

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 511 - Five Hundred And Eleven: The Phantom Ghost - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 511 - Five Hundred And Eleven: The Phantom Ghost

Chapter 511 - Five Hundred And Eleven: The Phantom Ghost

The third point of view:

"You're back alive and even get to kiss the girl," Was the first comment Julie welcomed Pedro with as soon as he walked into the room. From his sarcastic comment, Pedro surmised the idiot must have seen Isabella kissing him goodnight.

"And what is your royal highness still doing awake? Shouldn't aristocrats like you be asleep by now in order not to ruin their perfect skin?" Pedro gave him a taste of his sharp tongue as well.

He was going to say it over and over and over again. He and Julie were not friends and were just mutually associating because of their girlfriend's closeness. Fate was the only reason to be blamed for their entanglement.

Julie didn't bother him anymore and Pedro took that opportunity to take in the room. It was quite spacious and flamboyantly decorated with the floor made of dark cherry wood. The only thing that didn't please him was the idea of sharing a bed with Julie.

It would have been better to sleep on an uncomfortable bunk bed than share a soft, comfortable bed with him. But then, the only other option was the floor, hence Pedro had no choice but to give in.

Pedro took off every cloth he had on his body until he was in nothing but his briefs while his chest was bare. Pedro could almost swear he felt Julie's gaze on him the entire time. To confirm his suspicion, he turned around and caught his gaze.

"Hey!" Pedro called him out, "I don't know what you're thinking but don't you dare try anything funny with me,"

Julie retorted, "I should be the one complaining about that. Why did you undress? Are you planning on seducing me or what?" he added quickly, "Moreover, how did you know I was staring at you? Wasn't it the same way you stared at me that I stared back at you?" he claimed.

Unable to refute his ridiculous claim, Pedro simply harrumphed and climbed into his side of the bed. He was simply going to remain awake and catch that pervert in the act. Yes! that was it.

However, not less than a minute after his head touched the pillow, Pedro fell into deep sleep. He was exhausted both physically and mentally from the day's activities.

However, that was the cue the devil called Julie needed to make his move. He had intentionally remained awake, waiting for Pedro to come in and sleep so he could sneak out of the room without being seen

There was no way he was sleeping without Anabelle in his arms tonight notwithstanding Niklaus' warning - he was dating Anabelle, not Isabella, his daughter. He missed her even though it was barely an hour since they separated - the both were like newly wedded couples who couldn't stay away from each other.

Although Isabella had no idea of this plan of his, Julie was sure Isabella wouldn't kick against the idea of sharing the bed with Pedro while he does the same with Anabelle.

Who knows? Something "sweet" might blossom between them - Isabella and Pedro - tonight and they would have the space and privacy to go at it as long as they wanted. Julie grinned in satisfaction, her overprotective father, Niklaus wouldn't even know a thing.

Julie sat up and was just about to bring his legs down on the floor when his gaze rested on Pedro's pants. His eyes followed the slight bulge of his member through his pants, the sight piquing his interest.

Could it be that Pedro's thing was longer than his own, Julie couldn't help but wonder. During the truth or dare game, the boy had claimed it had been long and thick.

But of course, how could Julie confirm that when Pedro had never answered nature's call alongside him - the boy was reserved. If it wasn't for the fact that he and Isabella almost do it all the time, plus the fact he had no breast, Julie could have sworn he was a girl in disguise.

But then, the opportunity was here to discover the great secret, was he going to take it or lose it like a coward. Only the brave take risks.

So Julie reached slowly for Pedro's brief and was just about to pull down his waistband and take a peek when he returned to his senses and slapped his hand away.

What the hell? He was behaving like a pervert right now! Seriously, he had to get away from Pedro. The boy must have cast a weird spell on him else he wouldn't behave this strange.

Padding across the room, Julie made it to the door and opened it slowly and carefully. It was time to see his dearest Anabelle.

Meanwhile in the other room not far from theirs ...

Neon woke up with a start and the first place his gaze rested was on Allen's bed, which was empty. Oh shit! Allen had left before him. This was not good.

The both of them had been sneaking into Ailee's room ever since that night. And so far, they've been lucky enough to wake and return back to their room before any maid or their mother discovered their absence.

Ailee didn't complain either, it seems she needed the company as well. So the three of them decided to keep it a secret since they had nothing to lose except their parents finding out.

The only thing Neon had to contend with was Allen occupying most of the bed space and with him being the first to leave for Ailee's room today, there was no doubt he would monopolize the space again.

Neon got off the bed after he had dressed his pillow to look like someone was sleeping on it and tiptoed across the room. With the days gone by, he had become proficient in sneaking out without making a noise. Yeah, you could call him the phantom ghost.

He reached outside and as usual the hallway was dimmed with most of the light put out. Ailee's room was at the corner of the hallway and he looked left and right before proceeding. He knew the patrol team and the intervals at which they supervise the area - he had just five minutes before they returned.

He moved stealthily with his back pressed closely to the wall and had just reached the corner, intending to turn around when his skin first touched something fleshy and warm. Being the scaredy cat he was, Neon jumped out of his skin with a scream loud enough to wake the dead.

Uh-no, it seems he had just woken the whole household.

Chapter 512 - Five Hundred And Twelve: Intruder Alert

The third point of view:

Niklaus was not surprised when his phone rang and he glanced at the caller ID to discover it was no other than Eden. His skills must be getting rustic if he only just discovered he had the kids. He paused in the hallway and answered the call - he had been on his way to his room.

"Hello, Eden?"

"You didn't tell me you took the kids. At least that would have saved me the trouble of dealing with the police and their unending curiosity," Eden complained, vexed.

"What were you expecting when you tricked the police into finding your kid? Moreover, I didn't tell you because it's fulfilling to see you suffer a bit. It's been a while we fought, my blood lust keeps growing," Niklaus teased him.

Eden sneered, "If you want a fight, go find your father in law, he's a mafia and capable enough to entertain you," He changed the topic swiftly, "When do I get my daughter?"

"You can come to take her early in the morning, only if she agrees to go with you. But for Julie?" There was a sudden chillness in his tone, "You can inform George that I'm doing the kidnapping this time. His grandson would not leave my house until he cancels whatever fucking engagement he tricked my daughter into," Niklaus made it clear to him.

Niklaus hadn't put much attention into the engagement of a thing because he believed the whole thing was fake and that the sly man had only been trying to scare his daughter Isabella until recently.

Eden had called him on the phone and blurted out some nonsense about Isabella remaining as Julie's fiancée for two years or something - he hadn't put much of his attention to the rest of his words.

But Niklaus decided that absurdity had to end. Isabella was his precious daughter, no one used nor bullied her and went scot-free. This was why he had taken the kids before their parents reached them. Now, the boy was his hostage and until George agreed to his terms, Julie would live with them, albeit with limited freedom - not that he knows yet.

"You shouldn't go there," Eden advised him, "You're trying to trigger a war that would lead you both nowhere. George is Sakuzi's teacher while you're his son-in-law. Knowing Sakuzi would choose you, why are you still intent on driving a wedge between mentor and mentee?"

Niklaus answered him saying, "Isabella has gone through a lot of hardships, and as her father, it is my responsibility to protect her from harm. Have a nice night, Eden. You can see your daughter tomorrow,"

"W-wait -"

He ended the call before Eden had the chance to finish what he had to say.

With a sigh, Niklaus finally went into his bedroom and wasn't surprised to find his wife asleep or so he thought. He had just taken off his shirt when he sensed someone's gaze and turned around to see her propped up on her arms.

"You're back?" Reina stated.

"Yes," Niklaus smiled at her, the stress on his face vanishing instantly, "Why are you still awake?"

"I tried to sleep but the bed is lonely without my husband here to warm it," She said coquettishly.

"Well, I'm here now and I can do a lot more than warm the bed," He dived right into the mattress and swept her into his arms as she giggled in delight.

"Stop It, Niklaus, that tickles," Reina laughed uncontrollably as Niklaus rubbed his hands down her lungs.

The couples played around for a while before they decided to go to bed -without doing the "do".?You get the point? It was almost one in the morning, Niklaus was not too inconsiderate to stress his wife out - he's not a beast.

But then, they didn't sleep for long before they heard a blood-curdling scream that roused them from their sleep.

Their eyes popped open in unison as if they were cued or put on autopilot. Niklaus instantly reached for his gun under the pillow while Reina reached under the bed for her gun, none of the couples surprised by their actions.

After the attack from Miguel, in which he surrounded and made them defenseless. Niklaus and Reina decided it was better they had their weapons close to them. That way they would be able to react faster and as well, be able to defend themselves - and others.

"Tell me you heard that too," Niklaus asked his wife as he cocked his gun, holding it securely in his hands as they headed out of the room carefully.

"Yes, I did. It sounds awfully familiar and it came from downstairs," Reina observed.

"Or to be precise, from the first floor," Niklaus suggested, holding her gaze.

"Shit," Reina cursed, "The kids,"

In the meantime....

Julie had been quite careful when he made it outside the room. Back at his place, he had people who patrolled the house and they did so in shifts and intervals. He didn't know the intervals at which the guards patrolled this arena but since there was no one at the moment, he was sure as hell they would return soon.

So he hastened his footsteps. Julie knew Isabella's room, he had watched her walk in and Anabelle was sharing the room with her for tonight. It was at the far end of the hall but the tricky part was passing through the corner without being discovered. But thankfully, the hallway was dim, he could work it to his advantage.

So he looked left and right before proceeding. He kept his ears to the ground, trying to make out the guards or servants talking but none was heard. Julie choosed to press himself closer to the wall since the cameras might capture him if he came out too much in the open.

Although Julie hasn't studied the position of the cameras or if the control room was doing their surveillance job without slipping but he felt more secure that way. He continued to sneak forward and had reached the corner, intending to take a long peek before crossing to the other end in high speed when he felt something tickle his arm.

Julie jumped out of his skin and had not intended to scream. However, when the thing that tickled him released a high, piercing cry, he found himself shouting as well, paralyzed to the ground.

Almost immediately, the hallway was showered in red blinking red as a robotic voice began to sound,

"Intruder alert! Intruder alert!"

"Oh shit! What had he done?" Julie cursed out loud. He was dead meat.

Chapter 513 - Five Hundred And Thirteen: Neon, Mama's Waiting

The third point of view:

Everything happened too quickly for him to comprehend. After Julie bumped into whatever that was, he turned around screaming instinctively. However, a huge frown crossed his countenance when he discovered what had startled him.

It was no other than Isabella's mischievous brother Neon and he was still screaming even after he - Julie - had stopped. It must have been his hair - Julie had screamed in fright because he felt something bristle touch him in the first place. Obviously, he was all scared for nothing.

But then his eyes widened, "Oh no," That scream combined with Neon was enough to wake the whole household - and the street as well.

As if someone said "Jack Robinson" the hallway bulbs lit up immediately and illuminated the environment while blinding him momentarily. Light switches began to be turned on one after the other in each room and panic set in.

Julie and Neon broke into a cold sweat, they were in a dilemma. Both of them didn't know whether to go left or right or up or down and the anxiety increased when they heard footsteps approaching.

"What?are we going to do?!" Neon asked in apprehension. He was dead meat once his parents found him.

"I don't know!" Julie replied, agitated. All he wanted to do was just to share a bed with Anabelle, who knew that it would escalate to this crazy situation or that crazy Niklaus had motion sensors installed in his house.

"Why don't we hide?" Neon suggested.

"Where?!" They were in an open hallway and the approaching footsteps were getting louder and closer.

Suddenly, one of the doors opened and Isabella peeked out.

"Or maybe we should go back to our rooms and pretend none of this ever happened!" Julie said and ran off, leaving Neon all by himself.

"Hey! Don't leave me!" Neon went after him.

Julie intended to run back into his room and as if the universe was helping him, Pedro opened the door while rubbing his eye - the scream must have woken him as well.

Yes, his freedom was here, Julie stretched his hand as if he was reaching out for his salvation, his redemption -?the scene would have been quite comical if he wasn't running for his life right now.

However, just as he was about to touch the door, he was tackled to the ground, his hands seized backward while a knee was wedged between his neck, forcing his face to the ground - he could not turn. A metallic object which he could identify as a gun even with his eyes closed was pressed against his head.

"Make a sudden move and I'll blast your brain out" a deep voice warned and though it wasn't Niklaus, Julie knew it was undoubtedly one of his guards.

Boohoo Julie felt like crying. He just wanted to sleep with the love of his life, not rob them. Why were they treating him like a criminal?

"I'm innocent!" Neon at once lifted his little hands in the air as numerous guns pointed at him.

"Master Neon?" The guards recognized him, confusion in their gazes. They had heard a scream or could it be.... At once their gaze flickered from Neon to Julie on the floor, suspicion in their eyes as everyone made up theories in their head.

"What's going on here?" Isabella got out of her room and walked towards them with a dumbstruck Anabelle clearly behind.

Pedro closed his door but everyone assumed he wanted to make himself presentable since he was in nothing but pants.

"Mom? Dad?" Isabella's brow raised when she saw her parents climb down the stairs with guns in their grips.

Unlike regular kids, she was not even startled by the sight of their parents with such dangerous weapons. They were already used to it. Besides, she also had one lying somewhere in her room, not that they needed to know.

After Miguel attacked them, Isabella realized she couldn't keep relying on her parents for her security. That incident had traumatized her and she swore never to be defenseless. She would protect herself and her loved ones.

"We heard a scream," Was Niklaus brief explanation for the guns, "What happened?"

"That's what we're asking too, Uncle," Anabelle answered.

It was at that moment that Pedro came out, looking decent and with a lot of questions as to why his rival, Julie was being manhandled on the floor.

Niklaus made his way to the guards who bowed their heads slightly in acknowledgment. But he went straight to ask, "What did he do?"

Yeah, note the "he" Niklaus asked, instead of "they", notwithstanding that he saw Neon with his hands still up in the air. But then, his son Neon was an obedient child. Sadly, the same couldn't be said for Julie.

The first thought that came to Niklaus was that the boy must have somehow discovered his plan of keeping him here and was trying to escape here. But then, that doesn't explain the screaming.

"I think he was trying to do something bad to young master Neon but cowered when Neon screamed and triggered the motion sensors. He was trying to escape back into the room when we caught up to him,"

"What?!" Julie was shocked by that ridiculous accusation and tried to explain himself but the man tightened his hold.

Neon bit his lips nervously. He could throw Julie under the bus and escape his parent's wrath. But then, that would be bad behavior and he was sure Ailee wouldn't encourage that.

Neon was just about to confess when Ailee and Allen joined the party and he became speechless. If he confessed, there was no doubt that Allen would be implicated as well. What was he going to do?

"Wait a minute," Reina's sharp eyes like a hawk narrowed on the twins, "Did you two just come out from the same room?"

Uh oh.

Busted.

Allen and Ailee had been startled by the noise that they came out together, forgetting they weren't supposed to share the room.

"Eh?" the twins said at the same time. They gulped and looked at each other as if communicating telepathically, thinking of an excuse.

As their mother, Reina was quick to notice the subtle exchange of information and began to walk towards them with slow, calculated steps.

"Don't you dare lie to me," She warned in a dangerously low tone that made goosebumps rise on their arms.

However, the twins were smart kids and Ailee immediately answered, "Allen came to my room to take back his shirt I stole from him when we heard the scream and naturally came out to investigate," the little girl lied conveniently knowing that both of them stole stuff from each other.

"Really?" Reina faked a smile. She could sense it, her daughter was lying to her even though her excuse seemed pretty convincing.

Although the twins were of different genders, competition between the both of them was high, plus the fact Ailee was a bit of a tomboy - Allen's clothes fitted her.

"So Allen came to take back the cloth you stole from his room..." She checked her cellphone, "by one in the night?" she pressed. Her intimidating gaze was fixed on her daughter.

But Ailee was calm, she knew this was her mom's tactic to rip the truth out of her mouth, "Mommy?" She asked with a sigh, "What's the meaning of stealing? It's snatching someone's property unlawfully. Why would Allen take back what I stole from him while I'm awake and ready to attack him? Of course, the thief would always come while the

master of the house is asleep," she explained and at the same time, indirectly insulted her brother.

At once, everyone was brought over by the excuse, including Niklaus, except two people - Reina, and Isabella. Isabella leaned against the wall with her arms across her chest while scrutinizing Ailee. Her excuse was pretty good but a trapped animal would always do anything to escape. In one word, her sister was lying. And she's pretty good at it.

Allen had not said a word, Reina realized. Why? Their words wouldn't match because they had not made any prior practice together - she caught them in the heat of the moment. The kids were incredibly smart, she would give them that. But then, as smart as they were, she was their mother and older.

"If that's the case," Reina turned to Neon, "He should know about the stolen shirt since you three are quite close,"

The twins stiffened. Oh no, Alert! Alert! Danger!

Neon almost jumped out of his skin when his eyes connected with Reina's. God, he was so scared.

"Neon darling," Reina started towards him with a sickly sweet voice. She sounded like some of the villainesses in cartoons who lured innocent children into their carefully laid plans with sugary words and promises.

"You should know about the stolen shirt, right?" Reina threw the bait, "Is it true your sister stole Allen's shirt?"

Neon pressed his lips together, he was not going to say anything no matter the temptation to.

"He was lying to mother," his conscience gnawed at him. But Neon couldn't betray Ailee.

"Neon? Mama's waiting?" Reina said in a sing-song.

God, what was he going to do? He was between the devil and the blue sea.

Chapter 514 - Five Hundred And Fourteen: Neon Is Not My Brother

The third point of view:

Neon's heart began to pound so hard against his chest that he feared he might die of a heart attack. This was the first time he had to look his mother in the eyes at close

quarters. Though she smiled, it was a faked sweet smile that sent shivers down his spine.

This was the first time mummy Reina was being mean towards him. She always adored him and right now, he couldn't help but wonder if she would stop loving him because of this. Neon knew his place in the family, he was just a boy being taken care of by Niklaus because he had no other family ever since his mom went crazy.

Neon passed an apologetic look in Ailee's direction and she knew that instant from his expression that they've lost. Unable to hide the truth anymore, Neon's lips trembled and he burst into tears,

"I'll tell you the truth, mother," He cried.

"Huh?" Reina was confused by his sudden reaction. Had she come on too strong enough to make him cry? Oh no, she hasn't intended to make him cry.

Because he had been hanging out with the twins, Reina had naturally assumed he'd be difficult like Ailee and Allen. But then, Neon was her cute, tender loving baby.

"Aww, please don't cry, my baby," Reina brought Neon into her arms and hugged him tight while the twins watched in shock, their jaws almost dropping to the ground. Who is this? They weren't sure this was their mother? Wasn't she the one who went full commando moments ago and currently was this meek-looking mother? Because of Neon?

No, this was oppression! Totally unfair! Allen began a protest in his heart.

Seeing the drama going on, Niklaus motioned to his men to release Julie and they let go of him immediately. However, their eyes were still on him having gotten instructions from Niklaus earlier that he wasn't to leave the residence - not that Julie knew yet.

Julie stood up with a groan, stretching his arms which were kind of sore and painful from their harsh grip. This was so humiliating, he had never been treated like this in his entire life - all because he wanted to sneak into his girlfriend's bedroom.

"Are you okay?" Anabelle came over to him, asking with a concerned look. Her uncle Niklaus had gone far this time but she couldn't interfere with his investigation.

"Yeah, I'm good. Don't worry..." he was still saying when Anabelle draped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Julie was stunned, then smiled. Maybe it was worth going through that humiliating moment because he got blessed with Anabelle's unexpected kisses. It was well worth it.

Anabelle didn't care that people were watching her. She wanted people to watch because this kiss was to scorn Niklaus. Yeah, she was very, very pissed at him.

"Neon, baby, stop crying and talk to me. Mama's not going to hurt you, I promise you," Reina attempted to calm him down. She wondered what they had done wrong to make him this scared - she suspected this involved the twins.

Neon sniffed, clearing his eyes with the back of his hands. He didn't want to cry but he was so scared that Reina would not like him after this. What if she decides to send him to the orphanage or a foster home? He didn't want to leave here. He loved it here.

"Fine," Allen stepped forward grudgingly to confess after getting a push from his sister, to tell the truth, and stop Neon's tears - the scene was breaking her heart, "I'll tell you the truth,".

"What truth?" Niklaus folded his arms across his chest, eager to hear what the kids had been keeping from him. It seemed pretty serious.

"The truth is that...." Allen took a deep breath, "We've been sneaking into Ailee's room and sleeping on her bed," He finally confessed.

"What?!" Reina was stunned.

"Yep, pretty much that," now you're free to kill us, Allen added in his head.

"Why would you guys do that?" Reina couldn't understand her kids at all.

"Because her presence is no longer with me," He answered.

Niklaus frowned, "But you were the one who wanted her out of the room because of puberty. Didn't you say you needed your independence and separation from the other sex?" He asked him.

"Well, I lied. I made you send Ailee away out of spite," Allen slowly revealed.

"What?!" Everyone in the house was shocked, all except the triple trouble. Even Neon had stopped crying.

"You did what?" Reina asked this time.

"I intentionally made up that plan to separate Ailee and Neon," Allen further confessed.

"Alright, this keeps getting better. Where is my popcorn and soda," Isabella found the drama intriguing. Who knew her siblings were so much fun.

"What?" Reina was extremely dumbfounded. She had her hand on her heart asking, "Why would you do that, Allen? I thought you sincerely cared for your sister?"

"Because I was jealous. She gives Neon so much more time than she gives me. I'm her brother! Her twin!" Allen said emotionally.

"Well, I don't give you time because you're too mean to Neon and he's our brother as well,"

"No, Neon is not our brother!" Allen stood his ground, "He's is just someone mom took-"

"Allen!" Niklaus and Reina bellowed at the same time, furious. How could their son think that way? How long has this hostility been going on?

Neon's face fell. What had he been thinking, that he belonged here?

"Go downstairs," Niklaus commanded Allen, "Wait for me in the living room,"

"Dad, I -"

"Do it now!" Niklaus bellowed, there was not a single smile on his face.

Allen didn't push his luck, knowing his father was pissed and any more disobedience would aggravate the whole thing. He obeyed and went down.

Niklaus' gaze landed on Ailee, who stiffened. Why was her father looking at her that way? She hadn't done anything wrong - except accommodate them in her room.

"Join Allen down as well," He ordered her.

Ailee didn't say a word, having learned from her brother's mistake. She left without complaint.

"Now you," Niklaus finally came to Julie's case, "What were you doing sneaking around my house,"

Chapter 515 - Five Hundred And Fifteen: Family Is One

The third point of view:

The look in Niklaus' eye reminded Julie of a lion fiercely protecting his cub. Just a wrong move and he could be ripped into pieces.

"I-I just wanted to see Anabelle," Julie found himself stammering. He could not help that he was scared of Niklaus right now.

"You were sneaking into the girl's room when you bumped into Neon, isn't it?" Niklaus surmised.

His cheeks heated up in shame.

"Really? Amid my warning?" Niklaus raised a dark brow. That was blatantly disobeying his order.

"I just wanted to see my girlfriend, what's so bad about it?" Julie claimed.

"Really?" A smile that didn't touch Niklaus' eyes appeared on his face, "Well, what's so wrong about it, is that you're staying under my roof at the moment and as long as you're in my house, young man, you are under my rule. So when I say no meeting the girls at one in the morning, my word becomes the law," Niklaus gestured to his security guard who came up beside Julie.

"Take him to a different room and this time, make sure he doesn't sneak out," There was a hidden message beneath those words only his men understood.

"Uncle," Anabelle came and stood between Julie and the guards with her arms stretched defensively, "You've gone far this time!" She glared at him.

Niklaus asked her, "Do you wish to join him?"

Upon hearing that, Anabelle's eyes widened as if her uncle just did the best thing for her. However, the instant she was about to say a happy "Yes", Niklaus flopped her plan by adding,

"In a different room. Alone."

Her face fell at once. Her uncle was a monster.

Anabelle turned to Julie, "Don't worry, we'd fight through this. Our love would never die no matter how much they try to tear us apart,"

"Of course, my love. I'll dream of you even though I'll be tormented without you in my arms tonight," Julie replied, caressing her face.

"Oh please, take that idiot away," Niklaus was tired of their drama, "Go to your room," He commanded Anabelle who huffed and strode away.

He turned to Isabella, "Come down, we have an emergency family meeting,"

"Seriously? It's almost two in the morning," Isabella reminded him.

"The more you talk, the more time flies," Niklaus replied to her and took his leave.

"Really? You're not going to talk this time?" Isabella faced her mother, Reina.

Reina shrugged, "I'm not the head of the family, he is. His decision is final," She intentionally laid back.

There comes a time in a family when the father needs to do his work as an enforcer and right now was that time. She had pampered the kids too much it seems, and now, they've taken too much liberty with her. It was time for daddy to straighten them out.

A somber mood surrounded everyone in the living room. Neon had his head bowed while fidgeting with his fingers unwilling to look anyone in the face. All of this wouldn't have happened if he hadn't gotten caught. However, Allen's words hurt him more. He thought he was family.

Allen had an impassive expression, looking at no one in particular. He knew he was wrong by saying those words to Neon but he won't let anyone see through his regret.

Ailee was filled with guilt, she couldn't help but feel that she was responsible for all of this. Perhaps what Allen said was true? She had distanced herself from him and partially caused all of this.

Isabella was vexed. Why were they dragging her into this drama? After Anabelle stressed her in the marketplace, all she needed was sleep, not an incoming pep talk from her father.

Reina stared at her kids, what were all of them thinking right now? She wished that she could read minds.

Niklaus' gaze took in his kids one after the other. Divisions in the family was the last thing he expected to see.

"Family is one," Niklaus started.

Isabella sighed, then muttered under her breath, "Yes, preach on father,"

"And when I mean family, you don't have to necessarily be my biological child to be one," Niklaus emphasized that and it was obvious that everyone understood him because their eyes flickered to Neon who wished the earth could open and swallow him. Their gaze was intense right now.

"You might be my kids but Neon was here before the both of you returned to me and was one of the reasons I pulled through those years after I thought your mother was dead," the twins knew the history, "Hence I love him as much as I love you two and expect you to treat him like one.

"Neon might not have my hair, eyes, or appearance but he has my heart and I hope that all of you would work as one because a family that works as one, stays together, while a family that fights amongst one another is blown off from the surface of the earth like chaff when the storms of life hit them hard," Niklaus made sure to hold their gazes as he spoke.

Allen bowed his head in shame. The truth is that he had not meant to say that earlier, it had slipped out of his mouth.

"So right now, here's what we're going to do," Niklaus instructed them like an army general, "You are going to go to your brothers and sisters and apologize to one another,"

Isabella's gaze whipped towards her father, "I'm not expected to do that, right?" She asked hopefully.

"Are you really asking me that?" Niklaus gave her a dirty look.

"Seriously," Isabella couldn't believe it, "I haven't bullied nor make Neon feel out of place. I always treat him right. Why should I apologize?"

"Because if you had fulfilled your role as an elder sibling well instead of kidnapping other people's grown kids..." he referred to the incident at the hospital "The hostility between your siblings wouldn't have escalated to this level. But then, you left them all on their own"

"Fine," Isabella sighed and went to make peace with those annoying siblings of hers she loved so much nonetheless.

"I'm sorry for ignoring our plays, "Ailee was the first to apologize to her twin brother.

"And I'm sorry for picking on Neon," Allen apologized as well, "I'm going to be good from now on..." he turned towards the boy in question, "Would you forgive us, Neon?"

"Of course!" the boy squealed, "Why won't I? You both are my family!" a smile crossed his face and he drew all three of them into a hug.

"Aww, so adorable," Reina couldn't help but feel emotional. Her children were so cute.

Isabella rolled her eyes yet stepped forward to announce, "I'm sorry for not keeping my eyes on you. But don't worry, I've got my eyes on you from now on,"

The children couldn't help but shiver. That sounded more like a threat than an apology.

"Well," Reina decide to take things from where Niklaus stopped, "Since you all are good again, I'd love to announce that Ailee would return to her previous room with you guys until she decides to leave,"

"Yes!" Neon celebrated the news more than Allen, her twin.

"But..." Reina suddenly said and everyone frowned, that doesn't sound good. She went on, "Because you all lied to me, your mother, you'd be doing your laundry for the week," she added, "Hand washed,"

"No!!!!"

Chapter 516 - Five Hundred And Sixteen: She Was Done Helping Him

The third point of view:

Camille dressed up hastily. It was morning already and time to go get Anabelle from Niklaus place. She had missed the girl's chirpy presence around the house - they had been lonely without her.

But then she had woken up late and had to meet up with her husband Eden who was already set to go. She knew Eden was irked; he was anxious to get his daughter home.

Camille slipped on her heels and was taking one final look at the mirror when her phone rang. She picked the phone from the dresser without looking at the screen.

"Hello?" She answered, intending to tell the person to call her later since she's occupied at the moment, when she heard a voice that made shivers run down her spine.

"You finally decided to answer your father, you unfilial child,"

Camille stiffened, the once excited look on her face vanishing at once. The woman released a heavy sigh with her eyes squeezed shut, she should have really looked before answering.

Camille straightened up, staring at her unsmiling reflection on the mirror as she said, "What do you want now?"

"What do I want now?" The man scoffed from the other line, "You've not called your father for God knows how many years. You didn't even invite me to your wedding and had your uncle fill my role. Isn't that unfair? Just because I divorced your mother doesn't mean I'm not entitled to you,"

Camille pinched the space between her brows, this was why she never picked any of his calls. Her head throbbed, this man was a parasite to her life.

"I'm in no mood to listen to your complaints or sob story," She spat through gritted teeth, "If this is why you called me, then I'm sorry, I'm not interested. Don't ever bother me again," She was just about to end the call when she heard,

"Wait!" Her father shouted.

She halted her plan, "What did you want, father," There was heavy sarcasm beneath her tone.

"I need some cash,"

Cecil swallowed bitterly. Of course, what had she expected? That her father had called because he cared about her well-being? Oh please, who was she kidding? The man was a selfish asshole!

"What do you mean you need some money? What happened to the one I sent you?!" Camille shouted into the phone, vexed. This man was killing her!

"Why are you asking me such a question?" the man said grudgingly, "Of course, that was two months ago, the money got exhausted. Were you expecting the money to never finish?"

Camille seethed, "You gambled with it, didn't you?"

"N-no," He stammered.

"Answer me now!" She bellowed

"Yes, I did,"

Her heart broke. He hadn't changed at all.

"You promised me never to gamble again,"

"It was just once," was his excuse, "I didn't intend to gamble but my friends called me out for a drink and from there, things took a different turn. I swear, I didn't gamble intentionally!" the man swore.

"This is what you keep saying over and over again. I'm sick and tired of your pathetic excuses!"

"Camille, just this once. I promise you, this one would be the end of it,"

Even though Camille knew he would still break her heart, she gave in, "How much do you need?"

"Five million,"

"Five what?!" Her eyes bulged as she screamed in disbelief, palming her mouth immediately. She didn't want Eden to know about this - her embarrassing father.

During her wedding, her uncle had taken the role of her father and she didn't regret it one bit. However, from time to time she couldn't help but wonder if things could have been different. When Eden asked about her father, she had simply told him he was divorced from her mother and stayed abroad. When he tried convincing her to send an invitation, Camille told him they weren't on good terms and the matter was closed.

But now it seems her lies were coming back to haunt her. Camille was sure that Eden would be mad at her for hiding her father from him. But she just didn't want him to know about her messy past, to be entangled with her father who would try to milk him dry. That was a big blow to her pride and there's so much she could take.

She didn't want him to look down on her. Camille did not come from a badass family like Maya's or a family as aristocratic as Cecil's. She had worked hard enough to move out of the gutters and bring her family to the glory it was today. She had strived hard to erase the memory of that child whose father had beaten her mother just to get money from her for his gambles. No, she would not show him that past.

"What did you do to incur such an amount of debt?! " She whisper-yelled into the phone.

"All of this is not for gambling, Camille. I have seen a good business that I want to invest money into. It's a good plan, I'll get more money and won't bother you in the future for any reason. Shouldn't you be happy for me?"

Happy her butt! This was not the first time he had talked crazy shit about investing and all. But in the end, he only got duped. She was sick of the same old story.

"Well, investment or not, I don't have that kind of money with me," She told him.

Her father laughed sarcastically, "Who are you kidding? You're married to a rich husband," he pointed out.

Camille ran her hand through her hair, gripping the root tight. This was it, she would go crazy at this rate.

The truth was that Camille had money in her account but it was for her business. As someone who had been in the entertainment industry for years, she wanted her own company. But then, here comes her father to ruin her plans.

Upon their marriage, Eden handed an unlimited black card for her expenses. But if she withdrew such a tremendous amount of money immediately, it would seem suspicious

and the Eden she knew would surely investigate. That would lead to the discovery of her father, she didn't want that.

"I'm sorry but I can't help you," Camille said to him. She was done with him. There was no helping him this time.

"Fine then," There was a trace of anger in his voice as he said, "I'll go bother your mother then. I know you must have sent something to her,"

Chapter 517 - Five Hundred And Seventeen: Roll Under The Sheet

The third point of view:

"What?" Camille felt as if someone just slapped her hard on the face, "What did you just say?"

"You heard me right. Even if your mother prevents me from entering like the last time, I'll make sure to stalk her till I get what I want" Her father threatened her.

"You wouldn't dare!" She saw red. Camille never joked with her mother and how dare he threaten her. The woman had once been his wife for goodness sake.

But her dad was not moved by her warning, "Who knows? I can come to your place and meet your husband. He's my son-in-law and the both of us hadn't even officially met yet. Don't you think it's time the both of us met already," He taunted her.

Camille's Jaws ticked while she gripped the phone tightly. She wanted to explode right now, give her father a piece of her mind. But she couldn't, not with her mother at risk. She couldn't tell what that mad man would do in the name of bothering her. After this, she was going to secretly get a restraining order. The harassment had to stop.

"Alright, I'll forward the money to you," She agreed just for the sake of peace.

"No," Her father disagreed, "I need the money in cash immediately,"

"Are you fucking kidding me?" She couldn't believe him, "I'm a busy person. I don't have the time to come to find you, plus the fact I can't carry money around!"

"Well," Her father said, "Find a way to bring the money, or I can gladly come over to your place. Your choice," He ended the call.

At once, Camille tossed the phone to the bed and hurried into the bathroom. She at once turned on the water and began to scream out her vexation. The noise of the running shower covering up her screams.

Camille was so angry and stuffed inside. She wanted a release. What had she done to deserve this?! It pained her the most that the person who hurt the most was her father. Over the years, she had prayed and hoped that he would change, but the reverse was the case. He became worse.

Although she was in a position where he couldn't hurt her mother anymore, his blackmails and threats were becoming too much. Fine, this would be the last time. Once she gave the money to him, she would explain her stand - she was done with his shit.

Camille washed her tears-stricken face, wiping off her makeup and applying a new one - Eden can't notice she cried.

"You're a strong woman," Camille said to herself as she stared at the large mirror. She put on her smile and turned the doorknob, heading into the bedroom only to bump into her husband.

"Eden!" her eyes widened, her heart skipping a beat. She couldn't help but wonder if he had heard everything. God, she didn't want that.

"W-why are you staring at me that way?" She asked nervously, faking a smile. Maybe he hasn't heard a thing but was suspecting something. It was not entirely impossible since she had spent a lot of time upstairs.

"Were you making up all this while?" Eden asked to her astonishment. Of all questions, she never expected that.

"Oh," She touched her cheeks, "Yes, so do I look beautiful?" she posed, intentionally teasing him to get rid of that awkward tension that had wrapped the both of them upon his arrival.

"Ugh, women," He groaned, rolling his eyes.

She laughed.

But the laughter soon died off and the both of them were back to staring at each other. This was weird.

"You look tired," Eden suddenly said, observing her.

"Oh, about that - "

"Take a rest,"

"Huh?" She blinked. What did he just say?

"You must be stressed out with everything," Eden said.

As his wife, Eden had given her a high position in the company. So she went from being a previous manager to an executive director, answering only to him. However, Camille wanted her own establishment - that was her dream - and as couples, both companies would work closely together.

"Don't worry, I'll get Anabelle home. You should just have enough rest, alright?"

Camille was completely dumbfounded. She had just been looking for an excuse to back out of the trip when fate presented one on a platter of gold.

"Alright," She gladly took the offer, "I'll wait for the both of you to return,"

"Sure," Eden walked over to her and held her close to his chest, placing a kiss on her forehead.

The spot where he kissed tingled and for some reason, she envisioned him kissing her on the lips deeply. Shoo away, evil though, Camille rebuked her dirty mind.

However, she looked up and froze, Eden's eyes had darkened and he was staring down at her lips.

"A-hem," She intentionally cleared her throat, rousing her husband from the X-rated imagination.

"I'm leaving," He said, yet the way his hands lingered and squeezed her shoulder told Camille he would be doing more than just leaving if she gives him the invitation.

But then, this wasn't the time to roll under the sheet with him. She was grateful for the fact that her marriage has been going well lately, denying Eden just once wouldn't kill him.

"See you," was her goodbye and her husband let her be at last. Thankfully. Camille saw him off and was sure he had left before coming back to change into casual clothes, took her car keys, and left.

Camille went to the bank where she requested a withdrawal. Being Eden's wife had its perks because she was welcomed into the manager's office immediately amid the long queue. They didn't even ask what she needed the money for and processed her request.

Camille didn't move a finger, the bank staff served her and were even the ones who moved the money to her car.

"We hope to bank with you another day, Mrs. Spencer," the staff said to her as she climbed into her car. Camille simply tipped the banker for his hard work and took off to the location her father had sent to her.

Chapter 518 - Five Hundred And Eighteen: This Was A Game To Him

The third point of view:

It wasn't hard for Cecil to locate her father in the cafe, he was seated by the window and found her before she set her eyes on him.

With a grin that irked her the more, her father waved her over to his table and she walked over to him.

Camille wanted to simply dump the duffel bag containing the money on the table without care whether she spilled his coffee or not and leave. But she reconsidered after realizing that might draw unnecessary attention.

Although the cafe was moderate, one could never tell who was who. She had to be careful here before someone targets her. Now married to a Spencer, her worth had increased and kidnappers would be so delighted to have their hands on her.

So Camille eased into the seat, keeping the money on the chair beside her, seating directly across her father.

"I'm here," was the only word she said.

Her father looked her over from her head to the sole of her feet, scrutinizing and observing the changes in her body as she did the same to him.

He was dressed in a simple polo and brown pants. His once dark hair was now a pepper and salt version. The man had a rugged appearance from harsh living over the years. But Camille didn't care, he brought it on himself.

"You look..." He breathed, "Beautiful. Your husband must be treating you well I see,"

Camille retorted, "And you look awful. I see karma has been paying you back in your own coins,"

The man chuckled, "You're still mad at me,"

Her blood boiled, how could everything that happened so far be entertaining to him.

"You made our life miserable. You cheated on my mother and treated us like we were animals. What gives you the right to demand things from me?" she spoke through gritted teeth, her chest heaving.

"What gives me the right?" He scoffed as if she had asked the most ridiculous thing, "Because the life you're living was made possible through me. If I haven't f*cked your mother, you wouldn't be here on planet earth,"

"You did nothing for me at all! All you did was simply contribute a sperm that I'm wholly ashamed of," She told him straight away.

"Well..." The man relaxed into his chair, "Be ashamed of me all you want but you can't remove my blood that runs through your veins. And thankfully you married into a rich household, you won't have any problems fulfilling your filial piety to me," he said shamelessly.

All expression ceased from Camille's face. She was disgusted, feeling as if bugs were crawling all over her body each time he opened his mouth to speak.

She simply picked the bag and placed it on the table, "This is the five million you requested," She pushed it towards him.

Her father looked around to see if anyone was staring before unzipping it and taking a look. He licked his lips, the smell of money and the wads of note was quite alluring.

"This should be the last time you call me on the phone and demand money. The next time you bug me or you harass my mother, I'll have you locked up," Camille warned him.

However, her father laughed at her, "Stop wasting your saliva, I know you can't do it,"

"Oh," she raised a dark brow, "Really?" Camille was challenged.

Slowly, she stood up from her seat and grabbed the edges of the table, leaning towards her father with a smile that didn't touch her eyes.

"In case you don't know father," Her voice dripped with sarcasm, "I'm not that same scared little Camille. As you know, I married into a powerful family and I can make you disappear from the surface of the earth without a trace with just a snap of my fingers," she lowered her voice but was firm, "Don't tempt me, again. I don't know what I might do to you,"

"Is that a threat?" her father asked, holding her gaze.

Camille stood her ground, "Take it or leave it," She said and took her keys, about to leave when she heard him say.

"I bet your new husband doesn't know you once worked as a prostitute,"

At once, Camille's eyes widened, her entire body stiffened up. How had he known? Her heart began to pound loudly. She never told any of her family members about that - not even her mother knows.

She turned around with furious eyes,

"How did you get that information?" Camille was eager to know.

"So you really did it," Her father nodded his head in understanding, "I never believed my friend until now,"

Camille felt her throat constrict and saw dots in her vision, she felt she could collapse any moment from now. She was finished. Her bastard father would take advantage of this secret and blackmail her.

Camille was not proud of her dirty past at all, but everything she had done was to survive. Living in a family where all her hard work and mother's were snatched - and sometimes stolen - by her father, she had to go the extra miles to get money and save her mother from that hell hole called marriage! She had to support her mother and education without help from her father and it was not easy at all.

However, this little secret was here now to ruin all of her efforts and sacrifices. All thanks to her father, the devil.

"I bet your husband doesn't know about that," He teased her.

Camille dragged herself back to her seat, "What do you want from me?"

"For you to take care of me," he added immediately, "And this is not manipulation, you're just fulfilling your responsibility as a daughter....." Her father was still saying when he suddenly trailed off, his eyes slightly widening.

Camille narrowed her eyes at that reaction. Following the direction of his intense gaze, Camille turned around and her heart almost leaped to her throat upon seeing her husband heading over to their table.

"Hide the money now!" She mouthed the words to her father who didn't need to be told twice.

Camille stood up in a panic and hid the sight of the money bag away from Eden with her body just as her father hid it under the table.

"Eden!" Camille tried to compose herself amid her flustered countenance. What was he doing here? Did he by chance heard her conversation or was it by chance he found her? But this wasn't Niklaus' place? Either way, Camille decided she would keep her cool until she finds out what's happening.

"Honey," Eden hugged her and then wrapped his arms around her waist possessively, "What are you doing here? Didn't you say you'd be resting at home?"

"A-ah right," Camille stuttered, a bit confused. Was this an act or was Eden sincerely ignorant? "I was actually planning on resting but my father returned and wanted to see

me..." she turned with a smile that acted as well as a signal to her father, "Sweetie, this is my father. Father, this is my husband, Eden. Eden meet my father. Father meet Eden, "

"Nice to meet you, sir." Eden stretched out his hand.

"Nice to you son," The man accepted the handshake but subtly gave Camille questioning looks. This wasn't what they planned. What was he going to do next?

"I'm sorry for the fact that I didn't invite you to our wedding. Camille said you were out of reach," Eden said, breaking their secret gestures.

"I was?"

"You were abroad, remember?" Camille tactically filled him in.

"Ah, yes," Her father said, "I was abroad and out of reach," there was a bit of resentment in his tone as he stared at Camille.

"Could I have a seat, father? This is my first time officially meeting with you,"

"Huh?" The man was stunned, " Of course, yes, yes," he agreed, contrary to what he wanted.

However, before Eden could get in, Camille quickly shifted to the seat at the edge since it was closer to the spot where the money was hidden. Her father saw her gesture and approved with a nod of his head, Camille rolled her eyes.

She was not helping her father, but herself. Eden would not be happy to learn that she not only hid facts about her father but sent money to him behind his back. Plus the fact that her secret might come into the limelight. There was just too much to lose. Even if she would tell him, it wasn't now - not at the crime scene.

"What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be on your way to Niklaus?" Camille couldn't help but ask. She had to know if this was a coincidence or not.

"Oh, about that. I forgot something at home and decided to go get it when I returned and couldn't find you. The housekeeper couldn't give me clear details of your whereabouts so I decided to track you down in case you ran into trouble. But then, here you are, no need to worry, " He explained, placing a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Camille was confused, she didn't know what to believe anymore. Eden's explanation seemed like a petty excuse but his actions and expression were sincere.

"You know what?" Eden turned to her father, "Because this is our first official meeting, I want to take you out for breakfast at a classic restaurant while?Camille goes home for a rest. She's been too stressed up lately, don't you think it's a good idea, honey?"

Camille paled at once as the truth dawned on her. Eden knew. He knew all this while and was simply playing along. This was a game to him.

Chapter 519 - Five Hundred And Nineteen: Enjoy His Son-In-Law's Wealth

The third point of view:

Who were the Spencers? A dysfunctional family of professionally trained criminals walking around in suits and dresses. A family where trust is won and betrayal is highly frowned upon. A family so united that one touching one of their own equals asking for bloodshed. With their beautiful and elegant exterior, the world sees them as perfect, but Camille knew those monsters were only human to the one precious to them. Beneath that glamour, they were ruthless, cold-blooded killers when pissed off.

What made her think she had been able to fool him, Camille's brain finally functioned properly. This was Eden, the man who had trust issues. What makes her think he would take her as a wife without looking into her background thoroughly - in and out.

He knew. Camille's blood chilled. Had he married her upon knowing the fact she once was a prostitute? What made him marry her nevertheless. Wasn't she tainted? Dirty.

She wasn't conceited enough to think they were in love with each other - at least then. Sex and the need for a companion was the only thing that brought them together. But now, she doesn't know anymore.

"What did you say?"

"Huh?" Camille was dazed. Like a car, her brain was moving a million miles an hour and she was a little dazed.

"Don't you want to go home?" Eden asked her.

"Huh? Go home?" She looked between Eden and her father. Her mouth opened, Camille wanted to tell her father to run for his life but no words could come out. She was dumbstruck.

She hated her father, yes, but she'd rather him die a natural death than in the hands of Eden. She wouldn't be able to live knowing her husband was responsible for...

Camille squeezed her eyes shut. No, she didn't want to think about it and jinx her luck. So she made up her mind, this dinner between her father and Eden was not going to happen. She would save her father one more time.

However, just as she opened her mouth to speak, Eden's hands closed over her hand on the table and she almost jumped out of her skin.

She gave him a puzzling look.

"You should go and rest," Eden tucked her hair behind her ear, "You look pale,"

Why wouldn't she look sick when her husband just caught her giving a huge sum of money to a father she claimed she wasn't on good terms with. Although others might see the action of Eden squeezing her hand tenderly as being affectionate, Camille knew otherwise. This was an order, he didn't want her to protest or go contrary to his orders.

Camille stared into his eyes and though there was the usual playful tug of his lips, Eden's eyes were cold and emotionless - he was angry. With her. Her breath hitched and she tried to wrench her hand out of his but Eden stopped her. No, she couldn't move her hand at all, his grip was concrete.

"I don't want you to get sick in case you're pregnant with my child," Of course, he had to play that game with her. She denied him a child while keeping such a secret from him. Talk about trust. Ouch.

"Fine, I'll go," Camille gave in at last, he smiled down at her. She did not care anymore, he should do whatever he wanted with her father. The man had never been a father to her anyway, why care what happens to him?

"What?" her father seemed shocked. Camille bet he had been expecting her to turn down the offer. Well, he has met his waterloo. Eden was like a tick parasite when he wanted something, he'd pierce his way around until he got what he wanted.

"We can leave now, father," Eden smiled warmly to her father - the kind of smile one uses to lower the guard of an enemy until a bullet is scored between their eyes.

"You don't have to worry about anything, I'll cover the expenses and a lot more," Eden enticed him.

Camille saw the way her father's eyes opened slightly upon reading between the lines. She snorted, why worry too much about a man who would do anything for money. Camille bet he would have sold her when she was younger if the need had arisen.

"Sure, sure," The man nodded without knowing he just dug his grave. With an unsmiling face, Camille was the first to push back her seat and stand, Eden following after her.

However, as soon as her father stood, Eden pointed to the bag beneath the table, "What's that?"

Immediately, her father stiffened and looked to Camille for help, however, she ignored him. She was done with him; her father was on his own.

"Oh, this?" He laughed nervously, "This is nothing, just a few clothes Camille got me before coming here, isn't it?" her father threw the question at her.

"Of course, it is. Clothes I got for you." Camille retorted with a heavy sarcasm that even a blind man could notice.

Does he think Eden is stupid or something? Camille wondered. The man was the president of the Spencer Group for crying out sake. Does he think a dumb man could get to such heights?

Camille's father frowned down at her for the sarcastic reply but he composed himself with a smile since Eden was watching. Fine, he knew how to deal with his rude daughter - he was with her secret.

"Alright, let me help you out with it," Eden bent to pick the bag but he quickly stopped him.

"No, no, you're my son in law and this is the first time we just met, I don't want to stress you," her father claimed.

"No, I don't mind," Eden pressed, but the man was faster. He picked the bag and pressed it to his side protectively.

"Don't worry, son. You're an important man, you shouldn't bother yourself with such small stuff," He said.

"Fine, if you think so," Eden said and then turned to his wife, leading her outside by the elbow.

"Wait for me at home and this time, don't go anywhere," He subtly ordered, pecking her on the cheek. Camille didn't say a word to him and left. Since she came with her car, she would leave in it.

Eden's men came over and took the money bag from her father who released it reluctantly, keeping it in the boot. Her father knew it would seem suspicious if he held onto it longer. Maybe he shouldn't have agreed to this breakfast of a thing. If only that stupid daughter of his has played her cards well, he wouldn't be dealing with his son-in-law and should be enjoying his money by now.

"Get in sir," Eden's chauffeur opened the car door for him with a bow.

His mouth tugged to the side. Well, he was being treated like a big personality here. It wouldn't hurt to enjoy his son-in-law's wealth for a while.

Chapter 520 - Five Hundred And Twenty: Son-in-law

The third point of view:

Having a rich so in law was the best feeling in the world, Baz, Camille's father decided. When he climbed into the car, it was the perfect definition of luxury. The car seat was so comfortable that he could take a nap in there and his back nor body would suffer any pain.

Unlike what he thought earlier, his son-in-law Eden was kind of easy to talk with. The young man was quite taken with him. Baz was delighted inwardly, at this rate he might not even need to bother his unfilial daughter with his finances; Eden would give him all he needed.

In no time, they got to their destination and it was a high-class hotel. Baz's eyes widened with shock and admiration at his son-in-law at the level of respect the staff gave to him - even the hotel manager came to welcome him.

"Son, you seem to be favored here, you must be a regular.?A VIP or something?"Baz inquired.

"I own the hotel," Eden said so nonchalantly it shocked the man.

He owned the hotel? The entire skyscraper? Baz gulped, how much was his son-in-law worth? This was a lot of money. His hidden grin widened, that meant that giving him - Baz - a few millions wouldn't hurt, right? His greediness grew.

In no time they got to the hotel's restaurant where they were given the best service. Baz couldn't help but relax, he was in safe hands. Their dish of tantalizing steak was served to them and both dug into the food.

The food tasted like heaven and Baz felt bitter inside. He bet his daughter was enjoying this kind of extravagant food every day but all he got was the locally made one.

That ungrateful bitch! She was living in luxury while he lived like a church rat. He was the one who made what he was today. She was his seed and yet this was how he treated him, giving all the best to her mother instead.

"How's your family?"

"Huh?" Baz was startled

"I heard you're divorced. How's your new family?" Eden asked, slicing his meat gracefully.

"About that. I'm divorced from her my second wife as well," Baz revealed with a hint of anger.

"Oh," Was all Eden said.

"Son, you should never trust women, they are only a bunch of cheating scoundrels," Baz told him like it was the biggest advice of the century.

"Really?" Eden was amused, "Didn't it say Camille's mother divorced you because you cheated on her?"

Baz's smile dropped. He scratched his head awkwardly, "Well, son, you should know that we are men..." he leaned closer and whispered, "We, men, never taste one woman for a lifetime. We should experiment, different flavors because it's in our nature," He grinned and sat back.

"I concur," Eden said and it warmed his heart. Of course, his son-in-law gets him - he liked the man.

"But then," Eden suddenly added with a passive expression, "I believe that real men keep up to their wedding vows made at the altar,"

Baz's expression changed, that was not the statement he expected from him, "Well, you're correct," he laughed awkwardly, "We should try to be faithful,"

Silence reigned between them, the both of them eating their meal in peace with Baz stealing glances at his son-in-law from time to time. By chance, had he ruined the new relationship with Eden?

"A-hem," He cleared his throat, "Has my daughter been giving you any problem?"

"Problem like... ?" Eden asked him.

"Just any problem," he merely shrugged, "If she's giving you any difficulty, you know, I'm her father, I can sanction her," Baz said proudly.

"Really?" Eden chuckled, "Her father, right?" he took a sip of his wine, his eyes full of amusement.

Baz frowned, why did that statement seem sarcastic? He couldn't help but feel his son-in-law's attitude took a disfavoured turn.

None of them said a word after that moment till they finished their meal and Eden didn't even pay the bill. He didn't have to; the hotel let them go. Well, he owned it anyway.

If Baz thought Eden's attitude towards him changed, it reached a frosty level when they entered the car. Unlike earlier, Eden didn't start a conversation with him this time and the little discussion he tried to raise, he dismissed them.

As the car drive on, it dawned on Baz that he hadn't given Eden his residential address, so where was he taking him?

"Urm, son, I think I have to stop here. Can I get -"

"Sit."

It was only one command but it resonated deep in his soul. He couldn't make a move, paralyzed.

"Eh?"

"Sit back down,"

"What?" Baz's expression changed, "What do you mean I should sit back down?!" He raised his voice upon realizing himself. He's just a young man and he -Baz- was his father-in-law, why should he be scared of him!

However, everything happened too quickly. All he knew was that Eden suddenly pointed a gun at him and his soul flew out of his body.

His body trembled and his heart pounded deep in his chest. What the hell was going on? Why was Eden pointing a gun at him? He was his father-in-law, right?

"I don't want to stain my leather with your pathetic blood, so sit down without a sound. We'd arrive soon," Eden said with no trace of human emotion.

Arrive soon? Where? Ice cold dread seized Baz. What had he gotten himself into? No, what did Camille his daughter marry? A monster? God, he didn't want to die yet.

Not long after, they arrived at an abandoned factory at the outskirts of the city. As soon as the door was opened, Baz attempted to escape but Eden's men beat him down instantly.

"Why are you doing this to me? Is it because of the money? You can have it all, I don't need it anymore," Baz surmised he must have figured out he took money from Camille.

But Eden didn't say a word, instead, he plucked a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and placed it at the corner of his mouth just as one of his men lit it. He took a long puff before resting his dark intense gaze on him saying,

"I heard you love to beat women. Let's test out that theory, shall we?"

