

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 421 - Four Hundred And Twenty-One: Family - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 421 - Four Hundred And Twenty-One: Family

*Chapter 421 - Four Hundred And Twenty-One: Family*

The third point of view:

Apparently, Niklaus and his wife, Reina weren't the only couples around with a problem, Camille and Eden were in a similar situation as well.

"Don't tell me you're going?" Camille spoke to Eden with a lowered tone although there was enough noise at the moment to drown out their voices.

"What do you think?" Eden resorted, choosing to stare anywhere else but her face considering their impending dispute.

"Angela isn't even related to you nor are you truly a part of the Sakuzi clan. You don't have to go," Camille told him.

"Really?" Eden gave her an unbelieving look yet Camille didn't give up.

"Take a look at Judy, he's not joining as well but rather providing assistance, why don't you do that as well?" she argued

Eden frowned yet explained, "The only reason Judy is not attending is only that he's important a personality, everyone knows for sure that the Lincolnshire kingdom would not accept the news of their prince dying in some unrecognized war - if it comes down to that. Moreover," He added, "You claim I'm not a member of the Sakuzi clan, yet your best friend is the daughter of the head of the Sakuzi clan while my cousin, Niklaus is their son-in-law. So tell me, Camille, how am I not related?"

Camille's mouth hung open, no words coming out of it knowing he was right. But then, she was worried for his sake neither was she ready to become a widow - she just got him, she was not losing him. But this was his choice and she had to respect that.

As if Eden understood her fears, he drew her into a comforting hug, clearing the hair from her face and tucking the others to the back of her ear, as he said, "Don't worry about me, I'll be fine,"

He went ahead to promise her, "This is something I was born to do and I have to do as the head of the Spencer clan. I might not have told you this but the Spencer clan is not

far away from the sakazi's - we have our skeleton in the cupboard, although Niklaus would be in a much better position to explain that - but right now, a fellow clan is in trouble, I have to help. It is called doing business,"

By the time Eden was done, Camille knew she had been defeated. With this amount of explanation, the man has made up his mind already and there was little she could do to change it.

"Fine," She finally gave in, "Just make sure to keep your promise of coming back alive," Camille rubbed her forehead against his affectionately as she said, "then maybe we can go for a baby,"

"What?" Eden must have heard wrong. For a moment there, he thought she heard her say, baby, "Did you just baby?"

"Duh? " Camille flocked him on the forehead playfully, "I think you heard right," She told him with heavy aroused breathing and ran her lips across his. At that moment the noises and the people faded into the background, it was just her and her husband, Eden.

Eden's eyes darkened and his grasp on her waist tightened as he pressed her closer to him and then closed in on her lips. He kissed her roughly, his hands on her ass molding and pressing her against his erection. Camille might not have a full hold of his heart - for now - but she had a hundred percent control over his little brother down there. It always stirred alive for her only.

"Whoah, easy over here," Judy whistled, interrupting the passionate couples.

Both of them pulled away but there was a glint in their gazes; a dark promise of what was to come once they got home.

Even Judy noticed it and he couldn't help but wish he had come at a better time. Yeah, it was true that they bros discussed their sex life when they got together at times, but there was a limit and it was another thing to mentally comprehend the sexual innuendo right in front of you. It was pretty graphic and awkward.

"Sorry, you lovebirds," He faced Camille, "But I have to borrow your husband Eden for a brief moment," He asked for her permission. Although no man would love to bring the issue up, the truth was that women had a lot of power, and unless Camille said so, he couldn't take Eden away.

"Sure," Camille shrugged, "You can have him, just be sure to hand him back to me intact,"

"Duly noted,"

Meanwhile at the far end of the room, Sakuzi and Emerald were having a deep conversation.

"I won't be joining in this mission," Emerald finally informed him.

Although Sakuzi would not have him punished or something, Emerald has always been the man's right-hand man

-this was something he has been doing all through his life - it seems awkward to suddenly pull out in an important mission like this one.

"Why?" Sakuzi asked him, "Cecil having your baby or something?"

Emerald's eyes widened in astonishment, "How did you know?"

"Oh, you really scored a goal?" Sakuzi realized he predicted accurately and both burst into a chorus of laughter.

"Bloody Mary, I cannot believe this," It sounded surreal to the mafia lord, "I just based that comment on the fact that you've been celibate for years now and wouldn't hesitate to drill her real good," He burst into another round of laughter while Emerald went beet red in the face.

Although Sakuzi was his boss, the man had been a father, brother, friend, and mentor. Valentino knew his left and right; his capability and life as a whole.

So it was common for both of them to have conversations like this. To be honest, if it wasn't for the fact that the man was a whole lot older than him, people would have mistaken both as biological brothers. Even Finley and Victor weren't as close to their father as he was to him. That was how special their relationship was.

"This good news will be celebrated after we make it back alive tomorrow," Sakuzi had a lot of positivity for this mission.

"However, that's not the reason why I won't be joining," Emerald went ahead to explain everything to him.

"Well, you have to keep your woman and your child safe," Sakuzi patted him on the back, "Trust me, children change things,"

And to that statement, Emerald concurred fully since he would be withdrawing from the gang after this mission. It was time to start his family and keep it safe.

*Chapter 422 - Four Hundred And Twenty-two: Farewell*

Reina's point of view:

Luke 22: 7: Then came the day of Unleavened Bread, on which the Passover lamb had to be sacrificed.

That was the only Bible verse that came to mind as I watched my family have dinner. Just like Jesus had the last supper with his disciples, this might as well become my last supper with my family - Tomorrow was the D-day.

The kids were ignorant to what would happen the next day, the clan wanted it that way to avoid unnecessary panic and drama from them. But I was sure as hell that Isabella knew what was going on, else she wouldn't be giving me these strange looks.

She just kept stealing glances at me and each time our gaze met, she would tear her gaze much. Isn't that creepy or am I being too dramatic?

As usual, the twins and Neon quibbled on the table, and surprisingly to them I didn't complain and they went on - they must think their mother had a change of heart. If only they knew I was savoring the happy moments.

I don't know what tomorrow might bring, so I wanted to etch every single detail into my head. According to our supposition, Miguel hasn't many men but that finding wasn't accurate plus the fact anything could happen.

Although they didn't successfully exterminate me, Angela's death was a clear taunt, and no crazy man would do that unless he was prepared for the war. The fact that Miguel was willing to take on a big gang like ours meant that he probably had a card up his sleeve.

"Mommy,"

"Huh?" Ailee roused me from my thoughts.

"Can we catch some fun tomorrow? You know, go to the amusement park and all?" She said, fluttering her eyelashes with a pouted lips.

I didn't have to ask what they were up to again since the answer was pretty obvious.

"No," was my stern reply.

"What?!" The girl didn't believe I would say no to that, "Why? It's just fun and we promise not to do anything evil," She whined.

"Because tomorrow is war and I want you all as far away from it,"

Of course, I didn't say that out loud but that was the idea here. Yes, our gang was pretty loyal, but then, if Jesus could have a betrayal amongst his twelve disciples, ours wouldn't be any different - we had hundreds.

Miguel would be prepared as well and trust me, he sure as hell would fight dirty - hiding in the shadows to kill my mother was a pretty low move. I won't let my kids into harm's way, which is why they would be at home - guarded and safe. I knew If possible, Miguel might find ways to blackmail and threaten me, I would not let my children be the bargaining chips in his crazy game.

"My answer remains the same, Ailee," I said to her, but of course my stubborn daughter didn't give up. I wonder who she inherited that stubbornness from? Niklaus probably.

"And I asked why?!" she demanded

"Because whoever killed your grandmother is still out there and until we catch him, you, no, all of you are not safe. That's why," I decided to be straightforward with them.

You see, my kids are not your average ones and unless I don't want my lovely daughter sneaking out tomorrow - this wasn't the first time - I better be honest with her. To all of them.

Allen was the worst of the twins, he was as sneaky as his father. He might not say a word but once your guard's down, he'd be the first to sneak out. So therefore this was the best approach: giving them the background of the war at hand, not the war itself.

"So, no sneaking out or blatantly disobeying my order of leaving the house most especially tomorrow, alright?"

"Yes, mother"

But Allen asked out of nowhere, "Why are you so particular about tomorrow, mother? Is anything special happening?"

"Nothing!" I said too abruptly, arousing suspicion as confirmed by Isabella who clicked her tongue disapprovingly.

"Your mother would help the police search for the criminal tomorrow so she wants you all in the safe zone aka at home. Does that answer your question?" Niklaus finally spoke up for the first time since the dinner.

Although we've settled the issue of me joining tomorrow's attack, I have a feeling he's sulking quietly - I'll settle him later.

"Alright, we would not move an inch out of the house," Allen promised and for that, I was grateful since promises are a huge deal to the male twin than his sister.

As children would be children, they found another source of amusement in the next minute, and all the impending fun was limited to the house thankfully - I would simply

make sure the fire extinguishers and alarm are working properly before I leave tomorrow.

In no time, dinner was over and I tucked the kids to bed even though I knew they would get up as soon as I leave - they sleep at their own time. But I just wanted to spend time with my kids - since this might be the last time. The thought of leaving them choked me but I controlled my emotions. I had to catch Miguel before he ended my kids too.

"Sleep tight, son," I called Neon by that title for the first time and you should see the way his face widened into a grin - there was no sleeping for him tonight. He was so happy that he reached out and hugged my neck, and whispered too, "Goodnight, mother," while I hoped inwardly that Allen wasn't watching this since he shared his father's same jealous spirit.

"Goodnight, kids," I said, clapped my hands thrice as the light went out, and took my leave. But then, I didn't leave right away but waited by the side and as expected, they didn't fail my anticipation. Not less than a minute, I heard clapping and the light came on.

"Those kids," I shook my head, chuckling to myself as I went down to Isabella's room.

"Hey, open up, Isabella. I know you're not asleep!" Isabella normally chatted late into the night with Pedro, so I knew her pretending to be sleeping was just an act.

I knocked on her door for over a minute and at last, she opened it. But then, the girl had an indifferent look as she leaned against the doorway.

"What?" I asked under her intense scrutiny.

"If you're here for goodbye, you better save it," Isabella said to me before I began, which confirmed my suspicion. She knew.

"Listen Isabella - "

"No, you listen here, mother " She interrupted me, "If you don't return safely tomorrow, I swear to God, I'm going to convince my father to marry another woman that would take care of me and your lovely kids, you hear me?"

And that my people, is Isabella's version of farewell.

*Chapter 423 - Four Hundred And Twenty-three: Go All Night*

Reina's point of view:

By the time I was done settling with Isabella, it was eleven in the night and I went back into our bedroom only to see Niklaus by the window side, glancing outside with a glass of drink in his hand - probably whisky. He always does that when he needed to think.

I sighed, he still wasn't okay with me leaving tomorrow and had just conceded because he didn't want to hurt my feelings. The fact he respected my choice warmed my heart and I walked over to Niklaus, hugging him from behind.

"You're not okay," I murmured, resting my head on his back with my nose rubbing him affectionately.

"I'm trying to be," Was his honest answer. He was trying hard for my sake and I couldn't help but wonder if I was being selfish here.

No, I must go. Even without Angela being my mother, Miguel had not only insulted but threatened the Sakuzi clan by sending those assassins after me. We had to treat his case and as the daughter of Sakuzi, it was expected of me to contribute to this war. This was what I've been training for most of my life as Reina anyway - help my family.

"I promise you," I kissed him on the back through his clothing, his muscular scent wafting into my nose, "I would come back safely,"

"I'll hold you to that," He lifted his glass as if toasting to that promise, and a small smile lit my face.

As I hugged him together, his warmth seeped into my body and it hit me that this was our last night before I left tomorrow. Why don't we make good use of it?

Then I slipped my hand into his polo, my hands blindly tracing his taut stomach, and felt him shiver.

"Reina?" There was a warning edge to his voice while his grasp on the glass tightened - his control was resting on a single strand close to snapping.

But I ignored his warning, rather I stood on my tiptoes so I could reach his neck, and began to kiss there while my hands explored his muscles inside his shirt.

"Our honeymoon was cut off abruptly, mind if we finish it up tonight?" I purred into the skin on his neck, feeling the pulse on his throat. The way the vein there throbbed was so enticing that I understood why vampires were so attracted to the neck.

"Gladly," Niklaus growled and to my horror flung the glass in his hand out through the window and spun me around with a momentum that knocked the breath out of my lungs.

Before I could even comment on that careless faction, his hot mouth enveloped my lips. The kiss was devouring and didn't give me space to recover because he was sucking hard on my tongue. I moaned as his hand moved to press me closer while the other caressed my breast.

Niklaus didn't just kiss me, he drained me; his tongue lashing at mine while I clung to him, senses reeling. By the time we came up for air, my chest was heaving as if I had a deviated sternum.

"Why did you throw that out there?" I spoke up when I finally found my voice

"It seemed the faster alternative than finding somewhere else to place the cup on. I couldn't wait any minute to kiss you," He said, his eyes gleaming with excitement

"Still, you could have hurt someone?" I had to address the issue else he repeats it or worse, his son picks on the behavior - Allen copies everything his father Niklaus does. Like father like son.

"Well, no one yelped nor cried out, so I'll say no loss was recorded," the words were hardly out of his mouth before he drew me closer to him, our hips touching and lips temptingly brushing against each other. I forgot how to breathe.

"We have only this night to savor each other, so do not talk much," He silenced me once more with a kiss.

However, unlike the earlier devouring kiss, Niklaus was slow and scrupulous this time as if committing every single detail to mind. It was a sweet and sexual kiss as his tongue glide against mine in long slow strokes while sliding his hand into my shirt. I guess it was his turn then.

He traced the curve of my back before moving up to the hook of her bra. But I guess he changed his mind because he drew away from the kiss, took my shirt over my head in one deft move, and went down to capture my nipples that had gone taunt into his mouth through the bra.

I cried out, my head lulling back from pressure as wetness pooled between my legs. God, I was wet nor could I tell how long my leg could hold me.

As if he knew what was on my mind, Niklaus carried me off my feet as if I weighed nothing and walked over to the bed where he placed me gently. Then he hovered over me, pulling my bra down, and exhaled a sharp breath.

"God, you're so beautiful," He said, eyes so dark I wondered if his pupils and iris had somewhat merged. Beneath that, I saw the desire; a hot, ravishing hunger that made me unconsciously clench my thigh together. I realized at that moment that I was a feast set before Niklaus and he didn't waste further time to devour me.



He closed down on my breast and it was all it took to moan his name. Niklaus tasted me as this was our first time and I could only rake my fingers through his hair desperately, pulling him harder into me. I wanted him to stop yet didn't want him to stop at the same time.

It was like being binge drinking on alcohol, knowing I was drunk yet the euphoric sensation was too much that I didn't want to stop - even though I would suffer a massive hangover the next day.

Niklaus didn't touch anyway else but my breast, yet my wetness was already dripping which he confirmed by rubbing me down there with a single finger. My nerves endings tingled.

"Guess who's ready for me?" surfaced a wide grin that I would see as lewd if I wasn't so aroused with passion I could hardly move.

He then got off me and rid of the rest of his clothing and was back on top of me in a flash. My blood throbbed with excitement knowing what was to come.

"Let's get down to baby-making, shall we?" Niklaus dropped out of nowhere.

"What -?!" I was still saying when he slammed into me with a force that stole the remaining breath I had left.

Throughout our heated season, I could only gasp since Niklaus never slowed down for once. I would have almost said he was punishing me if it wasn't the fact he had the same pleasure-filled face like mine.

I moaned hard as I came, the ecstatic shock shaking my entire being just as Niklaus found his release as well. He pinned me with that amber eyes of his, lowering his head to kiss me, and almost immediately, felt his member still inside of me stir to life. I froze, what have I done?

However, there was a blissful grin on Niklaus' face, asking,

"Are you able to go all night?"

Crazy fucker.

*Chapter 424 - Four Hundred And Twenty-four: No One Told Him*

The third point of view:

"Damn it, not again!"

Cecil woke up with a curse on her lips - which she hated. A day was supposed to be started positively and with blessings instead of swear words. Why was she cursing by the way?

She had woken up quite late which wasn't supposed to be since she still had to prepare breakfast - they weren't leaving on an empty stomach- and prepare herself mentally and physically before leaving for her parent's place. Yeah, this was D-day.

But then, Cecil had woken up quite late again which wasn't quite surprising. Ever since she got pregnant, she easily fell asleep and mostly was too tired to go about her daily activities and that was quite infuriating.

When she had been pregnant with Pedro, the boy never disturbed her as much as this one did. Hence why was this pregnancy so different? Could it be because she was getting old?

Cecil stood up to her feet with a groan, her back arched terribly, had she slept in a bad position, or was it the baby's doing as well? Her pregnancy was two days shy of clocking a month and it was disturbing her this much? She couldn't help but dread the incoming months of pure torture.

With no idea what to do, Cecil decided to go wash up, and then perhaps inspiration from heaven on how to solve the food problem would descend on her.

However, after luxuriating in the bathroom for inspiration purposes, nothing came into her head. Her son, Pedro, sure could cook but she had made it a duty to get breakfast ready for him - he can think about cooking for himself when he moves away or gets married. Moreover, she was pregnant and one of the doctor's advice was to eat healthily.

Perhaps she would order takeouts - just this once - and they - she and her son - would have their fill before heading to that hell called home. Her parent's place was far from here which meant they had to drive out of the city and that would take roughly three to four hours. Cecil finally decided and made it out of her room only for the smell of omelet to waft into her nose.

Brows furrowed in confusion, she began to trace the scent of the food like a sniffer dog to the dining room where she found her son Pedro and Emerald setting the table.

That scene was quite a shocker for Cecil because she never expected Emerald yet not to talk of him coming earlier than planned to make her breakfast. Relief washed over her and she wanted to express her thanks but what came out of her mouth was the opposite.

Emerald saw the relieved look on her face and was happy to know that the surprise breakfast worked. He had been thinking of a way to be active in this pregnancy, you

know, playing his part as a father should and had sorted out her son Pedro, who was brilliant enough to suggest the idea of breakfast in bed - which won't be possible anymore since she was off the bed.

However, one could imagine the shock on Emerald's face when Cecil, who should've been delighted, burst into tears all of a sudden, and the pleased look on his face crumbled at once.

"Cecil?" He went over to her, "What is it?" he asked, distress written all over his face.

"Why did you do this to me?" She accused Emerald of what he had no idea about, heightening his confusion.

Emerald scratched the back of his head, what the hell was she talking about? Here he was, a grown man like him with no clue why his woman was crying. In just a moment, he began to go over all the wrong things he had done in the past days wondering if he had unintentionally pissed her off. But after all the hard thinking, the man came up with nothing. Neither was Cecil close to stopping.

"Cecil love, tell me what is wrong?" Emerald needed to understand her a bit.

But she would not hear that from him, "Don't call me love when you did this to me?!" She poked him on the chest, tears filling her eyes.

"Did what? Explain to me, what did I do wrong?" Emerald pleaded desperately. He was almost on the point of falling on his knees to beg if she wanted him to.

"Why did you put this baby in me?!" Asked Cecil. She didn't even understand why she was crying as well. All she knew was that the tears kept falling.

"Huh?" Emerald was stupefied. Was that the reason for the tears? He couldn't comprehend what was going on anymore.

"Why did you give me a baby? Why didn't you stop the baby from coming?" She wept bitterly to the extent Emerald didn't know where or how to comfort her.

This becoming a father of a thing came too suddenly to him as well and this was his first time. He had never experienced a scene as bewildering as this one in his entire life. How was he supposed to stop the baby from coming? He had no control over that.

"Alright Cecil, don't cry anymore, we'd sort this out together alright?" he attempted to comfort her but the hormonal mother took it the wrong way.

"You don't want me to cry? A pregnant woman doesn't deserve to cry, is that it?" she wept harder.

At this point, Emerald was exhausted. If he had known that the surprise breakfast would turn out this way, he wouldn't have bothered at all.

Then out of the corner of his eye, he saw Pedro make a hugging gesture that made his brow raise. What? The boy wanted him to hug her?

"Just do it!" Pedro communicated the words with his eye and Emerald had no choice but to bring Cecil into his arms, hugging her tight.

It was at that moment that the doctor's words crossed his mind. The woman had told him that as the fluctuating levels of estrogen and progesterone in Cecil's bloodstream ramp up, it can make her especially moody during the first trimester. But he never took it seriously until now.

Who knew mood swings and crying spells are a normal part of pregnancy? None of the missions he had ever partaken in scared him as much as this pregnancy.

Emerald simply thought Cecil's stomach would swell up in the coming months and he would help with alleviating her back pain, then boom! The baby pops out from wherever it comes from when the time comes - no one told him there was much more work to pregnancy than it looked.

But then, although he dreaded the months to come with its increase of anxiety levels, Emerald could not wait to welcome his child into this world.

So bring it on, pregnancy!

*Chapter 425 - Four Hundred And Twenty-five: You Promised.*

Reina's point of view:

He shouldn't have been named "Niklaus", "The beast," should have been much better. Niklaus didn't let me sleep a wink last night. We went at it like rabbits with little breaks in between and finally, he let me sleep by five in the morning.

I was angrier at myself. I should refuse him. I should say a firm no when he wants more, but then, the moment our lips touch, it's as if my brain just malfunctions and nothing else matters.

I guess he wasn't the only greedy one because I keep on desiring more until we die away on the waves of passion. And damn it, the man had to be so good in bed. I guess his years of frolicking with the other XX chromosome was a pretty good experience - lucky me.

"Ugh," I groaned when I felt a hot breath on my neck. I didn't need to open my eyes to know who's that since he's the only person in this room, moreover, my neck was his favorite spot.

"Goodmorning," Niklaus murmured into my neck, sending shivers down my spine.

"Don't you ever get tired?" I yawned. I was so damn tired; my hips was sore.

"No," He answered unabashedly, trailing kisses from my neck to my shoulder.

Crazy man! If I don't get pregnant from our wild session last night, I'll have to double-check the effectiveness of his spoooge.

I nudged him off my shoulder, "You need to see a doctor, your appetite is unhealthy," and turned the other way.

But then, you should already know that Niklaus was a tough parasite that refused to die, well in my situation, go away.

He still chased after me and this time chuckled into my ear, "Or perhaps, you're the one with weak stamina. Shouldn't you let me train your endurance," that statement was ambiguous.

I glanced up at Niklaus with a deep scowl to meet his grinning ones and said just three words, "Let me sleep," and before he could say anything, pulled up the sheet over my head.

If it wasn't for the playful smirk on his face, I would have mistaken Niklaus' disturbances as a plan to sabotage my leaving tonight. Else why would he be so persistent in tiring me out?

I was so damn tired to the point I was tempted to just forget about this mission. But then, an image of Angela flashed in my head and my resolve was renewed. It wasn't just for Angela, I was fighting for the pride of the Sakuzi clan and the safety of my children. With Miguel out there, none of them were.

Just as I suspected, Niklaus wasn't against my plans because he let me sleep after I threw that tantrum. So I finally rested my sore body for about six or seven hours, I couldn't tell. However, it was afternoon by the time I woke up, which meant I had less than four hours before the big event began.

The night was the best cover for the attack. That way the police wouldn't react quickly - although we had that one settled - with a lesser rate of casualty loss - most people would be at their homes by then.

Also, Criminals operated in the night which meant that Miguel and his men would be at their den when we attack. And according to our Intel, his men would be present today since they were having a special meeting.

I would first go to the base, alongside the others and there we would go over the plans and make other necessary adjustments before leaving. We pray the raid goes successfully as planned.

When I got up, Niklaus wasn't around. So I used that opportunity to wash up and get every necessary thing prepared for my leave. There was no room for mistakes. A single mistake could cost a life - mine or another. So I had to get my head in the game, no room for distractions.

However, distraction came faster than I thought: Niklaus came into the room. He had a tray in hand and trust me, I knew he cooked the food from the tantalizing aroma. He's gotten so good at cooking you could term him a professional while my cooking skill is nothing to write home about - another reason he doesn't let him into the kitchen.

"Lunch in bed," He announced, setting the food on my bed.

I took a deep sniff, savoring the aroma in the air, "Smells good, I don't regret marrying you,"

The both of us burst into laughter instantaneously because we knew the reason I said so was that I couldn't cook and most times, it was always the female doing the cooking. What was that saying again? The way to a man's heart was through his stomach - yeah, that sort of thing.

"Just eat your food," Niklaus said, and just when I thought he was about to hand the spoon to me, he took it and scooped the food, bringing it to my mouth.

My brow raised at that gesture.

He answered me, "You have less than two hours left to leave, let's make use of that,"

"Oh," I was quite startled by his comment. I didn't know he was counting down to the moment he left. A trace of sadness flashed in my gaze but I pushed it away. I wasn't going away forever, it was just this night and I'm back in his arms again.

As if nothing was wrong, Niklaus made conversation and jokes throughout the meal until I was done. After that, we decided to watch some movies. Like I said, dilly dally until the time was right.

That was what we did and thankfully there was no sex, although a little making out since he couldn't keep his hands to himself. But then, time flies while having fun. It was finally time to leave.

Although the kids didn't know of my mission, I had to bid them goodbye; hugging each and everyone dearly. The sight of them tempted me once more to give up on the mission, however, this was for their good.

Done with them, I returned to Niklaus - the hard part. His expression was unreadable but I could sense the war waging inside of him. So I simply hug him, saying, "I'll be back,"

His hand went to my waist and he hugged me back. But then things heated the instant our eyes met and the next I knew, we were kissing each other. I kissed Niklaus as if tomorrow didn't exist, because truly I didn't know if there would be a tomorrow for us - I could die.

However, I was so immersed in the kiss that I didn't see Niklaus lift a needle to my neck and it was only when the piercing pain went through me that I realized what was going on. I struggled, my nails digging into his shoulders on purpose to cause him pain, however, Niklaus didn't let me go. He was determined.

"What are you doing?" my eyes were as wide as saucers.

"I'm sorry but I'm the one supposed to protect you," Niklaus said, a hint of apology in his gaze.

My eyes watered, "But you promised!"

"I know, but no promise is worth your life,"

Done, Niklaus took out the shot as his mouth covered mine hungrily and that was the last memory I had of him before I lost consciousness.

*Chapter 426 - Four Hundred And Twenty-six: Destroy What You Love Most*

The third point of view:

There was a proud look on Sakuzi's face as soon as Niklaus made his appearance at the base. For sure, his daughter made the right choice in a partner.

The truth was that Sakuzi had not been happy when Reina volunteered for this mission. Not that his daughter couldn't fight for herself, but Reina was Miguel's target and if the bastard got her by chance, she'd be a goner. Miguel wanted to get to him, his daughter was perfect since she was the most beloved out of his children - he was not ashamed of saying that.

Sakuzi didn't just love Reina because she was Angela's daughter. The Sakuzi clan had this curse or something, they rarely birth female children. That was why they had a large influx of males in the family. His own brothers had mistresses give them a female child.

Hence it was a big privilege to give birth to a female. Not to mention the fact that Reina had come to him at a point in life when he was at a crossroad of being "continuing being evil" and?"becoming less evil".?But she came to him and changed his life around, and to crown it all, gave him grandchildren- that took after him. It was a complete turning point in his life hence his undiluted love for her.

And because of his love for her, he didn't dare to tell her not to come to the mission tonight. Reina had taken after him in being stubborn, so convincing her would be futile. Neither could he force her not to come so he had hoped on Niklaus - and thankfully, he didn't fail his expectation.

"Thank you," Sakuzi patted Niklaus on the back gratefully, he nodded in understanding.

Although both weren't in cahoots, if Reina was here to watch her father thank Niklaus for leaving her behind, she'd tear them both apart.

Niklaus didn't need to be told the kind of music he would face when he returns home; Reina would rip him apart. She would be freaking mad at him nor did he see the issue getting resolved any time soon.

Although Reina always claimed he- Niklaus- was the best at holding grudges, the truth was that Reina was more fearful when mad. He would have to find ways to placate her else he would not be invited to the bedroom as long as her anger lasts.

"Alright, suit up everyone. It's time to get that son of a bastard!" Sakuzi announced as everyone began to gear up.

Knowing how dangerous this was, Sakuzi had gotten at least half of the people customized bulletproof. Unlike the usual bulletproof, this was much lighter and made movement easier. That way their agility was not affected much.

"Here, take this," Sakuzi handed one of the vests to his honorable son-in-law.

Niklaus caught the material, surprised.

"You sneaked out for me, the least I can do is to make sure you're safe else my daughter cuts my head off if anything happens to you," Sakuzi grinned at him.

Niklaus gave him an I'm - scared -of - her - too- smile before he put the vest on. He was just stocking his ammunition when Eden made his appearance.

"You're late," He pointed out yet choked on his words when he saw his appearance. Niklaus whistled, he sure had a good time before coming here.

"Is it that obvious?" Eden hurriedly began to run his hands through his hair in an attempt to smooth it.



"You might have to erase the hickeys too, are you both animals or what?" Niklaus taunted him on purpose.

They were about to stare death in the face, the least they could do was stay positive.

"Look who's talking," Eden glared at him. Who among their circles doesn't know of Niklaus' adventures.

Niklaus tossed a gun to him which Eden caught accurately, "Stop talking and get dressed,"

Both men continued to tease each other even until they got into the truck heading to the death ground.

"What's the possibility of us dying tonight?" Eden suddenly brought that up in the middle of their discussion.

Niklaus said with great confidence, "Zero percent. No one is dying tonight. I promised Reina that I would return to her and I sure as hell would do that, just as I'm sure you promised Camille too," He squeezed Eden's shoulder, "So my dear cousin kick that thought out of your head. Even if you want to die, it's definitely not here,"

Niklaus went on, "Just think of it as like the old times. Everything would turn out just alright. Nothing's going to happen,"

"Alright, great motivational speaker," Eden joked and both men released a pearl of laughter. They livened the gloomy tension in the vehicle.

And just as Niklaus predicted, the mission went smoothly, In fact, so smoothly that Sakuzi shouldn't have asked for support in the first place.

The sound of gunshot reverberated across the three-story building that served as Miguel's Den and in a matter of an hour, they had cleared out the building and captured those willing to share Miguel's whereabouts - they had not caught him here.

"Am I the only one that feels something doesn't feel right here?" Eden pointed out, looking around their environment.

"This mission feels too easy, not to mention that Miguel is no way to be found. His absence makes me uneasy," Niklaus was squeamish. His left eyebrow keeps twitching and though he didn't believe in superstition, this situation made him susceptible to anything.

Niklaus contemplated calling home until he remembered he drugged his wife. It was a small dose; enough to knock her out for two hours until they had left - she would be unable to come here.

Even if she was awake, what was the possibility she would answer his call? She would be mad at him. He then decided to try his kids but was distracted by the man kicked to his front.

"Where Is Miguel?!" interrogated Andrew, who had come in place of Emerald. Yes, he and Niklaus had met and both men were cool.

The man laughed and spat out blood from his mouth, "Fools," He called them, "You think he didn't know you were coming?" he sneered, "We had infiltrated your gang before he even made the first move,"

"Tell us where the hell is Miguel!" Andrew punched him right in the stomach.

The man moaned in pain yet laughed mockingly, "He's already far gone,"

"Far gone where?!" Sakuzi yelled this time.

He sniggered, "Far gone to destroy what you love the most,"

Niklaus paled instantly.

Reina.

*Chapter 427 - Four Hundred And Twenty-seven: The Assassin Is Coming*

The third point of view:

Isabella shook her head,?amusement curving her lips to the side. She had stumbled upon her father sneaking out and it took her everything not to laugh at the scene.

Her mother Reina was such a fool to have believed Niklaus. She had known long again that Reina wouldn't step a foot out of the house but hadn't said a word not to ruin her father's plan. Isabella had lived long enough with her father to know he was not to be trusted.

"What are you doing?" Ailee asked her sister suspiciously.

The kids - who recently formed an unusual bond with Isabella- were in her room once again. Ailee was giving her a skeptical look because she was working on her warrior robot- the one that could fire lasers from its eye.?Isabella and the kids had called a truce on their pranks hence it was quite suspecting for the others to see her working on it.

"Improving it," Isabella murmured, all of her gaze concentrated on the controls. Getting this customized AI robot?had cost her quite a lot of money and now, she was going to get her money's worth.

"Why are you improving it?" Ailee leaned closer, observing the control panel in Isabella's hands.

The control was simply a rectangular shaped transparent panel that blinked light whenever Isabella tapped on any of the invisible buttons.

For the first time, Ailee was suddenly in awe of her sister's knowledge. Isabella was so smart nor could the little girl discern whatever it was she was tweaking in those controls.

"Preparing for war," was Isabella's answer.

"War?" Ailee was confused. Why was her sister suddenly speaking in parables?

Isabella couldn't explain it but the moment her father Niklaus had left instead of Reina, she had these cold feets. She was uneasy because her guts told her something was wrong.

Although her parents didn't expose what was going on to her, Isabella was no longer a kid like her ignorant younger siblings and was smart enough to figure out something was wrong.

For Niklaus to have tricked his wife and gone in her place meant this wasn't a simple "capturing a criminal" as Reina had claimed, this was a war. And in war lives were lost.

Isabella didn't know the name of whoever killed Angela, but what if Angela wasn't his initial target? The assassin could have killed Angela ever since, why wait till that day when Reina came?

A smug smirk crossed Isabella's features as she figured it out, her mother was the target. Adults always underestimate children, unfortunately, they're the ones with the most ideas.

Isabella put herself in the shoes of the assassin and thought hard. If she wanted to finish off Reina, what was the best way to do so if not to drawout all of her shield?

The only reason Reina was off-limits was because of the protection of Niklaus and her father Sakuzi. But if those two big figures were out of the picture, boom! She had her. Checkmate.

"Cynthia, attack mode," Isabella commanded the adorable looking fifteen inches robot.

The robot had a shiny white metallic frame with braided blonde hair and blue innocent eyes that suddenly glowed an evil red upon Isabella's command. It didn't look so adorable anymore.

Immediately, a robotic voice sounded out, "Attack mode activated. Who do I exterminate, mistress?"

At that statement, Allen and Neon, who had been arguing about a sci-fi fiction they had watched minutes ago, paused. They all stared at the robot and Isabella with probing curiosity.

"Enemy is square shaped, brown in color with fraying edges and lying at a sixty degrees plane," Isabella commanded.

"Initiating quick search.....Five seconds ...four seconds....three seconds.... Two seconds.... a second.... Search completed.... Target accuracy ... located.... Fire!"

The next they saw, the robot shot a laser beam at Isabella's pillow, charting that while the smell of burnt heft permeated their noses. For a minute, nobody talked, still immersed with what just happened.

"Cool!!! "All three of the kids screamed in delight when they realized what just happened.

"How did you do that?!"

"Can I play with it?!"

"I want one!"

Neon, Ailee and Allen were so excited to try it out.

"Now listen to me!" Isabella boomed at them like an army General and they obeyed immediately.

"Cynthia, silent mode, shut down,"

And silently, the robot shut down to the children's awe - what they would do with a robot like that.

"Now listen to me you three squirrels -"

"Does that mean you're the?sister to the three cute looking squirrels?" Ailee taunted her and Isabella in return passed the girl a sharp glare. However, realizing she was the one in the wrong, Isabella tone the glare down.

"As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted...." She still eyed her sister, "I think we're all in danger,"

"Danger?" they all chorused

"What kind of danger?" Ailee was the one to ask.

"The kind of danger where we all got a bullet shot in our brains. Remember Mom told us about that assassin that killed your granny Angela - definitely not my granny - I think he might be coming here."

"But why?" Neon asked

Isabella gave him a stupid look, "Does a killer need a reason to kill you"

Allen chortled at his stupidity

"Now I know that you all might depend on the security around but I need you guys to get anything that gives you extra protection," she added, "You'd been playing pranks all through your lives, now's the time to put that skill into good work,"

Although the kids didn't fully believe her, they went ahead to do as Isabella ordered in fear of incurring her wrath.

"What does this do?" Isabelle inspected Ailee's weapon which was a hairpin?

"Watch and see?" The girl pressed a tiny button on its side and the four clover design crackled with electricity sufficient enough to knock a man down on his ass.

"Hmm, this should do in close range but be careful not to stun yourself as well," she showed approval, "Next"

Allen approached her with a smirk showing off the little mechanical spider in his palm.

"Alright what does this sick looking little toy do-Ahh!" isabelle yelled when it nipped her on the wrist

Allen grinned, "You're not the only one with a cool robot,"

"Fine, it's good for sneak attacks and nice control you got there. Now get your smug face out of my sight,"

"My pleasure," the boy even made the gesture of bowing before leaving.

"Neon," Isabella breathed, "And this it?" her brows raised questioningly at the mouse in his grasp.

"Mr Smuff,"

"What does he do exactly?"

"Brings good luck,"

"Well, good luck in trying not to get yourself killed," She dismissed him, shaking her head with a sigh.

She faced them all, "Now kids I know you got good gadgets and all but do not react harshly. We're facing men with guns, real guns, and they wouldn't hesitate to hurt -"

The lights went out

Gunshots rang out.

*Chapter 428 - Four Hundred And Twenty-eight: Leave With The Kids*

The third point of view :

Reina had a bad dream, and in that horrible dream, Niklaus betrayed her. However, it was not a dream.

She woke up with a startle, senses muddled, and definitely pissed as hell. Dizziness overwhelmed her the instant she sat up and had to lay back on the bed till the whirling sensation stopped.

Niklaus betrayed her, that realization drummed in her head and hummed in her blood. She had trusted him and thought he trusted her too. But then it had all been a lie; he had used her; made her lower her guards so she doesn't suspect his intentions. The thought of it pained her greatly and with that grief, Reina made her way out of the room amid the nauseating sensation in her chest.

Where was she going to begin? Since Niklaus tricked her already, that meant they were already far gone, and heading over there would do her no good.

She would get herself harmed; get caught in the crossfire or even distract them in the fight. In one word, there was nothing she could do but wait patiently for their return - and then she could skin Niklaus alive with her own hands. How dare he drug her?

Despite the fact she felt horrible, Reina made her way downstairs to find her kids, having suspected they might be in the living room watching television when the light suddenly gave out.

What the hell? Was there a blackout or something? Reina wondered and was just about to take a step to inform the staff to change over to the backup generator when the sounds of gunshot reverberated across the house.

Reina screamed as she ducked, choosing to take cover behind the sofa beside her. What the hell was going on? Were they under attack or what? But then who dares to

attack her home? She didn't seem to remember offending anybody and even if she did, her father's reputation did a good job of scaring them. Except.....

Her eyes widened to the size of saucers when that sudden ugly thought formed in her head. Un no, it couldn't be Miguel. No way, Niklaus and the others were on their way to capture Miguel. Unless they had been tricked and the real Miguel was out there shooting down their men.

Oh God, Reina realized it was a trap. Miguel had gotten her defenders to leave so she would be alone and vulnerable. Reina's heart began to pound in her throat, she had to inform Niklaus of the change of plans. However, her phone was in her room. Shit!

Reina turned around, searching blindly for columns and hoping to God she doesn't bump into anything to draw noise - she didn't care about getting injured. Her whole concern now rested on the kids, she had to get to them before Miguel did - no, she can't lose them.

Heart pounding in the chest, Reina traced her way back to her children's room and occasionally tipped over the steps, yet she didn't mind-her kids mattered more. Although there were troops stationed outside to protect them, Reina wasn't foolish to think they stood a chance against the enemy.

The fact that Miguel had successfully deceived her father and came all the way meant that he was well prepared and could only hope the defense outside bought her enough time to escape with the kids.

"Allen? Ailee? Neon? " Reina called, stressing her eyes to scan their room in the dark. But unfortunately, she didn't get any reply which made her panic more, could it be that Miguel had already gotten to her kids?

No, she refused to lose hope and headed over to Isabella's room with difficulty. However, the instant she entered, Reina felt a whoosh in the air and instinctively bent just as something crashed into the wall beside the wall. Yep, those were her kids doing.

"Allen?" she still called to make sure

"Mother?"

A sigh of relief escaped her mouth and she was so tempted to hug her kids but couldn't locate them until someone flashed the torchlight from their phone. Isabella? Thank God.

"Mom, what is happening?" Ailee was the first to ask after they ran into her arms.

"We're under attack honey but I promise you that we will make it out of here," Reina made a promise she wasn't even sure of keeping.

"I've been calling Niklaus, he's not answering," Isabella informed her, still calling him.

"Don't bother with that, if he does not answer, that means they've started the raid and no distraction is needed on the battlefield," In one word, he's fine and we're dead meat, Reina of course didn't say it out loud to the kids. There was no need to cause more benefit amongst them.

"Alright, I'll send him a text message then," Isabella's fingers were already working as she spoke.

"We have to leave now!" Reina announced to the kids.

"How do we do that without getting caught in the crossfire? Bullets are flying from all angles nor would they hesitate to shoot if they sense us leaving - we can't even leave from the entrance!" Isabella pointed out the flaws in her plan.

"Which is why you are here Isabella,"

"What?" She couldn't understand where Reina was coming here.

"You lived here the longest with your father and I know Niklaus, he must have a secret passageway out of here or a panic room where we can be safe until help comes,"

Reina regrets never asking Niklaus about that. Each time the thought came to her mind, she waved it away seeing how strong Niklaus' defense was. But now, that defense was being tested and she had no doubt it was just minutes before Miguel stormed the place. She had to get her kids to a safe and fight out her own survival - if she was destined to survive tonight.

"I don't know. I haven't really thought about that but I'm sure as hell, Niklaus must have one around," Isabella was sure of it. The house had been remodeled after they returned years ago and she hadn't the time to explore hidden areas since she was already good with her father then.

"Isabella, think, you're the smartest kid I know out there and our lives depend on you at the moment!"

"I'm trying to think, mother!" the girl snapped under pressure, "How do you expect me to know of a secret room I haven't explored.... Maya's old room!"

"What?" there was a faint hope in Reina's heart.

"If there's a secret escape or panic room, I bet Nik would build one in your old room since he was tormented by the guilt of your death at that time nor has anyone gone there since it was remodeled - not even me," she explained.



"That's great, take the kids and leave,"

"Alright... wait, what?!"

"Take your siblings and leave Isabella,"

"What about you?"

"I'll be fine,"

"Are you fucking kidding me, you'd be fine? That asshole wants you dead!" Isabella cursed with no care that she would get punished for that.

"Is me that Miguel wants, I won't give him the leverage of getting to you kids too. He must have gotten Intel that I'm here hence would surely scour this place to find me. So take your siblings and leave!"

"No! We are not leaving you! We'd help you fight!"

"Please Isabella!" The gunshots were now fewer and closer. There was no more time.

Isabella wanted to disagree but the desperation in her mother's tone stopped her.

"I love you," The girl said and hugged Reina suddenly.

"Yeah, me too!" Reina pulled back immediately, "Now leave! Keep your siblings safe!"

It was at that moment that the crisis dawned on the triple trouble and they became hesitant to leave.

"Come on, we should go," Isabella urged Ailee.

"No, I want to stay with mother!" She refused to move nor did the others seem willing as well.

"Listen to me, you have to leave. I can't escape later?if you become a dead weight to me, understand?" She clasped her daughter's cheeks before dropping a kiss on her forehead, "Now go. I love you guys."

"Mother!"

Allen whined.

Neon cried.

"I said GO!" Reina bellowed with intensity and this time their perseverance melted like ice.

"I'll see you later," Isabella told her, even though she had a disturbing feeling in her heart that this might be the last time.

Reina simply nodded as she finally went away with the kids. Not less than a minute later, the lights came back on and she knew,

"It was time,"

*Chapter 429 - Four Hundred And Twenty-nine: Even In The Shadow Of Death*

The third point of view:

Reina knew as soon as her kids left that she couldn't wait around for her death. If she was going to die, she had to bring down at least one of her enemies with her - that was the Sakuzi clan style of dying honorably anyway.

That was why she manipulated the darkness and the little time she had left to make her way back into the bedroom. If she was going to fight her last battle all alone while hoping to bring down one of them - Miguel thankfully-?Reina had to be equipped and prepared.

She was still in the middle of opening Niklaus' secret armory - located inside their wardrobe - designed for emergencies like this when the light came alive. God, they were here.

With a deep breath, Reina reached out and grabbed the pistol, grabbed a fair amount of ammunition, and cocked the gun.

And like a nimbly experienced assassin, she padded back to the corridor leading to the living room and there, hid behind the large pillar behind that gave her a clear view of the living room while offering protection from bullets as well. It was the best spot considering the situation she was in.

While she waited for her enemy, Reina realized how grave her situation was. Her hands holding the gun began to shake - this might be her last moment on earth. Frightened yet resolved to see this through, Reina began to mentally chant her favorite verse in the Bible.

"Even though I walk through the?valley of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me,"

That quote strengthened her and when her eyes squeeze open, it was with resolve. It was time.

Reina heard the approaching footsteps and fought against the urge to fire - instinctual survivor mode. Her target was Miguel and until then, his men were nothing but prawns - until they threatened her safety.

They kept pouring in into the living room and at the end, she counted about six of them excluding Miguel. From the bloody looks on their clothes, it was apparent Niklaus' men gave them a tough time - although they won - and it warmed Reina's heart to know they hadn't been abandoned.

Just like Niklaus, his men were fierce and persistent; although outnumbered, they had fought till the very end. It was her turn to fight and she couldn't mess it up - she would be doing justice to the men who died.

"Where's the bitch?"

Reina instinctively knew from the brutality and impudence in that tone that the asshole was Miguel, even before she laid her eyes on him.

"I don't care what you do nor how but find me that bitch even if you have to raze this place to the ground! Find her!" were his orders as he searched around for her.

Oh no, Reina couldn't let them raze this place. She wasn't sure if her kids were safely out of here or in a panic room. Either way, his men shouldn't cross her.

Her eyes filled with hatred as she focused her gun, "Well, you'd be getting more from this bitch,"

Reina focused on her target and fired with a grateful heart. This was it, a smile graced her lips. She could now die in peace. She had brought the enemy down.

But unfortunately, it happened that as soon as Reina fired, one of Miguel's men somehow saw that attempt and immediately used his body as a shield, dying in his place.

"The bitch's here!" There was an announcement and panic as everyone took cover.

"Shit, damn it!" Reina cursed out loud. Not only had she failed to kill her target, but she had also set off the enemy. How shitty was her luck? Well, this was it then.

Reina looked out and began to fire and a man's groan rang. One down. Four remaining, excluding Miguel. Kind of shitty, but this move assured her children's safety. She would do anything to keep them safe.

Her enemies didn't wait around for her to finish them off because they engaged her in an open fire. Reina coughed, sinking further behind the structure as dust and powder covered her view, bullets rained down in her direction.

Reina didn't move an inch, rather she kept her ear to the ground and figured out their firing positions and timing. The instant they ran out of ammunition, Reina instantly fired and a man's death groan greeted her. Another one down. Three remaining, excluding Miguel.

However, she made a silly mistake. Reina forgot Miguel and that cost her because after one of his men went down, a sharp pain started in her arm and she realized she had been hit.

"Damn, this can't be good,!" Reina moaned in pain, cradling her injured arm that began to bleed. This wasn't part of the plan, but lucky her - it wasn't her head.

"Reina, I know you are here. Why don't you do me the favor of saving my energy," He added, "And my bullets,"

"Go to hell!" Reina retorted. There was no need to hide anymore, her position had been compromised.

"Oh sweetheart, you know this is hell already," He chuckled as if her plight was a source of amusement to him, "Why don't you come out and make this easier on the both of us?"

"Go and fuck your father," Was her response. She didn't care about bad language nor dignity. This was survival. Reina knew she had far more advantage here than being out in the open. No one could come into the corridor without her shooting his head off the body - as far she doesn't run out of ammunition.

"Why don't you humans ever take the easy way?" Miguel groaned in frustration and that brought a smile to Reina's lips. Even if she died tonight, she had put up a good fight. Speaking about dying, she had to do something about her arm - it was bleeding excessively.

"Fine, I'll give you motivation then," Said the psychopath and that couldn't be good.

Just as Reina dreaded, she heard a female scream in pain and her body stiffened.

Oh no, Amanda.

"Do I need to go this far to get your ass out here, spitfire?" Miguel asked in a seemingly bored tone.

God, this was a game to him, Reina realized. Another scream from Amanda roused from her thought and before Reina knew it, her legs had brought her into the living room.

"Here, you have me now, so let go of the woman around your mother's age, you animal!"

*Chapter 430 - Four Hundred And Thirty: Leave Our Mother Alone*

The third point of view:

Reina knew she couldn't let Amanda die, that woman had far more been a motherly figure to her than Angela and Nadia put together - though both women changed in the end. Amanda was the first nice mother she ever had as Maya and she sure wouldn't abandon her, not in this perilous circumstance.

"You have me, now let the woman go!" She ordered Miguel, her gun still focused on him in case he tried any stupid game with her. However, all three of Miguel's remaining men had their gun on her as well and they wouldn't hesitate to blast her body with bullets if she dared to pull the trigger.

"Welcome Reina," Miguel's expression brightened at the sight of her; the long-awaited one.

"Let her go!" Reina insisted through gritted teeth. The sight of Miguel's fisted hand around Amanda's curls was making her blood boil. Amanda was an elderly woman, she needed to be treated with care and respect, not abused this way.

"I said let her go!" She saw red.

"Welcome to my great city of ruins, Reina, and I believe you don't do negotiations with a gun pointed at the master," his eyes twinkled, "Or have you forgotten the rules of the games,"

Reina knew this was a mistake, a big terrible mistake, but there was nothing she could do. Amanda's life was hanging on the line here. So Reina did the dumbest thing; she dropped her gun to the floor with her hand raised in the air.

She literally gave up on the weapon that might have helped her escape from here. Reina watched as his men kick the gun far away from her lest she springs a surprise attack on them.

"Your turn now," She reminded him of their agreement.

"Of course," Miguel smirked, then pushed Amanda away quite roughly the way a kid bored of a toy would in a condescending manner. Amanda fell to the ground, yelping in pain.

"Amanda!" Reina was shocked at the treatment and tried to go over to her but what she received was a hit to the stomach.

"Argh," Reina bent over in pain, clutching her stomach. She felt everything she had eaten for the day rush up to her throat. God, this was awful.

"What was that for?" Miguel glared at his subordinate that had touched her.

The subordinate's gaze was full of hatred as he stared at his partner on the floor dead, "She killed my partner,"

"You killed her people as well," Miguel reminded him while Reina watched the scene with furrowed brows.

Something wasn't right. She could sense some sort of disparity between Miguel and his men. Although veering for the leader position was common amongst gangs - which was why the strongest ruled - but the tension between men was too strange. There was no respect in the eyes of the so thought subordinate which could only mean... Reina's eyes widened, they weren't Miguel's men. These men were hired.

It finally made sense. No matter how she thought about it, Miguel was not powerful enough to take on the Falcon Gang all by himself. It was impossible to resuscitate his brother Gerald's gang in a spur of seven years without Sakuzi hearing of it. He had outside help and this realization spun hope for Reina - she had to take advantage of this.

"We had a deal," the man insisted.

"You all knew this mission was risky so don't pull that shit on me. I lost men too," Miguel shut the man up. It was obvious the hitman had more to say but there was no more fault to hold on to.

"Moreover, that's no way to treat a lady," Miguel drawled, going over to Reina who was still on her knees, clutching her stomach.

With a sadistic smile that sent shivers down her spine, Miguel lifted her chin with two fingers, looking her over.

"I can obviously see why that Spencer bastard can't take his eyes off you, you're one of a kind," Miguel's tongue flickered out to lick his lips with a vile look that made the hairs on Reina's arms stand on edge. She didn't like where this was going.

Although Reina's beauty hadn't been a head-turner when she lived as Maya, it was a different story now. As money was no longer a problem to her, Reina had the best skin treatment and resources to take care of her body, hence her hidden beauty all those years reflected. With the right nutrition, body instructor, and fashion, Reina was transformed into a goddess.

"Take your hands off me!" She shook his hands off him with her good arm.

If it wasn't for the fact that this son of a bastard was standing right in front of her and she'd witnessed his level of cruelty, one would never believe Miguel was able to hurt a fly. The man wasn't big nor brawny as per most people's expectations judging from his savagery.

Miguel was tall and lean, not lanky, and wore a study glass that gave him a nerdy look. Although he had a babyface, the glint in his green eyes spoke of great mischief. The quiet type were the most dangerous ones, that saying wasn't far from home right now.

"You're also feisty, I like that," He grabbed her chin once again.

This time Reina turned her head to the side in a bid to shake him off her, the man stubbornly held on. In fact, his grasp was so strong that Reina feared he was going to crush her chin.

"I had planned to capture you and record me killing you to your father, but ever since my eyes fell on you I keep having second thoughts,"

Reina didn't show the fact he was hurting her nor did she dare cry. She would not show any form of weakness, not in front of the bastard. She was a Sakuzi, born strong from the womb and would not surrender easily.

"How much did he pay you? I would pay five times more!" Reina said out of nowhere to everyone's shock. Even Miguel released her chin and took a step back, unable to believe what just happened.

The leader of the hitmen - the one who punched her earlier - glanced up at her with an unfathomable expression,

"What?"

"I'll give you five times whatever he gave you if you spare my life," Reina went on confidently, "I don't know what mercenary guild you're from, but you should know my father already. Sakuzi won't give up until he eradicates every last one of you, even to your third generation," that was how vengeful Sakuzi was once his family was touched.

Miguel grew pale, "What are you doing you bitch!" He tried to hit her but the hitman gestured to him to stop.

"What are you doing?" Miguel was uneasy.

"I need to talk to her and as you said, that's no way to treat a lady," He used his own words against him.

Although hesitant, Miguel's let go of her but the murderous gaze he gave her would last forever in Reina's memory.

The man crouched down till they were on the same eye level, "It's not about the money,"

"What then?" She was desperate to do anything to save her life.

"I would have helped you out..."

Miguel hissed at that comment, yet didn't move.

The man went on, "But some favors have to be paid no matter how hard it is,"

"Oh," Reina found out the man was indebted to Miguel. This was the end then. She knew how much gangs value their promises.

"And now we're done," Miguel learned his lesson and didn't hesitate to proceed with his plan, "Let's begin,"

Reina yelped in pain, tears almost escaping her eyes as that son of a biscuit pulled her up to her feet by the hair.

However, none of them expected kids from God knows where to burst into the room saying,

"Leave our mother alone or.....!"