

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 341 - Three Hundred And Forty-two: The Possessive Wife - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 341 - Three Hundred And Forty-two: The Possessive Wife

Chapter 341 - Three Hundred And Forty-two: The Possessive Wife

Reina's point of view: The honeymoon

"Oh, thank God," I said in relief, dropping on the bed with an exhausted groan. After the eight hours in the air, all I wanted to do was just curl up and sleep till the next day comes.

And yes, my honeymoon with Niklaus has officially begun and the man was the one who made all the necessary arrangements. We were currently in a deluxe room that let you relax as you admire a beautiful view of the beach.

The room is modern decorated, totally soundproofed - thank God - with a refreshing led rain shower and private hydromassage bathtub - I can imagine why Niklaus booked here. Aside from that, the room has high-quality furnishings with opulent, expensive touches, and attention to aesthetic detail.

It had fresh air, original art on the walls, windows that open, robes and slippers, adequate storage, hangers, desk, reading chair, safe, good-size flat-screen TV, iPhone/iPod dock, coffee maker, full-length mirror, effective AC system...And of course a King bed with a good mattress, high-quality sheets and a variety of pillow types - he really went all out.

"You must be tired," Niklaus said, dropping our luggage at the corner. Room service had offered to carry it up but he refused adamantly, making me wonder what he was hiding in there. Turns out he was just trying to be romantic which was kind of cute and touching - but I'm not going to say that out loud.

"What are you doing?" I was startled when someone grabbed my leg.

"Shh, take off your sneakers before you go to bed," He chided me as his hand went to my feet and slipped them off one after the other. The moment he was done, I felt his hand caress the under of my feet and then he began to massage me.

"That feels good," I shut my eyes, relishing his wonderful hands as they worked on my sore feet. However, just when I was at the peak of satisfaction, he stopped.

"Huh?" one of my eyes popped open, why did he stop?

I tried to sit up but I was pushed back to the bed as Niklaus climbed over me. His eyes never left mine as he hovered over me, which kind of made my heart begin to pound so hard it was a surprise it hadn't leaped out of my chest yet.

"What are you doing?" I asked, breathless.

"What do you think?" he gave me a coy smirk, "It's our honeymoon today, remember?"

"Niklaus," I put my hand on his chest, "Remember what we scheduled, no sex until we're done with the dates today - the honeymoon isn't all about that,"

His brow raised, "What is it about then?"

"Making a connection and everlasting memories with my husband?" it sounded more like a question to me.

"Well, to me, it just seems like you're delaying the inevitable," his smirk deepened and before I could make a move, dipped his head and kissed my neck in a slow sensual move. I let out a sharp breath, my body tingling with pleasure.

"Niklaus," I gulped, wanting to just lay down and relish this moment, but I couldn't give in to temptation yet.

"Umm," was all he said, still trailing kisses down my neck.

"Please," I implored of him knowing I couldn't fight him. It was as if he had this magic touch that makes me melt as soon as he makes contact with me.

"Fine," He said, yet didn't forget to steal a kiss which would have evolved into a heated one had I not pulled away.

"Ugh," Niklaus rolled his eye, irritated, "You always find a way to extinguish the fire burning between us,"

I moved closer pecking him on the lips and making sure not to fall into his trap, "Sorry, but I don't want to get burned yet," I left the bed with a chuckle.

"So what now?" Niklaus asked, sitting on the edge of the bed with his arms folded.

"Go look around," I added, "After I have my bath," and as expected, his expression lit upon hearing that.

"And no, you're not welcomed," I added quickly- sorry to burst your bubbles.

"That's not fair," Niklaus pouted, "We're currently husband and wife," He threw a tantrum like a kid which made me see Isabella in him - it was not surprising.

I walked back to Niklaus and leaned before him, making sure the cleavage which his eyes glued onto was visible. I then lowered my head and whispered into his ears, "Build anticipation, that's a key to a great sex life," and nibbled on his earlobe, his breathing changed.

"That's great, but not when junior is threatening to rip out of my pants,"

Oh, junior? Is that what we're calling it now? I chuckled mentally.

"Well," my voice was smoldering, " You know how to take care of yourself," I lifted his chin, "Just think of me while doing so,"

A smile curved his mouth, "I love you woman,"

His smile must have been infectious because I smiled too and left the bathroom before this tamed lion changed his mind.

"Alright, this is it," I motivated myself knowing there was another plan after this luxurious bathing. By the time I was through, I picked the little backpack I had brought in earlier and changed into a swimsuit.

The hotel was built on a strategic site with a beach just outside and there was no way in hell I wouldn't explore that. I was here to have fun with my husband and make beautiful memories that I would hold on to. Besides, Isabella would laugh at me to scorn if I don't return with photographs of our rendezvous - she claims her father wouldn't let me out of his sight.

"How do I look?" I asked as soon as I cat walked into the bedroom with a hopeful smile.

Niklaus froze, he glanced up at me from my head to my toes and then from my toes back to my head once again before resting on my slightly exposed breast and my revealed thigh.

"Say something, Niklaus," I was beginning to feel awkward under his scorching scrutiny, not to mention that I was in a pose and my toes couldn't balance my weight anymore.

"What is this?" His taut voice didn't sound promising; he seemed about to explode. Sigh, what was I even thinking marrying a possessive husband?

"Yeah!" I attempted to lighten this tense environment, "Going to the beach, remember?"

His eyes roved over me once more, " In that?"

"What's wrong with that?" I pointed to my body. I was wearing a bandeau-style bikini top which is a strapless top that goes straight across. This one has a circular insert that's super cute and a bit modest compared to others.

"I don't like it," He said dismissively.

"Niklaus, come on! This is not even a throng!" I argued with him.

"The swell of your breast and butt cheeks is visible, so no," He claimed.

"We are going to a beach, you seriously don't expect me to go in a ground sweeping gown and long sleeve - what's the fun then? Half of the woman out there would be clad in a similar outfit!"

"You are not like other women," He growled at me, "You are special..." he added slowly, "To me,"

My mouth opened wide from astonishment, however.... "Still, this doesn't mean I'll -"

"Give me a sec," He interrupted me and went into the wardrobe, ruffling through his unpacked bag for something.

"What's he searching for?" I mumbled, curiosity written all over my face.

Not less than a minute later, Niklaus returned with a chiffon lace beach cover-up kimono while my mouth remained open, shocked.

"How did you know to get this?" I was surprised, taking the kimono from him.

"Well, I saw the beach while I was searching up the hotel and had a feeling you'd like to try it out. I just had to make sure I had some necessary stuff in place," He claimed.

"Alright," I nodded, lips pursed as I wore it, "Not bad. At the least, you have a sense of fashion," I said, feeling the green flowered pattern that fitted my purple swimsuit.

"So your husband is extremely knowledgeable, what does he get for a reward?" he teased, coming closer.

I gestured him to come a bit closer which he did expectantly and just when he thought I was going to kiss him, muttered into his ear, "Go wash up," then patted him on the chest and left.

"Women," Niklaus shook his head, laughing.

Unlike me who had spent an eternity in the shower, Niklaus didn't even last two minutes and he was out, ready to leave and wearing a normal swimming trunk. I frowned, why was his chest opened but comforted myself with the fact his trunks was a match with the kimono.

The weather was sunny and there were a lot of people at the beach, but that wasn't my problem. My current problem was why all the women were staring at my husband?

There were other men out there but the moment Niklaus arrived, he stood out from the crowd and there was even a lady who dared to wink at him. Anger like no other coursed through my veins and made me see red, why was I acting like a possessive wife?

Chapter 342 - Three Hundred And Forty-three: Leave My Wife Alone

Niklaus point of view:

"Niklaus, look this way," Reina turned my face to the camera and pouted her lips as she took another shot. I've been glaring at the men who have been staring at her nonstop. I knew her wearing this bikini or swimsuit or whatever she called it, was a bad idea but she still didn't believe me.

The more annoying fact was that even with the kimono that covered her body, they still gaped. In fact, it seems the kimono brought more attention. Maybe I shouldn't have given it to her, but then, if it wasn't because of that, they would be staring at her butt - this was highly annoying.

Truthfully speaking, there were a lot of beautiful and curvaceous women out here on the beach today that could enthrall a man with just a look, but there was just something special about Reina - her smile. Her smile wasn't flirtatious nor coy nor seductive, just warm and kind - she was like a goddess come to earth.

Left for me alone, I would rather have her back at the hotel, making love to her. There were positions and places to explore; the kitchen; table; couch; bathroom; all were better than here. I just want to have her by herself as I take her back and front to heaven. But then, sigh, I have to fulfill her wishes - women are such sentimental creatures.

Well, at the least, I got rewarded by her smile. The crinkle forming around her eyes and the delighted glint there made my heart warm, I never knew it was satisfying to make your woman happy until now. I wish she could keep on smiling forever.

"You're having all the fun," I grumbled.

"What? How?" there was a doubtful look on her face while pushing away her hair obstructing her view as a result of the wind.

"Oh, I'll show you," I said and reached out for her waist. I wrapped my arms around the curve of her back, pressing her to me, and took the phone from her grip. Surprised, she was about to speak up when I lowered my head and kissed her, and took a shot.

"Niklaus!" She chuckled and hit me playfully on the chest.

"That's fun," I said, handing the camera over to her and watched her eyes widen from surprise.

"Holy shit! How did you get such a perfect shot?" there was a look of admiration in her eyes which made my heart swell with pride; she adored me.

"Do you really want to know?" my eyes twinkled, drawing her closer.

"Teach me then, husband," she teased me, wrapping her hand around my neck with a smile. And slowly lifted her face to meet mine in a sweet kiss.

Our lips moved slowly and in synchronization while my hands moved to cup the globe of her ass. It was a sweet sensual kiss as I nibbled on her lower lips, enjoying the moan that escaped her mouth.

It was as if the world around us vanished and it was just the two of us, entangled with each other. Her hands grabbed a fistful of my hair, kissing me harder while her other hand threaded carelessly through my curls.

None of us came up for air, I guess we were competing for the strongest breath holder. However, our plan was disrupted as a shriek cut through the air startling us. We turned in the direction of the scream.

"Oh my God! Somebody help me!" We followed others to the scene where a teenager crouched on the floor unable to speak and was red on the face. He was not able to breathe and had watery eyes.

There was a great murmuring from the crowd that was beginning to form yet none stepped out to help instead called for 911.

"Oh my God," Reina gasped, drawing my attention, "He's choking," She revealed.

"How did you know?" I was surprised by her discovery.

"Take a look at that plate," She pointed at the plate of bacon beside their makeshift shield.

"Oh," she was right.

"He's choking with a completely blocked airway, no oxygen can enter his lungs. The brain is extremely sensitive to this lack of oxygen and would begin to die within four to six minutes. I must offer first aid during this time or? Irreversible brain death occurs in as little as ten minutes," she announced, and before I could stop her, had walked over to the boy.

Right in front of me, before anyone could stop her, Reina hauls the boy off the ground with effort and starts performing the Heimlich maneuver while the crowd stared on with anticipation.

Admiration grew in my heart as I saw what she was doing. The Heimlich maneuver is a first-aid procedure for dislodging an obstruction from a person's windpipe in which a sudden strong pressure is applied on their abdomen, between the navel and the ribcage.

She alternated between five blows and five rusts until a huge chunk of bacon was thrown up; the blockage has been dislodged. The boy coughed for a while but other than that, he was okay.

"Call 911" Reina announced breathlessly, she had exerted herself.

All of a sudden, a rapturous sound of applause reverberated across the beach as everyone hailed her brave act. As usual, Reina comes to the rescue - I wouldn't be surprised if she's Supergirl in disguise.

Most of the people were busy capturing the whole thing on camera while the others complimented or applauded her. They formed a small crowd around her that I couldn't get past them to my wife. This was annoying, why couldn't everyone leave my wife alone for me? I escaped the kids at home just so I could quality time with her and yet, I still struggle for her attention.

"Miss, look here!" Everyone was struggling to take pictures with her while I stood out like an outcast.

I could tell Reina was overwhelmed with all the attention from the wry smile on her face. Our eyes somehow met and she smiled at me, but something weird occurred. My heart began to beat strongly and as if everything was in slow motion and her smile, the only thing I wanted to see.

But to my annoyance, her attention was ripped once more from me and I felt a strong urge to just strode over there and take her away. Fine, Niklaus, let's be civil.... yes, civil..... Oh, fuck civil!

I marched over to her, clearing everyone in my path until I was standing right in front of her. The knowing smile on her face told me she knew I had finally run out of patience.

As if she knew what I wanted, my wife appeased me by standing on tiptoes and kissed me deeply on the lips. The crowd went gaga, all swooning and taking pictures of this romantic moment - not that I minded. All my attention was on this woman in my arms.

"You're failing your wedding vow already," I told her as I came up for air.

"What?" She was confused.

"You said you would give me all your attention till death does us apart, yet, you've shared that attention with almost a hundred people already," I pouted - that gesture always melts her heart.

"Tsk tsk, such a baby," My wife clicked her tongue, shaking her head sympathetically.

"Let's go," she took my hand and began to lead me out of the crowd who still wanted to take pictures with her.

"Miss look here,"

My deadly glare silenced them and they made way for us to pass through - much better. I changed the grip and held Reina instead as we continued our stroll on the beach.

"So how did you know how to perform that Heimlich maneuver?" I asked her, full of curiosity. Not everyone could pull that move efficiently.

"Did you think raising Allen and Ailee was easy?" She laughed, " Even with the help around, Aille has always been the touchy and greedy one compared to Allen. Not to mention the times they almost killed me with anxiety over their fastest eater's competition. Twins are naturally competitive and In such a situation, one of them was bound to choke on their poorly chewed food. So I got used to it thanks to them, " she explained nonchalantly.

I stopped walking, she stopped too, looking at me questioningly. I took her face in my palm, "It must have been hard on you all those years, taking care of them alone," I said, caressing her soft skin.

"Nik," She sighed, "We've gone over this already and I've told you it's okay. You don't have to keep blaming yourself for anything that happened," she took hold of my hand on my face, stroking it too.

"I know," I nodded, "Which is why I'm going to spend the rest of my life to make it up to you by protecting and always keeping you happy," I promised.

"Fine, if you want it that way," Reina shrugged and was just about to hug me when a ball out of nowhere came flying at her.

Chapter 343 - Three Hundred And Forty-four: Can't I Get A Honeymoon

Reina's point of view: The honeymoon

I had never felt more happiness than now. It was surprising yet satisfying to know that the Niklaus I knew years ago wasn't the same. I loved the change in him and I'm not just

saying it because he's my partner for life. Though he's so stubborn it gets frustrating at times, Niklaus understands me; I can talk to him openly without fear.

The communication between us is real, and it warms my heart to know he's willing to listen even when we're in the middle of a heated argument. He tries to see my point and then comes up with a solution that benefits both of us.

"Which is why I'm going to spend the rest of my life to make it up to you by protecting and always keeping you happy," He said.

My mouth hung open, that was not an easy promise at all. He was swearing lifelong happiness in a time where marriages don't last at all.

"Fine, if you want it that way then," I shrugged and was just about to hug him when alarms came from the crowd and Niklaus, which made me turn to see the source of the commotion. But then, just as I whirled around, all I saw was a volleyball about to hit me and closed my eyes out of reflex.

However, the pain never came since Niklaus had intercepted the ball on time with his hand yet his body still hugged me protectively. I opened my eyes to see wrinkles on Niklaus' face, his features were taut and his nostrils flailing. Oh no.

"Niklaus!" I put myself in his way just as he took a step to go give whoever served that ball a piece of his mind.

"It's alright," I said to him.

"No, it's not alright," he growled, body as tight as a rock from the extreme outrage coursing through him.

You know for a moment there, I was scared. With this kind of love he held for me, Niklaus was willing to kill for me - I could see in his eyes. He wanted to tear whoever sent that ball my way apart. It was romantic yet not funny - Niklaus never jokes with his intents.

"I'm alright," I cupped his face, making sure his attention was fixed on me alone.

"I. Am. Fine." I spelled it out for him, "Now take a deep breath, let the anger go," I was trying to regulate his breathing when someone said from behind,

"I'm so sorry for that,"

A growl left Niklaus lips, my pacifying plan shattered at once. He was about to stride over to the culprit and probably punch him when I grabbed his arm and hissed out,

"Calm down, Niklaus,"

"He could have hit you," He argued, still having a hard time controlling his anger. Damn it.

"He could have, but he didn't, because you protected me just as you promised. Now, please let it go," I begged of him.

"Actually, I'm not the one that hit you but my girlfriend over there. She's extremely sorry," the strange dude said gesturing to his girlfriend who stood out from the rest of the other women.

My eyes narrowed at once upon noticing a new threat. It was that same woman who had winked at Niklaus earlier. Suddenly, I regretted calming Niklaus. Call it a woman's instinct or something, I knew this was her ploy to get Niklaus' attention. Well, she'd have to go through me first.

She walked over to the dude who seems to be her partner and I could see why men couldn't take their eyes off her. The woman had great assets, like really great assets, neither was she shy of flaunting it since she wore a thong and triangular-shaped bra that covered just her nipple; her ample breast was aired to view.

Though I knew Niklaus would not fall for her low tactics yet I was still threatened, after all, men were visual creatures. I don't think I could compete with a woman like that when I possessed just 1/10 of her curves.

"I'm so sorry," She said, yet I could tell there wasn't an ounce of sincerity in her tone.

"I'm not sure you are," I said to her boldly. There was no need to hide the fact that I didn't like her one bit.

However, before my very eyes and so abruptly, this lady dropped to her knees before I could even stop her.

"Am I sincere now?" she asked the stunned me.

This was very embarrassing especially with a lot of people passing around, some of their attention has been drawn here seeing her kneel.

"I never asked you to kneel or bow to me," I told her straight up, "That one is on you," I took Niklaus' hand and was about to leave when I added, "Keep your apology to yourself. We don't need it," and steered the speechless Niklaus away especially when I saw his eyes rove over that woman. I can't tell what was wrong with me, but I felt like throwing sackcloth over his face.

"You're angry," Niklaus finally said to me after minutes of walking and no talking.

"Am I?" I replied almost immediately without giving him a look, continuing my journey.

However, Niklaus drew me back out of nowhere and I bumped into his chest, surprise on my face. I glanced up at him just as he lifted my face with his finger.

"You're jealous," He pointed out.

I wanted to refute his claim but then it dawned on me, I was jealous. Oh my God, I'm fucking jealous of that woman.

"You're more beautiful than her and I'm not just saying this because you're my partner, but as a man too," He assured me, "Remember that first time we met?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "What about it?"

He licked his lower lips, "The truth is that I ogled you that night, more like, eye fucked you,"

I laughed, "Is not that surprising considering your reputation then,"

"Well, if I ogled you then, I still do now," His eyes roamed my body in such a way that made shivers run down my spine and I crossed my hand around my body; I felt completely bared before him.

He took a step closer till our bodies were touching, then lowered his head to speak into my ears, "If we were alone right now, I would have shown you how beautiful you are and how much I adore your body. As much as ample boobs are appealing to most men, I prefer one that fits in my palm. A boob that I can run my hands around its nipples until it becomes an erect rosebud. A breast that I can put into my mouth and suck completely away till you're crying beneath me. A breast that I can run my tongue around its areola while my other hand fondles the other. I love your kind of breast, how does that sound?" he finished.

I stared at Niklaus without blinking, my mouth hung open yet no words came out. Since I was hot, my face was probably as red as a shrimp right now. Not to talk about the fact I was wet down there and my nipples as hard as nipples. How could this man be able to arouse me with his words alone?

I let out a sharp breath I never knew I was holding, "Niklaus..." what was I even going to say? He has blown my mind away.

"Don't worry, you don't have to say a word. I'll show you later," he smiled, his eyes holding a dark promise that made my toes curl up.

After that, we wandered around the beach a bit, took pictures, and had fun before returning to the hotel. The moment I stepped into the room, I went straight to the bed and laid down. I was so damn tired. As if Niklaus understood me, he didn't attempt any funny game. Instead, he cuddled me and we went to sleep together.

We woke up at night time to prepare for our supper date which was arranged at the hotel's restaurant. I took time into making up, curling my hair, and all but wore a simple chic black dress - I had a feeling something might go down tonight and might as well make the job easier for Niklaus.

"Hi handsome," I said to Niklaus who was, as usual, dashing in his blazer and pants.

"Shall we?" He gave me his arms and I hooked my arm around it with a smile on my face. I loved every moment with him, it was everything I could ever ask for.

And just like that, we walked down to the restaurant where we were led to our table. The restaurant was outdoor and the cool night breeze refreshed the already romantic atmosphere.

"Here,"

We handed our orders to the waiter who received them and left to get them processed.

"So Mrs. Spencer, you look extremely beautiful tonight. Any special reason for that?" he flirted with me.

Funny, but I never knew I would one day come to like this name "Spencer" - Adam kind of ruined it for me.

"Well," I began, "I have to look hot and sexy to catch up with my handsome husband," was my reply which made him laugh.

And just like that, we kept on throwing jokes and flirting with each other while waiting for our meal when something happened. A wine was sent to our table.

"Excuse me, we didn't order for this," I told the waiter who just delivered it.

"Yes, you didn't, but they did," He gestured to a couple across from ours.

My head turned in the direction of whoever sent this and the joy left my face at once. Oh God, It can't be them again. Can't I get a peaceful honeymoon here?

Chapter 344 - Three Hundred And Forty-five: Defeated The Evil Seductress

Niklaus point of view: The honeymoon

My eyes narrowed as those couples from earlier made their way over to our table. Though I haven't sensed any malicious intent from the male beside her nor has he stared at my wife in a way that requires me to break his nose, I still have to keep my guard up - some people are good pretenders. Even without that, this honeymoon was supposed to be about me and Reina, not the company of these annoying strangers.

"Hi, we meet again," the lady from earlier greeted only me. That was funny, was my wife exempted from the same treatment?

I knew people her type, knew what she wanted, me. They are just human with no self-respect who just wants the thrill of the fun. She doesn't give a damn about Reina, in fact, the idea of snatching me away from her thrills her. And trust me, I was nothing like her.

Though I was your everyday casanova, I never went after married nor engaged people - I still have a conscience. I was selective, moreover, I had enough trouble on my plate hence didn't have time to deal with such unnecessary fillers in my life.

"What do you want?" I went straight to the point. Reina didn't like her, her presence here clearly makes her uncomfortable.

"Heard about your girlfriend's heroic deed -"

"Wife," I corrected sternly and watched a trace of surprise across her face.

She smiled, "Never thought a hottie like you would be married by now. Don't you wanna have more fun?"

"His wife's standing right here and he was having enough fun before you decided to bless us with your overwhelming presence. I don't understand what else you're suggesting?" Reina's voice was cold and blunt.

The woman who I thankfully haven't gotten her name laughed, tucking her hair behind her ear, "I'm not suggesting anything, I'm just saying you know. Isn't everyone's entitled to their opinion,"

"Well, keep that opinion to yourself. He doesn't need it,"

Reina was so badass that a hint of a smile crossed my features, that's my baby girl.

"Oh my God," the woman gasped, "I didn't mean it that way," she then looked at the wine still on our table, "I just thought of thanking you for your bravery out there. Saving that kid was not an easy feat," she said.

"Oh don't worry, it's just something anyone with the knowledge could have done," Reina rejected this kind of offer.

"Oh no, that's where you're wrong,"

And before I could tell what that strange woman meant by that, she turned around and announced,

"Hi everyone, some of you might know about the incident today and some of you might not but please I want you all to give it up for the lady who bravely saved a boy from dying at the beach today!"

At first, it looked like nothing was going to happen but a few people who had been at the beach when the incident happened were present, they began to clap and the others followed suit eventually. Thus, my wife was forced to accept the compliment.

"Thank you. Thank you all. Thank you so much, it's really nothing," Reina waved at them with a smile before sitting back down.

"So," the woman began, "Since we've figured this out, you wouldn't mind if I join your table?"

"I?" I pointed out her pronoun, "Isn't that your boyfriend by your side?" I referred to the quiet man by her side. I couldn't understand their relationship at all or was he such a doormat.

She laughed awkwardly, "I'm sorry about that, it was a slip of the tongue, and Of course, I meant James and me. You don't mind, right?"

"Well, I do -"

"We don't mind at all," Reina contradicted my words to my very surprise. I turned to her, wasn't she the one who didn't like her? But when I looked at Reina, everything was clear to me. I had to trust her.

And just like that, the waiters added more seats to our table to accommodate the new unwelcome guest.

"So you and her together?" I asked James because the more I looked at both of them, the more unreasonable it became.

"Yeah, we're engaged to be married. It's sort of a family promise, you know. Gramps and their matchmaking," He chuckled.

Well, that just reminded me of Adam. Old people do know how to mess with young people's lives. If only that gramps knew the kind of hell he just put his poor boy into. It's obvious this woman didn't have an atom of love nor disregard for her fiancé else she wouldn't be flirting with me right in front of him.

"And by the way, my name's Claire," the woman finally introduced herself. Not that my wife gave her much of a chance.

"I don't need it," Reina quickly brushed her off.

There was an awkward silence yet the woman didn't give up. I wonder why some people are plain stupid. Things were not going to end well, the look on her face told me my wife was planning something.

"Well, let's drink to that then," Claire opened the wine and poured them into the four glasses set before everyone.

I watched as she purposely bent lower than usual as she poured wine into my glass, giving me a view of her ample breast that was barely hidden by her strapless gown. I chuckled, wondering if this woman even knows who I was. I've bedded over a hundred women - not that I'm boasting - scenes like this no longer move me except it was Reina's.

I swore I was not staring and took my eyes off when Claire attempted that move but the pinch from Reina was so painful tears stung my eyes.

I looked at her, she looked at me, booming a smile that didn't touch her eyes. I was innocent, she was the one who invited the woman to join our table yet was taking the whole thing out on me.

"So," Claire lifted her glass, "Let's cheer drinks to that -"

"On the other hand," Reina interrupted her, "Let's do something more fun. A little competition between the two of us, "

And yes, it's begun.

"What is it?" Claire was interested.

"The both of us have to drink until one of us turns up drunk and unable to drink anymore," Reina proposed, which was a very bad idea. Not that I didn't trust my wife's drinking skill but drunk Reina was not a very civil person.

"Sure," Claire agreed without a second time. Guess she was still intent on defeating my wife.

"If I win, you get your ass out of here and never come near us again," Reina told her.

"And if I win?" her brow raised interestedly. Claire knew her pretense had been seen through and would do everything to take advantage of this opportunity since this was her last chance.

"What do you want then?" Reina didn't back down.

"An hour alone with your husband," was her request.

Reina's expression changed to a grave one.

"I have something important to discuss with him unless you don't trust your husband," She incited my wife who smirked. Regina knew this game white well. And yes, I know that glint in her eyes. This Claire woman has just been blacklisted

"Fifteen minutes," Reina bartered.

"Thirty minutes,"?Claire refused.

"Ten minutes,"

"Fifteen minutes it is then," she laughed, "You bargaining with me, doesn't it mean you're not confident of winning? "

Contrary to the woman's belief, Reina was giving her a false impression of fear; Claire thought she was the one winning already.

"Stop bitching and start drinking," Reina sassed and took the glass of wine. Both of them gulped down the wine in one swift. It seems Claire was good at drinking too. Just hoped Reina knows what she's doing - this time, she might have met an opponent on equal footing with her.

The both of them continued drinking until that bottle of wine was finished and another was brought to their table per their order.

"So, how does it feel, lusting over my husband?" Reina asked out of nowhere to everyone's surprise.

"Lust?" Claire laughed, her cheeks were rosy, indicating the alcohol was finally kicking in. Neither was Reina any better."You don't deserve him,"

"And you do?" Reina laughed back.

"Of course. You're not even half as beautiful as I am, he should be with people in his league," Claire claimed, swallowing her drink greedily - that woman has annoyed her.

"Wow, that's shocking, but guess what? You would never be with him, why? Because we already have kids and I'm sure no responsible man would leave his family to hook up with someone like you?with a fiancée," she added, "Oh, and even if he does, you would always be known for the hookup while I'll be the woman he returns to every day,"

"Shut up!" Claire hissed out in anger. She was so blinded by rage that she didn't realize how fast she was drinking compared to Reina who was taking her time.

"This man here," She slurred, pointing at her Fiancée James, "It's a nobody. He's always the one holding onto me but don't worry, my family is searching for a way to disannul the engagement our grandfathers did, and soon, the fool would be out of my life," She poke drinkily.

"Now, I'm done with you. I have taken every insult you've given with good faith because I loved you and thought you would change. But I was so wrong. Goodbye, Claire " James couldn't take the humiliation anymore. He stood, picked up his jacket, and left.

"Hey, where are you going? Come back here?!" Claire bellowed and as if the veil was lifted off her eye, she turned to Reina and bellowed, "You tricked me!",

"You don't need him - you clearly said that. Moreover, you can't chase after my husband while having another as backup," My wife smirked evilly.

I felt proud of her achievement. She indeed has a good teacher - me. Who knew Reina was a good student. All my lessons were not in vain.

"Now, let's drink," Reina urged her to continue and it was at that moment that Claire realized she was drunker than she thought due to her fast drinking. Her head knocked on the table with a thud as she passed out.

Reina gulped down the rest of her wine and turned to me with intoxicated eyes, saying, "Mission accomplished: Successfully got rid of the evil seductress. Mission rewards: a steamy night with my hobby all to myself. How does that sound?"

I readjusted in my seat, a bit flushed with the way she was staring at me, "You should have some food before we go,"

But the drunk Reina laughed at me - the personality I've been trying to avoid.

"Why bother about food," She leaned closer seductively, and breathed into my ear, "When I have a tantalizing meal set before me," her hand went to my crotch.

I jumped from her touch, looking around like a thief as I wondered if anyone had seen her do that. Maybe, it wasn't such a bad idea to return to our room now.

Chapter 345 - Three Hundred And Forty-six: Her Baby

The third point of view :

"All I did was give you one mission and yet you failed it, woefully!" Queen Roselle criticized Fiona who had her head lowered, refusing to meet the woman's irritated gaze.

Fiona had returned to Lincolnshire unfulfilled. The purpose of her going to that wedding was for her to separate Judy and that woman called Emily, but her plan didn't succeed at all. That Emily was a witch.

She stuttered, "I-I tried my best,"

"Tried your best?" the woman scoffed, "What has your best done?!" She stood from her seat and walked over to Fiona who still had her head lowered.

The queen continued, "Judy's coronation is next month and you of all people know a King can't be crowned without a Queen by his side. Judy is stubborn and would surely do everything to make that woman his wife, which is why I left you to do the job of removing that woman. What can you even do best, Fiona? "

Fiona clenched her fist, bitterness growing in her heart as that question sank in her head. What can she even do best? All her life, everything has been pre-made for her, and always, she got what she wanted.

But not this time. This was the first mission she couldn't accomplish even with all her father's resources and influence; everything rested on her effort. What could she do with the money? She couldn't bribe Emily with money to leave Judy since the woman was born with a silver spoon herself. Moreover, she had a fast-growing fashion line. What then could she bribe Emily with?

"You're a proper lady and for that, I chose you for Judy, unlike Emily. But don't be mistaken," she corrected the impression here, "I have nothing against Emily but her status disqualified her from this position. She's a divorced woman and I don't need drama in the royal family,"

Fiona didn't like the sound of that, she always had the impression that the queen thoroughly hated Emily, who knew it was simply because of her marital status. No, this was bad. Didn't this mean that there was a chance the queen might change her mind in the future?

"But looking at it now," The queen sighed, "It seems you're not experienced enough for this position,"

Fiona's expression paled instantly.

"I'll have to look for another decent woman who can compete for a man's attention and emerge victoriously. It seems I gave you a task bigger than your capability," the queen said.

Fiona immediately got on her knees, pleading, "Queen Roselle, Please give me another chance. I promise to be successful this time," sweat beaded her forehead as she begged for a second shot.

The queen smiled, then helped Fiona to her feet to her greatest surprise. The girl watched the queen perplexed, though the queen wasn't a harsh ruler - if you knew her personally - she never expected this kind of treatment.

"You love Judy, don't you?" Queen Roselle caressed her cheeks as Fiona nodded.

"Then don't worry about his affection, it would come on naturally the moment you two start up a family. Judy might love that woman now but when you become the queen, he'd come around. Royalty is more than just love, it's about sacrifice, keeping the bloodline going, and a strong kingdom for our people. I see myself in you which is why I told you this," The queen stood to her feet gracefully, her back turned to Fiona, "You can leave now. Hopefully, you make me proud this time around," she dismissed her.

Hope flared up inside of Fiona and she clenched her fist with resolve, she would win this battle. She had the queen and other qualifications on her side; she can't lose!

With that kind of determination, Fiona decided to go visit that woman and put her in her place. Back there, Emily had intimidated her, but now they're back in Lincolnshire, she'd show her who's the boss here.

"Oh, you're here," that woman told her immediately she entered her room. Fiona looked around her home with envy in her heart. They gave her one of the best rooms in the palace just because she was the mother of the first prince. Fine, all that would change once she married Judy and gave birth to her children.

"Why? You wanted me to remain there," Fiona didn't hide the venom in her tone yet that woman still smiled at her. Pretender!

Emily gestured to the maid that was assigned to her to leave, giving them privacy to have their discussion. Once the door closed, she turned to Fiona saying, "I'm sorry that we left you behind. We didn't want to disturb your beauty sleep,"

It happened that the next day when Fiona woke up, she was treated to an empty apartment. Emily and Judy had left without her and she had slept through it all. Not that she expected them to leave the next day anyway, Fiona had thought they would spend a day more before leaving for Lincolnshire - she had planned to execute all her moves then. Who knew that before she could even commence plan one, both had vanished.

True to Fiona's words, Judy and Fiona had planned to stay a day more, but they weren't ignorant not to notice Fiona's plans, hence left. Yes, Emily trusted Judy, it was still better safe than sorry.

"Are you sure you're sorry?" Fiona picked on that, "I'm sure you did it on purpose,"

This time Emily crossed her arms and dropped the act, "Let's say I did it on purpose, then what? When you come to the city, did I come with you? Was I the one who brought

you there? Why then should I leave with you? Moreover, do I look like your personal alarm to wake you up when you oversleep?" Emily was done with the girl's princess syndrome.

Fiona couldn't take the anger anymore and pushed Emily who stumbled back yet gained her footing.

"Are you crazy?! What the hell is wrong with you?!" Emily yelled at her, shocked at what just happened. Does Fiona think picking a fight with her would solve her problem? What was her problem anyway?

"Yes, I'm crazy! What makes you so arrogant? Is it Kai?! You must be so proud to have the prince on your side!" Fiona finally lost it and grabbed her on the hair.

"Let me go! What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Emily yelped, trying to get her hands off of her.

"Weren't you so powerful back there? Now come on, do something!" Fiona pulled tighter. The fire in her heart was too much, she wanted Emily to feel her wrath. Sure, Judy would be angry later, but it was just a petty fight between two lovestruck women, what could he do?

"You're crazy! Let me go!" Emily struggled to be free.

Sure, she could take on this little bitch but there was no guarantee things wouldn't get messy. Moreover, She was pregnant and wouldn't run the risk of her baby getting hurt. She had to settle this diplomatically.

"Stop this Fiona!"

"Why are you begging? Weren't you so confident about ending me? Where's that arrogance now?! Tell me?!"

Both continued to fight until Fiona suddenly pushed Emily who tripped sideways, and hit the edge of the table hard, she fell to the ground. A scream of pain was drawn from her throat.

Fiona's eyes opened when a cry of pain escaped Emily's mouth; the anger inside of her dissipated as once. What was going on? She didn't mean to push Emily, it was done in the heat of the moment.

"H-hey," She cautiously shook Emily who laid on the ground with no plan of getting up with a face lined with a grimace.

"What's wrong?" Fiona couldn't understand why cold sweats were breaking out on her face.

"Call the doctor..." Emily said weakly, hands around her belly

"Doctor for what?" Fiona was confused why she needed a physician until she saw blood trailing down her leg.

"Oh my God," The girl gasped, fear overtaking her. What has she done?

"Please, get me help," Emily cried out, unable to sit up.

It was at that moment that Fiona went and opened the door only to see the maid about to reach for the doorknob too with Judy by her side. Her blood ran cold - she was done. Judy would snuff the life out of her, she panicked. The earlier confidence she had on disappeared as soon as her eyes connected with his murderous ones.

"Emily?!" Judy pushed her aside to get to the woman wincing on the ground. He was in his study going through the papers that needed his signature when the maid he assigned to Emily rushed in to tell him something was wrong; she had heard screams.

He couldn't tell what happened next, all Judy knew was that he had abandoned everything he was doing and rushed in here like a mad man. Judy stopped in his tracks when he saw his woman on the ground in a pool of blood. Anger made his blood boil and he had wanted to kill that bitch Fiona until he heard Emily's voice.

Judy at once picked her from the ground and yelled, "Call the royal physician!" to the maid while Fiona stood unmoving like a tree, her gaze was fixed on the blood that stained the floor.

"My baby," Emily whimpered, running her hand around her flat stomach with fear in her heart. She couldn't lose her baby....her baby can't leave just like that.

Chapter 346 - Three Hundred And Forty-seven: Killed Her Grandchild

The third point of view:

"How is she, doctor?" Judy sat up from his seat, rushing the doctor who just emerged from the room. He had taken Emily to the Royal medical wing where she was given attention immediately.

"We've stabilized her condition. She's fine now," the doctor assured him.

Judy was just about to take a deep breath of relief when it crossed his mind, "The baby?"

The doctor's expression changed and Judy knew that moment that the baby was gone.

The royal physician took a deep breath, and glanced up at him with a sympathetic look, "Your highness, we tried our best but...."

"It's gone, isn't it," He squeezed his eyes shut, a look of pain crossing his features. It was too heartbreaking.

"It's gone. The fetus was weak from the very start. It couldn't survive even with our best effort," he disclosed the bad news.

Judy pinched the bridge of his nose, he stumbled back as everything dawned on him. He just lost his child.

"Your highness!" The doctor panicked, "Are you okay?" if anything happened to him, the queen would have his head served on a platter of gold.

Judy lifted his hand, motioning to him to keep his distance, "Can I visit her now?"

"Of course, you can," as if he could say no to the prince of Lincolnshire.

Judy left him and grabbed the doorknob entering the room where Emily laid. His eyes watered as he took in her sickly state; her complexion was pale and her lips chapped and her eyes red from crying.

Judy sat on her bedside then took her hand into his as tears rolled down his cheeks, "I'm so sorry," He muttered, kissing the top of her hand.

"If only I had listened to you," He regretted.

After Emily had told him to break the news of her pregnancy to his mother, he had agreed. When they arrived at Lincolnshire, Judy had visited his mother and had every opportunity to tell her the news, but he pushed it to later. When he was through the pile of documents on his table, he'd tell her - he had planned.

Who knew that he had missed the opportunity to make things right. He wasn't so sure his mother had ordered Fiona into fighting Emily but he was sure as hell she had incited the girl into doing so!

Tears gushed out from his eyes, how was he going to tell Akim that he just lost a potential sibling? The boy has been progressing lately in his treatment, he wouldn't want this news to dishearten him.

Aside from that, how was he going to tell Emily that the child she has been waiting for long was gone? He knew how much she was so excited about becoming a mother after so many years, considering the maltreatment she underwent because of fertility issues when she was together with Ahmed. Where was he going to start? He didn't even know how to face her. This was all his fault.

"I'm so sorry, Emily," He cried. Just like that, Judy continued grieving for hours till she woke.

"Where am I?" Emily rasped, looking around in confusion. She was groggy and felt a patch of dryness in her throat.

"You're in the hospital," He told her, pulling a curl away from her face.

"You're in the hospital," He said with a gentle tone.

"Hospital?" For a slight moment there, there was confusion in her gaze until her eyes widened, the memory returning.

"Oh my God," Emily gasped, and tried to sit up abruptly but Judy was quick in holding her back.

"Please rest, Emily,"

"M-my baby," She choked, hands going to her stomach, "Is okay, right?"

Judy couldn't reply instead he looked away and that was all Emily needed to break down in tears. She knew Judy; studied him like a book; knew him like the back of her hand; that look wasn't for good news.

"Oh no no no no," Emily sat up forcibly, shaking her head vehemently, "You're lying, my child can't be gone. He was with me, how can he be gone like that?!" her face was lined with pain with tears streaming down her face.

"Emily, I'm sorry. They tried all they could but they couldn't save it," Judy tried to comfort her.

She closed her ears with her palm, "No, I don't want to hear that...." she then grabbed him on his shirt, "Give me back my baby! I need my baby!"

"Emily, calm down" she was agitated, which wasn't good for her health.

"No!" She screamed, "I need my baby right now! Give me my baby! My baby!" She raved, striving with Judy to be freed from his grasp.

Holding her down with a hand, Judy hit the intercom, "I need help now!" and then hugged her tight when she tried to escape during that distraction. She wasn't in her right mind, he knew that.

"My baby can't be gone! Judy, my baby can't be gone, he was with me just then," Emily wailed, tears after tears rolling down her cheeks.

Her sobs were breaking his heart. Judy never wanted her to be in pain. He had told himself that he would make her happy but he failed. How was he any different from Ahmed now?

Immediately, the doctors came in and they seemed prepared since one of them helped hold the agitated Emily down and the other injected medicine into her vein, probably a sleeping drug.

"No, don't put me to sleep," She understood clearly their intention, " I'm fine. I just want to see my baby,"

The doctor sighed while withdrawing the injection. He too was human and understood the pain both couples were going through.

The drug kicked in immediately, Emily didn't have the strength to struggle anymore. Only then, did Judy let go of her slowly and gently. He carefully tucked her back to the bed, watching as the tears rolled off her face. It was apparent that she didn't want to sleep but they had to do this before she injured herself.

"Go to sleep now," He pecked her on the forehead, "You'd feel better when you wake," Judy assured her and as if his words were magical, her eyes fluttered close.

As soon as Emily went back to sleep, the warmth in Judy's eyes vanished. The murderous aura around him was so suffocating that even the doctors took a step back.

"I'm leaving but until then, take care of her. If something happens to her, consider your life gone," he warned them seriously and left.

The doctors remembered to breathe only after the god of death left. Whoever their prince was after, was surely dead.

Judy strode back to the palace, his eyes were red and he was out for blood. Anyone who saw him didn't need to be told twice to leave: they fled from him as if he was death himself.

"Where is she?!" He growled at a maid who pointed at Emily's room. Though Judy had not mentioned her name the maid had guessed he was searching for Fiona and out of fear, pointed to the door shakily - they had never seen their prince this angry. Someone's death was impending.

Judy went in and locked the door before the guards who had sensed his intention could get in. He saw Fiona sitting on the edge of the bed, her eyes trained on the spot where Emily's blood had been previously - the maids had wiped it clean. She looked shocked - not that Judy noticed anyway. Even if he did, he doesn't care.

Fiona was roused from her thought when she heard the door close and she looked around to discover it was prince Kai. Her blood ran cold. She stood up with lightning speed, body trembling.

She could have escaped ever since but strangely, she hadn't been able to take her eyes off that pool of blood. She had heard the maid reveal that Emily was pregnant. It couldn't be that she just killed a child, right?

"H-how t-the b-ba-by?" Fiona stuttered badly. Kai's deadly expression was frightening her.

But the reply she got was a slap to the face. A scream left her lips and the impact tossed her to the bed.

"You have the nerve to ask about her," Judy hissed out, approaching her with malicious steps. A cruel smile curved his lips as he said, "Why don't I send you where my baby is, you should keep him company,"?With that being said, Judy sprang on Fiona and began to strangle her.

Fiona attempted to move his hand away but the man was incredibly strong, he didn't even budge. Judy was like an impregnable wall, so all she could do was scratch and hit him with her poor fist that yielded no result.

Judy was determined to end the life of this woman today. Nothing would be done to him, after all, he was the prince of Lincolnshire. Moreover, she just killed a royal heir - that deserves the death penalty.

But his plan was halted because Archie opened the door with a spare key and the guards rushed over, stopping him before Fiona could cross over to the land of the dead -as he wanted.

"Kai, stop it!"

He heard a familiar voice say while striving with the guards and looked around to discover it was his mother, the queen.

"Kai, I know you are angry right now and -"

"No," Judy spat, "You don't know how furious I am right now. But I hope to hell, you remember the rest of your life how you killed your grandchild! "

Chapter 347 - Three Hundred And Forty-eight: Goodbye, Angela

The third point of view: winning the ex-wife back.

"Nadia," the woman turned the other way when she heard Sakuzi's voice. She knew he was here to try to deceive him with his sugar-coated words. Humph! She had fallen for it the first time she was young and stupid, not this time around.

"What do you want?" She asked with a not so welcomed tone, arms crossed.

"I need you to come with me somewhere, please?" Sakuzi requested of her, stepping closer. The woman was in the garden and the cool afternoon air ruffled her hair while the flowers permeated the environment with their pleasant scent.

"Where? An exotic restaurant?" She sighed, "I'm already used to your trick, Sakuzi. Nothing more would surprise me," Nadia claimed.

"It is not a date, I just want you to come with me to see someone," He said without going into much detail.

"See someone? Who?" she asked with curiosity when her eyes suddenly widened as she figured out, "No way in hell. I am never going there. Knock yourself out," she turned her back to him.

"Could you please for once lay aside your goddamned pride - this is what I'm talking about. I'm trying to prove to you that any other feeling I have for her is gone and the fact I'm just helping out is because she's an old acquaintance. Nadia, just give me a chance!" he yelled, chest heaving from the effort.

Nadia didn't reply but inwardly, she was contemplating a lot of things in her head which Sakuzi mistook as refusal.

"Fine, I won't go," Sakuzi told her, "But thanks for pushing me away like you always do," He summarized and turned to leave when she yelled out

"Stop right there!" Nadia stomped over to him in anger, "So because of this little tantrum, you've given up?" she hit him on the chest, "What kind of man are you? Are you even a man? What kind of man doesn't know women mean the opposite of what they want -"

Sakuzi pulled her into a hug which silenced every form of protest from her.

"Yaa...!" Isabella's glare cut off Neon's celebration. They were hiding behind a thicket of shrubs watching the whole drama and Neon almost blew their cover.

Since their mother gave them the mission to bring the old people together, they had to provide enough evidence to guarantee they had accomplished the task and also to tie Reina to her promises.

"We should go," Sakuzi took her hand and intertwined their fingers together which made Nadia blush, she looked the other way.

Seriously, she was too old for this. But then it crossed her mind, "What about the kids? Reina wanted us to keep a close eye on them?"

"Don't worry," Sakuzi assured her, "We wouldn't be gone for long. I'm sure they can do well without us for an hour,"

[A/N: Don't be so sure, old man. They burned the house in a matter of seconds. Who knows, they might bomb the city in a matter of an hour?]

"Are you sure?" She still had reservations about this since she had heard the kids were a wild bunch.

"Don't worry, nothing's going to happen. You worry too much," At that moment, the flirt in Sakuzi came to life and he tucked the woman's hair behind her ears. Nadia blushed then hit him on the chest coyly as she said, "Stop that,"

At that moment, Isabella wanted to puke at the lovey-dovey act. What's with these old people? If only she knew that was the same way people felt around her whenever she's with Pedro.

"Alright, let's leave," Isabella issued the kids the sign to retreat and they slipped back as if they had never been there at all.

With no knowledge that their whole conversation has been recorded, Sakuzi and Nadia went back to the living room to see the kids had been obedient.

"Isabella," Sakuzi called her out as the eldest and related to her his plans of leaving.

"Sure, you can leave them to me," Isabella promised to take care of them. Thus, Sakuzi believed her and left with a gladdened heart.

"Freedom!" The kids screamed out in celebration. But that happiness was only for a moment because each one of them recalled that their mother had given them the mission of spying out anyone that misbehaves. So the once joyous atmosphere become gloomy to Isabella's surprise - she was the only one who had not been given the mission due to her absence

"Well, they have always been weird kids," Isabella shrugged and went back to whatever she was doing.

The ride to the hospital was filled with anticipation mixed with tension. Nadia knew she was going to meet that woman that had cost her her marriage but she didn't know how to feel.

"You know what? You don't have to do this if you're uncomfortable with it?" Sakuzi changed his mind as soon as they arrived at the door's entrance.

"I'm okay, you don't have to worry. Even without this situation, I was bound to meet her in one way or the other," Nadia said and with resolve, turned the doorknob and went in before he could stop her.

However, the sight that met her as soon as she came in wasn't what she expected.

"What do you think you're doing?!" She asked Angela who was just about to slit her wrist.

Because they had come in unannounced, Angela was startled and the knife fell from her grasp. Sakuzi who saw the metal clatter to the ground, rushed to pick it up before she tried a stupid move.

Angela's mouth moved but no words came out. Though she had called Sakuzi to come, she never thought he would make it after he hung up on her - so she thought - not to mention with his ex-wife, Nadia. Guilt like no other plunged her. Guess Maya wasn't the only one who needed her apology.

Angela was a shadow of herself, that was all Nadia could say. That beautiful, pompous lady who had proudly told her years ago that Sakuzi would never see her as his woman was no longer here, all she could see now was a thin, faded, aged woman. What happened to the Angela she knew.

Nadia had imagined what she would feel when she meets Angela today, but pity was the least emotion she predicted. She even began to wonder why she hated the woman in the first place. Because right now, Angela wasn't even worth her hate.

Shame like no other overtook Angela. She was nothing compared to Nadia right now, she laughed inwardly. Life was quite funny. It had ways of paying back people in their coins.

"Why are you here? To laugh at me? Because if that's the case, you won. Congratulations," Angela told her.

Nadia threw her head back and laughed, "You're right," She acquiesced, "At first, I intended to do just that. I wanted to come and scorn the woman who had proudly destroyed my marriage but seeing you now, it's a low move if I do that because the battle is already over and the winner obvious,"

She went on, "I'm just honestly happy I arrived on time to stop you from ending your life - that's a cowardly move. You should stay alive to reap what you sowed. This is just karma and you're lucky enough you'd be out of misery soon -"

"Nadia," Sakuzi touched her arm to remind her she was going too far. Angela already knew she was going to die, it was unfair to keep reminding her that.

"No, let her be," Angela sniffed, "I deserve everything that's come my way. She deserves every right to be angry at me," she wiped away the tears from her eyes.

"That's the problem," Nadia said, blinking away the tears that were threatening to fall, "I'm not angry at you but myself for having let hate destroy the perfect life I should have picked up after you destroyed it. It's my fault as much as it's your fault. I wasn't able to protect my family from intruders," the tears she was fighting to keep at bay finally fell.

"I'm so sorry," Angela sobbed on, "I was so blinded by the quest for power to realize how much I was hurting others as well as myself,"

"If you're that sorry as you claim, then live on. Fight this illness to your last breath... Fight it enough to have made up for the people you've wronged,"

Angela wept harder from Nadia's words and both women cried for a long time while Sakuzi watched awkwardly.

"I'm sorry Valentino for ruining your marriage amid everything you did for me. I shouldn't have used and led you on even when I had no interest in you. Can you find in your heart to forgive me, please?"

Sakuzi breathed out deeply, "I already forgive you when I let go of you years ago," He told her, "If you want forgiveness, go ask that from your daughter,"

Angela nodded, unable to speak anymore; the tears and snots were choking her.

"Also," Sakuzi continued, "This is the last time I'll be here,"

"What?" Angela was stunned.

Sakuzi took Nadia's hands, intertwining them with his, "It's time to take care of myself and the ones that matter to me now. Goodbye, Angela,"

Chapter 348 - Three Hundred And Forty-nine: His Siren Wife

Niklaus point of view: The honeymoon

Note: Scene not suitable for those beneath eighteen

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"Alright, watch your step," I guided my drunk wife who was stumbling in the name of walking.

"I know my step," She slurred, "Are you trying to say that I'm drunk? Do I look like I'm drunk?" Reina pointed to herself with a frown.

"Of course not," I lied, knowing she would bash my head if I said contrary to what she expected to hear.

Thankfully we made it to our room and sprawled on the couch, unable to reach the bed on time.

I shut my eyes, exhaling sharply and deeply as I rested to regain strength. But hardly had I closed my eyes when Reina climbed onto my lap. My eyes sprang open, astonished.

"What are you doing?" I asked, surprised at her action. Didn't she have a load of things that we needed to do on this honeymoon before we got intimate with each other - her suggestion, not mine? You should know what I want by now.

"I changed my mind, handsome," She lifted my chin, "You're too delicious to keep waiting," Was all she said before tipping her head and urged my mouth down to hers. Her lips were warm and soft and that was all it took for me to dig into the kiss. She tasted of the wine she had drowned her senses with and it sure tasted better now.

Her tongue parted my mouth and explored them while her hand grabbed a fistful of my hair and pulled. My scalp hurt but it was a sweet pain that fueled the desire coursing through my veins. My wife Reina was a whole different person when drunk, she was ferocious and bound to get me into trouble if left unsupervised but the good part of it was that she was more active in bed in that condition.

"Ouch!" I yelped when she slapped my hand away as soon as I moved them to cup her ass, "What?"

She pulled away from the kiss, but grabbed my shirt and drew me closer saying, "I'm the one in control here and you'd do as I say. Now, no touching me while I touch you," she demanded.

I laughed mockingly, "Nice try but no way in hell would I -"

I was cut short when she tightened her grasp on my shirt to the point of almost strangling me.

"Do. We. Have. A. Deal?" she whispered into my ears so damn sexily yet I could sense the force in her tone.

"Fine, whatever you want," I gave up. I was mistaken, this woman was a daredevil when drunk.

Reina swooped down on my lips and I was left to the extra job of receiving her kisses while making sure my hands had not moved off their own accord. She traced every part of my mouth with her tongue while writhing on my laps, pressing down hard. I let out a sharp breath, this has got to be the worst teasing she's given me.

"Now you should take this off - doesn't suit you," She tugged on my shirt, and the next as if I was under her control, took off my blazer and the shirt underneath as I bared my chest to her.

"Much better," There was a delightful glint in her eyes as her hands smoothed up over my taut abdominal muscles that flexed under her touch. Her hands continued to touch me, caressing my toned flesh and my body responded to that lust. My breath was hurried and deep while my hand inches to run through her silky hair but instead, I balled it.

By the time she was done caressing me, I had already swelled and aching to be freed and she knew it because she glanced up at me, lips pulled to the side in a smirk, and ordered, "Take it off, handsome,"

Oh, thank God, one couldn't tell how relieved I was. It was one thing unable to touch her and another to be turgid yet suppressed. It was the worst form of torture.

Reina got off and did the whole of taking off my pants by herself till I was in nothing but my birthday suit. I knew she was affected as I was by her chest rising and falling, not to mention the way she licked her lips as she stared at my member was enough to make me come. Fuck, it was so damn sexy. Then, she took off her gown to my surprise and stood in her undies. God, I loved this crazy side of hers.

"Do you want me to taste you?" She asked, lowering herself between my laps.

Was she kidding me? I want her to take me with that hot, cute mouth of hers till I can't differentiate between reality and fantasy.

"What do you say, Niklaus?" She was like a siren as she asked that while caressing my thigh.

"Yes,"

"Yes, what?" She pinched my thigh hard.

"Yes, my wife," I responded, the pain fading away as she kissed that spot.

Reina must really like me calling her wife because she smiled, easing her head to my swollen member. I hissed out and was highly tempted to wind my hand through her hair, guiding her head back and forth. I dug and pulled at the seat cover instead which didn't help much since the material wasn't stretchy enough to form a fist around it.

Reina kept on suckling while I moan which seems to egg her on. She massaged my shaft and added a bit of pressure with her hands which drew a groan from me before taking more of me into her mouth. She gagged and pulled away, her eyes connecting with mine at that moment. She then did something that stole my breath away: Still maintaining eye contact, she licked up my shaft while her other hand massaged my balls.

As if my siren wife knew I would come at that moment, she pulled away while I was left to contend with an engorged member; I wanted a release. Reina came back again, but this time, she hovered over me, careful not to touch me as she kissed me while I kept growing bigger.

"Now," she breathed against my lips, "Is your time to satisfy me," Reina said and that was all the permission I needed.

Reina was startled when I reached out and jerked her towards me, smashing her lips against mine. I kissed her, making it clear through my touches that she was mine to have this time. Unlike her, I didn't reject her touching me as I locked my hand around her waist. My body was hard and insistent against hers.

I trailed wet kisses from her ear down to her neck where I lingered for a while, suckling on her sensitive spot, I felt her shiver. Reina looped her arm around my neck, tilting her head to give me more access while squirming beneath.

I left her neck and moved my mouth to her nipple, capturing it through her bra, and earned a pleasant moan. Then my hand went to her back to unhook the lace fabric which I tossed away to God knows I don't really care where and focused my attention on her bosom. I took a deep breath, there was something mesmerizing about her taut rosebud set in front of me plus the feeling of anticipation on her face. It was like I had the power here.

I leaned forward and caught it in my teeth, she cried out in pleasure. I bit on it before circling my tongue around her areola.

"Ah." her grip on my shoulder increased and I could almost feel her nail digging into my blade. Her face was red and filled with the look of a woman in pleasure. Her grasp tightened when I bit gently and took a little suck from it, then gave the other one sane attention.

I kneaded and stroked her breasts, my hands traveling further down to grasp her hips, finally running and feeling my hands around the globe of her ass. I then began to move her against my arousal through her pants, her moans echoing in the room.

"God, you're ready for me," I muttered, inserting my fingers into her clit and spread her open. Her moisture coating my fingers spoke of her readiness yet I continued to work her and she moved with me.

"Niklaus," Reina cried out, rocking her hips to meet my touch, receiving a bit of gratification from it. I withdrew my hands and got rid of her panty blocking my access and lowered her onto me. With a hand resting on her ass and the other on her back, keeping in place and supporting her, Reina began to ride me.

She took me with a downward thrust which I met halfway, both of us contributing to our union. Reina continued to slam herself down, her sex slapping against me until she found her orgasm and with a loud cry, sagged on me. However, I continued to thrust into her, and not long after, a strong orgasm rippled through me. It was something like never before. Both of us stared at each other before laughing at such a wonderful experience.

Chapter 349 - Three Hundred And Fifty: Devil In Angel's Clothing

The third point of view:

"You are dead meat when I get you," Isabella swore as she called Pedro's number but the phone kept ringing with no answer. Was it some sort of prank or what? Though she feared he had just used her, Isabella still felt inside that something was amiss. Did something happen? she wondered

She turned to supervise her abnormally quiet siblings. What has gotten over them? Since Sakuzi and Nadia were out, weren't they supposed to be wreaking havoc and driving her insane? Gosh, their silence was more irritating than their ravages and this added to her frustration.

With them so silent, how was she supposed to guess what's going on in that mind of theirs? But with them messing the whole place up, she could tell at one glance their plan and stop them at once. Well, shouldn't she be grateful for their silence? Her blood pressure was normal today thanks to that.

However, that was the problem. Was this a new act to make her lower her defenses and then strike when she least expects it or was the whole quiet thing sincere? No, she would rather go with the first one and prepare her heart for the things to come. After all, the devil you see is better than the angel you haven't seen. Those kids were no angels at all.

"Alright, so what's the catch?"

"What?" Ailee blinked with cute innocent eyes.

But Isabella refused to fall for that, "Fuck the act, I need your normal selves back. Being obedient doesn't suit you guys at all,"

" 'Fuck' is not exactly a good language to use around kids. I'll have mom know about that," Allen lectured her and to Isabella's greatest surprise, began to type it down into the tablet in his grasp.

"Exactly," Ailee concurred, "First offense detected. Mom would be so thrilled to hear this," She too began to type into her tablet.

"Me too. Auntie must hear of this," said Neon, the one she thought was on her side, typing the same thing into his tablet likewise.

There was only one word that could describe how Isabella felt at that moment, 'stupefied'

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What the hell was going on? When was a surveillance department established in their family? What were they doing? Monitoring crimes? No, bad behaviors?

"Wait a minute," Allen stopped and looked at Ailee, "I was the one who noticed her bad word first. So why are you writing that down?"

"What do you mean writing it down? I'm monitoring bad behavior as well, so why shouldn't I take note of that?" Ailee argued.

"I'm saying that I noticed this first, so I should be the only one who reports it to mom," He claimed. There was no way on earth he was about to share his reward.

"That's uncalled for and selfish, Allen," Neon criticized him.

"What selfish? Aren't you the selfish one by trying to take my glory?" he retorted.

"And while you both are at it, I'm going to write down the fact that you both quarreled," Ailee flaunted her fast wits.

"What? Quarreled!" Neon exclaimed, "Does this look like we're quarreling,"

Allen contributed, "Fine, if you say so, then you should know that you started the whole argument. Hence, you should type down your name too," He pointed out.

"What? No way!" Ailee didn't admit it, "I never started anything in the first place, rather pointed out his delusions of reporting alone," she cried out.

"Three words," Allen told her boldly, "I don't care," He said sarcastically and bam! The three of them began to argue back and front.

Something was strange here, Isabella rubbed her chin contemplatively while watching the kids argue. The trio of them was ordered to keep a watch on her? Or on each other? Isabella's eyes widened as it dawned on her and then a smirk curved her lips.

They say she was the ruthless one in the family but here was Reina, smartly pitting her kids against the other. Isabella would have applauded for smart moves but unfortunately, she was about to destroy that.

"Who even gave you the right to monitor me?" Ailee questioned Allen, her brother.

"Mom gave me that authority," he replied with all manner of conviction.

"That's a lie," Ailee told him, "Mom, made me the monitor here,"

"No," Neon objected, "Aunty personally told me to watch out for you guys,"

"That's a lie, I'm the first,"

"No, I'm the first,"

"Shut up, I'm the one,"

"Alright, you three cut it out!" Isabella boomed and the whole place went dead silent yet the kids glared at each other.

"Alright," Isabella asked "Who did?mom make her eyes here?"

"Me,"

"No, me,"

"No, it's me,"

The kids began to argue once more and it took everything in Isabella not to grab their heads and knock them together if that would bring back their senses. Couldn't they see through their mother's deceit?

"Now, stop it. I thought you all were smart kids but It seems I was wrong after all, you all are dumb, " Isabella sassed.

"Dumb?" Allen scoffed, arms folded across his chest as he gave his elder sister the whole of his attention, " You think we're dumb?"

"Aren't you? If you're as smart as you claimed, you would have figured out your mother approached you trio at the same time," she dropped a hint.

Allen and Ailee's eyes connected, "Mom tricked us," they gasped.

Allen stomped his feet, vexed, "She used me,"

"Us," Ailee corrected

"She made us look like kids,"

"Exactly," Ailee supported

Meanwhile, Neon scratched his scalp awkwardly asking, "Aren't we kids, though?"

The twins glared at him, he gulped and shut up.

"We deserve an explanation!"

"Your mother did that to keep you, kids, in good behavior, simple as that," Isabella explained nonchalantly, eyes still trained on a certain number that wasn't picking.

"No, she used us," Ailee said.

"Aunty would reward us when she returns, remember?" Neon's voice was so tiny when speaking that if they hadn't been close enough, they wouldn't have heard him. After they shunned him, the boy would rather keep his opinion to himself, but then the twins were misunderstanding Aunty's intention.

"Blah blah blah," Allen rolled his eye, "Of course, you would support mommy,"

"Allen knock it off. Your mother did what was necessary. But if you still bear a grudge, you can wait when she's back to resolve that,"

"No, I'm not waiting," Allen said decisively, "Not if I can ask her that myself,"

"No problem, you can call her then," Isabella waved it aside as just a child throwing a tantrum.

"Mom crushed my pride," His hand went to his chest, which Isabella would have seen as dramatic if it wasn't the fact he wasn't smiling at all. "I'll question her face to face,"

"Alright. Wait - what?" Isabella turned back abruptly. Seems things weren't as simple as she thought.

"You heard me right. I'm going to see mom," Allen decided.

Isabella laughed in disbelief; she cackled until tears escaped her ears, "How are you going to do that? Are you flying over there?" her expression changed, "You are really going to fly over there, aren't you?"

"Yes, sister, and please do not be a hindrance to my plan, or I might have no choice but to move you too," Allen told her with a very serious tone.

Isabella laughed, then pointed to her chest, "You'd move me," she stood up, intimidating the little boy with her height, "I would love to see you try," she challenged him.

"Urm, Allen, what are you doing?" Ailee tugged on her brother's clothes. She was now uncomfortable with the tension in the air. What was going on with her brother? He was taking this too seriously or was she about to experience the first fight of the century.

"I'm sorry," Allen suddenly said.

"Sorry for what?" Isabella was now confused. Was he giving up because he couldn't defeat her and had come to his senses?

"I'm sorry for this?" Allen brought out a toy gun.

Isabella burst into laughter, "What are you going to do with that? Ooh, I'm so scared," she taunted him, "I'm sure you - ahhhhh,"

A sustained scream left Isabella's mouth when a dart flew out from the gun and hit her. Isabella couldn't move her body because she suddenly was too weak. Sleep carried her to dreamland.

"That drug in that dart is enough to knock an elephant out," Allen told her with a victorious smirk and turned to his sister, "You can drive a chopper, right. I know where grandfather keeps his,"

"Where did you get that? Was this the surprise you were talking about earlier?" she answered his question with a question. They had once been discussing how to defeat Isabella's laser-eyed robot.

"I had a deal with one of grandpa's men, they snuck this in for me," Allen boasted, stroking the tranquilizer gun that was modified to look like a toy gun, "So would you help me?"

"Of course, grandpa taught me how to drive one but I'm not going to help your childish tantrum!" Ailee said and kicked the gun away from him. However, the durable butt of the gun flew and hit the flat screen television, it cracked.

"Neon! Help me out, we have to stop the enemy!" Ailee screamed as she and Allen struggled with the gun they had grabbed at the same time after it fell.

Neon came over and took hold of the gun but Allen was quick to grab him on the trouser, he tripped. But as Neon was falling, he reached out to the curtain by his side for support, the curtain shredded into two under the weight.

Amanda, the housekeeper, heard the noises coming from the living room and decided to go and check it out. But when she came in and saw the magnitude of destruction, she simply fainted. These kids were devils in angels' clothing!

Chapter 350 - Three Hundred And Fifty-one: They're Asleep

The third point of view:

"What are you doing?" Nadia was startled when that sly old man suddenly grabbed her hand.

"What do you think I'm doing?" Sakuzi asked, intertwining their fingers as they about to enter the car and leave for home. Home? The thought of that sounded warm and cozy.

He had said his final goodbye to Angela and from henceforth, beginning a new chapter of his life. Yes, Valentino was a fool to have been used over and over again just because he was madly in love with her, but he had forgiven all, now, it was time to find his own happiness. Moreover, it wasn't all bad since he got the daughter he always wished for, anyway.

"Can you let go? We're no longer kids," said Nadia trying to release her hand which he only tightened.

"Seriously, can't you be romantic for once? You're so stiff and -" the rest of those words were stuck in his mouth as Nadia without warning, pushed him against the car, overpowering him, and leaned so close their lips were practically brushing each other.

Valentino's heart began to pound against his chest, this was the sexiest thing a woman has ever done to him. A smirk curved his lips, he never knew Nadia was this aggressive which was hot as hell. Sigh, he has been missing out on a lot.

"Is this sexy enough?" Nadia smirked, teasing him with her lips. At first, she had deemed this act as unnecessary but now she had him beneath her, she suddenly felt this urge to subdue him.

"This is seduction," He grinned at her.

However, that romantic moment was destroyed when two people moved past them saying with disgust, "Eww, what are these old geezers doing?"

Sakuzi's eye suddenly shone red, who was an old geezer? Does he look old? He would show them who was an old geezer here!

Nadia sensed the fight in Sakuzi and was tempted to burst into laughter. Youth nowadays simply had no respect and were partial to older people. They swooned at the sight of beautiful young people showing off affection in public yet gagged at middle-aged people displaying their own romance, wasn't that partial?

Frankly speaking, this was the best age to have a lot of fun with one's partner, the kids were all grown up and they had just themselves to take care of and keep company. Hence they have all the time to love their partner and themselves. Fine, she'd save this ignorant youth just this once.

How would he deal with them? Sakuzi thought. He couldn't kill them since they were out in the public. Moreover, he had promised Reina not to get his hands stained with blood any longer - unless necessary. Maybe he'd kidnap them and give them memorably lashes on the butt? Yea, that should teach them a lesson to respect older people's love life generally.

An evil grin curved his lips, yet the thought of kidnap flew out of his head when he felt a sudden softness press down on his lips. Wait a minute, what was he thinking again? No, he couldn't remember, his brain has been scrambled. Well, whatever that was, it could go to hell, there was a much better priority right now.

Nadia blushed scarlet red as she kissed him. Seriously, she was too old for this and had thought of pulling away when the man wrapped his arm around her waist and pressed her flush against him. Another set of people passed them by - thankfully, these ones were more respectful - but he didn't stop nor give a damn about them. All of his interest rested on this woman in his arms.

A tear slipped down Nadia's cheeks, why now? Why was he so passionate about her now? Even when they had been together as a couple, yes, he had made her heartbeat but not like this. Then, she had been blinded by his beauty and carried away with her youthful unrealistic expectations which he failed to meet in the end. But now, she was realistic, and right now, he was making her pulse beat in a way that she never thought possible.

Sakuzi had been too immersed in the kiss that he literally froze when he felt her tears. He withdrew with lightning speed thinking he had hurt her, but then, he had been gentle with her. What was the matter?

"What is it?" Sakuzi clasped her cheeks and asked with so much concern in his eyes that made her heartbreak further.

"You're so bad!" She screamed at his face, pushed him away, and entered the back seat while he stood stupefied.

What just happened? Sakuzi wondered and blinked twice to ensure he had seen right. What the hell was wrong with women because he couldn't understand them at all? One

moment she was being coy, the next she was pressing him against the car and even initiated a kiss with him, and now he responded, she accused him of being what? Bad? What did he even do? Shouldn't he have responded to the kiss or what? He couldn't understand.

The man sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. He can never comprehend women at all. No wonder even the great Jesus in the Bible had twelve disciples and none were women. Neither did he bother to get married - women's problems were numerous.

"Get in and drive this damn wheeled box home!" She yelled at him from inside the car.

"Yes, your majesty," He said with sarcasm, fighting against the urge to yell back. Was this their official first fight? They hadn't even been together for more than an hour.

As her majesty commanded, Sakuzi got into the car and drove back to his daughter's place. Pulling up into the lawn, he noticed everywhere was calm and cool. Seems like he was right, the kids had been good.

However, before Nadia could get out and go into the house, Sakuzi was faster and grabbed onto her before she could escape.

"I don't want us to fight anymore, especially not in front of the kids - it's not a good example to set for them. So tell me, what's the problem? Have I done anything wrong? Tell me and I'll do something about it, " he wanted to solve this issue once and for all.

"Don't worry, it's nothing," she said to his shock.

"Huh?" Sakuzi was confused.

Nadia scratched her scalp awkwardly, "I guess I was just being emotional for nothing. Signs of menopause and all - I must be getting old," she chuckled, all by myself.

Sakuzi snorted, unbelievable. Throughout the ride, he has been racking his brain for nothing? He kept wondering what he had done to offend this woman, who knew he had been worrying over nothing? The man shivered, women were one strange creature.

"Let's go," She was even the one who grabbed his hand, jerking him from his reverie as she led in the direction of the house.

"I wonder what the kids are up to?" she asked out of curiosity.

"I'm sure the kids are doing something productive. I told you the kids would be fine without us for an..." the rest of the words got stuck in Sakuzi's throat as he came in to see the outcome of the house.

"Of course the kids are fine, but not the house," Nadia sucked in a sharp breath. She thought she had problematic sons but Reina got a handful of them.

"Where are the kids?" Sakuzi asked one of the maids that were clearing the damages from the living room.

"Sleeping,"

"Sleeping?" Anger boiled in his veins. How could they have the nerve to enjoy a good sleep after leaving the living room in this state. As much as he adored his grandkids, he couldn't allow them to turn into scoundrels.

"Wake them up now!" he commanded, furious.

"Urm, sorry sir, but I don't think I can do that," she replied, timidly as she was afraid of being rebuked. Even without being told, she could tell this man was powerful.

"What? Are you defiling my order?!" Sakuzi raged as Nadia tried to calm him.

"Of course not!" The lady was scared and began to explain to Sakuzi so quickly she couldn't catch her breath just so she could save her job.

So it happened that after Isabella was shot by the dart gun and slept. Ailee and Allen, the twins struggled over the weapon, and the female twin got shot in the process but the girl was quick to shoot down her determined brother as well before going into dreamland. However, Neon had no idea how to operate the sophisticated gunshot and shot himself as well. So in one word, they all sent themselves to sleep.

Sakuzi was suddenly weak, where was he going to begin? It was his fault to not have listened to his daughter's warning. It seems to save this house from razing to the ground, he'd have to take these children to his base. There, he would inculcate some manners in them. But first, he'd have to replace every damaged item from the house else Reina has a heart attack when she returns.