might even be even stronger than one between siblings - they were one sisterhood.

So they all came to a prompt decision; each of them raised their hand up. It was one for all and all for one.

Judy scoffed, he was not surprised by their action. The women had formed a relationship that even him, sadly, might not even be able to break, which was why he faced Emily.

"And you participated?"

Emily was provoked, "What was I expected to do? Ignore them? They're my best friends and that was Reina's bachelorette party - she deserves the fun,"

"At least you should have told me," He said to her, trying to reel in his anger.

"Then what? You would have been against it since you're a royal expected to act with decorum - what a boring life!" She snapped.

"Of course, I'm a royal and have responsibilities to the people and as my soon-to-be wife and queen, you're supposed to be of good behavior and maidenly, and perhaps, if you had told me I would ensure your safety from those pretenders from last night! What if they had hurt you?" Judy responded with the same ferocity in one clean breath.

Wait a minute, Reina caught his words. What does he mean by pretenders from last night? Did something happen?

"Well, as you can see, we're fine and were properly able to protect our fragile feminine asses thanks to Reina," her words dripped with sarcasm.

"Huh?" Reina blinked. She looked between them with confusion. Why was Emily thanking her? Saved their asses? What was she talking about?

"Well, while you settle your differences, I would like to have a few words with my wife privately," Niklaus suddenly announced, standing with Reina in his arms.

"What? NO?!" Reina's eyes rounded. No, she didn't want to go with him! Words her butt! She could sense what his "privately" meant.

Reina would rather receive Judy's steely glare as he yells her head off than stay in a room alone with Niklaus especially with that sleazy sinister smirk on his lips.

"Wife behave," Niklaus reprimanded her when she wouldn't stop squirming and continued his journey to the room. Reina began to cry internally. Anyone, anything out there, save her please.

But no, the gods were silent this time.

Chapter 307 - Three Hundred And Seven: Gobble You Up, Tigress

Niklaus point of view:

"Ahh!" Reina's scream reverberated across the room as I walked up the stairs with her on my shoulder.

"Let me down this instant!" She commanded, throwing punches on my back. It hurt though but her distress was amusing to me hence the pain was nothing I couldn't bear.

The moment I came into the room and turned to lock the door, she somehow maneuvered her body and slipped out of my hold, heading straight into the bathroom.

I let out a slight chuckle, why was she running? I wasn't even pursuing her. I just wanted a few words with her - probably?

"Reina," I knocked on the door and tried the doorknob but as expected, it was locked; she wasn't taking any chances with me.

"I'm not going to gobble you up, Tigress. I just want us to talk this out like a husband and wife should without being childish," I preached to her - sadly, even I had a hard time believing myself.

"This is not the first time you fooled me," she retorted from behind the closed door.

Well, guilty as charged, but then, it was not my fault that I had such a ravenous appetite. And let's judge this frankly, my wife didn't stop me when I approached her either plus the fact she had a great time too.

"Well, stay in there as much as you like," I added, " Take the chance to wash up as well, you reek" I could already picture her glaring at me at this comment.

With no other choice, I went back to the bed and laid down, facing upward with a smile on my face. For some strange reason, I was so happy today especially after remembering what went down yesterday night - even though I had a blue ball afterward.

I wondered if Maya hadn't fallen off that bridge, would we have gotten married by now, had children, and lived happily ever after? Who was I kidding, happily ever after was a fairytale. But still, would our love have conquered the persecution and tribulations on our way.

You know, I'm kind of believing in this "There's time for everything" concept. It's kind of funny but I believe that everything has finally fallen in place; I now have Reina, my kids, and a happy family. Though I missed seven years of the twin's life, Reina did a good job of raising them - as mischievous as they were. My father, Adam, would have probably found ways to suppress Maya in every corner if we had gotten married earlier then. Who knows, we would have been divorced by now.

For almost an hour, Reina didn't come out of the bathroom - my woman has a huge determination. Though I was bored, I didn't give up, two can play at this game. Let's see how long she can live in that limited space.

My premonition was right because not long after, I heard the slow creaking of the door as it was opened and someone's head poked out with a meek voice calling, "Niklaus,"

I didn't have to think hard to know my wife Reina needed clothes - her previous one must stink badly- and she was too shy, more like, cautious to walk out of the bathroom naked with the lion around to bounce on her and yes, I hid the towels - mwahaha.

"Niklaus," I heard her voice; gentler and alluring this time. I was almost tempted to answer her but instead, I faced the other side of the bed, feigning a yawn. Reina began the game, she must see it to the end.

"Niklaus!" She hissed out. I sensed some annoyance in her voice, her patience was finally thinning.

I would have loved to drive her to the edge but as the gentleman I am, it's not right to keep a lady waiting naked.

"R-Reina?" I rubbed my eyes, pretending to have just woken up from sleep.

Her lips pressed together and she glared at me in response seeing through my act. I was tempted to kiss that pouty lips, she looked so adorable right now.

"What is the problem, my wife?" I strutted over to her with a straight face.

At first, I was sure my dear wife was about to scold my head off but the moment I got close, she retreated further into the bathroom, hiding her tantalizing body from view.

I frowned, what was I supposed to do with her head alone? Well, those lips...

"Niklaus," she spoke softly, fluttering her eyelashes at me like a butterfly.

I laughed mentally, the tigress became so low and meek because she wanted a favor from me - I'm so touched.

"Yes, wifey,"

Her face scrunched up in annoyance at my comment - she could tell I was teasing her - yet she continued her act.

"Can you help me with some clothes from the wardrobe," she added, "Please,"

"This is your chance, Niklaus," I was tempted to tease her now she's vulnerable but decided against it.

Like an obedient husband, I went to the wardrobe and found heaps of disarrayed clothes. Eden was right, she had one hell of a fun yesterday.

Pushing the jealousy to the back of my mind, I went to work. Contrary to my thoughts, I had a lot of fun picking out her clothes - ladies had an enormity of clothing choices.

"Here," I handed the cloth which she snatched quickly from me with a vigilant gaze. Sigh, she was still cautious, as if she could run away from me if I wanted her on my bed right now.

Reina gave me a questioning look when she undid the cloth I wrapped together only to discover it was nothing but an oversized polo, "Where is the rest of it?"

"The rest?" I pretended? I was clueless about what she was saying.

"The shorts," she swung the polo vexed, "I can't wear this alone,"

"I'm sorry but I'm not well knowledgeable in women's fashion, I just took what I thought would sexy on you,"

Blood rushed to Reina's face, her chest heaved. She knew I was fooling with her, but what could she do?

"But don't worry, since you're so angry, why don't you choose it yourself - I'm too ignorant and there's a chance I might make another mistake," I told her, fighting against the urge to just throw myself on the floor and laugh my heart out - my wife was fuming with anger.

"No, thanks," She shouted and tried to slam the door on my face but I was faster and put my hand in the way.

"W-what now?" Apprehension crept up her face amid her brave facade.

"You forget this," I lifted the red lacy thong which made her face turn bright red.

"Gimme that!" She snatched at it but I moved it out of her reach.

"Niklaus!" She whined like some aggrieved kid.

Before her very eyes, I lifted the thong to my nose and took a deep sniff before placing a kiss on it and dropped it in the hand of my shocked wife - yeah, that wasn't creepy at all.

With a creeped-out cry, Reina shut the door while I went back to my bed and sat down against the headboard waiting for her to finally leave her voluntary prison.

Moments later, Reina came out from the bathroom squirming and tugging on the large polo uncomfortably. As I pictured, the shirt rested on mid-thigh and she looked sexy as hell - the thought she was wearing nothing but a thong made my member tighten painfully. Gosh, I brought trouble upon myself.

"I think I need to change out of this," she complained, already heading in the direction of the wardrobe when I growled at her.

"Take that off and I would press you against the wall, taking you the way I want; my cock buried deep inside of you while you moan and squirm beneath me restlessly. I

would ram into you senselessly till you won't know where you come and I start! " I spat with a hint of dark promise.

Reina shivered, eyes wide as my dirty warning sank into her head. I have been too soft on her, she better know this crass side of me too.

"Now come here, " I commanded.

Without wasting time nor did she try to argue with me, Reina walked over to my bedside. I reached out and made her sit in front of me, her rear end pressing against my member. I hissed out a breath, I was messing with fire here but I didn't care; I needed this.

Slowly, my hands snuggled her stomach from behind while my jaw rested on her shoulder. I inhaled her scent and relaxed.

"ThankGod nothing happened to you," I said to Reina who was stunned by my confession, "You don't know how scared I was yesterday,"

Reina turned her head to stare at me, I wasn't done speaking, "I love you Reina but can you please be careful with my heart? I don't know how many surprises I can take anymore without losing it, please,"

Contrary to my expectation, Reina didn't say a word, she just kept staring at me like a fan seeing a celebrity for the first time and when I thought of closing this chapter to make things less awkward between us, I heard a comment that made my heart stop.

"I'm sorry for lying to you, husband,"

Chapter 308 - Three Hundred And Eight: House On Fire

Reina's point of view:

Maybe it wasn't that bad to have a misunderstanding. Yeah, we might yell and say some hurtful words we mean or may not mean. However, at the end of the day, a healthy relationship would still rebound after both couples put down their pride and try to make it work. It wasn't just an effort on the side of the man but the women too and that was what I just realized.

I was carried away with the fun of having a wild bachelorette party that I didn't realize I hurt my partner's feelings in the process. Inwardly, I always knew Niklaus would never let me attend nor have such a party but I let myself get influenced by peer influence - I'm not saying I detest what Emily and the girls did for me, like heck! They just wanted me to have a great party. I should have just gone with what my heart told me.

I forgot that all fingers were not equal; just because Eden was more open-minded, I shouldn't expect the same from Niklaus. Niklaus was possessive - no strange man could get within proximity of me without receiving his death glare- and that's just him for you. I was foolish and shouldn't have wanted the same treatment. Maybe if I had done some cajoling, Niklaus would have had a change of heart - That's me having 0.0001 percent faith, people.

Honestly, it wasn't all bad having a possessive soon-to-be husband. Niklaus treats me with respect and knows when he crossed the line - he realizes when I'm not in the mood - and his possessiveness makes me feel treasured - like he's so scared of losing me that he keeps all to himself.

It's so cute sometimes because I love teasing and testing his limit to an extent. Niklaus reminds me of foxes who caches their food-bury it to consume later- hiding it fast before some other animal takes it. Well, he has always been a fox - a sly, big bad fox.

"Say that again," He whispered yet I could hear it loud and clear because he was close behind me. His chest was pressed against my back and my rear end bumping slightly now and then against his arousal - I knew he picked that thong for a purpose, that old fox!

"What?" I was breathless, especially now his hand was slowly trailing the curve of my back.

"Call me sweet husband," He requested shamelessly, lips kissing the curve of my neck. This was a slow seduction.

"Why are you hung up on it? We're not even married officially yet," I purposely incited him, knowing Niklaus was always up for a good challenge.

"Really?" I could feel the curve of his lips stretch into a smile while his other hand slipped into my large shirt and trailed his way up to my bare breast - And yes, I wasn't wearing a bra because he didn't get me one too.

I moaned when his hand cupped my breast, fondling and squeezing with enough force to not cause me pain; he pinched it, sending sweet pain to me.

"Would you admit me as your sweet husband now?" he growled into my ears, taking my earlobe into his lips and sucked on it.

I gasped softly and he took my silence as a "No" hence continued his attack. He kissed back down to my neck, finding the sensitive spot there, and lingered while I whimpered from the sweet pleasure. I was shivering under his touch and it certainly wasn't out of fear; the sensations were just too much to keep in.

Heat spread to my face when his hand left massaging my breast and began to travel down south, gasping softly as he intentionally caressed my flat stomach before proceeding to slip his finger into the flimsy material called thong, making contact with my moist heat.

I whimpered in pleasure and arched my back at how delightful the sensation was; he was igniting the whole of my body, setting it on with an everlasting flame - so I wished for eternity.

Niklaus rubbed against my wet fold, I grabbed the sheet tightly, the sensation made my mind reel. I couldn't think, just feel. He began to work against me with movements that made me moan relentlessly, bumping against his touch and squeezed my thigh together to create more friction yet Niklaus found a way to move his fingers nonetheless.

I gave a cry and shudder of delight when he picked up speed causing the pleasure to gradually build in me.

"Would you call me husband now?" he growled into my ears, his voice husky and thick with desire.

"Yes," I conceded at last yet he didn't stop.

My breath, no scratch that, our breath was heavy and I bet his heart was beating as wild as mine too. My eyes went unfocused as my orgasm was finally ripped out of me and I sank against him, satiated like a fed cat.

I laughed all to myself - I don't even know why - which soon ensued into tears causing a prominent frown to appear on Niklaus' face instantly.

"Reina, what is wrong?" he looked so concerned my heart arched. How could he love me this much?

"No, it's nothing," I told him while wiping away the annoying tears that kept gushing out amid my desire to stop them.

"You don't have to hide anything from me, I don't bite," He made me turn and cupped my face with his big calloused hand, the rings making me shiver from their slight chill.

"No," I shook my head, " I just realized how lucky I am to have you as a husband"

"No," He corrected, "I'm the one lucky to have you as a wife - I don't deserve you at all,"

"No," I argued, " You were the one who first treated me like a human being when everyone turned against me - including my so-called family. You always stood by me and never gave me a reason to doubt your sincerity even with the persecution around us - you sought a way to showed me you cared with your own methods, "

Niklaus was struck dumb with my confession which gave me the confidence to continue," Even when I lied to you and had a wild celebration with strippers, you still turned a blind eye to it though it was hard for you... " I trailed off when I saw an odd emotion flicker across his features.

"What is it, Niklaus?"

"You don't remember last night?" He asked as unrest set in.

"No, I still haven't remembered what the hell went down last night. I overdid it with the drinks," I chuckled nervously, expecting his gaze to darken as he chides me on the detriments of binge drinking. However, the strange part was that Niklaus seemed uneasy - he was hiding something from me.

"What are you not telling me, Niklaus?" My tone turned somber

"Urm," he cleared his throat, "About the strippers, none of them made it last night,"

My brows furrowed, " What do you mean?" I couldn't get him.

"It means I was your stripper last night," He declared proudly.

I facepalmed mentally, Holy mother of God.

Suddenly, a malevolent scowl appeared on my face and I smiled a smile that was too good to be true. My hand went to the noticeable bulge in his trousers, feeling his member thoroughly through his pants.

"I bet you enjoyed yourself," I smiled sweetly.

"If it means I enjoyed rubbing myself on you, then you're right," He confessed, probably encouraged by me handling his prick.

"So you had a lot of fun last night and yet you preyed on my conscious this morning,"

Suddenly, Niklaus's eyes flew open when I reached into his pants with great speed and grabbed his balls hard.

"Reina!" He shouted, "Do you want to destroy our future generation?" He cried out, careful not to provoke me since I still had control of his testicles.

A sinister smirk curled my lips, "We have Allen and Ailee already, why should I care about your future generation when you're intent on killing me with high blood pressure first," If only he knew how much I've been trying to recall the drama from last night in the bathroom, wondering what I had done or gone wrong

"Fine wife, no, your highness, I won't ever pull such an expensive joke on you again," Niklaus was almost to the point of pleading on his knees.

My anger dissipated instantly yet curiousness still got the best of me, "Does this hurt that much?" I tried to squeeze his balls a little but Niklaus gave me a warning hiss and I withdrew my hand instantly, raising it in surrender - the look was almost murderous. Well, guess I would never find out unless I became a boy.

Afterward, Niklaus threw a little tantrum because I messed with his future generation - so he calls it - but I managed to placate him.

"I'm kind of thinking we should spend more time here before heading back," I suggested. We were lying on the bed, snuggled close to each other.

"Alright, anything you say," he agreed.

I was just about to go get some food since I was still hungover when a call came into Niklaus' phone. Normally, I wouldn't have put much thought into it but it was because of the numerous emotions that flashed across his face in such a short time that made me anxious.

"What is it?" I asked upon seeing the scowl on his face, something was wrong.

"We have to return immediately, our house is on fire,"

Chapter 309 - Three Hundred And Nine: Daddy Terror And Dearest Mommy Goody

Isabella's point of view:

I take back my word, I hate children!

Allen and Ailee were a nightmare, they weren't what I imagined them to be for Christ's sake! They were supposed to be sweet and docile but all they do is infuriate and play pranks on me - they don't even obey me!

I blame this all on my father, Niklaus, he's the reason they turned out this way. If he had married Maya on time, she would have had these annoying little devils here and I would have trained them the way I wanted them to be- they wouldn't be so fearless to my authority. Take Neon, for example, he loves and adores me or so I thought until these devils came around.

Currently, Neon doesn't spend time with me any longer, he's always with the twins. The excited glint in his eyes is reserved now for Ailee and Allen. How could he abandon me like that? I was his mother; I trained him for seven and in return, he betrayed me - what an unfilial child. Even I didn't betray Niklaus - wait a minute, did I?

But then, amid that, I still very much love Allen and Ailee and Neon - I don't know what charm they used over me that even though they piss me off daily, I still end up forgiving them, grudgingly.

If not my strange love for them, I would have skinned them alive for that paint prank. Although Pedro was partially the reason I didn't give them a piece of my dark mind - he pleaded on their behalf. Moreover, I didn't want him to think I was too harsh on them- Pedro should see the image of the world's most magnanimous sister ever.

But inwardly, I was seething with anger. Yesterday had been the best day to taint that pure soul Pedro before Daddy Terror- Niklaus- returned from his trip with Dearest Mommy Goody-Reina- yet those kids ruined it for me. This is why this morning I gave no shit to them resulting in the fire incident.

I knew Allen, Ailee and Neon were up to no good especially when they were being sneaky early this morning. My conscience told me they were up to another prank, but I ignored them.

From the scare I gave them yesterday, they wouldn't come up with another trick on me for a while. So that means they were either having their nasty crazy experiments or planning another hoax on an unknown target - none of my business since it wasn't on me.

I ignored them and focused my attention on my computer, livestreaming to my eager fans about the latest everyday hacks when an unexpected boom occurred, shaking me to the core.

Before I knew it, the entire house lit up with a bright red light preceded by the noise of the fire alarm resounding throughout the house. Someone or something triggered the fire alarm and I didn't need to guess who or why.

Without wasting them, I abandoned the live broadcast and the questioning looks of my fans - they too heard the alarm -?and hurried downstairs just to see the trio running out of their burning room.

Their eyes were wide as soon as they saw me - were they planning on escaping alone? Their faces were covered with soot and even from a distance, they smelled of smoke.

"What the hell did you do?!" I screamed, eyes scanning the thick fume emerging from the room - at this rate, the fire would escalate pretty soon.

We had a sprinkler system in place and contrary to what the movies portray that all the sprinklers in a system are tied together and when one is triggered by heat, they all activate - If this was the case, putting out a fire would simply be trading fire damage for water damage - but that wasn't how it worked, sprinkler heads function individually.

Normally, fires should be completely extinguished after just one or two sprinklers activate, but the heat from that room told me it wasn't close to stopping.

Less than a second, all the workers in the house came out and we were led outside and that leads to this current moment.

Niklaus and his wife Reina were heading to us and from the look on their faces, no one was getting out of this one.

"Oh thank God!" Reina cried out, hugging both of her kids tight, a huge relief on her face.

"Are you hurt anywhere?" She began to check the twins who now had a naive look on their faces - those damn pretenders!

Reina's gaze suddenly settled on Neon who scratched the back of his head, feeling left out.

"Neon, come here," I watched her call to the boy who timidly walked over to her.

It gladdened my heart that Reina didn't conserve her motherly love alone for her twins. Though Neon wasn't biologically her son, he was a member of this family now - We've accepted him by heart. And I knew she wasn't faking her affection for him else I would have seen through her act. Maya or Reina - whatever she calls herself - just has a big heart.

"Are you okay baby?" She checked Neon just as she checked the twins earlier.

The boy barely nodded, short of words. Though Neon wasn't as smart as the twins, he was knowledgeable enough to know that Reina wasn't his biological mother and shouldn't expect equal treatment. So it wasn't surprising he was stunned by her concern - not that Reina has ever maltreated him anyway.

Left for me alone, I would have persuaded my father to adopt Neon and add his name to the family registry. But then, it wasn't our call to make since we have to take consent from his mother Jennifer and there was no doubt, she would agree right away - and that was the problem.

No matter how much we train Neon, Jennifer is still his mother and the same blood runs through his veins. What's the probability Neon won't change in the future and usurp a position that isn't his and wouldn't be his once he's adopted fully into our family?

Though I was sure that such a scenario would never happen especially now Neon's in the care of Reina, however, the human heart is wicked and one can never tell what would happen in the future.

"What the hell happened here?" Niklaus asked with a not so pleased expression - he was restraining his fury.

Since that question was directed at nobody in particular - thankfully - the three of them all began to speak at the same time. Though it was more of a squabble, the truth came to light.

Turns out that the kids have been binge-watching Teen wolf - I can confirm that - and got to the episode where Lydia and Stiles created a molotov cocktail they threw at Peter. So you could guess what happened next?

Reina's crazy, adventurous, risk-taking twins decided to create the molotov cocktail otherwise known as a petrol bomb, gasoline bomb, bottle bomb, poor man's grenade, firebomb - you name it - all by themselves.

How they even got the complete chemical by themselves scares me. Wait a minute, it shouldn't surprise me since they had an unlimited credit card to make their purchases - how do you think I did mine years ago?

Though I didn't understand what they said happened next - it was more of an argument between the trip-but it seems Neon unintentionally tampered with it and boom, the explosion - they were extremely lucky enough to have escaped unharmed.

"And what were you, Isabella doing?" Niklaus asked one strange question.

"What?"

"Where were you when all this was going on?"

I stared at my father in disbelief, "You're not seriously blaming me for this incident, are you?"

"I'm not blaming you for this but you sure contributed to it,"

I scoffed, "Allen and Ailee are responsible for this!" I pointed to him in case his sight was broken.

"Yes, because you didn't keep a close watch on them! " he yelled at me.

"I am not their babysitter! "

"You are more than that, you're their elder sister; a sister who's supposed to take care of them not ignore them while they stupidly put themselves in danger. Isabella, you are supposed to be the sensible one here, that's your responsibility now the family circle has grown,"

Guilt hit me hard as I realized my father was speaking the truth. I shouldn't have let them go ahead with their stupid plan when I sensed it earlier. What if they had hurt themselves? I was just too selfish to care because of yesterday's prank - call that childishness.

I was just about to open my mouth to apologize when Niklaus made a comment that made anger fill me.

"I'm so disappointed in you, Isabella,"

I clenched my fist, eyes simmering with rage. I wasn't the one who started the fire yet he hadn't scolded the kids who started the whole thing and took it out on me. Though the feeling was new to me but instinctively, I knew elder siblings shouldered the whole blame in such a situation but my father's words really hurt me.

I was new at this big sister role of a thing - it has always been me and Niklaus- yet he didn't consider that and instead was quick to get disappointed in me? I gave Niklaus an icy look and left notwithstanding Reina calling after me.

I don't need her appeasement.

FUCK them all.

Chapter 310 - Three Hundred And Ten: Lead Her Into Trouble

Reina's point of view:

"You were quite harsh on Isabella," I told Niklaus who shot me a disgruntled look. He knew I was right yet his pride wouldn't let him admit it nor go down without an argument.

"She should know her responsibility now," He claimed, refusing to meet my gaze.

"Niklaus," I laid a hand on his shoulder softly and he grimaced as if my touch was breaking down his defenses, "All those years it has been just the two of you together, this is all new to her and she's trying to adjust to the swift changes. It's my fault for keeping your kids from you but to Isabella, Ailee and Allen came out of nowhere - she knows them from less than two months ago, "

Niklaus sighed and then he turned to me, "So now what do you want me to do? Apologize to her cause I'm sure as hell ain't giving her one - those are her siblings and she's supposed to take care of them, "

"I'm not saying you should apologize to her but make it up to her. Pet her, Niklaus,"

"Pet her?" Niklaus gave me an odd look, "Are you for real? Do you even know who you're talking about?" he wanted to confirm.

I rolled my eyes, why did they so much exaggerate about Isabella? She's a sweet kid notwithstanding her nefarious past - well, she was scary, a little especially when she puts you in unexpected trouble.

"Niklaus, little girls need love from their father even if they don't show it. Just open up to her," I pleaded.

"Thank God you said 'Little' girls and not 'all'?girls," He picked on that, "At the age of four, Isabella detested the sight of teddies and anything pink, she would rather have a water gun and train toys. I have no idea what Isabella loves and I'm not going to increase my stress level because of someone who might not even appreciate the gestures, "

"I'll help you figure it out, " I added, "Hopefully after she returns,"

Niklaus looked at the ruined house with a sour expression. The house was salvageable since it was only the kid's rooms and kitchen area that experienced the burn.

"You guys have to figure a place to stay during the fire damage restoration process," A firefighter geared from his head to his feet said to Niklaus.

"I have a property..."

"I have a property..."

Niklaus and I said at the same time causing our eyes to meet and a faint smirk on my lips.

"Let's stay at my place," I went ahead to suggest.

"No, I'm the man of the house, I should provide shelter for the family," He argued.

I snorted, "Oh please, spare me that masculinity bullshit, my property's been collecting dust for a while now. It needs an occupant,"

"Sell it off or rent it out - that's what I do to the properties I can't even remember I have. But this one? No, My children need to know their father is capable enough,"

"Allen and Ailee already know you're the best dad out there and it's just for a few days before this one gets repaired, just let me win for once,"

The firefighter watched the quibbling couples and shook his head, It wasn't good for both couples to have lots of money. He left - none of them even noticed the man who raised the issue was gone.

"Niklaus, why are you so stubborn?! " I stomped my feet in irritation, "Just give in to me for once,"

"I'm the one to carry the burden," He pressed but then that gave me an idea.

"Fine, let's put on a vote then. The kids would be allowed to make their choice," I suggested with a sly smile.

It was late to realize that I shouldn't have suggested that at all because those little betrayers choose their father's place over mine; it was a 2:1 win. The adorable Neon was the only one who had voted in my favor and I bet it would have been a tie if Isabella had been around - everyone knew she would choose me without hesitation.

"I'm sorry mom but I've been to your place without numbers, it's time to explore new places," Was Ailee's proud excuse.

"Sorry mom, but I'm supporting my sex here," Allen didn't even bother to go into many details.

"Aunty, I would come with you," said Neon, the current love of my heart. Allen and Ailee would get it from me later - mwahaha - they better stick to their father's side 24/7.

And so it was decided, I lost. Niklaus stayed behind to wrap things up while I took the kids to our new place which was a penthouse.

The kids were excited, most especially Neon, he was so easy to please, unlike a grumpy someone called Allen. If not for the fact I was done with childbearing, I would pray to God on my knees to never receive a male child?[AN: With Nik's stamina, I can only say "Good luck with that].

After calming them down - the excitement was excessive - I put them under Amanda's care and went in search of Isabella while hoping inwardly, they didn't burn down the current house.

I began to track Isabella with my cellphone and yeah, I bugged her. Last month I had gifted the girl a bracelet because I was scared Adam might try to take her - when he was still alive - and it sure came in handy now.

I understood Isabella was hurt and unlike the stone-hearted Niklaus, I wasn't going to wait around for the girl to return home; I would find Isabella and bring her back by myself.

And so my journey began, the tracker leading me uptown while I had a bad feeling about this. The district didn't look familiar at all that I had to stop once in a while to ask for directions in case my GPS was faulty nor could I recognize any of her friends from here - who was I kidding? Isabella had no friend from here.

The evening drew in faster than I thought by the time I got to my destination and stopped in front of a mansion. My mouth almost dropped to the ground, whoever owned here was also well off, and what the hell was Isabella doing here?

I couldn't remember Niklaus having any contact with the owner of this place but I had to find out. Stepping out of my car, I walked over to the large gate with a security man standing guard and smiled warmly at him.

"Hi, I'm Reina Armani and I'm looking for my daughter. She's tall, devilishly beautiful with dark hair and eyes, and has this smile that could only spell trouble. According to my report, she was last seen around here," I described to him.

"No, I haven't seen anyone that fit such a description," He shook his head.

"Are you sure?" I gave him a dubious look since my tracker told me my daughter was very much here, "Here's her photo," I went through my gallery and showed him the photo of Isabella.

He scrutinized it and just when I was expecting good news, he replied with a solid, "No, ma'am"

"Alright, thank you for your time," I gave out a smile that didn't touch my eyes and traced my steps back to my car.

Giving him a friendly wave, I drove off or so he thought because all I did was hide my car out of plain sight. Since the tracker was still pointing to Isabella being there, it could only mean that the girl was in trouble or she was causing trouble - the latter seems more likely. Nonetheless, I was getting her ass out of there.

I didn't rush out immediately but waited till darkness fell in completely while observing Isabella's movements. She was still in that house yet moved around - a lot. What was that she-devil up to?

I couldn't wait around any longer before Isabella got herself killed. So I found myself back there but didn't go through the entrance, instead, I was evaluating their fence.

As a criminal - scratch that - as the daughter of a criminal, some unlocked potential in me involves intruding into private property unnoticed.

Since it wasn't an electric fence but a barbed one, it made all the work easier and I just had to assess for weak spots while taking a casual stroll and avoiding the cameras, because trust me, there is always one.

In no time, I found a cut barbed wire with a dug-out area which I slipped into swiftly and moved with the covers of the garden - where the tracker pointed. Isabella knew the best hiding spot.

Unfortunately, when I got to the destination, I found out the spot was empty even though the tracker was pointing there. Had it suddenly developed some fault? I wondered.

But the tracker wasn't wrong because, at that moment, all the hairs on my hair stood on end, having a premonition that someone was behind and about to attack.

I ducked just in time as something flew past my head and turned to see Isabella who blanched from shock at seeing me here. Though it was dark the garden was decorated with little strings of light that lit our path.

"Reina?" Isabella was shocked, dropping the heavy log of wood she failed in hitting me with. Seriously?

"Isabella, what the hell are you doing here? Have you gone crazy?" I panicked.

"Shh, lower your voice before they find us," she made me squat down with her in hiding.

Oh, you gotta be kidding me.