

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 451 - Four Hundred And Fifty-one: Maggie -2 - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 451 - Four Hundred And Fifty-one: Maggie -2

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Note: This chapter might be uncomfortable for a few people. Read at your own expense or skip to the next page.

The third point of view:

Fernandez's face was as dark as shit as he entered the club. Everything had not gone the way he planned: not only had Miguel failed to end that miserable gangster called Emerald, but he had also endangered Cecil's life as well. He was fucking pissed off at the thought of what he would have lost - Cecil and his son, Pedro.

Miguel had gone contrary to their arrangement; the deal had been to end Emerald, not Cecil nor Pedro. But then, Fernandez heard about the accident, Miguel didn't care for the safety of both parties - Cecil and Pedro. In fact, Fernandez was sure Miguel planned to kill them behind his back - if he had been successful. What a backstabber.

This was why he came to this club tonight to blow off some steam. It seems that bad luck seems to follow him in a streak lately.

As if it wasn't that he almost sacrificed Cecil and Pedro, his cheat of a wife he kept at home announced that she was having a baby for him. Who was she kidding? That child she had in her womb couldn't be his, who knew what bastard impregnated her this time?

Moreover, even if the child was his, he bet it was going to be a girl. The girl child? A gender that had no use except for fucking. And that was what he was going to get tonight. It wasn't hard to find those sluts who would do anything for the money. This was his usual club and it gave him what he wanted.

A club designed specifically for the rich and seekers of hedonistic pleasure, it had a pleasing and perfect atmosphere with a big dance floor that featured hookers in sexy attires and flashing what their momma gave them in the most lascivious way possible - all for the money. The money he had. With a playful and sexy lightning ambiance, the club had cozy lounges with VIP tables, couches, and a circular bar for drinks all night.

"What are we having tonight?" asked one of his friends he had brought along tonight.

As they said, birds of a feather flock together. Both men with Fernandez were no different in attitude and dealings, hence the reason they had clicked in the first place.

"Just get any bitch that catches your fancy," Fernandez grumbled, irritably. He wasn't in the mood for discussion now, he just needed enough pleasure to forget his problems - he would be magnanimous to any bitch that does him the favor tonight.

Their reserved seat was by the balcony which gave them the perfect view of what was going on down the main hall. As they were regulars, their favorite stewardess didn't hesitate to attend to them - and of course, prepare the girls as well.

In no time, both of his friends had women entertaining them but Fernandez surprisingly couldn't find his taste. Don't get him wrong, the women were good but he loved the sluts with a bit of innocence in them - reminds him of Cecil.

Cecil had been young and innocent when he first had her. The memory was quite vivid in his head; he never forgot. As expected of virgins, she had been shy and very much brought her to ecstasy without much effort - it was no wonder she fell for him.

He was the first person to teach her the pleasures one could get with the body, so how dare she use that skill on Emerald - he didn't need to guess if they were sleeping together, it was quite obvious. He was the one she was supposed to adore, she was supposed to be with him, Cecil and Pedro were his! Fernandez's face burned with fury and his hands dug into the armrest of his couch.

"Dude, what's wrong with you? You look like you want to wolf out or something," one of his friends joked.

"Mind your business!" He glared at him.

"Chill," The man held up his hand in an innocent gesture, "It's just a comment,"

"Keep that comment to yourself!"

"Sir!"

"Get away!" he snapped at the stewardess who had returned once more.

"Sir, it's about your -"

Fernandez glared at her but understood what she was about to say immediately. Although it wasn't all the time, sometimes the club had some special arrangements for him. Since he was a VVIP customer, his special needs were always met.

"Where is she?" he grumbled, glancing at her sternly.

With a polite smile, the woman turned around and gestured to a girl who stepped out from the corner into view.

At first, Fernandez wasn't quite interested, knowing she would be no different than the rest of the women he's encountered tonight. However, when his gaze caught her baby face and the nervousness in her eyes, his lips kinked to the side - this was the one he wanted.

He bet this was the first time she was attempting such a bold move and it made his blood throb with anticipation. Most of the innocent girls brought to him always sleep with him for money - they were desperately in need of cash - and this one was probably the same.

"Here, say hi to Fernandez," the stewardess introduced the girl to him.

"Hi, Sir Fernandez, I'm Lily," she thrust her hand for a handshake.

He smirked, "You don't need to call me Sir," He took her hand and kissed the top of it seductively while holding her gaze, "Just call me, Fernandez,"

The girl was nervous even though she had an expressionless face, but Fernandez couldn't help but feel she looked familiar. He tried remembering, yet when he couldn't come up with anything, he waved the thought away. He was here to get pleasure, not stress his brain thinking.

As soon as the stewardess left, Lily walked around to him, and just when she was about to sit on his laps as the other girl did with his friends, Fernandez said, "Get on your knees,"

"What?" the girl's brows furrowed.

"Give me a blow job," He ordered and everyone around him froze, except his friends who already knew his tendencies.

"B-blow job? Right now? H-here?" she choked, looking around questioningly.

"You don't want to do it? Then you can take your leave,"

Chapter 452 - Four Hundred And Fifty-two: Maggie -3

Note: This chapter might be uncomfortable for a few people. Read at your own expense or skip to the next page.

The third point of view:

Lily was determined to finish the job tonight but then, when she saw that face, the memories of the horrible experiences she had undergone in his hands came rushing back to her.

She had never forgotten him nor had he aged that much - he took care of his skin well - nor did he change. He was still the same debauched monster.

As someone hell-bent on seducing Fernandez, one would imagine she was dressed to kill. But then, she wore a simple red body con dress that brought out her skin color and as well accentuated her curves, resting just on her thighs.

She knew Fernandez, he always went for the innocent ones or the good girls who turned bad recently due to circumstances. It was a game to him - that was his own kind of drug - he wanted to taint their soul and as well, prove to them that they were no different than the average slut out there.

And knowing his preference, she dressed and acted that way. There was no way she was missing this man - his life was hers tonight. Moreover, those people had told her to be careful with him, Fernandez might be degenerate but he was a smart man, one mistake and she's finished.

Maggie didn't know how those people - Sakuzi - did it but one of the stewardesses made her Fernandez's escort for the night. Whoever that person was must be pretty powerful to have orchestrated all this. Why then can't he or she kill Fernandez.

No, Maggie shook the question out of her head. This was her cross to bear and her war to fight - they've done enough by bringing her this far.

Upon the stewardess's command, she stepped over to his table, her breath hung in her throat. May Fernandez not recognize her else she's fucked. Unknown to her, Fernandez took her anxiety as nervousness at being with him for the first time.

"Here, say hi to Fernandez," the stewardess said to her and she did as instructed.

"Hi, Sir Fernandez, I'm Lily," she intentionally added the "Sir" to seem too overwhelmed by his status and thrust her hand forward for a handshake. She would be a fool to use her real name; it was a straight giveaway to her identity.

"You don't need to call me Sir. Just call me, Fernandez," He kissed the top of her palm causing goosebumps to climb up her arms. The man was a devil in sheep's clothing, her naive self back down would have fallen for him as well - a perfect actor. No, a perfect predator.

The way his eyes rove over her body licentiously already told her what the man was thinking. Nor did Maggie dare to put out the wrong body language - it was a miracle he

hadn't recognized her yet. Anyway, it was expected. She was worth nothing to him then, just a tool to give him a male child.

When the stewardess left, Maggie knew it was time and had prepared to go sit on his laps as the other women did with his friends when she heard an order that made her freeze.

"Get on your knees,"

"What?" Maggie felt she heard wrong.

"Give me a blow job,"

Maggie heard ringing in her ears. What the hell was this bastard talking about?

"B-blow job? Right now? H-here?" With people around? Not that there was a law against it in this club, but still...

"Why?" he was smug, "You don't want to do it? Then you can take your leave, "

Her veins burned with anger, but Maggie didn't react. Yes, she wanted to exact her revenge, but now, the opportunity had come, she would not let it go - even if it means becoming the slut he wanted her to become.

"No," Maggie lifted her chin, "I'll do it,"

At her word, Fernandez boomed a smile and began to clap, "Of course, bitch, that's the way to go. If you want the money, you gotta work hard for it!"

Swallowing the shame and anger, Maggie got on her knees in between his legs and began to work on his belt. It was obvious that the woman by her side was uncomfortable with the whole thing, but there was nothing they could do - the men were all-powerful and they couldn't go against their order. In no time, she had his member out and touched it tentatively, before putting it into her mouth.

However, Fernandez was still not satisfied, "Take me further into your mouth," He said, his hand already pushing down on her head.

Maggie choked, her eyes burning with tears as she took him deep in her throat.

"Yes, that feels good," Fernandez moaned, his head thrown back as he relinquished the feeling. His friends by his side licked their lips, desiring to be in his position.

"Yes, you're quite a good slut," Fernandez groaned, pulling and directing the way he should be stimulated. Nor did it help matters that he was quite large that Maggie felt

suffocated. She retched numerous times from the torturous act and as if God heard her prayers, he stopped.

However, she didn't have time to rest before Fernandez hoisted her up on his laps. Before she knew what was going on, the man rod up her gown, pushed her panty to the side, and entered her in one rough move.

Maggie was about to protest but realized something, this was the perfect way to end him. Since he loved degrading women, it would be awesome for him to die in the middle of sex. He would die in the most humiliating way ever.

"Business mogul Fernandez dies while having sex openly in a club with an escort," that would make a fine headline in the tabloid. Maggie grinned evilly, mentally.

And so while Fernandez was busy riding against her and enjoying fine ecstasy, he didn't get to see Maggie pull out a small knife from the strap in her thigh - which he didn't notice earlier due to his quick desire to have dirty sex.

Maggie ignored him, but just as he reached his climax, she reached out with quick speed and slit his throat.

Lost in the throes of passion, Fernandez didn't even realize what happened until there was a scream of terror and people began to scamper - including his friends - only then did the pain register in his brain.

"Y-you," Fernandez's eyes went wide while his hands went to his throat as he choked on his blood.

"Yes me," There was a wild look on Maggie's face as she began to stab him on the stomach over and over and over and over....

There must be no miracle. The man must die for the others to be free. And all this Maggie did, while Fernandez was still inside of her. She hopes he rots in the deepest part of hell.

Chapter 453 - Four Hundred And Fifty-three: The Successor

The third point of view:

Emerald turned and tossed all night, he couldn't sleep. He glanced at the wall clock and fuck! Neither was time going any quicker as well; it was two in the morning. Shit, how long was he going to remain like this?

His gaze rested on the women snuggled up to him and a special kind of peace washed over him. This was what he wanted; a family he could go out and return to every day; a woman he could call his own; a child he couldn't wait to meet eight months from now.

In fact, with Cecil's approval, they had asked the ultrasound technician not to reveal the sex of their baby. They wanted to guess the sex of their child by themselves, it was fun and a challenge as well.

Emerald had guessed the baby to be a boy else the child wouldn't disturb Cecil this much, but then, Cecil wanted a girl child - the testosterone around the house was suffocating her. She needed a cute little angel that would bring warmth into their little family - melting everyone's heart with her cuteness.

A smile crossed his face and he propped up on his arms, beginning to run his hand through her blonde locks. He didn't need all the money in the world to be happy, Emerald was contented as he was.

"Why are you still awake?" Cecil startled her the instant she opened her eyes.

"You're not asleep?" he was honestly surprised.

"How can I sleep with you turning and tossing," Cecil sighed, "In one word, you're too large to be ignored," she gestured to the dip on the bed Emerald created currently as he turned to face her.

"Sorry," He apologized.

"What's bothering you?"

"Nothing," He said too quickly which means that it was a lie.

Cecil smirked, "Really?"

"Fine," He gave in, "I have something to tell you,"

"Well, that makes it two of us since I have something to tell you as well,"

His eyes shone, "You do?"

"Yep, but you should go on. Men first this time," Cecil gestured to him comically.

"Well," Emerald took a deep breath, this was it. He had to say it out. It was now or never, nor could he afford to hide it from her. If there was anything he'd learned from Sakuzi - who's become a love specialist lately - it's to never build your marriage on lies and secrets.

"I know," Emerald began, "I promised you that I was going to leave the gang to build our family, you know, be a good father and protect my family from the danger that surrounds my line of work. To be truthful, I tried my best Cecil, but then, fate always

seemed to have our lives planned for us..." He licked his lips before he went ahead to reveal,

"Sakuzi wants me to be his successor,"

After he disclosed that, Emerald held his breath. Yes, he knows Cecil loves him, but she wasn't a fan of violence and there was nothing he could do about it. He loved her and sometimes love involves sacrificing something for the betterment of one's relationship - just as he was sacrificing his root.

Emerald expected Cecil to be disappointed and burst out at him, but to his shock, she said calmly, "I know,"

"What?" His ears must be deceiving him.

"Sakuzi told me all about the offer,"

"He did?" His expression must be funny right now - Emerald imagined his jaw dropping to the ground.

"Yes, he told me at the party that day,"

"That sly fucking old man!" Emerald intentionally didn't curse out loud. He heard that even kids in the womb could pick up on things people said, he wouldn't want his child to pick his foul mouth. But then, he was sure Sakuzi must be having a good laugh at him wherever he was.

"And what do you say to that?" Emerald asked cautiously knowing her answer held his future.

"Does it make you happy?"

"What?"

"Your job as a mafia lord, would you be happy doing it?" Cecil asked, staring him in the eyes. She needed the truth from him.

"Honestly, I don't know,"

"What?"

"At first, I went into this business because I wanted to eat - my parents choose to sell me for a bag of flour,"

Cecil felt her throat constrict and her hand went to his arm, rubbing it affectionately and as well, urging him to continue. She has been with Emerald for a few months now but

this was the first time he was opening to her on a deeper level like this. He had never told her about his parents and Cecil did not force him either, hoping he would open up on his own especially now they were about to get married.

"At first, I despised them, no, I hated them. Out of all of my siblings, why was I the only one being sold? Of course, it was obvious because I was me. With my height, my metabolism needed more food than your average human which they couldn't manage. My parents were the poorest of poor that even the poor proudly called us poor.

"So when for making me work for Sakuzi wasn't sufficient, they sold me to him. And trust Sakuzi - he's a shrewd businessman - the man bought me after knowing at one glance that I was going to be useful to him. Shortly after that, we left my village and I have never returned there to date.

"At that time, I disliked Sakuzi for taking me away from my family - even though I knew inwardly I would have starved from hunger if he hadn't done that. But then, that dislike turned to gratitude to him, he fed me quite well and gave me the commodity I needed to live with. Living in the gang then wasn't easy, it was competitive - I wasn't the only kid that had been bought as well,"

However, Emerald added when he saw the way Cecil distorted in disapproval, "Mind you, Sakuzi doesn't deal in human trafficking. We might be outlaws but we have our own moral code," He cleared the misunderstanding.

Emerald went on, "To save the kids from dying or going into uncharted waters, Sakuzi would rather put them to work - not that his work was honorable - but then, we had food to eat, a roof over our head. And so, a group of strangers was merged to become family.

"What am I trying to say? I had numerous times tried to imagine how it would be to live normally? But until recently, I realized I'm not normal and would never be. I'm a seven feet plus giant people stare at any time I'm out; I'm a gangster and an assassin and even your normal society isn't even normal anymore. The Sakuzi Clan and the Falcon Gang are all I ever know. Here, I have roots, annals, family, plus the ability to protect the ones I love and who are precious to me. What more could I ask for?"

For a moment, silence reigned as his words sank into Cecil's head.

"Then you should take it,"

"What?"

"The position of course, duh," she rolled her eyes.

"Cecil, you don't have to force yourself?-" his words were silenced when Cecil placed her finger against his lips.

"Listen to me, Emerald," She told him, "It was wrong and selfish of me to ask you to quit,"

"No-"

"Listen to me for once, big man!" She silenced him again, "Just as you said, this is not just a job to you, they're your family and the only thing you had growing up, and as someone who's also living her own dream - her job - it's unfair to try to take away your happiness. So go ahead and do what makes you happy, be the successor Sakuzi wants you to be, "

"Really? "

"Yeah, really," Still she added, "But on one condition,"

Oh boy, he should have known.

"What is it?"

"You keep our family from the violence. The fact that my baby boy Pedro could handle a gun still shocks me. So we have a deal or not?" was her condition.

"Deal," Emerald agreed.

Although he would have to hide the secret about guns being in diverse areas of their cars for now. Nor does Cecil know that as far as he becomes the successor, they're inevitably exposed to the life of violence - whether she wants it or not. Well, he'd reduce their amount of exposure and keep them safe at all costs. He was sure she would get used to everything with time.

"Although there's a catch to me being Sakuzi's successor," He revealed to her now

"What now?" Cecil groaned. She honestly wanted to get asleep.

"I might have to change my surname to Sakuzi's, you sure you don't have a problem with that since you'd be taking my surname as well,"

"Cool, as far as I have a share of their inheritance," She joked.

"You don't have to worry about that, I have some properties I gathered over the years, if you want them, I'll have it moved to your name,"

"What? No! I have a lot of my own properties I want off my hands as well," She had not spent the past years doing anything else she wouldn't have raised Pedro comfortably.

"By the way, you said you had something for me," Emerald reminded her.

"Well," Cecil sat up excitedly, "Emily heard we'd be getting married and since they'd be doing the same as well, we suggested having it together in Lincolnshire just like Reina and Camille did,"

"Oh, that, Judy told me already," Emerald revealed and her enthusiasm died off immediately.

"Seriously? You agreed to it already?"

"Nope, I was waiting to break the news to you, my darling," He said, pushing her back to the bed.

"Hey! Get off me!" She giggled as he wrapped his hands around her Cecil felt so little.

"Go to bed," Emerald kissed her on the neck as she snuggled into him with a contented smile.

Together, both couples went to bed, sleeping soundly until Cecil was awoken sometime in the morning by a phone call.

"What?" She groaned into the phone, still sleepy. Emerald must have woken up since his side of the bed was empty, not that she could blame him - he was an early riser.

"Cecil, check the news," came Emily's voice

"News?" She muttered groggily yet ended the call and entered her phone's browser.

That was where she saw it. No way.

Chapter 454 - Four Hundred And Fifty-Four: A Date With Julie

The third point of view:

Anabelle was nervous as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. Today was officially her first date with Julie - where they weren't killing or quarreling with each other. Today, they were going to be normal for once and do what normal couples do - hopefully.

The blaring of horns downstairs and the ringing of her phone told her that Julie had arrived. Gosh! She was so excited that her stomach was doing a backflip dance. Quickly, she pulled her hair into a ponytail and checked her appearance in the mirror once more before grabbing her purse and left her room.

Climbing down the stairs, Anabelle spotted Julie from there and she had to say, he does clean up well. He was dressed in a blazer jacket paired with chinos and a linen shirt, looking smart and stylish, whilst still being comfortable.

"Hey," Julie said this time as soon as she walked over to him.

Anabelle glanced up at him with anticipation, waiting for him to compliment her as normal boys do to their dates. Today, she was wearing a V-neck pink chiffon ruffle dress that showed off quite a cleavage. The dress was floral printed and rested on her thigh showing off a bit of her slim thigh.

However, to Anabelle's utmost surprise, instead of Julie complimenting her appearance, the boy instead reached out and pulled her hair out of the ponytail she had it on, running his fingers through it and causing her hair to cover her exposed cleavage.

As if that wasn't enough, he then brought out a handkerchief from the pocket of his trousers and began to wipe off the bold red lipstick she had put on her lips till just a little red color remained on her lips.

"Now, that's perfect," He smiled, "You look beautiful,"

"You!" Anabelle screamed, finally regaining her senses. All this while, she had been struck dumb by what he was doing and it wasn't until now, that she recovered from the shock, "What did you just do?!" She yelled at him.

"You look good with your hair down," Was his excuse.

Anabelle groaned, rubbing her forehead, she could feel a headache coming. She should have known, being normal for once with Julie was never going to happen,

"Hey, do you think I don't know that? I was just exploring my choices for the night," She spoke through gritted teeth. He has ruined everything!

"Well, your choices involved exposing your cleavage, I didn't like that, so I explored my own choices by using your hair for a greater use," He gestured to her hair now resting over her exposed bust.

"It's fashion! Why are you so -"

"If fashion means exposing my girlfriend's boobs for those horny men out there to stare at, then I by no means want that. You're mine and mine alone to stare at,"

Anabelle couldn't say a word, at that moment, Julie was so good saying those words that her heart quickened. Her boyfriend was jealous. Julie was fucking jealous of other men staring at her, the very thought made her heart flutter and a warm feeling rose in her chest. It felt good, yet, she didn't let him off that easily

"And the lipstick! You wiped it off, remember?" She accused him, waiting for his excuse this time.

"Your beauty was too blinding. I didn't want to have an accident while driving, so I reduced it. Now, I see better, any other question," He answered flawlessly.

"What a sweet talker!" Anabelle scoffed, even though she was flattered by his antics.

Julie smiled, stepping closer

Anabelle took a step back, "What do you want to reset now," She accused him fiercely.

However, Julie simply reached out and steadied her by placing both hands on her shoulder, before lowering his head and pecked her on the cheeks saying, "You look beautiful tonight,"

As if she ran a marathon, Anabelle's heart began to pound so hard it wouldn't be surprising if Julie could hear it as well.

"Let's go," Anabelle suddenly became low and meek while a blush crept up her face.

"Sure," Julie took her hand and interlocked it together as they walked out of the house.

Anabelle didn't need to bother her parents about her leaving since they hardly stayed at her these stays. Her father had a mountain of work to face thanks to the numerous breaks he's taken lately and Camille wasn't left out either. She wondered when they would have the time to give her a baby sister.

"Ladies first," Julie helped her into the car.

"Thank you," Anabelle smiled at him. At least chivalry was not lost forever. Isabella would hear every one of her adventures tonight - she would fill her ears with it. Yeah, baby, Anabelle was no longer single.

Julie drove to a fancy restaurant - which was Anabelle's dream. She had always wanted her dream guy to take her to fancy dinners, bring her flowers - which he failed to do today - call her sweet names, and whisper sweet nothings to her. Yeah, she wanted a fairytale love, was that too hard to ask?

Upon reaching their reserved table, Julie helped pulled out a seat for her like a true gentleman as she sat and he sat down as well, just as the waiter handed the menu book to them.

Anabelle was still going over the food when she heard Julie say to the waiter, "I want a Concombre a la Menthe,"

Her brow raised interestedly, "You speak french?"

"You do too?" He was surprised.

"Je pensais que j'étais le seul geek ici?" She tested him in french [Meaning: I thought I was the only geeky one here?]

"Parler fran?ais ne te rend pas geek, ?a te rend sexy," was his answer.

[Meaning: Speaking French doesn't make you geeky, it makes you sexy]

"Tu es un homme après mon Coeur,"

Anabelle said, a blush creeping up to her neck and face. [Meaning: You're a man after my heart]

This was the first time she was outwardly flirting with her love interest. When she had been with Pedro, it was more of a brotherly/ sisterly relationship. Though they dated, there were still boundaries they didn't cross because it felt weird - and guilty. Well, Anabelle, focus on your date tonight.

"And now if you would make a choice mademoiselle, this old man would love to be excused from your company," Said the old man quite flushed from their flirting.

Chapter 455 - Four Hundred And Fifty-five: His Ugly History

The third point of view:

Before their date was over, Anabelle realized she had more in common with Julie than she thought like their love of French foods and music. Unlike her who only knew French because she had lived there with her mother when she was young, Anabelle discovered Julie could speak five other languages flawlessly; Spanish, Mandarin, Russian, Arabic, and Korean. He was simply amazing.

"Wow," Anabelle was blown away, "How were you able to master them so well?" she still couldn't believe it. The boy was a genius.

"Well, my mother was of Russian descent hence it wasn't hard to pick up that one. Mandarin and Arabic were learned during my vocations since grandfather travel a lot. I had no option but to learn Spanish since most of our business partners come from there,"

"And Korean?" She reminded him.

"Well, it sounds crazy but I stumbled upon one of their boy groups online and heard their songs and ever since then, made it a life mission to learn it just so I could sing along to the lyrics. Besides, it sounds kind of cool,"

"Oh really? I bet you wooed one of the girls with it," Anabelle joked yet felt a tinge of jealousy inside of her.

"Jiltu hal ttae gwiyeowo boyeo," Julie said suddenly.

Anabelle's brows furrowed, "What does that mean?" She asked

"It means you look cute when you're jealous,"

She scowled at him, "I'm not jealous,"

"Really?" he cocked a brow at her

"I'm not. I don't care whether you spoke cute Koreans to girls at all," she wrapped her arms across her shoulder sternly.

Julie simply smiled, then took her hand in his, "You don't need to worry about my past since you're the only one I'll be speaking sweet Koreans to from now on. How does that sound?" he promised her.

"Whatever," she looked away, yet her heart bubbled with anticipation at the thought. Julie was hers now and no other lady would hear him speak Korean again forever and ever.

However, as if the universe wanted to play her around, an exciting voice chipped from behind, "Oh my God, Julie, is that you?!"

Both couples turned around and for the first time, Anabelle had never been intimidated in her life than that moment.

The girl in question who had called Julie was in one word, a well "endowed" woman - note that word. She looked like those uniformly top-heavy female characters from those Japanese animes. The girl was sensuously curvy with a voluminous buttock even though she had a long silhouette and Of course a large bust.

It was quite amusing to Anabelle that Julie had been complaining about her little cleavage exposure today when the lady's own breast was clearly straining against her dress. Judging from her appearance, it doesn't seem like Julie had been bitching about her exposure when they had been together.

Unconsciously, Anabelle's sight lingered on the girl's DD cup breast before her sight returned to her A-cup ones, and let's just say, her morale was instantly crushed. What did Julie even see in her?

Meanwhile, unknown to Anabelle, Julie was in an uncomfortable position, where had this great demoness appeared from?

"Julie, is that you?" The girl went over to him excitedly, "It's me Sara remember?"

"No, I don't," He lied through his teeth, hoping the little fly would leave him alone having seen the way Anabelle's gaze darkened. Right now, it was obvious that she was jealous and angry.

"Huh? How could that be," Sara frowned, "We dated just a year ago just before I left for abroad. Aha!" She exclaimed upon remembering something, "You were so good at Korean I asked you to speak them for me every day, remember?"

"Oh boy," Julie knew he was officially doomed. There was a passive expression on Anabelle's face and one should know the girl always showed emotion - in one word, he was finished.

"Hi Sara," Julie pretended to have finally remembered her, " Yes, we were classmates. Now, Sara meet my girlfriend Anabelle. Anabelle, Sara,"

"Really?" Sara turned to her with a smile, "Hi, I'm Sara," she extended her hand for a handshake.

"Hi, I'm Anabelle, Julie's current girlfriend," She emphasized on that, yet added, "You must be his ex-girlfriend?"

"Urm, not exactly, we were more like friends with benefits," She chuckled as if reminiscing, "Although Julie had a girlfriend, then, he and I would have some harmless fun behind -"

"Sara" Julie cautioned her, sensing what she was about to reveal.

"No, go on ahead," Anabelle gestured to her with a sweet calm voice, only Julie knew that was the calm before the storm.

"Really? It's not much though and all in the past -"

"Sara," Julie growled warningly

"No, let the girl be," Anabelle smiled at her, "I just want to know more about your history. Is that a bad thing?"

"You can go!" Julie said forcefully this time and Sara understood at once she had said something she shouldn't have. Well, she had thought it was one of Julie's playthings?- all the ladies he dated and was dating at school then knows of their history - who knew he was serious with this one.

As soon as Sara left, a tensed silence washed over both of them. Anabelle stared at anywhere but him until he broke the silence by saying, "Your food has gone cold, should I order another for you?"

"I have lost my appetite," Was her blunt reply.

After a minute or so of another stretched silence, Anabelle pushed back her chair and sat up saying, "I'm done with this date tonight. This was a terrible idea,"

"Anabelle!" Julie called her, but she strode out of the place so he went after her.

Julie catch up with her outside and pulled her around to him by the arm, "Anabelle!"

"No, don't touch me!" She hissed at him. She didn't know what to believe anymore, her heart or her head. Her heart was telling her that Julie might really love her but her head was telling her to be smart - she might be the next on his list of dumped girlfriends.

Chapter 456 - Four Hundred And Fifty-six: A Fairytale Love

The third point of view:

God was unfair to her, Anabelle thought. Others didn't need to work hard yet got the love of their life, but for her, it wasn't like that. She had to sacrifice her tears, feeling, and time and yet wasn't lucky. Now, she finally thought she got the one for her, he wasn't who she thought he was.

"Anabelle!" Julie called after her, but she didn't want to see him. She just wanted to get into the car and drive off to her place. Fuck! Goddammit! She was so stupid! No wonder her IQ wasn't as high as Isabella's. How was she going to drive off with the car when it belonged to Julie, plus he had the keys.

"Anabelle, hold on!" he grabbed her arm, turning her around to him.

"No, don't touch me!" She hissed at him as if his hand was poisonous. Right now, she just couldn't think straight and wanted to be as far away from him as possible.

"Anabelle listen to me,"

"No, you listen to me!" She yelled at him, "What am I to you? A source of entertainment that would fade away with time? Is that it? Tell me, Julie, are you dating me because you truly love me or just a fling to pass off your boredom?" she stared him straight in the eyes.

"Trust me, Anabelle -"

"Well, that's the problem, I don't trust you,"

"Why? Because of my ugly past?"

"Your past doesn't exactly make you trustworthy, Julie! I just discovered that it's a game for you to cheat you on your girlfriends,"

"I admit that I'm not proud of the things that I previously did when I was less responsible, but who in the world doesn't have a dark past?"

"Well, for starters, I don't!"

"Forgive me Anabelle but I'm afraid not everyone is a Saint like you are but you should know that I love you, I'm sure of it!"

"Then prove it!" Anabelle yelled at him, "Don't just tell me that you love me, anyone can say that to me as easily as you did, Julie,"

As if the universe was unconcerned about the situation that Anabelle was in, the sky opened up and showered the earth with rain. Unlike the others running helter scatter, none of the couples bothered to run for shelter. Who would with that kind of tension surround them?

"I don't just need your word, Julie. Promises can be made and broken at the same time as affection ceases. I need assurance, evidence that you're not just weaving a net for me to fall into, is my affection a game to you?"

"Why would you think that? I'm a changed person, Anabelle?"

"Really, a changed person, and yet you used me the first time we met," Anabelle reminded him, yet gasped, "Maybe, these are the signs I should have looked out for?" she mumbled to herself.

However, Julie heard every single word she said and that made his blood boil.

"You need evidence of my affection?! Being with you isn't evidence already?"

"What?" Anabelle couldn't understand the point he was trying to make.

"I'm going against my grandfather's wishes by being with you, how dumb could you get Anabelle?!"

Anabelle gasped in disbelief at his statement, "You're calling my insecurities dumb? No, let's be sincere here, how do you expect me to believe a guy who changes women like he changes his wardrobe and not only that, cheats on them while they date. No, tell me, Julie, what do you expect me to believe?!"

"That you trust me?" he whispered, cupping the side of her cheek with a hand, "Anabelle, I would never hurt your feelings,"

"I'm sorry, but trust isn't exactly given like a free pass, you have to earn it. And so far? You've accumulated no points at all,"

"So, what are you trying to say?" He threw up his hand in the air, "That we're over before we even began?"

"I'm sorry Julie but I've been hurt so many times that I don't think I can handle another heartbreak," was her response.

Julie snorted, then muttered under his breath, "This is why being with Isabella is so much easier,"

"What?" Anabelle heard his murmur loud and clear amid the rain beating down on her. Julie stiffened up, it was obvious he had said that in the heat of the moment.

"Anabelle..." He didn't mean to say that to her face even though it was the truth. Isabella could understand him because she had her own past as well unlike Anabelle who had been sheltered all through her life, oblivious to the ups and downs of human nature. Just as good people turn out bad, bad people turn out good as well, but how would Anabelle know that, when she was used to one concept? Being good.

"Of course, my cousin is always right," She laughed, "She was smart enough to see how the idea of marriage between us would have been a horrible idea. She's right as usual," Anabelle murmured then slowly glanced up at Julie who was as soaked as she was, "It was fun while it lasted. Goodbye, Julie" She said to him and turned to leave.

She was not going to cry. She was not going to turn around and run into his arms because she was scared to be lonely. She had been hurt before by him, this heartbreak shouldn't feel any different, Anabelle told herself as she trudged ahead.

However, when she got to the bus stop to find out the next bus going to her place hadn't arrived, she simply sat on the bench all by herself. Since it was raining, there was no one available to contend space with, So Anabelle simply sat on the bench, leaning back against the bus shelter as the tears began to fall.

This time Anabelle didn't hold it back, the tears trailed down her cheeks unrestrained. Her chest felt like suffocating, she couldn't breathe. Why was she so unlucky in love? Why couldn't she find the man of her dreams? The one who loves her unconditionally? What was so hard about that? She just wanted a fairytale love - which doesn't seem to exist.

Chapter 457 - Four Hundred And Fifty-seven: Come Home With Me

The third point of view:

Perhaps if anyone had told Julie that his past would come to haunt him, he would have amended his ways on time. But now, it was too late. What is the use of a relationship, when the one you love doesn't trust you? It was as good as never dating at all.

Julie rubbed his hand over his head, pushing both his hair and the water sipping out of it backward. This was so frustrating - this was the first time he was this helpless.

People who ran past him gave him strange looks. Others were running to shield themselves from the rain but here he was standing in the middle of the rain, he must be sick in the head or something.

However, Julie didn't mind as he sat down on one of the walkway benches, thinking about his life. However, his phone rang, disturbing the tranquility he was enjoying, he picked without even looking at the caller. Well, he didn't need to know since the icy voice said it all,

"How's the date going?"

Isabella.

And how did she know about their date, he never told her. Ah, right, Anabelle told her. Sometimes he kept on forgetting that despite the quarrels between both of them constantly, the cousins were as close as shit.

"How is it your business?" Julie retorted, never expecting that she would answer right away.

"Because I just called Anabelle to inquire about her romantic dinner - she's been filling my ears with - but she's not answering my calls no matter how many I called which could only mean two things, either she's mad at me or you just upset her. But I'll choose the latter since I haven't done anything to elicit her anger yet, moreover, she had been too happy about the date, which could only mean something happened between the both of you," Isabella figured out

"Well, you can ask Anabelle that question yourself when she gets home - she's on her way back home by the way," He informed her.

Isabella growled into the phone, "You hurt her didn't you?"

"No, she saw who I was truly and decided I wasn't good enough?for her,"

"Are you seriously kidding me?" Isabella groaned, and judging from her attitude, Julie probably surmised she just facepalmed.

"Are we ever good?" was the question she put to him.

His brows furrowed, "What do you mean by that?"

"Duh, it's simply rubbish. Nobody is ever good for anybody, you just have to work it out," She snorted, "How dense could you get? And here I was thinking you were smart?"

"But she doesn't trust me," He complained.

"Then earn it!" She asked him, "Do you love Anabelle?"

"Yes. I've never been this sure in my entire life," was his answer. Julie could feel it deep in his bones, she was the one for him - and an escape from her, Isabella. Not that he would say to her face, Isabella would kill him.

"It's your fault that you messed around - honestly, I don't even know why Anabelle of all people had to go fall for a bad boy like you. But then, people change, and hello there, I'm just giving you the benefit of the doubt - don't let that compliment get into your head,"

Isabella went on, "What am I trying to say? Anabelle is a special girl and not the average ones you get into their pants easily - I'll cut off your little brother if you dare think of that - so you have to date her uniquely; take her to romantic getaways, be there for her whenever she needs you, be the pillar she can lean on and most of all, don't ever make her feel lonely - that's the worst crime you could ever commit against her, "

Well, he has committed that already since Anabelle was on her way home, lonely, Julie thought.

"Julie," Isabella called him by his name, "You have to make things work between you and Anabelle because I'll make the rest of your life miserable if I end up getting married to you. Trust me,"

And yes, he does trust her on that. Julie knew Isabella never jokes with her words - well, in this case, threat. Even when they hadn't met, Isabella had burst his tires - leading to their engagement.

If Isabella could almost end his life when they were strangers, now they were familiar with each other, she'd probably wipe him off the surface of the earth without rousing any suspicion. His heart went to Pedro, how was he in love with such an icy monster?

"So get your ass moving and win her heart over else you know what would happen to you,"

Yes, his miserable life would be ended abruptly by her.

The instant Isabella ended the call, Julie felt invigorated. Yes, he had to prove to Anabelle that he was a changed man, right now and then. However, it dawned on him, how was he going to find her? Oh shit.

Julie's brain began to work faster than it ever did in her entire life as he surmised where she would be. Her place was his first thought, but then Anabelle wouldn't trek home - it was quite a distance - and would need a mode of transport. The bus station.

Julie decided to head over there. Even if she took a taxi home, he was determined to track her down tonight - no matter what she hurls at him. And just like that, Julie raced like a madman to the bus station and lucky him, she was there.

His heart broke at the sight of Anabelle on the bench with her knees brought up to her chest looking sad, sulky, and lonely. His heart broke, what had he done? Anabelle was so absent-minded that she didn't even notice him until he was directly standing in front of her.

His shoes were the first thing Anabelle caught sight of before she shot up to her feet, startled.

"You," She couldn't believe it. What was he doing here? Did he come back for her? But then she couldn't be too sure, which is why she asked, "Why are you here -"

Julie reached out and pulled her to him, closing down on her lips before she could finish the rest of her question.

Anabelle's eyes widened to the size of saucers when she felt the soft pressure of his lips against hers. Her heart began to pound in her chest as his lips moved against hers.

She wanted to push him away, this could be an act to lower her defenses and deceive her again. But instead of pushing him away, her hands went to his neck pulling him flush against her.

Anabelle moaned against him, the very sound stimulating Julie's blood as his hand around her waist tightened. His blood boiled, with the rain soaking their clothes, both were as good as naked.

Both pulled up for air eventually, their chest heaving with the intensity of their kiss. Anabelle was speechless and when their eyes met, a blush crept up her face. She never imagined this would happen.

Julie leaned her forehead against hers, whispering into her ears, "Come home with me,"

Chapter 458 - Four Hundred And Fifty-eight: That Was Not The Plan

The third point of view:

Annabelle knew what it meant to go to Julie's place by this unholy hour of the night, but then, she had nodded without much thought. The girl knew she couldn't trust him yet, but the blaze in Julie's eyes made her weak in the knees.

The next thing Anabelle knew, both of them were in the car and Julie had turned on the heater while she was wriggling the water out of her hair through the opened window.

An awkward silence reigned in the car, both did not know what to talk about until Julie turned around to her and choked on his saliva. The temperature in the car increased amid the fact he was freezing; her dress was see through.

Anabelle turned around at that moment, only to see where his gaze was focused.

"Oh shit!" She cursed, her hands crossing her chest.

"I didn't see anything," Julie defended himself immediately, tearing his gaze away from her to focus on the road. Fuck! At this rate, he might have an accident. So he chose to pull up at the side immediately and save his life, well, their lives. Then reached out to the backseat and picked up a jacket that he handed over to her, "Here, although it's not washed, I wore it only for a few hours,"

Anabelle stared at the jacket in his hand questioningly which gave him the wrong impression.

"You don't like it?"

"No, is not that, I just -"

"It wasn't worn by any of my past girlfriends or lovers nor do they wear my clothes - I'm quite possessive of my stuff," was his explanation when he sensed her inner turmoil.

Although he was not the type to explain himself to a girl, Julie understood if he wanted to get her trust, he better start talking. Anabelle would only trust him when she gets too comfortable around him - like before.

"Your bike?" Anabelle probed, and she didn't even know why. And mind you, she wasn't jealous but being careful. This was the first time she was feeling these strong emotions for someone and didn't want to waste it on a person who doesn't deserve it - he needs to be worthy enough.

"I've driven some of them in my cars but none not on my bike. As I said, I'm kind of possessive of some of my things," Julie explained, taking note of the fact that the crisis has been averted - Anabelle covered herself up finally.

"Why did you let me ride your bike then when you wouldn't even let the others?"

"I don't know," He shrugged, "You just felt kind of different. With all the girls I've been with, I was sure of our destination, the endpoint. Yeah. But with you?" he took a deep breath, "I wasn't even sure of what I was doing..." He turned to look her in the eyes, saying, "I had no sense of navigation with you. You were a breath of fresh air, so I threw caution to the window,"

At that moment, Anabelle knew she was completely smitten with this guy amid her head telling her otherwise. Maybe it was time she started listening to her heart and not the head - not that her head was a genius anyway.

"What do we do when we get to your place?"

"Sleep together..." Julie paused upon realizing the prevarication of his word, "I mean literally," He clarified, scratching the back of his head awkwardly. Gosh, he was not used to courting ladies properly. Girls always had an agenda for coming close to him and that was always sex, money, and fame.

Although his grandfather put up legitimate businesses, there were whispers of what his family did in secret, not that any of them dared to confront him. Hence, girls were naturally attracted to him knowing he offered protection, fame and was good at you know....bed - it wasn't that hard mastering the skills with girls throwing themselves at him here and then.

But then, there was Anabelle who wasn't interested in his money - because she had hers - nor fame - Spencers were quite famous - nor sex - gosh, it shouldn't surprise him if she was still a virgin.

When Julie suggested she come to his place, it was to prove to her that he wasn't interested in her body - well, maybe, a little - but then, that's not the point. The point is that he doesn't just want her body, he wants her body and soul - he loves her.

"We should go," Anabelle said to him.

"Alright," Julie breathed, making sure to look away from her enticing lips. Maybe taking her home was a bad idea. Should he just drop her to her place and prove to her that he was worthy of her affection in another way round? He battled inwardly.

In no time they arrived at his place and Julie got out of his seat, opening the door for Anabelle before she could help herself out.

"Welcome home Master Julie," The butler welcomed him, his gaze then falling upon Anabelle, "And Miss Anabelle as well,"

Thanks to their master/servant contract, everyone in his household already had an idea of Anabelle. Although none of them could figure out their relationship - they didn't act like couples with all their fighting and all - and none dared to gossip. Julie's

"relationship" was kept secret from his grandfather - thanks to the universe for keeping the man away from home the past month.

"Could you set up a nice warm dinner for Anabelle?" Julie said to him.

"You mean for the both of you," The butler hinted to the fact that Julie was wet from the rain as well.

"No," Anabelle shook her hand, "You don't need to bother," she didn't want to bother the poor man.

"You're not bothering him, he's just doing his job,"

"Remember, we ate at the restaurant?" she found a reliable excuse

"Which you didn't touch," Julie turned to the butler, "Make us a simple soup that would keep us warm,"

However, before Anabelle could protest, the butler announced, "I'll inform the kitchen then," And took his leave.

"You need to wash up so you don't get cold," Julie informed her, "You could occupy any of the guest room for tonight,"

But then, Anabelle retorted, "Why take the guest room when we have yours," and kissed Julie before he could say a word.

Julie froze like the north pole even after Anabelle had skidded into the house after she pulled the surprise kiss. A smile crossed his features, however, it vanished as soon as it came because it dawned on him. Anabelle thought they were about to have sex. Uh no, that was not the plan.

Chapter 459 - Four Hundred And Fifty-Nine: Tasted Like Heaven

The third point of view:

Anabelle was as nervous as shit knowing what she was about to do. But then, wasn't it the whole idea of coming to his place.

Julie hadn't placed a knife on her throat and forced her into coming, this was her decision. Moreover, she was tired of being a virgin, she wanted to experience what it felt like for someone to love her - even if that someone was Julie whom she just doubted his commitment hours ago.

But then if there was someone she would lose her V card to, it had to be Julie - at least she had feelings for him. So with a deep sigh, Anabelle tied the robe cincture and stepped out of the bathroom.

"Anabelle," He was already waiting for her.

And God knew how happy she was when she saw him being flustered with her appearance - it was satisfying to know he was attracted to her.

"Annabelle.." Julie's voice was so husky when he spoke, "I think you might have misunderstood my intention in bringing you....."

Without warning, Anabelle undressed in one swift move and let the robe fall to the ground. Her chest heaved with the awareness of what she was about to get herself into.

Anabelle was as bare as the day as she was born, not to talk of the fact that she might die from suffocation - she was holding her breath. Plus the fact Julie's intense gaze was making her uncomfortable.

"What are you doing?"

"What do you think I'm doing?" The girl was glad she could still find the voice to speak. And with renewed confidence, walked over to him, and thankfully, he didn't move away - she was barely holding off the mortification.

"I want you to have sex with me, Julie. Isn't that why you called me over?"

"I'm sorry, Anabelle -"

Her expression changed, "You don't want to have sex with me?"

"No... Yes... No... I mean, I really want to have sex with you but I can't," He tried his best to explain

"Why? Because I'm not as beautiful as Sara," She accused him.

"Seriously!" Julie hissed then reached and grabbed her waist forceful, such that she bumped into his chest and stumbled back, "Have confidence sometimes, woman,"

He continued, "I wanted you to come over to bond with you and as well prove to you that I'm not just after your body!"

"All the better," Anabelle said, "We can now -"

"I keep to my words, Anabelle, and until I convince and gain back your trust, I am not having sex with you," He told her straightforwardly.

"Gosh, I'm so stupid," Anabelle hid her face with her palms, this was the most embarrassing day of her life. What had she done? What was that adage again? Ah, right, moving faster than her shadow. Yes, she had done it finally. She just thought... well, look where the thought landed her.

"No, no, you're not stupid," Julie pulled her hands away, "You're a kind beautiful soul Anabelle and I'm the one who doesn't deserve you,"

However, discovering she was still discouraged, Julie compromised by saying, "Although there are other ways I can pleasure you if you want that so much,"

Anabelle was stunned, she stood unmoving as Julie whispered into her ears, "But I can't assure you that I'd be gentle,"

No, she didn't need him to be gentle, she wasn't a fragile damsel in distress. This was the end of people thinking that she was some sort of barbie girl, she was strong - in her own way, probably.

"Do what you must do then," Anabelle whispered back, barely containing the gasp that came out of her mouth when Julie caressed down her spine; she shivered.

Then Julie's lips were on hers, not as gentle as the passionate kiss they shared under the rain, but the kiss was hard and hot like he was right now. Anabelle could feel her heart pumping as he deepened the kiss with his other hand cupping her ass. Their tongues tangled, and she moaned, her blood thrumming through her veins with excitement. And without warning, Julie scooped her up as she wrapped her legs around his waist, both of them still kissing as he walked over to the bed.

Julie lowered her down, her back hitting the soft bed as he set himself between her legs. He continued to kiss her while moving his hips against her sex. God, he was dry humping her. Julie swallowed her sweet moans, her hands yanking his hair while the other pulled him flush to her. Her whimpers and the pressure she added to tugging on his scalp told him she had met her first orgasm.

Julie pulled up for air, loving the sensual movements of her chest as she gasped for air. Anabelle's breasts were not full but he loved it like that because it fits right into his mouth and that was exactly what he did.

Anabelle's head lulled back from bliss as he took the whole of her breast into his mouth, continuously flicking it back and forth with his tongue. She cried out for more. Then he bit her nipples hard, however, before she could cry out in pain, he inserted a hand into her wetness and rubbed her. Thus, it was a sweet pain.

Anabelle hardly recognized herself with the lewd sounds she was making; she never thought she was capable of such feelings. However, before she could hit another

climax, Julie pulled her to the edge of the bed and began to eat like a man starved of food for weeks.

Anabelle screamed, not just cried out, as the waves of pleasure built and crashed inside of her. She couldn't take it or so she thought because Julie kept taking her to higher heights. She arched her hips into his face and he kept tasting her, pushing her back down to the bed whenever her back arched.

Then it happened. Her body went into spasms of pleasure that rippled through her and stole her breath away. Anabelle laid on the bed exhausted until Julie lifted her and tucked her in properly.

"That was beautiful," Anabelle breathed, a contented smile on her face. So this was what it tasted. Like heaven.

Julie simply snuggled up to her and kissed her on the forehead and lent her his body heat.

"Do we still have to eat? I don't feel hungry," Anabelle felt full after this mind blowing gratification.

"Are you still cold?" Was the question he asked her.

"Nope," She was hot. More than hot.

"Then you don't need it." He lifted her chin, holding her gaze, "Moreover, there's a better way of keeping off the cold,"

He pounced on her.

Tonight, it was he and the love of his life. Tomorrow, it was going to be between him and his grandfather. But until then, he'd make better use of tonight.

Chapter 460 - Four Hundred And Sixty: Lucifer Himself

Note: this chapter is very dark and full of violence and might be very, very, very, uncomfortable for a few people. Read at your own risk or wait for the next available gory-free chapter.

The third point of view:

In an abandoned apartment in the middle of the night, the shrill scream of a tortured soul was heard. However, Niklaus was unaffected as he made his way into the flat escorted by two of his men.

Coming into the apartment that had a stale smell, his sight fell on a man handcuffed to a chair. Lo and behold, that man was no other than the great Miguel - how had the mighty fallen.

However, one wouldn't be able to recognize him if they didn't take a close, careful look at him. Miguel who previously had a head full of hair was completely bare with a few of his scalps scraped off.

Although the bullet Isabella shot at Miguel had not ended his life but hurt his kneel, Niklaus had his men only pull out the bullet to keep him alive, which meant he had not been treated properly. And thanks to that, the wound got infected with smelly pus coming out of it.

Apart from that, Miguel was quite a sight. His nose has been punched out of its natural position with bleeding from his nose. He had a prominent black eye with his face swollen from all the blows he received that Miguel could only see through peered eyes.

His appearance was bloody and he stunk greatly. Niklaus had to cover his nose with a handkerchief as soon as he came within five meters of him. Hence, it was obvious to Miguel that they were going to kill him in the worst possible way. Even if they do leave him alive - which was impossible - he would die from the infection and other complications from their torments.

At once, a metal chair was brought over and Niklaus sat on it, crossing his leg over the other. Today, he had an animalistic glint in his eyes - the dark side of him he never shows to his loved ones. He has been waiting for that day when he lets his beast out and today happens to be it. He couldn't wait to show why he was greatly feared even though he was no longer in power. He might not be as ruthless as Adam, but he still had his blood.

"You look great, Miguel," Niklaus did not mean that as a joke - his men were doing a great job. He liked what he saw.

"Why don't you just kill me?" Miguel growled at him. He was so desperate to die, this was hell. He was tired of living with so much pain. Nokia's should just end him please.

"Oh, don't worry, you will soon. We just have to wait for the other guest to arrive," He said nonchalantly.

"The other guest?" Miguel repeated after him, fear in his eyes. Whoever was adventurous enough to join Niklaus and watch this debased show couldn't be any different from him. They were all monsters! monsters! Miguel cried out.

"Sorry, I'm late," A voice came from behind and everyone's head turned to the man working on the last buttons on his suit.

Sakuzi.

At this point, Miguel wished for more than death. He was so sorry, but it was too late. Had he known this would happen, he wouldn't have bothered this family. If Niklaus was a monster, Sakuzi was Lucifer himself. A family of assassins walking around in tailored-made suits.

He should have known that Sakuzi would not let this go, after all, he had touched his daughter - his beloved daughter, Reina. But then, Niklaus had always been the one visiting him the past days that the thought never occurred to him.

Truthfully, Miguel was never a part of his family gang, he preferred to study, and the main reason he went abroad - to avoid pressure from his father and unnecessary distraction from family members.

But then, hearing that his brother had died, more like, murdered in cold blood, Miguel had sworn to avenge him as every other loving brother would. As the second and surviving son of the family, the gang, or what was left of it, was handed over to him to revivify. And yes, he did a great job at it causing pride to swell in his heart - he could pull this off successfully. If only he knew he was way over his head.

As a young and hot-blooded man, he had disregarded the warning his friends had given him about touching the Spencer's.

"What are they? They're nothing but a pair of shrewd dirty businessmen compared to him a lawbreaker," had been his answer.

What about Sakuzi? He had taken the man as old school - the younger ones are with the brains, technology, and all. Miguel had planned that once he succeeded in getting rid of Reina and her annoying kids, he would leave the country and go lay low for as long as he wanted. Miguel had been too eager, determined, and overconfident. Now, look where it landed him.

"No, I think you're quite on time. The show hadn't officially begun yet," Niklaus stood to welcome his father-in-law and didn't need to gesture to his people because another chair was placed beside his.

Left for him, Sakuzi wanted Miguel to be handed over to him, but the bastard had been caught at Niklaus' turf, so he had to respect that. But then, he decided to watch Miguel's execution, he had to make sure that the animal was punished to his satisfaction.

With a gesture from him, Sakuzi's men came over with a camera and began to set it up. The torture session would be recorded and the clip circulated in the Underworld circle as a warning to the others daring to touch Sakuzi or his loved ones. It was a perfect premonition to his enemies yet to rise against him or in the middle of doing so. Miguel could only whimper and struggle against the bonds, there was no escaping for him.

Once the camera was successfully erected, one of Niklaus' men walked over to Miguel with a small carton box and a hammer. Knowing it was time, Miguel began to thrash around but another two went ahead to hold him down.

"I hope you enjoy the show," Niklaus announced to Sakuzi just as the persecutor brought out one of the many needles in the box, held it against Miguel's skin, and hit it in with the hammer.

A heart-wrenching scream rang out.