

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 381 - Three Hundred And Eighty-one: Law Of Attraction - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 381 - Three Hundred And Eighty-one: Law Of Attraction

*Chapter 381 - Three Hundred And Eighty-one: Law Of Attraction*

The third point of view:

Cecil was still around, Emerald couldn't tell whether to be exhilarated or depressed about the news. Fernandez was solved, why was she still hanging around? Could it be that she heard the news of his birthday and wanted to attend?

Though he dreaded meeting her knowing it would only remind him of her words today, he still somehow hoped she would somehow attend.

The moment he stepped on the red carpet, his eyes had swept over the crowd, trying to pick her out, and had almost given up hope when he sensed a gaze.

Though many eyes were on him, Emerald felt this one was special and had turned around in time to see a figure hiding behind another guest. Perhaps she should have tried to conceal that blonde hair of hers with a sackcloth while hiding - she would have been unrecognizable then.

He snorted, she was hiding from him? It was satisfying to know he wasn't the only person shying away from meeting the other.

He decided to play along and went ahead with Juliet who he just noticed was holding his arm. Where was his mind all this while?

There were a lot of people to talk to, some were members from the gangs wishing him a happy birthday and the others from Sakuzi's family with a few of his friends he has made in this line of business.

It wasn't until he looked at his side that he discovered that Juliet was missing. He wouldn't have bothered about the woman if not that he looked across the garden and saw her with Cecil.

At once his heart raced at the thought of Juliet doing something to her. He knew the woman had feelings for him but had always brushed it away, neither did he tell her he had an interest in Cecil, which honestly wasn't hard for her to find out. He had heard of women's jealousy and hoped to God she wasn't planning anything nasty to Cecil else he would snap her neck - Sakuzi's relative or not.

So he strode over to them asking, "What's going on here?"

He watched Cecil stiffen, why was she so scared of him? Was it a guilty conscience or does she think he would hurt her for rejecting him? He couldn't understand.

"Ahh, thank God you're here, Emerald," Juliet glided over to him and latched herself onto his arm once again. Why was she so clingy tonight? Not that Juliet hadn't always been clingy, but tonight's touchy-feely was excessive.

"Hi Emerald," Cecil finally spoke to him and he couldn't help but notice the way her gaze rested on Juliet's grasp around his arm - there was a furrow on her face. Could this be jealousy?

"Hi Cecil, I'm so glad you're here," He replied and saw a look of surprise flicker in her gaze.

"You're glad?" She seemed unsure.

"Of course, why wouldn't I be?" He was right, she was nervous to meet him because of that confrontation.

"A-ha, I knew it!" Juliet punched the air, disrupting their moment, "You're the woman Emerald invited to base, my daughter Olivia told me about you,"

"Your daughter, Olivia? You're Olivia's mother?" Cecil didn't know how to take this news.

So wait a minute here, If Pedro had fallen in love with Olivia, then this woman called Juliet would be her in-law and happily married to her one-night stand, Emerald.

Wow, this would make an epic movie. The thought of it made her shiver - ThankGod her son was with Isabella.

"It's nice to meet you, Cecil," The woman stretched her hand out for a handshake which made Emerald's brows furrow. He was sure Juliet knew about Cecil, so was this gesture sincere, or was it just an act? He pondered over it.

"I'm Cecil," She took the woman's hand in a handshake wondering if this was a sincere greeting. Perhaps Juliet doesn't know yet that she and Emerald shared a brief history, else she wouldn't be as kind as she was right now - women would do crazy things to keep their love interest.

"We should go," Cecil watched as Emerald grabbed the woman's hand. They were holding hands now? It seems their relationship would be announced before the end of the party tonight.

"No, we should -" Juliet was still saying when he dragged her away.

Cecil laughed inside wryly, Emerald must be nervous Juliet would find out about their past.

The moment they left, Cecil took a deep breath, wondering why her mood plummeted. Maybe, she shouldn't have come to this party and politely dismissed Sakuzi's invitation.

Fine, since she was here, she had to stay to the end even though it no longer interested her, Cecil decided. What she did next was to stay as far away from Emerald, she wouldn't want him to be uncomfortable with her presence.

The party went deeper into the night and Cecil found entertainment at the buffet table. She was just filling her plate with all kinds of food when she heard from behind, "Dance with me,"

Cecil froze, already familiar with that voice. The lady in question turned around slowly and was stunned to see Emerald standing in all his glory with his hand outstretched with the other hand behind his back like a gentleman out of a Disney movie asking the princess for a dance.

Her plate of food slipped from her hand and fell, rousing her from her imagination.

"You want me to dance with you?" She pointed at her chest.

"Yes,"

Her gaze narrowed, "Are you sure? I'm the one you want to dance with?"

She was still asking when Emerald grabbed her hand and pulled her to the cleared space used as the dance floor while the orchestra began a slow, romantic song.

Cecil gulped, noticing that everyone's gaze was on her. Which made her ask, "Urm, Emerald?"

"What?"

"Everyone's staring at us,"

"So?"

"Wouldn't your girlfriend be angry that you're dancing with me?"

"No, because she's not my girlfriend and would never be," He clarified the whole misunderstanding and she was strangely gladdened by it. What the fuck was wrong with her?

Cecil glanced up but that was a huge mistake because Emerald was staring right down at her and the moment their eyes met, she forgot how to breathe. The intensity in those eyes was so smothering her legs became Jelly.

Blushing, she became acutely aware of his hand on her waist and the other caressing her bare arms and causing her brain to go haywire. Cecil couldn't think straight again and it dawned on her at that juncture, she was attracted to him.

*Chapter 382 - Three Hundred And Eighty-two: Karma Is Unfair*

Reina's point of view:

"What are you doing?" Niklaus snuggled up to me on the bed while I busied myself with a video playing on my tablet.

After dealing with the Claire issue yesterday, we had a few more fun- if you understand what I mean- and I decided to get some rest today - I couldn't keep up with this crazy man's stamina. I mean, Niklaus could go on and on all night if I let him. For once I was grateful for the fact that I wasn't a superhuman with great regenerative skills else - I don't even want to imagine it.

"Watching a video as you can see?" I said, barely acknowledging his presence.

"What video?" He asked, burying his face in the crook of my neck when he could find out by watching it. I shivered from the tingles his warm breath was sending but didn't show it - I didn't want to give him the initiative to continue.

"The video Isabella sent to me," I said to him.

This time, Niklaus lifted his head at the mention of his daughter. He glanced at the video then arched his brows at me questioningly.

"Well, I decided to play a little matchmaker between Father and Nadia. Those old people are so in love with each other but they keep letting pride get in their way so I decided to give them a little push,"

"By using our children," He figured out.

I paused the video and propped my head, "I gave them a little work to keep them busy, you know, put their skills into a positive result,"

"And they agreed readily?" he highly doubted that.

"Well..." I pursed my lips, "I might have tricked them a little but not particularly on the matchmaking subject - I promised them a reward for that one"

Niklaus gave me the "Really?" look

"I had to keep them busy and make sure they don't burn the house down. I mean, come on, as if you don't know your children?" I reminded him.

Niklaus gave me a shrug of indifference, "Well, I hope you know what you're doing else you might have them to face when they're back,"

"Fine," I said and returned to my video but Niklaus was quick to bring my face back around to him, "What?" I asked, wondering if he needed something.

But then I should have known what Niklaus needed when he was looking at me like I was something to eat. My husband - I'm getting used to calling him down - leaned down to kiss me but I turned my face away at the last minute and it resulted in a peck on my cheek. I smirked at him victoriously.

But then I shouldn't have done that because Niklaus always had a plan B and he showed forth that flexibility by kissing from my cheeks to my neck, my breath hung in my throat.

"Niklaus," I breathed, trying to move away but all I did was give him more access to my neck and he did good work there.

"Stop," I said, firmer this time. A minute delay was a huge period for Niklaus to finish off his prey. So I sternly placed my hand on his chest saying, "I need to rest,"

He grinned at me, "I can lure you to sleep faster,"

"I need rest not sleep. In case you don't understand me clearly, I should make it clearer: Sleep is to rest in a state of reduced consciousness while rest is any relief from exertion; a state of quiet and relaxation. How does that sound? "

"Gibberish," He zeroed my enthusiasm.

"Seriously?"

"Fine, I get you," He finally conceded, "I'll just hold you closer like a teddy bear," Niklaus cuddled me tighter that I couldn't even turn around - was he even jealous of space itself or what.

"Whatever," I sighed and resumed my video watching. And at first, Niklaus had his eyes closed with a contented smile, but when he heard me giggle, his interest was piqued and in no time, joined me in watching.

Unable to keep down the curiosity anymore, Niklaus asked, "What happened?" seemingly lost on what was going on since he arrived late into the video,

"Nadia called my father a thief," I explained.

"Why?"

"Stil yet to explain the reason, just watch the video Niklaus," I told him and this time, he complied.

"Grandpa, are you a thief?" We watched Neon ask. That boy was so cute.

And yes, he was slower than the others in comprehending the situation - well, everyone had their learning space. The only reason the twins were this smart was because they inherited their father's intelligence and my quick wit - yeah baby, I need some acknowledgment too - plus the environment they grew up in - I made sure to give them the best of education.

"Of course not," my father denied, as usual, I don't even believe him.

"Really?" Nadia gave my father her signature arched brow that spoke of disbelief. Their quibbling was so cute, this should be interesting.

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

Oh now, he knew. But of course, Nadia was a tough, rigid woman and she refused right away.

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

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

"And you said they're divorced?" Niklaus asked me. He too could sense the attraction between them. But then we continued with the video.

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

I scratched my scalp awkwardly, already having an idea where this story was heading to and the cause of it all.

"Fine, I might have cheated that day - I was in some kind of situation - but not stealing. Moreover, I gave you an assurance that the money would be made available to you but you never trusted my words. Perhaps, if you had sat your pretty ass down in your turf,

you wouldn't have met me and got ensnared in a marriage you oh so detest! " there was mockery in father's voice.

The camera shook as Isabella adjusted it, probably to give us a better view. Of course, why wouldn't she want to capture this juicy moment? I better prepare a good reward for them when I return.

"I oh so detest?" Nadia picked on that. Great! My father has done it.

"I gave you my heart, body, and resources, and yet what did you do with it? Stepped on it like it was a piece of filth by cheating on me, huh? No, come on, deny it?"

At that moment, Niklaus's eyes and mine met as if we had something to say but knowing it would result in a debate that might escalate to an argument, we kept mum.

It was father's turn to explain himself.

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

And damn! He was right with that one. Nadia was one prideful woman, she would rather die with her ego intact than die with it scattered.

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

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

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

"Angela!" the woman shouted.

And here it goes.

Isabella must have sensed the thickened tension in the air also

because we heard her mutter,

"Oh boy. Things are about to get ugly,"

I gave Niklaus a long look as if to say, "Like father, like daughter"

And the man in question must have sensed it too because he told me, "Do you want to watch the video in peace or we should do something more useful?"

Uh no, I rest my case. So I quickly snatched my gaze back to the video just in time to hear,

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

Oh yes, of course. How could I forget that day? Father was lucky enough I didn't chase him away from my wedding - the nerve.

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

"Nadia -" Father tried to speak but she wouldn't let him.

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

"She has cancer!" Father screamed it out this time.

I didn't know who shouted "What?!" Me or Nadia because it both came at the sound time.

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

"Oh my God," I gasped, sitting up at once while the rest of the video played on - not like I cared. At the moment, I didn't know how I was feeling. Something was not right, what was going on? Did a bomb just land on my head?

"Reina," I could hear Niklaus' voice but it sounded so distant and there was a tightening feeling in my chest...

"Reina!" Nik came on a little too strong, cupping my face as he said, "You have to calm down, you're hyperventilating right now,"

Everything Niklaus said was gibberish to me. All I knew was that I felt stuffy inside and it was as if the air in the room had thinned so much I had to gasp to inhale one.



"Yes, that's it...." Niklaus guided me, "Long, deep, breath," I followed his instruction and in no time got back to normal.

"I heard something Niklaus," I glanced up at him questioningly as if searching for confirmation. It was almost like a dream to me.

"You heard it right, Reina. It seems your mother has cancer," Niklaus confirmed.

I jumped down from the bed at once, feeling molten anger in my veins, "No, no, no," I shook my head stubbornly, "She can't go like this! It's too easy! Karma is so unfair!"

"Reina," Niklaus embraced me as I broke down in anguished tears.

Why was I even crying?

*Chapter 383 - Three Hundred And Eighty-three: Siblings Don't Kiss*

The third point of view:

"I can't believe they came?" Ailee wrapped her arm around her chest as her twin, Allen, and Neon stared specifically at two kids.

"Who are they?" Neon was curious, staring at the beautiful raven-haired girl making conversations with other kids. If he wasn't mistaken, he could almost say she had hogged all of the kids' attention.

"That's our cousin Grace and Phillip," Allen took it upon himself to answer just as Ailee said,

"More like the legendary two bullies," She sneered.

As expected, the triple trouble was dressed up for the birthday party but they never expected to see their both cousins here.

Though both kids were family, the intense competition between them from birth had strained their relationship.

Their grandfather Sakuzi had three kids from his wife, Nadia, out of which one called Maxwell- you know the history well - was dead. The rest was the eldest called Finley and the third - since Maxwell was the second son - called Victor.

Their cousin Grace was twelve years and the eldest daughter of Fin, the eldest son of Sakuzi and possible heir to the Falcon Gang, hence the reason the airhead was so arrogant and audacious. She had another sibling called Charlie but he was only two years old and could not make it to the party tonight.

Philip was Victor's only child and son at the moment and he was eleven years old. Perhaps the fact that he and Grace were almost in the same age bracket, they clicked well. Just like they said, birds of the same feather flock together, there was no difference in their character.

Although Reina was only their half-sibling, Fin and Victor acknowledged her and worked well with her, but the same couldn't be said for their kids.

The twins and their cousins were like fire and ice; they disliked each other to the core. Perhaps, that had to do with the fact that the twins were exceptionally gifted from birth and the fact it was no secret that Sakuzi favored them more than the others.

Since her father Fin would be the inheritor of their gang, Grace was naturally pompous and loathed the siblings because of their talents. It wasn't that she wasn't gifted, but everything she did, the twins always found a way to do it ten times better and that exasperated her so much. She was the firstborn and supposed to be greater than the others, moreover, those peeps were not even her real cousins. Who gave them the right to flex with her grandfather's riches.

Phillip also shared the same ideology, the twin's mother was just his father's half-sister. What right do Allen and Ailee have to compete with them?

Hence that thought drove them into loathing the kids, not that the twins cared. As much as the cousins hated them, they couldn't lay their hands on them in fear of incurring their grandfather's wrath. So they could only look for subtle ways to torment them.

Just like now, the cousins had successfully stolen the attention the other kids had been giving them. Although this was supposed to be a small party, some of the gang members had brought over their family - everyone wanted to make an impression on Emerald, the second in command to Sakuzi. It was a rare and big honor.

"As if this would faze us," The twins saw through their plan. Grace was a big show-off and knowing that she took the spotlight off them would thrill her to the moon.

"She's pretty," Neon blurted out, staring at the girl with a dreamlike fascination.

"What did you just say?" Ailee glared daggers at him.

Neon gulped, shivers running down his spine. It looked as if Ailee wanted to kill him - Thank God she couldn't shoot out lasers from her eyes. But then, why did he do wrong?

"Nothing," He replied abruptly.

"Good and it better remain that way," She warned yet murmured underneath her breath, "Beautiful my butt. What was so pretty about that blackhearted witch anyway?"

"Here comes the witch and her escort," Allen informed her.

At that announcement, Ailee stood with her head held up proudly. She might be a kid but her pride was on the line here, especially against a fellow girl.

"Aww, here are my adorable cousins," Grace said in a singsong as she came into view.

"Yeah, as adorable as chipmunks," simpered Phillip who was by her side and both burst into laughter.

However, the twins watched both stupid cousins with a poker face they inevitably inherited from their father, Niklaus.

"Philip," Allen began, "I see you still don't mind being Grace's servant,"

"What?" Phillip went red in the face and stepped forward to hit him but Grace held him back.

"Remember Grandfather," She muttered into his ear and the boy had no choice but to bury the grievance in his heart. As much as their grandfather loved them, he exceptionally doted on the twins.

"Aww," Ailee began this time, "Gracey, I still can't believe you still act like his mother hen,"

Grace who had been holding back Phillip hissed at her and if her eyes were bullet, she would have shot the girl down.

This time, Neon couldn't control it anymore and he broke into a peal of laughter and as well, attracting Grace's attention.

"Who's this one?" She looked Neon over as if he was a filthy rag and turned to the twins with a smirk, "Don't tell me your mother got you another pet?" she insulted him.

"Pet?!" Neon was mortified by her comment and stepped towards Grace with confidence fueled by adrenaline.

However, the moment the boy glanced up, straining his neck just to meet her gaze, he realized he was like a rat in front of a lion, and the earlier confidence dissolved as fast as a fart from a person's butt.

"Hi, I'm Neon," He stretched out his hand instead, and the twins who had been egging him on groaned and facepalmed mentally. For God's sake it was Neon, what had they been expecting?

Grace snorted, shooting him a look of disdain, "I'm sorry but I don't shake hands with a lowlife,"

At that snide remark, Philip burst into mocking laughter that made Neon wish the ground would open up and swallow him up.

"My eyes have been infected by these lowlives and I need to cleanse it, so let's find somewhere better to look," Grace said to Philip, and together, both cousins left, but not without laughing at the twins one final time.

"She's a witch!" Neon stomped his feet as soon as they were out of sight.

"And you were so brave," Allen pointed out sarcastically.

"Give him a break," Ailee told her brother.

"Whatever," Allen rolled his eyes and left the both of them, his mood had taken a plunge.

"Allen is angry at me," Neon noticed and that made his heart sink.

"He's not angry at you but the witch and her acolyte Phillip. He's just taking out his aggression on you," She added, "Seriously, don't mind him,"

However, that did little to lift the boy's spirit.

"You know what?" An idea suddenly crossed her mind as she stared at the couples dancing on the dance floor.

"What?"

"We should go dance," she suggested with a smile.

"What?!" The boy was surprised.

"I read somewhere that dancing is therapy for a bad mood," Ailee said to him, thrilled at the idea.

"But I don't know how to dance,"

"Don't worry," Ailee assured him, "We'd just do whatever the adults do," She told him, grabbed his hand, and began to pull to the dance floor already.

"Alright, here we are," Ailee muttered, getting the both of them into position while observing a couple dancing beside them, "Your hand goes to my waist and the other interlocks my other hand,"

For some reason, Neon frowned, why do people have to go through this odd pose just to dance. However, the boy didn't complain and in no time began to sway to the music as the others did.

Ailee gave him a warm I - got - you - covered smile as they danced in silence. However, it got to a time when the couple in front of them suddenly kissed and the boy's eyes widened.

"Are we supposed to do that too?" Neon gulped, pointing to the couples locked in a kiss. Wasn't that eww?

"Of course not!" Ailee was abashed by his comment.

"But you said we're going to do whatever the adults do," He pointed out.

"Except that. You're my brother Neon and siblings don't kiss like that," She preached, hoping it gets into that dumb head of his.

"I'm not your brother though," the boy murmured.

"What did you say?" Ailee asked, having not heard him clearly

"Nothing," Neon said rather quickly.

"Well, if you say so," Ailee didn't press him further as both continued their dance.

However, unknown to Ailee, her cousins Grace and Phillip had emerged on the dance floor because of them and were with evil intentions.

So while they were dancing, Grace intentionally danced closer to them and Philip stuck out a leg and tripped Neon. The boy helplessly lost his footing and fell, bringing Ailee down with them.

Though people didn't mean to laugh, the scene was so funny that they had a good laugh before realizing how wrong they were. However, the deed has been done, Neon ran out of there embarrassed.

"Neon!" Ailee called after him but the boy didn't even look back.

Infuriated, Ailee stomped over to her brother who surprisingly, didn't find Neon's fall funny.

"I'm done being nice," she announced, chest-heaving.

Allen smirked, "I was wondering when you were going to say that," an idea already forming in his head.

*Chapter 384 - Three Hundred And Eighty-four: Revenge Does Sting*

The third point of view:

Even though the dance began just a few minutes ago, it felt like forever to Cecil. Her throat constricted as she came to a startling realization, she was attracted to him?!

At that moment, it was as if the other dancers had faded into the background and it was just her and Emerald. Her heart was pounding against her chest as he stared straight into her eyes, it was almost as if he could see right through her soul.

But as usual, she chickened out and tried to withdraw but the man held on tight to her waist.

"Emerald," She breathed, her heart beating a million miles an hour.

She was attracted to him? No that was impossible, she had no feeling whatsoever for this man? Sure the unpredictable circumstances with him in the past had made her escape Fernandez's evil plan unintentionally, that doesn't mean she should thank him for using her.

Cecil could not exactly say she hated him, but she didn't love him either and wanted it to stay that way. Both of them together was impossible! Inconceivable! He wasn't even her type! Sorry, what was her type again?

"What is it?" Emerald asked without as much expression.

Maybe she was the one making a big deal out of this? Emerald here looked cool and unaffected, nor was there a sign over her head announcing her attraction for him. Moreover, attraction doesn't mean she has feelings for him; she just found him sexually appealing.

Moreover, attractions never last - she has nothing to worry about. So she just had to be cool about it and in no time, this stupid dance would be over.

"It's nothing," Cecil said immediately.

"Nothing?"

She saw the look of doubt on his face and answered, "Your grasp was tight so I was trying to ease myself a bit," Cecil lied through her teeth.

"Oh, I'm sorry about that," said Emerald.

However, she wasn't so sure if he was truly sorry because even though he said so, he did not attempt to release her.

After that short discussion, an awkward silence fell upon them once again. For once, Cecil was grateful for his height because it meant that she couldn't glance over his shoulder but hide her face on his chest. Also, she couldn't and didn't want to know what the crowd was thinking about the both of them right now.

"You look beautiful tonight," Emerald whispered into her ears and she shivered. That husky voice of his had gone through her and shook her very entrails. It made her look up again and of course, she regretted it as well.

The way he was staring down at her made her very scared. The gentleness and loving tenderness in that gaze made her highly uncomfortable. It was almost as if he was opening up to her.

"You clean up good too," Cecil couldn't believe she could still find her voice - not that it was that loud anyway.

But of course, her tongue had to lead her into trouble because she found herself saying, "Your makeup artist did a good job but she shouldn't have hidden your scar,"

Oh great, she has done it.

One of the reasons Cecil had been shocked earlier by Emerald's appearance was the fact that the scar on his face disappeared. However, she knew it had been done with the use of makeup.

But right now, his unreadable expression scared her.

"I'm sorry," She quickly said, "I shouldn't have said such unreasonable and insensitive -"

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Huh?" Cecil blinked.

"Why do you think she shouldn't have hidden the scar?" Emerald asked, staring her straight in the eyes.

"Well..." Cecil found out she couldn't tear her eyes away from him, his gaze was as well daring her not to.

"Well?"

"You remind me of Zuko,"

"Zuko?" The man was confused.

"There was this cartoon my son Pedro was once obsessed with and it had this prince who had this scar on his face. He had refused to fight his father who then burned his face, scarring him over his left eye, and sent him into exile,"

"So you think I shouldn't have hidden my scar because it reminded you of a cartoon character?" Emerald was surprisingly more amused than angry.

"Well, not really that,"

"What then?" He pressed, determined to hear her reason.

"The scar is part of you and shouldn't be hidden. Even if people detest it, it's evidence of your fight and the fact that you're a survivor.... " she preached on and on.

This time, Emerald fixed his eyes on her intrigued. He didn't interrupt her, letting her speak her mind freely.

"Moreover," She blurted out, " I think it looks good on you...." Cecil faltered when she realized what she just said. And of course, he didn't let go of that.

"It looks good on me?" he asked, staring into her eyes as if he was searching for assurance.

By now, Cecil should have run away as usual but this was his birthday party, and feeling guilty that she had nothing for him, she decided to go out of line just a little.

"Yeah, it's good on you," She acquiesced, yet wondered why her heart was thudding against her chest. It was just a compliment, nothing else.

"You think so?"

As if to confirm her speech, Cecil lifted her hand and began to trace the spot where the scar had been hidden with layers of makeup.

"Yeah, you're a handsome man Emerald," she offered him a warm smile, still tracing his face. She should have stopped already but his skin was softer than she thought.

"Handsome enough for you to fall for me?" Emerald said out of nowhere and her hand which was just about to go tuck away his hair from his face froze in the air.

Cecil's eyes flew open, "E-emerald," She laughed, "You're so funny," and hit him playfully on the chest.

But to her surprise, he grabbed that hand and drew her closer to his body till they were touching skin to skin. That was when it dawned on her that he hadn't been joking.



"I see the way you look at me - those longing in your eyes. Why don't you admit you feel something for me?" Emerald growled into her ears.

"You saw wrong?" Cecil was mortified to recognize that doubtful voice as hers, yet she pressed on, "I don't have any romantic feelings for you, and please could we speak about this privately?" her eyes darted around, and thankfully people hadn't noticed there was trouble in paradise.

"Why privately? So you could run away like a coward as always?"

"Ouch," She pointed out the sting in his tone.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way," he tried to apologize but she's had enough.

"No, you did mean it," She nodded, "And the funny part of it is that you're right, I'm a coward,"

"Cecil," his gaze softened.

"I'm a coward but I know better than to get my heart broken again. The both of us? We just won't work because we come from two different worlds that would explode when they come together," she said.

"No, you don't what you're saying,"

"Can you let go of me please? I'm kind of embarrassed right now and I really, really, need to bury my face in a pillow right now," she tried releasing her wrist that Emerald held tight.

"Cecil,"

"Emerald please, I beg of you," her voice was strained and tears were threatening to spill from her eyes.

Unable to stand that pitiful expression, Emerald had no choice but to let her go and he noticed how relieved she was after that. Did she think he would refuse her? He wasn't that unreasonable.

"Happy birthday Emerald," was all she said and fled away from the scene - from him.

"You pushed too hard," Juliet popped out of nowhere and he bet she had heard everything.

"Don't say a word," He warned and took his leave.

Meanwhile, far from them were a pair of cousins having the time of their life when their two other unneeded cousins marched up to them, furious.

"What you did was not fine at all!" Ailee boomed at her. Some of the adults who saw what was happening didn't interfere, waving it away as children's scuffle.

"Aww, you're here to cry over your pet," Grace made a snide remark while sipping her juice at the same time.

"No, we're here to tell you how much of a bitch you are," Allen said this time.

"Oops," Philip smirked, "I'm sure your mother wouldn't be thrilled to know that her lovely children have learned how to swear,"

"No, she won't be thrilled," Ailee admitted, stepping closer to Philip, "But I'm sure she'd be more delighted to know that we used them on two specific idiots,"

"You two!" Grace hissed through her teeth, making sure not to attract unnecessary attention, and said to the twins, "You both don't belong here and if you know what's right for you, leave right away and take your 'mother' with you," she spoke with heavy sarcasm.

Allen stepped closer to Grace, saying challengingly, "We'd see about that," then he turned to his sister who also staring down Philip, "Let's go, Ailee,"

He took his sister's hand and both strode away. However, when they were out of hearing, Allen asked her, "Did you put it on him?"

"Of course, What did you take me for?" she flashed her pearly white teeth, "What about you?" She asked.

"Of course I did, and she didn't even notice a thing. All we have to do now is wait," the boy said and led her sister to a perfectly hidden spot in the garden where they could capture the cousins perfectly.

In one word, they had dropped fire ants on both their cousins while acting angry. Grace and Phillip bullying Neon and calling their mother names had made it personal. The kids were out for war.

"It's time already, but nothing is happening. Did you think the ant hadn't fallen off or did they sense our plan and swatted it away," Ailee become worried when nothing happened for a long time?

"Shhh," Allen silenced her, "Have a little faith, sister "

And almost immediately as if Allen premeditated it, there was a shriek from Grace, which was promptly followed by Philip's, both screamed like banshees and before anyone could stop them, they stripped out of their clothes just to find the ant while the kids giggled by the side, recording the whole thing.

Though the twins knew they would be punished for this, the vengeance was far more satisfying. Revenge does sting.

*Chapter 385 - Three Hundred And Eighty-five: Trouble In Paradise*

The third point of view:

"No, Reina listen," Niklaus went after his wife who was hell-bent on avoiding him.

"No, don't say it!" She lifted her hand to signal the end of the discussion.

"Seriously, listen to me for once!" he yelled at her.

Niklaus couldn't even believe that they were having a fight on their honeymoon.

"No, just shut it, okay?" Reina said quite harshly, not that she cared anyway at that moment. She was so furious her body was vibrating with emotion.

"Why are you so damn stubborn! Listen to me for once for Christ's sake!"

"If you're going to ramble on and on about the need for me to return home, then save it! I will not abandon my honeymoon to see her period!" She finalized.

After they had watched that video of Sakuzi confessing to the fact that her so-called mother had cancer, Niklaus had, of course, automatically taken Angela's side.

"Your mother is dying! "

"She is not my mother!" Reina gave Niklaus a warning growl. There was trouble in paradise already.

"Oh yes, she is!" Niklaus stood his ground.

"Say that again Niklaus and I'll punch you right in the face!"

"Even if you deny it a million times, there's no denying that Angela is your mother -" Niklaus was still saying when she cut him off with a punch to his face. He really didn't know she would do that.

"Don't. Call. Her. My. Mother!" she spat out, "Because she is not! Niklaus, you of all people know what I went through in her hand! You of all people should understand my

pain! You saw it all! Then you should understand me! You should be on my side, not hers!" She yelled at him.

"I am on your side!"

"No, you're not!" She told him, "If you're really on my side, you wouldn't be taking her side!"

"Reina, stop being childish here! I know what your mother did to you over the years is unacceptable and abusive, but she's trying to make peace with you before she dies. I would have even forgiven my father Adam if he had such a change of heart, Reina!"

"No, she doesn't have a change of heart, Angela just doesn't want to go to hell,"

"What?" Niklaus was confused.

"Angela was brought up in a strict Christian home by my grandmother and though she hardly goes to church anymore - thanks to her work - she still believes their doctrines and I bet right now, she's reviewing her life choices and checking for sins that might drag her to the fiery pit of hell, "

Reina recalled Grandma had been a strict churchgoer when she had been alive since the old woman normally took her there when she was a kid and though Angela had forgotten all about the church, the teachings still stayed with her.

"Doesn't this mean she's dead serious about gaining your forgiveness then?" Niklaus said to her.

"I can't believe you," Reina spoke through gritted teeth and with a warning gaze, headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" Niklaus followed after her.

"Don't follow me!" She turned and hissed at him, "Trust me, you're going to regret it,"

Niklaus' gaze softened, "Maya... " He called her by that name and that did it. She slammed the door at his face and strode away.

"God damn it!" Niklaus cursed out loud kicking the air before threading his hand through his hair, pulling his scalp hard.

He knew Angela was a sensitive topic for his wife but then this was a life and death issue. Angela did her wrong, yes, but in the end, blood was blood, and the fact the woman had already reached out first was enough reason for Reina to listen.

If his own father Adam had atoned for his sins in the end, though it would be hard but not impossible, Niklaus was sure he would forgive him - especially if he had a few days to live.

"She doesn't understand what would happen if Angela dies without them reconciling," Niklaus muttered to an empty room.

The guilt would plunge her for a long time. He knew Reina like the back of his hand, she might appear to be tough, but in reality, her heart was as soft as jelly, however, that doesn't mean she would allow anyone to step over her without retaliation.

As far as she's the same Maya he knew, she would surely regret it. One can only make changes while they're still alive and he had to reconcile both mother and daughter - it was time to end the feud.

Niklaus didn't go in search of his wife immediately, he gave her time to cool off - that blow she gave him was still fresh in his memory - and only went for her after two hours. Finding out about her location wasn't hard since he was able to track her down effortlessly.

Well, Reina doesn't know this but Niklaus planted a tracker in her wedding ring. Yes, he knew it was completely wrong but then, his wife had a knack for attracting trouble so he had to make sure she was within his watchful range.

He could have bugged her phone but it felt completely wrong and there were ninety percent higher chances of her finding out. Also, once a phone was switched off, the tracker wouldn't work efficiently so this was much better.

Niklaus was honestly surprised when he tracked her down to the hotel's rooftop; he had expected her to be in a bar or something. But as usual, she had a bottle by her side and was drinking from it.

He came to stand beside her and when she made no effort to yell at him like earlier, he took that as a signal that she had calmed down and sat on the floor cross-legged.

"How did you find me? This is the last place you'd thought of me coming,"

Niklaus gulped, he couldn't possibly tell her he bugged her in this tense atmosphere, so he lied as usual.

"I went through the hotel's footage,"

"I avoided them," Reina said, turning to look at him this time, "How did you find me then?"

"You didn't avoid one well enough," He replied with an expressionless face knowing she could read him well.

As expected, Reina raised a skeptical brow.

"Are you doubting my skills?" He asked.

"Whatever," She rolled her eyes and was just about to take a swing from the bottle when Niklaus snatched it from her.

"That's enough," He kept it far away from her.

"Why don't you leave me alone if you're going to be a party pooper," Reina groaned.

"You can't keep drowning out your problems with drinks,"

"Trust me, that woman is hardly my problem,"

"Liar,"

"You keep annoying me, don't make me divorce you," She threatened.

"Ha!" Niklaus scoffed, throwing back his head in sheer mockery, "Why don't you try? I'll just keep you locked up in my bedroom,"

Reina gave him a dirty look, "That's the only way you can think of keeping me by your side?" she added, "I'll simply kill you in your sleep,"

Niklaus chortled, saying suggestively, "As if we'd be doing any sleeping,"

At that comment, their eyes met and held, the sexual tension between them crackling like lightning in the sky.

"Of course, that's all you're able to think about, pervert," She teased him and a grin stretched his lips.

However, after that, a weird silence fell upon them once again, and both chose to remain silent until Niklaus gave out an exasperated sigh and turned to her.

"You can punch me all you want but that would not stop me from telling you to go visit your mother, Reina," He said boldly.

"Don't ruin this moment, Niklaus," she sighed, exhausted.

However, Niklaus didn't give up. He took his wife's face in his palm, "I didn't say you should forgive her, just pay her a visit please," He begged her.

Reina took a huge gulp and he saw how difficult it was for her to make that decision, he couldn't blame her. His wife never had a happy childhood which was no surprise she spoiled her kids, the twins; she wanted them to have the best childhood memory.

Angela had taken away the most precious gift she could ever give to a child and Reina had looked forward to seeing her getting punished for that. Sadly, life doesn't always give us what we want.

"Fine, I'll do that but don't have high expectations. Also, I'm not leaving here today," she stated with all manner of seriousness.

"Alright, we would do as you said," Niklaus said, flashing her one of his world's sexiest smiles that made her heart rate increase.

However, Reina felt a tight constriction in her throat when she saw the slight bruising on his face caused by her blow earlier.

"And I'm sorry for hurting you," She apologized, "I don't know what came over me and I -"

"It's okay," Niklaus assured her, but she didn't accept that.

"No, it's not alright. I have no right to hurt you and I promise never to do so again no matter what happens as long as I live," She swore.

Niklaus huffed, why was she so serious? However, the man already had an idea forming in his head.

"Fine, if you feel so sorry then you can kiss it better,"

"What?" Reina was startled by the sudden request.

"You heard me right, kiss it better," He had a smirk on.

"Fine," Reina acquiesced even though she knew this was one of his plans.

Without hesitation, she leaned closer and bent her head to kiss him there, already having a feeling he would turn his head and the kiss would land on his lips. But alas, that was not the case which was strange.

But then, Niklaus showed his real color sooner.

"What?" Reina asked when she saw him pointing to his lips.

"There too," He tapped his pouty lips.

"But I didn't punch you there," She argued.

"Yes, you didn't but the pain transferred there and now I need a healing kiss," He claimed.

"Tsk, tsk," Reina clicked her tongue. How could a grown man behave so shamelessly? Yet she still kissed him there and her sly husband took advantage of the opportunity.

\*Imagine the next scene, wink wink \*

*Chapter 386 - Three Hundred And Eighty-six: His Lover*

The third point of view:

Emerald's party was pretty much over after the stunt the kids pulled. Grace and Phillip had stripped down to everyone's horror as they ran around the garden like people who had lost their sanity.

Cecil didn't wait to see what happened afterward since she took that opportunity to leave. Her emotions had been one hell of a roller-coaster ride throughout today. It wasn't exactly thrilling to know she had caught feelings for a stranger she had blamed for her misfortune for eighteen good years. It was absolutely ridiculous.

And right now, she was turning and tossing in bed without sleep catching her. What in the world was wrong with her? Why was she dwelling on Emerald too much?

Thank God she was leaving tomorrow. Perhaps, it was because of the fact they were in the same house that his presence kept on troubling her. Once the distance sets in, his existence would remain only as a memory to her. Yeah, that was it, everything would be better tomorrow morning.

Reaching out for the tumbler on her bedside, Cecil was baffled to find out that there was no water in it. She looked towards the jar, there was no water in it either. Wait a minute, had she finished a liter of water that quickly.

With an exasperated sigh, Cecil tossed the sheet aside, slipped on her flip flop, and got to her feet. She needed water.

The reason Cecil had filled the jar with water was so she doesn't go wandering this large house in search of water in the middle of the night, but her plan wasn't successful. She located one of the many refrigerators in this large dining room and filled her glass.

Closing the fridge, a shriek escaped her mouth when she saw someone appear out of nowhere.



"Seriously, what was that for?" She had a hand to her chest, glaring at the woman who had scared her.

"Sorry," Juliet said, but her chuckle told Cecil she wasn't apologetic at all.

Without another word to her, Cecil took her water jar to the table and poured herself a drink. She was in the middle of downing the whole liquid when she felt a presence towards her and knew without a doubt that it was Juliet.

For some reason, Cecil didn't like her and it wasn't just because she was throwing herself at Emerald earlier and no, this had nothing to do with Emerald or jealousy. She simply doesn't like ladies who cling to a man that doesn't want them - like have some respect, girl.?Well, how does she know Emerald doesn't want her? He has a first love, remember?

"Having a hard time sleeping?" Juliet came to stand beside her.

"I'm fine," Cecil replied coldly, hoping that would send her away, but the woman must be dumb to not comprehend her evasive approach.

"I can't sleep too," She answered as if she saw through her lie.

"Well, if you can't sleep, you can find your lover to help you with that," Cecil spat out and instantly regretted it. She didn't mean to say that, it had slipped out of her mouth.

"My lover?" The woman's brow raised questioningly.

Cecil sighed and dropped her glass and she faced the woman, saying, "Listen, I get that you're uncomfortable with my presence here, but you should know that I wish you the best in your pursuit of Emerald's heart. Whatever happened between him and I is in the past and we wouldn't have met currently if the world hadn't been such a small place. So aside from his first love, I wish you the best in capturing his heart," she stated, feeling a stab in her heart at her last comment.

"Excuse me?" Juliet's confusion only grew.

"You heard me right, I'm not jealous of your determination to win him over. But I think you're trying too hard for a man who doesn't like you -"

"Then you, who he loves, why do you keep him waiting? You're obviously not falling asleep either and just as you said to me, your lover could very well help you sleep, why then aren't you with him?" Juliet spoke up this time.

"Huh?" Cecil's brows narrowed in confusion. However when she understood what the woman was insinuating, she decided to clear up the misunderstanding.

"Excuse me, but I think you're mistaken here but I'm not Emerald's lover..... and would never be" and why was there a slight hesitation in her tone?

"You're not? That's impossible, aren't you his first love?" Juliet asked with a trace of confusion.

Unfortunately, Cecil was confused too, "What are you talking about?"

"Listen here," Juliet told her, running her tongue over her lips while her hand thread through her hair out of bewilderment, "Everything I have done today was an act - I did it to make you jealous. However, that doesn't mean I have no feelings for Emerald and only decided to give you a chance because I heard from Sakuzi that you're his first love,"

"What?" Cecil was still trying to comprehend the whole craziness as Juliet went on.

"But it seems you're not quite grateful for this huge sacrifice, which is why by tomorrow I'm taking it back," Juliet took a step closer so their eyes were meeting even though Cecil was two inches or so taller than her. It was not that noticeable.

"Tonight is your last chance, or you can forget all about Emerald from tomorrow henceforth. I've respected what you both shared for a while now, but I'm not hesitating this time around. So Good luck tonight," Juliet made her point known and left while Cecil stood stupefied. What just happened?

She was Emerald's first love? No, that was impossible! She and the man had only met that day in that club and had a one-night stand. One night stands don't have feelings for their partner but move on with their life as if it was nothing - that was the whole point of it.

Also, why did it look like Juliet was issuing a challenge to her? She would take over Emerald's heart from tomorrow? What the heck was going on here? She didn't even have anything to do with Emerald from day one.

Still shaken from the confession, Cecil found her way back to her room. She dismissed Juliet's threats aside and laid back down on her bed. Emerald and she were not a couple,?and perhaps, this was a perfect opportunity to show it. Once the day breaks, she is out of here, out of his life and Juliet would have the chance she was so desperate for.

With that thought in mind, Cecil closed her eyes and tried to sleep - which was a futile attempt. Each time she closed her eyes, all she could see was a picturesque scene of Emerald and Juliet smiling as newlyweds.

"Ugh!" Cecil groaned, throwing the sheet away and thanking God for the fact she slept alone. Why was she disturbed? Emerald was nobody to her! Maybe it was because of the fact there were rumors of her being his first love?

"Fine," She got down from her bed once again. But this time, she was heading somewhere with determination. Looking at the clock, it was twelve-thirty in the night and she was pretty sure he was still awake because she could make out party songs from the garden.

Though the birthday celebration was over, some of the gang members had taken that opportunity to party hard and get wasted - it seems they don't get much of that opportunity around here.

Cecil trudged through the garden yet she couldn't find him. She asked one of the men who could talk without slurring and found out that the man in question had retired to his room not long ago.

Thanking him and avoiding some drunk staggering fools, Cecil made her way to Emerald's quarters with her heart pounding against her chest. She had run out of this place earlier today and here she was once going again.

What was she even going to say to him? Ask him about the first love of a thing? Yeah, right. She had to ask him about it tonight, else she loses her courage tomorrow.

So with a shaky breath, Cecil knocked on the door just once and realized how stupid she was. What if he was sleeping and she just woke him? Besides, why make a big deal out of a baseless rumor? Gosh, she was so stupid.

Facepalming, she thanked the lord she had not knocked loudly and turned to leave when the door clicked open. Oh no.

Cecil's jaw dropped to the ground when she saw Emerald open the door with one hand while the other was supporting his phone as he was in the middle of a call.

Her gaze roved over him; his hair was wet from the shower and droplets of water dripped onto his chest, watching intently as one trailed down his hard muscles to the fine hairs on his stomach which finally soaked into his briefs... briefs?!!

Cecil's eyes almost fell out from the socket when she saw the bulge... oh my God.... Blood rushed to her face and she glanced up only for her eyes to connect with Emerald's.

Oh God, she was in trouble.

*Chapter 387 - Three Hundred And Eighty-seven: Do To Me What You Want To Do*

The third point of view:

"What is it?" Emerald's deep male voice awakened her from her reverie. He ended the call to tend to her, having a feeling this was important, else she wouldn't come to his place by one in the night, right?

Yeah, what is it? What exactly did she come here to do?

"M-may I come in?" she couldn't believe she was stuttering. Cecil felt a patch of dryness in her throat and with the way her heart was pounding, it was as if she wanted to have a heart attack.

"Fine, you can come in, but I'm not decent - that's one on you," He said, moving to the side to let her in.

Cecil sucked in a sharp breath as she passed him, the scent of the perfumed soap he had used in the shower wafting into her nose. It smelled manly yet with a trace of loveliness, and it was making her head swirl. Cecil had never felt this heightened around him - the feeling scared her.

"What do you want?" Emerald asked, and at the same time banged the door close which made her almost jump out of her skin. She was intensely aware of the fact it was just the two of them in a room with him wearing just a brief with the rest of his masculinity bared to her. Maybe she should have just waited for him to make himself decent.

"I er..." Cecil scratched the back of her head, "What was she going to say with him staring at her like that. She felt a sudden fear overwhelm her when she realized the reason for coming here had completely escaped her mind. What was he going to think of her now?"

"Cecil?" Emerald asked one more, face scrunched up in confusion.

"I met your woman out here," she blurted out. Good going. Just great!

His brow arched questioningly

"Juliet,"

He scowled, "I told you she's not my woman,"

"But she likes you,"

"So?"

"Give her a chance," Cecil said the first thing she thought of, even though the tightening feeling in her chest was back. Why does it feel like she was speaking the opposite of what she meant?

"If this is what you came here to say then I'll advise you to kindly leave," He gestured to the door, "It's this way,"

"Juliet likes you and she seems to have this idea that I'm your first love - which is kind of stupid. I've said it's impossible but she doesn't believe me and -"

"Yeah, she doesn't believe you because it's true," Emerald said.

"Alright... wait, what?!" Cecil's jaw dropped at once as soon as she fully comprehended what he just said. She glanced up at the man and the affection in his gaze made her heart miss a beat. No way.

"I've loved you for years even though it sounds pretty cheesy and stupid and I know you wouldn't believe me even if I told you that I never meant to leave you after that night," He revealed to the thunderstruck Cecil.

When she had heard that from Juliet, it sounded ridiculous and didn't have the same shocking effect as now she was hearing it from the horse's mouth. It was impossible. There was no way he meant that right? Perhaps, he was pulling her leg and would yell "April fool" afterward - even though it wasn't April - right?

Emerald conclusively clapped his hand, "Well.... since you know that now, you should take your leave,"

"What?" Cecil was dazed when he grabbed her hand, intending to send her away.

"Wait, stop!" She pushed against his chest. Everything was happening too quickly she needed to find a balance.

"You need to leave,"

"Why?" Cecil looked him straight in the eye challengingly. She was tired of all the riddles and games.

"This is why?" Emerald said, pulled her to him in one clean swoop, and took her lips in a kiss.

It was all a blur that when Cecil's brain picked up on what was going on, Emerald had caged her in his arms. She could push him away like always and reclaim her freedom, but she didn't this time. She was tired of running and embraced all the feelings.

His lips weren't gentle on her, they were devouring and hurried as if he had been anticipating tasting her for a long time. Cecil felt a thrill she had never experienced before - not even with Fernandez. It was as if her heart wanted this, like she had found the piece she had been searching for.

She pressed herself against him till there was no more space between them, immersed in this unfamiliar territory. Her hand ran through his hair, reliving once more his silky texture, and had just run her hand on his abs when he pulled away suddenly.

"What is it? Why did you stop?" Cecil asked, her breathing was thick, and she had a heavy sense of dissatisfaction. It was almost like having a taste of sugar only for it to be taken away almost immediately.

"You're not ready for this," He replied gruffly, ready to send her out of the room.

"Wait, you don't know what you're saying!" She stood in the way of the door defensively. What was she even doing?

"What I want to do to you, I won't be able to stop once I begin so you should do yourself the favor by leaving now,"

"What do you want to do to me?" Cecil found herself asking. She couldn't explain it but she had this burst of confidence from out of nowhere.

Emerald's eyes flickered and darkened, causing her breath to hitch when he stepped forward, hovering over her.

"I want to kiss you, run my lips and taste those luscious lips of yours, then find your tongue and curl it around mine. While we kiss, I'll touch you in places you never thought had feelings too, and then while you moan my name, I will enter you. This time, you wouldn't just moan, you'd scream my name with careless abandon as I fuck out your brain, " He said into her ears, causing her to shiver.

Cecil suddenly felt her center throb, she was aroused to her greatest shock. This was the first time someone had made her horny with words alone and she knew he meant every single word of it.

"So woman, you should run now while you have the chance. I'm tired of your teasing," Emerald warned and turned around, knowing she'd escape as usual.

Cecil's survival instinct kicked in, recognizing Emerald as a danger to the protective barriers she had built around herself over the years. Her legs wanted to take her out of here but she willed them to stop. How long was she going to run? How long would she detest the touch of a man? Was she planning to die old alone? No, this was time to end this phobia and she believed this man here would help her achieve her goal.

"I am not going to leave," Cecil said decisively.

Emerald swore out loud, his control was just hanging on a thread and he would not have her push it further when he knew she would do nothing about it.

He turned to her, "You should leave,"

"No, I'm not," Cecil stood her ground, "I cannot keep on running always. It's time I put an end to my cowardice,"

He snorted, "Nice speech, but I'm not ready for a cold shower," and was just about to move her out of the room by himself when Cecil suddenly reached for the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head, her tilt bouncing from the move.

Emerald froze, shock reverberating deep inside of him. What just happened? His eyes were so wide that saucers could not even be compared to the sheer size of it.

"I'm done being a coward," Cecil took a cautious step towards him; she was uncertain if he'd appreciate this move yet.

When he didn't take his eyes off her, she gained confidence and walked over to him. She stood before him, making sure to rub her breast against his bare chest, and was relieved to feel him tense. He was affected too, even though his expressionless face was saying otherwise.

"Do to me what you plan to do to me," She stood on tiptoe and kissed him on the lips.

Cecil was unsure of what to do next, she was just following what she knew from experience. However, her morale depleted rather quickly when she had no response from Emerald and was just about to pull away when he stopped her.

His hands came around her waist like an impregnable wall, smashing her flush against his chest while his lips sought hers. Her body trembled with pleasure when his lips moved against hers, sucking her essence.

She gasped as he pulled her up and by instinct, wrapped her legs around him. Cecil shivered when her core rubbed against the noticeable bulge and she was about to say something when his lips covered hers once again.

He was gentle yet passionate, nearing driving her to the edge. This wasn't what she bargained for - it was more than it - and now, she didn't know if she could keep up with his space.

She moaned as he deepened the kiss, their tongue intertwining with each other's while grinding against him. However, Cecil was shocked by his strength, how could he still carry her without being supported by anything?

They pulled away for air just as Emerald's darkened gaze flickered down to her breast pressed tightly against his chest.

Cecil gulped just as he asked, "May I?"

*Chapter 388 - Three Hundred And Eighty-eight: Something Like Never Before*

The third point of view:

A strong arm had held her like this before. However, there was a difference now. The previous arm had betrayed and used her in the worst possible way and when he was about to reap the fruit of his sly effort, the other arm destroyed his hard work. And it was in that arm that she was right now.

"May I? "

Cecil was honestly surprised when he asked for permission to touch her, she had been expecting him to just go ahead and have his way while she fights against the urge to run off. But right now, she calmed down, as if her body was finally recognizing him.

"Yes," Cecil breathed. It was as if her voice had vanished to God knows where.

Immediately, he pushed her up against the wall while she used that opportunity to ensure she was properly anchored to him. He stared into her eyes once more and she could see the assurance there - he was not going to hurt her.

Cecil released a sharp breath when Emerald's mouth closed on her nipples. It was as if the pleasure had shot from there to the rest of her body.

She moaned as he rubbed his tongue against her areola in a circular motion before catching the rosebud in between his teeth and gave it a soft bite. Cecil threw her head back, feeling the heat gradually building up in her core.

Her hand found its way into his hair, pulling at his scalp just as his hand kneaded and squeezed her other breast. When he pulled away to peer at her from his lashes, Cecil shivered at the lust she saw there. This was just the beginning and yet she felt like she had been taken to the moon and back.

Their lips met once and this time it was more sexual than the other ones they shared. She took his lower lips and bite on it before sucking on it as if her life depended on it. Cecil didn't know if she would have a night like this again and would like to relish as much as she could.

Their tongues played chase with each other. Unlike before, Cecil threw caution to the wind; to hell with her inhibition. While they kissed, she grinds against him and her lips curved upward when his hand went to grab her ass, guiding her.



Emerald's groan of pleasure invigorated Cecil, it made her feel sort of powerful. It pleased her to know that she could make this giant lose control; it pleased her that a man of his rank was at her mercy.

"Ahh.." Cecil groaned, increasing the space of her grind when she felt herself reaching the edge.

Emerald didn't deny her the chance of exploring this level of intimacy, knowing it was rare to see this side of her; unrestricted and unbound. He knew there was a craziness to her, he had experienced it that night eighteen years ago and one couldn't imagine how happy he was to see her opening up. Her great walls have fallen.

He knew by her strong whimper that she had achieved her first orgasm. But then, this was just the tip of the ice.

She sank on his body, her chest heaving from the activity right now. What was this feeling? It felt so damn good! And it was all thanks to this man.

Feeling the huge bulge in his brief, Cecil felt kind of guilty that she had gotten her pleasure while he was left hanging. So she sought his lips once again in a different angle, probing his mouth with her tongue while her hands traced the hard lines of his abdomen. She trailed her tongue over his throat,

nipping and licking as her hands slowly traveled to his brief, slipping her hands in when he suddenly caught it.

Cecil's eyes popped open, glancing up at him questioningly, "Don't you want me to touch you?"

"No, that's not it," He answered and God knows how much she was relieved by it. For a moment there, she thought he detested women touching him there.

"Then why?" She couldn't help but ask. What guy in his right mind would refuse that? Even Fernandez never joked with the blow jobs she gave him when they were still together.

"Tonight is about you," He said.

"Huh?" Cecil blinked twice.

"I promised you that?I would show you how good being with a man feels. You should sit back and enjoy - don't worry about me,"

Emotions choked Cecil that she almost let the tears flow. How could someone be this selfless? She knew how much he was suffering inside without a release, yet he cared

about her, unlike a certain someone. You know, thinking about it, she was quite stupid then.

With Fernandez, it was all about his own pleasure, he never cared about hers and she always made up excuses for it. But now, it was all clear to her thanks to Emerald.

But then he had a right to feel good too which was she argued with him.

"I get that you promised me sinful pleasure but -"

He cut her off with a deep kiss and this time, Cecil felt him moving and the next she knew, her back had hit the bed. Her chest tightened, knowing what was going to happen next? Was she ready for this?

Her breath thickened and her heart pulsed faster when his hand went to her short, pulling it down until it laid on the ground, abandoned. Cecil felt all the blood in her body rush to her face knowing she was completely bare before him - yeah, she wore no panty and she was grateful to have shaved recently.

Panic set in when she spread her leg apart and he must have felt it because he climbed up to her body asking, "Do you trust me?"

"Yes," She found herself saying even though her hands had clenched the bed sheet tight as if hanging on for dear life.

"Don't worry, I won't hurt you," He promised her.

His words must have some calming effect because she found herself relaxing. What could happen anyway?

With a smirk, he disappeared back down and Cecil mentally prepared herself for the intrusion. She hadn't done this for years and was surely going to hurt. However, Cecil's eyes flew open when she felt his lips trail kisses up her thigh while his hands spread her further apart.

No way, he was going to lick her down there, she didn't dare imagine. But that was what he did! He lowered himself between her legs and licked her.

"Oh God," she gasped, her head rolling to the back of her head.

When he had asked whether he trusted her, she had thought it was time to do the needful. Who knew he had another objective in mind - not that she was complaining.

Cecil didn't have time to be embarrassed because she couldn't focus, the waves of pleasure were building and crashing. She moaned into his touch, gasping from the pleasure.

His tongue lap at her, flicking and twirling around her nub. At a point, he licked through her fold and she pulled a ragged breath while clutching a fistful of his hair. The feeling was so intense she didn't know whether to push him away or push him further in.

However, her hands did the answer for her as he pushed him, almost burying his face into her cunt nor did he mind, continuously licking her with unique expertise. By the time he was done, a corner of his face was covered with a spurt of her juice - she had achieved another orgasm - and it was sexy as hell.

He then leaned down and kissed her lips that were craving his touch, giving her a taste of her juice while touching her tingling nub.

When he pulled away, no one needed to tell Cecil it was time because she was craving it too. She felt an incredible ache down there which only he could fill. It was hard to believe but Cecil knew after tonight that there would be a change about her.

Rising on his knees, he positioned himself and Cecil pulled a ragged breath when his arousal rubbed against her entrance. She prepared herself and just as expected, pain seared into her body and she winced as soon as he thrust into her.

"I'm sorry but I can't stop now," Emerald spoke through gritted teeth. He seemed to be having a hard time too, "God, you're so damn tight," He groaned, pushing as far as possible into her.

The pain was only for a moment because the instant Emerald was buried to the hilt, she felt a new wave of pleasure; a pleasure more intense than the other; a rapture-giving pleasure.

Emerald didn't move, letting her adjust to the feeling. It wasn't until her body trembled around him, he began to move. His movement was slow and controlled at first as if he was careful not to hurt her, then picked up speed.

Cecil gave a cry of delight as his penetration touched her very entrails. He pounded into her harder and she couldn't keep up.

"Emerald!" she moaned his name as he pounded harder and harder. He hadn't been kidding when he said he would make love to her till she was screaming his name.

It shocked her to discover that her legs had wrapped around him, pushing him deeper and he followed her gesture by slowing down only to give her two deep shoves and?took up speed.

Every logical thought flew out of her head, only filled with the images of the man pleasuring her. In no time, Emerald hit the right spot and she exploded in his arms, just as he found his climax almost immediately.

He collapsed on her and both lay for some time, recovering from their "activity"

"That was amazing," Emerald whispered, having a hard time believing that this just happened - it was a dream come true. He had waited a long time for a moment like this.

However, he stiffened when he saw tears run down her cheek which made him support himself on his arm, thinking he had crushed her with his weight.

"What is it?" He asked with a worry in his eyes. By chance, had he hurt her during the act?

"It's just amazing. I've never felt anything like this" Cecil whispered, brushing the tears away from her eyes furiously. She couldn't believe this was what she has been missing out on.

Emerald didn't need to talk, he already understood her and simply brought her into a hug.

"Don't worry, you'll have more of it from now on. I promise you," He kissed the top of her head.

*Chapter 389 - Three Hundred And Eighty-nine: What Just Happened?*

The third point of view:

"What have we here?" Anabelle was irritated when she heard that familiar voice from behind. What in the world was he doing here?

"Are you following me?" She shot Julie a displeased look. Ever since she and Israel became "acquaintances" he became more clingy than ever and kept abusing their master/slave contract.

She hardly escaped him to take a breather here and yet here he was again! God, he was sucking all the oxygen in her life lately.

"Following you?" He snorted, "Do you think I don't have important things to do?"

"I don't really know," Anabelle said nonchalantly, "The days with you have told me otherwise," She hinted she found him lazy all the time.

"Hey, do you know who I am? I just don't want to go full force into my work else you'd die from stress," He claimed to be magnanimous.

However, Anabelle rolled her eyes while dragging clothes through the hanger rail. She peered at him from beneath her lashes, "In case you haven't noticed, this is the female section, what then are you doing here if you claimed not to have followed me?"

And yes, this was the store where she had met Julie for the first time. Regardless, she would not stop shopping in the store she loves because of some asshole.

"And in case you haven't noticed, my family owns this departmental store,"

Anabelle froze, then glance up at him, "Liar liar, pants on fire,"

Julie didn't say anything instead dipped his head in the direction of the nearby sales clerk who came over to him

"Good day young Master," He bowed to Julie, "I had no idea you were here, sir. Perhaps, would you love to take a look at the latest arrival?"

At that moment, Anabelle's jaw dropped to the ground while Julie stood with his arms wrapped around his chest and a smug expression.

"Impossible" Anabelle muttered when she found the ability to make a speech once again. There was no way this cheap player was in charge of here and it irritated her the more that this was her favorite shopping store. Ugh! God, why!

Not to mention the fact that she had claimed he was following her like a love-starved puppy. It was so awkward and she wished the ground would open up and swallow her.

Anabelle could have claimed that this was an act orchestrated by him and the clerk but the look in the attendant's eyes said otherwise. He was submissive, wanting to suck up and gain favors from his master. Also, Julie's family was rich enough to own a place like this. This was so damn irritating - she wished she had never found out at all.

"Whatever!" Anabelle rolled her eyes and went to another corner of the room to continue her shopping, refusing to apologize for the false accusation. Humph! He has done much worse to her than she has done to him, anyway.

With her head held high, Anabelle continued with her shopping and Julie must have left with the clerk because when she looked back, they were nowhere to be found - which kind of relieved her. So she immersed herself in her shopping with a happy tune. However, she didn't shop for long before trouble came to utopia.

Anabelle's happy tune went off-key when someone bellowed behind her, "I knew it!" and for some reason, that voice made the hairs on her back stand on edge.

She turned around slowly, all the blood drained from her face when she discovered it was that same girl - Julie's girlfriend. And yes, it was exactly the girl that had disgraced her when she went on that supposed "date" with Julie.

Recurring that event, fear gripped Anabelle but she refused to show it on her face. She would not be intimidated by this lower-class citizen with no ounce of home training. Tsk tsk, Julie's taste in women was of course miserable.

"We meet again," Anabelle told her with a calm demeanor. If the girl doesn't know manners, she'd teach her one.

However, the girlfriend didn't respond to her greetings, she rambled instead, "Of course, it's you, the witch who hypnotized my boyfriend lately. I should have known something was wrong with Julie when he wouldn't pick up my call nor come to me. You were the one responsible for that!"

Anabelle fought against the urge to roll her eyes. She a witch? If she were a witch, she would have turned Julie into a pretty goat a while ago and have her revenge on him. Hypnotized him? Who was this crazy girl kidding? Julie was her greatest nightmare, why would she want him? Right now, she would give anything to have him out of her life!

"Listen here," Anabelle began to say, "I don't know what the hell is going on between the both of you but leave me out of it. I don't like your boyfriend - I don't even have eyes for him - and would never -"

"Liar!" the crazy girlfriend interrupted her, "And I would show you how thieves are supposed to be treated!"

Before Anabelle could even understand what she meant by that, the girl had charged at her and grabbed her on the hair.

"What the hell are you doing!" Anabelle screamed in agony, trying to get her away from her, "Let me go!"

"You're a bitch! A fucking bitch and I'll deal with you! You should learn not to steal people's boyfriends!" She slapped Anabelle right on the face when she managed to pull away from her grasp.

"Aww!" Anabelle winced from the pain that stung her cheeks, leaving her vulnerable as the girl went for her hair once again.

"Jesus Christ!" Julie shouted when he arrived at the scene alongside some clerks who must have heard the commotion. He had left for a moment to go through their newly arrived only to be treated to this scene when he returned.

"Anabelle!" He pulled her away from his crazy ex-girlfriend who the other clerks were trying to subdue.

"What the hell is going on here?!" He boomed, burying Anabelle's face into his chest protectively, and thankfully, she didn't protest even though he knew she was hiding her face out of embarrassment. For some reason, he was having this great urge to tear Quin into pieces.

"I knew it! I knew something was going on between the both of you!" accused Quinn, still trying to tear out of their hold.

"Are you fucking crazy!" Julie yelled at her, "How dare you bring a fight to my store! Who gave you the right to lay your hand on her! Just who do you think you are!"

"I'm your girlfriend!" She screamed

"Ex-girlfriend!" He corrected her with the same aggressiveness, "I believe I wasn't babbling when I told you that we were over!"

"You don't mean it!"

"Try me!" he challenged her.

Quin froze, realization finally dawning on her.

"You really broke up with m-me?" Her voice broke at the end with tears threatening to spill down her eyes, "And this bitch is my replacement?" There was anger in her tone.

"Think whatever you want, but I'm letting you off on account of our past relationship. But if you dare, lay a hand on Anabelle once again, I'll rip you apart all by myself!" he threatened her.

"We'd see about that!" Quinn huffed and jerked herself from the clerks who watched her cautiously, prepared to capture her back if she dared tried any silly move.

Though she couldn't see her, Anabelle could sense the murderous eyes boring holes into her head. Her heart suddenly hurt, why wasn't she as badass as Isabella? She should have shown that bitch ass that the Spencer's were not to be trifled with. Instead, what had she done? Hide her face in Julie's chest! She was mortified.

"She's gone now," Julie whispered into her ears while surprisingly soothingly stroking her head. But then, she would not be fooled this time!

Forcefully, Anabelle pushed at his chest, hoping to storm away from the place but as usual, the asshole had to disrupt her plan.

"Anabelle!" He pulled her back to him.

"Don't touch me!" She hissed, struggling to be free.

"I'm sorry," He said

"I'm sorry too because your sorry can't solve this," she turned to leave with determination. Yet, he stopped her. Again.

"She hurt you! I can't let you leave like this -"

"Why?" Anabelle sneered, "Because you've now realized that I'm Spencer and that my family would rip your head off if they realize what you and your girlfriend did to me?" there was sarcasm in her tone.

"Either way, I'm responsible for you," He told her, "Now come with me,"

"No, let me go!"

"Just shut up and come with me!"

Anabelle was stunned at the dominance in that command. Veins were bulging from Julie's head and neck plus his eyes seemed to be spitting out fire that Anabelle wanted to throw herself on the ground and cry out on this injustice. She was the victim here, so why was he yelling at her?

She didn't say anything more and followed him grudgingly, spitting out profanities which he ignored. Julie led her to a private room and had her sit down, with him doing the same. Anabelle was curious about his intention so was quite alert until one of the clerks arrived with an ice pack.

"Thank you," She reached out and wanted to take it from him but Julie was faster.

"What are you doing?" Anabelle shot him a look.

"Just stop talking," He said, turning her face to him and pressed the ice pack on her face and she flinched from the coldness.

"I can help myself," She wanted to take it from him but the glare Julie gave her made her shut up. Suit yourself then, the girl murmured mentally.

More careful this time, Julie began to rub the ice pack at her swollen cheek where Quinn had slapped her.

While he was immersed in treating her, Anabelle couldn't help but admire his features. His skin was too smooth and translucent for a man - she was almost jealous. Julie had a pair of strongly arched thick brows and now she was staring up close she could make out flecks of green in his blue eyes unlike hers. Her gaze fell on his tall nose and followed down to his lips.



But Anabelle was startled at the ridiculous thought that went through her head when her gaze flickered down to his lips and hurriedly returned her eyes to his, but unfortunately, their gaze met and held.

Julie and Anabelle froze, a great sexual tension igniting between them as they looked into each other's eyes. It might have been Julie who moved first but Anabelle's eyes had shut close, awaiting what was to come.

But when Julie's lips brushed against hers, Anabelle's phone rang at that moment and the spell binding them shattered.

"I should leave," Anabelle shot up to her feet, flustered.

"Yeah, probably," Julie couldn't have agreed more.

That was weird. Really Weird.

*Chapter 390 - Three Hundred And Ninety: The Queen Was Kneeling*

The third point of view:

She was happy here, Emily realized. There was nobody to restrict her; nobody to judge her right and left; nobody to rate how good enough she is; but most of all, she was healing. With each passing day, the pain became bearable. Though she missed her son Akim and him - whose name should not be called now - she needed this space; to be alone and heal.

Judy wasn't here, still, Emily had been careful with the way she handled the lion cubs even though they wouldn't harm her. She had seen his call that day but refused to answer knowing her heart wasn't ready to face him. With how soft-hearted she was, there was no guarantee she wouldn't go running back into his arms after hearing his voice. Yes, he's her weakness and she knows it.

When she had heard his message, her heart gladdened even though he was pissed off with her. But then, his comment about choosing another wife hit her strongly and it took everything in her not to have replied to his voicemail.

Of course, all men were the same. She wasn't even that gone for that long and he was already thinking of getting married? Well, she would just take her son away while he lives a happily ever after with his new wife that would give him lots of princes and princesses!

Emily knew she was being irrational, but the thought of another woman having him was painful. Well, he was the prince and she was a divorced woman from a well-off family, what was she expecting? That she would make a fine queen? keep on dreaming, this was the best approach; staying away from him.

The queen must be sleeping so comfortably these days. Why wouldn't she? The evil woman who bewitched her son was gone as she wished.

Emily winced, shutting her eyes as the thought of the child she lost crossed her mind. No, this was the best. Who knew what the queen would do next? It was better she stayed away. Once she was strong enough to return, she'd discuss Akim's keep with him - the both of them was over.

"Hi Emily," her attention was drawn to the couples making their way over to her and sighed.

She had come down to the hotel's restaurant to have her breakfast in peace which was impossible now.

"Here you are!" Bianca plopped down on the seat in front of her with her husband, Guy.

Both were fellow tourists and the first people she had clicked with when she arrived here?- probably because they reminded her of she and Judy. The couples were hopelessly in love to the extent they couldn't stay away from one other.

Sometimes she dreaded staying with them, not because they weren't good company, but because they were so sweet with each other it can get uncomfortable to a nauseating point - not to mention they kept reminding her what she lost.

"I should have known this is where you would run off to," Bianca remarked, taking the menu Emily had dropped on the table and reading through it even though she knew all the meal by heart now.

"She ran off without us, honey," Guy pinched her cheeks and she growled at him playfully.

"Who wants to be with you with the way you both are affectionate with each other. Don't you know your relationship is a stab in the heart to us single ladies?" Emily touched her heart.

"Then go get married then," It slipped out of Bianca's mouth and when she realized what she just said, it was too late.

Guy nudged his wife's side, making her realize how tense the environment suddenly became.

"Oh," the woman tucked her hair behind her ear, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say it that way," she apologized.

Though Emily hasn't told them in detail why she was here, from hanging out with her, they were able to ascertain what was wrong. Those longing eyes of hers belonged to a

woman whose heart has been broken. Plus the few times they have witnessed her speaking to her son. Hence they surmised she had separated from her lover or divorced her husband. If only they knew it was both options.

"It's okay, I understand," Emily waved it away with a smile on her face, though her chest was hurting and it felt like she couldn't breathe.

So when the meal she had ordered arrived, Emily quickly buried her face in her food signifying the end of the discussion or so she thought because she had hardly taken two spoons into her mouth when the concierge arrived at her table with news.

"Miss Emily?"

"That's me," She answered, wondering why she was being summoned.

"A guest is looking for you?"

"A guest?" she repeated, her brows furrowing contemplatively.

"Yeah"

Who could be looking for her? Aside from the royal family, her own family and friends had no idea what was going on in her life. She had lied to them claiming that she was in Lincolnshire having the best time of her life. Could it be Judy?

Oh my God! She stood up from her seat with lightning speed, feeling angry yet flustered at the same time. He was the only one who could do this, was he still angry about the lions?

But then, she had told him to give her space yet he broke that promise. How petty of him! Well, it was not like she would be leaving with him - unless he forced her home. Though furious with him, Emily still had a teeny hope he was here to drag her ass home. That way, she would hate his guts yet be with him. God, she was so stupid! The woman facepalmed mentally.

Emily was suddenly conscious of the way she looked. Not that she hadn't taken her bath in twenty years or something, but she hadn't put much thought into dressing up - and she couldn't tell whether Judy would be impressed by it. Oh please, just shut up! She shunned off her inner mind.

But still, her heart was giddy and she was contemplating what to say to him as soon as they arrived at the lobby. However, just as she was about to open her mouth and ask him what he was doing here, Emily's face was drained of all blood upon seeing who was in front of her.

The current antagonist in her life aka the one and only queen dowager of the kingdom of Lincolnshire. What the hell?! She was speechless.

"What are you doing here?" Emily asked when she finally found her voice. She didn't make the usual courtesy bow since her mind was currently wild at the moment, plus the fact this woman was the most hated person in her life right now and this wasn't her kingdom. In one word, she no longer had respect for her.

"Can we go to a more private place?" the queen added, "Preferably your room,"

Emily wanted to add that she had no right to make choices here but bite back her words, no matter, this human was a queen - she should show that politeness at the least.

"Fine, follow me," She said tautly and led the way.

The journey to her hotel room was a very tense one. Even while they entered the elevator, none of them talked to each other till they reached their destination.

"What do you want from me? I've left your son as you wanted and you don't have to worry about me interfering in his private life in the future. About Akim, we'd discuss his upbringing when I'm back. So if you're here for this, then I'm more than happy to tell you that you made an unnecessary journey.... "

The rest of her words faltered when the queen suddenly plopped down to her knees. It all happened so quickly that Emily had to use five minutes to process what was going on. The Queen was kneeling?!

"W-what are you doing?" she stammered. This was unbelievable. Never in history has it been written about a queen getting on her knees in front of a commoner.

"Get back with Judy," The queen said to her astonishment.

Emily was so astounded her jaw simply flew open -?it was too good to be true. The queen was a very proud person and didn't even bow to the enemy when her kingdom had been invaded, instead, she sent the prince away and fought tooth and nail to reclaim the throne.

But then, this queen was the one who was currently on her knees begging her to return to her son - the son she had warned her to stay clear of. Because of this unnecessary controversy, she had lost a child.

"Why now?" Emily asked, fighting against the tears threatening to spill, "Why accept me now?!" She yelled out of frustration.

"I'm so sorry, Emily," the queen began to cry to her horror. The woman had been so prim all the time she saw her it didn't occur to Emily that she was human too.

"I was blinded by my belief and our tradition that I didn't see how much I was hurting both my son and you. But don't worry, I've realized my mistakes now -"

"Yeah, exactly," Emily said with sarcasm, "You realized your mistake at the expense of my child. So please return to wherever you came from - I'm afraid you might poison me this time,"