

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 441 - Four Hundred And Forty-one -: Time For Their Liberation - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 441 - Four Hundred And Forty-one -: Time For Their Liberation

*Chapter 441 - Four Hundred And Forty-one -: Time For Their Liberation*

The third point of view:

"What's your name?" Isabella asked the hitman who Miguel had placed as her escort. He was the same person her mother Reina had tried to poach. If only he had agreed to help them, the smile would have been slapped off Miguel's expression already.

"Jean," He answered grumbly as if telling her his name was a huge task.

"You haven't hurt a kid before, right?" she asked, as soon as they reached her parent's bedroom.

Isabella has been observing him and so far, he wasn't like the rest of his cruel men -?he was the only one with a moral code. He was obviously uncomfortable with the treatment being meted out on her mother Reina. If only there was a way she could draw him over to their side, it would be beneficial. As much as she and her siblings still had their element of surprise, they still needed a big guy with the guns.

Jean arched a brow at her, "Do you want to taste that theory," He hinted that she shouldn't test him.

Facing him, Isabella entered the room with her back, "Surely, you have a daughter..."

His brows raised

"Or a wife?"

His second brow raised

"Or a girlfriend? Or grandmother? Or a loved one? But the point is, imagine us as one of them, would you let us die in the hands of that monster?"

Isabella persuaded him and for a moment there, she thought she had finally gotten to Jean until he said, "Are you getting the phone or should I move your ass?"

Fine, Isabella decided she would make a risky move when the time comes. She believed somewhere that amid his firm demeanor, there was some good in his heart.

"I'm done," Isabella announced as soon as she got the phone and both of them headed downstairs without saying a word to one another.

"Here, they are," Miguel happily chirped, taking the phone from her grip and signaled Jean to hold her still so she doesn't try a funny move.

"Password," He handed the phone over to Reina who didn't fight with him this time, and unlocked the phone - it seems she had a change of heart.

"Name?" he demanded, almost looking like a tax collector while strolling through her contacts as if his action wasn't an invasion of privacy.

"The beast," Was Reina's reply.

"What?" Miguel didn't believe her.

"You heard me right the first time,"

"Seriously?" he was amused at the revelation, "Don't you guys have some romance in your relationship or what?"

By the side, Isabella shook her head in pity for the asshole, if only he knew the hidden meaning behind that name.

"Well, beast it is," He said and dialed the number. The phone rang only for a second before it was picked - Niklaus must really be anxious.

"Reina?" Miguel heard his voice and massive joy filled his soul to sense the desperation in his tone. His plan was working.

"Hello, darling," Miguel answered.

Reina was disgusted with Miguel's sickly sweet response. She understood how worried Niklaus would be about her right now.

"Miguel?" Niklaus guessed it was him.

"The one and only," He chuckled into the phone. This was so funny, "How do you like my plan?"

"You're going to wish you were never born once I get my hands on you," Niklaus promised him, anger in his tone.

"Quite funny, but I think you're the one at my mercy since I have your lovely wife by my side," He turned his head to Reina, "Come on, say hello to your beast of a husband," he referred to the nickname Reina had used for Niklaus.

Honestly, Isabella had expected Reina to keep mum but instead, she gestured to Miguel to come closer. The instant the phone was within a hearing range, Reina screamed,

"Don't come here, Niklaus! It's not your fault! I don't blame -!" the phone was ripped away and she was roughly kicked to the side.

"What did you do to her?!" Niklaus had heard the kick and her moan of pain, "Did you hit her you asshole!" he was seeing red. How dare he hit Reina?

"What do you think?" Miguel chuckled, incited by her misery, "This is just the beginning,"

Having said that and with the conversation on phone still ongoing, Miguel grabbed Reina and pulled on her bloody arm where she had been shot.

Reina screamed bloody murder from the torture and the asshole called Miguel brought the phone closer so her cry of agony could be heard loud and clear by Niklaus.

"Stop it! I said stop it!" Niklaus bellowed into the phone yet the psycho wasn't close to ending it.

"So tell me, how does it feel to lose a loved one?" Miguel asked him, adding more pressure to the injured arm. Reina screamed like a banshee.

Meanwhile, Allen, Neon, and Ailee couldn't take it anymore, neither could Isabella as well. It was time. If they died, then so be it.

"Now!" Isabella gave them the signal they wanted and the kids sprang into action.

Ailee was the first to strike the man holding onto her and Neon, on the hand with her hairpin and while the men shrieked and pulled away from his arm as a reflex action, Neon dropped Mr. Smuff on his body.

On Allen's side, he ordered his robotic spider through the personalized voice command function to attack and the little thing crawled off his wrist onto the arm of his opponent's body, which then crawled up to the rest of his body beneath his clothe and began to bite the man in respective spots on his body.

"Cynthia attack enemy!" Isabella commanded and a robot named Cynthia walked out of nowhere as Jean struggled to hold onto her so she doesn't break out of his grasp like her other siblings - at the moment.

"Running facial recognition system.... said the robot,"Enemies detected... Fire!"

The beam was fired straight at Jean's hands causing him to let go of her while Isabella used that opportunity to turn around and hit the man at the place where the sun never shines.

It was time for their liberation.

*Chapter 442 - Four Hundred And Forty-two: Shot His Wife*

The third point of view:

Niklaus' blood ran cold when that bastard answered his wife's phone. He had hoped, no, prayed that somehow his wife and children had found the panic room by chance and called him from there. The panic room was sturdy and he had reinforced the doors such that no amount of bullet could bring it down. Plus the fact that once it was closed, only the people from the inside could open it - it was a haven from danger.

But then, the fact that this bastard called him using his wife's phone meant that his wife had been surrounded. Niklaus knew Reina, as stubborn as an ass, she would only give up unless the situation was out of hand. How bad was the situation at home? Were the kids affected as well? Gosh, he wouldn't ever forgive himself if even the hairs on their head get missing.

"Miguel?" Niklaus effortlessly guessed it was him. Only the bastard was reckless enough to touch his family.

"The one and only," He chuckled into the phone which made Niklaus' stomach churn, "How do you like my plan?"

Yeah, Niklaus liked it so much he wouldn't mind punching the daylight out of the son of a bastard. He suddenly wished he had superpowers, so he could reach Miguel instantly and show him who he messed with.

"You're going to wish you were never born once I get my hands on you," He promised him - Miguel was just lucky he was far away. Niklaus could already imagine him lying dead in his pool of blood, but so was his wife, Reina. He was scared for her, although he tried not to show it in his tone.

"Quite funny, but I think you're the one at my mercy since I have your lovely wife by my side," Miguel claimed, then said to someone, "Come on, say hello to your beast of a husband,"

Beast? That was his contact name as saved by Reina. Niklaus felt his heart jump into his throat at the anticipation of speaking with Reina. Thank God she was still alive - she's alright, right?

Waiting patiently, Niklaus began a countdown to the seconds she picks up the phone and at the sound of her labored breathing, his throat constricted and he was about to ask how she was doing when he heard,

"Don't come here, Niklaus! It's not your fault! I don't blame -!" And then she was caught short abruptly.

Niklaus heard a scuffle and unmistakably, the sound of a kick. His blood ran cold, there was no way that was Reina being kicked, right? However, he knew the answer deep down in his soul even before Reina cried out in pain.

"What did you do to her?!" Niklaus couldn't control himself anymore as he screamed into the phone, "Did you hit her you asshole!" he was so angry, that it wouldn't be surprising anymore if molten lava was flowing through his veins instead of blood.

"What do you think?" Miguel chuckled mockingly, "This is just the beginning," He was taunting him.

Miguel was forcing his hand and he sure as hell was going to show him why the Spencer family was feared. He - Niklaus - might be good but he had Adam's blood flowing through his veins and his father was the epitome of cruelty. Beneath his beautiful, lurid character, was a monster waiting to be let loose and he would do just so for Miguel. It was a promise. Once he gets his hand on him.

Another scream of agony from Reina told him the son of a bastard was still torturing her.

"Stop it! I said stop it!" he bellowed into the phone yet the bastard wasn't close to ending it. Sakuzi and the others watched him with a concerned look yet none attempted to snatch the phone from him.

"So tell me, how does it feel to lose a loved one?" Miguel taunted him as he kept on doing whatever he was doing to Reina that was hurting her.

May God help him if he finds as much as a scar on her body. His death would be gruesome more than the tortures he gave her.

But then, something happened and all Niklaus knew was that he heard Isabella's voice and the line went dead.

"Hello? Hello?!" He yelled into the phone but got no response, "Shit! Fuck it!" he cursed as he tried the line once more.

"What is it? What's going on?" Sakuzi was the first to demand an answer. Niklaus knew the man was worried - even though he hid his emotions well - for his daughter just as he was.

"Doesn't look good," Niklaus shook his head just as he placed a call to Judy who picked up at the first ring.

"Niklaus,"

"How is it going, any progress?"

"Yes. It was tough but the technicians were smart enough to discover the bomb was less susceptible to gunfire. Hence, they shot at the package with a special ammunition that smacked the bomb in such a way that it broke apart without going off. So you don't have to worry, we're making our move right now," Judy assured him and from his labored breathing, Niklaus could sense he was on the move.

"I need you to do something for me," Niklaus requested.

"What is it?"

"No matter what, keep him alive by all means possible,"

Even without a name, Judy didn't need to be told who he was referring to Miguel. He sighed, at this point, Miguel better wish for death. One doesn't have to kill to be a monster, people bring out the monster in them. Underneath Niklaus' warm exterior, was a cold, ruthless, killer. In his hands, Miguel would be so tormented his soul might not even move to the afterlife - Niklaus would burn even his soul.

Suddenly a gunshot went off

"What was that? Tell me that was your men. " Niklaus had heard it from the other line.

"No, that's not them. We just barely entered and haven't even gotten into the living room where they're being... Oh boy," Judy froze, "I'll call you back when we're done," He ended the call immediately.

Niklaus' blood chilled, that couldn't have been Reina, right? Somebody should tell him that bastard did not just shoot his wife.

"I need to leave now! ",

*Chapter 443 - Four Hundred And Forty-three: They Were Finally Saved*

The third point of view:

Everything happened so quickly that Miguel couldn't comprehend what was going on until he saw his men dancing? However, in reality, they were not dancing - although it looked that way- but trying to grab the creatures on their body.

Mr. Smuff aka Neon's home-trained soldier mouse was relentless in his attack as he climbed into the man's shirt and continued to explore other areas of his body. The man yelped, searching hysterically for the mouse that made him squeamish and uncomfortable - he had to get rid of the disgusting little creature.

The other man was also left in a similar position. Not only did the spider bite him but it traveled to his lungs, its movements tickling him.

Miguel upon realizing the tide has changed and that it was as a result of the kids, changed his mind immediately. The kids were too dangerous to be kept alive else they foil his plan. He decided to switch from plan A to B; he had to kill them.

His hand traveled down to his waistband and pulled out a gun which he focused on the most lethal kid - Isabella. Unfortunately, Reina saw through his plan, and just when he was about to pull the trigger, she kicked the gun out of his grasp.

Miguel turned to her with furious eyes, "You bitch!" he raged and tried to hit her but Reina dodged him this time, albeit with difficulty - she had to get her arm treated.

One of Miguel's men finally got his hands on the spider tormenting his life. He pulled it away from his chest forcefully and tossed it against the wall.

"You idiot!" The man then pulled out his gun and from frustration, aimed to shoot at poor Allen.

Jean hardly recovered from the laser attack from the robot when he looked around and from the corner of his eye caught one of his men about to shoot at the little boy. Call it instincts or something, but the instant he saw that scene, Jean's hands went to his gun and before he knew it, shot at his partner.

A man's pained groan was next heard as he was shot in the chest and died at the spot instantly.

Everyone was shocked by the turn of events. Heck, Jean didn't even realize he pulled the trigger until the shock wore off seconds later. All he knew was that when his partner had tried to harm the child, a protective feeling rose in his chest and he knew that moment that he couldn't allow the child to die. So he did the rightful thing - even if it meant going against his own people.

Isabella who had planned to go help out her mother halted in her footsteps when she heard that gunshot and turned to Jean with wide eyes. Did he just kill one of his own people for them?

As if testing the waters to ensure he was completely on their side, she asked him, "What happened to the favor you were obligated to pay?"

But Jean said itself, "You got it wrong, it's a little niece,"

For the time ever, Isabella had no clue what he was saying and was about to ask for details when it clicked in her head - she had previously asked if he had a family around their - the kids - age. Isabella boomed a smile at him, he was on their side.

The other guy being harassed by Mr Smuff was finally roused from his "melodrama" when his partner fell to the ground and died. His eyes widened and turned to Jean, unbelieving, "H-how could you?"

And then, as if a scale was finally taken off his eyes, the pissed-off hitman went into full business mode. He reached out from behind and caught Mr. Smuff, who attempted to escape once again but was unable to under the man's tight grip.

With a curse unsuitable for kids age, the man bought out his gun and fired it straight at the damn thing, blasting its head off.

"No!!" Neon shrieked, unable to save his mouse on time. The boy, froze for a minute dramatically - which was actually a few seconds in reality - unable to process what just happened, and then fell on his knees.

"Mr. Smuff," his lips quivered, watching as his mouse's lifeless body dangled from the killer's hand.

A cruel smile curved the hitman's mouth - he enjoyed the boy's misery. Then he tossed the gory mouse away and proceeded to finish what he started. Jean betrayed them, he had to pay with his life with these fools.

At that same time, Miguel's eyes grew wide when he saw Jean, his contracted killer, murder his partner. Ever since Reina made that atrocious offer of buying him over, he had a niggling feeling that the asshole would betray him but he had pushed the thought to the back of his mind. Now, he ignored his instinct and got bitten by his dog gone rabid.

Knowing the only solution to this problem was to end Jean, he kicked that annoying wife of Niklaus out of his way and picked up his gun. He was done joking around, it was time for business.

As if Isabella and Jean shared a tactile understanding, they realized that things were about to get ugly and worked in harmony.

Jean tossed a gun to her which she caught and both exchanged their position; Isabella shot at Miguel who had less experience with guns; Jean shot at his on par partner who was a ruthless killer.



Isabella didn't go for the instant kill even though she could end him, she deliberately shot at his hand grabbing the gun, which fell and then his ankles, forcing him to plunk to the ground. Miguel let out a cry of agony. Unlike Jean who shot his partner right at the head and the man fell at once.

However, almost immediately, men on uniform, geared to the teeth with ammunition rushed into the room and Isabella let the gun fall from her hand as she raised her hand in surrender. But then breathe in relief when Judy strode in.

Thank God, they were safe at last.

*Chapter 444 - Four Hundred And Forty-four : I Only Got You*

The third point of view:

Niklaus has always hated hospitals and today proved him right. He was running once again - into a hospital like the other times. He was honestly tired of bad news like this, why was it always his wife, Reina? Who did she even provoke in her past life to deserve this treatment? Well, if she was already this

pertinacious, he didn't attempt to imagine what she was like in her past life - if there was one.

Panting, Niklaus halted in his step the instant he came into the waiting room and saw his children. As if they shared some sort of psychic connection, all of his kids turned as well and their eyes met.

"Daddy!" Ailee was the first to shout out and run towards him.

Joy like no other exploded in Niklaus' heart as he caught his daughter in the air and held her close to his chest. He was so relieved. Highly relieved. They were safe. Nothing happened to them.

When Judy had called to inform him that they had been rescued, he didn't dare to believe him. For all he knew, Judy could be lying to him so as not to cause him a heart attack once he received the bad news.

But now, they were safe, and in his arms. He didn't dare to imagine what he could have done if something bad happened to them. His kids and wife were his family right now.

"Thank God," He breathed, squeezing his daughter so tight he almost cut off her breath?- not that Ailee minded.

Ailee hugged her father's neck tight as well, she had been so scared. Although her mother Reina was strict and was honestly, quite annoying sometimes, that didn't mean she wanted her to die - especially not in front of her.

"Where were you daddy!" Ailee burst into tears for the first time. She had been so scared - the scene had been traumatic for her.

Niklaus' heart broke at the sight of her daughter crying - it was the first time he had ever seen her shed tears. And to think his strong daughter was crying because of the bad scenario broke his heart further, he should have been there for her - for his family.

"I'm so sorry," He ran his hand through her hair and then pulled back from her to wipe the tears from her eyes, "Don't worry, I'm here now. Nobody would hurt you, not with me around, you hear me?"

Ailee nodded, putting on a brave front by smiling at her father. She hadn't meant to cry but when she had seen her father, her emotions just let loose; Ailee wanted to cry, complain, and lay on his shoulder.

It was at that moment that Niklaus saw his son, Allen as well and he simply hugged him. Unlike his twin sister, Allen was not the expressive type, and knowing that his son took after him completely, Niklaus comforted him the way he would want to be appeased.

"You did a good job," He patted the boy on the back, "You defended and protected your mother and siblings in my place, that's what a real man does," Niklaus broke apart from the hug, ruffling Allen's hair and his boy surprisingly didn't dodge his hand - he always claims to be a big boy or something whenever he does that.

When he was a bachelor, Niklaus swore to give his children the best of love whenever he had one. And now, he did, he would spoil them with everything he lacked from his father, Adam.

And one of them involved compliments, his father rarely gave him those since most things he did were not up to Adam's expectations. Unless he followed Adam's coordination, his own plans were inferior and foolish. No, that would not be the same with him - that was a promise- his children would do what they love to do.

"Neon, come here," He instructed the boy who had tried to make himself invisible.

Yes, It was true that Neon wasn't his biological son and that their close relationship was shattered upon the arrival of his own kids, that still didn't change his affection for him. The fact remains that Neon was his first son - in his heart. He was the little light that brought him back around at that time when his world had collapsed - when he thought Maya had died. So he wouldn't forsake him now.

"What happened to your face?" Niklaus asked, even though he had a faint premonition Miguel was responsible.

"He courageously stood his ground against the enemy," Isabella made her appearance, "If there's anyone who should be thanked, I think it should be Neon. He was braver than all of us put together, today,"

"Isabella,"

Niklaus breathed, glancing up at his daughter.

"Ailee, help take care of your brother Neon's face. You can ask around, you should be able to find an ice pack or something, alright,"

"Alright," Ailee was glad to help

"Good work, Neon," Niklaus patted him on the back as Ailee offered him a hand which Neon took and they left.

"Thank you," Niklaus said to her and was about to hug Isabella as he did to the others when she put up her hand.

"What?" He frowned, wondering if he had done anything wrong.

"I'm a grown-up, I don't need that. My reputation would be ruined," she claimed, proudly.

"What reputation," Allen snorted by the side.

"Well, even if you're twenty-four or fifty, you're still my kid. Now come here," Niklaus ordered, stretching his arms wide open.

"No, Niklaus, that is so embarrassing -"

Isabella was still saying when Niklaus pulled her towards him and hugged her tightly.

"And you finally did it," She groaned, yet rested her chin on her father's shoulder, feeling comfortable, loved, and protected.

Meanwhile, Ailee and Neon sat on one of the benches in front of the pharmacy reception, applying an ice pack to his face.

"Ouch!" Neon yelped, when she pressed a little too hard on his bruised cheek.

"Sorry," She immediately apologized and began to blow hot air upon that injured area of his cheek to alleviate the pain.

Neon watched with deep concentration as Ailee puckered her lips, fanning him with her breath which was kind of ticklish, but he liked it. He liked the attention she was giving him. Which was why he asked her, "Ailee?"

"Huh? What is it?" She mumbled, all of her attention on his treatment?

"If Allen and I fall into a river, who would you save first?" he asked, heart pounding with anticipation for her answer.

"What kind of question is that?" She scowled at him, "Of course, I'll rescue you,"

Neon's heart filled with happiness, yet he asked, "Why? Why would you save me instead of Ailee?"

"Because," She clasped his face gently, saying, "Allen is an asshole and mom can give birth to more assholes, but I only got you for life,"

*Chapter 445 - Four Hundred And Forty-five: Don't Get Pregnant*

The third point of view:

"How's your mother?" Niklaus asked Isabella since she was the only adult available. Miranda had fainted from the shock and was under Iv medication while Judy had returned to his place to clear up the mess. Sakuzi would be here any minute - Niklaus arrived before anyone else thanks to his crazy speeding.

"Mother's still in surgery. But you can rest assured she won't be dying anytime soon,"

Niklaus took a deep sigh, his soul finally finding peace. She was okay, that was all that mattered. They would solve any other issue between them later - yelp, he would pay for his crimes later. Reina would surely kill him.

"Did you kill anybody?" he asked his daughter after ensuring Allen wasn't within hearing range. He must have left to go check up on his sister and Neon - the boy was overprotective of his twin.

"No," Isabella answered with a cold tone.

"Thank God," Niklaus was relieved. His daughter was not permitted to dirty her hands, she should leave it to him - his soul was already dark and dirty.

Isabella went on, "However, I wish I did. But then I thought, killing him right away was an easy death. So..." she turned to him, "Promise me that you would give him a good suffering,"

To be honest, Niklaus was slightly scared of the way his daughter knew him so well. Even without telling her, she had already guessed his intentions.

"Promise," Niklaus assured her. The worst mistake one could commit was treating Isabella like a kid, because trust him, she wasn't one.

Almost immediately, they heard the sound of approaching footsteps. It wasn't just Sakuzi and the others, Emerald and Cecil, alongside her son were there as well. Emerald must have heard the news and decided to come to visit, only to bump into the others, Niklaus surmised.

His gaze then rested on his daughter Isabella who had her eyes fixed on the boy Pedro, and it dawned on him, his daughter had found what he had with Reina. Love.

A smile curved his face and he leaned down to whisper into the ears of the absent-minded Isabella, "Easy, undressing him with your eyes,"

Isabella turned to him with a scowl, "Compared to your past, I'm a Saint," she referred to his hedonistic lifestyle when he was younger.

"Yep, I was quite a legend. You couldn't even beat my record," Niklaus shamelessly turned her sass into an honor.

"Y-you..." Isabella was tongue-tied. How could someone be so shameless? She couldn't help but cheer on Reina who had to put up with her crazy father.

"Simply remember to use protection all the time the both of you do it, don't get pregnant," He cautioned her.

"Why?" Isabella decided to tease him for the joy of it, "You don't want to be a grandpa at your age?"

"No," Niklaus pasted a sickly sweet smile on his face as he said, "I just don't want to have to bury your love interest, unfortunately,"

"Whatever," Isabella stood up from the bench as the guests neared them.

"Isabella," Pedro broke away from his group to hug her while Niklaus tsk-tsked, so much for the no hugging rule. That little betrayer!

"I heard what happened," He checked her, "Did you get hurt anyway. Did they do anything to you," Pedro was concerned for her.

"I'm not fine," he told her the truth, "I'm kind of pissed. I need a release, something to focus my mind on," she leaned closer to whisper, "You in for a quickie?"

Pedro shivered, going red in the face instantly. Of all the places she wanted a brief "encounter". He looked around as if to make sure no one was eavesdropping on their conversation.

"There's no privacy here,"

"I know of one,"

The mischief in her tone and the glint in her eyes told Pedro he was not getting out of it easily. And thinking of it, he needed a distraction considering he just killed someone for the first time in his life.

He had always heard people say that taking a life takes something from you, that one could never go back to the way they were. Now? He thinks it's kind of true.

After taking a human life today, Pedro was surprisingly calm and empty. Strangely, he felt no guilt knowing he just stole someone's breath of life - which was unlike him. But then, he wouldn't hesitate to do it over and over again if it meant his family would be safe.

"Take the lead then," Pedro grabbed her ass and squeezed it - a gesture that Niklaus saw and scowled murderously at him. Pedro raised his hand in an innocent gesture yet grinned inwardly, if only the man knew what they were about to do.

[A/N: Oh, Niklaus knows, he's just preparing your obituary in an inconspicuous way]

"I'll be back mom," Pedro said to Cecil who was quite reluctant to let him go.

Although her son saved their life, Cecil watched her son take another person's life. It was unexpected and still shocking. How did he become so good with guns, she had never given him lessons nor taken him to one? The sudden changes in her baby boy was surprising for her, it was almost as if he was slipping from her too fast. She was scared of what he might become - she was not ready to accept it yet. Maybe she would speak to Emerald about it later.

"Don't go too far," Cecil only let him go because of Isabella. Left for her alone, she would keep him by her side until it was confirmed Miguel and his people would not be a danger to them.

As soon as they were out of sight, Isabella led him to the women's restroom and after making sure it was clear, she put the "Under maintenance" sign outside and shut the door.

Once inside, their lips found each other with eager intensity and they clawed blindly at each other's clothes. Pulling his shirt over his head while Pedro did the same to hers, Isabella reached for his pants and in no time, their clothes lay on the ground abandoned.

Pedro had her up against the wall while her legs wrapped around him as he entered her in one thrust. Isabella gasped at the fullness and then began to move her hips, urging him to move.

There was nothing romantic about their intimacy, just pure primal needs wanting to be satisfied. He rammed into her madly and she matched her hips with his thrusts until they died away in the throes of passion.

*Chapter 446 - Four Hundred And Forty-Six: Die Together*

Reina's point of view:

"Hey,"

That was the first word I woke up to. I thought I saw Niklaus or maybe I did see him, my sight must be acting up.

After a few squeezing and blinking, my blurry sight finally cleared and just as I thought, Niklaus was by my bedside.

"Hey," I tried to reach for him but I couldn't move my arms, it was god damn heavy.

"Shh, don't move," Niklaus cautioned me, "You have a cast on," He said as his hands went to support my back, helping me sit up, "Yeah, slowly... Carefully....."

With his help, I was up and staring down at my arm, slowly recollecting what happened. I narrowly escaped death. Again. And this time, it came knocking on my door - I was not the one who found trouble.

Suddenly, it crossed my mind," The kids -?! "

"They're safe and fine," He answered me and I breathed a sigh of relief. After we turned the tide of the battle against Miguel, I must have lost consciousness since I couldn't tell what transpired until now.

"How long have I been out?"

"Twelve hours. It's a new day already," Niklaus answered again before a heavy silence fell upon us.

"Have anything to say to me?" I cocked a brow knowing I've been waiting for this very moment after he had tricked me and left in my stead.

"I have nothing to say,"

I scowled at Niklaus, about to retort to that comment when he added,

"Because I'm sorry. I'm guilty of the crime accused of by my wife,"

His response gave me more confidence and I went further to ask, "Since you finally acknowledge your crime, what punishment befits such a crime??Beating? Castration...?"

Niklaus gulped, his eyes wandering to his crotch, "Honey, mental torture is a crime as well," He hinted that I sounded scary at the moment.

"Oh really," I was enjoying making him uncomfortable because remembering his betrayal stung me. I thought he trusted me? How could he do that to me?

I went on, "I guess you didn't remember that tricking, sabotaging, and drugging your wife isn't a crime," I pointed out.

"Alright, I'll pay for my crimes," He offered himself straight into the lion's den.

A smirk grew on my face, I had him at my disposal, plus a head full of ideas of what I was going to do to him. It would be a splendid experience.

"And what punishment do you think is suitable for you?" I widened the trap, waiting for my ignorant husband to fall deeper into it.

But then, I forget my husband was a trickster.

"I give myself to you," was his response.

"What?" it felt as someone slapped me hard on the face.

"I give you my body, soul, and resources. You can have it all," He grinned at me which made me realize I had failed in scamming a professional scammer.

That vow of his was the same as the rights I was entitled to after I married him. Asshole!

I shook my head stubbornly, "No, that's not what I want from you,"

"What could you possibly from me that is greater than the three things I just listed?" he put on a serious look - that could only fool his kids, not me.

"Niklaus!" I whined, imaginary smoke already coming out of my head, "That is not a suitable - !"

"You want me to strip for you?" he said and my throat went dry this time, completely at a loss for words.



"Well," He moved closer to the point?we were exchanging breaths, "You've always loved strippers and if I could remember correctly, the last time I stripped for you, you were so drunk that you probably can't recall that day,"

Oh, he was wrong. I could remember that occasion very, very, clear and detailed. Perhaps, because it was my bachelorette party, I couldn't get it out of my head.

My face heated up when his gaze dropped to my lips causing my breath to hitch. I wanted him and he knew that. I had almost lost him yesterday when I thought death was on my door. But then, here he was sitting right in front of me, I wanted to feel him deep inside of me to confirm this was reality.

Reina, what are you thinking! I felt my senses come back around. How did this discussion change drastically? We were talking about his punishment, not this! That sly fox of a husband!

"You can't deceive -!"

Niklaus shut my response by swooping down on my lips. The kiss blew my mind away and I fell for his tricks once again. My body reacted to his touch, he left a burning trail everywhere he touched; he set me on fire.

I moaned, accepting his tongue he introduced into my mouth while his hand pressed me closer against him. My hand yanked on his hair, heightening the excitement. The hunger inside of us was insatiable and it wasn't until he mistakenly touched my injured arm that we realized how close we were to losing control.

None of us said a word after that passionate moment, instead Niklaus rested his forehead against mine with his eyes closed just as he muttered, "Thank you, Reina,"

I didn't dare to say a word since I didn't know what he was thanking me for yet.

"Thank you for surviving," Niklaus went ahead with his confession, "You don't know how much you mean the world to me. I can't live without you..." He interlocked the fingers of my unaffected hand with his as he spoke, "The day you die, I'll rather die alongside you, that way, our souls would find each other even in the afterlife,"

I wanted to shun his talk of death but stopped short when I felt something wet drop on my face. Stiffly, I slowly wiped it away and then glanced up.?That was when I saw it, Niklaus was crying.

My breath hung in my throat as I forgot how to breathe, he meant his words - Niklaus was serious here. The scene broke my heart, I caused him to cry.?Although it was not like I beat him or something, I was still the cause - I made him weak.

"It's alright," I pulled him into a hug and he leaned in, tactically avoiding my injured arm, "Fine, we'd die together when the grim reaper knocks on our door," I agreed, rubbing his back soothingly.

At that moment I was the happiest and satisfied person on earth, I had found the person who loved me with everything and there was no better feeling in the world than it.

*Chapter 447 - Four Hundred And Forty-seven: Mr. Smuff Junior*

The third point of view:

A melancholic mood surrounded the garden as every member of the Spencer household, including the workers and guards gathered around.

Today, was the day everyone paid respect to Mr. Smuff who had sacrificed his life to protect theirs. Everyone was on black attires and had a white flower in their hands which they dropped in a file on the monument dedicated to Mr smuff.

Reina and Niklaus had the monument to the courageous mouse sculpted in the middle of the garden, that way everyone could have a great view of it and be reminded that courage doesn't lie in the height, size of a person. It was a step, a risky sacrifice made decisively.

"Fear is the thing that paralyzes while bravery is the thing that frees, that was according to Kovie?biakolo," Reina gave the final speech, " Today, we have come to pay our final respect to the mouse who taught us the importance of bravery,"

Everyone had their eyes on Reina standing on the podium while Ailee was busy comforting Neon who had a hard time fighting back his tears. Mr. Smuff was really gone forever.

"What is bravery? It is having the mental or moral strength to face danger, fear, or difficulty. Being brave means listening to that voice and then stepping into the fear that almost always shows up. And today, I dedicate this monument..." she gestured to the sculpted mouse on all fours," to Mr. Smuff and the others who had hearkened unto that still voice and faced that danger! May their soul rest in perfect peace, Amen,"

Reina concluded, stepping down from the podium into Niklaus' arms. She no longer had a cast, but a bandage was wrapped around her arm.

"You did well," Niklaus praised Reina, rubbing her against his side affectionately.

Since today was a big day, everyone was off duty and a feast was prepared. Hence right now, people were busy schmoozing and entertaining themselves with food and drinks.

"Don't be sad, anymore, Neon," Ailee told the boy who had stopped crying yet still carried a sad expression.

"I just miss him," Neon sniffed.

"Well, you're permitted to miss him, but then you have to remember that he's in a better place. Also, there's his monument, which means his spirit would be attached to it,"

She was almost successful in comforting him, until Allen, being the asshole he was, decided to ruin everything.

"Idiot," He tsk-tsked, "Animals don't have a soul,"

Neon frowned and turned to Ailee, asking, "What does he mean by that?"

"Nothing!" she answered abruptly, glaring at her stupid twin brother at the same time.

"It simply means your mouse is gone forever. Poof! Into oblivion" he made an explosion gesture.

"Allen!" She was angered.

"What?" Neon went pale in the face, "Mr. Smuff has disappeared for eternity?!"

"Of course," Allen answered him to her sister's annoyance, "Why do you look so shocked?" He looked the boy over, "You were always going to outgrow getting attached to a mouse. Moreover, a mouse can only live a maximum of five years, Mr smuff was going to die now or then. Why make a huge deal out of it?"

Allen shrugged, wondering why the whole family had gone crazy over a mouse - she even spent millions making that monument. What a waste of resources?- that should have been given to him for better use.

"This is it! " Ailee decided enough was enough and kicked her brother on the leg.

"What was that for?!" Allen yelled, hopping in pain.

"It means to get lost, you inconsiderate fool!"

"Suit yourself!" He retorted, hopping away on one foot.

"Hey, don't cry," Ailee's heart broke at the sight of Neon crying. If only Allen wasn't her brother, she would have him buried alongside Mr. Smuff.

"Even if Mr. Smuff isn't around, you still have me, remember?"

And that seemed to do the magic.

Ailee smiled at him as Neon finally lifted his head to look at him.

"You'd never leave me?" he asked, afraid of what her answer would be.

"Of course, I would be by your side twenty-four hours, seven days of the week plus the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year added together. How does that sound?" she assured him.

"You'd be with me for eternity?" He probed.

"I can't be with you for eternity. I would have to grow up and find my handsome prince charming as mommy and daddy did. Then we'd live together for eternity," She smiled at him, "But don't worry, you'd find your wife too and the both of you would have adorable children," Ailee giggled at the thought.

Neon frowned, "Marry me then, that way we'd be together for eternity,"

Ailee was stunned by that suggestion, "Hey! You're my brother, siblings don't marry each other,"

Neon murmured timidly, "I'm not your brother though,"

They could not pursue the issue further since their parents made their appearance.

"How do you feel, Neon?"

"He's better," Ailee answered for him as usual. Sometimes Reina wondered who made her Neon's spokesperson.

"A-hem," Niklaus intentionally cleared his throat to remind his wife of the reason for their coming.

"Neon," Reina began, "I know we can't replace the gap Mr. Smuff left in your heart and no one can, but we thought you should give this a chance," Reina stretched her hand and a white albino mouse that hadn't been there previously materialized - thanks to Niklaus for teaching her that trick.

Neon screamed.

"You don't like it? " Niklaus misunderstood his reaction.

Neon screamed again.

Both materials became concerned.

However, Neon announced to their surprise, "I love it! " he screamed, taking the mouse from Reina.

"We know it can't take Mr. Smuff place but that's our gift to you,"

Neon was so excited about the new pet that he didn't hear whatever they said to him. Mr. Smuff returned to him, that was all that mattered.

"What would you call him?" Ailee asked him, happy to see him back to his playful mood.

Neon answered, "Mr. Smuff Jr."

*Chapter 448 - Four Hundred And Forty-eight: The Threat To Your Happiness*

The third point of view:

Sakuzi kept his word, he had a party organized to celebrate Emerald finally reuniting with the love of his life - yep, everyone in the base had heard of the story.

However, it was a double merriness since it coincided with the celebration of their victory against their enemy, Miguel. Hence, it was a cheerful evening with everyone drowning themselves in alcohol and schmoozing around.

As expected, the whole gang was present; Niklaus with his wife Reina, and no kids - not even Isabella was in attendance; Eden with his wife, Camille, both looked more together than ever; Judy with his wife, Emily, he doesn't let her out of his sight even for a mere second; and of course, Emerald, the man of the day, well, night - it was late already and his wife, Cecil, who he didn't allow to taste a glass of wine.

Not even juice, he didn't trust his men. Why? His men could spike her drink with vodka just to satisfy Cecil's whim. He knew all of their tricks - hence, only water was the most suitable choice for her here.

Cecil had a ten thousand watt scowl on her face, and everyone avoided her like the plague, knowing pregnant people were like a time bomb - you never know when they explode. None of them was willing to be the scapegoat. Well, all left her, except the huge man by her side - responsible for all of her predicament.

He not only impregnated her but didn't want her to drink as well. It wasn't that Cecil wasn't a good mother but that was what her appetite demanded right now, she just wanted a little sip of wine.

"Just a taste," Cecil began to plead once more. It was like she'd die if she didn't have one right now; she craved it.

However, Emerald simply patted her on the head, "Be good. I'll make your favorite fruit juice when we get home,"

The doctor had told him that drinking wine might pose a harmful risk to her developing fetus. Although some women who drink when pregnant go on to have healthy babies, others who drink just a small amount may experience pregnancy complications that can affect the fetus.

So she should drink in moderation - if she wants to. Drinking very little was probably okay, but drinking daily, and drinking a lot at one time is not okay. But then Emerald was taking no such risk - she won't die if she doesn't have one. Let her wait patiently for nine months.

Cecil felt the resentment climb to the surface, why was he treating her this way? She couldn't even understand herself this past few days, her emotions were a mess. And now, he was treating her like a kid? She was a full-grown adult? Doesn't he love her anymore? Was he only with her because of the baby?

"Oh no, not again," Emerald groaned when he saw Cecil's eyes begin to water, meaning she was close to bursting into tears which he couldn't allow in such a gathering like this.

If it wasn't for the fact that Emerald knew Cecil as a strong woman from the very start, he could have sworn she was intentionally manipulating him with her tears. Moreover, there were so many childish things she's been doing lately that didn't suit her personality so he accepted every one of her tantrums with good faith, just as now - he was finally gesturing for the waiter to come over with a glass of wine.

Honestly, Emerald loved his journey as a father but he couldn't wait for the nine months to be over so he could finally meet that little ass that has been causing everyone so much trouble.

Yep, when he said everyone, he meant everyone. Just yesterday, Cecil had woken him up by two in the morning, wanting to hold an idle conversation with him - who does that?

But then, the man had been so damn tired since he spent the whole day clearing up the mess Miguel left behind, he simply went back to sleep - and yes, he's finally moved in with her - thinking she had let the issue go.

Unknown to him, she had gone ahead to call Emily who was unlucky enough to pick up. Cecil had kept the poor woman up all night till she dozed off sometime later. How had he known?

Judy had called to complain about her "disturbance". Apparently, her calling had kept him awake as well. Nor is he going to talk about three days ago when he had Pedro run to the store at four in the morning to get her a barbecued chicken pizza. In one word,

the pregnancy was tormenting in an exciting way - one day, he was surely going to laugh over this.

One should see the way Cecil's expression lit up upon seeing the red wine coming her way, she was almost at the point of salivating.

"Here," Emerald handed the glass over to her, "Just a glass, nothing more," He warned her.

And she nodded her head eagerly which made him shake his head with a deep sigh. At this point, Cecil looked like a kid who would do anything for a piece of candy. Nevertheless, Emerald loved her the way she was - it was not like she would remain this way forever. Probably not.

Cecil sipped the wine slowly, hoping it would never finish since her stone-hearted fiancé would not give her another - not that she would take another. Cecil had the wellbeing of her child in her heart but she could feel it deep down in her soul, this was what her child wanted. Done, she placed the glass back on the tray while Emerald asked, "Satisfied?"

"Yeah," She licked her lips, and then before Emerald could react, stood on tiptoes and kissed him briefly, sharing the taste of wine with him. Then like a kitten wagging its tail after being fed properly, she disappeared into the crowd.

Emerald chuckled, he was surely going to miss this erratic side of her nine months later. Well, he could always get her pregnant....Shit Emerald, let your child first gets delivered before you talk about another.

"The look of a man in love," Sakuzi came out of nowhere, patting him on the shoulder.

"I can't help it, I'm happy with her," Emerald grinned like an idiot.

"If that's so, when are you going to eliminate the threat to your happiness," Sakuzi said to him.

"What are you talking about?" Emerald tensed up, already having a premonition of where the topic was heading to.

"Why didn't you tell me Fernandez and Miguel were in cahoots?"

*Chapter 449 - Four Hundred And Forty-nine: I'll Kill Him Myself*

Emerald's face distorted the instant he heard that comment from Sakuzi and he looked out into the crowd, searching for a certain woman and when he found Cecil entertaining herself with the other women, his gaze returned to Sakuzi, saying, "Can we discuss this in private?"

"All the better," Sakuzi said and gestured with his hand in a manner that said, 'lead the way'.

Emerald walked on ahead with Sakuzi following behind until they came into his office where no one would dare to eavesdrop on. Sakuzi might be kind and all recently but not to a spy - betrayal was the worst crime one could ever commit against him.

In here, everyone was taken as one family and treated as such, hence betraying him was endangering the rest of his family, so Sakuzi would not let such a parasite live.

"It's a good thing to fall in love with the one you love, but let your brain stay intact. How could you have let Fernandez live after what he did?!" Sakuzi scolded the grown man like a kid, "Do you know how important you are to me? The Sakuzi Clan? The whole organization?!"

Emerald's brow raised at that comment, he didn't know they held him in such high esteem. But then, this was a problem, he was leaving the gang to live a normal life - which would be quite difficult.

Being part of the Falcon gang was the only thing he knew, was the place he grew up; the place that made him what he was today. Leaving it was going to be hard but he had promised Cecil and for the sake of his kid. He would adapt, right?

"I'm sorry but I promised Cecil not to touch the bastard's pathetic life," Emerald told him, head lowered. He knew that was a shameful thing to say considering his capability. Heck, the gang would make fun of him if they heard of this and the reputation he's built over the years would crumble like dust. But that was the sacrifice he had to make in pursuit of happiness.

"I understand," Sakuzi nodded.

Emerald sighed in relief. Thank God for his understanding.

But the man added to his surprise, "Which is why I'll be doing the killing,"

"What?!" he glanced up, jaw dropping to the ground.

"You heard me right. A weed cannot be left to grow else it would choke and deprive the healthy ones of their nutrients. Who knows, when he cannot have your woman, he might decide to kill her. Is that when you're going to rise?" Sakuzi went on, "You can go ahead to keep your promise to her while I do the killing. Problem solved. You can thank me later,"

Emerald shook his head, "No, that's not it, I'm thankful, but Cecil is a smart woman and would know in an instant that I'm responsible for his death if something happens to Fernandez,"



"Chill, I understand your fears, "Sakuzi assured him

Emerald narrowed his eyes at him suspiciously, "What do you plan to do?" Sakuzi would not ask him to relax if he didn't have a plan up his sleeve.

"I don't intend to be involved in his death directly. In case you don't know, Fernandez has committed enough atrocities capable enough to make you a saint before him. I'll use one of his enemies to put an end to him," Sakuzi laid out his plan.

Emerald was not frightened by Sakuzi's cleverness - and cruelty - else Valentino wouldn't have lasted with the title of Sakuzi this long. This life was a battle of survival, and only the fittest would survive.

"It looks promising till the enemy goes spilling the truth," he pointed out the flaw.

"You should already know how we work,"

Oh, Emerald understood his hint perfectly. Whoever was going to finish the job was going to be contacted indirectly and would not mutter a thing while they fulfill the ends of their agreement as well, else death awaits the contracted killer.

"Alright. It's not like I can change your mind anyway," Emerald said, arms wrapped around his chest as he went over the plan mentally.

"Also, I know about your plans of leaving the gang," Sakuzi revealed.

Emerald's attention reverted to him, "And?"

"I'm sorry, Emerald but I can't let you leave like this, you're a huge asset to the gang," Sakuzi denied the request that hasn't even been forwarded to him yet.

Emerald swore, "Fuck Valentino! You of all people know how much this means to me!"

"Hear me out first," Sakuzi raised his hand, gesturing to him to give him a listening ear.

"Fine, go ahead," Emerald said through gritted teeth, rearing in the rising anger.

"No one knows this gang thoroughly like you do which is why I want you in its administration. You don't have to go on missions or shed blood - that's what you want to avoid, right? That kind of stuff can be left for your subordinates and other members of the gangs. However, you would help overlook the smooth running of the organization, direct and keep the members in check and all, "

Emerald rolled his eyes, " Why don't you just make me Sakuzi instead, " He joked. If only he knew.

"Duh," Sakuzi snorted, "That's what I'm making you. I want you to be my successor, Emerald,"

"What?!" He was dumbfounded. That was unexpected, he had only been joking.

"I want you as the next Sakuzi, Emerald,"

"Whoah, Whoah, Whoah, wait a minute, are you fucking me? Are you seriously fucking with me?" He didn't believe Sakuzi was serious here.

"I'm serious here," Sakuzi gave him his business look and he realized immediately the man was goddamn serious.

"B-but I'm not even related to you," He was flustered by the whole thing. It felt surreal.

"Idiot, you don't have to be blood to be family,"

"But your sons? They -"

"Agreed to this suggestion. They already have a handful of their mother's gang and my other legitimate businesses,"

"And Reina?... "

"Doesn't want to corrupt her children further, she says to make sure I glue your butt to that position, " Sakuzi narrated.

Emerald was overwhelmed by emotion, he just stood there shocked. He couldn't believe that everyone accepted him like this, it was a big honor - an honor other members of the gang would kill to have.

"God, this is too much. I don't deserve -"

"If you feel indebted, you can finally let me adopt you legally as my son," Sakuzi grinned, knowing he had him where he wanted.

Emerald groaned, and rubbed his forehead. That sly man, "Fine, I'll think about it,"

And ask Cecil for her opinion, Sakuzi already read in between the lines, yet didn't say a word. Let the man do what he wants.

Emerald groaned for the umpteenth time already. Cecil wanted him out of the gang, but then he just sank deeper, to the bottom floor. May God help him as he relays the news.

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*Chapter 450 - Four Hundred And Fifty: Maggie*

The third point of view:

Maggie was becoming anxious, why wasn't he here yet? Those people had told her that Fernandez would be here, yet he had not made an appearance even with thirty minutes gone. Could it be that they fooled her? No, that can't be.

"Fernandez" that name was deeply engraved in her memory and made bitterness rise in her heart. She couldn't forget him, not now, not ever, else why would she want to kill him. Desperately.

Maggie couldn't forget the day he approached her - even though she wanted it erased out of her memory. Then, she had been a young naive model, thriving to find her place in the competitive world of fashion. He had been so gentlemanly in his pursuit of making her his surrogate - said she was special or something.

She found out that the man was married, but his wife had cheated on him and gave him a son that wasn't biologically related to him. Now, he wanted a son from another source since he couldn't trust his 'cheat of a wife' - so he called the woman then. Maggie didn't want to agree in the first place but then the stupendous amount of money he offered her was enough to solve her problem - that included her mother's surgery.

As a surrogate, Maggie had expected them to head to the hospital where her eggs will be fertilized with his sperm to make an embryo, that is then implanted in her uterus. But none of that happened, instead, he impregnated her the natural way and that was when it dawned on Maggie, she was a kept woman.

Although Maggie was not happy with the change of their deals, Fernandez had compensated for that with his love, gifts, and attention. In no time, she forgave him and looked forward to giving birth to his child nine months later. So she dreamt - quite a young, innocent, girl then.

Everything changed drastically two months after when they had gone for a gender blood test and it turned out she was going to have a female child. The way Fernandez's expression twisted uglily told Maggie she was doomed even before his attitude towards her took a three-sixty degrees turn!

That night, for the first time, Fernandez hit her. He not only hit her but abused her; sexually, mentally, and physically. He called her a slut, claiming she was a succubus who had come to drain him of his money and hit her even as he did her. It was the most humiliating act anyone had done to her and though it was two years already, it was

fresh like yesterday in Maggie's mind. The experience traumatized her, the girl hadn't been able to live normally since then.

The child in her womb didn't survive, the kicks to her stomach Fernandez had given her that night took away her surviving chance - and she somehow sensed Fernandez had done that on purpose to rid the child.

She almost died that night from the pains nor did Fernandez cared enough to call an ambulance for her because he left right away without even looking back. It was one of her friends who she called over with a huge effort that helped her escape the claws of death that night.

Her friend had advised her to report the crime to the police but Maggie didn't dare to. Fernandez was a huge corporation owner compared to her who was just a nobody. She was just an ant that he wouldn't hesitate to crush if she dared cross him. Fernandez had beaten her that night without hesitation, which meant he was not afraid of the so-called Law.

Maggie had gone ahead to live her life for two years, tormented by that night while anticipating the day fate would finally smile at her and let her get her long-awaited vengeance.

But then, the day has finally arrived

Although Maggie was hesitant about those people's offer when they first approached her - what if they go back on their promise? - after paying in the money for her mother's surgery - who was on the verge of death for lack of funds for her treatments - and the rest into her account - that was just the down payment - Maggie knew this set of people were honorable - unlike Fernandez who didn't even pay off the rest of the money he owed her.

She knew what they wanted her to do,?end Fernandez. However, that was what she wanted as well and hoped to be caught by the law so she could expose Fernandez's heinous acts to the world.

Over the years, Maggie did more research and discovered she wasn't the only girl who Fernandez had treated in such a manner in his crazy search for a male child - she must applaud the universe for not giving him what he wanted. But then, none of the women had dared to open their mouths because the man had power.

In fact, one of the girls, Maryann, who was brave enough to make a report disappeared overnight. Although the girl's disappearance was voiced, evidence suggesting that she had run off with one of her boyfriends surfaced the next day from God knows where and the case was closed.

That was when it dawned on everyone that there was nothing that they could do against this monster called Fernandez. Even if Fernandez did go to prison, his relatives had various high-ranking positions in the police force and would probably find a way to smuggle him out of the country to avoid a death sentence.

This was why Maggie took it upon herself to take up the role of a martyr - she would become the sacrificial lamb so others could gain their freedom and justice. They've suffered long enough in silence, it was time for their voice to be heard.

So she accepted the offer with heated determination, Fernandez would die tonight. Those people had promised to take care of her mother while she was in prison and even went ahead to promise they would help her there - they would shorten her sentence.

But Maggie didn't need more, they've enough already by believing her when no one did. Now it was her turn to fulfill her end of the deal. As if the universe heard her prayer, Fernandez strolled into the club looking as pompous as ever.

"He's here," She almost jumped out of her seat when the bar attendant announced his arrival. Crap, she had forgotten he was among those people. What was his name again? Andrew or something? He was here to ensure the mission went successfully.

"I know," Maggie downed the rest of the content in her glass and took a deep breath.

"It's time," she stood from the stool and was about to leave when the man grabbed her hand causing her brows to raise at that action.

"Good luck," He simply said to her and let go.

Maggie smiled back at him, if only she had met such a cute guy before Fernandez, things would have been much better.

"Thank you," She said and finally took her leave. This night would be a huge one. Maggie just hoped to God that Fernandez doesn't recognize her.