

## **Taming A Billionaire**

### **#Chapter 391 - Three Hundred And Ninety-one: Nows My Turn - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 391 - Three Hundred And Ninety-one: Nows My Turn**

*Chapter 391 - Three Hundred And Ninety-one: Now's My Turn*

The third point of view:

Judy was in his office working on some important papers when his phone rang. Taking a look at his screen, he observed it was an unknown number and decided to ignore it. As the prince of his kingdom, a lot of people would sacrifice their life just to have his number.

A few times, some succeeded and after hearing their request, he helped them out - if their request was reasonable. But most times, it was women expressing their immeasurable love for him, which was why he decided to ignore this one - it could be one of his many secret admirers.

He ended the call, dedicating his attention back to his work. With his coronation around the corner, his workload increased and so did his problems.

His cabinet was not happy; he was getting crowned without a wife. Since the history of Lincolnshire, it has never been done that way, they would buzz into his ears at each meeting.

According to their tradition, the prince and his wife were to be married first before he would be coronated king and his wife, the queen.

Therefore one could imagine the kind of troubles the inner cabinet has been giving him. Though he could dismiss them off, being a prince wasn't the same as being a president of a country.

A president could easily fire his ministers from their position but a prince couldn't do so on a whim, why? He alone could not run the kingdom.

Most of his cabinet members were older, wise men, who had fought alongside the queen in reclaiming the kingdom during the rebellion. They had far more knowledge of the kingdom than him and thus needed their guidance, however, that doesn't mean Judy was a pushover.

They had kept murmuring and whining their mouths all week about his leadership until he shut their mouth by reminding them of the prosperity brought into the kingdom ever since he became the crowned prince.

Surprisingly, Fiona's father, who was the backbone of all the cabinet members had been on his side. Well, it wasn't that unexpected since the man was trying to curry favor for the sake of his daughter. Though Judy had not exactly exiled her, Fiona has been on the run knowing she was dead once he laid his hand on her.

"Damn it!" Judy cursed out loud when his phone rang once more. This time he picked up the phone intending to give this strange caller a piece of his mind when he heard a familiar voice and froze.

"Hi honey, I know this sounds sudden, but I entered your kingdom without a Visa and now I'm stuck. Can you come and get me, please?" she hung up.

For a full five minutes, even after the call ended, Judy stood unmoving until realization dawned on him. That was Emily's voice? How is it that Emily was calling him? Didn't she say she needed space from him? And what did she mean by having no visa, she needed no Visa to come to his.....

Emily was back?! It then clicked in his head. B-but how? He had been expecting her to stay away from him for a few months or even forever - worst nightmare.

"Oh my God!" Judy shot up to his feet with great suddenness. Emily was hinting at him to come pick her up from the airport.

"Archie!" he hollered at the top of his voice, communicating through the intercom, "Get the car ready!" He picked up his blazer from the hanger and strode out of the room.

It was at that moment that Judy wished he could fly because he was in a hurry to get to the airport. What if she left? He couldn't exactly tell what was going on in her mind.

As if Archie knew he had no room for delay, he raced over to the airport and that was where the huge work began. Where was he going to start his search? The airport was huge and there was more than one arrival gate.

"Fine, just use your sovereignty once more," He sighed and gestured to his assistant who understood the sign without asking.

Archie was a very royal and efficient deputy to him, hence didn't doubt his capability. The man already figured out Emily was at the airport without asking questions and set to work - Emily was the only person that could drive his highness this crazy.

Judy didn't stay at a place even when Archie left, he continued to search around in case he stumbled into her when his assistant called,

"Hello, where is she?"

"At the shared use lounge... " Archie was still explaining but Judy hung up on him.

He knew the lounge was located next to the boarding gate and is the very last airport terminal facility used by enplaning passengers before boarding the plane. Was she trying to leave again? Was this a game or what?

The thought of her leaving once again made him furious, and he felt as if fire was running through his veins instead of blood.

Judy broke into a run without regard for his image - the kingdom would be in an uproar if they saw their king sprinting like a mad man for God knows what. But he didn't care, she stepped into his soil without him forcing her to, so he would not let her leave this time, not now, not forever.

The instant Judy got into the lounge, all eyes were on him, but he had his eyes out for only one person only - Emily. And there he found her. Grinning at him. She did this on purpose. Emily intentionally ruffled him. And she would pay for that.

He started towards Emily who still had that knowing grin on her face, however, she had her arms outstretched, as if expecting a hug. But then, he had better plans.

A shriek left Emily's lips when Judy lifted her to her feet with no warning, completely ignoring her hug. She had no choice but to wrap her leg around him to anchor herself from falling and her arms around his neck.

"Judy," She called his name, her breath coming in pants. He had scared the hell out of her with that move.

However, the man didn't say anything, he instead grabbed her face in his hands and kissed her like there was no tomorrow.

Emily stiffened, but only for a moment from the suddenness. She kissed him back, his tongue gliding against hers in long, deep strokes. The kiss was hot and demanding, his hand coming to press her flush against his chest.

It wasn't until they heard cheers and whistles from the crowd, that they realized they had been kissing hard-core in public. Wonderful.

Emily pulled away yet the fierce look in Judy's eyes told her he wasn't done with her. He was only holding back because of the crowd. She was in big bad trouble.

"We should leave," She reminded him when he wouldn't stop staring at her. It was getting embarrassing. Judy still didn't say a word to her and grabbed her hand instead, pulling her away from the fawning crowd.

To others, that gesture might seem romantic but Emily knew otherwise. To be honest, her heart was slamming against her chest in fear. Judy was the scariest when he kept mum, which means there were a lot of thoughts going on in his head right now. He kept a poker face which made her more uneasy.

Maybe she shouldn't have pulled his leg this way. Call her stupid or something, but Emily had done it to see if he still had an interest in her. Who knew he would take it seriously by racing to the airport for her. Perhaps, she had underestimated his feelings for her.

Opening the car for her, he helped her in as a true gentleman, but Emily was nervous. Soon, they would be in a tight compartment with no source of escape. God help her soul.

As soon as he climbed in, Emily felt all the air in the car vanish. To make it worse, the driver slid up the tinted glasses while roaring the engine to life.

"What are you doing?" She was about to ask the driver to lower the glasses - she needed the outside world to know she was in here in case she dies - but to her horror, the man lifted the soundproofed privacy compartment, cutting her away from him. In one word, she was alone with Judy.

Damn that driver! She would have him fired once she was out of this mess!

But no amount of cursing could stop the hairs on her back from standing on edge. Without even looking, Emily could sense Judy's intense gaze on her and he was boring a hole in her head - if that was possible. She began to weep internally, she didn't want to die now.

Releasing a shaky breath, Emily turned around slowly and the instant her eyes connected with his, she felt her body leave her soul.

"Are you finally done?" Judy spoke at last, but those four words sent shivers down her spine. She opened her mouth to speak yet no words came out.

"Now's my turn,"

*Chapter 392 - Three Hundred And Ninety-two: The Return*

The third point of view:

"Eww, I can't do this," Ailee dropped the cotton mop she was holding onto.

After the "little" stunt they pulled yesterday, their grandfather was not exactly happy with them. But then you should trust the twins, they narrated every single detail that led to the fight to him, hoping he would support them.

And yes, Grandfather was on their side until Grace and Philip's mothers argued that he was being partial to them.

When it comes to their cousin's mothers, you could say the kids were their copy. They were snobbish and rude and demanding and it was no surprise their kids took after them.

So to create peace, Grandpa decided to punish them on the account of disgracing their cousins in public - they guessed they all forgot about Grace tripping Neon in public.

Although dissatisfied with the punishment meted out on them - the mothers claimed it was too light - they couldn't complain any longer knowing Grandfather was not a pushover.

Moreover, it satisfied the twins that they had that embarrassing moment of Grace and Phillip on camera. With the video at hand, they would be able to manipulate and threaten both idiots to do their will. Hahaha, who's laughing now.

"Cleaning the toilet is better than having our allowances cut off," Allen, her brother, reminded her.

Yes, the toilets were clean and were not clogged like the ones you'd see in some local restaurants - Sakuzi loves cleanliness and the cleaners do their best to keep the entire house sparkling- but then these are kids who have never touched a vacuum cleaner nor a mop nor a broom in their entire life. So one could imagine how tortuous the punishment of cleaning was to them.

"I'm not doing this," She dropped the mop from exasperation, going to lean against the wall with her arms around her chest and her lips pouting stubbornly.

"Grab the mop, sister, you shouldn't make grandfather angry," Allen ordered, acting as the elder here even though the girl was two minutes older than him.

"He can do his worst," she scoffed, her face darkening with fury, "We are innocent and he knows that. There's no way I'm touching that tinky again" she gestured to the brush in his hand.

"It's called a toilet brush," Allen corrected.

"I don't care!" She snapped at him.

"Don't worry sister, I'll do your part for you, you can rest and leave it to me," Neon suddenly announced to her delight.

"You will?" the girl sounded surprised.

"Of course," Neon said to her proudly, "You two are in this trouble because you were avenging me and I'm very grateful for that. So to make it up to you, I'll take your work," He grinned at work.

"Aww, you're so sweet," Ailee fawned over him, looking him straight in the eyes. For a moment there, both of them didn't say anything, just kept staring at one another with smiles on their faces.

"Creepy," Was the only word that Allen could think of. He couldn't explain it, but it felt like there was another bond Neon and Ailee had formed - and he wasn't part of it - which was absolutely ridiculous.

He has lived with his sister and so far it was just the two of them, alone, working as a team and he loved it. But now, here was Neon and it irked him that another bond had been found between the both of them and no matter what he did, he couldn't join in. It made him uncomfortable because he had this itching feeling that Neon would steal his sister from him in the future.

"Give me that," Allen quickly snatched the mop from him, breaking the moment between them, "Who are you to help her out?"

Ailee shook her head sympathetically, then faced Neon once again to his irritation, saying, "If only Allen was half as nice as you, the world would be a better place,"

"Whatever," He rolled his eyes, yet having comfort with the fact that her sister was no longer staring at Neon in that weird way.

They quickly resumed their duty while Ailee had the fortune of resting. Unfortunately, they didn't have to work for long - hallelujah- before Isabella burst into the toilet shouting.

"Code Red!"

"Code Red!"

"Code Red? What is Code Red?" Neon asked, having not fully comprehended the meanings behind the color thingy in this household.

"Code Red means danger," Ailee answered while her brother went ahead to question Isabella.

"What is it?"

"Mother is back earlier than expected and we have to leave, like now!"

"Oh shit!" The kids muttered and broke into a run.

They hurried over to their rooms to pack but Isabella went after them hollering, "Sakuzi said there's no time to pack, he's tracked her down and she's twenty minutes away from arrival and on our side, we have roughly fifteen minutes to make it on time,"

"Fine,"

They let go of everything.

"Just go to the rooftop, the chopper is already there," she informed them.

And just like the flash, they all made a course for the rooftop where the chopper was already ready to take off. They had no problem with space since it was a luxury helicopter that can seat up to ten people.

"Finally, we ended up in the chopper," Ailee hinted to the fact that they finally found the helicopter after desiring to possess it for long.

Once seated, everyone had their heart in their throat. They wished it could go faster knowing there was a slight possibility their mother arrived before them.

Immediately they landed, none of them wasted further time to run into the house. Sakuzi ordered the pilot to take another route so his daughter wouldn't sight the chopper and figure something was up.

Not less than five minutes later, a Rolls Royce drove into the spacious lawn and the long-awaited couple stepped out.

"Hey! Hey! They're here!" Isabella informed them and everyone jerked down from the seat, standing at a file.

As soon as the door opened, the kids chorused, "Welcome home mother and father,"

But their mother Reina narrowed their eyes at them and they realized they had made a huge mistake.

They were not acting normal.

*Chapter 393 - Three Hundred And Ninety-three: The Return-2*

The third point of view:

"Hello father, I know this is sudden but we're returning home," Was all Reina said and her old man almost screamed her head off with a,

"What?!"

"I'm sorry I didn't inform you on time but it sort of happened," Reina lied through her teeth. The truth was that she had delayed telling him on purpose because she was pretty mad at him.

He knew about Angela's ailment yet didn't care to tell her? Although Reina was sure she wouldn't have believed him if he had told her, in the end, she would calm down - just as she has now. So "her being furious" was not an excuse for hiding the truth from her.

"No problem then, I guess you couldn't help it. Though I wonder why you ended the honeymoon abruptly - you were the one begging to be with him,"

"I thought the same thing too but being away from the kids so long, we discovered we couldn't stay without them," she continued with her lie.

And yes, she indeed missed her kids but being away from those troublemakers had been refreshing - seven years with them weren't exactly the best experience - if you know what she means.

"Of course, a mother shouldn't be too far away from their kids," Sakuzi acquiesced, praising himself internally for his marvelous acting. She wouldn't suspect a thing.

"So where are you now? On the plane?" At the least, he still had time.

Reina smirked as she answered, "What plane? I'm in the country already. To be exact, I should be meeting you guys at home in twenty minutes or so," she checked her wristwatch. She guessed his men he had sent in secret to watch her didn't inform him of their returning.

"What? You're almost home?!" He screamed once more.

"Why are you so shocked?" Reina was beginning to sense something was wrong. Why was Sakuzi so jumpy? Unless he was hiding something.

"Nothing, I was just overwhelmed with Joy. Don't worry, I should inform the kids of the good news," her father hung up on her before she was done with the call.

Well, he must be filled with joy - as he said. Reina leaned in towards Niklaus who had been quiet by her side all this while.

"How are you feeling?" Niklaus asked, threading his hand through her hair.

"Better," she replied, snuggling closer to him. He knew it wasn't easy for her to abandon her honeymoon and all just to meet her mo -, I mean, Angela.

"Don't worry, I'm with you all through the way," He assured her, kissing her on the top of her head.



In no time, both arrived at their place and for some strange reasons, Reina looked around, feeling as if a strong wind had blown around or more like a helicopter rotor downwash. Helicopter? Why would a helicopter be here? It didn't make sense. At all.

Reina pushed the issue to the back of her mind, and headed inside, she needed to see her children who must have been on their best behavior with father and Nadia around.

"Welcome home mother and father!"

Reina was startled out of her mind as soon as she stepped into the house with her husband, Niklaus. What the hell was that? They almost gave her a heart attack.

However, Reina's eyes narrowed and she scrutinized them. Something was amiss, her kids were being careful, which was not like them. The only time they are this disobedient was whenever they did something that was surely going to get them angry.

"Am I missing something here?" she hadn't meant to say that out loud.

"What do you mean, mother? Aren't you happy to see me and my siblings working together as one?" Isabella said to her, yet she detected a trace of sarcasm in her tone.

"No! Of course, I'm happy to see my lovely kids," Reina bent down and opened her arms wide for her kids to run into - which they did without grudges.

Maybe, she should put a bit of trust into her kids. They must have missed her so much they decided to be good for once.

"We missed you so much aunty," Neon told her sweetly and she ruffled his hair as usual. However, the boy wasn't through with his words.

"But you don't have to worry aunty, we had a lot of fun -"

Ailee quickly interrupted him by shutting his mouth with her hand. Reina's brow raised at that gesture.

Ailee explained with a nervous chuckle, "Well, he's trying to say we had fun but it wasn't the same without you here," she hoped to clear off suspicion that was boldly written across her mother's face.

"Even then, he had a mouth to say so himself," she added, "Anyway, I'll see you guys later but right now, I need to see grandfather, so bother your father,"

Almost immediately, as if their mother just reminded them that they had a father, the kids turned all of their attention to Niklaus, who had been wondering if he was invisible all this while.

Unfilial kids, Nik felt like crying.

"Hiya pappy! "

"How are you father! "

"Hi, uncle! "

"Welcome, Niklaus,"

Greetings rang throughout the house but Reina ignored them to go find her father Sakuzi who must be in his room.

However, when she passed the flat-screen, Reina paused and turned around to the television - a gesture Isabella was quick to notice. Ever since Reina returned, she had been on tenterhooks knowing many misplacements could sell them out.

"What is it?" she asked, her attention divided between the television and reading Reina's expression.

"Does it sound strange when I tell you that the television looks newer?" Reina pointed to the device, her brows knitted together contemplatively.

"Yeah, it's strange, more than strange," Isabella told her, yet feeling a bit of guilt inside that she was lying to her new mother.

"Well," Reina pursed her lips, "My eyes must be playing tricks on me. Moreover, it's been days away from home, is not exactly surprising for the confusion,"

"No, your eyes are alright. You just need rest," She breathed, the guilt increasing.

Reina turned to her and gave her a warm smile that tugged at Isabella's heart, "Thanks for taking care of your siblings," she stroked her face affectionately.

"Well, I have to go," She left.

Isabella turned around and watched her until her figure disappeared into the house. How would she feel when she tells her she had spent all her time daring instead of the kids?

"Father, open up!" Reina banged her hand on the door. She returned for him. And now he would vomit everything he knew.

"Reina dear, welcome back -,"

"Save me the flattery, I know what you did,"

"What?" the man seemed shocked by her accusation.

"Exactly,"

"I don't understand you,"

"Angela," She mentioned and saw the way color drained from his face, "Why did you hide her sickness from me?"

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*Chapter 394 - Three Hundred And Ninety-four: Emerald*

The third point of view:

Cecil was awoken by the hot breath fanning on her neck. She sat up abruptly, shock spreading across her face as she grabbed her scalp. She had done it last night? With Emerald?

Slowly, she turned to the side to see the man propped up on his arm and having an amused smile on his face.

"Had a nice sleep?" he smirked at her which made heat rush at her face.

Slept her butt?! They had gone at it all night and judging from the time on the bedside clock, she barely grasped two hours of sleep.

"Seriously, how are you feeling?" Emerald rephrased his question when she didn't answer immediately.

"I feel exhausted, other than that, I feel great," She answered, unable to meet his gaze.

A wave of uncomfortable silence stretched between them. Cecil scratched the back of her head nervously, she doesn't know how stuff like this works.

When she had been dating Fernandez, once they woke up, he would engage in one more round before they prepared for the day. But then this wasn't Fernandez, but Emerald, and the last time she had done something with him, he had left before she woke.

Maybe, fun time was over and it was time to leave. Move on with her life. That was the rules of the games, right? And that was what she decided to do.

"What are you doing?" Emerald asked, watching her get off the bed with the sheet.

"Leaving," Cecil answered, her cheeks flaming hot yet kind of relieved when she saw he wasn't naked as her. He must have put on his brief when she had fallen asleep.

"Why?" he asked, making her confused.

"The night is done and since we've done it and I'm over my phobia, shouldn't we be over or.... ?" she gestured between the both of them unsure.

"Yeah, you're right," Emerald acquiesced. However, he asked, "But then, are you truly over your phobia?"

"W-what?" she stuttered, "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean we did in the night when there was poor visibility. But it's morning now and I'm not sure you can handle a man in the daytime when everything's in broad view," he hinted if she could handle a man in all his naked glory.

Low move, Emerald, his conscience gnawed at him, but there was nothing he could do. Right now, Cecil was only interested in working on her phobia and he offered himself willingly.

Taking another step that wasn't part of this was risking the progress he has made so far. From the look of things, she wasn't in search of a romantic relationship, which was opposite to what he wanted.

Emerald didn't just want a stable relationship, he needs a family; a wife, and kids; she's the only person he's imagined spending the rest of his life with. The truth is that he's quite jealous of Sakuzi.

The man had everything he could ever ask for, a family; wife, kids, grandchildren. He has a legacy. Emerald was sure Sakuzi wouldn't have regrets if he died today because he was happy and had everything he could ever ask for.

Emerald had no family since his own parents had sold him to Sakuzi for food and yes, the Sakuzi clan treats him as one of their own, he still feels like a stranger. Moreover, if he dies today, there wasn't a replacement nor a seed to carry on with his lineage. With his line of work, death stares at his face oftentimes without number, and each time he keeps wondering who would miss him once he's gone - it was almost as if he was living without a purpose.

But right now, he's found his sanctuary, his home, his purpose, and was sure as hell going to get it. If possessing her means giving up his position and work, then so be it. Honestly, lately, he's been so tired of the bloodshed and all - it wouldn't hurt to be normal for once.

But he doesn't dare mention that to a woman who's just gotten over Erotophobia. This is why he would love her until she has no desire for no one but him. He would imprint his very name in her soul.

"You think so?" Cecil breathed. His eyes were doing funny things to her and she felt her inside throb with desire. God, when did she become like this? Perverted?

"Yes," He added, "Unless you want me to strip and then you proudly touch -"

"Fine," She gave in, cheeks flushed. Her body was shivery with excitement, pushing down the fear that had began to creep up. Cecil knew how huge he was, tasted him last night in the dim. But then, this was morning and there was no shadow to hide in.

"But then, I need to wash -"

"My washroom's available," He answered before she could think of an excuse to escape him once again.

Then she looked down to gesture to the sheet wrapped around her chest. She could get dressed, but it would be so much work to undress once more in the shower.

"Wait here," He said to her and left through a door she supposed led to his shower, only to return with a white bathrobe.

"Here, put it on," He handed it to her.

"Thank you," She took it from him, yet gave him a look.

"I'm not looking away, if that's what you want me to do," Emerald told her straightforwardly.

Cecil bit on her lips.

"Honey... " Emerald pulled at her and she stumbled over to him, "I saw everything there is to see last night," He said to her, loosening the sheet that slipped to the ground.

Her breath hung in her throat.

"So do not be shy," Emerald told her, putting on her robe for her and tying the cinctures. Once done, he bent his head since he was taller, and rubbed his nose along her throat, watching with interest the way her chest rose.

"We should go and brush,"

"We?" her brows raised.

"We'll do everything together today, think of it as a simulation for when you get a future lover or husband," He once again fooled her.

However, Cecil felt strange. At the mention of a future "lover" or "husband", she had felt disappointed nor did she seem excited at the prospect of getting a lover, talk more of a husband - if it wasn't him. No, she was just attracted to Emerald. Feelings of desire, nothing else. The only reason they were together now was because of sex.

He was helping her overcome her phobia and she was relieving the attraction between them. It was a win-win situation. The both of them were enjoying themselves.

Emerald hadn't been kidding about them doing things together because the next she knew, both were at the sink brushing their teeth.

He finished brushing before her yet didn't leave. As soon as she was done, he came up from behind and wrapped his arms around her.

"What are you doing?" Cecil asked, not of nervousness, rather she wanted to be prepared for whatever he had in mind. She found out his mind was kind of "creative".

"Calm down," He told her, letting loose her robe as he whispered into her ears, "Look into the mirror,"

And she did. But she just didn't expect reality to confront her like that. In that reflection, her robe was barely hanging on her shoulder and Emerald had his hands on her breasts from behind and he was staring straight at her. The intensity in those eyes made her throat dry up and she wanted to run off, but she couldn't, because she was in the lion's den.

"I want you to keep staring at the mirror as I touch you,"

Her heart skipped a beat and her gaze flickered to his through the mirror, shivering when she saw the hunger in those eyes. He was the hunter and she was the prey.

"Yes," she nodded, her voice barely above a whisper.

And then he began to squeeze her breast, a gasp left her mouth, and that very scene, she saw clearly in the mirror. To be honest, she had thought she would be appalled by him touching her as she watched. It was one thing being intimate, but it was another thing watching yourself get intimate.

It was erotic. The scene was alluring and downright provocative. She couldn't take her eyes away and it kind of felt right - like this was normal. The passion between a man and a woman. It wasn't perverted but natural.

Heat pooled in between her legs as she stared on; her face flushed, Emerald kissing her neck and eliciting gasps that were slowly turning into moans.

"Keep on watching!" Emerald commanded her sternly the instant she took her face away to watch him when his hand went in between her legs.

"Okay!" She yelped, her eyes returning to the mirror. She gulped, her heart slamming against her chest at what he was about to do.

As soon as he slipped his finger inside of her, Cecil released a deep moan and her legs almost gave out. Her body was tingling with pleasure when he moved in and out of her.

She didn't dare to take her eyes off the mirror and the woman she saw there left her stunned. This wasn't her, the woman with the rosy cheeks and parted mouth, gasping for air, definitely wasn't her. She had evolved. A scene that would have left the previous Cecil embarrassed to death, here she was embracing it. It felt good. The change.

"Emerald," she moaned, shivery with desire. She let go of all her mental constraints this time and flowed with the moment. But then she wanted to close her eyes and relish the feeling, yet didn't dare to disobey him.

"Yes... exactly there," her hands went around to grasp his hair from behind to anchor herself. Her legs were as weak as jelly as he continued moving inside of her. But when she was about to reach that apex, he stopped and Cecil saw red like never before.

"What the hell do you-!"

She was cut off by Emerald turning around suddenly and smashing her lips against hers. He kissed her hard and roughly and she matched the ferocity. She needed him right now!

They broke apart, fire coursing through her veins as she slipped down the last piece holding his decency with delirious hunger and speed. Emerald did the same to her robe and it hardly fell to the ground when he picked her up, entering her at the same time.

Cecil gasped at the fullness yet didn't have time to savor the feeling because he was thrusting into her. She fought to catch her breath as Emerald pumped into her relentlessly. Unlike their earlier plays, this session was hurried and full of hot scorching desire.

"Yes... ah... my God!" were her moans of pleasure to the man who rammed into her with careless abandon.

Her fingers dug into his shoulders just as her body shook, a wave of turbulent pleasure ripping through her as she screamed his name,

"Emerald!"

*Chapter 395 - Three Hundred And Ninety-five : Your Highness, We Are Here*

The third point of view:

There were a million questions Judy wanted to ask. So many thoughts running through his head right his head but none overruled the fact that Emily was right here. Right beside him.

His blood pumped to life, his world suddenly became brighter than the other gloomy days. When she had left, she not only broke his heart, she took it with her.

"Now's my turn," He told her, then hoisted her up and placed him on his thighs.

Emily didn't say a word, rather gulped, looking at him nervously; she thought he was going to do something to her.

"Judy..." Emily chuckled nervously, "I think... maybe... we should keep this discussion at home," she didn't dare to look him in the eyes.

"Who said I wanted to talk?" he asked, their eyes connecting.

Heat rose to her cheeks and he watched the way her breath quickened, her lips coming out to lick her lower lips, and damn him if he wasn't tempted to swoop them and kiss her till she forgot her name even.

"Judy..." her breath was thick, "Don't you think it's inappropriate for us to do it here?"

"What?"

"I mean it would be exciting to do in the car but we have an audience -"

"What are you thinking in that rotten mind of yours?" he asked her, stunning her.

"What?"

"I meant, I don't want to talk because I just want to be with you like this," He lowered her head on his shoulder and wrapped his hand around her.

"Oh," It dawned on Emily. But then, why does it feel like she was tricked?

Indeed, she had been tricked, but then Judy had improvised at the last minute. Emily just returned from her healing program, he wasn't so sure "unprotected" sex was at the top of her bucket list. As much as he wanted kids, her well-being - both physically and mentally - was his utmost concern.



"Why did you return? Weren't you intent on having your own space?" Judy asked, while his hand threaded through her hair that felt like silk.

Truthfully, he was at peace. It was almost like the missing piece in his life had finally been found, thus, confirming the fact that material things wasn't a sign of happiness and contentment. He was happy at the thought of him, Emily, and Akim being one family. It didn't matter at the moment whether he had money or not, as far as he had his loved ones - the resources were just a bonus.

"Well..." Emily drew back so she could stare into his eyes. She clasped his face in her palm, "I was having my space until I realized something,"

"What is it?" he asked, holding her gaze.

"I wasn't the only one suffering, you were too "

Judy swallowed, she just came close to home. He hasn't gotten enough sleep lately because he's been blaming himself for the death of his child. If he hadn't been a coward, his mother the queen wouldn't have dared that move and his child would still be alive.

Emily went on, "And it was kind of selfish of me to dump all the blame on you. But I was so angry then that I needed someone to blame, someone to be held responsible for my misfortune - it was just the heat of the moment. I didn't mean any of those.

"You must have blamed yourself for everything, which isn't supposed to be. We are a couple. Real couples stay with their partner in the good and bad. Persecution and the good bads would come, yes, that's part of life, but only the strong would overcome them. And as far as I know, two is better than one. We would with it better when we're together " she intertwined their hands, smiling down at him.

"God, I love you," Judy couldn't control his emotions anymore. He just moved up his face in her grasp, and kissed her. His heart was bursting with joy and he expressed it by enveloping her lips sweetly.

Right now, he wished he could rip out his heart and present it on a golden platter just so she could know how much he treasured her.

"What?" His brows raised when she broke away from him.

"Have you forgive me?" She asked with all manner of seriousness.

"Are you seriously kidding me?" Judy couldn't believe her. He could never ever stay mad at her.

"Answer me," She pressed, her lips pressed into a thin frown.

"Fine, I hope this answers you then," Judy lifted his head and laid claim to her lips once again. But this time, he devoured her lips with reckless abandon; his hand went to the back of her head to pull her harder into him while his other hand cupped her ass, rubbing her against his arousal.

Emily moaned, tugging at the root of his hair as if she was grabbing hard at life while drinking from his lips like he was the water of life.

"We should stop," Judy said to her. He was on the verge of losing the last of his self-control.

"Why?"

His brows raised, he gave her a look that spells, "Really? You're asking that?"

"I want to compensate you," she still pressed.

"You have no reason to compensate me neither did you do anything wrong," He stated, sternly.

"Fine," She heaved, "I'll put it this way then: let me satisfy you," her eyes gleamed with excitement.

This was the time for Judy to gulp. After all, what man in his right senses would refuse such a delicious request? Speaking of which, his little brother was so hard it was poking at his pants.

"Emily... "

"Please..."

He saw the look in her eyes and knew this was what she wanted. He slumped back against his seat, squeezed his eyes shut, and slowly nodded his head.

A delighted smile decorated Emily's face and she got off him, but not without grinding against him, pulling a groan from his mouth.

"Little vixen," Judy cursed, yet his expression lit up as soon as she got down on her knees, pushing his legs apart so she could kneel in between him.

Emily didn't jump into the action right away, rather she began to caress his arousal through his pants, loving the salacious groans coming from his throat.

However, the instant her hands went to undo his belt, the car came to a jolt and Archie's voice rang out,

"Your highness, we're here,"

*Chapter 396 - Three Hundred And Ninety-six: He Was Suddenly Scared Of His Mother*

Sometimes the things that happen in our life make us wonder if the big "G" up there in the sky becomes so bored that he entertains himself by messing with his creatures, feeding off of our misery? If no one has ever thought that, Judy was thinking exactly that.

Because the moment that announcement reached his ears, both of them froze up. Of all times, why was it now?

Emily felt as if someone just caught her in the middle of doing something bad while Judy felt like a bucket of water was poured on him. The passion that had been boiling between them sizzled down the way a hot metal would when doused in water.

"Damn it!" Judy cursed out loud. The passion might have died off but he was still as hard as fuck - the trouble men go through. Sigh, women would never understand.

Right now he had two options, let Emily pleasure him while fully conscious of the attendants awaiting him outside, ready to welcome him back. Then he comes out, announcing to the whole world with his appearance that the future queen just gave him a blow job.

Two: Use a few minutes to calm down "painfully" and come down later with a smile on his face pretending not to be pissed off by the disturbance!

"What should I do?" Emily was confused as well. If they didn't get out of the car on time, people would begin to get worried. Although she wasn't concerned about the gossip - they would always talk - but this was the royal palace and they were supposed to be on good behavior.

The maids would speculate if they came out of the car looking disheveled and smelling like sex. From the palace, the news would spread to the kingdom and finally to the whole world. And from there, each time she comes out of the car with Judy, all people would think was... ugh! She didn't even want to think about it.

"Give me a few minutes to calm down," He groaned, shutting his eyes close as he tried to calm "his brother" down.

It was just a few minutes, but to Emily that had been like forever. Looking at Judy, his face was scrunched up, looking as if he was in serious pain. Was having blue balls that painful? She was deep in thought. Maybe she would ask him later.

Emily was relieved when Judy announced, "Let's go" and they stepped out of the car only to be welcomed by the unusual royal entourage. Well, she had better get used to this - because she was not leaving this time.

As soon as they got to the living room, Emily stiffened when she saw the queen dowager standing there as if she had been awaiting their return. However, Judy's gentle squeeze on her waist was all the support she needed to lift her head high as they walked over to her.

"Greetings, your majesty" Emily bowed for the sake of courtesy. She could remember the queen's visit clearly since it was just yesterday and how she had turned down her request of returning here.

Emily didn't believe the woman was truly sorry for what she did - trust was hard to gain - she must have apologized only because Judy became destructive after leaving him.

Nobody told her about that, but Emily knew Judy to the bones. He was always stubborn and determined about what he wanted. So what happens when he loses something he possessed? He would retaliate against who had caused the loss.

"You're welcome my dear," the queen replied warmly to her surprise.

However, Emily didn't think much about the sudden change in attitude. For all she knew, this could be a pretense and once Judy was gone, she would revert to her previous behavior. The woman was just enduring her because of her son's presence.

But this time around, she was prepared for the queen. The Spencers were not pushovers nor were they ants that any royal personality would stomp on her without regard.

Emily would not fight the woman physically but there were many ways to kill a rat. The queen dowager should have her fun now because once she was queen, she would strip her of all her powers. She would be nothing but a paper; the queen dowager would be all bark and no bite.

Emily finally woke up from her slumber, realizing her authority. She is Emily Spencer and nobody fucks her and goes scot-free - not even Judy escaped her.

After the greeting, came an awkward silence which Judy broke by clearing her throat. He stepped forward to make his decision clear this time, "Mother -" but the queen didn't let him.

"I heard you were coming and decided to welcome you myself," the queen said to Emily specifically.

Emily and Judy turned to one another perplexed. Who is this woman? They weren't quite sure anymore.

But the queen went on amid their dumbfounded faces, "I know I haven't been the best person to relate with but like I said yesterday, let's bury the hatchet and try beginning friends. And that friendship should begin by going over the wedding plans,"

"Huh? Wedding plans?" Emily blinked, stupefied.

But Judy was left with more questions, "You both met behind my back?"

"I visited her," The queen added, "To be precise,"

"I'll explain it to you later," Emily mouthed to him. There were more important matters to address, like why the queen wasn't behaving like the evil queen she was - Snow white would be so proud.

"My stupid son hasn't engaged you yet, right?"

"Huh? E-engaged?"

But the queen didn't even let Emily recover from the shock, rather the woman clapped her hand and two maids appeared, one of them bearing a little box placed on a pillow.

What the hell was happening? Emily couldn't understand a thing. She looked towards Judy who was as lost as her. Everything was happening too fast.

But to Emily's shock, when the box was unveiled, exquisitely designed rings with diamond clusters were displayed.

"I know you young people have your preference and style, but this ring is a family heirloom that was once passed down to your father and me, and now you - that is if you would accept it. I don't know if it would fit but some adjustments could be made,"

"Of course, we accept the ring but don't you think this is going too fast?-"

"Thanks - that is all I wanted to hear," She handed the ring to him, "Now get on your knees and propose to the girl,"

Judy sighed, running his hand through his hair. This felt too good to be true. One moment his mother hated Emily and the next, she's loving to her.

"Mother, perhaps we should all take a breath and -"

"Fine," The queen's dowager patience had thinned, "I'll give you motivation then,"

"What?"

Judy was still asking what she meant by that when he felt a pain in the back of his leg.

"Ouch!"

The queen kicked him on both legs, forcing him to his knees.

"A little violence does get the problem solved after all," She dusted her hands to signal her mission accomplished. But her once bright expression changed into a scary one as she ordered,

"Now propose to my grandchild's mother,"

Gosh, he was suddenly scared of his mother.

*Chapter 397 - Three Hundred And Ninety-seven: Fate Fucked Her*

The third point of view :

"Tommy settle down!" Kim chided her son running around the room, becoming a distraction to her.

"But mommy, I want to play. I'm so bored because all you do all day is spend time with grandma!" he threw a tantrum.

However, that comment made Kim angry and she took offense, "Are you stupid or blind enough not to recognize your grandmother's sick?!"

"Kim, let him be," Angela interceded, "He's just a kid,"

"No! Don't point to me the way I should train my own kid...." Kim faltered when she saw the way her mom blanched from that statement and realized she shouldn't have said that.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I just lost it for a while there," She apologized with a guilty conscience. The stress was making her say things she really didn't mean to.

It wasn't easy for Kim to take care of her sick mother and also a four-year kid who wants to do everything except sit in the hospital room all day. But then, she can't divide herself into two, neither can she afford to take her son to play, leaving Angela all alone.

Sometimes, it just gets so hard she wants to sit down in a dark corner, bring up her leg to her chest, hugging her knees, and cry. What has she done to deserve all this? It was too much. Why couldn't she be happy?

But most of all, Kim was too scared to lose her mother. Angela was the only family she had left, if she dies now, she was all alone. After what she had done to Maya, it was obvious that the woman wouldn't dare to welcome her back as a family - she didn't even let them into her wedding.

What about her father? Alfred had been freaking mad when he found out the secret about Maya. She couldn't exactly blame him since Angela had hidden the truth, lied to him for twenty-four years!

Who wouldn't be angry at such a discovery? Though they didn't divorce officially, he dared Angela never to step at his door. Even though everything Angela has done was for him and the family business, he chose to abandon her.

As for her, the man withdrew her from the company even though she was his blood daughter. The company that was supposed to belong to her, her father had chosen to appoint a qualified proxy to take over.

Kim didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She had maltreated Maya because she had felt her "bastard" sister was a threat to her position, who knew that in the end, the same company she had fought tooth and nail for wouldn't even belong to her. It was disheartening and darkly comical at the same time.

Looking away, she wiped away the tears that had slipped down her cheeks - unfortunately, Angela had seen it.

"Are you crying?"

"No," She answered abruptly with a little bit of coldness.

"Seriously, talk to me Kimberly," Angela pleaded, trying to keep her face in her area of focus, however, Kim tilted her head away.

"You want me to talk to you?" Her brows raised challengingly, "You seriously want me to talk mother?"

"Kim..."

"Why did you indulge me?"

"What?" Angela's brows furrowed as she tried to comprehend what she was referring to.

"Why did you let me turn out this way!" She raised her voice on her mother for the first time in a long time. All those years, Kim hadn't said a word to her because Angela had been along with her at every step. But now, the thought of her leaving; the fears, and stress made her reach her boiling point and was ready to detonate.

"Why didn't you stop me when I turned out that way? Huh? You did this to me!" She pointed to her chest angrily, "You knew everything, the way I made living hell for Maya, the maltreatment she received from me, yet you turned a blind eye to it!"

"Kim, I -"

"Do you even know why I hated her in the first place?" she hissed, feeling the resentment she had buried for years rising to the surface.

"Because you hated Maya and when you didn't rebuke me for bullying her, I thought it made you happy and what do you expect a six-year-old to do? if not to make mama proud," she taunted her.

Tears flooded Angela's eyes and spilled down her cheeks, "I'm so sorry -"

Kim's expression suddenly changed when her mother turned pale and began to reach and she, knowing what that meant, grabbed the disposable vomit bowl and brought it to her face. Angela threw up into the bowl.

The anger Kim felt dissipated at once. No matter how angry she was, seeing her mother in that condition was more heartbreaking.

"You're getting worse," Kim noticed blood in her vomit, worsening her fears.

Angela leaned back into the pillow, squeezing her eyes shut because she felt sick, yet she said to her daughter, "Don't make it a big deal. You know I'm not going to survive this,"

"I don't want to hear that," Kim replied, getting up to her feet to get rid of the bowl.

Once in the washroom, Kim stared at her reflection in the mirror - she was a shadow of herself. She felt sick to the stomach and there were noticeable bags under her eyes from lack of sleep. Even when she hadn't been taking care of Angela, she couldn't sleep comfortably; the thought of her mother dying soon gave her sleepless nights.

"Oh God," She groaned, running her hand through her hair, ruffling it. Her head filled with thoughts felt like it was exploding and she was goddamn tired. This must be fate fucking with her for what she did to Maya. Yeah, she's fucked up.

After catching her breath in the washroom, she came out to see her mother resting. Their eyes met yet none of them said anything, keeping their thoughts to themselves.

It was at that moment when Kim wanted to catch her own rest that it clicked in her head, the room was too quiet which means....



"Where's Tommy?" Dread filled her as she began to search the room frantically, "Where's my son?" She almost went crazy with worry.

"I don't think he's in here. He must have slipped out when we were discussing," Angela pointed out in a weak tone.

Kim decided to search outside and rushed to open the door only for it to open revealing her son.

"Mommy!"

"ThankGod!" Kim hunched down and pulled him into her arms, relieved. She would not live if something happened to him too.

She broke away from him, "Don't try this again!" Kim rebuked him, hugging him once more before discovering they were not alone.

They must have been the one who found him, Kim surmised and glanced up to thank her savors only to stiffen.

No way.

*Chapter 398 - Three Hundred And Ninety-eight: Retaliation*

The third point of view:

Reina honestly didn't want to do this, but she had no choice. After all, she had promised Niklaus?- Sakuzis' never go back on their words.

"It's just a visit," Niklaus reminded her as he drove. It was almost as if Reina was preparing for battle with the way she clenched her fist and looked on ahead with determination.

"I know," She replied, finally taking her eyes off the road and focusing on him. The discussion with her father had gone the way she thought it would be - the man confessed to everything.

It was her fault anyway, she had been the one who chased them out of the wedding. Knowing how pissed she was with her family, Sakuzi had attempted to reconcile them during the wedding - but then she was too stubborn. Well, what was he expecting? That she welcomes them with open arms and then, they're good again and live happily ever after? Nope, that was a faraway dream.

Well, Reina has to see her, that's all that matters. They would probably talk, and Angela would ask for forgiveness and blah, blah, and -thankGod- she would be on her way home again.

The car suddenly jostled to a halt, rousing Reina from her thoughts, only for a look of shock to cross her face when she realized what almost happened.

Niklaus was just about to park his car in the hospital open-spaced garage when a figure darted out and would have hit him had he not braked on time.

"What the hell?!" Reina saw red, stepping out of the car to go give that idiot a piece of her mind only to stumble upon a child. He looked no fewer than four or five years and her heart instantly melted - she was a huge sucker for children.

"What are you doing here? You almost got yourself killed," she told the kid who was sprawled on the floor. He must have been shocked himself.

"Here, let me help you," she gave him a hand which the kid took and got up to his feet. Pulling him out of the way, Reina gestured to her husband to go on with the packing.

Once he was done, Niklaus stepped out of the car with a disapproving look. That kid was trouble, look what almost happened. Moreover, he wanted his wife away from the kid, why?

What if the kid turns out to be an orphan, he was a hundred percent sure his ever-loving wife would attempt to add him to the family and he knew inwardly, he wouldn't be able to refuse her.

When he had told Reina he wanted six children, he didn't mean fostering or adopting them, he meant their own - making babies was sweet.

"We should go, we have important things to do," He said disgruntled, still eyeing the kid. In fact with the way? Niklaus was glaring at him, the boy was becoming uncomfortable.

"Angela is not important, you know I'm just visiting for your sake. Also, I can't leave this child here all alone, that would be inconsiderate," she quickly added, "And I'm not saying you're without conscience," she patted him on the head and Niklaus melted like Jelly.

"Fine," He gave in after she captivated him as usual. And no, he wasn't a henpecked husband, he just loved Reina too much he indulged her in whatever she wanted.

"Where's your mother?"

"There," the child pointed to the hospital.

"You know the way?"

He nodded.

Reina was grateful the child could speak well. At the least, he was able to identify where he came from, and which means he often came here.

She began to wonder what could bring a child here since he didn't look sick. Could it be his mother or something? Well, that was none of her business, once she delivers the child, she would leave to go sort out her own problems.

"Alright, let's go," Reina took the child's hands, which was a mistake because Niklaus frowned down at the move.

"Oh, come on," Reina rolled her eyes, took his hand as well, and dragged him along.

However, as they walked on, she had a sudden suspicion as the kid led them to his supposed mom's room. He was going the exact way the receptionist had directed them to Angela's room. It just didn't make sense. Kim was not married or was she?

However, everything finally made sense when the door finally opened, and her sister, scratch that, her ex half-sister, Kimberly, swooped down on the kid and hugged him.

"Don't try that again!" Reina watched her scold her kid and as if she finally sensed her kid hadn't come alone, Kim finally glanced up and froze.

They meet once again.

"Maya..." Kim didn't know when that name escaped her lips. She was so shocked at seeing her - she never expected her to come.

A frown distorted Reina's face upon hearing that name. Did they still think she was that old submissive Maya?

With her head held up, Reina said to her, "You shouldn't have gone for a kid if you know you couldn't handle the workload that comes with it?"

"What?" Kim was confused.

"Niklaus almost knocked down your son,"

"Oh no," Kim went pale upon hearing what almost happened.

"Who knows? With your personality, you would have insisted I killed your son when it was all your carelessness," Reina said harshly.

She couldn't help but want to punish Kim a bit. They said what comes around goes around. Kim has had her fun maltreating her in the past, perhaps, this was the universe telling her that this was her turn to retaliate.

Revenge was not satisfying, people would say, but she - Reina - would enjoy every inch of this.

"No, I..." Kim faltered, unable to refute that accusation. Tommy was her only source of joy now, she would have probably done so.

"As much as I thought," Reina snorted.

Niklaus didn't say anything, he would let his wife have her full now and talk to her when they get back home. Besides, he was the one who convinced her to come, he'd have to take her the way she is.

"But don't worry, I'll keep my eyes on him well," Kim said to her as some sort of apology.

"You better do," Reina replied, shooting her a look of disdain.

Without even being invited in, Reina waltzed into the room like she owned the place; however, she froze in her footsteps as soon as her eyes laid on Angela.

How was this possible? Her lips trembled just as a sudden pain gripped her heart.

*Chapter 399 - Three Hundred And Ninety-nine: I Love You*

The third point of view:

Reina gulped, her heart pounding loudly in her ear. When she thought of coming here, she never braced herself for this kind of shock, she didn't expect this.

Angela was a shadow of herself - how could someone age this quickly? Her cheeks were sunken and her once beautiful skin she had treasured and taken care of with the best body cream money could buy was dry and she had an unhealthy pallor.

Aside from that, Angela had lost weight - a lot of weight. Though she hasn't lost all of her hair nor sections of it as common with cancer patients, Reina noticed that her hair was dryer and duller. In conclusion, a look at Angela, one need not be told that she was dancing with death; the grim reaper was just around the corner.

But she didn't look this bad when she came to the wedding? How could the sickness degenerate this quickly? Unless...

Reina's eyes grew wide as it dawned on her, they had been using makeup to hide her frail state.

No matter how dysfunctional a family was, at the end of it, blood was thicker than water and Reina proved it at that moment.

She turned to Kimberly, "You knew her health was this bad, and yet you didn't care to inform me?!"

"Inform you?" Kim snorted, "Were you even willing to listen?!" She yelled back at her.

"I would have listened if I knew it was this terrible!"

"No, you wouldn't have listened until you saw it with your both eyes! Why? Because you kept encouraging yourself with the events of the past!"

"Shut up!" Reina hollered, "Everything that happened so far is your fault so don't try to make it look like it's my fault I didn't know mother fell sick!"

With the way tempers were flaring, Niklaus decided to step in - but that was a grave mistake.

"Ladies, perhaps, we should all take a breather and -"

"Back off! This is family business!" Both Reina and Kim said in a chorus.

Given the warning, Niklaus quickly lifted his hand in surrender and took a step back. However, the man didn't expect the turn of events that followed.

Reina turned to Kimberly with anger, "How dare you speak to my husband that way?" she hissed.

"I didn't," Kim defended.

Niklaus didn't dare to interrupt, he has learned his lesson never to butt in between two arguing ladies else he receives the heat.

"I heard you, right. Are you saying? I'm deaf?" Reina insisted.

"Both of you should cut it out," Angela finally spoke for the first time since she arrived, "You shouldn't argue in front of the kid,"

It was at that moment that their gazes fell on Tommy cradling his mother's laps, looking confused yet scared from their raised voices. Unlike Niklaus', both of them obeyed the order this time but not without glaring daggers at each other.

"The both of you can wait for my death to continue your argument. Right now, I want my last memory to be of my daughters being in harmony. That is not too much to ask, is it?" Angela said to the both of them with a weak smile.

This time, Reina and Kim turned their glaring eyes on their mother. How could she be so careless about death?

"You really want to die that quickly, don't you?"

Although Reina appeared to be harsh, the truth was that she was choking from pain inwardly.

It was strange though, on her way here, she had thought she would be indifferent to everything, but now the pain was gripping her heart so hard she couldn't breathe. But then, she wouldn't show it, she wouldn't give Angela the satisfaction of knowing she still cared amid everything she did to her. Neither would she cry, she was no longer the weak Maya. Reina was a different person - she told herself.

"Kimberly," Angela called her, "Can you take Tommy to play?"

Though it seemed like a request, Kim knew it was an order. She wanted to protest but understood that her mother didn't want Tommy to be involved in their discussion. Kids might not be as intelligent as adults, but they have a good memory, and the boy without knowing the history of their family might misunderstand everything when he comes to the age of understanding.

"Mummy, let's go play!" The boy seemed very enthusiastic to leave which made Kim sigh.

"Fine," Kim gave in but she didn't leave right away. She went ahead to where Angela laid and placed a peck on her forehead, "I'll be back,"

That might be Kim showing her affection to Angela, but it was also a warning to Reina not to mess with their mother.

"Alright, I love you," Angela smiled back at her with affection, "And Tommy too," she kissed the little boy who had come to her bedside.

"I love you too, granny!"

"Let's go," Kim took his hand and led him out.

Reina was jealous of that little scene. Her own kids didn't even know their grandmother - their biological grandmother - Nadia had filled in that role. But then, she wished inwardly that they at least met. Well, maybe, they will meet after this. They didn't have to be necessarily close to her, knowing that Angela existed should be enough. She arranged mentally.

"Are you going to stand there all day?" Angela said to her daughter who had her arms wrapped around her chest with a look of defiance.

Grudgingly, Reina made her way over to the chair beside her where Kim must have sat before her arrival.

"You look beautiful, your husband must be treating you well," Angela complimented her but she rolled her eyes.

"That husband was the same person you claimed I was whoring around with," Reina retorted.

"Reina..." She heard Niklaus call her name from behind and she knew what that meant. He was asking her to be civil.

Reina wanted to let go of the past, but it was not easy with the past staring right back at her. She was having an internal war - a battle between good and bad behavior.

"Fine," She gritted her teeth.

"Reina..." Angela tried to take her hand but Reina withdrew her hands as quickly as an eagle closed down on her prey. And that was a reflex action.

"Sorry, but I'm not used to you touching me," She gave her most sincere apology.

"Don't worry, I understand," The woman nodded even though the glint in her eye dimmed, "I'm just happy that you came, that's all,"

"Of course, I had to come. Your illegitimate daughter is not that heartless..." Reina faltered when she realized she did it once again. Niklaus must be feeling a great urge to spank her on the butt like a kid.

"I'm sorry," Reina apologized once more, pinching the space between her brows. This was not going to be an easy ride.

"No. It's okay," Angela nodded again, giving her another understanding yet wry smile.

"No, it's not okay," Reina shook her head and turned to Niklaus, "I'm sorry, but I can't do the turn-over - a - new - leaf thing out of nowhere and pretend like everything is okay because it's not. I want to say what's on my mind without any dilution,"

Although Niklaus didn't say anything but the sigh and the slouching of his shoulders told her what she needed to know; he gave in. Reina turned to Angela.

"You hurt me big time," she told her

"I know," Angela conceded surprisingly.

Reina went on, "And I hate you for it,"

"I know,"

"I never wanted to come here nor to see your face ever again,"

"I know,"

"But I had to give you that respect for at least birthing me,"

"I know,"

A tear slipped down Reina's face, "You know I tried to make you like me?"

"I know,"

"But you didn't reciprocate it,"

"I know,"

"I said I wouldn't cry for you but these annoying tears keep falling off,"

"I know,"

"And could you stop replying 'I know' to every one of my comments? It's irritating yet comical at the same time," both of them broke into laughter at the same time but Reina's laughter lasted longer than her, but before one could say Jack Robinson, Reina burst into tears.

"Why did you hate me? Why didn't you like me?" she cried bitterly.

"I'm so sorry, I was so stupid then," Angela cried too, pulling her into a hug, and Reina who resented her touch so much leaned into her.

Niklaus was so moved by the scene that a tear slipped down his eyes. He wiped it off immediately and was grateful for the fact the twins weren't here else they would taunt him to no end.

"Fine, I've forgiven you," Reina pulled away after a while of crying, wiping away her face, "But that does not mean we've become one big happy family - you have to earn that affection and trust,"

"Alright," Angela nodded.

"We're leaving," Reina announced. She was too embarrassed, having decided earlier she wouldn't cry.

"But don't worry, I'll come with the kids tomorrow,"

"Alright,"



"Goodbye then," She turned to Niklaus.

"Have a nice stay," Niklaus finally spoke to his mother-in-law.

"Take care of my daughter,"

"I will," Niklaus promised her, his hands on Reina's waist as he led her out.

However, Angela realized at that moment that she hadn't told Reina what she wanted to say for long and she ripped off the wires connected to her body, going after them even though she felt dizzy.

"Wait!" She caught up with them in the corridor and was relieved when they stopped.

"What is it, mother?" Reina was stunned at her appearance.

She chuckled, "I wanted to tell you that I -" Angela didn't get to finish what she wanted to say because she saw something that made her eyes widened and she sprinted towards her daughter at full speed notwithstanding her condition.

Reina's brows furrowed when she saw her mother running towards her. What was the old woman up to? But then, the instant Angela hugged her, two shots rang out.

Bang! Bang!

"Love you," Angela completed her comment, her brilliant smile fading as she fell to the ground.

"No!!!!"

*Chapter 400 - Four Hundred : Like It Was The Last Time*

The third point of view:

Cecil didn't want to leave - which was surprising - but she had no choice. Her heart was hurting at the thought of it and she knew it was because of a certain person.

She had told herself that it was a simulation and now it was time to go back to real life. Emerald was a good lover, but then she wasn't chasing after a partner nor a relationship and that must be kept that way. She wasn't ready for heartbreak plus he deserves someone better.

Take a look at her, what was so special about her? She was nothing but a single mother messed up by her intended fiancée. Emerald needed a woman - definitely not Juliet - who would love him indefinitely and give him a family while accommodating his type of work.

That was another one of the many reasons she couldn't be with him. It wasn't that Cecil could not handle that level of violence, but Emerald's work was risky - his life was always hanging on the line. She was not ready to lose her heart as soon as she gave it nor become a widow - that is if they were able to come to that level.

In conclusion, there was more than one reason not to be with Emerald and she had to keep to it. It was for his well-being and her well-being too. She would treasure their time together and one day she would look back at the memories with a grateful smile, Cecil comforted herself.

However, the instant she made it to the corridor leading outside and didn't see him there, her heart sank. Didn't he want to see her off? Had they gone back to level one of being silent at each other?

"What is it, mother?"

"Huh?" She was roused back to reality by Pedro's question.

"Is anything the matter?"

"What?"

"You keep glancing back,"

"No. It's nothing," She told him, exhaling a deep breath as she faced the door.

Yeah, this was it. She had to bravely cross it and return to her old life where her emotions weren't a rollercoaster ride, and optimistic each day she woke up. Yeah, her comfortable and predictable life.

"What is it?" Pedro asked his mother when she stopped abruptly in her tracks.

"I don't know," Cecil replied sincerely. Why did she even stop?

"Look," Pedro turned to her, scratching the spot below his left brow, "I know I'm your son and that I'm young and probably don't know anything about love, in your perspective - why do older people like to think that way when we know much more than you all probably think we know. But trust me, you don't want to leave here without saying goodbye. This might be your last chance to summarize whatever it is between the both of you and you might regret it later if you don't grasp it now, " He said to her.

Cecil gulped, "You knew?"

Pedro rolled his eyes towards heaven, "I'm eighteen, not ten. I'm not a kid anymore, mother,"

He added beneath his breath, "I can even get a girl pregnant," but he dares not say that out loud else Cecil would roast him alive

Cecil didn't know what to do anymore, she simply pulled her son into her arms and showered him with kisses on his face.

"I love you,"

"Eww, but I love you too. Now go," He broke away from the embarrassing hug. He was no longer ten for Christ's sake.

She tossed her bag to him and took off, heading in the direction of Emerald's room and when she got there, began to bang on his door.

"Open up Emerald!"

As if he was waiting for her arrival, the door snapped open. For a minute there, Cecil was speechless as she stared at his face. What the hell was wrong with her? She had been seeing this face for days but today he seemed exceptionally handsome or maybe he always seemed handsome to her? Her prince in shining armor...

Seriously?! The woman shook the foolishness out of her head. She needed to call her hormones to order.

"I was about to leave," Cecil breathed, chest heaving from the little sprint here.

"I know," Emerald answered and she sensed nonchalance in his tone which kind of pissed her.

Her brows arched, "You weren't even going to say goodbye?"

"I don't want to," he frowned.

"Oh," It dawned on her. Their simulation was over and so was their brief loving relationship. What was she even thinking? That they would become one, just like Adam and Eve? How pathetic. Everything they did was just to cure her phobia of intimacy, nothing else, and she's okay with it. Really. she was not affected at all. Trust her.

"Because if I had gone out, it would be to stop you and drag you back to my bed,"

"Huh?" Cecil was stunned by that sudden revelation. Here she was, thinking the opposite.

"Wait a minute," she tried to comprehend his words, "Are you trying to say-"

"I'm not trying to say, I'm doing it," He closed down on her lips, the suddenness tipped her back as she leaned back on the door, closing it in the process.

Emerald didn't give her breathing space, he kissed her as if tomorrow was not going to come and she couldn't even catch up with him until they came up for air.

With that chance, Cecil stared into his eyes and the emotions she saw there made her heart squeeze; she swore she could see affection in those eyes. This time, as if they were under the influence of a magnet, they leaned in at the same time and kissed with blazing intensity.

Cecil was hot, more like she was being scorched by his touch, by the way his lips moved against hers. The kiss deepened, their tongues playing chase and fighting for dominance. Both knew it was their last time together and had to give it their all.

Emerald lifted her, her legs came up around his waist for support while his hands went to her ass, squeezing and rubbing her against his erection. She moaned.

Since she was wearing a dress, Emerald easily sensed her wetness and that felt extremely good. This was paradise and he would give everything to get it everyday - if only she would let him, everything would be easy. Her being with him was a dream come true.

She didn't know how he did it but Emerald walked across the room with their lips still attached and found the bed. He sat down on the edge of the bed with her astride him.

Cecil loved his strength, her hands trailed down his muscular arm that could squeeze the air out of her lungs and send her packing to Hades. And that he was doing, but Emerald was careful enough not to hurt her.

"Your shirt needs to go off, I need to touch you," Cecil said to her in the middle of taking it off already. She needed to imprint every little detail of him into her head since this was their last time together.

However the instant the shirt was off, she froze. Those scars.