

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 361 - Three Hundred And Sixty-one: Meet Fernandez Face To Face - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 361 - Three Hundred And Sixty-one: Meet Fernandez Face To Face

*Chapter 361 - Three Hundred And Sixty-one: Meet Fernandez Face To Face*

The third point of view:

"Grandfather, how does it feel?" Ailee asked, massaging the shoulder of the old man who had his eyes closed, relishing the feel of his grandchildren's small fist on his body. Allen was assigned his knees while Neon was working on the old man's toenails.

"Ahh, life feels good," He moaned in pleasure. Those little hands of theirs were better fitted to his body than his men trying to break his frail bones in the name of massaging him.

Well, one can already guess the reason the triple trouble was here. After they had pranked Olivia, the girl had been furious and came after them. So they three took cover here; Olivia feared Sakuzi.

Though Sakuzi knew what the kids had done, he kept mum and pretended to be oblivious to their deed. But now, it seems like the kids were trying to take advantage of his kindness.

Allen's eyes met with Ailee's and he nodded as a form of communication while she winked in response.

"Grandfather," The girl began, still massaging his shoulder tenderly.

"Huh, what is it?" he answered, absent-mindedly.

"About that chopper of yours, do you -" Ailee was still asking in an exaggerated innocent voice when Sakuzi suddenly winced in pain.

"Ouch!" the man contorted his face as if he was in pain.

"Huh? What is it, grandpa?" The girl was concerned sincerely.

"I think your nails just cut me," Sakuzi lied through his teeth.

He was a very tough man but when it comes to these kids, his resolve just melts instantly. Whatever they wanted with his chopper couldn't be anything good neither would Ailee let him be in peace - she was a persistent one - so he could only resort to trickery.

"My nails?" The befuddled Ailee began to examine her nails to be sure when Sakuzi wailed.

"See! See! How grown they are! Now, kids, go get them cut," He then gestured to one of his men who was standing guard at the verandah to take them out.

"Follow him, he'd get you to the maids!" he waved at them.

"But Grandfather....." Ailee was still saying when they were ushered out. And it was only when they were out, did the kids realize they had been fooled. So much for thinking they were smart!

Sakuzi breathed in fresh air mixed with peace. However, no sooner had he decided to catch a wink, his phone rang.

"Who now?"

He shot up to his feet as soon as he saw Reina calling. His heart began to pound in his chest so loud that it wouldn't have surprised him if he had died from a heart attack.

He had threatened all the guards at home not to snitch a word of their trip to Reina. Had they betrayed him by chance? No, they wouldn't dare.

"Hello?" He did his best not to show nervousness.

"Good morning father?" she said from the other line.

"Reina darling? Why did you call?"

"Am I not permitted to call?"

Sakuzi mentally slapped himself for that. Gosh, he had to be smart and careful here. Reina must not know he took the kids to base without her around to supervise their movements like a military commander else she would be mad. With her absence, the kids were freer - and naughtier.

"Of course, you're always free to call," He laughed it off, "I'm just saying, you know, shouldn't you be more concerned about your husband - it's your honeymoon, daughter,  
"

"Niklaus can survive without me. I just want to know about my kids since I can't get through to them? Also, tell me they haven't burnt down the house?"

Oh, they did try- but Reina doesn't have to know that.

"Kids are alright and the house is fine," just that we're absent, Sakuzi added that one in his head.

"Can you give the phone over to them? I just need to hear their voices,"

Uh-oh

"No, you can't"

"Why not? Is there something going on you're not telling me, father?" there was suspicion in that voice.

"Of course, nothing happened but the kids are having their usual fun with Isabella, and trust me, you don't want to stop them," he gave her with the most believable excuse.

"Those kids!" he heard her sigh.

"Yeah, you have a bunch of trouble," Sakuzi acquiesced.

"Alright, I'll leave them in their care, and don't forget to call me up if something happened,"

"Of course, my child," The man was more delighted the call would end soon.

"Alright, I'll see you when I'm back,"

"Alright, goodbye," Sakuzi was just about to hang up when he heard,

"Wait!"

His heart throbbed, has she found out anything? Damn it!

"Yes, daughter?" he continued his calm demeanor.

"I need to speak with Amanda, I need to tell her something,"

Tell her something, his butt! She just wanted to verify everything was good. How would he not know that when he was the one who taught her every move she knew today?

"I don't think you can speak with Amanda since she's quite busy in the kitchen," He tried to ward her off.

"Father, " there was a low growl in her tone. He must have unknowingly done something that drew her suspicion.

"Fine," He breathed, then said to no one but the air, "Get Amanda here,"

However, no one - not even the air - got Amanda to answer the phone because the woman in question wasn't here with them; she was back at the house. But good thing he had this: Sakuzi went ahead to bring out another phone from his drawer.

"Alright, here she is..." He answered after a while, making it seem as if he called for Amanda and waited for her to arrive. He then pressed a recording.

"Hello, Amanda..." Reina was still saying when what she heard next was,

"Hi Reina, I'm sorry but my hands are kind of full in the kitchen. See you later," and she vanished, probably handing over the phone to her father.

"See? Told you everyone's busy," and hope you've been cleared of your doubt.

"Alright, then, have a nice day," she finally left.

As soon as the call ended, Sakuzi punched the air in celebration. One point for him - not that he was grateful he successfully fooled his daughter. He was grateful to have prepared that recording in advance. Since Reina was now suspicious, they might have to leave the base earlier than planned and before she returns from her honeymoon.

The door to his office was opened and in came Emerald, looking robust as usual, towering over him greatly the instant he walked over to his desk.

"I heard about the guest," Sakuzi said just as the giant took a seat.

"You heard right," He concurred.

"Is she the one?" the old man asked with a knowing smile.

"She is and would be more if she lets me in,"

Sakuzi snorted, "If you have problems with the woman, just employ my kids - they are the best matchmaking company you could find around here," He winked at Emerald, "I'm speaking from experience," Of course, how could the great Sakuzi not find out that his relationship with Nadia was flourished with the help of the kids.

"Trust me, they can't solve this one," Emerald didn't believe him.

"Give them the benefit of the doubt and you'd surprised," He still didn't give up advertising his grandkids great talent

"Fine, I'll give them a try if all of my ideas fail,"

"Your choice then," the man sat comfortably in his swivel seat, "Why are you here?" Sakuzi knew he wouldn't just come to see him because of a woman.

"We have an issue and it's concerning Cecil and her kid, Pedro," He disclosed.

"What is it?"

Emerald didn't go into the details immediately, rather he began to narrate the issue of Cecil and her ex-fiancé, Fernandez, and their son, Pedro.

"So the scum wants the boy?"

"Yes,"

Sakuzi asked him, "Why haven't you eliminated him off the surface of the earth yet?" the man infuriated.

The previous Sakuzi wouldn't have bothered about such petty issues, but ever since he got a daughter and grandchildren, he became more "human".

"Cecil wouldn't like that," he answered,

Oh yeah, Sakuzi realized that would not help the relationship at all. Women and their inability to stomach violence were infuriating at times. This wasn't supposed to be a hard mission at all: Just slit the man's throat and wham! Problem over.

"So what's the problem?" he rubbed his jaw, contemplatively.

"Fernandez contacted us, he wants to see you,"

Sakuzi pointed at his chest, "He wants to see me?"

"He claims he would make it worth your time," Emerald announced.

But to his greatest surprise, Sakuzi's laughter lashed out in the quiet room. He looked on with confusion, wondering what was so funny about his announcement.

"The asshole knows Cecil is here," Sakuzi said to him.

"I thought as much, it couldn't be a coincidence that the invitation comes days after we rescued her,"

"I know fools like him and he'd try to offer me cash in exchange for her," The old man revealed, and that made Emerald's blood boil.

"Unfortunately, I'm on vacation with my grandkids," there was still laughter in his voice as he said to Emerald, "You'd make a better spokesman,"

At the mention of that, Emerald was thrilled with anticipation. He couldn't wait to see Fernandez face to face.

*Chapter 362 - Three Hundred And Sixty-two: The Cheater*

The third point of view:

"Aww!" Anabelle stumbled on her stiletto heel but Israel was quick to catch her on the waist, pressing her flush against his body.

"Easy," He cautioned her, his hand still on her curve.

"Thank you," She giggled sheepishly, trying to stand on her two feet yet her world kept swirling and she ended up falling back on him. Annabelle was in one word, wasted.

Israel sighed, Julie was surely going to kill him when he returned. He had thought the girl would be able to hold one shot of the drink, who knew she was a light brain.

"Wuah " Anabelle slurred drunkenly, "You have nice pecs," she admired, already slipping her hand into the inside of his shirt which caused the boy to panic.

"What the fuck are you doing?" His eyes were rounded from fear as he tried to pull her hand away, and that was the scene Julie was welcomed to when he returned.

"You bastard!" Julie was furious and threw the boy a punch.

Unfortunately, Israel who saw, more like he expected the treatment, dodged to the side and the blow unexpectedly landed on Annabelle.

She fell to the ground and an odd silence reigned instantly amongst the crowd; it was as silent as a graveyard.

"You've killed her!" Israel shouted after an unknown time of awkward silence. He bent and picked the unconscious girl from the ground.

Julie stared at his fist, shocked. What did he just do? He never intended to hurt the girl. Israel was supposed to be the one hurt. Had he committed murder? He didn't want to go to prison! Even if he escaped now, the Spencers would hunt him down to the end of the earth.

"She's sleeping," Israel announced to his relief.

He's saved. ThankGod.

Julie watched as Israel checked the girl's heartbeat by placing his ear on her chest and for some reason, it irritated him greatly. He was the one supposed to be doing that.

"Hand her over to me?" He commanded, stretching out his hand for his request to be fulfilled.

"Why? So you can punch her again?" Israel sneered.

"You know that was a mistake," He was beginning to get annoyed.

"Thank you but I'll take her home myself. You can follow me or not - not that I care,"

"Take her home? Are you crazy? Her people would kill me once they see that bruise on her head. I need to take her to my place for the night so the swell could subside," He said.

"What?" Israel was shocked, "Take her to your place?! Do you take me for a fool?"

"I'm not going to touch her, I swear " He raised his hand in the air already knowing what he was thinking. He never thought that one day, his great reputation would come to haunt him.

"Fine, you can take her to your place but I'll be spending the night there too," Israel gave him a condition.

"Wait a minute here, you keep forgetting that Anabelle's my date," Julie reminded him.

Israel gave him a sly smirk, "I keep thinking we should send the girl home to her parents,"

"Fine," Julie gritted his teeth, "You can come along," That sly fox. Come to think of it, why was he even friends with him?

"By the way, how are you going to convince her people to let her stay at your place? I wouldn't even trust my sister with a player like you ?" Israel asked, still giving him a doubting look.

"I have my way. So can you please be productive with your hands and not your mouth only," He tactically insulted yet implied that he should hand the girl over.

With no choice left, Anabelle was given to Julie who carried her over to his car possessively. The fact that Israel was hovering around Annabelle didn't sit well with him.

Do not be mistaken, It was not that he liked Anabelle, but he needed her to win Isabella over, but then if she dares to fall for Israel, his plan would be ruined. So he had to keep the girl away from Israel by all means possible.

And why was Israel even behaving like a love-starved puppy around Anabelle? Sure, the boy wasn't a Casanova like him, but Israel had gotten a share of girls too. Moreover, Anabelle was not his type.

Both men drove in silence, preferring to keep their silence to each other and even when they arrived, worked with tactile understanding until the issue of where Anabelle was going to spend the night came up.

"She's going to stay in my room,"

"What?! No way! There are plenty of rooms around for her to stay, " Israel refused.

"What do you mean by no way? She's my date,"

"She's your date doesn't entitle you to try anything stupid with her. I might be your friend but I won't stand and watch you harass an unconscious woman - that's so low even for you,"

Julie glared at him, how dare he accuse him ridiculously. He would never do that.

"I just need her where my eyes would be," So he claimed.

"Fine, then I'll stay too," Israel insisted

"What?! No way"

Israel stepped closer, "What do you mean by no way? Don't tell me you had evil intentions towards her from the very start?" he challenged.

Seeing that arguing wouldn't take them anywhere, Julie gave in.

"Fine, you can stay. I'm sure the floor would be comfortable for you," He said with a hint of sarcasm.

"But tell me..." Julie continued, "Why are you suddenly interested in Anabelle? She's not the type you usually go for?"

"What about you?" Israel asked him back, standing with his head held high, "Why are you interested in the girl? She's not the type you go usually for?"

Julie was almost tempted to say he wasn't interested, but that would give Israel the incentive to pursue after the girl and ruin his plans. But he couldn't claim Anabelle was his too since Israel would be looking on to their

"relationship". So he couldn't keep nor leave her.

Both men began a staredown. In the end, Julie didn't answer, he simply carried the girl to the bed and tucked her in. They said silence spoke volumes. It should be left that way.

Seeing how protective Israel was of Anabelle, Julie didn't dare suggest he should sleep on the other side of the bed. He instead went out to order the maids to move his recliner into the room - that should be comfortable enough without suffering neck and back pain for the night.

When he returned, Julie was treated to the scene of Israel applying an ice pack on Anabelle's bruise. A jealous pang hit him, that should be him applying that treatment - Israel was just fast enough. He fought against the urge to snatch the bag from his friend and continued where he stopped.

Fine, game on. He had been holding back, but since Israel had declared competition, he would go all out from now on. Israel can apply the ice pack all he wants. Moreover, it's not like Anabelle is awake to appreciate his help anyway, he snickered inwardly.

Julie knew the way to win a woman over. Once the sun comes up tomorrow, he'd wake up before his competitor and cook her a meal. Girls always fell for guys who can cook, he would awe her with his great cooking skills. Muhaha!

With that thought in mind, Julie went to bed with a delighted expression. Early the next morning, before the cock could crow six in the morning or the maids to start their morning duties, Julie, the young master of the house, had begun to make himself useful in the kitchen.

By the time the maids came to the kitchen, they were stunned out of their minds. What were they seeing? Did the sunrise in the west today? The old man would have been so happy to see this if he hadn't traveled for business.

Meanwhile, Anabelle woke up groggily with a body full of pain. What the hell was wrong with her? It was almost as if she was run over by a truck? Gosh, her head was killing her.

"Are you okay?"

Anabelle was startled and looked to the source of the voice.

"What the hell?"

It finally dawned on her that this wasn't her place and what was Israel even doing here.

"What did you do to me?!" Anabelle shot up to her feet without warning. However, she stood up too quickly and dizziness overwhelmed her; she was falling.

Israel saw what happened and came to her rescue. Unfortunately, he miscalculated her weight and stance because both landed on the floor with him taking the brunt of the fall.

"What beautiful eyes," Anabelle muttered, spellbound by the face staring back at her. Why didn't she notice he was this handsome earlier?

Unfortunately, the door clicked open and Julie walked in on them in that compromising position.

"You cheater!"

*Chapter 363 - Three Hundred And Sixty-three: Healthy Stamina*

Reina's point of view:

"Where the hell was I?"

My brain was foggy as I slowly roused from sleep. Then It dawned on me with the messy sheet and hair, where I was and what I had done. My honeymoon with my husband, Niklaus.

"Aww!" I groaned, a piercing pain going through my head. Gosh, why was I such a masochist? It was clear to me that alcohol messes me up and yet I still go back to it. Am I a sucker for pain or something?

"You're awake," Niklaus came into the bathroom looking all robust and radiant.

"This is so unfair," I frowned, checking him out.

"What is unfair?" he asked, with brows knitted together perplexed.

I leaned closer, "Why do you look so good and strong upon what we did last night while I look like shit?"

"Because you drank?" he stated with a smirk.

"You're of no help at all," I groaned, throwing myself back on the bed.

"You should go wash up, you stink,"

"Geez, thanks," I rolled my eyes. He had to remind me of that.

"I'm serious here, Reina. Go and wash up," Niklaus said, kneeling on the bed as he pulled the bedsheet in a bid to pull me off the bed.

"I want to but I'm tired," I whined intentionally, "Unless you carry me," I teased him, stretching out my hands like a baby wanting to be piggybacked even though I knew he wouldn't do that.

But to my utmost surprise, Niklaus scooped me up in his arms before an exclamation of amazement could leave my lips. This man! Can't he tell when I'm joking? Well, let me enjoy the free ride - it's a once in a lifetime opportunity.

However, I clearly have forgotten that Niklaus had the talent to manipulate every situation in his favor. Once we made it to the sink, he picked my toothbrush and helped me brush even when I protested strongly.

But as usual, the man ignored my complaint and did as he pleased. That was when I realized I had awoken the sleeping tiger; I had willingly delivered myself to him on a platter of gold. In one word, I was doomed.

Before long, I was carried into the shower and stripped of the sheet I had used to cover my nakedness before I could even say "Jack Robinson," That is to say that I was bare as the day I was born before him.

Of course, this wasn't the first time Niklaus' seen me naked but there was something about that intensity in his eye that made me squirm and want to cover up. It was like I was a lamb and he was the lion meant to devour me. And devour, he was surely going to do.

Still dressed in his clothes, Niklaus grabbed the liquid soap and squirted some onto the sponge. He lathered it under the controlled running shower and drew me closer to him.

Tentatively and slowly, he began to scrub my skin with care as if he was afraid he'd bruise me if he added more strength.

A tingle went down my spine when he scrubbed down my back. It was more embarrassing that Niklaus had an apathetic look as he washed me while I in question was fighting with desire.

Each of his moves was turning me on and I couldn't help but almost get a heart attack when our eyes accidentally connected. His eyes had darkened and held a desire that stole my breath away.

Niklaus was holding back. He was patiently waiting for when he was done cleaning me up. And my words couldn't have been wrong because the instant he was finished, he attacked my lips with a fiery kiss that left me short of breath.

I couldn't concentrate on anything because the pleasure seemed to come from everywhere and my patience had reached the limit. Having stayed in the shower with

me, Niklaus' clothes were wet and clung to his body like a second skin - I would really want off right now.

I wanted to touch him, feel him skin to skin as he was doing with me. We were mad with need. So I successfully rid him of his shirt but there was no time to get rid of his pants, I wanted him now!

Pulling down his pants that he didn't care to step out of, Niklaus pushed me up against the shower stall and I wrapped my legs around him.

Without wasting time, he entered me and I gasped at the fullness and nerves he awoke.

"Fuck," I cursed, grabbing a fistful of his hair tight as he sheathed himself to the hilt. I gasped, I could feel him all the way to my entrails, and it was marvelous.

Then he began to move against me and there was nothing gentle about him. He pumped into me with wild abandon that left me crying and moaning at the same time.

"Fuck... yes... Ahhh... God!" My scream reverberated in the stall as he pounded into me. My nails dug into his back from the unexplainable pleasure turning my senses around. It was like I was on the brink of insanity. A sweet fucking insanity.

"How much do you love me?" Niklaus asked out of nowhere, the muscles on his face taut as he controlled his hips by slowing down to my annoyance.

"To eternity," I replied breathlessly while whining my hips to receive that pleasure. I could feel it, I was close to that encompassing wildfire.

"Then tell me, do you like what I do to you?" he began to pound harder and I screamed, unable to keep up with that sudden pace.

"Yes," I gasped. My heart was pounding so fast it was almost as if I was being suffocated.

"Do you love the fact that I fuck you so deliciously? Do you love the fact that you're the only woman I look at so lasciviously?" he continued his thrust with no mercy while I could only keep on screaming, "Yes,"

In no time the pleasure crashed over me and I cried in delight, convulsively shuddering from the intense degree of excitement this lovemaking had brought upon me. After three or four shoves into me, it was not that long, Niklaus found his own ecstatic release.

Being done was an understatement, the moment Niklaus caught his breath, he whisked me off to the hydromassage bathtub where we continued with round two of this rapture-giving route.

By the time we were done, I could no longer walk with my legs so he to carry me back and dressed me up. How could someone have so much stamina? Seeing that I was pissed this time for draining me, Niklaus humbly became my servant for the day.

"You should take this opportunity to have a good rest," he said after feeding me while I glared at him.

But amid my killing stares, he still had the nerve to steal a kiss from my lips, petted me on the head like some pet, and left before I could attack him. I shook my body on the bed stubbornly.

"Ouch, my waist!" I cried out as I accidentally moved my sore hips.

That beast of a husband! Though the kiss still tasted good - shut up Reina! Don't encourage him! It was at that moment that it dawned on me that I hadn't called my kids. What kind of mother was I?

I called the house first but I couldn't get through to them which made me worried. I tried the kids and got the same response. I had already planned on telling Niklaus what was going on when I called my father and it finally went through.

Throughout the call, I could only surmise one thing: my father was pushing me away which could only mean he was hiding something. So I suggested hearing Amanda's voice since she was the only one who wouldn't dare to lie to me. But to my disappointment, she escaped me before I could even ask my question.

Though I had a nagging feeling in the pit of my stomach that something was not right - my kids call for a good cause of alarm - I gave up since my Father was there; he'd protect the kids. So I ended the call.

I took the rest of the day and slept off. Resting my sore pelvic region and woke later in the early hours of the night. Bored out of my mind, I decided that we toured the bustling city at night and he agreed with no persuasion nor did he ask for a bribe - maybe he was feeling remorseful.

Hand looped around his, my head resting on his shoulder, Niklaus and I explored the city that was at its busiest and finest at night. We were enjoying the colors, cultures, and food when I felt my skin crawl.

"We are being followed," I announced to him.

"So I noticed," Niklaus replied unbothered.

"I'm guessing it's the wild flower I pissed off yesterday," I already had an idea. That woman didn't look like the forgive and forget type.

Niklaus looked at me with a hint of a smile, "So what do you want to do? Lose them or have fun?"

My lips curved at the Idea of Niklaus' fun.

"Sure, let's have fun. It's been long since I had one," I said to him.

"Of course, anything for you my princess," He took my hand in his and we began to walk away nonchalantly as if danger wasn't pending.

In fact, we made the work easier for our supposed abductors by walking into a dark alleyway, giving them the perfect opportunity to kidnap us.

I pretended to be the weak princess by screaming when they captured me and of course, Niklaus acted as the prince in charming armors who was defeated and captured too. We were drugged and carried off.

Our drama begins.

*Chapter 364 - Three Hundred And Sixty-four: False Illusion Of Power*

The third point of view:

"High time you woke up already, sleepyhead," Was the teasing Niklaus woke up to. Where was he?

"Oh fuck," He cursed as soon as he recalled what had happened. They were in the kidnapers' den.

"How long have I been out?" He asked, groaning as she cracked his stiff neck. The ground wasn't as soft as his bed.

"I don't exactly know since our phones were confiscated. But if I were to guess, I'll say three hours," Reina pouted, "And don't be so sad, you needed the sleep anyway," she chuckled.

Niklaus readjusted himself on the floor, only to realize his hands were tied behind him and so were his wife's too.

"I never knew this kidnapping was R-rated," he tested the bind. They were in some kind of abandoned factory which doesn't look like anyone would stumble in mistakenly anytime soon aka a perfect place to commit a crime. It was perfectly lit, hinting that their abductors were probably around.

"What? Are you hungry?" Niklaus asked, uncomfortable with the way Reina was staring at him as if he was dinner.

"I'll tell you what's R-rated," she leaned closer, still with that look that was creeping him out.

Reina whispered in his ears, "The fact we haven't kissed with our hands tied before,"

Niklaus' face fell, what was he expecting? Of course, Reina was the only one to think of such an absurd thing in the middle of this tight spot.

"You can't be serious," He rolled his eyes.

"Don't tell me you don't anticipate it too," she bit his ear, "I know you Niklaus, you're always in for discoveries," Reina tempted him.

He reminded her, "We are kind of kidnapped -"

"We are in our honeymoon," She cut him off, " No one made a rule of where or how we should have it,"

Niklaus gulped, he was beginning to be persuaded by the spell of her voice.

"I know you want it," Reina buried her face in the crook of his neck, kissing his skin there. She smirked as she felt him tense up, he wasn't as strong as he claimed to be.

Done with her exploration there, she glanced up at him and said just two words, "Give in,"

Niklaus' gaze flickered down to her lips; the pouty pink dulcet flesh was enticing him like honey and he wanted a taste of it. She was inviting him to dinner, why shouldn't he take it.

Without further delay, Niklaus lowered his head to kiss her and unlike formerly, he was gentle, taking into accounts that both of their hands were tied and the position they were in might be a bit uncomfortable for her.

His lips brushed against hers, softly, as if he was rubbing off the sugar from her lips. Then he was firmer, more determined and she hungrily pushed back, her mouth open, tongue trying to push past his clenched teeth to seek the moist space within.

Niklaus smiled into the kiss, who was the desperate one here? He refused to give her entrance and it pissed her. It was like a game to him and Reina tried on every tactic to pass through until she bit hard on his lower lips.

He let her in, opening his mouth as she pushed the tip of her tongue against his, her patience had thinned. Her lips pressed harder with her tongue clinging to him, leading their movement at her own pace.

Niklaus gently sucked her tongue a little and enjoyed the moan she produced. The sound egged him on and he wanted badly to thread his hand through her hair or at the least, caress the curve of her back. But he couldn't, his hands were tied.

He pushed her against the wall, the passion igniting between them. He bit the pulp of her lips, licking them, and went back to twirl his tongue around hers, sucking it inside his mouth aggressively.

Reina felt an abrasion as her back hit the wall, but she didn't care, her whole mind was stolen by this man here. She pulled away for breath and dove right in again, running her tongue across the back and front parts of his sensitive gum.

She moaned as Niklaus broke away to run his lips on the skin of her neck. Reina gasped from the tingles yet tilted her head as he dwelled on her sensitive spot. Her sounds of pleasure rang across the factory and it was at that point that they were "interrupted"

"You both are so disgusting," Claire stood before them, shocked. They had been so engulfed with passions they hadn't noticed her coming in.

"Why?" there was an arrogant smirk on Reina's face while controlling her labored breathing, "You want to join?"

"Not with you in the picture," Claire sneered at her with contempt. Her sexual orientation was questionable, however, if she wanted to have a threesome, it would not be with this bitch.

There was something about Reina that irritated her greatly. Was it because of the condensing she - Reina - looked at her? As if she was a mere ant and not worthy of her attention? Or because she was with the man that caught her interest?

Anyway, whatever reason that was, Claire would deal with her today. Though James was not such a huge loss, he had been pretty useful to her in certain areas and Reina cost her him, and for that, she would pay.

"Why did you kidnap me? You do know who I am?" Niklaus attempted to scare her.

"Of course, I do," Claire smiled sashaying towards him in an attire that was obviously suited for sluts. She crouched down to Niklaus height and looked him straight in the eyes saying,

"You are the son of Adam Spencer and the previous heir to Spencer Group. Unfortunately, power has gone to your cousin. Right now, you're just a paper tiger whose basking on his former glory," she was pleased with his predicament.

Reina was amused. Ever since Eden rose to power and Adam died, outsiders have been speculating about how powerless Niklaus has become. Only family members and a close circuit of friends knew Eden was the one enjoying a false illusion of power.

Though he might be the one in power, Niklaus was in reality the one with the most authority. Moreover, with an in-law like Sakuzi, he could very well kick Eden off the position if he wants - his cousin knows that well - without sweating. Moreover, Niklaus was now the one in charge of Spencer's secret business - the very power Adam was once obsessed with.

*Chapter 365 - Three Hundred And Sixty-Five: Beg For Mercy*

"And you?" Claire turned her attention to Reina, "Just because you have a small successful enterprise, you think people are shit before you?"

"No, just some sluts who think it's okay to steal my hard-earned husband," Reina sassied. Most people with low self-esteem probably see people with self-confidence as pompous when in reality, they simply needed to work on their's.

"How dare you?!" She backhanded Reina across the face and it took everything in Niklaus not to lose the ropes and tear that woman from limb to limb had Reina not given a sign to him to stay put. Niklaus simmered inwardly, this wasn't how he pictured this to go and it was getting out of hand.

As if that was not enough, Claire clutched a fistful of Reina's hair till she winced, pulling her head back as she said, "You're in my mercy now, do not whine your mouth carelessly," she warned.

"Let go of that hair!" Niklaus growled at her, eyes red.

Claire wanted to defy his orders but the way Niklaus glared at her, gave her the chills and she found herself obeying.

"Why don't you go ahead and do whatever you want with me so I can leave. It's late already - my bed awaits me," Reina said nonchalantly which greatly irked her.

"It seems you don't get the point here," Claire decided to make it clear to her, "You're not leaving here untouched,"

"What do you mean?"

"Since you claimed that Niklaus can't come to me because you're married, I'll destroy your marriage," she revealed to her and Reina pretended to be intimidated by her threat.

"My men..." She said and as if on cue, five or six men walked into the factory with an anticipatory demeanor,

"They would take you in a fancy hotel room you booked all by yourself and the video would circulate the globe - you wouldn't even remember what happened until you see it yourself. Let's see if your husband Niklaus would be magnanimous enough to accept you back when he sees the video too since he won't remember this encounter too, " she cackled evilly.

Reina's best guess was that they were going to use an experimental drug on both of them.

"As if I would let you do that," Niklaus glared at her.

"Let's see then," She accepted the challenge and turned to her men, "Take her,"

One of them rushed to seize Reina as ordered but Niklaus stood in front of her protectively and to the man's shock, his hands were freed.

"What?!" Exclaimed the shocked man.

"Surprise?" Niklaus punched him right in the face, the man staggered back.

"H-how did you?" Claire was stunned by the whole turn of events.

"You should have made proper research before attempting to kidnap me, rookie," Reina simpered, throwing off the robes used on them. She was the daughter of a Mafia, knots like this were child's play to her. They should have just cemented her hands to the ground.

"Get them now!" Claire pointed at them, enraged.

"No, don't hurt me," Reina winced, her eyes closed, pretending to be an innocent and delicate woman as the first man tried to hit her.

Unfortunately, that slight hesitation caused the man greatly because the next he knew, a sharp blow was delivered to his head and his world darkened.

"One down -" Reina was yet to celebrate her victory when an asshole out of nowhere threw her on his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

She rolled her eyes, why do men think all women were damsels in distress? Reina simply reached and pulled the man's shirt over his face, limiting his vision as she wiggled out of his grasp and rammed her knees into his stomach before giving him the finishing KO.

Both husband and wife worked together like the wheels on the bicycle, watching each other's back and helping out to bring down tough opponents together. And in no time, finished the men.

Claire was gripped by fear when she saw what happened, "How is this possible?"

"You!" Reina heaved. Her hands were on her waist, catching her breath from the vigorous fight, "Come here. I'll be merciful," she signaled her to come.

However, she didn't believe Reina and took off. But the interesting fact was that the couples didn't chase after her and Claire got to know the reason why because the entrance was blocked by people that weren't on her team.

Reina smirked. She had known from the very start that her people were around. As if daddy dearest would let her go to a strange country unprotected.

Tears streamed down Claire's face, she was between the devil and the blue sea. What had she done? She didn't want to die yet.

With tears in her eyes, she began to walk back to Reina - she had to plead for mercy.

However, Reina announced halfway, "Come on your knees,"

The girl was stunned

"Should I change my mind," there was a dark glint in her eyes.

She shook her head and got on her knees instantly, walking over to her like that.

"I'm so sorry," Claire began to plead for mercy upon reaching her, "It was the devil's handwork," she cried.

"Oh," Reina was amused, "I didn't see the devil pulling your hand when you wanted to have me assaulted,"

"Ouch!" Claire winced when Reina grabbed her on the hair, in the same manner, she had done to her earlier, and started to slap her across both cheeks.

"The. Next. Time. Learn. To. Respect. An. Elder."

Claire didn't dare to utter a word even though her face was filled with handprints.

"And dress decently," Reina added one more slap, "Do you hear me?!" She boomed.

Claire nodded hastily, unable to speak.

"Princess, what do we do with her?" Her men asked.

"Any idea," Reina asked her husband Niklaus who had not said anything since.

"I don't fight with women, it's your war," Niklaus claimed.

But inwardly, Reina knew Niklaus gave her the right on purpose because he would likely bestow upon her a crueller punishment than the one she was about to give.

"Well..." Reina tapped her lips, thinking over it, "Give her one hundred lashes on the butt so she can be able to acknowledge an ancestor the next she sees one,"

Claire's eyes went wide with shock upon hearing her verdict. How would she sit after this? She began to cry and beg for mercy forgetting that Reina would have been doing the same thing if she hadn't been a formidable opponent.

Reina yawned, "Let's go home, hubby," and hooked her arm around his arm.

*Chapter 366 - Three Hundred And Sixty-six: The Challenge*

The third point of view :

"You cheater!"

Anabelle was startled by that accusation and looked up only to discover it was Julie. What the fuck was going on here?

Then it dawned on her that she was lying on Israel. A blush spread to her cheeks as she got to her feet with lightning speed.

"I'm so sorry," She gave him her hand for him to take and pull himself up. But to her greatest surprise, Julie snatched it and pulled her to his side.

"What are you doing?" She gave him an attitude.

"I should be asking him the same? You woke up first thing early in the morning and the first thing you do is to seduce him?"

Anabelle was dumbfounded, "Seduce him?" she was enraged, "Hey? Who do you think you are to speak to me that way?"

"You belong to me?"

Anabelle scoffed, "What do you think we're in? Middle ages? I'm not your fucking property!"

"I didn't say you're my property's property, I'm just saying that you serve me," He tried to make it clear to her.

"That still doesn't give you the right to call me a cheater? Just because we have that deal -"

Julie immediately closed her mouth with his hand, giving Israel a side look. He can't let his friend know that their relationship was simply based on a deal else it might give him the liberty to woo her.

"Mmmmm," Anabelle glared at this crazy boy. Does he have a bipolar syndrome or what? His mood swings were so erratic - she feared for her life around him.

"What are you doing?" Israel was now perplexed about the whole happening.

There was something about these two people he couldn't exactly put his fingers across. As Julie's friend, he knew Julie's tactics and the fact he had no feelings for Anabelle which made him - Israel - go after her. But now he couldn't say the same, why was Julie suddenly protective?

They were not even real couples. Anabelle had just accompanied him yesterday since his girlfriend couldn't make it - So Julie told him. The boy was a bit of a showoff.

"Go and wash up, breakfast is already done," Julie ignored him, already pushing Anabelle in the direction of the bathroom.

"You still haven't told me -"

He pressed a finger against her lips. Anabelle's eyes widened at that gesture.

"I'll answer your questions when you're done bathing and eating," He gave her a condition.

"Fine," Anabelle decided to just shut up and was about to go into the ensuite bathroom when she remembered something, "I don't have any clothes to change -"

"You can have mine," Julie ran like the Flash and presented a pair of pants and shirt to her - all this happening in front of the stunned Israel.

Anabelle took the cloth, her brows raised questioningly which Julie noticed.

"It's new. It's clean. And I've never masturbated in it," He declared so proudly.

"Eww," Anabelle gave him a look of disgust and shut the door with lightning speed.

A smile curved up Julie's face unknowingly and he turned around to meet his friend still there.

"What are you still doing here? Get your ass out of here or do you want to peep at her while she bathes - don't think I don't know your plan?" He accused the boy with a pointing hand.

"I'm not that kind of person!" Israel defended himself. He was greatly annoyed by that accusation, "How could you say that about me?"

"Can you blame me? I gave you my date to take care of for the day and now, you're clinging to her like a shadow," He claimed.

"Because I like her. She's quite different from the other girls I've seen and been with, she doesn't throw themselves on me. Not to mention that she's cute," He added, "Let me ask you then, do you have feelings for her?"

Julie's countenance changed, "I've told you, it's none of your business"

"She's not yours then," Israel smiled.

"What?" Julie blinked, confused.

"You always try to appear threatening when lying," Israel winked at him, "I'm your best friend, don't think you can fool me," he saw through his act.

Julie took a deep breath, reining in his anger. This little bedbug was beginning to piss him off.

"Stay off from Anabelle. She's mine and you don't have the right to question me," He warned, his voice a slow rumble.

Julie had always been the undisputable prince both in school, sports - in fact, everything. As the only son and child of the family, he was spoiled with everything he ever needed hence his arrogance. Thanks to his background, people feared him.

Israel scratched his scalp, "It has come to this then," he said, glancing up at his friend apathetically, "They say the brotherhood is tested when a woman steps in..." he smiled at no one in particular, "I never thought about that word until today,"

"What are you saying?" Julie cocked his brow arrogantly

"You might not know this but I've been letting you win for a long time, I can't let you win this time,"

"What?" Julie could not believe what he just said. Israel was letting him win on purpose? Ha! Who does he think he is? His arrogance didn't allow him to see the truth.

He was Julie! Everything he had ever wanted always worked out for him so he was confident of winning. Israel was just spouting shit.

His lips curved into a smile, "Challenge accepted. Let's see who wins the damsel's heart,"

Meanwhile, Anabelle, who had no idea of the challenge between both men, had just finished washing and stepped out to dress up when she came across the bathroom mirror, only to receive the shock of her life.

There on her face was a huge fading bruise that ruined her beautiful face. Her eyes widened to the saucer of saucers as she screamed the name of the only person that could be responsible for this.

"Julie!!!!?"

Anabelle almost stormed out of the bathroom had she not remembered she was without clothes. Vomiting swear words from her mouth, she quickly dressed up in record time and strode off with anger reeking off her.

"Julie!" She screamed, watching with sinister pleasure how his eyes widened from terror, "How dare you?"

"I can explain," Julie raised his hand defensively. He could already guess she had seen her face in the mirror.

"You don't deserve mercy!" roared Anabelle. The accumulated anger from other occasions blinded her brain and made it unable for her to think straight.

Before anyone could tell what was going on, Anabelle lifted her leg and kicked him in the place where the sun never shines.

However, something happened.

*Chapter 367 - Three Hundred And Sixty-seven: What Is Wrong With Julie?*

"All's fair in love and war,"

It was at that moment that Julie perfectly understood what that expression truly meant. When it comes to gaining something, some people were desperate enough to win.

It happened that just when Anabelle lifted her leg to hit him "there", Israel came to stand in front of him out of nowhere and took the hit.

It all happened so suddenly Julie didn't know what happened until his friend fell to the floor, cradling his "thing" through his pants as he muttered, "Sweet Jesus," that it became clear to him what transpired.

"Oh my God," Anabelle gasped, cupping her mouth. What just happened? She didn't mean to kick him, her legs had risen before she gave them the order.

"God, did you want to disable me?" Israel groaned, still on the floor.

"I'm so sorry," Anabelle was very apologetic.

Without a second word, She pushed the stupefied Julie out of the way and helped injured Israel to his feet. With his hand placed around her neck, Anabelle supported and eased him to the bed where he laid down.

"How do I help you?" Anabelle was desperate to help him. The guilt was gnawing at her heart; she had to pay for her violation.

Israel grabbed her hand and brought it to his chest. He said with a shaky breath like some frail old man on his deathbed, "Stay by my side,"

"Fine," Anabelle quickly nodded, "I'll stay till you recover,"

That was when Julie chimed in, "You can't do that, I just prepared you a meal and it's getting cold..." the boy trailed off when Anabelle gave him a death stare that was capable of turning him into stone.

He did it on purpose, Julie's fist clenched by his sides. Israel had taken the kick so he could have Anabelle's attention to himself.

At that exact moment, his gaze connected with Israel's and there was a self accomplished smirk on his friend's face. It was as if he was declaring his victory.

With anger, Julie strode out of the room with a huff. The expression on his face was so frightening that all the maids stayed out of his way. No one wanted to be the scapegoat.

"How do you feel?" Anabelle asked, caring for the injured man. She was still scared, what if she injured the source of his future children? Would his family force her to marry him?

No, she can't marry now! She was too young. Anabelle still wanted to enjoy more petting from her father; neither does she want to take after him.

Her father and uncle Niklaus had children very early, she wasn't ready for that - she heard childbirth was very painful. But then, she can't have children with Israel if their family forces them - Seriously, what the hell was she thinking about?

"Urm... Israel?" Anabelle called him nervously.

"What?" He finally opened his eyes. All this while, he has been acting the sick patient - and yes, that kick hurt like a bitch. But in life, you have to sacrifice to gain certain things.

"I.... So...." Anabelle scratched the back of her head, how was she going to put this?

"Yes? You have something to say?" he asked, staring her straight in the eyes. He has heard that women loved men who could look them boldly in the eyes while speaking to them.

"C-can you check your thing is still functioning?" Anabelle asked, red in the face.

"If it's functioning?" his brow raised and a sly smirk crossed his feature as he said, "There's a way we can check if it's still functioning,"

"We?" Anabelle gulped. This was a time she wished Isabella was here. Why did she have to abandon her at a time like this?

"Yes, we," He affirmed.

"H-how?" she was breathless with the way he was staring at her; it was smoldering.

Israel sat up and leaned closer, "It involves two people of different gender coming together. And in the process of the union, If 'it' raises, then it's good to go,"

"Really?"

Anabelle didn't dare to move a muscle as Israel leaned closer and closer till their noses were touching. As if that wasn't enough, his gaze flickered down to her lips.

Anabelle sucked in a sharp breath, was he about to kiss her? Gosh, she wasn't prepared for this.

But to her surprise, he chose to whisper into her ears at the last minute, "I heard Julie prepared a nice meal, we should go down and wolf it down," Israel smirked and withdrew from the frozen Anabelle. She was so damn cute.

To be honest, Israel had intentionally feigned interest in Annabelle so he could matchmake her with Julie - jealousy is a powerful weapon. Anabelle was a good person and both of them looked good together as a couple plus he had a feeling she would be able to change him. But after spending the night watching over her, Israel had a change of mind.

Julie would never appreciate her. Yes, the boy might be his best friend but that doesn't mean he was scared to point out he was a selfish asshole. Julie would only end up

hurting the girl, it was better he -Israel- took up this opportunity - Anabelle was a rare gem.

"Aren't you leaving?" he said to Anabelle who hadn't moved from that spot, "Or do you want to help me check if it is still functioning," He intentionally teased her.

Before he was even through with his words, Anabelle shot up to her feet, "I'm up," and went to his side.

Together, they went to the dining room where they found Julie "sulking" at a corner.

"Wow!" Anabelle's eyes widened as soon as she came to the table, "So much delicious food," she sat down and at the same time, picked up a spoon to have a taste of the feast.

But to her utmost surprise, Julie slapped her wrist away with a warning, "Don't touch it!" he glared at her.

"What do you mean don't touch it? Isn't this foot meant for eating?" Anabelle was still asking when Julie stood abruptly and began to pack the foods, pile after pile.

She and Israel watched in shocked silence as Julie packed his yummilicious foods and dumped them in the sink.

"If you're that hungry, ask him to make you one," Was the only word Julie said to her and left with a scowl.

What the heck was wrong with him?

*Chapter 368 - Three Hundred And Sixty-eight: Stole His Woman*

The third point of view:

"Cecile,"

"God!"

The woman almost jumped out of her skin when that giant touched her on the shoulder out of nowhere. She had been having a pleasant conversation with the kitchen staff when he called her.

"Sorry, did I startle you?" He tried to check up on her but she withdrew from his touch as usual.

"It's okay," Cecil said, giving the both of them a reasonable distance.

"Can we talk?" Emerald added when he saw her companions, "Alone,"

Cecile looked towards the women working in the kitchen she had been having a good conversation with before his arrival.

"I'll be stepping out for a while,"

"Sure," they nodded. It was not as if they could stop her anyway, Emerald would deal with them - everyone feared that brooding giant.

Emerald was tempted to grab Cecil's hand and lead her to a private area but he quickly turned on his heels and went ahead, hands in the pocket of his short. Cecil resented him, he shouldn't do anything careless that would topple their already rocky relationship. If it wasn't because of this case, Emerald was sure as hell that she wouldn't allow him even as much as five feet around her.

"This is alright for a bit of privacy, right?" He asked her, stepping into the terrace.

"Sure," Cecil answered without meeting his gaze. She said to him indifferently, "Tell me, what do you have me brought here for?"

"Fernandez called,"

At the mention of Fernandez, her head snapped up.

"He called you?" There was a trace of surprise mixed with fright on her face.

"He reached for Sakuzi to be specific and wants to meet up with him,"

"What? But why?"

"He knows you're here,"

He watched the color drain her face.

"Sakuzi thinks he'd want to exchange you for money," He revealed to her. Since this greatly concerned her, Cecil had to know of his intention.

"Then what? Are you going to hand me over to him? Didn't you claim you would protect me...." she has on a look of disappointment, "Or have money clouded your -"

"You're faster than your shadow, Cecil " He chided her and stepped closer, enunciating the words slowly as if to make his point clear, "And I don't go back on my promise," there was a fire in his eyes.

Cecil gulped at their closeness, plus the intensity in those eyes of his. If she wasn't mistaken, she could have almost sworn he had feelings for her. But there was no way, he never loved - Emerald just used her.

She looked away, wrapping her arms across her chest, "So what's your plan?"

"I'll be the one to answer to him but then, I just wanted you to know that it might turn out bloody,"

At the mention of bloody, Cecil's eyes widened, "You don't mean you'd -"

"I won't murder him - at least not yet. But to keep him away from you, I might need to scare him a little,"

Cecil bit her lower lips contemplatively, making up her mind afterward, "Fine, do whatever it's necessary but keep him alive. As much as Fernandez is the worst of all scumbag, I would not be responsible for the death of my son's father,"

"Fine, if you say," Emerald said but inwardly, he wasn't satisfied with this. Scaring would not be enough for deviants like Fernandez and Cecil would never understand until reality hits her harshly on the face. Well, that's why he's here; he'd protect her from him.

"Thank you for telling me," Cecil was grateful. The man could have gone ahead with his plans without informing her but he showed her respect by doing this. Maybe he wasn't as bad as she - no, she has to stop this thought.

Emerald was extremely dangerous and the only reason he was helping her was because of Reina and his attempt at atonement. Turn the table around, he wouldn't hesitate to slit her throat if she offended him.

"It's nothing," the man scratched his head awkwardly and for the first time, she saw him being shy, which was kind of cute - just shut up, Cecil.

"Alright, I'll be taking my leave," Emerald couldn't understand why he was suddenly at a loss at what to say. He quickly turned and was about to leave when he heard,

"Be careful!"

He stilled. Then turned around to face the woman who was fidgeting with her fingers nervously. He hated it when she wouldn't look at him.

"I know you're strong and all but Fernandez is a very sly man and I don't want you to get hurt," Cecil said, looking down at the ground.

However, Cecil chided herself mentally, why was she pretending like a middle schooler who just received a love confession for the first time?

"Is this you caring for me?" Emerald asked suddenly.

"Huh?" She glanced up at him, shocked.

"Why don't you want me to get hurt?" he pressed.

Cecil swallowed down saliva. This was why she shouldn't spout rubbish? "Why are you making a big deal out of this?" She gave him a sheepish grin and slapped him playfully on the back - a gesture Emerald gave a long watch.

"A-hem," Cecil cleared her throat awkwardly when the man did nothing but give her heated gazes that made her toes curl. She winced inwardly, why does he keep looking at her like she was the most precious thing in his eyes? Gosh, that look was so misleading. She wasn't even that pretty.

With so many thoughts in her head, Cecil stiffened up when the man reached out and cupped her cheeks, caressing her skin so gently it sent shivers running through her vein.

"Thank you," He said with a tone that stole her breath away.

Emerald didn't have head-turning looks but he was so manly like an alpha werewolf and women couldn't help but be drawn to that innate power in him.

When his gaze finally flickered down to her lips, Cecil almost died from a heart attack. Was it terror or anticipation? She couldn't tell the exact emotion she was feeling or if it was a mix of both.

Ever since that incident with Fernandez and Emerald in the past, she developed a revulsion for men. She never considered any romantic relationship for the eighteen years she had lived with her son, burying down those unnecessary feelings, or should she call it "hormones" that made women do crazy things in the name of love.

Since Cecil felt nothing for the same-sex too, she had practically lived the past years like a monk; she had remained celibate. Hence, right now, the feelings this man was eliciting from her were fresh, warm yet uncomfortable to her. What if this was another ploy?

Emerald sensed her panic and ended up pecking her on the forehead instead, "Stay safe," He told her and left before she knew it.

As much as he wanted something more with her, her experience with him had scarred her. If he wanted her heart, he had to be patient and gentle with her, and who knows, luck might finally shine on him.

Why was she disappointed? Cecile pondered over. She wanted to explore this new feeling but it was as if there was this rope holding her back. Was it fear? Thus, she looked on like a chicken as Emerald took his leave.

"Good luck," She could only whisper.

"Let's go," Emerald ordered his men coming along with him for this meeting. Though Fernandez had chosen the location for this gathering and wouldn't dare to pull any trick since he needed a favor from them, there was still no harm to come prepared considering what he had in mind.

Their "date" was set at an expensive restaurant which was grandly ornated and could only be afforded by individuals who've touched enough money to last their grandchildren.

One thing common at this kind of restaurant was the customers' anonymity and confidentiality. Whatever happens in there, stays there, making the place a hubbub of the rich with questionable characters and politicians.

Fernandez arranged a private room for their dinner which was spacious and decorated with Asian elements and two of Fernandez's men stood as guards. However, Emerald stepped in alone without any of the men he came with.

"You're here," Fernandez stood up to welcome the man that was directed into the room by a waiter. However, his brows furrowed when he saw it wasn't the man he was expecting.

"By the look on your face, I'm guessing you're disappointed already. Do you dare to look down on the man sent by Sakuzi himself?!" Emerald roared.

"Of course not!" Fernandez replied quickly. He cursed his luck, today must not be his day.

"Sakuzi is on vacation so he sent me, his right-hand man instead," Emerald said, taking a seat without being told to.

Sakuzi's right-hand man himself? Fernandez thought. That doesn't seem that bad considering he never thought the man would accept his invitation.

"Fine, what is it you have for my master?" Emerald added, "And you better make it worth my time," there was a threat beneath his words.

Fernandez's brows furrowed together. He was beginning to wonder if it was a mistake getting the Falcon Gang involved in this.

"Ah yes," He quickly answered, "It's about your gang,"

"What about it?" Emerald pretended to be oblivious to what was about to say.

"One of your people stole my woman,"

*Chapter 369 - Three Hundred And Sixty-nine: No Mercy*

The third point of view :

"One of your people stole my woman," announced Fernandez proudly oblivious of the dark glint in Emerald's eyes.

The nerve of this asshole! Emerald cursed inwardly. It took everything in him not to reach out and input the love of Christ into that man. How dare him? His woman? Emerald chuckled inwardly.

How could Cecil be blinded enough to fall for this assbag? You know speaking of which, Emerald was so grateful he got in the way of his plans. He was sorry for using her but Cecil should thank him for saving her from this would have been a nightmare.

"Really? Who dares to do that?" Emerald played him along.

There was joy in Fernandez's heart when he saw the displeasure on the man's face. With this kind of person, everything would work out for him.

"We don't know yet but we are hoping that you'd help us out," He added, "And of course, it is not for free,"

With a smirk, Fernandez gestured to one of his men standing guard and the man went over to their table to place a suitcase on it. He opened the suitcase to reveal wraps of new money that people would kill to get their hands on. He turned the suitcase in the direction of Emerald who gave it a lazy stare.

"I know Twenty billionaire is nothing to your organization but I'm offering this?in exchange for the woman, plus your boss can rest assured of a healthy relationship between your organization and me in the future,"

Of course, being on good terms with Fernandez had its perks. Most of his relatives were of high position and could help out in a time of need but the Falcon Gang simply has no need for him. A man who could betray the love of his life, would stab them in the back anytime.

"Do you have a picture of the woman? I need to see her face," Emerald continued with his pretend game.

"Oh, that?" Fernandez understood what he was asking for, "Of course," he quickly eased out his phone, went through his gallery, and handed her picture to the giant.

Fernandez was giddy with excitement, he almost couldn't suppress his joy anymore. His plans were going as planned and soon he would have that bitch where he wanted her - right on his bed.

He would love to see her fight - it turned him on. The look of disappointment and defiance on her face when she realized what happened would then turn to desire as he pleases her. He knows Cecil, she loved him and wouldn't put up a fight for long.

He would bury himself inside of her and take her to the greatest height of pleasure while she screams like the whore she is. And who knows, he would make her call him, daddy. Then he would spout his seed inside of her and wait for the result - he had faith she could give him another son.

The picture in his head was so vivid that Fernandez had a hard-on right there and then. God, he couldn't wait any longer. He wondered how long it would take for these people to hand the little spitfire over to him. What if they go back on their word after taking his money? No, the Falcon Gang had a great reputation.

So Fernandez kept thinking without noticing the storm brewing in Emerald's eyes. He almost suffered a heart attack when Emerald asked him,

"So you're saying I stole your woman?"

"What?" It felt like he heard wrong, "What are you talking about?" the previously satisfied smile on his face was now replaced by an uneasy one.

"You said I stole your woman? How dare you covert what is mine?" Emerald asked with no trace of emotion.

Fernandez began to sweat profusely as it dawned on him. This man and Camille were dating?! No wonder she was so fearless because she was dating the second in command to Sakuzi?

"I-I must have been mistaken here," He said nervously, "You can have the woman, in fact, I give you my blessing, but I just need the boy - he's my son," he pleaded like a beggar with all trace of his earlier arrogance leaving his eyes.

The Sakuzi was a powerful clan and he had heard that they honored blood relation and were quite stringent with vengeance. A family who had once offended them, they had wiped them off the surface of the earth even to the second generation.

Upon hearing his comment, Emerald threw his head back and laughed, a peal of laughter that seemed innocent yet sent chills down the back of the guilty party.

"Sorry, but whatever belongs to the woman, belongs to me and that includes the boy," Emerald told him.

Fine, since things have come to this point, he has no choice but to do this. Fernandez tactically dipped his head which was a signal for his men to attack. This man was not a true blood of the Sakuzi clan, neither, was his own clan small either. Sure, Sakuzi would be angered over his loss but there were other people capable of taking his place and there was nothing a diplomatic talk and offerings wouldn't solve.

However, to Fernandez's greatest surprise, before his men could even react to his signal, they both suddenly fell to the ground with a pained groan. His eyes widened to the size of saucers when a botch of red which turned out to be blood seeped out from their pants.

How could that be? Fernandez was gripped by immense fear. He didn't even see his hands move and yet his men were on the floor, clutching in pain - Emerald must have shot them from under the table with a silencer gun. What kind of monstrous accuracy was that?

"This has been the most boring meal I've ever had," He heaved, easing himself up to his feet.

Emerald was taller because he was a giant but now Fernandez was crawling back on all fours, he looked like a rat.

"Funny, but you should thank your God that Sakuzi hasn't been the one who answered your call else he would be bored to death which in one word means you're dead meat,"

"No, no, no," Fernandez pleaded but Emerald paid him a deaf ear and grabbed him on the neck to his feet.

"How does it feel to be treated like shit without rights?" Emerald asked, remembering the way he had tried to abduct Cecil and get the child, before tossing him against the wall.

Fernandez groaned in pain, he could feel the pains, his hand was broken. But that pain was nothing compared to his fear of dying. He can't die yet; he still hasn't organized his resources. Pedro was the rightful heir to his empire, no one else.

"Speak!" Emerald hollered at him, "How does it feel to be maltreated?!" He didn't give the man a resting space.

"I feel wronged!" Fernandez screamed out. He couldn't afford to piss this mad man the more.

"How much wronged?" There was a sinister smirk on Emerald's expression as he asked that. He was toying with Fernandez and he knew that, but there was nothing he could do. Those in power could do whatever they wanted and get away with it. Wasn't that

pretty much what he had to done to Cecil? Only that this time, he couldn't get away with it.

"I asked you a question," He said to Fernandez who has assumed stubbornness by keeping his mouth shut.

"Fine, we'd do this the fun way," there was a dark tone of promise in his comment and almost immediately, an anguished scream was let out of Fernandez's mouth as Emerald stepped on his finger with all his strength. One funny thing about the room was that it was soundproofed, so no one could hear his scream.

"Oops, sorry? You were saying?" He pretended to have stepped on him by mistake.

Fernandez peed a little on his pant, what has he done to receive this? This was hell on earth.

"Have mercy," He began to plead.

"Oh, mercy? Sorry, but that's not in my dictionary," He was just about to hurl Fernandez to his feet once more when he felt the air changed and dodged just in time. However, the bastard still got him and managed to cut him on the stomach with his knife.

"No mercy," He muttered to himself.

The limping idiot lunged at him once more with his knife, he simply sidestepped and at the same time, snatched the knife from his grasp and stabbed him straight in the chest. Instant kill.

"Now, where were we...?"

He looked around to discover Fernandez was nowhere to be found. Fine, this should be enough to instill some fears into him.

With nothing left to do, Emerald left for the base with his men. Knowing that Cecil would not like the stench of blood and death on him, he steered straight to his room to wash it off. However, he was still in the process of taking off his shirt when the woman in question barged into his room.

*Chapter 370 - Three Hundred And Seventy: Find Your Happiness*

The third point of view:

"Mom?"

"Huh?" the woman was roused back to reality.

Pedro looked his mother over, "Are you alright?"

"Of course, why wouldn't I be?" Cecil gave her son strange looks.

"You just seem out of it," He scrutinized his mother.

"I was just thinking about something," was her reply

"What is the problem?" the boy was disturbed for a slight moment before an idea struck him, "Wait a minute, Let me guess? You're thinking about Emerald, right?" Pedro watched with delight as his mother's face heated up.

"What? No way!" Cecil denied it right away.

"You're not a great liar mother," He pointed out the fact he could see through her.

"Fine, I was thinking of him..." she answered yet was quick to clarify, "But not in the way you're thinking,"

"How did you know what I'm thinking? What am I thinking about? Mom, your mind is so dirty," He teased her intentionally with a blank stare.

Cecil went red in the face, "Stop putting words in my mouth," she warned him still flustered.

"Just date him if you like him," Pedro said to her out of nowhere, "I like him, he seems to be a good man and you both already have my blessing,"

"Why don't you tell me you're in a hurry to get rid of me because you now got a girlfriend," she slapped him at the back of his head.

"Ouch, mother!" Pedro whined while looking around to make sure nobody had seen that. It was so embarrassing.

Mother and son were outdoors taking a stroll on the lawn that cloudy afternoon. There wasn't much to do in the house; everything was taken care of by the maids. Sakuzi and Emerald had issued a warning to the workers to not let them do a thing: they were guests and were to be treated like one.

"Mother," Pedro wrapped his hand around her shoulder, becoming a head taller than her with them standing so close to one another. One sight at them and a stranger might mistake them for siblings instead of mother and son. Cecil had a baby face and her son had grown so handsomely, hence the scene of them walking side by side was picturesque.

"No matter what, you're always my first love," Pedro said to her.

However, Cecil snorted in disbelief, "Why don't you declare that openly in front of Isabella?" she smirked.

Pedro gulped, confirming her assertion.

"Just as I thought," she laughed when she saw her son's conflicted expression. She then pats him on the back, "Don't be so serious, I was just teasing you,"

However, to her surprise, Pedro stepped out in front of her causing her to halt.

"What is it now? I've told you that I was just joking....." She trailed off when Pedro took her hand.

"Mother," he called, staring her straight in the eyes, "You've done enough for me by not aborting me in the womb. You have done all you could ever do for me by taking care of and being patient with me for the past eighteen years of my life. But it's time for you to be happy,"

"Why are you speaking like this?" Cecil murmured, fighting against the tears that were battling to escape her eyelid.

"I know you like Emerald,"

Her face changed, "Can we not go there?" Cecil wanted to withdraw her hand yet Pedro held on tight.

"You were the one who told me about giving second chances when I almost gave up Isabella. Mother, you cannot let one bad experience ruin your relationship with -"

"It wasn't one but two," She corrected, hinting at his father's - Fernandez - abandonment and the one-night stand with Emerald.

"But still mother -"

"Pedro, the adult world is complicated," She cut him off, "There are some deeply rooted problems that can't be solved with a few motivational words,"

"But I want you to be happy," Pedro insisted.

"I know," She cupped his face, caressing it with affection, "And I'm happy,"

"Mom..."

"Pedro, you might not understand when I say this, but you're my greatest accomplishment. Seeing you, healthy and happy alone makes me content - that's how much a mother's love is worth. Even if I have no money, nor a man by my side to make

me happy - as you claim-?seeing your face and knowing that I trained up a young, handsome, intelligent, strong man is my joy. This is why I'm going to fight tooth and nails for you - your father would not take you away from me. I promise you that, "

"So son...." Tears slipped down her face, "Please continue to be happy because your happiness means my happiness,"

"Seriously," Pedro sniffed, wiping away the tears from his face, "Why do you always like to make me cry?" he complained.

Cecil simply drew him into a hug as if this was the last time she would set her eyes on him. As far as she had her son by her side, there was nothing the world threw at her way she wouldn't survive. Pedro was her everything.

"This is so frustrating, I feel as if I'm sharing you. Could this be called jealousy? No wonder some mother-in-law are so mean to their daughter-in-law," Cecil said, staring at the approaching figure.

"What are you talking about?" Pedro questioned, pulling away from her.

"Over there," She tilted her head in the direction of Isabella walking over to them, "You both aren't even married yet and I'm having a hard time getting a bit of your time," she grumbled like a surly old woman.

"Hi Cecil," Isabella greeted

"Hi, Isabella," she responded

"Hi babe," appeared a special kind of smile that hadn't been on Pedro's face previously as he leaned in to kiss Isabella.

"Young people these days," Cecil clicked her tongue, seeing that as a cue to take her leave. It was obvious she had overstayed.

However, before Cecil could go far, she shouted, "Don't get pregnant!"

"Don't count on it!" Hollered back Isabella to her bewilderment.

Cecil almost choked on her saliva, what kind of girl was that? Even as aged as she was, she couldn't be that audacious? The woman began to question if handing her son over to Isabella was a good idea.

It was in her state of contemplation that she viewed an oncoming vehicle into the compound, he was back so soon? A surge of excitement went through her for strange reasons and before one knew it, Cecil tracked him back to his room.

Without much thought, she went in without knocking. However, her eyeballs almost fell out of their socket when Cecil came in to meet a hard rock abdomen that rippled with strength as he was in the middle of taking off his shirt.