

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 331 - Three Hundred And Thirty-two: I Need My Son - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 331 - Three Hundred And Thirty-two: I Need My Son

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The third point of view:

This was her worst nightmare, Cecil thought. She had always thought of ways of meeting Fernandez again, she never imagined it would be this way.

The memories of how they came to be flooded her head. Cecil clearly recalled how sweet they had been together. The best couple ever seen - they had been tagged by people.

Though many saw it as a marriage of convenience, both couples knew better. Having come from a rich family, it was obvious to Cecil that she'd be married off to another aristocratic family as they had done to her sisters.

Growing up in a family of three girls and the last of them, Cecil was pampered. Her siblings doted on her, including her parents though they had no time to show it since they were always busy with the company.

Unlike her siblings who had occupied various positions in the company, Cecil was never interested in the company; Her attention was invested in art instead of making wines.

With her second sister married off, it had been obvious she would be the next, not that she cared anyway - she wouldn't be able to outrun her fate - as far as the so-called husband didn't restrict her love of art, she was good to go.

So when an engagement was made between her and Fernandez's family, she had accepted it with good faith since he had promised to support her career.

She had been twenty then and they were scheduled to get married in the next five years to come. At first, it had been awkward between them since she knew nothing about the man. But then, with time he turned out to be a good companion, and then, you know, became lovers eventually.

Both families were happy with the development - she was happy too - and were contemplating them getting married once she agreed. After all, she was still quite young and had a year of college to complete. Then disaster struck.

It was her best friend's birthday that day and the girl decided to celebrate it at the club. Though Cecil had been hesitant to attend, she wasn't sixteen anymore, no one was going to stop her.

And that was when she saw him, the man who ruined her life - that stranger. Cecil couldn't tell what drew him to her? Was it the little scar that ran across his right cheek like a piece of art on his ruggedly handsome face? Or was it his intimidating height and physiques? She had never seen a man that tall in real life aside from television and it had intrigued her.

Moreover, Cecil was a thrillseeker, so when her friend had brought up the dare, she hadn't hesitated to take it. Thinking about it, she had been quite stupid, she offered herself up willingly.

After fulfilling her mission, she could have turned down his offer of a drink but she had accepted, having strong faith in her ability to hold her drink. Unlike the sheep to the slaughter, she was the sheep who slaughtered herself.

The deed had been done, there was no need to cry over spilled milk. Cecil decided to tell Fernandez the truth hoping he would understand - she hadn't done it on purpose - but the man traveled for a business trip and didn't return until a month later.

She had been sure of herself, knew exactly the time she got pregnant, so the baby in her womb couldn't be that stranger's.

As expected, Fernandez had been mad and denied the existence of the child. So she had left him to calm down and blow off some steam with the hope of them settling the issue later.

Call her stupid for exposing that secret, but Cecil knew she would never have peace of mind until she does that. She just never expected that the next day that Fernandez would not only annul their engagement but narrate everything to her parents - adding his specially crafted lies.

Her parents had been infuriated and her father had taken it to the extreme by disowning her. According to him, she had brought shame to the Vincent's family and they didn't need such a failure. Her father preferred to believe in a total stranger and save his reputation than his daughter's future.

Unable to bear with that stigma, Cecil had left everything behind by leaving the country. There were times she wanted to give up; she had thought of aborting the baby. But when she had gone for her first scan, she couldn't bear to destroy the life living inside of her. So she decided to put him up for adoption instead.

Though Cecil lived a comfortable life with her savings and money her mother gave her before leaving, she had never been happy. She had finished school alone and experienced the pain of childbirth alone; nobody was standing by her.

However, the day Pedro was born, was the best thing that ever happened to her. The moment she saw that little face smiling at her, she felt the fierce need to protect him and she gave up on the idea of adoption.

She named him Pedro for a reason. Pedro was the Spanish, Portuguese, and Galician name for Peter meaning "Stone, rock," Cecil had sworn that day to make Pedro her rock; her shoulder to lean on. The boy became the reason for her smile again.

So one could imagine the kind of rage Cecil was feeling when this son of a bastard came out of nowhere, throwing a claim to her son. She had spent her youth suffering and doing her best to fill in the role of both mother and father to her son - Fernandez wants to reap where he didn't sow. Pedro never needed him then, he doesn't need him now.

"Get out of my house!" Cecil bellowed, already pulling Pedro inside the house. She was afraid that the scum might reach out and take her son away from her.

"I ain't leaving, Cecil" he stood his ground, "Not without him!"

Cecil let go of the door and strode over to Fernandez, chin thrust defiantly, "For eighteen years!" She spat, her body shuddering with anger, "For eighteen fucking years! You turned a blind eye to his existence even when I begged on my knees and now he's all grown, you're here to take him?"

She threw her head back and laughed, "Do I look like your caretaker? Or voluntary organization?" her face lost all trace of warmth, "Get your ass out of my house,"

"I'm not leaving without my son," Fernandez stood his ground, "You brought everything that has ever happened on yourself,"

"Alright," Cecil decided, "Now I'm calling the police,"

"Oh sure, go ahead" there was mocking laughter in his tone, "But you've forgotten my family controls half of the police force,"

Oh right, it dawned on Cecil. Most of Fernandez's family members had prominent positions in the law enforcement agency.

"No, you don't control shit at all," Cecil told him, pulled out her phone, and made a call. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of winning.

"Please pick up," She mumbled, her back turned to Fernandez who was waiting expectantly for what she was up to.

"ThankGod you picked," Cecil breathed out when the call went through, "I need your help, Reina,"

Pedro who had been stunned all this while by what was going had his mouth open when his mom called Reina. If Reina sends people over, it would be messy. Since his father's face was confident and relaxed, he sure had his resources too - it might get bloody. Pedro was not going to sit and let this happen.

"Reina, I know it's wrong of me to intrude on your honeymoon but a mad dog is barking at me, I need animal control,"

Fernandez scoffed, she dared called him a mad dog? They'd see.

"They'd be here? Thank you," Cecil ended the call and turned to meet that bastard. It sickened her to think that her young self had been in love with this selfish, conceited fool.

"Are you done?" he had a smug look.

"Let's see if you have that same look in the next...." she checked her watch, "Fifteen minutes,"

"Fifteen minutes?" he laughed, " What if my men are already on standby to take him?"

Cecil paled.

Seeing the fear on her face gave Fernandez the spunk to continue, "I admit I was cruel not to ask for my son for eighteen years, but can you blame me? You whored around. If I haven't done a test in secret, I wouldn't have known that my own son has been hidden from me all these years," he stepped closer to her, "I'll send you compensation for training him up - that should be enough, right?"

"You-!"

"Get lost!" Pedro boomed at the surprised man, "I don't ever want to see you around me or my mother, you understand?"

"A warning without power is nothing. You're my son and deserve to be honored, not wasting away here with this woman. Come with me and I'll give you a better life," Fernandez stretched his hand for him to take.

Pedro couldn't believe his ear, this scum was his father. His mother's younger self indeed had low taste in men.

"Without this woman," Pedro wrapped his arm around Cecil's shoulder, pulling her to his side, and rubbed her arm affectionately, " I wouldn't be alive. So to hell with your fatherhood, I don't need a father like you,"

Fernandez sighed, "I'm sorry son, but you have no choice here, " At once, he clicked his fingers and a van suddenly pulled up in their lawn.

"Pedro, inside now!" the woman tried to pull him into the house but it was too late.

Chapter 332 - Three Hundred And Thirty-three: Good Night

The third point of view:

Knock knock

"Come in," Emerald welcomed whoever was at the door without looking up.

"Here's everything I could find about her," Andrew dropped the file on his desk.

Emerald who had been busy with other projects dropped it all and picked the file, going through the contents with rapt attention.

"Cecil Vincent," He murmured that name, wondering why it sounded familiar?

Andrew who sensed his confusion answered,?"She's from the Vincent family, more like 'was'. The Vincents are one of the major winemakers across the globe. She was taken off the family's registry eighteen years ago after she allegedly brought shame to the family," He explained, providing a younger picture of the woman from years back.

"T-his," Emerald stuttered, pointing at the picture as recognition dawned on him.

"Yes, that's where you come in," Andrew told him, "You were the one-night stand that got her eliminated from the family," He disclosed.

Emerald groaned, wiping his face with his palm. He had brought the young girl's to ruin all just so he could satisfy his carnal desires. No wonder she had run, no, fled away from him when they had met at the wedding. She must hate him - heck! He hated himself too.

Though it was eighteen years already, he could still remember that night vividly; her courage in walking up to him and her ability to hold up a discussion with him.

That day, they had come to that city for a raid which was completed successfully. To celebrate their victory, his men decided to have some fun at the club and he had no choice but to join.

Thanks to his intimidating height, women feared him - he didn't have time for them anyway- the few who approached him were thrill-seekers who wanted to know what it would be like to sexual relations with him.

But when she came, he saw it in her eyes, there was something different about her; innocence mixed with sheer curiosity. He had decided to ignore her at first, but she didn't give up and in time, piqued his interest.

As a mafia, having a love interest was dangerous since enemy gangs could use her against him, hence his minimal association with women. Moreover, which woman in her right mind would date a criminal like him, not to mention that the scar across his eye puts them off. But at that moment, he had the crazy thought of keeping her by his side.

He was young then and reckless. Due to his desire to make her his, he had intentionally invited her for a drink when he knew she couldn't handle that liquor.

Emerald knew she was drunk the moment she offered to draw him. But before he could stop her, she had brought out a sketching paper and began to draw him. He was amused unlike her who had a serious demeanor amid her inebriated state.

The moment he saw a portrait of himself, he fell for her beyond redemption. The girl had not taken away his scar from the drawing as he expected instead she made it lucent.

"The scars don't define a man, they only tell the tales of the battles he's been through. You're a fighter," she grinned at him while tracing the scar on his face.

It was obvious that she was drunk yet he knew that comment was from her heart; she wasn't disgusted by his scar.

"Let me take you home," he had offered with an ulterior motive.

Emerald wanted her to be his and had achieved his mission that night. He had sworn to take responsibility for her, but who knew the next morning before she could even wake, he was summoned for another mission.

He had never wanted that special experience with her to seem like a one-night stand but then, duty calls. So he vowed to come back for her.

Unfortunately, the mission took him away from the country for months and by the time he returned, she was nowhere to be found. Who knew the reason he couldn't find her was because his selfishness ruined her life. He would never forgive himself for this.

"In one word, she was chased off because she had one stand with me?" there was a pained expression on his face.

"Precisely, because she got pregnant,"

"Pregnant!" Emerald shot up to his feet, heart pounding in his chest. His heart was in his throat, could it be that she had his child?

"The child....?"

"A boy," Andrew revealed to him the picture, "Though I'm not sure he's yours since the woman was engaged to another during that time frame,"

The thought of having a son out there for eighteen years made his pulse race. He would never abandon his own seed.

"Whether he's my son or not, I need to meet him. Also, I need to apologize to his mother even though it would be worth nothing. My sorry can't compensate for the pain and suffering she's passed through because of me,"

"Then I'll get the car ready," Andrew bowed his head and left.

Since that incident with Reina, he was put directly under Emerald. Although Andrew detested the thought at first due to Emerald's harsh and staid behavior, the man had a heart of gold - you just had to look beyond his rough exterior.

Emerald felt down. It was as if he carried the weight of the world on his shoulder and it was constricting him; he ruined her life. He had done the opposite of what he intended for the women he loved. What could he do to penance for his sins?

It wasn't confirmed whether that boy Pedro was his son, yet his heart arched already. The boy must hate him - if he turns out to be his - but he was grateful his mother was strong enough to keep the child and train him to the man he is today.

"Let's go," He ordered Andrew as soon as he climbed into the car, and they drove off.

"How long would it take to get there?" he asked Andrew just to be sure he had enough time to mentally prepare himself before seeing her.

"Twenty minutes at most if I drive at this speed with no traffic,"

"Alright," He sighed, looking out of the window deep in thought when his phone rang not less than five minutes later.

"Hello?" Emerald picked, highly surprised that Reina was calling. It wasn't that they do not communicate regularly but she was supposed to be halfway across the world for her honeymoon.

"Is that you, Emerald?" She inquired just to be sure.

"The One and only,"

"ThankGod," there was relief in her voice, "Alright, I need you to rescue a very close friend of mine, she seems to be in trouble,"

Suddenly, Emerald had an ominous feeling in his spirit but he had to be sure before concluding, " Who?"

"Cecil,"

His heart dropped. No way.

"She's at her place and I've promised to send help in fifteen minutes - she's smart enough to buy time for herself - but I want your asses down there before the estimated time. If anything happens to her, I won't spare you," was her strict warning.

"You don't need to tell me twice," He hung up on her and instructed Andrew, "Hit the gears at maximum speed! She's in danger,"

And just like that, Andrew accelerated to full speed as they raced through the road like madmen. Thanks to their dangerous driving, the police chased after them asking them to pull over.

"Lose them," He commanded nonchalantly as if this was a common occurrence.

Andrew obeyed and took many shortcuts, he trapped them by causing a blockage with other incoming cars that stopped the police from trailing after them.

He gave Andrew a look of approval for his fast thinking yet his heart was not settled, were they late to the rescue?

They arrived at Cecil's neighborhood just in time to see a van pulling out of her lawn.

"Stop that car!" he pointed at it, having a feeling they were in there.

"On it!" Andrew said and without a second thought, collided with the van. Due to the fact they had braced themselves on time, both men didn't experience much whiplash compared to the prey.

Emerald got out, strode over to the van, and pulled the door open and there he found mother and son groaning in pain.

"Hey, you! What are you -"

Bam!

He punched the daylight out of the man who tried to stop him as he reached for the woman.

"Can you walk?" he asked the boy who nodded his head, yet looked at him cautiously.

"You don't have to be afraid, Reina sent me," He assured the boy, pulling the weak woman into his arm effortlessly.

"Alright," Pedro nodded, getting out of the car.

"Let's go," Emerald announced and carried the woman over to his car. He was just about to usher the boy in when the hairs on his back stood on edge; someone was about to attack him. However, before he could retaliate, someone already beat him to it.

"You bastard!"

Pedro saw one of the kidnapers try to attack his savior with a knife and he reacted instinctively by doing a flying kick that knocked the man to the ground, the weapon falling off his grasp.

"Nice move, who taught you that?" Emerald was impressed.

"My girlfriend," He answered with pride. Seems sparing with Isabella finally paid off - even though he was the one often tossed to the ground.

"I would love to meet your girlfriend," Emerald patted the boy on the shoulder, "But at the moment..." his smile disappeared as he hovered over the kidnapper threateningly.

"Goodnight," the huge man punched the fool to sleep.

Chapter 333 - Three Hundred And Thirty-four: His Promise

The third point of view:

Where was she? Was the first question in Cecil's mind when she awoke to see herself in an unfamiliar room. The last thing she remembered was she trying to pull Pedro into the house.

"That bastard!" her fists clenched by her side unknowingly, great anger pulsing through her, having remembered the events that occurred now.

Cecil had put up a tough fight when Fernandez's men tried to seize Pedro. She had grabbed the floor vase by her side and jabbed it on the head of the first man, blood trickled down the victim's head. The second one who came was kicked in the place where the sun never shines and that was when Fernandez realized she was dead serious; no one was touching her son.

"Fine, you should come along too. I'll have great use for you," He said nonchalantly as if she were some sort of object and not a human being with rights.

This time they overpowered her, nor was her strength a match enough for the men while Fernandez left in his expensive car, a self-pleased smirk on his face. She and Pedro were tossed into the van like some criminal.

She couldn't understand something, if Pedro was that important to Fernandez, why didn't he come for him all these years? Unless something happened - that she could tell.

However, she couldn't be deprived of her right to her son. Cecil recollected praying for help from any divine entity that could interfere at that moment - she couldn't lose her son like this.

At that moment, the next thing she felt was a bang and her body felt weightless for a split second. She probably hit her head somewhere evidenced by the splitting headache she had felt then and that was the last she remembered.

However, Cecil recalled there was a sensation of being carried - someone had saved her. But the problem was who? It wasn't Reina's people because she had told her it would take them about fifteen minutes to get to her. If they weren't the one, who? Cecil hoped she hadn't gone from frying pan to fire. By the way, where was her son Pedro? Oh no.

A knock on the door startled her. Her body tensed up, could it be her enemy? No, she had to do something; she refuses to be a damsel in distress. Looking around for a weapon, her eyes fell on the fireplace and the fire poker beside it. Thank God.

The knock continued and she knew any seconds from now, whosoever was at the door would open it, so she went and picked the poker, hiding beside the door.

As foreseen, it wasn't long before a click was heard and the door was opened. Since she had the element of surprise on her side, Cecil stayed put and waited for the man to enter further into the room while the door shielded her.

"Where is she?" the man muttered, eyes darting around the bed as she silently stepped out. She lifted the poker back and was about to bring it down on the man's head when it was suddenly snatched from her grasp from behind.

Startled, Cecil spun around quickly to see who had snatched her weapon only to receive the shock of her life.

Oh no.

Dumbfounded from shock, Cecil tried to take a step back but stumbled in the process and almost fell and the huge man caught her. Though he saved her ungrateful ass, that arm around her waist felt as if it was scalding her and she jerked out of it immediately.

"Urm, thank you?" She wasn't sure about that one.

"If you were that grateful, you wouldn't have attempted to hit him with the poker," Emerald tossed the poker away while Andrew had a huge look of surprise - women were scary.

"You're saying I shouldn't defend myself," Cecil was vexed. Her whole situation was frustrating her, she was taking it out on them.

"Not from the people who saved your pretty ass," He retorted

"It's not like the people who saved my pretty ass had a good tag - wait a minute, pretty ass?" her brows raised questioningly.

Emerald coughed awkwardly, he had not meant to say that; it was a slip of his tongue.

"How did you find us?" Cecil decided to change the topic since it was becoming awkward.

"Reina sent us,"

"Y-you," She couldn't believe her ears, "You work for Reina?"

"Her father to be specific," was his answer.

"Then, how did you find us so easily? Reina had said it would take time"

"He was already searching for -"

"We were in the area by chance," he interrupted Andrew who almost spilled his secret. Their eyes met and Andrew saw that as a cue to take his leave.

Andrew obeyed immediately knowing how tortuous that giant's punishment could be. He left the room for them both - making sure to close it.

With Andrew gone, Cecil felt the room had strangely become smaller and stuffy, not to mention the intense tension in the air. Then it crossed her mind...

"My son, Pedro? Where is...?"

"He's safe with us," Emerald assured her.

Then an awkward silence descended in the room. Both of them didn't know what to bring up as a discussion and the silence wasn't helping them either. What could they even discuss?

Emerald started, "The boy -"

"He's not your son," Cecil answered him too quickly. She had expected that question having known that with his type of connection, he would do a background search on her.

"I know," Emerald nodded. He had found out the moment he came face to face with the boy. That blue eyes and pretty face weren't his but from his bastard father, Fernandez.

But it still hurt him though. When he heard about the possibility of the boy being his, there was this inexplicable joy in his heart. The thought that he had a seed out there and from the woman, he was in love with, brought joy to his lips. Who knew it was all for nothing.

"Can we talk?" he swallowed.

"Aren't we talking already?" there was a fire in Cecil's eyes, she would not go easy on him.

Emerald sighed, "At least take a seat,"

"No, I'm fine standing. The last time I had a seat, I ended up having a one-nightstand," There was venom in her voice.

"I'm sorry," he apologized

Cecil threw her head back and laughed hysterically, "Of course, you're sorry?and everything's going to be okay afterward, right?"

Her laughter gurgled to a halt with all smiles vanishing from her face, "Well, guess what? Your sorry can't erase the stigma, the hardship, I went through over the years because of you! It can't erase the trauma so don't you tell me to dare tell me you're sorry because you're not! And I don't need it either! Neither do I need to see your irritating face"

She went on, "You know I'm so grateful for the scar on your face, I pray it keeps reminding you of the monster you are and the lives you've ruined! You knew I was drunk that night, yet you took advantage of me! You're a monster!"

She screamed at his face and tried to bypass him but Emerald reached out and grabbed her. He knew she was saying that in purpose to irk him, but if that would make her feel better, so be it - he can take it all.

"Let me go!" Cecil struggled to be free. She couldn't stand the sight of him.

"Please just listen to me!"

"I have nothing to listen so let me go!" She screamed at the top of her lungs and even bit his arm but that pain was nothing to Emerald.

"Let me go!"

"Just listen to me!!" he shouted at Cecil with a great intensity that made her shut up at once.

"You're right!" He concurred with her statement, "I don't deserve to apologize at all for what I did to you," His chest heaved, "But you deserve an apology,"

Cecil fought against the tears that stung her eyes, she couldn't show her weakness in front of him, no, not him of all people.

He continued, "I know nothing I say can atone for my mistakes nor would apology without restitution work out either. Which is why I'm going to make up for everything I've done..."

She refused to believe him.

"I'll give you back your son. Fernandez would not take him,"

Cecil looked up at him, shocked, "H-how would you do that?"

"You don't have to worry about how I achieve that, you should just hold me to my promise,"

There was another long silence before Cecil nodded, "Alright, now let go of me,"

He obeyed to her greatest surprise, she had been expecting him to come up with another unreasonable argument.

"Alright," Emerald lifted his hand in surrender. If he was going to buy her trust at the least, he needed to give her freedom.

"And don't you dare think this changes anything between us," Cecil pointed at him, chin lifted high notwithstanding the fact the man towered over her greatly.

"Of course," Emerald nodded when in reality all he wanted to do was to hug her and show her how much he missed and loved her. Fine, time was all he needed, he'd exercise patience.

"Now, where is my son?"

Chapter 334 - Three Hundred And Thirty-five: Do You Trust Me?

Reina's point of view :

"Mom, please," I pleaded for the umpteenth time for Nadia to stay back. Gosh, this woman was so tough! Can't my cute face pierce through her hard armor? It works on Niklaus and Sakuzi though.

"Reina, I need to leave. I have lots of businesses to attend to," was her excuse.

"Brothers are there to take over your role and you're such a workaholic that you need time to chill and relax - use this chance as a break," I, Of course, didn't give up. Let's just say I've inherited Nik's shameless

bullheadedness.

"I heard your father would stay back, he'd take care of them," she said.

"Are you kidding me?" I gave her a dirty look. Leaving my kids with my father was equivalent to adding another playmate to the kids. Father doted on them and would probably indulge them in whatever they want. "You should know your husband better."

"Ex-husband," she corrected, sternly. I could sense some grudges.

"Fine, ex-husband or whatever, just help me out. I don't trust father with my kids,"

"Reina..." She breathed.

"Please... Pleseeeeeeeeeeeeeee," I pouted and even batted my eyelids, "It's just a week-long honeymoon. I'm sure you can survive that,"

"Fine," She gave in, at last, pinching the bridge of her nose. Nadia knew what she got herself into and I'm grateful for that - makes the job easier.

"Thank you so much," I grabbed her and pressed an enthusiastic kiss on her cheeks.

I needed to do something for my father; he didn't deserve to be alone. Angela, as usual, destroyed another person's home just to fulfill her selfish desires and I'm here to restore everything to where it was supposed to from the very first place.

I knew Nadia still had feelings for my father but the woman was authoritarian

and would never acknowledge that. While Sakuzi is too ignorant to admit that he needs her back in his life - I'm married now and can't visit him as usual. Done with my first mission, it was time to leave and I allowed the servants to take my luggage to the car.

"Hi handsome," I said to Niklaus who just made his way downstairs. His luggage was being taken to the car too.

However, just as I was about to walk over to him, a voice rang from behind me, "Good Morning handsome,"

What the...

I turned around only to see Ailee come into view and she walked over to Niklaus, monopolizing the first hug I wanted to give to him.

Niklaus was amused by the gesture, yet took the girl into his arms and hugged her back while laughing at the sour expression on my face. Why was I even jealous? He's my husband for goodness sake - it's not like the kids can snatch him, anyway.

"Good Morning my pretty mother,"

I was surprised to see Allen approach me gentlemanly. Okay, my sixth sense was tickling, I don't trust them. What were they up to now?

"What's the catch?" I refused to be deceived by this act of chivalry.

"You're leaving for your honeymoon and the best thing we can do as your kids is to send you off well," Allen said with a warm smile.

"Okay?" Why do I feel like they were more than happy that Niklaus and I were leaving?

"And I hope you kids haven't forgotten you're grounded. I'll make sure Isabella keeps you in check - hopefully,"

At the mention of Isabella, Niklaus' gaze darkened and I quickly went over to him saying, "It's high time we left already, right?"

Niklaus gave me a wry smile. He knew I was distracting him yet he didn't complain because he was shamelessly enjoying the benefit that came with it.

"Fine," he winked at me.

I blushed, memories of last night flooding my head. This man!

"Alright mommy, you can leave now. We'd take care of grandma and pa," Ailee winked at me.

I winked back. It was good to know our deal was still in place. By the way, why does it feel like I'm missing something....or someone?

"A-ha! Where's Neon?"

"I'm here!" The boy shouted, running over to me and almost out of breath.

"Aunty Reina," He looked up to me, eyes dazzling with love and my heart broke. How could Jennifer not love such a cute kid? If only my kids were half as devoted as him.

"I'm going to miss you," I pouted and tugged him into a hug. However, I tactically whispered into his ears, "keep an eye on Allen and Ailee for me, a reward awaits you when I return"

He looked at me surprised yet didn't say anything. I'm sure he got the message already. I pulled away, pecking him on the cheeks before looking towards the others who were playing it cool - I knew they were jealous deep down.

"Are you coming or should I drag your butt over here?"

Ailee was the first to come and I hugged her, "My precious daughter, I'm going to miss you," However whispered into her ears, "Keep an eye on Allen and Neon, a reward awaits you when I return,"

As expected, she too looked stunned but didn't say anything, she slightly nodded.

"Mr arrogance, get your ass over here," I commanded Allen. The boy was as prideful as a peacock. Left with no choice, he reluctantly came over and hugged me goodbye.

"I'm going to miss my boy," I ruffled his hair playfully. Nonetheless, whispered into his ears also, "Keep an eye on Ailee and Neon, a reward awaits you when I return,"

Allen showed more expression than the others, his brows raised questioningly at me but the message was well received.

And this was a tactic to keep them busy and secure the house from getting burned down again. Since all three would keep an eye out for each other, all would be careful not to make a mistake to receive their reward, hehe. God, I'm so smart!

"Alright, goodbye kids," Niklaus gathered them all in his arms and hugged them once more. This was the first time he was going to be away from them for this long. I knew he would miss them greatly.

"Let's go, my wife," Niklaus had a sheepish grin on his face as he said that. He stretched out his hand for me to take which I did and we walked out of the house, all the while waving to the kids.

We walked hand in hand to the car where Niklaus let me in first before climbing in.

"Micheal?" he was surprised when he saw the chauffeur.

Micheal was the oldest chauffeur so far and had retired a few months back so he could unwind since he was pretty aged now.

"What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be taking care of your grandkids?"

He laughed, "Today's your honeymoon and I can't miss such an esteemed privilege of driving you to the hangar,"

Niklaus laughed too, "I should be the one in honor of your services. After all, if you hadn't knocked Reina down that night, I would have missed such a special person in my life, "

Both men laughed once more and though I smiled, I couldn't tell what was so funny about it. Seriously, how could they be so happy they hit me?

"Alright, let's go then. I don't want to be late for my honeymoon, " Niklaus said, his intense gaze already undressing me that I might as well have worn nothing. That pervert!

"No, we need to stop somewhere first," I said to him.

"Where?" he was curious.

"You'd know soon," was all I told him and gestured to Micheal to drive since I'd informed him of the destination beforehand.

"So?" Niklaus began as Micheal drove off, " I saw you give the kids kisses earlier,"

"So what?" I kept a straight face knowing he was up to his petty shenanigans once again.

"So where's mine?" he demanded.

"What are you? Ten? Are you a kid?" I was flabbergasted.

"If I wasn't a kid, why did you breastfeed me last night then?" he asked with all manner of seriousness.

"Seriously!" I gritted my teeth, going red in the face. How could he say this when we had company?

Out of embarrassment, I looked towards the driver seat and as expected, Micheal heard it all which is why he had put up the partition to give us privacy. Niklaus!

"Stop it, " I frowned.

"Stop what? I'm just complaining of the unfair treatment," He pouted his lips which was kind of adorable. Gosh, I hate this man!"It's just day one of our marriage and you're already denying me, wifey,"

"Suit yourself," I relaxed now the partition was up. He can sulk as much as he wants, I don't care.

"Wifey," He nudged me, trying to get my attention yet I ignored him. Instead, I picked up my phone and texted Isabella.

[You owe me one for last night, Isabella - thank your lucky ass. While you're at it with your boyfriend, remember to take care of your siblings. We're leaving]

If it wasn't because of protecting her, I wouldn't have been in the position of breastfeeding this grown man.

Niklaus gave up upon realizing I wasn't close to changing my mind. Though he pulled many other tricks, none worked on me until we reached our destination.

"We're here," Micheal announced, pulling up at the residence.

"T-this," Niklaus was tongue-tied when he lowered the glass to see the property. It was Kay's residence.

He turned to me, "Why are we here?"

"Do you trust me?" was the question I asked him.

There was a slight hesitation yet he nodded.

"Then, let's go," I intertwined his hand with mine and got out of the car.

Chapter 335 - Three Hundred And Thirty-six: Give Her All The Love

Niklaus point of view:

What was she doing here? That was the first question that came to mind. Even though it's been years since I came here, there was no way on earth I wouldn't recognize this residence, Kays'.

"Why are we here?" I couldn't help but ask, searching her face for an answer. Reina had to have a valuable reason for bringing me here before leaving for our honeymoon.

"Do you trust me?" She asked me, which was kind of stupid. I trusted Reina with my life.

I nodded.

"Then, let's go," She said and intertwined our hands together.

I glanced down at our intertwined hands and laughed mentally. All these while in the car, I've been trying to touch her when all it took was a question of trust for her to hold me instead? Well, I'll add this special trick to my inventory.

I walked alongside her, curious to see how she'd get me into the residence. After Kay's death, her parents hated me with fervor since I was partially responsible for their daughter's death. As if that wasn't enough, they had tried to get custody of Isabella but I fought tooth and nail to win, so you can imagine how much they despise me. Hence, me getting into their place was an impossible dream.

Wait a minute, hold that thought... How did Reina do it?

The moment Reina knocked and the door was opened, I was expecting the housekeeper to send us away since she'd been here for long and pretty much recognized my face. But she let us in? Well, maybe her sight has deteriorated but Kay's parents would chase me out - that was for sure.

"You're here," I saw Kay's father welcome Reina with a hug.

My brows furrowed together in confusion, why does it seem like they're acquaintances? It doesn't make sense at all.

"Y-you? How did...?" I couldn't hold my curiosity back any longer.

Kay's father said to me, "You're lucky you have a good wife," and left.

A guilty feeling squeezed my chest, it couldn't be that Reina came here to beg for my sake? I glanced up at her, a little displeasure at the corners of my eyes, and was about to have a word with her when she said, "Let's go,"

Wait a minute, go where?

"Oh," was the word that escaped my mouth minutes later when I found myself in a garden, standing right in front of Kay's gravestone.

An uncomfortable feeling arose in my chest and I guess that was called guilt;?It compressed my heart so tight and made it impossible to breathe.

I was her ex-husband and yet never visited her grave all these years - not that her parents would have let me. But that was no excuse, I knew if I had fought hard enough, they would have given me the right to visit.

Reina kneeled before the grave to my astonishment, why was she doing this?

"Here's her picture as promised," she said, foraging through her handbag and brought a picture of Isabella which she placed on the grave.

As promised? Does that mean this wasn't the first time she was here? A huge sense of shame fell over me. This was my responsibility, this was something I should have done already.

"Your daughter grew up beautifully and I'm so glad to have known her. Though she drives me crazy sometimes - I'm sure she would too if you were here," she laughed, "Buts that's her allure and I couldn't ask for any other person than her. Contrary to expectation, her father dotes on her a lot even though he claims to be one tough bull - he's just a gummy bear inwardly," she laughed again.

"Though Isabella's new at it," Reina went on, "She takes care of her siblings well - she only needs a manual for that - and I know she loves them. I'm sure she would have done well with them if you had given her a sibling," she took a long deep breath, "You don't have to worry anymore, Kay, I'll take care of your daughter. I'll remind her every day through my love and attention how much you would have done the same if life had given you a chance. So don't be anxious anymore, rest in peace now,"

I bit back the tears that stung my eye. This was not the time to cry, Niklaus! You're a man, behave like one! You've already gotten over Kay's death, no need to bring up the bad memories.

I was roused from my thoughts when Reina placed a hand on my shoulder, giving me a worried look.

"I'll give you some privacy," she said and turned to leave before I could say a word.

I wanted to reach out and grab Reina, telling her not to leave that I was much stronger with her beside me. However, my mouth hung open like a moron and watched her leave.

Aside from the chirping of birds, the garden was calm - awkwardly quiet. I kicked the soil right in front of me, what was I going to say?

Fine, I sighed with my eyes close. Then I plonked down to my knees as I saw Reina did - that should be the first step.

"A-hem," I cleared my throat, thinking of an opening speech, "Hey, It's me Niklaus, that is if you can hear me," I laughed at my foolishness. Why wouldn't she hear me when I was the one who caused her death? If only she hadn't followed me that night.

"It's been years, ten? Twelve? Eleven? I can't really tell. It's not like I've been keeping track - yeah, I'm going to be truthful here. If you don't like it, come out here and tell me you don't, at least we can argue it out and I can see what you look like since I've been forgetting - don't blame me, it's not like it's my fault Isabella didn't take after you at all.

"Are you well down there? Do they treat you well there? They call it paradise and I hope that you're having a better time than you ever did in this cruel world?"

I inhaled shakily, " Her name's Reina which I'm sure you know already since she came before me - can't believe you both are BFF already - and yes she has that charm. Isabella likes her so you poisoning her mind didn't exactly work - don't be so sad, you can have your vengeance on me once I meet you there at last.

"I've tried to imagine several times how we would have been if things hadn't gone awry and the truth is, we'd be divorced by now probably. What I feel for her is strong and I don't think I've shared it with anybody - not even you, sadly. We were young and did some pretty bad mistakes and to make it up to you, I promise not to let out our daughter, Isabella do the same,"

"I'm sorry," I finally said the word, a tear slipping down my face, "I'm sorry that you ended up this way for meeting a jerk like me. I'm sorry you lost the light in you because of me. I'm sorry that you sacrificed your life because of me and my dumb family," and just like that, the tears gushed out.

I tried to control it but I couldn't, the more I held it back, the more the memories of her that I thought was buried forever, surfaced.

I knew I cried for a long time and the evidence of it was my red swollen eyes; I looked quite a sight. Thankfully, we were leaving with my private jet so I wasn't worried about time.

Standing up to my feet, I swept the dirt off my butt. For some strange reason, my heart which had been burdened with guilt earlier was surprisingly light. I felt healed.

I turned to her grave one last time, saying, "In your next life, may you never meet a bastard like me. Encounter someone that would love you unconditionally. Rest in peace, Kay," and with that being said, made my way back to the house only to see Reina in the living room having tea with Kay's parents.

To their surprise, I fell to my knees and kowtowed thrice, "Forgive this unfilial son for his trespasses, "

I had denied them Isabella, who should have been their right as her grandparents - well, it had been tough and intense then, I had to secure my daughter. If only we had put aside our differences, things would have been better.

"You may rise. It's not right to hold grudges for this long," Kay father's said and I got to my feet, "We've all made mistakes and it's time to let go of the past,"

I stared at the man who now had a crinkle in his eye. I didn't realize how aged Kay's parents were until now and chagrin hit me knowing that she was their only child. Thus, I made a mental note to send Isabella and the kids to them once the honeymoon was over - they need their company more than I do. And hopefully, they don't burn their house down.

As usual, Reina, the spirited one, found a way to make the tense atmosphere lively and by the time we left, Kay's parents had a smile on their faces.

"You're free to visit anytime," Kay's father patted me on the shoulder as they escorted us to the entrance. I guess all sins were forgiven.

"She's a keeper," he said to me, "Give her all the love you would have given to my daughter,"

"Of course," I nodded, bowed, and left for the car with my wife, Reina, for the honeymoon. Finally.

"Niklaus, I -" She was probably attempting to apologize for not giving me the heads-up when I grabbed her chin and kissed her.

Reina's eyes widened with surprise, that was unexpected?

I was so grateful to have a wife like her and what was supposed to be a gentle kiss deepened into a passionate one. Reina's hands searched, climbed blindly, and when she found my neck, wrapped her hand around it. My senses swarmed with her touch and I was about to meet her tongue when her phone rang, disrupting the moment.

"Niklaus.." she struggled to say as I refused to let go, "I need to pick,"

"Fine," I groaned, vexed. Why can't they let us have our honeymoon in peace?

"Hello," she was breathless as she answered the call. Her cheeks were rosy with a blush and I was tempted to run my thumb across her swollen lips until I saw the deep furrow on her face as she ended the call.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's Cecil, I think she's in trouble,"

Chapter 336 - Three Hundred And Thirty-seven: No One Can Stop Him

The third point of view:

"What?! What do you mean she's gone?!" Fernandez spat fire at the unlucky man in his office who had arrived to deliver the bad news.

After the successful raid at Cecil's place, he had left first to finish up at the office before heading home to flaunt his trophy, who knew those incompetent fools would ruin his successful plan.

How could they not achieve that simple task? He had done most of the work, all they had to do was to bring them back to his place, and yet, they failed!

"So you're trying to tell me that some men stopped you guys?" Fernandez's dark gaze warned of a brewing storm.

"Yes sir," said the man who had an adhesive bandage on the corner of his neck - which was just one of the many wounds on his body. He was the driver of the van and had suffered most of the impact from the collision.

"We underestimated the woman, it seems she has her own forces," he claimed.

Suddenly, Fernandez remembered that moment Cecil had threatened him about calling for help. What help could that woman possibly have?

Without the backing of her family, she was good as nothing. The Vincent's had disowned her already, what connection could she have? She was nothing but an ordinary fashion designer, compared to him who runs his family's business.

An evil grin stretched Fernandez's lips as he traced the wine glass on his desk - the glass he'd drank from - while the ignorant man stood with his head lowered without perceiving the malevolent aura seeping from the madman. Even if he could, what could he do anyway? Fernandez was his employer.

"So you're telling me that Cecil with no strong backing was strong enough to stop you with her measly guards?!" he hurled the glass directly at the man's face and it shattered to pieces.

Blood trickled from his temple but the man didn't dare to move, they all knew Fernandez had a foul temper - everyone avoided him for that reason. Defending himself while Fernandez speaks would only aggravate the man's anger, so he kept mute and endured the pain.

Fernandez swept everything on his desk to the floor. Yes, that anger! That has always been his problem! He couldn't control that.

"Get out," he said yet the man didn't move a muscle until he bellowed, "Get the hell out of here!"

At first, the man had been too lost in his thoughts to hear Fernandez, until he screamed the second time causing him to scurry out of the office as if the devil were on his heels.

"Damn it!" He loosened the tie on his neck out of frustration. Everything was so damn annoying nor did he think of a time that woman would rebel against him - she used to adore him.

As the story tells, he and Cecil had once been together. However, unlike Cecil who had the dumb imagination of marrying a man who would love her unconditionally, Fernandez had an ulterior motive in agreeing to the marriage.

Vincent's family had just three females with no male heir to inherit the corporation. It was quite obvious that one of the sons-in-law was going to inherit the business afterward. He knew it would be a tough battle considering their husbands too were from equal standing, but Fernandez was confident of winning. He just had to work extra hard and merge both companies in the future - that way, he would tactically take over the company.

Cecil had been young and dumb then, so with a few romantic acts, he wove his way into her heart. He reined in his anger and became the perfect gentleman ladies envisioned in their dreams.

Everything was going according to plans until that bitch ruined it all. Though if he had been calm enough to reason it through, he would have salvaged the situation. However, the thought of that bitch trying to put a pregnancy that obviously wasn't his made his blood boil. His uncontrollable anger took over as usual and before he knew it, had blurted the truth to her family. And knowing how strict Vincent was with his girls, Cecil was chased away.

At first, Fernandez was satisfied with the punishment meted out on her, but when he came to his senses, realized how much he had messed up. But the deed had already been done, there was nothing he could do anymore.

So Fernandez went ahead living his life with the satisfaction that Cecil was somewhere suffering and bearing the stigma of being the Vincent family's black sheep, while he moved his sight to another target and landed a young mistress from an aristocratic family.

Fernandez got what he wanted; the connection and power he wished for; however, disaster struck. It turned out that the only son his wife gave him wasn't his, the bitch had cheated on him during one of his business trips- claimed he couldn't satisfy her.

He couldn't chase his wife away as much as he wanted to, her family was powerful. Moreover, divorcing her would announce to the world the shame she brought upon him. So he endured it all, as well as looking for another way to get a seed. There was no way

on earth he would gather all this fortune without his rightful son to carry on his great legacy.

Call it karma or something but Fernandez had two mistresses who gave him a child, yet none turned out to be a son. He wasn't stupid enough to leave all his resources to a female who would marry off while his years of hard work get taken over by the so-called son-in-law.

Hence the man went on a fucking spree; getting into the pants of any willing lady. But then, not all the ladies were able to conceive and the few who did, all turned out to be girls while the only one who was positive with a male son had a miscarriage. In total, the man had six illegitimate daughters and a legitimate son that wasn't biologically related to him.

Fernandez didn't believe in curses nor retribution nor the fact that there was a God out there paying everyone back in their own coins. He was an atheist and everything he has ever done so far was to ensure his survival. The world was a jungle and only the fittest survived.

Over the years he has tried every possible means to get a male child and was already giving up hope when he saw Cecil in the news one day.

Apparently, the eldest son of the famous Spencer family and his cousin got married and she had designed the wedding outfits for both brides - which was the talk of the town. He had forgotten about her and so that interview on the television made him suddenly curious about her life - how was she living fine? But most of all, Fernandez was curious about her love life and the bastard son she had tried to put on him.

He ordered an investigation immediately and there it was revealed to him, the existence of his son all this while. The revelation felt like a huge slap on Fernandez's face, Cecil had been telling the truth? All this while, he has been going crazy about getting a male child when he had one unaccounted for over the years?

Uncontrollable anger surged through him, how dare Cecil put him through this hassle. He wanted his son back that instant! So he headed to her place to take what rightfully belongs to him. For eighteen years, that woman kept his son hidden from him? She has no right!

Fernandez didn't dare go through the law knowing the court would inevitably favor Cecil - the law was always fair to single mothers! Just because they bore the child for nine months? What was so hard about that?

Moreover, Pedro was grown and would undoubtedly take his mother's side, so he had to exert his influence. Once his son was handed back to him, he'd train and give him his rightful place as his heir, as well as breaking that bitch's influence on him. His son would not be weak.

So he audaciously planned to take Pedro by force knowing there was nobody that would come to Cecil's rescue-most of his relatives were involved with the law hence he was protected. Also, he had a lot of connections, even Cecil knew he was not to be trifled with.

At first, Fernandez had planned to take his son only but when he met the fierce Cecil, he had the urge to conquer her too. If he remembered clearly, she had been the most passionate in his bed. He wouldn't mind taking her too and who knows, since she'd given him a son, she might be capable of another.

"Bang!" Fernandez kicked his swivel chair and punched his desk. All his plans were ruined!

Fine, he wouldn't give up on this battle, neither has he lost any battle in his entire life. Cecil can hide but she can't hide forever. Sooner or later, he would possess her and his son. And nobody can stop him!

Chapter 337 - Three Hundred And Thirty-eight: My Dear Servant

The third point of view:

Anabelle woke up with a smile on her face, today was going to be a good day. Finally, her father and mother - gosh, it felt so good having a mother - left for their honeymoon. But she was most happy for one reason, she would have a sibling soon. She wasn't that ignorant not to know what couples do in honeymoons.

Annabelle has always been jealous of Isabella since she had three siblings to keep her company while she was all alone. This was why she always longed for companionship; she loathed being alone. But then, there was her mother now, although it would take time, she bet by this time next year, she would have a baby sibling in her arms.

With the joy in her heart, Anabelle made her way to the wash area to freshen up for the day.

"Today is gonna be a good day

Don't care what anybody else says

Oh-oh-oh, I don't need a fortune cookie to tell me the way I'm feeling, Gonna be a good day," She belted out the song at the top of her voice in the bathroom. The girl wanted to show her happiness and singing seemed to be the best way to express the emotion inside of her.

Once Isabella was done, she danced her way back into her room and dressed up. She was preparing to go down for breakfast before heading to Isabella's place. She had been calling her for hours since yesterday but all the calls had been forwarded; she was

worried something had happened to them. The same case applied to Pedro too, though she had a niggling feeling both were together.

There was a sympathetic look on Anabelle's face as she recalled how broken Isabella had looked yesterday when Pedro passed her by without even a glance her way. However, hope had flared up inside of her when she had seen them both turn up on the dance floor. Things were going well between them until that devil's son Julie tried to ruin it.

A-ha! That son of a bastard! Recalling how he stole a kiss from her made her blood boil! The nerve of him! Does he think she'd fall for his same trick?! He broke her heart the first time, he wouldn't succeed the second time - whatever his game was. She'd gone easy on him with that punch, she should have kicked him in the middle too. Asshole! She pouted, irritated.

In fact, remembering about that incident made her mood sore. Fine, she'd go downstairs and have some food and forget that disaster ever happened.

With that determination, Anabelle hopped down the stairs and to the living room. Since her parents would be away for a week, she'd spend the days at Isabella's - that would be less lonely.

With a smile on her face, Anabelle was distracted by the thoughts in her head and didn't get to see the figure relaxing on one of the sofas. Only when the girl realized she had not gotten breakfast did she halt her plan of grabbing the remote and that moment heard,

"Morning," from behind.

"Morning," she replied unconsciously, thinking it was one of the servants, and only when she turned around, did a startled scream leave her mouth.

Why wouldn't she recognize that son of a devil even if he had on polarized sunglasses looking like a stunning celebrity.

"You!" her blood boiled. How dare he come here?! Who even let him in?! Was the butler kidding her?!

"How dare you come here? Do you know where you are?!" She stormed over to him, her eyes spitting fire. One could see how much she longed to tear him apart!

"Why won't I come into the home of my assaulter?" Julie said, a smile curving her lips yet there was an evil glint in his eyes.

"What?!" Anabelle couldn't believe her ears, what did he just call her?

Before she could retort, Julie pulled off his shield and a startled scream left her lips for the second time, because that stunning man had a dreadful blackeye. What the hell.

"D-did I d-do that?" she stuttered, hands shaking as she pointed at his face.

"Shouldn't you know better?" he hissed out, anger just lying beneath the surface; he was ready to explode any moment.

"No way!" She denied, " I didn't hit you that much!" she had only hit him on the face with her weak fist. She didn't even put too much force, or did she?

Julie laughed, throwing his head back, however that laughter made Anabelle even more uncomfortable, it put her nerves on edge. "Are you trying to say that I aggravated the injury intentionally to guilt trap you?"

Anabelle scratched her head awkwardly, "I'm not trying to say that but...." she trailed off vexed by what's going on. That injury ruined his perfect face.

Julie didn't give up, " Why don't we pay a visit to a hospital then and we can find out if I had done something extra to the wound you bestowed on me,"

He had a smile on his face while saying that but that expression was far from warm, "While at the same time, I?file for assault and battery,"

"What?!" Anabelle went white in the face, almost staggering from the consequence of his words. What did he mean by battery?

"Fine, go ahead! File a lawsuit and I'll go ahead and do the same too - you kissed me, remember?!" her chest heaved from saying that out in one quick breath. She would not be intimidated!

"You think I'm scared by that?" he scoffed, "You seem to have forgotten that the kiss was accidental - it's not like I enjoyed it anyway -"

"Y-you!" Anabelle choked. She flushed with embarrassment.

"Besides," Julie continued nonetheless, "Everyone in the wedding is witness to the incident, and with their testimony, I'm sure your claim of assault would be dismissed in the court,"

At that moment, it dawned on Anabelle that this asshole came prepared; he intends to ruin her life. What has she done in her past life to deserve this treatment?

Julie continued with his threat,

"Even if your family helps out and you avoid jail time, I'll make sure you're sentenced to community service, Conservation Camp, or house arrest. How does that sound?" he smirked.

Initially, Julie wanted nothing to do with Anabelle after that kissing incident, but when he saw the black eye, nothing could calm him down. Julie was someone who loved his appearance and did everything to maintain it so one could imagine the shock on his face when he saw the hideous injury; now, she has to pay.

That devil! Anabelle gritted her teeth!

"Fine, send me to jail if that would make you feel better!" She didn't care anymore. He could do anything he wanted.

"Of course, I would but there's room for changing my mind," He dropped the bait.

"What??" Anabelle who had planned to leave, turned to him at once, "What did you just say?"

"I said, I could propose a deal that would clear your crimes. What do you say to that?" he proposed.

Anabelle's brows furrowed, making a deal with Julie was equivalent to making a deal with the devil. But does she have a choice?

"Let me hear the deal first," she would make her choice from then forth.

"Alright," Julie cleared his throat and readjusted his sitting position, crossing his leg over the other as he announced, "Be my servant for a month,"

"What?!"

"You heard me, right," He said to her, "That's your free ticket to escaping jail term or probation," He had a smug smirk on.

Julie was doing this on purpose and that irked her the most.

"Go to hell! " she spat

"Think clearly about this, Anabelle. I'm sure you don't want a criminal record at this age nor would you want your friends to see you doing community services. That would be shameful, right?" he invited her.

God knows how much Anabelle was tempted to hit him a second time but she reeled in her temper. She shouldn't aggravate the situation.

And of course, Julie had an ulterior motive in making this deal; he wanted to break up Isabella and Pedro. However, Isabelle was one tough monster and wouldn't even allow him ten feet near her, but Anabelle was easier to manipulate and he could use her to achieve his objectives.

"A week!" bargained Anabelle, unsuspecting of his true intention. She thought he just wanted to make life hard for her because of his injured face.

"Three weeks!" he argued.

"Two weeks!"

"You're in no position to bargain with me, remember?"

"Two and a half week,"

"Fine, two and a half weeks it is," He finally agreed.

Anabelle let out a sigh of relief, she couldn't even imagine being this devil's servant for a month. She'd probably tear him from limb to limb before then.

"Now, let me announce some rules about your servanthship," He declared.

Hearing him say that made her almost gag.

"Go on, I'm all ears," She occupied one of the seats, arms crossed, ready to hear his great rule; she was in awe of his rulership - note the sarcasm.

"First of all, my word is sovereign,"

"Are you crazy? I have damn rights"

"The rule is effective starting now and failure to comply with it would attract certain punishments,"

"What?! But -"

"Rule two: you must harbor no such sexual feelings for me,"

"I'm the one who should be saying that? You freaking kissed me," she reminded him too.

"I've told you that was a..." Julie tried to explain but decided against it since she wouldn't believe him anyway. Let her think whatever she wanted.

"Moreover, I'll be crazy to fall for a player like you," Anabelle mumbled under her breath. However, Julie heard that yet didn't say anything.

"And that's the two golden rules. Now we're done, let's get down to business,"

"Eh," Anabelle was confused. Everything was happening too quickly than her brain could comprehend.

Suddenly Julie stretched out his legs, announcing,

"Massage my feet, my dear servant "

"What?"

"You heard me right,"

"You can't force -"

"Remember the rules," there was a victorious smirk on the corners of his mouth. She was defeated.

Chapter 338 - Three Hundred And Thirty-nine: Bring The Old People Together

The third point of view :

Contrary to Reina's expectation, Nadia and Sakuzi didn't even say a word to each other. The workaholic woman was as usual busy with some stuff on her laptop while Sakuzi was helping Neon set his new toy.

Though the man was one of the busiest mafias in the world, he had taken everything off his schedule for the week just so he could chill with his grandchildren; he trusted Emerald and his sons could handle the business well.

Allen and Ailee stared at each other, they were puzzled by this kind of atmosphere. What's with these old couples? How were they going to get rid of this tension that was even choking them?

A bright thought came into Allen's head, "I have an idea," He told his sister.

"What is it?" Ailee was eager to hear her brother's wonderful plan of getting their grandparents together.

"We need sister's help,"

"What?" Allen almost shouted, yet lowered her voice on time so as not to attract their grandparent's attention, this was supposed to be a secret mission.

"Are you crazy? Sister would kill you or have you forgotten what we did to her?" Ailee talked sense into him.

"That's in the past plus she's our sister," He said but the girl gave him an unbelieving look with her arms folded.

"Fine," He sighed, "We'll propose a truce,"

"It's okay by me as far as you're the one leading," Ailee shrugged. She would not be the first one to receive their sister's wrath.

Allen saw through his sister's plan yet didn't say anything. Well, he was the first son and he had to carry on a lot of responsibility in the future?- he'd start his training at this young age.

So with everyone distracted, both kids slipped and headed to the room of their sister who finally returned home not too long ago.

Isabella was lying on her bed with an anxious expression as she stared at her phone. Pedro had promised to call her right after he got home, but so far there was nothing. She then decided to call him and yet there was no answer, it couldn't be that he was avoiding her?

But then, why would he avoid her? He looked alright when they were returning and not as uptight as when he woke up and realizing what they did.

Could it be he used her? That thought didn't sit well with Isabella. She knew it was stupid to think that but she couldn't help it. She just gave Pedro her body and bared her soul to him - something she has never done - he'd be dead meat if he tried anything funny with her.

With that thought in her head, she was contemplating her next course of action when a knock sounded on her door. A tired sigh left her lips and Isabella swiped something on her phone before shouting, "Come in!"

The door was opened but surprisingly, both kids looked left and right carefully and saw that the robot was disabled, walking in with caution.

A week before the wedding when?Isabelle couldn't take their "bullying"?aka "pranks" anymore, she purchased a robot that shoots a laser from its eyes upon one intruding into her room.

The robot makes use of thermal heat to detect human movements hence prepares to attack unless Isabella disables it with the password or voice command specifically modified for her alone; the laser was set at a healthy temperature - unable to cause

severe injury or pain - but which can also be modified. It kinda feels like someone pinching you or something level of pain.

Thanks to that, the pranks ended instantly as the kids feared her robot greatly - but that doesn't mean they have given up since they were working on a counterattack for the robot.

"Hi our wonderful sister," both said in chorus and a sweet tone that would have left any other people in awww's, however, Isabella's brow furrowed in suspicion instead. What were those devils up to now?

"What do you want?" She said in a tone that wasn't welcoming nor cold either. Isabella loved them, but she was not in the mood for their jokes, she had things to think about.

"Why are you so taut sister? We didn't even do anything wrong?" Ailee attempted to use her charm all to no avail.

"Five minutes," Isabella gave them a time limit. She knew they needed her help, she could see it in their eyes; that puppy dog face doesn't work on her.

"Alright," Allen decided to come clean, "You got us there. We indeed need your help and it's related to the future and progress of this great family," He exaggerated.

Isabella's brows raised, "Not interested," a mission this overstated couldn't be something good.

"Idiot," Ailee facepalmed. She then faced Isabella, "Mom wants us to get grandpa and ma together," she added,

"There's a reward for that,"

At the mention of reward, a smile etched on Isabella's once taut face, if she could help out and get a reward, that would be good. She'd convert her reward to a wish, hehe.

"Fine, we would do it my way - the old-fashioned way," Isabella stretched and got up from the bed. This activity was enough to get her distracted about Pedro.

"What do you suggest we do?" Allen was anxious to hear her great plan.

"Just follow my lead," Isabella gestured to them to come closer and they both huddled around as they began their secret meeting.

After about five minutes, they all withdrew, a sleazy smile on their faces and they nodded in acknowledgment of the plan. Then they dispersed; it was time to matchmake.

Sakuzi stared at this woman with a puzzled look, why couldn't she acknowledge his presence? He has been throwing hints that he wanted a conversation with her but she ignored him. He guessed it was impossible to befriend an ex.

"Grandpa,"

"Huh?" Sakuzi was startled. He had been lost in thought and where had the twins come from? One moment, they weren't here and the next they're here.

"Grandma,"

Nadia took her eyes off her laptop screen to give the kid attention. As a mother, she was good with kids, however, she's a driven career woman as well.

"What is it, Ailee?" she asked

"How did you and grandfather meet?" The girl asked with an innocent face so sincere that there was no way on earth Nadia could have suspected it was an act.

"What do you mean dear?" her eyes connected with Sakuzi's simultaneously. There was a sudden strange awkwardness in the air.

"How did you and grandpa fall in love with each other?" The girl was persistent.

"Well," Sakuzi cleared his throat, choosing to answer after his wife, scratch that, ex-wife, took her eyes off, "We fell in love as every other normal couple do,"

"I need details," Allen pointed out

"Why do you kids even need that?" Nadia asked, seeing no reason why they should be interested in their past marriage life.

"There's a competition online," Isabella came into the room and occupied one of the sofas across from them,

"Remember the old love,' it encourages young people to tell the tale of their grandparent's everlasting love since it's impossible to get that nowadays," she added, "There's mother watering prizes for each wins,"

This time Nadia knew she couldn't escape it. Though she could ask the kids to pull out of the competition and buy them the rewards it would be no fun and they had to learn how to compete and win - that's life.

"If that's the case, you should ask your grandfather," She dumped the whole work on Sakuzi, "He's an expert at information and memories and women," heavy sarcasm dripped from her words.

Sakuzi gave up, seeing the woman was ready to argue with him. Why was she even angry at him? He hadn't even said anything bad.

"Alright," He started, the kids turning to him with rapt attention, "Your grandmother was a very beautiful, beautiful, woman -"

"I bet you said those words to those other women," she cut him off with a sass.

Neon looked up with sheer curiosity, "Who are the other women?"

"Irrelevant to our story," Sakuzi dismissed his question.

Isabella stared at the drama going on. As expected, she was right; their breakup was a result of a misunderstanding. It was almost like watching version 2.0 of her father's and Maya's initial love story except this one was deep-rooted in misconception.

Sakuzi continued, "All it took was a night for us to fall for each other and to be Frank, she was the one who fell for me first," he joked - only if he knew the person listening to it didn't take it lightly.

A snapping sound was heard as Nadia closed the lid of the laptop forcefully. She hissed out, "You're such a doormat, why didn't you begin the story by telling them you're a thief,"

"Huh?" The kids were now intrigued by the drama. Where were the drinks and popcorn?

"This keeps getting better," Isabella said in her head and crossed her leg over the other. Bringing these couples together doesn't seem to be as simple as it looks.

Chapter 339 - Three Hundred And Forty: Saint Martyr

The third point of view:

"You're such a doormat, why didn't you begin the story by telling them you're a thief," Nadia lashed out at Sakuzi who was now silent.

"Grandpa, are you a thief?" Asked Neon who unlike the others takes his time to comprehend a situation.

"Of course not," Sakuzi ruffled the young boy's hair.

"Really?" Nadia cocked a questioning brow, it was obvious she wasn't ready to let him off.

"Nadia, we shouldn't discuss this in front of the kids nor would our argument make a good essay for the competition,"

"I would have agreed with that on other days, but today, the kids should know everything about us so they don't end up making the same mistake as I did,"

"The mistake you did?" Sakuzi scoffed, "You make it sound like it's my whole fault 'we' failed,"

"No, I more than regret the first time that we met. If you haven't stolen from me, I wouldn't have gone over to your territory to collect and get entangled with you for the half of my life in the name of marriage!" the woman said in an emotional outburst.

"Fine, I might have cheated that day - I was in some kind of situation - but not stealing. Moreover, I gave you an assurance that the money would be made available to you but you never trusted my words. Perhaps, if you had sat your pretty ass down in your turf, you wouldn't have met me and got ensnared in a marriage you oh so detest! " there was mockery in Sakuzi's tone.

Though Neon wasn't as smart as the others, instinct told him things had just taken a bitter turn and he quietly and slowly moved away from the arguing couples.

Meanwhile, Isabella was tactically videoing the whole argument on camera. She would send it to Reina once she returns from her honeymoon - she wouldn't disturb Reina's time with her father as far as she keeps Niklaus from returning any sooner. Then, she would explain to her how difficult this mission was and their rewards would be upgraded. Hopefully, she settled this.

"I oh so detest?" Nadia couldn't believe her ears, she stood up to her feet abruptly, " I gave you my heart, body, and resources, and yet what did you do with it? Stepped on it like it was a piece of filth by cheating on me, huh? No, come on, deny it?"

"I'm not going to deny it!" Sakuzi stood to his feet too, tempers flaring, "I admit that I have not been a good husband but you're not entirely faultless either. Did you ever work hard to fight for my heart? No! You were so filled with pride that you left me to my antics!"

Nadia was speechless but Sakuzi was not through, " And you know what's funny? Even though our marriage was nothing but an arrangement, I tried my best to be the husband you needed since I wasn't crazily in love with you, but what did you do? You pushed me away with work like you're doing right now?!"

"Seriously" Nadia threw her head back and laughed sarcastically, "Fine let's leave the past. However, you haven't changed at all and you expect me to give you a second chance?" She glared at him with those fiery eyes, "In your dream, Valentino. I refuse to be used again!"

Sakuzi's brows furrowed together, confusion apparent in his gaze, "What are you talking about?! "

"Angela!" the woman shouted.

"Oh boy," Isabella whispered, "Things are about to get ugly," and she was ready to watch through it. Quarrels like these were hard to witness in their household since Reina and Niklaus settled theirs on the bed.

"I saw her on your daughter's wedding day, remember?"

"Nadia -"

"So tell me, Valentino," She didn't let him speak, "Are you planning on getting back together with her especially now she's separated from her husband, huh? Is that it? After all, you're single now and so is she, there's nobody to stand in your path anymore,"

"Nadia -"

"No, don't worry," She interrupted him, "I'm not a clingy ex and I wish you well in your pursuit of happiness -"

"She has cancer!" Sakuzi screamed it out this time. He has been trying to explain to her all this while but the woman was unreasonably angry.

"What?" Nadia was taken aback by his announcement.

"You heard me right, Angela has cancer. I only brought her to the wedding to see her daughter one last time since it was apparent Reina wouldn't bother to let her in - their feud runs that deep,"

Isabella looked at the ongoing record in her grasp thoughtfully. Initially, she had planned to send it to Reina when she was back from her honeymoon, but Isabella had a niggling feeling it might be too late.

Of course, she wasn't trying to compel Reina to act against her will - she too hated the sight of Angela and her daughter, Kimberly - but Reina deserved to know what was going on and make a decision afterward.

No matter what, a mother was still a mother. Though Kay had filled her head with crazy thoughts, Isabella wouldn't hesitate to take the chance to see her if offered one. There was no need to bear grudges at the brick of death - she just hoped Reina made the right decision.

"You mean Angela is dying?" Nadia asked in disbelief, feeling tired all of a sudden.

All these years, she has used Angela, as an excuse to hate Sakuzi and wished the woman would die with deep hatred. . However, now, her worst nemesis was dying, she

didn't know what to feel anymore. Was it the fact the battle suddenly became worthless that made her demoralized?

"Nadia, I already gave up on Angela years ago when I returned to my senses. I know that I might not give you that kind of love you want from me but I'm willing to spend the rest of my life, building that," He took one of Nadia's hands, "Let's give 'us' another chance, and this time you can hold me to my word - We, the Sakuzi's honor the word," He said sincerely, waiting for her answer.

"Oww, he's so romantic," Ailee swoon yet Isabella didn't bat an eyelid knowing fully well what would happen next.

"What do you say, Nadia?" Sakuzi hoped she would give him a positive reply.

Everyone looked into Nadia with huge expectation, however, their hope was dashed when the woman in question withdrew her hands saying,

"I'm sorry but I need to think right now," And just like that, she left.

"Wait -"

"Just let her be, old man," Isabella stopped him from pursuing after her.

"What?" He turned to her

"She needs time to process the thought of her enemy unwillingly surrendering without a fight," She told him, causing the man to marvel at her wisdom.

Sakuzu slumped back to the sofa with a resigned sigh, this was harder than he thought. He didn't know when the feelings for Nadia grew but he guessed maturity was a huge contributor to that.

Sure, he had loved Angela sheepishly, to the point he was blinded not to realize she was using him for her satisfaction - an unrequited love. But now, his eyes were clear to realize the mistakes and people he shouldn't have added into his life.

"Tell me you're not seriously thinking of giving up on her?" Isabella scoffed and rolled her eyes, "Men,"

"Who said I'm giving up on her?"

"Then get that look off your face! Do you want her? Get her! I heard Reina say you're the greatest womanizer on earth, then seduce her, or has your skills gone rustic over the years?" she incited him.

"Of course not!" Sakuzi was stimulated, "I've never given up on what I cherish and I won't give up now either,"

"That's the spirit!" Isabella was still in the process of encouraging him when his phone rang.

"Hello, Angela?" Sakuzi picked up.

At the mention of that name, "Angela," anger like no other coursed through Isabella's veins, and before she knew it, stormed over to Sakuzi and snatched the phone from him.

"What are you doing?" The bewildered Sakuzi was still asking when Isabella smashed the phone to the floor.

"What have you done?!" Sakuzi couldn't believe his eyes. If she wasn't Reina's stepdaughter, he would have beheaded her already.

"Are you ignorant, foolish, or are you just plain stupid!" Isabella yelled. This was the first time she had lost her temper this much, "Angela is the cause of the friction between you and Nadia, and yet here you are, answering Angela's calls like a damn errand boy minutes after pleading you would love her!"

"You don't understand," Sakuzi explained, "Angela's dying and she needs someone by her side to -"

Isabella didn't let him finish, "She has her daughter, Kim, remember? Everything Angela is going through right now is as a result of what she's done" she went on, "However if you want to be a saint martyr that much, then visit her with Nadia by your side; her hands looped around your arm. Give the woman a sense of security and stop crushing her pride! She deserves respect as your woman,"

Isabella added after a minute of holding his gaze, "Unless you weren't serious about her in the first place " she spat and took her leave while Sakuzi stared on with his mouth open.

Chapter 340 - Three Hundred And Forty-one: End It

The third point of view:

"Mom, I'll be taking my leave," Kimberly announced to her mother solemnly. Though she hated to leave her side, she had a lot of things to take care of. Moreover, it was getting suffocating already, she needed some air to think and breathe.

Angela glanced up at her daughter and smiled wryly, she could see the stress around Kim's eyes, her daughter needed a break; she has been the one taking care of her.

"It's alright, you can leave. I'll be fine,"

"Are you sure?" Kim was hesitant to leave although weary, "I can call the caretaker to come over if you like?"

"No, don't. I'll rather prefer to be alone than have the woman over," Angela didn't want the woman to come. She was a chatterbox and loved making sympathetic gestures and words about her condition which greatly irritated her. It was one thing to pity her but rubbing it all over her face was irritating.

"If you say so, then," Kim nodded, and was about to leave when she turned and went over to wrap her arms around her mother's now frail body.

"Please don't leave me, mom," She cried on her shoulder, "At least not now," Angela was everything she had left now; she would be alone or she died.

The woman had gladly accompanied her to African where Sakuzi banished them to. The thought of it made her angry but then, this was her fault. If she hadn't been stupid, jealous, and bloodthirsty for power, this wouldn't have happened. It pained her the most that her mother was battling this disease all along and she didn't even know - the thought broke her heart.

"Don't worry," Angela patted her shoulder tenderly, "I'll live long enough to see Tommy grow up," she promised through her teeth. Angela could feel it, death was knocking on her door - it would be a huge miracle if she survived this week.

Tommy was Kimberly's kid which she had conceived for a man she had fallen in love with back there. However, it seemed that the bad luck streak was activated the moment Sakuzi chased them off because the man had died in a ghastly motor accident. Having lost her husband, she now had a four-year-old son to raise by herself and Kim didn't think she could take it if her mother died too - everybody was leaving her.

"Of course, you'd love to see Tommy grow into a huge, strong, and good man," Kim said even though she knew deep down that it was an impossible dream, but she just wanted to assure herself - this was too much to bear.

"Of course," Angela concurred by nodding her head, "Now you should leave," She pulled away, "Take care of my grandson for me,"

"It's okay mom," Kimberly hugged her one final time and left.

A sigh escaped Angela's lips the moment Kim went through the door. She closed her eyes, reflecting on her current situation.

She hated being a liability to her kid but what could she do, it was not like the sickness would go away just because she wished so - if only she had seen it on time.

Angela had Pancreatic cancer which is seldom detected at its early stages when it's most curable because it often doesn't display symptoms until after it has spread to other organs. The cancer was incurable since it was found late and has spread to other parts of the body.

Surgery, chemotherapy, radiation therapy, she was undergoing all three cancer treatment options, but then, it was to control cancer not to cure it. Although continuing the operation might do more harm than good but a smaller operation had to be done to relieve her bile duct blockage.

Looking back at her life was quite funny. Angela was a shadow of herself; the smart, brave, beautiful, and strong woman was gone. She scoffed, all her struggles for wealth and power had been for nothing. Not even her money could save her from the hands of death now; everything was vanity upon vanity!

After Valentino had banished Kim from the city, Angela had no choice but to confess the truth to Alfred her husband, and let's just say, his response was not encouraging. It was quite funny, to be honest, if Alfred hadn't gotten in trouble, she wouldn't have gone to Sakuzi in the first place. But then, the man had forgotten all about her sacrifice! In conclusion, she and Alfred separated and the rest was history.

But it was heartbreaking though, the man she had lived with for almost fifty years hadn't bothered to visit her even for once after hearing of her illness. Maybe, this was her karma for all the horrible things she did to Maya.

Thinking about Maya brought tears to Angela's eyes, what had she been thinking then maltreating her? She was her daughter for Christ's sake! If only there was a way to turn back the hands of the clock, she would have done it. But then, all that remains was regret.

Though she doubted Maya would speak to her but coming to the wedding that day had been her way of making peace before she left this world. Angela knew inwardly that she would never have peace in the underworld if she doesn't make peace with that child. She just needed a second chance with her daughter, Lia before she leaves this world.

Angela couldn't tell how long she was lost in her world of thoughts, but when she came around, she felt bored like never before. Though she was in a VIP room, the environment reeked of loneliness which sent chills deep to her bones. She didn't like the feeling one bit which made her pick up her phone to call Sakuzi.

Valentino? She chuckled, life was indeed funny. Though he had been the one who banished her daughter, he had been the first person to seek her out and inevitably found out about her sickness-he even helped her try to unite with her daughter. She just couldn't know what kind of person he was?

She had done nothing but use him crudely and break his heart over and over again, yet he never bore any grudge against her, Why? Why couldn't he hate her as Alfred and Maya did? She just couldn't him at all.

Angela bit her lips nervously and then called him. She was lonely right now and needed company. One must imagine how happy and relieved she was when the man answered.

"H-Hello Valentino," She said, her heart thumping loudly in her chest. Angela knew it was wrong of her to call him after everything she has done to him - she was supposed to let him go - but she needed a companion. She wouldn't mind his face being the last thing she would see before she dies.

"Hello Angela," He answered.

"I know I don't deserve your attention but can you please come over... " she took a deep breath, " I need someone by my side so much," she told him the truth.

Angela was not a fool to deceive herself into starting something with him, especially not now she was dying - her chance was over. The man had loved her so much to the point of divorcing his wife just so they could be together, but what had she done? Used him and tossed him away like a bag of dirt.

The whole world viewed Valentino as a cruel businessman but only people close to him knew the man never joked with his loved ones - a knowledge she had known and abused.

"Valentino, I just want - huh? "confusion crossed her features when the call disconnected suddenly.

What happened? Could it be the network? Hence she tried his line once again, but there was no connection which was strange, Valentino would never hang up on her. Or would he? It finally dawned on Angela, she was truly alone.

After a while of waiting for Valentino with no success, Angela began to contemplate suicide, what was the point of living like this? Living with pancreatic cancer was not easy at all; she was half her normal weight due to the weight loss nor did she have much appetite for food; abdominal pain that radiates to her back; fatigue and a hell load of others.

Why go through all these pains, why not just end it all? She knew Kimberly would be hurt by her death - if not devastated - but she had to stop being a burden to the poor daughter - The girl had a lot on her plate.

Having made up her mind, she picked up the knife that her daughter Kim has used to slice the apples earlier. If she slit her wrist, it would be less gruesome since she would bleed to death before help comes.

It seems that she wouldn't be able to earn the forgiveness she needs from Maya. But she had to do this. Having made up her mind, Angela was about to slit her hands when the door to her room was opened and someone asked,

"What the hell do you're doing?"