

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 431 - Four Hundred And Thirty-one: Hello Darling - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 431 - Four Hundred And Thirty-one: Hello Darling

*Chapter 431 - Four Hundred And Thirty-one: Hello Darling*

The third point of view:

Dread grew in Niklaus' heart as soon as those words left the man's mouth, Miguel was on his way to his family? He suddenly felt dizzy and stumbled back a bit from the shock. The universe got to be kidding with him, this wasn't funny at all!

Niklaus had intentionally tricked and lured his wife Reina to sleep and took the risk to come here just to keep her safe, but now they're telling him all his efforts were for nothing?

It was at that moment that Niklaus whipped out his phone from the back of his pocket with lightning speed to call home, he realized he had miss calls. Not just one call but several and it was from home? His heart squeezed.

Niklaus wasn't a Christian nor an atheist - he just didn't have time for any - at that moment, he began to pray mentally to the big "G" up there, hoping he kept not only his wife but his kids safe as well.

For the second time in his life, Niklaus broke into a cold sweat - the first time had been when he received news of Maya falling off the bridge. His chest tightened and he felt as if he wasn't drawing in enough oxygen. Was this what it felt like to have a panic attack?

There was a lot to lose on the line this time. Not only was Reina, but his kids were at risk now. Suddenly Niklaus regretted having tricked his wife else he would be the one facing off with that son of a bastard at home and he had a better chance at winning - realistically speaking.

He didn't dare to entertain the thought of returning home to his wife and children murdered in cold blood - the thought was scary. But then Miguel was a cold-blooded ass and as much as he didn't want to confront the dire situation his family was in, he must. He had to.

"Oh God," the guilty feeling in his chest tightened when he saw the missed calls from Isabella. Niklaus had put his phone on silent to avoid unnecessary disturbance in the mission, who knew he would come to regret it.

"It's a code red. Miguel is here," He read out the message Isabella sent to him. Reina didn't call and he didn't blame her; she was mad at him.

Immediately, Niklaus called home but he couldn't connect to them. With his heart in his throat, he as well tried the lines of his subordinates yet he couldn't get through to any of them.

"I don't like this" He turned to Sakuzi to complain, "I can't talk to any of them, not even my men - I don't know if my family is alright?!" He was at the point of transferring his aggression on them.

"Miguel must be using a signal jammer, I can't get to Amanda as well, " Eden pointed out, dragging the phone away from his ear. He was helping out as well.

Niklaus ran his hands through his hair, tousling it out of frustration; He was mentally exhausted. Why does it always have to be him all the time? Hasn't the universe suffered him already? Was he and Reina ill-fated lovers or what? For how long do they have to suffer before the universe decides to give them their happy ending?

"I have to leave," Niklaus announced.

"Going back home would take you about two hours at a moderate speed,"

"I don't intend to drive moderately,"

"Niklaus, don't be in such a haste. You should calm down - " Sakuzi told him.

"Don't be in what?! Calm down?! " Niklaus fired at him, "Your daughter and my kids are in danger and you're fucking telling me to do what? clam down?!"

"Then what are you going to do then? Leave here in a hurry and let your wife and family die on the way to them?" the man didn't back down, "We have a much better chance at putting our knowledge together and figure a way out. Why? Because we have the resources and the connection, remember?"

"Judy," It clicked in Nik's head and he dialed the man's number at once. Inwardly, he felt guilty for taking it out on Sakuzi - whose idea worked - but didn't say a word. Apologies would be made later.

"Hello?"

One couldn't tell how relieved Niklaus was when his old subordinate turned friend, picked up.

"Judy, we got a problem - "

"You mean Miguel?"

A trace of surprise flashed across his face, "You know?"

"Figured out at the last minute but we arrived too late,"

The static in the call confirmed the fact Miguel had jammed the signals.

"Can you get in?" Niklaus asked, even though he had an ill feeling his friend might be the first to be treated to the gory scene of his wife and children.

But Niklaus hoped; he held hope that somehow his stubborn yet strong wife held her own or better more still, escaped. He wished that his smart daughter Isabella had devised a plan for them to leave safely. But then, he didn't dare to imagine that his trickster twins had pranked their way out of danger - it was too hopeful. He had to be prepared for the worst case scenario.

"No, I can't. None of my men can. At least for now,"

"What do you mean by that?" The fear in his heart grew.

Julie cursed, "The son of a bitch lined the entrance with C4, a step and we're blasted. Got the bomb specialist here already, they're working on it as we speak,"

"How long would that take?" How long do Reina and his kids have?

"I can't really tell Niklaus. But on the bright side, Miguel is stuck in there as well - although that might not sound as good news to you," Judy hinted to the fact they had the bastard surrounded, he wouldn't leave there alive.

Niklaus rubbed his head, this made everything worse. If the entrance was blocked, that meant every single one of them was stuck in there. It was at that moment that he regretted never telling Reina about the panic room.

Not that he hid it from her intentionally, but it didn't cross his mind because he had been carried away by the peaceful times that he didn't remember danger was always lurking in the corner considering their background. Moreover, he prided on the security he had at his place - until today.

"How are my men?"

"Not looking good. Three confirmed dead. Most were injured with the minority of them unconscious. The reporters are going to have a field day after this is over,"

Niklaus was about to reply to that comment when he received an incoming call and hung up immediately when he found out it was his wife, Reina. How could that be? Did she by chance find the panic room? Isabella's doing?

He picked up, "Reina?"

"Yes, darling?"

The excited look on Niklaus' face faded away into nothing when he heard that playful male voice.

Miguel.

*Chapter 432 - Four Hundred And Thirty-two: Proud Of Neon*

The third point of view:

Isabella was right, the panic room was located in Maya's room. The moment they had entered, the dust and cobwebs launched a full onslaught on them - showing nobody has been there for a long time now.

It was obvious to Isabella that her father could have had the room cleaned but he must have kept it intentionally this way - what were the chances Miguel would think of a secret room in this kind of dirty place? They would turn back right away.

Finding the entrance might be hard for others but Isabella has lived with her mysterious father for years and knows how his mind works. With the kids watching, she squatted down beside the bed and started feeling around for something.

"Gotcha!" She exclaimed when her hand hit a button and seconds later, the shelf behind them opened to reveal a spacious room devoid of anything and had its walls painted entirely white. The white color didn't calm them down at all, it freaked the kids out the more - It definitely lived up to its name "panic room"

"We should go in," Isabella told her siblings who had a stubborn look on their faces. From the look of things, their entry into the room wouldn't be voluntary - she might have to be forceful here.

"We left mother out there, literally fed her to the wolves!" Aimee complained, tears threatening to well up in her eyes.

"It's good to know that you know your adage well," Isabella intentionally made a joke out of her complaint.

Do they think she was okay with leaving Reina back there? No, she was barely hanging on here but she understood her mother's fear - her siblings were of the utmost concern here.

"You said we would fight!" Allen accused her, "What's the point of the whole weapon thing then?" he gestured to his spider friend that had miniaturized, and wrapped around his wrist like some sort of scrawny bracelet.

"Impressive," Isabella would have praised his robot but she was sure as hell no one would appreciate that comment at the moment.

"There's no point of fighting because your gadgets are toys against guns!" She raised her voice a little high to get the point into their brain. Do they think things were done easily as said or planned? They had just one life; there was no coming back a second time.

She went on, "These men are hardened criminals who wouldn't hesitate to end your sweet little life. Your mother has a valid reason for sending you, no, us, away," Isabella hoped they understood now.

She thought wrong.

"Then, let me die with mommy!" Neon blurted out, and before she could stop him, the boy fled out of the room.

"Neon!" Isabella was flabbergasted. She looked left and right as if searching for help from her other siblings - who didn't look willing to help. Yep. None .

"We have more chances of winning if we work together," Allen suggested.

"That is a bad idea," Isabella shook her head.

"Take it or leave it," Ailee insisted.

"Deal, let's go then" Isabella gave in, seeing no other choice here. She wanted to find that troublemaker Neon before he caused more problems or worse, the enemy shoots him down thinking he's a threat - a small threat.

"Neon, wait!" They went after the boy who ran further away from them, thinking his siblings were coming to stop him.

Neon didn't even think of stopping, not even to catch his breath. He had lost his first mother - Jennifer - to illness and refused to lose his second kind mother - Reina - as well.

"Neon! wait up!"

"Seriously, how is he so fast?" Ailee complained. With that kind of speed, she would have mistaken him as the Flash.

Unfortunately, they ran into the lion's den all at once.

"Leave my mother or else...!" Neon barked order, stroding into the living room in his furious glory much to everyone's shock.

Was this still the Neon they knew? The Neon who couldn't even stand up to their bully cousins? The Neon who couldn't properly steal food from Amanda's room? This was unbelievable.

Meanwhile, Miguel who had yanked Reina to her feet by the hair was stunned by the kids who appeared out of nowhere. Who the heck were they? Then recognition set in and a slow smile lazily crossed his features. This makes it all the more better.

Reina went as pale as a vampire as soon as her eyes set on her kids. Jesus Christ! Hadn't she sent them away?! What have they gotten themselves into? She was suddenly scared.

"You heard the boy dick, let go of her mother!" Isabella cursed at him.

She had arrived on time to see that animal pulling at Reina's hair. That scene had erased every thought of escaping with her siblings, now she was all for the bloodshed. And how she couldn't wait to see that asshole lying dead in his pool of blood.

"Or what?" Miguel challenged them, slowly letting go of their mother that?shook her head in disapproval - they shouldn't have come.

Neon was about to react when Isabella quickly whispered to him from behind, "Don't bring out your weapon yet, now's not the time,"

However, she wasn't sure the boy heard her because Neon didn't even react nor give her a secret signal he had heard her. And that unsettled Isabella greatly because of the fact Neon wasn't the sharpest of her siblings.

Like a predator stalking his prey, Miguel kept his gaze on Neon as he walked over to the little boy, hoping he would squirm under his intensity.

But to his disappointment, Neon wasn't intimidated; rather he kept his head high up and held Miguel's gaze as the man approached him. And for the first time, his siblings were so proud of him they were moved to tears.

"Or what?" He pressed.

"Or this!" Neon stomped hard on his feet and sprint past Miguel yelping in pain to go rescue his mother.

But unfortunately, he didn't take five steps before he was hoisted off the ground by Miguel's hired men.

"You bug!" Miguel, fuming with anger, went over to the boy being held down and struck him hard across his face.

"Neon!" his siblings and mother were horrified by that action.

But Miguel spun around so quickly his head snapped - not that he minded the sharp pain - with blazing orbs and pinned Reina with a look, while a cruel smile curved his lips as he said, "I think it's time daddy dearest knows what we've been up to,"

Reina stiffened.

*Chapter 433 - Four Hundred And Thirty-three: Let's Go Back Home*

The third point of view:

One might ask, how had Pedro felt when his mother announced she was expecting a child? One word for that,

Awkward.

For christ's sake, he was eighteen years plus and would be taking his final exams soon, what doesn't seem awkward about it??He was eighteen years older than his soon would-be sibling - the age gap was simply absurd- nor did he ever picture himself changing a baby's diaper at age nineteen. Pedro had always imagined he would be the only child of the family.

However, he was excited as well. As a kid, he had always been lonely especially when his mom had to pull all-nighters. Being friends with Isabella and Anabelle then had been the best thing that happened to him. As the only sibling, he had always imagined what life would be like if he had a younger one to dot on, defend - and bully as well.

He had seen the way Isabella was around her siblings and though the kids could be devilish at times, they were fun to be with. So in one word, he was scared yet excited to have their family increase.

Moreover, he knew Emerald would be a good father. The man was cool to be with already- he taught him things his mother would never approve of - and the fact he loves his mother won over everything else. Emerald was a much better choice than his biological father - his mother's happiness was all that mattered.

Truthfully speaking, meeting his father had been one of his childhood dreams but after that traumatic experience with Fernandez, he kicked the thought to the back of his mind.

Fernandez might be his biological father but he contributed absolutely nothing to his life, hence didn't deserve that title. Now, he couldn't wait for when Emerald officially marries his mother and they can begin the whole father-son bonding thing and all. Yeah, late blossoming, but Pedro's willing to go over all those stuff with Emerald, you know, fishing, men's talk and all - with his new father.

And right now, Pedro couldn't wait to get back from this hellhole they were heading to. Yeah, you guessed right, they were going to see his grandparents - who had chased his mother out because she got pregnant with him. He was of the same opinion with Emerald, why bother to see them when they would only cause her heartbreak.

But then his stubborn mother had insisted the visit was needful else her father wouldn't let her be. So here they were, driving to a hell called home.

It was over three hours since they left and his eyes drifted over to his mother sitting in the passenger seat next to Emerald. She was fast asleep - that was a common trend for her these days - with the window rolled up and a shawl spread over her body against the cold.

From time to time, Emerald would glance to the side ensuring she was comfortable before focusing on the road again.

"You know how to handle a gun?"

Pedro was startled when Emerald asked that out of nowhere- of all questions to inquire of.

"Kind of? Isabella taught me how to handle a gun," he added quickly, " In a shooting range," before his would-be father begins to question where they had held the "practice,"

With furrowed brows, Pedro went ahead to ask, "Why do you ask?" he couldn't tell where this discussion was heading to.

"Look under the car seat slowly and carefully," Emerald instructed him with a brief side glance.

"Okay?" Pedro gulped and did as instructed. He bent as if he was looking for a loose change in the car and to his horror, felt a gun with a gun magnet under the car seat. Gosh, his mother was going to freak out.

"It's just a premonition but I keep sensing we're going to get attacked," Emerald revealed to Pedro whose mouth formed a big "O" from the news. This was the reason



Emerald never wanted her to come here. With Miguel still out there, he was a threat - Fernandez would not dare to try anything stupid.

"Should I take it out?" Pedro was not scared but fascinated. Discovering and touching a gun beneath a seat was not part of his everyday lifestyle, so he looked forward to it.

"No, you won't have a need for that - I hope so. But just in case something happens and your hands are forced, I want you to be aware of the gun there," Emerald told him.

Cecil would want her precious son protected from harm - and he would ensure that - but then things could go wrong, neither was Pedro a baby. The boy should be able to protect himself. Reina's twins could incapacitate a grown-up man in a fair fight at their age, what more a big boy like Pedro?

"Fine," Pedro acquiesced. But inwardly, he knew he wouldn't hesitate to use the weapon once push comes to shove. He had to prove to everyone for once that he was capable of protecting himself.

"Let me ask you something then," He said to Emerald's surprise.

"What?" he urged him to go ahead.

"There are other guns in this car other than this one, right?"

"Why ask when you know the answer?" Emerald was amused, "Yes, there are guns hidden in the trunk, on the car roof, and some other places you don't want to know," was his reply.

Pedro breathed in, thankfully his mother was asleep.

"The guns?" he went on, "Has any of them ever gone off accidentally?"

"No. Why? Because I'm a professional,"

"Professionals make mistakes as well," Pedro pointed out.

"Not when it comes to your mother. I don't joke with her nor would I put her in the way of danger intentionally. So you can rest assured she's in safe hands,"

"Fine," He agreed.

"Also, the knowledge of guns being in my car stays here. Do not breathe a word of it to your mother," was Emerald's warning.

"Of course, this is our little secret," Pedro made a zipping gesture over his mouth and threw the imaginary key away, "Cross my heart,"

Not less than a minute later, they arrived at their destination and Emerald pulled up at the side, intending to wake the sleeping Cecil.

"Hey baby, we've arrived," He shook her gently, rousing her from her sleep.

"What?" Cecil murmured, with her eyes still shut.

"We're here,"

"Where?" she did not attempt to stretch, sleep still in her eyes.

"Your parent's place, remember?" he said gently, moving her disheveled hair out of her face.

"Uh... No... I don't want to go anymore..." She groaned.

Pedro and Emerald's gaze met, what the hell was she talking about.

"What did you just say?" Emerald felt he heard wrong.

Cecil adjusted herself on the seat, "Let's go back home,"

*Chapter 434 - Four Hundred And Thirty-four: The Vincent*

The third point of view:

Have you ever been so tired you have the strange urge to sleep three hundred and sixty-six days straight - the leap year added - without waking up. That was how Cecil felt that instant.

And to think she had been so serious about coming here? It didn't seem that important anymore compared to going back home, snuggling up to Emerald, and having a good sleep - where was this thought coming from?

"Cecil," Emerald leaned closer, his scent wafting into his nose and made her stomach do a backflip, "You were the one insistent on coming -"

"You smell so good," Cecil blurted out and froze when she realized what she just said. She didn't mean to say that... but he smelled real good. Gosh, Cecil, get a grip on yourself. This pregnancy was driving her crazy!

"Huh?" Emerald's brow lifted at that comment. Then, a smirk curved his lips, she thought he smelled good. He smelled good, huh?

"I mean, you smell ..... fine..." Cecil fumbled on her words, "Real fine... You know... Like no bad odor"

"A-ha?" Emerald gave her a knowing look filled with amusement.

God, Cecil wanted the ground to open up and swallow her.

And that exactly became Pedro's thought the next minute as he saw Emerald lean down and kiss his mother right in front of him.

It was one thing knowing your parents were intimate with each other and another to see it happen right in front of you. To make matters worse, it wasn't the simple innocent or quick kiss on the forehead or cheek, but a deep, passionate kiss that made him cringe.

"You can smell me anytime you want," Emerald smirked, pulling away from the kiss just as Pedro cleared his throat from behind.

"Pedro addressed them, "Mommy, father to be, I love you both, but please, no public display of affection with me stuck in the car with you guys, please," He felt like crying. He could never erase this certain memory from his head and would be haunted by it forever.

"Sorry," Cecil blushed scarlet red. Her son had seen that? How was she going to face him?

But she didn't need to worry about that because there came a knock on the side of Emerald's window the next minute and that was when it dawned on her that she was really in her father's place.

"Excuse me, sir " a man in uniform came up to them, "You can't park here. This is private property,"

"You don't have to worry about that since we were just about to come in," Emerald responded.

"What?" The guard was confused. It was obvious that he had no idea who they were and why they were here.

"Go tell fucking Vincent that his daughter is here to see him," Emerald retorted.

"Emerald!" Cecil cautioned him on his language. She then glanced up at the man whose patience was slowly thinning out and chose to take over the conversation.

"Excuse me, I'm Cecil. One of Vincent's previous daughters - if you know what I mean.?The black sheep? Ring a bell?" Cecil didn't bother to hide her ugly past, "I have an appointment with him today. So if you can ring up home, you'd see I'm right," she said confidently. She was the black sheep of the family, so what? She was happier and successful now than then. Hence no one had the right to look down on her.

The man gave them a long cautious stare before turning to the side to mutter into the earpiece and the next minute, the gate was opened for them.

"Told ya, doubting Thomas!" Cecil sassed at the guard who bowed his head as they drove into the lawn.

As expected, she couldn't recognize her birthplace; it changed. The huge historic building was majestic and stretched across many hectares of land, looking huge as a castle. When she was little, she had thought of this place as a palace and her as its little princess. But after eighteen years, she was returning to it as the castaway princess.

As soon as they stepped out, a butler - judging from his appearance - was there to lead them.

"Lady Cecil?" he asked, just to be sure.

"Yes, the one and only,"

His brows raised questioningly, "And they are?"

"This is...." Cecil hooked her arm around Emerald's, "My husband and our son, Pedro," she pulled Pedro to her side with a smile, looking like one happy family.

Emerald was surprised at that epic introduction. He was always the active one in their relationship, so her suddenly taking the lead role was surprising yet welcomed - this pregnancy seemed to be in his favor.

"Why do you ask?" Cecil went on to interrogate the butler, "Did Vincent ask you not to let anyone else in? If that's the case, then you should tell my lovely father that he can forget about our meeting today,"

"N-no, of course not, my lady," The butler refuted, "Sir Vincent made no such comment," He claimed.

Cecil saw through his lie yet decided to keep mum. She wanted to get this over with and go back home to cuddling Emerald - crap. Useless thought, go away.

"Let's go, my lady, shall we?" The butler gestured and with her head held high, Cecil followed after him.

There was total silence as they walked until Pedro decided to ask in a whisper, "Is this a castle?"

"Yes," She answered, pushing away the nostalgic memories that climbed to the surface.

"You are?royalty?" Pedro was shocked, "You never told me that,"

"We came from a long line of royals," Why else was her father disgusted with her "indecent" behavior. She had tainted the name of the Vincent's and brought shame to her family. No one listened to her side of the story, they chose to believe the rich pretentious snake that came from an honorable family called Fernandez.

"Does that mean I'm a prince or something?"

She could already tell what her son was thinking.

"Trust me, you're better off without it. Besides, Vincent's all name and no power now. So no, that doesn't make you a prince, your ancestor was simply one," She explained, and thankfully, Pedro didn't bother her any longer until they came into the living room.

Upon arrival, tension crackled in the air like electricity as Cecil scanned the people around, who as well stared back at her like they've seen a ghost.

Speak about family and that bastard, Fernandez.

*Chapter 435 - Four Hundred And Thirty-five: The Vincent-2*

The best revenge against an Ex is to meet once again looking better, with someone better - Glimmy.

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The third point of view :

When her father mentioned them meeting, Cecil never imagined a family reunion - with Fernandez being the odd one out.

The tension was so great one could slice through it with a knife. In fact, the minute Cecil stepped in, no one said a word. It was so quiet that if a pin had been dropped, it would be heard quite loudly.

"Cecil?"

She heard her elder sister call her.

"Annie?"

Before she could even react, Annie had already walked over and flung herself on Cecil, almost pushing her to the ground with the momentum. Emerald's eyes went wide when he saw Cecil stumble back a bit and had reached out to catch her when she somehow found her footing.

He glared at Annie who was unaware of the fact that she almost signed her death certificate had Cecil fallen. Emerald was ready to protect his woman and their baby. God helps anyone who dares to touch a single hair on her body.

"Is it really you?" The girl pulled back, shifting Cecil's hair away from her face to get a clear view of her features, "You don't look bad,"

"You too," Cecil didn't know how to behave around her siblings; it was eighteen years lost between them.

"I've seen your progress over the years," the woman gushed out amid tears, and secretly whispered into her ears, "I'm a huge fan of your work. Your designs make up eighty percent of my wardrobe,"

Cecil was dumbfounded, her elder sister has been following her? Unbelievable. Doesn't this mean she was one of her top buyers? Cecil had a lot of VIP customers, so she couldn't tell if any of the Annies' was her sister. Even if there was one, she was sure her sister wouldn't go with her real name in fear of their father finding out.

You see, when their father chased her off, he had threatened to disown anyone that attempts to communicate with her as well - their mother was not left out.

Although her mother had secretly sent her enough money to take care of herself, she had ended all communication with her at that point - her marriage with her husband was more important. Well, Cecil couldn't blame her, Vincent gave her no choice. Vincent, was, of course, more of an authoritative figure in the family than a father and a husband. His word was the law and final.

"Sister," another voice came from from the side and Cecil winced internally. Here, comes Mrs perfect and the least of the sister she was comfortable with.

Erica was their father's replica, both appearance and characterwise. She was daddy's perfect daughter since she sucked up to him and worshiped the very ground the man steps on. And of course, she was their father's favorite child, because she's the only one who "listens" to him - so he claims.

"I'm so glad you're here, sister," Erica embraced her.

"Are you sure?" Cecil was tempted to say but swallowed back her words. This was not the time to cause trouble. Even if trouble were to come, she would not be the first one to set it off.

"Thanks, I'm glad to see you too," Cecil faked a smile to her as soon as they broke away.

"Mother," Cecil noticed the figure who came up to her immediately, "You've aged," was the only word that she could mutter before they ran into each other's embrace.

Out of everyone in the family, her mother was the only person she had truly missed. Cecil could remember the day she left, how much her mother had begged for their unforgiving father to change his mind. But the man turned her back to her. No mercy at all.

"Thank God, you're safe," Her mother cried on her shoulder, hugging her so tight she fought for breath.

Cecil had sworn she wouldn't cry here - especially with Fernandez present - but at that moment, her tears welled up and she couldn't help it anymore.

"Mother,"

A dam was broken and Cecil realized how much she had longed for her presence. Craved for her family - with the good and the bad. She had been an outcast all these years. All alone. It was just her. And Pedro.

"My poor daughter," the woman framed Cecil's face with her palm, "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have let you leave all by yourself. I should have gone with you,"

"You did what you thought was right," Cecil understood. Vincent was her husband. Her life.

Suddenly, her mother's eyes drifted to the side and landed on Pedro. Cecil followed her gaze and saw it rest on her son. Her mother's expression was mixed and complicated; it was filled with guilt, awe, and confusion.

She turned to Cecil with wide eyes, "Is that the .... "

"Yeah, he's my son," the child that had caused her to be cast away from the family. Yeah, it was him - her world.

"Oh my God," The woman gasped as the realization of her grandson standing right in front of her dawned on her. Her shaking hands flew to her mouth and she took slow steps towards him.

Pedro was unnerved by the number of eyes scrutinizing him - including his so-called father. Not that he glanced Fernandez's way anyway. But then, the older woman staring right at him was giving him the most discomfort. It was almost as if he was a historical artifact on display, ready to be auctioned off.

"Hi, g-grann...." Pedro was about to address her when the woman pulled him into a sudden hug and God! He couldn't breathe - almost as if she wanted to merge with his body.

"He's so grown-up" the woman felt her grandson's face scrupulously, " And he looks so much like...." a sudden crease appeared on the woman's face as she stared at Pedro and slowly turned back to Fernandez who was smug.

Cecil took in a shaky breath, knowing her mother had found out. It was so obvious; Pedro took after Fernandez completely. The same shade of blonde hair, blue eyes, curve of his lips and nose - nothing was taken from Cecil's gene appearance-wise.

Her mother was tongue-tied, "How is this -"

"Are we going to entertain your tears for the rest of the day?" interrupted the one and only Vincent with a stern look.

"Father," Cecil greeted.

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*Chapter 436 - Four Hundred And Thirty-six: The Vincent-3*

The third point of view:

"Father,"

The instant their eyes met, sparks flew. Everyone could see the imaginary electricity crackling between their faze. None of them were willing to bow.

Her father was still the same; stubborn and unyielding. But so was she - at least acquired over the years. Today, no one would intimidate her, she was ready for all.

"Who is he?" was his question, which sounded more like an order.

"My Fiancé, got any problem with that?" her tone suggested a brewing war. Cecil was definitely not here to sulk up to her father. She feared him. No longer.

At the mention of "Fiancé," Emerald noticed the way Fernandez blanched - he was thrown off by the revelation. He didn't expect that.



"He had the nerve to come here," the giant fumed inwardly. The only reason he had dragged Fernandez off that seat and bashed him against the wall was because of her parents. Although Emerald didn't hold Cecil's family in high esteem - they failed her, hence they failed him as well - he had to make a good first impression.

This was why he should have killed Fernandez that day. Dead men do not disturb nor attempt to try their luck. Yes, this was Fernandez trying the best of luck to usurp his position in Cecil's life - as if that would work. After this meeting, he and Fernandez would have a long talk - Cecil doesn't have to know about that one.

"Gosh, congratulations, sister!" Erica appeared to be happy and Cecil was almost deceived by that gesture until she added, "By the way, what does he do for a living?"

Cecil's head whipped around so fast, her neck popped, and glared at that idiot. Who does that?

"Why are you so interested in what my man does for a living?" She fired at her sister.

"Why are you being so serious, sister?" Erica chuckled, tugging her hair behind her ear, "I just wanted to know about my brother-in-law's occupation so I can help him out in the future,"

That pretender! Why doesn't she just admit she wants to mock her for choosing someone below their family's standard. Cecil saw through her trick.

"Don't worry, he doesn't need your help. And mind you, he's not your brother in law,"

"What?"

"I'm not a member of this family, remember?" Cecil threw that fact on their faces.

"Sister, don't say that," Erica chose to speak even when everyone remained mum - they knew they were guilty.

"No matter what, you still have Vincent's blood running through your veins notwithstanding what you did," She tactically informed everyone in the room of her ugly past.

"Shut up," Emerald said to everyone's shock

"What? Me?" Erica pointed to her chest unsure.

"If I tell you my occupation would that shut your trap up?" Emerald's gaze was dark and stern, causing fear to leap into Erica's heart unconsciously.

Why does that man seem scary? Erica reasoned inwardly. She only wanted to keep her sister in her place. There was no way in hell Cecil would come out from God knows where to steal her place in the family now. She has worked so hard for her father - she deserved a great proportion of their father's inheritance.

The truth was that Erica had always been jealous of her sister, Cecil. Unlike them, Cecil had always been the free-spirited one amongst them - always doing what she loved notwithstanding their father's opinion.

Amid her mistakes, their father was always easy on her and seemed to grab the man's attention and fury without effort. Unlike her, who had to work her ass to impress her and get her father's attention.

"What are you doing?" Cecil was about to stop him, but he was already gone.

Erica took a step back when Emerald strode over to her with his towering height. For a moment there, with that dark look in his eyes, she had thought the giant would hit her or something. But to her utmost surprise, he simply reached for her hand and placed a card in it, gave her a long stare before heading over to Cecil's brow.

With furrowed brows, Erica fearfully glanced down at the card and her eyes almost popped out from shock.

Her lips trembled, "H-hoe is this possible? You're the vice president...."

Cecil stared suspiciously at Emerald, what had he given to the proud Erica to make her this shocked.

As if sensing her inner turmoil, Emerald leaned down and whispered into her ears, "Don't worry about a thing, your man is full of surprises,"

Cecil rolled her eyes, amused.

The truth was that apart from being in a mafia, Emerald was the vice president of whatever company Sakuzi made up for him. And yes, that was a real company.

In common people's eyes, they run a legitimate business - only a few knew the real business the Sakuzi's engaged in. Those legal businesses were just a front to cover up what they really did in the secret.

Emerald noticed the secret glance Vincent and Fernandez's passed each other and from that only, he surmised that the idiot might have told the old hag he was a gangster.

Fools, he laughed inwardly. If only Cecil would give him an order, he would eliminate them both in just one night. The world was better off without them anyway.

"That's enough!" Vincent boomed, "Sit. All of you,"

Everyone obeyed.

Emerald sat directly across from Fernandez, their eyes meeting briefly before the son of a bastard looked away, while Pedro was sandwiched between his future father and mother. With that protective position, he knew they were protecting him from his creep of a father - not that he needed it, but thanks anyway.

"I'm sure you know why you are," Vincent told her.

Cecil retorted, "Quite funny because I wonder why I was summoned here,"

"Don't test my patience Cecil," Vincent warned his daughter, who was slowly getting on his nerves.

"You were the one who invaded my personal space, father," she said with heavy sarcasm, "So If anyone here should be pissed, that should be," She added, "Now, why am I here, father?"

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*Chapter 437 - Four Hundred And Thirty-seven: Getting Married, We Are?*

The third point of view:

"Why did you summon Cecil here, darling?" Cecil's mother was the person to ask this time.

It had taken them all by surprise when Vincent suddenly announced their long-gone daughter would be home for a visit. At first, it had pained the woman that Cecil wasn't here to reclaim back her position as a Vincent but a simple visitation, but then she had to make do with the man's decision. Since her husband allowed her a visit, there was a high chance he might revoke his disownment edict.

As usual, her husband kept the reason for Cecil's visit from her like he always does. The woman wasn't bothered by that but suspicion grew in her heart, how could Cecil's son look like Fernandez? Didn't he claim the son wasn't his? Could it be that her daughter had been accused wrongly from the very start?

"I summoned you here," Vincent began, "To explain to us the reason you kept Fernandez's son away from him for eighteen years,"

Although Cecil had an inkling she was going to be the center of discussion, it still made her blood boil when the issue was brought up. How dare they? How dare he?

"What?!" The rest of the family members were shocked by the revelation.

"Sister!" Erica was the one who spoke up, "This is crazy? Do you know how long Fernandez has been trying for a male child? Yet, all this while you kept his son - aah!"

No one saw it coming, all they knew was that Erica was talking and the next they knew, a shoe was hurled at her face.

"Shut. Your. Trap!" Cecil was up on her feet, chest heaving and glaring down at her elder sister who had a stunned expression.

Erica's lips were busted from the shoe thrown at her with her eyes wild; she never imagined Cecil would do that. The Cecil they knew was always meek and naive and adored her sisters. This crazy woman wasn't their sister.

"Cecil!" Both mother and the eldest sister Annie were astonished. Was this their cultured daughter and sister? What happened to her?

If only they knew pregnancy hormones helped to bring out Cecil's wild side.

Even Vincent and Fernandez were taken aback by her outburst. This was the first time they were seeing this side of her.

Meanwhile, Emerald chuckled at the side. He wasn't ready to stop her from releasing her pent-up anger and frustration. His job was to make sure his wife was protected and supported while she bullied whoever she wanted.

"Who do you think you are? How dare you judge me?!" Cecil yelled, chest heaving as she loomed over Erica, and for the second time, fear entered Erica's eyes. These couples were a crazy pair.

"Cecil, sit down!" Vincent commanded, his own anger rolling out.

"Don't you use that tone on me!" Cecil whipped around to him, eyes blazing, "I'm just a visitor here, not your daughter you can control however you want!" She didn't care, that man stopped being her father eighteen years ago.

Vincent shook with anger, he never trained his daughter to turn out this way, "You insolent - !"

"Yes!" Cecil confirmed, "I'm that insolent daughter that you chased off crudely eighteen years ago without hearing her side of the story! You choose to believe a stranger more than your daughter! A stranger who claimed the child in my womb wasn't his..." she

faced Fernandez this time," So let it remain that way, " and she sat down at last - not because of her father's order but because she wanted to.

Fernandez didn't accept the accusation," How was I supposed to know when they were sleeping around? What was the possibility you weren't trying to pin a child that wasn't - " Fernandez got cut when his eyes accidentally met with Emerald and he nearly choked on his words.

If it wasn't the fact that Vincent was here, he wouldn't dare to come here - the man could still remember the way Emerald broke his hand. Well, he didn't need to worry too much since the giant would be gone tonight.

Miguel had promised him and soon his adversary would be removed from his way. When Emerald makes the journey of no return - dies - Cecil would be all alone and exposed, and then, not only would he take Pedro, he would snatch her as well. No one would stop him. Even if they suspect him, there would be no evidence. In the end, Emerald's death would be ruled out as a result of a clash between two rival gangs.

"You've heard him already," Vincent supported, "He had no idea and you're very much responsible for putting him in a spot where he couldn't trust you,"

Oh, they were putting the whole blame on her? She had played the slut - in their opinion.

"I'll say you're a fool for not trusting your woman. If you had truly loved Cecil, you would have covered her sins, not flash her lingerie to the public and feed her to the wolves to feast on," said Emerald, who had been quiet all this while.

Fernandez went red in the face and he retorted," And you love her? " he was so mad. Of all people Cecil had to fall with, it was this gangster? Like have good taste - it was a great insult to his past to have dated a woman like her. [A/N: And you want to bed a woman like her? Oh please have some dicknity!]

"More than you ever did," Emerald said challengingly, their eyes met and held.

Both of them started a staredown, waiting on who would look away first or maybe not, because when a sinister smirk crossed Emerald's features, the hairs on Fernandez's busy stood on edge and he looked away - that man was a devil.

Vincent ignored both men's mental fight and went ahead to say, "I know you must feel resentful for having accused your pregnancy falsely, plus being chased out of the family, which is why I'm taking back my words. You're welcome back, daughter."

"What?!" The whole family was shocked - most especially Erica. No, no, this was not happening.

"Oh my God!" Cecil's mother gasped, cupping her mouth from emotion. This was good news. However, she rejoiced too soon.

Cecil was not moved by that proposal, instead, she asked Vincent, "What's the catch?"

"What?"

"I know you. You don't participate in dealings that aren't profitable or beneficial to you?"

"Nothing is free in this world. You made a mistake, you pay for it," Was his response.

"What do you mean by that, darling?" Cecil's mom spoke up, she didn't like where this was heading.

"The fact that you kept Fernandez's son away from him for eighteen years is crime enough and for that, you will hand the boy over to him," he commanded authoritatively

"Bite me!" Cecil said.

"Cecil!" It wouldn't be surprising if Vincent suffered a heart attack at this rate.

"Listen to your father, Cecil. Pedro has a better future with me," Fernandez argued with her.

"No, my son would not turn out to be an asshole like you. He would never come to you and talk about a 'better future', I already have everything you could ever give him,"

"You mean that little company of yours compared to my empire? And could you stop using the past against me?"

Cecil threw her head back and laughed mockingly, "So what am I supposed to do? Forget the past?" her face darkened, "News flash, you're in for a huge loss,"

"Your stubbornness cannot help you this time, Cecil," Vincent informed her, "We would have to fight in the court of the law, and trust me, you of all people should know the law would favour the partner with a stable home than a single mother with a promiscuous lifestyle," he then claimed, " Fernandez would give you visiting rights if we settle this peacefully and you can return to the family and be the Vincent you were born to be, "

Cecil understood that comment's undertone: her returning to the family meant that she would never be with Emerald. Vincent doesn't approve of him. But then, who was he fooling? She knew Fernandez, that proud asshole would never release her son to her once Pedro gets to him.

"All the better. I'm sure the court would be interesting to know why Fernandez never searched for me for God damned eighteen years. They would be interested in the story of Vincent's promiscuous daughter,"

Vincent's jaw ticked, he was about to lose it.

"Moreover, my fiancé and I..." she interlocked their fingers, "Are getting married soon,"

Emerald's head spun around to give her a look that says, "We are?"

Cecil continued, "That no longer makes me a single mother," they all understood what she was trying to say and that made Fernandez snap.

"You bitch!" he hurled up to his feet

"Don't you dare talk to my daughter that way, you son of a bastard!" Cecil's mother shot up to her feet defensively before Emerald could.

Compared to everyone else, Cecil was more astonished. Her mother was speaking up for her?

"You destroyed my family the first time! How dare you think of a second attempt! Who the hell do you think you are,"

"Grace!" Vincent tried to caution her but the woman whirled around to him with blazing eyes.

"And you!" She looked at her husband with disdain for the first time. She had always been enduring his insults and maltreatments, hoping he would change, but the reverse was the case. She was tired of his oppression. She was tired of this marriage.

She announced, "I'm so tired of you, which is why I'm getting a divorce!"

"Mom!"

*Chapter 438 - Four Hundred And Thirty-eight: A Hell Called Home*

The third point of view:

It was like watching a soap opera, it all felt surreal yet entertaining. No one had expected the three hundred and sixty change of event. They had all come to criticize and persecute Cecil only to get burned in the process.

"Mom!"

"Mother!"

Erica was more shocked than her elder sister - it seems she loved mother more than she showed it.

"What did you just say?" Vincent finally recovered from his own shock.

"You heard me, right. I want a divorce,"

"Are you mad?"

"Yes, I am. I finally am. I'm mad enough that I want to be set free from this bondage. What am I to you?"

"Of course, you're my wife,"

"Are you kidding me?" The woman seemed further agitated by that response from her husband, "Have you ever treated me like a wife? All I ever was to you was a property, a woman that should know her place, a woman that was to fulfill her womanly role, nothing else!"

"Mrs. Charlotte, perhaps we should discuss this -"

"Shut up! No one invited you into our family matters," She fired at Fernandez who had tried to interfere in the issue, "Who gave you the right to mediate? Does my family seem like a playground to you? First, you ruined my daughter's life and now you're back for a second life?"

Fernandez shifted uncomfortably on his seat. He didn't like where this was going nor had he planned it that way. They had come here to discuss handing his son over to him, not resolve their marriage issues - it was none of his business. So he defended himself, "Of course not Mrs. Charlotte! I never came to ruin -"

"I said shut up!"

"Charlotte!" Vincent called her by her name this time. He was pissed off by her childish behavior, "Stop throwing a tantrum and behave," He cautioned her.

Vincent knew his wife. They have been married for over forty years already and this wasn't the first time she threw such a fit, yet came back around in the end. It was going to be the same; she was not serious about her threat.

Charlotte blanched, that was all he thought of her. That she was being childish. Does her right not matter? Does her own opinion weigh little?

"I hope you regret saying that for the rest of your life," was all she said as she stormed out of the room.



Meanwhile, Cecil and her family - Pedro and Emerald - remained quiet all this while. Everything was happening too quickly than they could comprehend, plus the fact that their - Charlotte and Vincent - the fight was a personal issue - they had no right to interrupt.

As soon as mother left, Vincent cleared his throat and began, "As we were saying before the interruption..."

Cecil shook her head, her father was not human. How could he be so inconsiderate of their mother's feelings?

"As I said, you'd either have to deliver Pedro to his rightful father..."

Another point to prove he didn't approve of Emerald.

"or we might have to do it the hard way," He went on, "It's your choice, Cecil,"

"Fine by me, we'd do the hard then," Cecil was more than confident. If there was room for being scared, they were the ones supposed to be.

She had Pedro by her side and she knew in cases like this, the child's opinion mattered the most. Plus Emerald, he'd simply erase Fernandez's existence overnight - wait, what was she even thinking? Cecil was appalled by her thought. When did she even start getting comfortable with violence?

"You'd regret this choice," Fernandez promised her, attempting to scare her.

"The devil would try but I'll have the last laugh," Cecil made a comeback that made Fernandez's anger rise to the surface.

But as much as he would love to put that bitch in her place, he couldn't do it with Emerald by her side and stroking her hair - as if inciting her to do more.

At that same moment, loud stomps were heard and they all shifted their daughter to the woman dragging her luggage along.

"Mother!" Both daughters sprang up to their feet, shocked to the core. Their mother had been serious?

Emerald snorted by the side, amused by the scene. The look in Charlotte's eyes was the look of a person who just discovered their self-worth and was determined to make a change.

"What are you doing?" Reality finally seemed to dawn on Vincent and he aged ten years instantly. How was he going to go through a divorce at this age? It was simply absurd.

"Doing what I should have done from the very beginning," Charlotte retorted, without looking back, "Let's meet at the court of law,"

"Mother!" Erica went after her in a panic, "You should think this over, mother. It's true that dad hurt your feelings but you're emotional and can't think straight right now and bound to make mistakes,"

"My mind has never been clearer than now," Charlotte retorted and without turning back, left the place with her daughters going after her.

"And as much as the night has been eventful, we, unfortunately, have to leave," Cecil announced, rubbing her palm along her thigh.

"Nice meeting with you grandfather," Pedro finally said a word since he arrived. He turned to Fernandez, "And you too, father," there was deep sarcasm in his tone.

"And nice to see you too, father-in-law," Emerald mocked as well as he stood to his feet. And together, the family of three made their exit while the devastated males - Fernandez and Vincent - gritted their teeth in shame and disgrace.

Once outside, they ran into Erica who was as furious as hell. Although the woman wanted to rip Cecil apart, she knew she couldn't lay a finger on her with Emerald around, guiding her like a police dog. So she vomited instead, "This is your fault! All have been going well until your arrival! Now, Mom's gone -"

"Mom has finally been released from her misery. Now, if you would please, excuse me,"

"Come honey," Emerald gave her a hand which she stood gracefully like the queen she was and they left the hell called home.

*Chapter 439 - Four Hundred And Thirty-nine: That Could Have Been Them*

Cecil was grinning on their way home and Emerald didn't bother to stop her.

"Does it make you that happy?" he couldn't help but ask, seeing her smile was infectious - he was happy that she was happy.

She didn't reply, rather nodded her head with a crinkle at the corner of her eyes.

"Why? Because you bullied them?"

"Bullied?" she snorted, "That hardly counts as bullying. If I really wanted to bully them, I'll start by showing my father what a hypocrite he was - I'll reveal him layer by layer until he has no skin to hide into. I'm just glad my mother finally found her freedom,"

"Well, your siblings think otherwise,"

"Why wouldn't they? They've lived with their mother half of their life to the point that they're used to it compared to me who had to..." Cecil trailed off when she realized she was divulging into the past she wanted buried.

Seeing her disturbed state, Emerald simply reached out and squeezed her hand tenderly, reminding her of the fact that she wasn't alone any longer.

"By the way, we have a wedding to plan," Cecil announced and Emerald almost hit the next gun from shock.

"What?" he said breathlessly. The man thought she had made that comment earlier to intentionally piss off her jealous ex-fiancée. Who knew she was serious?

"You thought I was kidding?" Cecil laughed at him, "If I'm going to defeat Fernandez and his petty tricks, I'm going to need a strong opponent like you in my team,"

"Is that a proposal?" Emerald was astonished, and this time, he had no choice but to pull over at the side. The thoughts in his head were swirling in front of his eyes - he might have an accident in this flustered state.

"Why? You don't like it? Do I need to get a ring and get down on my knees as well - thankfully, my belly is not a hindrance yet,"

"Of course, no... I'm trying to say that I'm the one supposed to do the proposal,"

Cecil rolled her eyes, "Come on, we're no longer in the medieval ages. You propose, I propose, what's the differences,"

"Even without that, weren't you against marrying me? We haven't even dated yet?" he still didn't trust her judgment. She had made that decision in the heat of the moment to protect her son, Pedro from being taken from her.

"We don't need to date, the sex's great already," she smiled at him.

"Oh great," Pedro moaned from the back seat. Was there no inhibition between his parents at all?

Looking for a source of escape, the boy turned around at that moment and caught suspicious movement from behind.

"Urm... am I the only person who thinks we're being tailed?" Pedro suspected and at that moment, Emerald stiffened.

"What do you mean we're being tailed," Cecil looked out through the window and caught a man looking away at that moment and her brows furrowed.

"Put on your seat belt," Emerald hardly said to her when he roared the engine to life and drove off at an unholy speed.

"Emerald!" Cecil's scream filled the car as her mad fiancé raced along the road.

Although worried about her screams, Emerald was more concerned for her safety. His premonition was right, they were under attack. And he would be damned if anything happened to Cecil right under his nose.

Their attack didn't relent in their pursuit. They went after their car at high speed and when they had gotten close enough, bumped into them.

Cecil screamed from the jostle, no one told her she was going to die this way. No, she didn't want to die this way!

At the first gunfire, it dawned on every single one of them that their attackers were here to end them.

"Who are they?! Why are they after us?!" Cecil asked Emerald, whose jaw was set and had his eyes fixed at the road.

He didn't answer, rather gave the road all of his attention, and just when their attacker's car was about to slam into them, Emerald reached out to his roof and grabbed a gun from God knows where, looked out the window, and fired at the driver.

Shot straight at the chest, the driver lost control of the car and slammed into the vehicle beside it - not that they sat around to watch what happened next.

"Have we lost them,"

Pedro glanced through the rear windscreen, "I think we're safe,"

"I think we're not, duck!" Emerald barked just as a car from God knows where rammed into his side as soon as they neared the intersection.

Emerald's teeth were gritted as he tried to regain control of the car but the truck was much stronger and kept on tackling him.

It was late already which meant there weren't a lot of cars at that hour of the night. And it was obvious to Emerald that the car was trying to ram him into another forthcoming car - which probably belonged to them. Who knew Miguel hated him this much? Well, he assisted Sakuzi in killing Gerald.

"I can't fire and hold on at the same time," Emerald said, and though Cecil didn't understand his reason for saying that, the boy at the back understood his point.

This was it, Pedro knew it was time for him to make a move. This was the spotlight destiny had reserved for him. So he reached under, took the gun with lightning speed, and focused - remembering all the lessons Isabella had given him - and fired.

It was a clean shot; he shot the driver in the head. And Emerald was able to drive out of the way just as the other car was about to hit him. With the high speed, both cars ran into each other and burst into flames, just as Emerald and his family made a narrow escape.

Did they just narrowly avert a disaster?

Everyone in the car had their heart pounding in their chest as they stared at the scene.

That could have been them.

*Chapter 440 - Four Hundred And Fourty: Do Not Hesistate To End Her*

The third point of view:

No, no, no, it can't happen, Reina shook her head stubbornly. There was no way on earth she was going to call Niklaus for him.

Reina knew what Miguel, that devil, was going to do - it was a famous torture technique - he was going to mentally torment Niklaus, such that even when they - Reina and her kids - end up dead, he would never live a normal life or forgive himself for whatever happened to them.

Niklaus had a lot of demons waging war inside of him; he was still haunted by so thought Maya's death; the guilt of being an accomplice to Adam's death was still there - even though the man deserved it; he still blamed himself for the change in Jennifer; he was afraid to lose them - his family. She had hurt him the first time with her abrupt disappearance years ago, she wouldn't hurt him a second time.

"I'm giving you shit!" Reina spat at him and the next she received was a slap to the face. Her face whipped around while she felt the metallic taste of blood in her mouth.

"Mother!" Her children screamed, attempting to come to her rescue but Miguel's men wouldn't let them.

"Stay where you are!" She yelled at them as they tried struggling with those hitmen, worried that they might get hurt in the process.

"Where's your cell phone?" Miguel ordered once more, circling Reina the way a predator does when finding the right spot to attack a prey.

"I told you.." She spoke through gritted teeth, "You can get it in hell," if her death would satisfy him and save her children, so be it.

Some gangs operated like that and Reina was sure as hell Miguel would do the same. Although killing the kids sounds good, traumatizing them by killing their mother right in front of them was much more dark and thrilling. This time, not only would Niklaus be devastated by the news, but the children as well. This way, Miguel not only left a mark in the life of Niklaus but the entire family, and they would never forgive or forget him as long as they lived.

This time, Miguel kicked her on the stomach and Reina fell to the ground. Yes, she was groaning in pain, but her eyes were clear and determined; she would not call Niklaus.

"Where is your cellphone?!" Miguel was slowly running out of patience.

"Just call god damned Niklaus!" Isabella wanted her to give in and avoid the suffering, but her stubborn mother didn't respond to her.

Reina laughed at Miguel through bloodied tears, "You must feel frustrated right now, don't you?"

Miguel shut his eyes, reeling his anger in. He knew this woman was trying to ruffle his feathers, but then, it was working.

"I'm done being nice," He growled and raised his hand to strike her once again when Isabella stepped out to say,

"I'll call him!"

Miguel turned to her, intrigued, "You say?"

"I'll call Niklaus, my father," Isabella announced just as she glared at Neon who began to cry at the level of violence being inflicted on Reina.

Miguel gestured at the man who let go of Isabella. Once free, she stretched her arm and then pulled out her phone from the back of her pants.

"I meant your mother's phone, not yours," Miguel stopped her before she could place the call.

"My phone? Her phone? What's the difference? All you want is to hear Niklaus', isn't it?"

Miguel's lips curved to the side as he began to walk towards Isabella with calculated steps. However, Isabella stood her ground, unmoving, nor did she break her eye contact with that bastard - she would not fear but bravely stare death straight in the eyes.

Upon getting to her, Miguel stared at her for a few minutes, more like stared her down, but Isabella remained unwavering. The first rule of being courageous was to not fear "fear".

She stood with her head held high, not even panicking when he tipped up her chin saying, "You want to know why her phone's so important?"

Miguel was entertained by the expressionless look on her face - it excited yet irked him. He'd see how long she'd last under that mask when he gets rid of her stepmother.

"I'm sure, your father has already heard of my invasion and is out there panicking since he cannot connect to the house - my hand work also," He was so smug, "So you can imagine the look on his face when his phone rings and he finds out it's his lovely wife, only to have his hope dashed into pieces," Miguel laughed hard as if was funny, "The look on his face would be priceless,"

"Psycho," Isabella hissed at him.

Miguel grinned at her, "You're the child he had as a teenager, aren't you? I heard a lot about you," He caressed his thumb across her soft skin. It felt good.

Isabella slapped his palm away.

He snorted, "Are the women in the family always this rebellious,"

Isabella ignored his remark and said to him, "You're lucky to God you have me at a disadvantage else what I'll do to you asshole, you'd never. ever. forget It in a hurry," she emphasized on her threat and never anticipated that Miguel would spin her around suddenly and embrace her from behind.

"Funny thing is that," Miguel whispered into her ears seductively, "I like my women strong, so I can break their spirit," He licked her ear while Isabella struggled to be free, "It gives me so much satisfaction on the bed,"

"Let her go!" Fumed Reina. The kind of death stare she gave Miguel would have had him dead if her eyes were bullets.

Miguel turned to her saying, "I have no business with you but her," He added, "at the moment,"

But Reina persisted, "Let her go, she's just a kid,"

"My preference comes in all types and ages. Perhaps, when I'm done with you, I'd lift the burden off Niklaus shoulder by helping him out with his daughter,"

"Don't worry, I can help myself!" Isabella yelled and headbutted him causing him to stumble back, grabbing his jaw in pain.

"You daughter of a bitch!" Miguel saw red. First, it was her brother - Neon - who hit him, now her?

But as soon as he raised his hand to strike Isabella, Reina pushed him from behind and he tripped.

"Isabella, run!"

But then, run where?

Miguel was up on his feet and this time he was furious. Nevertheless, before he could lay a hand on Reina, one of his men from earlier blocked him.

"What's the meaning of this?" his eyes narrowed at him. Was he defying his orders?

"The more time we waste, the faster Niklaus' reinforcements arrive and it makes it harder to leave here safely. Since you want the phone, the girl should go ahead and get it," the man claimed.

However, Miguel had a niggling feeling in his guts that he purposely defended her. But then, what the man said was true, so he didn't put much thought into it.

"Fine, get her cellphone,"

"On it," Isabella said through gritted teeth, already turning to head to Reina's room where the phone was being kept.

"Not so fast," Miguel halted her and then turned to one of the hitmen - the one who had indirectly protected Reina earlier - saying, "Follow her, if she does anything suspicious, do not hesitate to end her,"