

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 401 - Four Hundred And One: That Voice - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 401 - Four Hundred And One: That Voice

Chapter 401 - Four Hundred And One: That Voice

Emotions clogged Cecil's throat, an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of her stomach. Though she has seen this time without number since they began their sexual therapy, it still made her sick in the stomach to see these scars.

Most of the scars were knife wounds but he had two bullet scars, one on his shoulder and the other on his chest. She knew the tale behind the chest one, he had told her after one of their hot sessions yesterday - yes, they had been going at it like rabbits due to their limited time together.

That was the closest Emerald came to death and he never thought he would survive it - the bullet missed his heart by a few inches - but here he was.

"Maybe God kept me alive to earn your forgiveness," He had told her yesterday, kissing her on the top of her head just before they took off from where they stopped.

"You're making me jealous of my scar," He said to her.

"What?"

"You give it more attention than you give to me," He pointed out, running his hand through her hair.

"You know I wish I was a witch,"

Emerald glanced down at her questioningly.

"So I could heal all of your scars with my magic," She said, kissing over that scar on his chest and gladly noticed his breathing change.

"Even if you were one, you could only heal the physical wound, not the one scarred deep down my soul. So I like you the way you are, you have a special healing tongue,"

They stared at each other without saying a word yet both shared a tactile understanding. Both of them had their demons and being with each other had kept it at bay.

Cecil took off her eyes and resumed kissing his scars. Her mouth skimmed over his small breast, running her tongue in a circular motion against his nipple as he groaned against her. His sweet sound of pleasure incited her to drag her fingers down his back. Her manicured fingers dug deep into his toned posterior just enough to cause pain and not to draw blood. He has been satisfying her needs the past few days, it was her turn to please him now.

"You're killing me, woman " He moaned, growing harder by the minute, "I can't last long in this state,"

"No, you won't come until I tell," she ordered with a devilish smirk.

Emerald gulped yet grinned inside. It was rare to see this wild side of her and he was going to enjoy every minute of it.

In one sweep move, Cecil pulled her dress over her head and was left in her underwear. She unhooked her bra, popping out those breasts that made his gaze darken.

She drew closer, wrapping her arms around his neck and rubbing her boobs against his chest, she commanded in a sultry tone, "Now, latch on them,"

"With all pleasure, milady," He said and took one of the breasts into his mouth, sucking and licking as her eyes go unfocused. She was gasping and moaning while he teased her with pleasure.

Moments later, the rest of their clothing lay on the floor forgotten just as Cecil positioned herself on his laps. It was her turn to take over today and she was glad he allowed her.

Guiding his arousal to her entrance, Cecil impaled herself on it, trembling as it was instantly sheathed to the hilt. She gasped, feeling his fullness penetrate to very entrails.

Then she began to move in a grinding motion, wriggling her backside in delight. However, as the pleasure built, she began to pounce on him, aided by Emerald whose hands had wandered to her bottom, supporting and slapping her butt cheeks, eliciting a sweet pain pleasure.

In no time the ecstatic moment arrived and Cecil died away in joyous cries of satisfied desire. But that was momentary, Emerald pulled her up with him and dropped her on the bed.

Placing her on all fours, he pushed his arousal as far as possible into her for a shove. Cecil gasped, it was too much. In this position, she could feel him all the way to her womb.

Slowly drawing it out well lubricated from her moist hot fold, Emerald plunged it back with a single thrust that knocked the breath out of her lungs. Then he went at it with fiery force.

Cecil screamed, her knees giving out as she fell flat on her belly from the intense pleasure, her hands fisting around the sheet. However, he pulled her back up as he slammed again and again and again into her.

Her eyes go unfocused with cries of agonizing delight as the waves of pleasure build and crash, until she attained her release, bringing Emerald down with her.

Emerald didn't arrive right away, he pumped his hips a few more times before dying away with a joyous cry of ecstasy, shooting up to her womb, hot boiling discharge. He lay on her, both of them panting with the delight of satisfied desire.

He didn't unsheath his member immediately, rather left it there without movement to enjoy the rapture-giving pressures of her heat as she convulsively shuddered from time to time. Finally pulling away, Emerald helped her up and embraced her, hugging her close to his chest.

"That was amazing," She breathed, still trying to catch her breath. That had got to be the best goodbye sex ever.

"Hmmm," He murmured, his hand threading through her hair. He liked doing that; her hair was so silky.

"I wish we could do this all day," She sighed.

"We could do it every day if you want to,"

"Really?" her eyes flashed with excitement and she propped herself up on her arm, "How?"

"You know how," He told her pointedly.

The smile on Cecil's face ceased as she grasped what he meant by that.

"No, no, no" she sat up, this time naked and with no care for the sheet to cover her decency.

Cecil went on to say, "This is not happening," as she traced her articles of clothing strewn on the room.

"Why?" He followed after her.

"We are just not meant for each other!" Cecil replied, wearing her panties and as she picked her bra to put on, he grabbed the material and pulled her to him with it.

Emerald cupped her face, keeping her gaze on him, "I love you, Cecil. I'll do everything to keep you happy and safe for the rest of your life,"

"Emerald, we are -"

"If it's about my work, I'll quit it!" he said to her astonishment.

He was willing to quit being a gangster for her? Did he love her that much?

"I'll do anything to keep you by my side because I'm sure of you. You're my Godsend and won't mind spending the rest of my life with you,"

Cecil's jaw almost dropped to the ground. Was that a proposal? Oh my God, everything was happening too quickly. She couldn't breathe.

"I-I need time to think about it," was all she could say to him. Their relationship just went from a therapeutic sexual simulation to a dating proposal and now to a marriage proposal. It was all too sudden and overwhelming.

"Fine, I'll take that. You have all the time in the world, I'll wait for your answer," He promised yet added mentally, "As far as it's a positive one," Then he kissed her and she responded.

Cecil sighed into the kiss, she was a goner - she indeed had feelings for him. If Emerald really wanted to get the answer from her mouth, he just needed to torture her in bed and Cecil had no doubt she would concede to anything he wanted.

She was still immersed in the kiss when her phone rang, destroying that perfect moment. Where the hell was that device? It had slipped from her hand during that time he welcomed her with a kiss.

Thinking it was her son Pedro calling to remind them of their departure - she has wasted enough time - she picked up without looking at the caller ID.

"Don't worry Pedro I'm -"

"Cecil... "

She stiffened up instantly. That voice.....

Chapter 402 - Four Hundred And Two: Numb

Someone else is happier with less than you have

Reina's point of view:

Too many times people don't realize what they have because they are out there looking for something better. The problem is that when they do realize it, they will come crawling back. Everyone falls into the trap that the grass is always greener on the other side. People make mistakes, it's part of human nature. If you really love this person it may be in both people's best interest to give him or her another chance. Sometimes space makes people appreciate things they once had. You need to make it clear that you forgive one time, and one time only, and if this is what you truly want.

That was what I had done. Though the past still dug its claws deep inside of me, I had to move on since I was honestly tired of hating. Bearing grudges and living in the past weighs on my heart and I want to be free. So, I let it go. I freed myself.

I decided to give Angela another chance - it was a risk- I know, but I considered it as running an experiment, to see if this would work. If she breaks my heart again, there would be no forgiveness. Ever. Again. She could go to hell for all I care.

"It's a big move you made out there," Niklaus nudged me on the shoulder as soon as we left the room.

I cleared my throat, still feeling a bit emotional, "Well, you were glaring holes into my head. What were you expecting me to do?" I grinned at him.

Niklaus snorted, yet drew me into his arms as he asked, "So you don't regret cutting short your honeymoon?" he wriggled his brows at me.

I rolled my eyes, what was I even hoping to hear from him? Tsk tsk, my perverted husband. I was just about to give him a deserving response when I heard "Wait!" from behind.

Huh? Wasn't that Angela's voice? I turned around to see her coming over to me. What the hell was going on? Did we forget something?

"What is it, mother?" I asked Angela, intending to go over to her. Although short, I knew walking this distance was hard for her.

"I wanted to tell you that -"

It was only for a split moment but I saw the panic that crossed her face which made my brows furrowed in confusion. What was wrong?

About to take a forward step, I was stunned when Angela sped over and spun me around. And then I heard it, two gunshots shattering the peace of the corridor.

"Love you,"

I felt the instant the bullets pierced through her body, her grasp on my shoulder tightened so much she was almost suffocating me. But I stood frozen, unable to comprehend what just happened until Angela slid to the ground.

Niklaus was the first to move, he chased after the shooter, his movement aroused me from the trance the shock had induced me into - It all happened too quickly for me to comprehend

"No, no, no!" I shrieked, falling to my knees beside Angela laying in her pool of blood.

"M-mother," I didn't even realize when I called her that. I had determined in my heart that I wouldn't refer to her like that until she earned it once again, but now I didn't care any longer. I could go on and call her mother all day if it meant that this nightmare would turn out to be a dream. But then, this was reality and I was afraid to face it.

"Please don't do this to me, don't leave me" Tears welled up in my eyes, blurring my vision as I cradled her head on my lap.

I took a closer look at her body, there were two gunshot wounds on her back. I knew instinctively that she wouldn't make it but I didn't want to acknowledge it. Miracles do happen, right?

"M-my beautiful daughter," My mother had a hard time speaking yet reached out to push away a lock of my hair that got in my face.

"No, don't speak," I didn't want to hear it. People who were on the verge of death tend to say sweet things to their loved ones before giving up the ghost. I wish I could block my hearing at this point.

"Why didn't I realize how special you are?" There were feelings of regret in her tone.

"Somebody, help me!" I ignored her sentiment, crying for help instead.

Suddenly, someone released an ear-splitting scream and I didn't have to glance up to know who. It was Kim, she must have heard the gunshot.

"Oh my God!" She bellowed like an injured animal, let go of her son, and ran over to the scene. Kim pushed me away with a great force that I hit my head on the wall behind me, but I didn't care, I didn't even feel it - I was numb - incapable of pain.

"What did you do to her, you murderer?!" She screamed at my face, uncontrollable tears streaming down her face. I didn't take anything Kim said to heart, knowing she was as hurt as me.

She was speaking the truth anyway, I'm the one responsible for her death. I was not a fool to not notice those bullets were meant for me, my mother must have seen the shooter on time and took the bullet in my place.

Why did she even do that? I asked, even though I knew she was protecting me. I was much healthier and younger, she should have let me take the bullet, I had a much higher chance of surviving.

"You shouldn't blame her, it's not her fault," Angela told Kim with a reassuring smile that did anything but calm us.

"Mother!" Kim sobbed.

"I w-want you, two sisters, to take care of yourselves while I'm gone,"

"Don't confess that," I said to her barely above a whisper. I was tired. I just wanted to lie down and wake up to realize this was all a dream.

"P-promise me?"

"Mother...." Kim cried further

"Promise me!" She said a little too sternly, vomiting up blood instead.

"Fine!"

"Fine!"

Kim and I said at the same time, sharing a brief gaze. We couldn't argue at the moment, not when she was like this - her last memory shouldn't be of us fighting.

"T-thank you," Angela said, but the way she was staring at me, I knew instantly that the compliment was reserved for me specifically.

"T-tommy," she started to ask for her grandson when a group of doctors rushed into the corridor, led by Niklaus.

Before I had the chance to say another word; to tell her that I loved her too even though I buried the feelings for years and that she had to stay strong to see her grandkids - Allen and Ailee - she was ripped from us by the doctor.

They put her on the stretcher that was rolled in by one of the nurses while the others held back the emotional Kim.

"I want to see my mother," She cried and kept going after them like a fool each time they rejected her.

"Kim, stop it!" I pulled her away but she yelled at me,

"No, leave me alone! I can't lose her! I'll be all alone if I lose her!" She pushed at my chest.

"No, you're not alone. You still have your son to live for!" I drew her into my arms. However, Kim resisted me at first but I refused to let go until she began to weep on my shoulder.

I didn't know when Niklaus had her son, Tommy in his arms, the boy must have been shocked at seeing his grandmother in a pool of blood. That must be traumatic for him at that age.

One would ask, how am I so strong? Why am I not bawling my eyes like Kim? Well one word, nothing. I felt nothing but one seething anger.

I couldn't wait to get my hands on whoever did this. This time, I would end his or her life with my hands. My hands have never been stained with blood since I haven't taken a life yet - father wouldn't let me - but not this time. I would torture that person so greatly he wished for death.

Hours later, we found ourselves outside the operating room. Tommy has been sent to our place to stay since Kim lived alone and the boy couldn't be on his own with the rest of us here. Kim had calmed down but I knew that was just a facade - she was just holding on to hear the final result.

"How are you feeling?" Niklaus finally asked me. He has been so busy making calls here and there to track down the perpetrator and as well settle the detectives who had come to investigate the scene.

"I'm fine," I replied.

"You don't look exactly fine to me," He pressed, "Reina, don't try to hold it in, tell me if something's -"

"I said I'm fine!" I snapped at him unintentionally. I'm okay, what more does he want to hear or see? Me hugging my knees crying so he could be the perfect husband who consoled his wife?

"I'm sorry," I took a deep breath, "I'm just stressed and on edge right now and would really appreciate it if you stopped pestering me with questions," I begged of him

Niklaus was just about to answer me when the surgery light went off and the doctor came out.

"How is she, doctor?" Kim rushed him, a tight frown lining her face.

The doctor took off his surgical cap and even before he said it, I saw it in his eyes - that disappointment.

"We tried our best. I'm sorry, she couldn't make it. Her body was frail and unsuitable for surgery at the first -"

Kim didn't wait for the doctor to finish, she fainted while I stood numb, as if nothing that was happening was real.

Chapter 403 - Four Hundred And Three : Mom Got Us A New Brother

The third point of view:

"Did you know the instant mom commented about the television, my heart almost jumped out of my chest. I thought she found out," Ailee narrated her ordeal to her twin brother, Allen.

"Your heart was still performing?" he snorted and then said, "I?died at that moment,"

"Oh," Ailee was stunned at the comparison.

"You know, we would be dead and buried all together if mom found out we didn't only destroy properties but went to the base too," He told her.

"Exactly. Thank God Grandfather has quick thinking," She breathed.

One might ask, why were the kids so much scared of their mother, Reina?

One: Their mother was immune to their acts. No matter how much they faked feebleness before her, Reina could never fall for it and would punish them to her heart's satisfaction. But then their father Niklaus was just too sweet. The man could never afford to punish them; they were his little pumpkins. How cute!

Two: Reina punishes them where it hurts the most. Perhaps, because they spent the longest with their mother, she knew them like the back of her hand. Hence she knew where to punish the kids and it would hurt the most, unlike their kind-hearted father - if only they knew he was crueler than their mother.

In conclusion, to be on the safe side, better to piss off Daddy than mamma. Their fake tears can save them from papa's hands, but not from mommy dearest.

Ailee turned to Isabella who was relaxing on her bed, and said, "Why did you accept mommy's compliment? All you ever did was take care of your boyfriend Pedro instead of us," she charged her.

Allen added, "Just like you're doing now,"

Isabella glanced down at them from the bed with a condescending brow, "If you're that dissatisfied, try becoming the eldest child then?- I wouldn't mind being taken care of by you both," and infuriate you for the rest of your life just like you're doing to me, Isabella intentionally didn't say that one out loud.

Well, she and the kids decided to call a truce till everything's calm down. Which means no fighting with each other or setting traps. Any who breaks the treaty would be punished and as a gesture of goodwill, Isabella invited them into her room - something that has never happened before without them getting attacked by the mechanics she set in place.

However, unknown to Allen and Ailee, She did so to prevent them from ruining another stuff before Reina's back. Isabella has planned her weeks with places and things she would do with Pedro, those cockroaches would not get her grounded - not in her watch.

"Whatever," Allen rolled his eyes at her comment unable to think of a comeback. He would rather leave the arguing to Ailee - she's the best at it -

however, she wasn't concentrating at the moment.

"What's taking Neon so long, I want to eat something," Ailee moaned, rubbing her stomach.

And yes, they sent Neon to go steal some food. The poor boy was deceived into believing it was part of his training to become as badass as them, when it was only for the satisfaction of their stomach.

You see their mother banned them from eating greasy food or snacks, whatever it was, late at night since those types of foods have a lot of fat and salt that could raise the risk of cardiovascular disease.

But then, Amanda, their housekeeper has a stock of those foods mostly French fries, potato chips, and doughnuts in her room because she orders them every night - she's excerpted from the rule. So they just wanted to steal a "little" and satisfy their hunger.

As if on cue, the door snapped open and Neon rushed in, out of breath, saying, "I've got news!"

"Dude!" Ailee stood up angrily, "What the hell was keeping you?" her eyes then trailed to his empty hands, "You came with nothing?!"

"About that," Neon scratched the back of his head, "Well, I did as you told me. I tiptoed into her room and found the snacks on her table, but then, as soon as I touched it, Amanda came in and caught me red-handed in the act,"

Ailee facepalmed, what had she been thinking sending him there. No matter what she taught him, he was just not like them

Neon's face fell at having disappointed her, "I had no choice but to tell her everything and she was mad I would consider stealing from her, but then..." his face suddenly lit up, "She told me she would offer me some if I stayed and watched a movie with her and that was what I did. We watched, laughed, and ate the snacks..."

Unknown to Neon, while he was, narrating his tale, Ailee had reached her boiling point. What was the use of him telling her the tale of eating the snacks meant for them all? To aggravate her craving?!

"You!" She screamed and lunged at him.

However, Neon's eyes widened and he quickly escaped her on time, hiding behind Allen indifferent to their drama.

"How could you be so heartless?!" Ailee felt her heart breaking. She had thought they were besties and partners in crimes, yet he enjoyed everything all by himself - even if it was a taste, it was something.

"I did reserve yours,"

"Liar!" She yelled, still chasing him but he kept evading her.

"I mean it, I had a couple of French fries on a plate for you but it slipped from my hands when I -"

"Of course, you're the embodiment of destruction!" She sassed.

"No, it only happened because I was shocked," he tried to explain.

"Shocked, my butt!"

"Mom?got us another brother!"

"What?!!!" Every one of them shouted.

Isabella's phone slipped from her hands from shock while Allen's and Ailee's jaw almost dropped to the ground from the news.

"What did you just say?" Isabella asked, face taut with tension. How could her parents adopt another child without consenting her? And it was too sudden? She didn't need to bother whose idea it was, it must have been her mother's - Reina, the good Samaritan.

"That's what I was trying to say," Neon said timidly, their intense stares were making him nervous. He pointed behind him, "He's in the living room right now,"

As if someone released a gunshot to signal the start of the race, they all sprinted to the living room, almost bringing Neon down to the ground in the process.

Chapter 404 - Three Hundred And Four: Who Was That Woman?

The third point of view:

"Are you sure Mom's eyes are okay?" Allen asked as he stared at the boy seated on the couch.

They all were peering from the entrance at the little stranger staring into space.

"Why would you say so?" Ailee whispered.

"This boy isn't close to the word called handsome,"

"What are you trying to say?" Neon was confused

"Only handsome faces can be added to this family and my appearance is used for the judging criteria," Allen gestured to his face, smugly.

"Ugh," Isabella and Ailee snorted. Narcissistic much?

But then Neon had his own point of view, "Aww, Allen," He fawned, "Are you trying to say I'm handsome too since I was added to this family?" he asked with high hope which was quickly dashed into pieces.

"You? You're just a buy one, get one bonus," He added crudely.

"Allen!" Ailee cautioned him. But she must have been so loud because the boy turned in their direction and they all hid instinctively.

"Why are we even hiding?" Isabella rephrased her question, "No, why am I hiding with you guys? This is so lame,"

"Yeah, it's pathetic, almighty big sister," Allen said sarcastically.

Isabella glared at him yet composed herself when it abruptly dawned on her that the boy wasn't her brother. She had heard Reina went to visit Angela and if she could remember right, she had a sister called Kim. She quickly put two and two together, this must be her son.

Although it didn't make sense that Reina would send her much-hated sister Kim, her kid here, yet it made much more sense than the thought of her adopting one. With Niklaus' stamina, they should be procreating more children, not fostering one.

However, Isabella wasn't going to tell that to her siblings. Yes, you guessed right, she would watch them make a fool of themselves, which is why she said,

"Anyway, I'm going back to my room. Tell me later what you found out," she announced, taking her leave. Now she would be able to chat with Pedro in peace without their annoying disturbances.

"We should go introduce ourselves," Neon suggested.

"No, we -"

But Neon had already come out of his hiding place and they had no alternative but to follow suit.

"Hi!" All three of them waved to the boy who stared at them like they were from the planet of apes. However, before they could try a friendlier approach, Allen had begun to bombard the child with questions.

"Hey, little ugly one, what's your name? How did you know my mother? Why did she send you here? Who are your parents? Are you the latest addition to our family?"

However, before they knew what was going on, Tommy's lips began to tremble, he bawled uncontrollably.

"Wonderful Allen, you've done it again," His sister blamed him.

"What did I do wrong? All I did was ask him questions, how is it my fault that he's a crybaby?" he shrugged.

At the mention of "Crybaby," Tommy increased the volume to his wail.

"Allen, you have to do something before Amanda gets here and reports to mommy that we made her new son cry!"

"What do you expect me to do?!"

"Undo what you did!"

"Fine!" he yelled at his sister and faced the boy, putting on what he believed was his best kind smile, "Hey kiddo, stop crying already, alright?"

But that move seemed to mess the whole thing up, Tommy sobbed harder, driving Allen crazy.

"This is it, I'm done with him!" He gave up, plonking down on the nearest couch in surrender.

Ailee and Neon stared at the boy, crying, "Mommy," and their heart broke.

"Oww, he's missing our mother already," Ailee had her hand on her face, moved by the scene.

"We have to make him happy," Neon said

"Yeah, I know, but how?" Ailee sighed. As usual, Allen caused trouble and left it for them to clean up his mess.

Suddenly, a flashbulb lit in Neon's head and he turned to Ailee, "I've got an idea,"

"What is it,"

He beckoned her to come closer and began to whisper the plan into her ears, causing her eyes to widen at the brilliance of it.

"What are we waiting for? Let's do this!"

Allen watched with raised brows as Neon left with her sister. What were those two up to? And why was their closeness irking him again? Whatever, he was not jealous!

Not long after, Neon ran back into the living room, fell on the ground, and began to cry alongside Tommy.

"What the hell is he doing?" Allen was taken aback by his action, "Does he want to get Amanda down here, putting us in trouble?"

As if Allen jinxed his luck, Amanda arrived at the scene with a perplexed expression, "What the hell is happening.... Oh" she trailed off as soon as Neon gave her a secret signal by winking his eyes. And just like Allen, she sat back to watch the drama going on.

Tommy was confused, why was this kid crying with him? In no time, his sobs gurgled to a halt as he watched what was going on.

Neon perfectly emulated Tommy's wailing a while ago, even thrashing about like a kid denied candy by mommy.

However, what stunned everyone next was Ailee making her epic entrance, dressed in one of their mother's floor-sweeping gowns and adult makeup. Amanda choked on her saliva and Allen's jaw dropped to the ground, what the hell?

"Oh my baby, don't cry anymore," Ailee went over to Neon, knelt beside him, and began to comfort him the way she's seen their mother comfort them, "Even when I'm far away, my spirit will always be with you. Also, big boys don't cry,"

They hugged each other.

The end.

After a moment of the heart-stirring scene, Allen clapped?

"A-hem," He cleared his throat, realizing he must have seemed stupid.

"Bravo!" Amanda broke the tension by applauding them and that made Tommy do the same.

"Hey, I'm Neon, what's your name?" The action gave him the incentive to introduce himself.

"I'm T-tommy," the boy answered shyly, unable to lock gaze with him.

"Do you want to play with us, Tommy?" Ailee offered.

"I don't think that's a good idea, the boy can't handle our kind of play," Allen pointed out with a frown.

One hour later.....

Exuberant screams and shouting could be heard from the kid's room as they played chase. Right now, their room was every mother's nightmare; no mother would want to clean that up.

Their room was in disorder; clothes were strewn at every corner that one couldn't differentiate between dirty laundry and the clean ones; the kids had a heap of clothes in the first place; stuffed toys and the robotic ones that they had offered Tommy to play with slithered diverse corners; bed sheets were halfway across the ground; the marvel posters on the wall had texts and emoticons captioned on it; Neon had a mustache drawn on his face with a marker and Ailee's brows were thickened with it while Allen had two devil horns on both sides of his head.

The kids thumped each other with pillows, the heft of the pillow knocked Neon off balance and he fell on the bed yet he climbed back up. The pillows broke, shedding down clusters throughout the room yet the kids didn't mind.

"This is so much fun, woohoo!!"

However, the door suddenly snapped open, and there stood their mother at the doorway in all her frightening glory.

Everyone froze. Uh-oh. Their gazes scanned the room. Oh boy, they were dead meat. They had planned to play for a short time and clean up before she returns, who knew they would get carried away with the fun?

Allen gulped nervously, Ailee's heart began to pound and Neon hiccupped while Tommy watched innocently as Reina made their way over to them with an expressionless face.

"M-mother, we can explain" Allen was still saying when Reina pulled him into a sudden hug, saying, "I love you,"

What was even more strange was that she did the same thing to Ailee and Neon before taking Tommy's hand and led him out of the room without yelling at them? Without punishing them?

"What just happened? Who was that woman just now?" Allen asked, yet none of them had the answer.

"I don't know,"

Chapter 405 - Four Hundred And Five: River Of Blood Is About To Flow

The third point of view:

"God, that feels good," Eden groaned, falling on his back to the bed. He and Camille just had the craziest sex right now and God, the women knew how to bring him to heaven and back to earth.

"That was great," Camille acquiesced, snuggling up to him.

"You are one beautiful woman," Eden pulled away her sweaty lock of hair to get a clear view of her face.

"Really? You only just realized you married a beautiful woman?" she teased him, "Come here," Camille drew him closer and began to kiss him and he responded quite exuberantly.

Eden moved his lips against hers in synchronicity as if they were one in body and soul. She deepened the kiss, moaning and caressing the muscles of his arms, relishing the taste of him.

Eden pulled back and then his gaze roved down her body and stopped on her belly. There was a spark in his arms when his hands reached there, asking, "Any chances we hit a baby?"

"Silly," Camille laughed, "You know I'm on the pills,"

At the mention of the pill, Eden's expression completely changed and she noticed that.

The smile on her face dissolved as well as she got the point, "You didn't know? I thought I told you right before our wedding?"

"I didn't know and even if I did know, I didn't remember and assumed you will be off it since we're married and this is our honeymoon, you know?"

"Wait a minute," Camille's brows drew into a frown, "Are you low-key trying to tell me you want a baby?"

But Eden didn't answer directly, he asked her instead, "Don't you want a baby?"

"Of course, I do," She hugged his neck, "I'll be happy to have your child, our child," Camille corrected, "He or she would look so good with your pretty eyes and my outstanding face," She attempted a dry joke which didn't elicit the response she wanted on Eden.

"But?" He probed.

"It's not the time, alright?"

"When is the time then? When we're all old and pregnancy becomes harder for you?"

"Honey, that's not what I'm trying to say," Camille tried to explain,

"I mean, we just got married, why don't we enjoy ourselves a bit more, just the both of us, before thinking of children - which by the way are a huge work,"

Eden spoke through gritted teeth, "I trained that huge work for eighteen years," He hinted to Anabelle.

"You know I don't mean it that way and speaking of which, we have Anabelle -"

"Who will be moving to college soon," He intercepted.

Eden scratched his scalp, "Honey, what's so hard about children. I'm here, I'm your husband, I would be with you every inch of the journey? So let's try for a kid alright?" he added, "Moreover, that's what Anabelle wants,"

But then, all of his words did nothing but added fuel to the already burning flame. Camille's lips tightened into a thin line, displeasure in her face as she asked, "Did you marry me for the sake of having kids?"

"Of course not," He abruptly denied that, yet she was not convinced.

Camille shook her head, "You say so, but your words say otherwise," and she got off the bed.

"Seriously, come on, Camille" Eden threw his hand up.

"You can have the bed all to yourself and maybe at the same time, find a woman to give you a child since your wife is unable to grant that request," she said with heavy sarcasm, picking her clothes wherever they had tossed it during their passionate course.

"What's so wrong that I want a child with you? You're my wife, Camille!"

"That's exactly it!" She emphasized, "That tone you use like it's my job or something that I must carry out. You don't even care about my point of view!"

"I care about your view Camille, I choose you to be my wife for Christ's sake! "

"Exactly. You choose me, you didn't love me,"

This time, Eden got off from the bed, putting on his shorts as he asked, "Are we seriously having this discussion now?"

"Maybe, it's indeed time we had it,"

Looking a bit decent, Eden walked up to her at his full height, looming over her, "I thought we shared an understanding from the very beginning? Camille, I promised that I would love you?"

"When?!"

"Camille..."

"Why do you think I don't want a baby? Do you think I don't want to give you a child?"

"Then make me understand!" Eden snapped.

"Because babies change things!" She snapped back.

"What?"

"This affection you give me now, do you think it would remain the same when a child comes? No, the baby would steal your heart - everyone's heart for that matter - including mine. And then your time and commitment would be shifted, it would be all about the baby; giving the child a safe home, food on the table, making sure it's comfortable, your affection, and time. And the next, it would be all about guiding and looking after the kid as he or she grows up. Then, there might be little or no time for intimacy for some time. Why? Because our baby needs us? Tell me then, when would there be time to grow this feeling between us if not now?" She said with deep emotion.

Eden was stunned, he had not actually thought about it that way. It was just that he felt like he was falling behind. Take a look at his cousin, Niklaus, and his wife Reina, they had a child already - not even one but two - and knowing his cousin well, they might be expecting another soon. But him? None.

Anabelle was lonely. He'd seen the envy in her eyes whenever she's with Niklaus' family; she wanted a sibling too. A companion. But then, would he let his want for a child ruin his marriage?

And yes, Camile had a good point.

Honestly, his heart was still pretty closed up. He wasn't head over heels in love with Maya anymore, but then it wasn't easy forgetting a second love. Losing a first and second love at an interval and trying to move on wasn't exactly an easy feat to accomplish.

Then you shouldn't have married her in the first place. Why try to use her to forget your past loves? Eden's subconscious chided him, guilt gnawing at his heart.

He had just thought that since he found Camille interesting, that he would fall in love immediately. Who knew trying to fall in love was going to be a huge work?

Moreover, why was he easily affected by Niklaus? He wasn't in competition with anybody. Perhaps, the faster he realized that the happier he would be.

At once, Eden decided to apologize to her for his lack of consideration when his phone rang.

"Hello? Eden speaking?" he picked up.

Camille was all dressed up and wanted to leave to get some air outside, but the sudden grim look on Eden's face gave her second thoughts.

"Alright, we'll be there," He hung up.

"What is it?"

"Someone just died and a river of blood is about to flow. We need to return home immediately to be on the safe side," He informed her subtly.

"Thank God," Camille breathed, "This honeymoon is fucked up anyway,"

Chapter 406 - Four Hundred And Six: Miguel Doesn't Know What's Coming For Him.?

The third point of view:

Nadia didn't talk to Sakuzi. The man wasn't mourning but boiling in rage. As expected of Angela, the enchantress, even when she-Nadia- felt she was winning, Angela always found a way of weaving her way back into his heart. Nadia was a strong woman, but right now she was weak, it was obvious she had been fighting a losing battle all along.

Because she had been the one to stay at Sakuzi's side at the end, Nadia thought she had emerged victoriously. But It was an illusion. Angela won. What was the use of being at a man's side if you didn't have his heart?

She couldn't help but wonder, would Sakuzi grieve her this much if she had been the one that died. Nadia laughed wryly mentally, this was low of her. She was jealous of a dead woman?

The acrid smell of cigarettes burned her nose and her gaze drifted to Sakuzi who had been chain-smoking for over an hour. Right now, he had another stick in his mouth as he cupped his hand around the flame, sucking life into the cigarette.

Although the smoke brought tears to her eyes since she was sitting right next to him, Nadia didn't dare to stop him. Sakuzi's face was stony and undecipherable, which meant he was most erratic at this moment.

Sakuzi was not a voracious smoker, although he was once, he stopped the instant he got Reina. Hence this was his way of taking things off his mind and she couldn't tell if he'd stop after this or smoke on. It was all up to him.

"Who did it?" It was just one question from Sakuzi but it carried a heavy weight and everyone was afraid to answer.

Reina and Niklaus seated at a side didn't say a thing. They had come to the base for the meeting which her father had called. Reina didn't even remark about her father smoking, she didn't care about that at this moment, she was still numb to everything - not the catatonic kind of withdrawal, just nothing. Emptiness.

Niklaus watched his wife with concern in his eyes, she had not reacted much even when Kim came to her home to get her kid, Tommy last night. The Reina he knew wouldn't let Kim's filthy legs step at her place, although it was obvious the reason she conceded this time.

But he was still worried, his wife looked all okay which wasn't okay. She hardly reconciled with her mother only to have her snatched away by the cold hands of death. A normal person would want to cry, be resentful, and furious, but she was calm. Too calm to be real. It was almost like the calm before the storm and he didn't like it one bit.

He knew very well that suppressed feelings were dangerous, plus the fact he couldn't read her in this situation. What was on her mind? It couldn't be something good. He had been worried she would become catatonic, it seems like he had a whole problem to look out for - apatheism

"We did some investigation," Emerald was the one who dared to speak.

The others had no clue or were simply scared to speak in case they mistakenly said something that pissed off Sakuzi. The bloodlust the man was emitting was thick, choking everyone in the room.

"Miguel's men ordered the attack," He answered.

"Who's Miguel?" Sakuzi had an indifferent look where a frown should have been.

"Gerald's younger brother,"

"Wait a minute," Reina interrupted, "Gerald, the one who attacked me when I was Maya? That Gerald?"

"Yes, that Gerald. His brother Miguel must have been abroad when we cleaned up the gang which is why we missed him," The giant explained.

"And now, he's back to avenge the death of his brother," Niklaus figured out, "Reina must have been the target at the hospital but Angela saw the attacker on time and took the bullet in her place,"

"He knows how much you love your daughter so he wants to hurt you where it hurts the most - just like you took his brother," Emerald contributed.

But then, Miguel successfully hurt Sakuzi in one of the places it hurt the most. Although Angela was certain to die and he had made peace with that, it would have been a painless and peaceful death for her instead of being ridden with bullets. Now, this was an insult to his face; they killed his first love.

"It wasn't until this incident that I realized that Miguel has been secretly trying to resurrect his brother's gang. Also, there was something strange about his men we caught,"

"What is it?" Niklaus asked.

"The shooter had many chances of escaping yet he intentionally fell into our hands," Emerald laid bare his finding.

"He's taunting me," said Sakuzi. His voice was rigid and the smoke from the cigarette held in between his fingers swirled around his expression, giving him a mysterious atmosphere," Miguel wants me to come get him, "

"We'd get him then, " Reina decided determinedly.

Niklaus wanted to say something but decided against it. He would let her be active in the meeting, but there was no way in hell he's letting her near that madman especially when she's a target.

"But that would be after we return?Angela to earth, let the woman rest in peace before getting our hands bloody - show respect to the dead," Nadia said, earning a look of surprise from Sakuzi.

Unknown to Sakuzi, that simple emotion from him warmed Nadia's heart. The man was so stiff and aloof since he received the news of Angela's death that it seemed winter came early. So that surprised face showed her he was still capable of feelings.

Sakuzi didn't mean to hurt her, but Nadia wouldn't understand him right now, rather she would become jealous - that was women's nature - so he chose to remain detached - that way he wouldn't be bothered.

But when Nadia made that comment, his view of her changed. She was trying to understand him? Sakuzi exhaled deeply and tossed the cigarette into the ashtray - he hated smoking anyway - and took Nadia's hands.

He saw the way her face filled with surprise at the movement and then she smiled at him. He smiled back too. Maybe it was better to draw strength from her than to wallow in grief.

Although Sakuzi said he felt nothing for Angela, that was a blatant lie, one-third of his heart would always be open for her - that was the power of first love.

However, he would open up the rest of his heart for Nadia to occupy now. It was time to move on - which he would do after bringing Angela's murderers to the same fate. It was blood for blood. The land would not judge him: he had killed Gerald for touching his daughter. Protecting one another was the Sakuzi Clan code. They would live and kill for that.

Miguel doesn't know what's coming for him.

Chapter 407 - Four Hundred And Seven: His Heart Was Hurting For Her

The third point of view:

Anabelle had imagined a happily ever after scene for her parents. She had imagined they would be lovey-dovey with each other after they returned from their honeymoon, but the reverse was the case.

They were fighting, she could see it even though they tried hard to hide it from her. How would they give her a baby sibling if they fought like this - if only Anabelle knew that was the reason for the fight in the first place.

To make matters worse, Reina's mother died and it seemed pretty serious since her parents hardly got home and hurried over there - probably to comfort her. She thought.

And yes, she had visited there early in the morning but the disconsolate mood there was suffocating. Even the triple trouble didn't dare to misbehave seeing how temperamental Reina was at the moment. So she returned home.

But right now, she was bored out of her mind. She couldn't call Isabella since she'd be busy looking after her siblings. Sigh, if only she had a sibling to look after, it would have been much better.

Suddenly Anabelle thought of someone - which was strange - why was she thinking of him of all people?

"Whatever," she threw her pride aside and called up the asshole. It was better than staying alone all day.

"What is it?" He asked with a seemingly annoyed voice.

"Ugh, must you always be grumpy?" she groaned.

"Only towards you," Was his reply

Anabelle rolled his eyes, like that would stop her from asking anyway.

"Why do you bother me?" He was sensible enough to ask.

"I'm bored,"

"Go find a playmate then,"

Anabelle made a mocking face, what had she expected from him anyway?

"Are you for real? Can't you be - "

"I'm your master, not your playmate," He interrupted her.

"Thank God the contract would be ending in two days, how relieved I am," She rubbed her happiness all over his face.

"And so?"

"Shouldn't you take advantage of our short time together? Have fun, you know, as if tomorrow doesn't exist?"

"What are you suggesting?" he asked.

"Dude, I just told you I'm bored. Anything fun would be fine," she said without thinking it through.

"Anything fun?"

She sensed the evil intention in his tone and realized she had fallen straight into his plan. Good going, Anabelle.

"Fine, I'll be in your place soon," He said and hung up on her.

"Asshole," She called him yet hopped down the bed singing, "What to wear? What to wear?"

Anabelle combed through her closet and finally settled on a pair of pink cargo pants with a crop hoodie with a drawstring and the letter "Friday Feels good" printed on it. She curled her hair and was just applying lipstick on her lips when it finally dawned on her.

Why was she applying makeup? She was just going to have fun with that asshole, that wasn't even her boyfriend - not that she was wishing he was her boyfriend anyway. That player would never do it.

So Anabelle tossed the makeup to the side, he doesn't deserve looking pretty for when all he would do would be to irritate her for the rest of the day - at the least, it would be fun.

Not long after, the sound of a motorcycle pulling over outside rang out and she instinctively knew it was him. Anabelle didn't even know when she ran outside. She was excited to leave this place, not to see him - note the difference.

Anabelle stopped short when she saw Julie. God, he looked so bad boyish.

Julie was dressed in black leather with a white shirt underneath, blue jeans, and brown boots. His hair was tousled and flew with the wind while the tattoo he had on his

shoulder peeked out as he bent over his bike to examine something. Gosh, he looked so good she wanted to eat him up. Crap, where did that dirty thought come from? Eww.

"You're here?" Julie heard a pleasant voice say and didn't need to glance up to know it belonged to his irritating servant.

He looked up and froze. Why did she suddenly look good? Julie stood still and didn't even realize when he vomited, "You look beautiful,"

"Huh?" Anabelle's brow arched, surprised. That was a first.

That expression from Anabelle must have brought Julie's senses back around because he quickly said, "I mean the clothes look good, not to you wearing the clothes. You get the point?"

Anabelle faked a smile to him, speaking through gritted teeth, "Give me one good reason why I haven't clawed out your eyes yet?" She showed him her long manicured nails to prove her point.

"Get that weapon away from me?" He slapped her hand away and she scowled at him. Asshole!

Then Julie got on his bike, swinging his long leg over the other side as he settled down comfortably, "Are you coming or not?"

Anabelle gave him the middle finger to show she was still pissed off with him, yet she got on the powerful bike. The bike was quite beautiful.

Her hands went around his waist and she held on tight. However, her hands touched his toned chest and she couldn't help but tighten her grasp, tactically feeling that hard abs - that feels good?

Julie's brows furrowed together, what was that little witch doing? Although he could simply scold or take her hands off, he surprisingly let her be. Those touches were soothing, he wanted more... Wait a minute, what the hell was he thinking?

"Hey," He turned to her, "I know you've not touched a guy's abs in your entire life but could you stop taking advantage of me?"

"What?!" Anabelle almost spat blood. What in the world even made her associate with this douche? Ah yes, she remembered, it was all Isabella's fault!

"Hey,?you're not even half as handsome as Pedro?"

"Pedro? Oh, You mean Pedro, that chicken ex-boyfriend that's now together with your cousin Isabella who is technically my fiancée?" Julie shook his head sympathetically, "Wow, You have one dysfunctional family,"

"Still, Pedro is well mannered and I'll choose one of him over hundreds of you in this life and the next life to come. Now take me out of here!" She spat spit on his face in her outburst.

Julie simply wiped his face clean slowly and said in a slightly humorous tone,

"Yes, my lady, "

He faced his front and turned the ignition to the on position before saying to her, " Well, hug me all you want since this might be the first and last time you'd touch me this freely. Those abs can't be found anyway else, "

Anabelle was so vexed by his smug expression that she let go of his waist, yelling "Hey!" She was boiling, "Just because you're handsome doesn't mean you are the - !"

Anabelle was still saying when Julie cranked the bike up and before she could react, revved it so suddenly that she almost fell off had her hands not reacted instinctively and held onto his waist.

"You crazy guy!!" Anabelle screamed with all her might, "You almost killed me!!"

"Then I'll bury you, end of the story," He simply said.

She gasped, how could he be so heartless. It was at that moment that Anabelle remembered to ask, "Where are you taking me?"

"To a place where your organs would be harvested, "

"What?!"

"The look on your face is priceless, you believed that?" He chuckled, "You wanted fun, right??I'm only giving you one?" and in the next few minutes, Anabelle was screaming. In terror.

"Ahh!!!!!!!" Her screams were drowned out by the wind hitting on their faces. This mad man was driving against the speed limit and she couldn't keep up with him.

"I'm going to die?!I don't want to die! I can't die at this age," Anabelle cried out loud throughout the journey until God touched Julie's heart and he finally stopped.

Anabelle didn't even wait for him to pack the bike properly and got off in a haste, nearly injuring herself in the process. She bent over the nearest street gutter and began to throw up. That ride had made her sick to the stomach

"Are you okay?" Julie came over to her, a concerned look on his face. He never thought she would take this hard - he had done it for fun.

"No, don't touch me!" Anabelle hissed, glaring daggers at him, and turned back to the gutter when the urge came over.

By the time she was done, Anabelle had thrown up everything she had for breakfast that morning. Done, she slumped on the floor, staring up at the sky.

"Anabelle, would you mind sitting up. People are watching," Julie was concerned over his image.

But the girl in question ignored him, instead, Anabelle began to laugh - a long hysterical laughter like someone who's finally lost it. However, that laughter soon broke into tears as she wailed like a baby.

"Anabelle, don't do this to me," The boy pleaded, scratching his head nervously as people were beginning to give him weird stares while pointing fingers at him.

With no choice left, Julie got down to his knees and pulled her into a hug, "Fine, I'm sorry," He admitted his mistake, "I won't scare you like that again," Julie comforted her, rubbing her back soothingly. But there was something wrong with him, why was his heart hurting for her?

Chapter 408 - Four Hundred And Eight: She Wasn't Inlove With The Guy

The third point of view:

Anabelle noticed the sudden three hundred and sixteen degrees change of attitude from Julie towards her. To be honest, it unsettled her because she couldn't tell if this was genuine or another of his acts only to prank her later.

"Are you not going to eat that?" Julie pointed to her cup of rolled Raspberry flavored ice cream. It was of two flavors actually; the chocolate was laid beneath and the biscuit beautifully fixed on top of the raspberry fraction.

"Are you for real? You want me to eat this?" Anabelle asked, scrutinizing him.

Julie's brows rose, "You don't want to?"

It was at that moment that she figured out his intention for the ice cream, yet Anabelle didn't fully trust him, "No, I want it, but it's strange of you to buy one for me?"

"Haven't I been buying stuff for you during our master/servant companionship all this while?"

"Yes, you did," She nodded yet added, "Which I always return because you inevitably punish me for that - I guess nothing it's as free as it says in this world. So no, I'm not taking the?ice cream,"

There was a crease on Julie's face when he heard her comment. Well, that was slightly true - he just loved pranking her. Her cheeks puffed out whenever she was furious and she looked cute that way.

He released a bored exhale and leaned forward to grab the spoon, "Just take the damn thing," He scooped Icecream and pushed it into her mouth before she could react.

Anabelle was dumbfounded, she didn't have time to retaliate, rather took the whole thing into her mouth. Well, not the whole of it since some dripped down the corner of her lips from Julie's callous attempt to feed her.

"Eww, why are you such a baby? Don't you have teeth left in your mouth, why are you so afraid to open it wide so as not to make a mess of this?" He chided her.

Anabelle glared at him, "I would have if you had given me a heads up you were about to feed me! And I should be the one pissed off here," she reminded him, attempting to wipe off the Icecream from her lips, but all she did was smear it over.

"Eww, stop that,"

"Stop what now?!" Anabelle was exasperated with this guy. Even after buying her Ice cream, he wouldn't let her eat it in peace - this is why she never accepted any of his gifts. So irritating!

"Stop moving, breathing, looking, anything you do that makes me go 'eww' " he retorted.

"Idiot, I'll be dead if I don't breathe!"

Julie rubbed his temple, this girl has the wonderful ability to give him a headache each time they meet. Well, what can he say, she was perfect - note the sarcasm.

"Fine, stay still," He reached for her lips while Anabelle went on the defensive.

"What are you doing?" She evaded his touch, giving him a crazy look.

"Just shut up and still," He cautioned, reaching for her lips once more.

"It's shut up and drive actually," She corrected him.

"Just...!" Julie knew he had reached his boiling point and forced himself to calm down with a deep breath, "Stop talking," He instructed through gritted teeth.

"Whatever," Anabelle rolled her eyes yet kept still. However, she eyed his gradually approaching hands, ready to go into attack mode if he messed with her.

Julie reached for her lips with a smirk on his face. Annabelle was taut with tension and he was sure she wouldn't hesitate to attack him if he pulled a prank on her.

Focusing on her face, Julie's gaze flickered down to her lips where he reached out and swiped at the cream. However, just as he wiped it to the edge, he suddenly froze, feeling tingles shoot up to his arm from the finger he had on her lips.

It was at that moment that Julie realized how soft and sexy her lips were. The sight of her pink succulent lips was so enticing that he gulped, feeling this incredulous desire to simply lean closer - they were just a few meters away-?and kiss her.

Julie suddenly blanched from his intention, what the hell was he thinking? And out of irritation mixed with confusion, he grabbed the tissue by their side and furiously wiped her lips.

"Hey!" Anabelle yelled from shock, "What the hell is wrong with you," She evaded the tissue and pushed his hand away, glaring at the son of a biscuit. She should have known that to trust him. Her lips stung from the maltreatment.

What was wrong with him? Julie's hands unconsciously went to his chest exactly on the spot where his heart was thumping "lub-dub!", "lub-dub!"

"How could you treat my precious lips this way?" Anabelle was on the verge of tears while caressing it, "Don't you know my lips are not mine to own alone?"

Julie's attention was brought back around by that comment. He gave her a strange look asking, "What do you mean by that?"

"If my lips get deformed, how would I kiss my boyfriend in the future?" she asked him with a deep scowl.

That comment didn't sit well with Julie which was why he sassed as usual, "What boy in his right mind would want to kiss those ugly lips?"?Ugly lips that were making him feel weird today.

"Of course any boy but you and thanks to you, I just remembered Israel asked me out on a date," She sighed dreamily, "Although I haven't replied to him yet, you've given me a good incentive to do exactly so. I bet you that at the end of our perfect date, he's going to kiss this beautiful lips of mine you insulted," she was filled with gleeful anticipation.

Anabelle could already imagine how their date would go, they would have a magical time together and in the end, lock lips. The end.

Woohoo! She couldn't wait to start! From there, their perfect relationship would kick-off - she had it all planned out. Her face was filled with so much happiness she didn't notice the dark storm gathering on Julie's expression.

Israel? Why was it him? Julie conjured the scene of his best friend and Anabelle together kissing and let's just say, it was puke-inducing. Anabelle was his, well his maidservant, nobody was putting his filthy lips on her.

"Don't go," He ordered.

"Don't go where?" Anabelle was confused.

"To the date. Don't go out with Israel,"

"Am I crazy? Why should I do as you say?" She gave him a dirty look, "Listen here bully, this lips of mine needs to be kissed to prove you wrong and Israel is the most suitable candidate for that," she told him pointedly.

"Really?" Julie's lips lifted in a mocking gesture.

"Yes," She replied proudly, "So nothing you say or do would stop me from going out with?- " Anabelle was still saying when Julie suddenly leaned over the table, clasped her face in his palm, and took her lips in his.

The girl tensed up, her eyes growing as wide as a full moon illuminating the earth with its light. Anabelle could not react but she could very much feel his warm lips moving against her lips in a sensual dance. Her breath hung in her throat as he delved deeper and it wasn't until his tongue touched hers that she realized what he was doing.

Anabelle pushed him away instantly, her heart pounding loudly with blood rushing to her face, she bet she was quite a sight.

"What was that for?!" She finally remembered how to speak.

"You wanted to be kissed, I did you the favor. Now cancel the date," He commanded.

"What?" Anabelle still had a hard time comprehending what was going on.

"You wanted to date Israel because I mocked your lips but now the experiment has been carried out and congratulations, your lips taste like honey that I want to latch on all day as a baby does to his mother's breast," he exaggerated.

"God, you are so disgusting," Anabelle made a gagging sound when in reality, her toes were curled up right now. Minus the dirty reference, was her lips that sweet? What in the world was she even thinking?

However, she composed herself, pushing those lewd thoughts to the back of her head, "A-hem, "Anabelle cleared her throat, "Even so, you have no right to decide who I date,"

"Yes, you're right, I have no right," He concurred to her surprise. Oh thank God, he still had some sense left. Anabelle rejoiced only to have his hope dashed with his next comment,

"But that right doesn't extend to my friends, of which Israel is one. I can't have my maidservant and my best friend dating," was his pathetic excuse.

Anabelle gave up, she was done this time. She would rather shut up than feed his ever-growing ego - the guy was impossible. So she decided to focus on her ice cream, taking a bite when he suddenly asked, "How does it taste? "

"Huh?" She peered up at him beneath her brows.

"The ice cream, does it taste good?" he dipped his head in its direction.

Julie had never planned to have ice cream since it didn't fit with his bad-boy image, however, the way she licked the cream off the spoon roused his appetite and made him crave for it. He couldn't help but wonder if the ice cream tasted as good as her lips. Crab, stop it, Julie!

"Go buy yours and you'd know," She snubbed him before he could ask twice.

But as Julie would always be Julie, he snatched the spoon from her grasp

and had a mouthful of it.

"At least change the spoon, that was an indirect kiss," she complained, reliving that weird moment from earlier.

"I have kissed you directly, what's an indirect kiss to be compared," Julie announced shamelessly and for once, Anabelle thanked her God she wasn't in love with this guy.

Yeah, thank God.

Chapter 409 - Four Hundred And Nine: Safe Week

The third point of view:

Cecil hasn't been able to sleep properly ever since she received that call from her father. Yeah, it was quite a shocker.

How long has it been since they saw each other? Since that day he chased her out of his home? Seventeen? Eighteen years? Eighteen fucking years since he disowned her and then comes out of nowhere to order her to his place?

Cecil had a feeling this has to do with her son Pedro and his father Fernandez. She knew how the man operated, he must have snitched on her to her father since he couldn't get her to give up Pedro. Fernandez must have reported her before Emerald took care of him, fear wouldn't let him do so - the blood on Emerald's body that day suggested he took care of the asshole well.

Vincent had ordered her to come home right away with Pedro but she ignored him. He has no right to order her around - she wasn't part of the family anymore. Nor does he have a say on her son - she meant it when she said no one would snatch her son from her.

Her abrupt disobedience has resulted in him calling her nonstop ever since then and Cecil would have ignored him further if she didn't know how stubborn her father, scratch that, ex-father was. Fine, she'd see him, Cecil decided and make it clear to him, no one dictates her life!

Done with her thought, Cecil got on her feet to get ready for work. She has been indoors the past week during the "protection program," at the base and did her work from there, but now she was needed at the company. With Emily in Lincolnshire, the workload on her shoulder increased tremendously.

Cecil took her bath, changed into casual wear; pairing a nude blue with jeans and a stiletto heel, ready to leave when the doorbell rang.

"Who's that?" She went to answer the door and there went her heart falling faster than a teardrop as soon as she saw Emerald standing there with a bright expression.

"Hi, Cecil,"

Her stomach did a double flip.

"H-Hi, Emerald," she choked. Her heart was doing a pitter-patter dance and she wondered how she was able to breathe right now when the air was actually hot and scarce.

"What are you doing here?" She was breathless. He looked so handsome today in a suit - was that a new thing now. It's been a week since she last saw him and he kept true to his deal of giving her space.

"You're leaving for work, right?" He asked, looking her over.

Cecil could only nod.

"Come on then, I'll drive you to work,"

"You'll drive me?" She pointed to her chest.

"Although Miguel is after Reina, there is no assurance he won't come after you considering I'm Sakuzi's second in command," He explained to her.

Yes, Cecil has heard of that too. The news was unfortunate and she didn't know how to console Reina because the woman in question didn't want their sympathy.

"But you can't do this every day and you're a busy man. What if Sakuzi needs you for something and you're not there to -"

"Shhh," He pressed her finger against her lips and watched with interest the way her face turned red. It pleased him to know that he still affected her that way. God knew how much he missed her.

"Let's go then," He directed her to the car and helped her in.

Cecil found herself in the backseat even though she wanted to sit with him in the front. However, the man claimed it was safer for her there than in the front where he might be distracted with her scent - does that even make sense?

The drive was awkwardly silent nor did Emerald care to tell her he was also here for the secret she was hiding from him. Emerald had seen the way blood drained from her face when that call came in that last day and although she ended it instantly, Cecil was pretty shaken up.

As expected, when he had asked her about it, she simply lied to him and Emerald went along with it, knowing unless she wanted to tell him, he would not get a single piece of information from her lips. But then, he has made it his life mission to keep her happy and that involves getting rid of anybody that threatens her peace.

Cecil noticed the tension in the air and was about to raise an interesting topic when she suddenly inhaled the fumes that flew in through the opened window when a car on the same lane zoomed past them. She felt sick to the stomach.

"Emerald," She called, tapping on his seat urgently.

"Are you okay?" he asked upon seeing the paleness in her expression.

"No, I need to throw up," She cupped her mouth immediately and Emerald, seeing the emergency, pulled over immediately.

Once down, Cecil crossed over to the pedestrian walk and began to throw up her guts on the poor green vegetation. That smoke had made her stomach churn and right now, she wanted to be relieved of that distress.

By the time she was done, Emerald had already gotten her water to rinse her mouth and had a deep frown on his face.

"What is it?" She asked, bothered by his intense stare.

"You don't look fine,"

"I'm fine. It seems like a sudden car sickness that would go away with time," she excused.

"I'm taking you to the hospital," He decided.

"What? No!"

However, her protest was for nothing because Emerald got her back into the car and this time, in the front seat with him, making sure a paper bag was available - for her vomit.

To be honest, everything that happened next was a blur to Cecil. All she knew was that she was asked several questions at the hospital and the next she knew, her urine sample was being collected and some other things she couldn't exactly remember. Don't blame the woman, her coordination has not been the best lately - she must be stressed up with her father's invitation.

So Cecil claimed because when the female doctor turned to Emerald with the test result and a creepy smile on her face announcing, "Congratulations sir, your wife is a week pregnant," a bomb went off in her head.

The doctor went on to explain possible symptoms she would experience and blah blah, but Cecil wasn't listening because one question occupied her mind.

"Didn't she do it in her safe week? What happened to the 'safe' in the week?"

Chapter 410 - Four Hundred And Ten: The Father Of Her Child Is A Crazy Man

The third point of view:

It was as if Cecil's spirit had left her soul. She couldn't recall what happened next until she found herself back at home.

"Huh, why am I here?" Her senses booted slowly. There were a lot of things going on in her head right now; she was lost, "Aren't I supposed to be in my office, why am I back at home?"

"You're not in a state to go to work today,"

"Why?" She blurted out.

"Why?" Emerald's brows raised questioningly, "I just discovered you're pregnant after you choked on exhaust gas. I'm not letting you out of my sight for today, you need the rest," He said, towering over Cecil settled on the couch.

"Oh, I'm pregnant?" So it wasn't a dream, "I really have a small human creature growing in my belly?"

"Yes, you do, love,"

"Oh my God," Cecil suddenly paled, "This is a repeat of Pedro's," She glanced up at Emerald with wide accusing eyes, "Are you going to snatch the child away from me if I refuse to hand him over?"

"Wait, what?!" Emerald couldn't believe what he just heard. What was she trying to say?

"I can't fight both you and Fernandez at the same time," Cecil panicked, tugging at the root of her hair.

"Cecil, calm down," Emerald placed both hands on her shoulder, squeezing gently, "Breath, Okay. Just take a long deep breath, everything's going to be fine,"

She followed his instructions

"Yes, exactly... long deep breath," He guided her and when she had calmed, squatted down and grabbed her face in his palm, "I'm not taking any child from you, Cecil. We are going to sort this out together," He promised her and she nodded.

"Alright," Emerald took her hand and began, "The doctor's quite concerned about this pregnancy since you're in your late thirties..." he shrugged, "You know menopause and all and she -" He was suddenly interrupted when the doorbell rang.

Both of them turned in the direction of the door before facing one another,

"Are you expecting anybody?" Emerald asked.

"No. At least I don't think so. Pedro is with Isabella, he said something about studying for finals - which I strongly doubt - and my friends wouldn't come without informing me

unless it's sudden or an emergency," Cecil explained while going over her choices of who might decide to visit her without an appointment.

"And by the way," She suddenly remembered, " I should thank you for fixing my door, "

Her entrance door had been damaged that time when Fernandez had tried to kidnap her in her own home. Prior to her return, she had called a maintenance company to replace her door but a certain person was a step ahead of her.

"It's nothing and you should stay here while I check who's on the door," He said to her, already pulling out a gun from his waistband.

"Whoa," Cecil grabbed his arm, "What are you doing? Are you about to commit murder in my home and what if whoever is outside is innocent?" There was concern mixed with fear in her gaze as she stared at the weapon in his hand.

"You can't be rest assured that I won't harm the innocent - I'm that experienced. This is for assurance in case my instinct does prove right. And make sure to go get cover if anything goes wrong," Emerald told her and was about to leave when Cecil grabbed him.

"If something goes wrong? What about you? How would you protect yourself?" a trace of anxiety crossed her features.

"Nothing would go wrong," Emerald said to assure her but the woman still didn't believe him.

"Emerald..."

He leaned down and kissed her abruptly to shut her protest. She was quite a scaredy-cat but it warmed his heart to know someone was concerned for him.

Cecil was stunned by the kiss, however, she didn't complain and responded to him. The kiss was sweet but too brief for her liking and before she could recover from the feeling, he was already at the door. That man tricked her!

Cecil's heart pounded in her throat as she took cover behind one of the couches. The entrance door led directly to the spacious living room which branches off to other parts of the house.

Emerald tucked the gun into his pants, hiding it with his shirt. His suit jacket lay in the car, not that he cared about that at this moment.

Carefully, he opened the door and his sight landed on two men in suits, staring at him with iniquitous gazes. Emerald leaned against the doorway and It was obvious they were threatened by his height yet didn't show it.

They were professionals, he noticed. But what he couldn't tell was if they were professional killers or errands boys aka guards, sent by God knows who. Emerald might not know Miguel one on one but he knew how gangsters operated, else they wouldn't be having this discussion right now; bullets would be flying by now.

"Who the hell are you?" Emerald didn't care to remove the hostility in his tone.

"Is this Cecil's home?" One of them summoned the courage to ask amid his death stare.

"Yes? So? I'm her husband, what do you want from my wife?" he interrogated, watching with rapt attention as both men stared at each other, surprise was in their gazes.

Judging from their interaction, Emerald could tell they did prior investigation before coming here. So the idea of Cecil having a husband was foreign to them.

"If you say so, then we would love to have a one on one conversation with your wife," the other faked a smile to him.

Emerald rolled his eyes towards heaven, did they take him for a fool. He had a feeling that whatever business these people had with Cecil, it was connected to that strange call she had received that day.

"What do you want with my wife?"

"I'm sorry but it's private,"

"My wife's business is my business and vice versa," He insisted.

"I'm sorry but it's your wife we need and if you could let us access to her, we would have a few talks with her and be on our way. No harm done," the other claimed.

"Still don't care, you're not going anywhere until you tell me what is it that is so important that you seek my wife alone,"

"It's orders from above sir and I'm sorry that we have to do this forcefully," He charged at Emerald thinking that the man was all brute but no skills.

However, the man was surprised that Emerald was able to swipe off his hand that had gone to his stomach - a vital weak point. Everyone knew it was not advisable to go head-on with a man of such massive height, rather disable him from the chest down. Emerald then punched the daylight out of him just as the other man aimed at him.

However, the giant turned around on time to catch him, ramming his fist into his stomach and forced him to his knees. Emerald grabbed his shoulder and applied pressure as he questioned, "What do you want from my wife?!"

"Nothing!"

But Emerald didn't buy that, rather he increased the pressure on his arms, "One more question and if you don't answer, I'll break your arm?" he threatened.

"Fine, fine," the man couldn't endure the pain anymore, "I'll tell you!"

"I'm waiting,"

"We are here to take Lady Cecil,"

"What do you mean take her?"

"Her father Vincent wants her home but she's been ignoring him ever since....men easy on the arm!" he complained mid-way, "Are you a gangster or what?"

"Yes, I am," Emerald concurred, watching with wicked delight the way the man paled, "Now continue,"

"He sent us to get her home by all means! We were here to take her!"

Oh. Emerald realized what they had come to do. A smile that didn't touch his eyes showed on his face as he leaned to whisper into the guard's ear, "Tell Vincent or whoever he thinks he is that Cecil would not take a step a foot into that disgusting family. He chased off his daughter eighteen years ago, let it remain that way," he pushed away from the man who lay on the floor moaning in pain.

Emerald went back into the room just in time for Cecil to pull him into a hug.

"ThankGod," She kissed him on the cheeks, relieved, "Who were those?"

"The ones came to take you to your father's place," He exposed her.

Cecil's face fell, he found out.

"When were you planning on telling me?"

"Because it was none of your business? It's family business, Emerald" She emphasized, taking a step back.

Emerald wanted to retort yet ordered instead, "You're not going anywhere,"

"You don't get to conclude for me. I am a legal adult and have the right to make decisions for myself. You have no right to interfere with my life, Emerald!"

"Yes, I have no right," He agreed, yet added, "But then, it becomes my business because you're having my child," He pointed to his stomach.

"Our child," Cecil corrected the impression.

"Exactly. Which is why I'm protecting you,"

"No, you're restricting me!"

"Fine, you can go if that would satisfy your stubborn ass, but I'm coming with you," He gave her the condition while Cecil's jaw dropped. No one told her the father of her child was a crazy man.