

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 521 - Five Hundred And Twenty-one: Money Or Family - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 521 - Five Hundred And Twenty-one: Money Or Family

*Chapter 521 - Five Hundred And Twenty-one: Money Or Family*

The third point of view:

"I heard you love to beat women. Let's test out that theory, shall we?" Eden grinned, but to a certain human called Baz, he looked like a grim reaper from hell.

All blood drained from Baz's face, what did he just hear? A sheen of sweat covered his forehead and his palms became clammy from fright. However, the man still decided to test out his luck. For all he knows, his son-in-law might be pulling his legs.

"Hehe," He laughed nervously, "Son, you have a dark sense of humor. I almost thought that you meant that," Baz attempted to lighten the tense environment, "You didn't mean it right?"

Eden didn't say a word to him, instead he bent down and took a long puff of his cigarette, blowing the smoke at his face and released a smile that didn't touch his eyes. He said, "I always mean what I say,"

At once, ice-cold fear like the claws of a tiger gripped Baz's heart tightly and goosebumps appeared on his arms. Eden's blue gaze was so dark it seemed he was staring into a bottomless pit.

"I always forgive the past but I never forgive the present because it means your cup has finally run over," Eden stood up, gesturing, "Bring him in. It's time to teach the elderly how to behave,"

"No, no, no!" Baz screamed, trying to escape their clutches but he couldn't fight against three able-bodied young men who subdued him in no time, bringing him into the factory.

Baz could only scream and whimper as they dragged him into the ghost factory. The factory was large and decaying with a section of the roof ripped off. There were rows upon rows of gigantic machinery - more than a hundred - and they took up more than the floor of a football pitch.

The man couldn't tell what was previously being manufactured in the factory but a part of his heart told him he didn't want to know - he just wanted to get out of here. Baz

swore mentally that he would never bother Camille if Eden gave him a second chance. He didn't want to die, boohoo.

The man was roughly dragged to a part of the factory where a larger machinery lay and he gulped upon seeing the opening. If the machine was still functioning, he would be ground into a paste if he fell in by mistake or in this case, thrown into it.

"It's still operational," Eden told him as if he had been reading his mind. Well, one didn't need to be a werewolf to smell Baz's pheromones since he stunk of fear greatly.

His legs were trembling as he stared open-mouthed at the machinery that would smash him into a paste.

Baz immediately rushed at Eden, his guards dragged him back roughly, he fell. But the man got on his knees and began to kowtow to him.

"P-please, have mercy. I'm just an ignorant old man who got too greedy for money... You can take all the cash," He gestured, "I don't need them anymore. You can have them all. Take them away!"

Eden chuckled, the sound reverberating through the empty factory, "You think a man like me needs money. I have all the money that I could ever want," He made it clear to him.

"Then what do you want?" He rubbed his palms together in a pleading manner, "I would do it just for you to spare my life,"

"Really? Spare your life so you could find another way to make Camille's life miserable?"

"No, no," Baz shook his head quickly, "I'm not going to disturb her anymore. I just got too greedy,"

Eden said with a heavy heart, "You see that's the thing with a pest. You give them a chance to live by not pulling them out by the root, the next, they grow up beautifully and bountifully, even choking the beautiful flowers one plants,"

He added immediately, "Even up to now, you still haven't acknowledged your sins, blaming your greed instead of apologizing to your daughter who you almost ruined her LIFE! " Eden said in an outburst that made Baz shiver.

"I'm sorry, forgive me please," Baz cried out.

"You're sorry?" Eden smiled cruelly, "What are you sorry for? Sorry for the fact your daughter sold her body just to provide for herself and her family? The fact that you failed

as a man and as a father? Sorry for the fact that you don't deserve to live? You know what?" he threw up his hands, "Even death is a merciful punishment for your crimes,"

"Which is why..." Eden stretched his hand over and a document was handed over to him, "You're going to sign this,"

"What are those?" Baz found himself asking with dread. What if that was his death warrant?

"It's a document stating that you sold your family to me for five million,"

"What?!" Baz was stunned.

"Yes, you heard me right. Since you love money so much, I want you ousted from the family. Once you sign those, you have nothing with Camille and her mother ever in this life. In return, you leave freely with the money but you won't ever make contact with them," Eden stated.

Baz gulped, his hand trembling. That means he could leave with the money without trouble. But then, he would no longer have a family - his own family.

"Why?" Eden shot him a brow, "The money is not enough? Fine, I would add five million to it. What do you say?"

"T-ten million," Baz trembled, his throat going dry. That was so much money. He hadn't even touched that tremendous amount in his entire life. Even the so-called family had not given him such huge money.

"What?" Eden sensed his hesitation, "You think it's still not enough? Fine, I'll add ten million to it bringing it to a total of twenty million, so make your choice. Is it money or your family?" He threw the ball in his court.

There was silence as Baz hadn't made a choice. His eyes kept shifting between Eden and the document in his hands.

"I don't have the time to wait for your decision all day. I'm a businessman, but to help you out..." He squatted down till his eyes were on the same level as Baz's, "Think from your heart, what do you want so much? Or rather what's more important to you, family or money. It's time to make that decision,"

One might ask, why was Eden helping out the asshole? He was simply helping Camille. No matter how much one loathes their parents, there's still that glimmer of hope in their heart that they would one day change. And Camille has been holding onto that hope.

Eden knew his smart wife Camille knew many ways to get rid of her father - even forevermore - but has been giving him second chances over and over again, getting

hurt in the process instead. He knew all about their history even before they got married. He knew of her working as a prostitute - although for a short time - and her ill relationship with her father.

Why wouldn't he know? He was a Spencer and before they welcomed anyone into the family as a wife or husband, they would have to be sure that one wouldn't pose a threat to the entire clan or worse a double spy.

The reason he married her nevertheless? Well, he was no different from her. Camille sinned, he was a much better sinner. Unlike Camille, he was a killer and had taken lives - knowingly and unknowingly. Hence, if anyone was to be charged guilty, he was the one. Although Eden had waited for her to come clean with him. But since she kept mum, he did the same as well. That secret was hers to tell, not his to judge.

"I want the money!" Baz announced. Unknown to him, the declaration shocked Eden - the man had given him a second chance to redeem himself

"W-what?"

"Yes, I'll choose the money as long as you don't go back on your word of letting me go safely," Baz told him.

At that moment, Eden regretted not killing him. At first, he had planned to flog Baz mercilessly, inflicting the same pain he had done to Camille, but Eden realized it wasn't worth it. As much as he hated it, that man was his father in law and he was sure Camille wouldn't appreciate killing or physically harming him. So he set this test to know Baz's stance once and for all. It was time to let go of all toxic relationships - Camille needed peace.

"Give me the money, I need the money," said Baz.

"You're not going to regret it?" Eden asked him to be sure.

"I'm not," Baz decided, fists clenched resolutely. What had his wife and daughter done for him? This time with this huge sum of money he'd establish himself.

What's their use then? With enough money, women would flock around him notwithstanding his age. He'd even get a young wife that would bore him a male heir - something Camille's mother hadn't been able to do

"Fool," Eden called him mentally. Why give up your family for twenty million when your son is worth more than it. It was better this way then, he didn't need such parasites around Camille.

"Fine then, let's sign the deal,"

The third point of view:

Camille told herself she didn't care, however when she got home, she kept pacing up and down in agitation. She considered calling Eden, to tell him to let the man go - her father wasn't worth getting his hands dirtied with blood - but she couldn't. Not when she had been lying to him all this while.

"God," Camille ran her hands through her root, clutching her hair. What was she going to do? What was the possibility she still had a marriage after this? Would Eden take her back with all her lies? Wasn't it better she started packing her things and left? Before he handed her the divorce papers? Yeah, that would be better.

She knew from the beginning that this arrangement between them wasn't going to work - even though she was beginning to like him. Wiping her face with her palm, Camille took a deep breath and stood to her feet, it was time to leave. She would make things easier on Eden by leaving first.

So she went into the room and set her luggage on the bed, beginning to pack her stuff. Camille didn't realize she had a lot of things until now - Eden had spoilt her with a lot of goodies. She decided to pick a few and order the rest to be moved to her after she's settled down.

"What are you doing, Madam?" Mrs. El, the housekeeper stopped her when she moved her suitcase to the living room.

"I have to leave," She told her.

"Leave? But Master Eden didn't inform me you'd be traveling today. If anything, he said you'd be should be getting enough rest," she didn't comprehend her idea of 'leaving?'

"I'm not traveling but leaving here,"

"Leaving?" The housekeeper's eyes widened as realization dawned on her, "You can't be leaving Master Eden, are you? I mean why? Did he do something wrong?"

Camille pinched the space between her brows, this wasn't something she could tell the woman although they were quite close.

"Mrs. El, you won't understand -"

"Perhaps, you can make me understand," A voice echoed from behind, and her breath hitched.

How was he back so fast? If he killed her father, doesn't he need to bury him in a faraway place where no one would ever find his body? She had seen a lot of that scenes in movies.

"Thank you Mrs, El, you can leave the both of us now," Eden dismissed the butleress without even looking at her, his gaze the entire time locked on his wife.

"No, please don't leave me," Camille said mentally, wishing she could reach out and stop the woman from leaving her all alone with Eden - she was so scared of facing her husband right now. But then she couldn't avoid this moment forever, so she watched Mrs. El leave. It was just her and Eden.

Eden's eyes were still on hers, the intensity made her wish the ground would open up and swallow her. Since she couldn't look him in the eyes, her gaze traveled down to other areas; she checked his body for blood.

Camille searched for evidence of him killing her father, but when she came up with nothing - not even a patch of blood - her brows furrowed in confusion. How was that possible? She had seen his eyes flashed with anger and blood lust in the restaurant. Could it be he let her father go?

Her gaze traveled back up and connected with Eden's, she froze. He knew what she thinking and the guilt gnawed at her chest. But still, the question lingered on her lips, what had he done with her father?

Camille gasped as she was startled by her phone ringing suddenly. She glanced down at the screen and her eyes bulged when she discovered it was her father calling.

It relived Camille that her father was calling but at the same time, panicked, Eden hated her father. She couldn't answer this call in front of her husband.

Camille couldn't blame him anyway - she hated her father as well even though she kept helping him.

She was just about to end the call and settle this issue between the both of them when Eden announced.

"Pick it," He said.

"Huh," her brow raised.

"Answer the damn phone, Camille," It was an order.

She realized that moment that Eden knew it was her father calling. It was almost as if he had been waiting for the call.

"Hello," Camille picked. Since Eden wanted it, who was she to refuse.

"Camille?" His father asked as if he wanted to be sure she was the one speaking. Inwardly, it relived her that he sounded fine. If anything, he sounded a bit excited like he's won a lottery or something.

"What do you want?"

"Ahh, nothing," He was happy, "I just wanted to inform you that I'm leaving. You married a good man and I'm sure he'd take care of you well - something I wasn't been able to do..."

Camille felt an uncomfortable sensation in the pit of her belly. Her father was saying goodbye.

"You can be happy now, I won't bother you and your mother anymore - I promised your husband that. I was never a good father and would never be one. Maybe this is for the best for all of us. Anyway, I wish you the best and goodbye Camille," the line went dead.

Ever since she was little, Camille had always imagined when she would be free from her father, now it finally happened, she didn't know what to feel anymore. Perhaps, like a victim of Stockholm syndrome, she had become inured to her father's manipulations, It was now weird to be free from it.

"Thank you," Was the only word she said to Eden when she brought her phone down. She didn't need to guess what Eden had done. There was only one word her father understood and that was money. Since Eden hadn't killed him, it meant he bought her freedom at a price her father couldn't refuse.

No, this was better. Now she could breathe without having to worry about her mother, without harassment from her father and blackmail... Oh, talk about her secret.

"You don't have to thank me, Camille, it's my responsibility to you as your husband. But now...." Eden began to stalk towards her, his daze gaze on her like a hungry lion searching for the best opening to pounce on its prey.

Camille wanted to be brave, to stand her ground, but those cold blue orbs intimidated her so much that she unconsciously let go of her suitcase's handle and took a step back.

"Were you planning on leaving me?" Eden asked, still walking towards her.

"You already know the truth," She said, moving back.

"So?"



"So you know I can't be..." her back hit the wall, "With you," She completed, gasping at their nearness as Eden trapped her in between his hands. She hated this position, it made her vulnerable, easy to be read. She couldn't hide from his penetrating gaze.

"Did I complain?" He asked, staring straight in the eyes, "Did I ever make you feel one less human?"

"I don't know..." Camille bit on her lips, "I just assumed that you would be angry that I hide the fact that I worked as a prostitute. I practically deceived you"

"I would be angry?" He snorted a chuckle, "At the fact that my wife had been with other men?" he intentionally didn't use the word, "prostitute". It was condescending, "Come on, Camille, this is the twenty-first century,"

Tears stung her eyes, "You don't find me dirty?" she asked, searching his eyes for sincerity.

Although she had left the trade, society wasn't exactly welcoming to those "who had sold their body for money". They were seen as inferior. As sinners.

"No, you're not dirty at all," Eden wiped away the tears that slipped down her cheeks with his palm, "You're a special, wonderful, beautiful, woman to me. You are not dirty at all,"

"Why?" Camille shook her head, "Why would you say so? Why would you still put up with me even after I did things behind your back? You're rich and powerful, you could have any other woman as plentiful as you want, you don't even love me -"

"Who said I don't love you?" Eden interrupted her.

"W-what?" Camille felt the breath leave her lungs. What did she just hear?

"I love you, Camille Spencer,"

Camille scratched her head in confusion, "How's that possible? Didn't you say Maya is the -"

"Fuck you, woman, I'm confessing to you and you're bringing up the past," Eden cursed, yet took a breath and explained carefully, "I admit I once felt something for Maya but then feelings change and right now, I don't think I can live without you,".

For a moment, Camille didn't say anything, rather tears flow down and the next, she threw herself on Eden, kissing him fully on the mouth.

"I love you too, Eden Spencer," She told him, her heart bursting with happiness.



Eden kissed her this time and she kissed him back eagerly. However, what was intended as a sweet, short kiss evolved into something deeper and both knew they wouldn't be able to keep their hands off each other.

"What about Anabelle?" Camille gasped as Eden trailed a blazing kiss over her neck, "We have to get her, remember?" she breathed with difficulty.

"Don't worry, Anabelle can wait a little more, I can't. Moreover, I'm sure as hell she's having the time of her life at Nik's place,"

*Chapter 523 - Five Hundred And Twenty-three: His Daughter Is A Daredevil*

The third point of view:

Anabelle wasn't having the time of her life at Nik's place at all. Everyone had gathered around for breakfast and she's going to say, it was the most awkward breakfast she had ever participated.

Niklaus was at the table with them and the awkwardness skyrocketed to level hundred. She wondered what was going on in her uncle's mind, joining them for dinner - he probably wanted to monitor them. Annabelle wouldn't mind having breakfast with Julie in Isabella's room. Having breakfast with Niklaus present was equivalent to having a dark cloud over their heads.

None of the kids at the table attempted to speak in fear of incurring Niklaus' wrath except the triple trouble who were bickering in whispers as usual. Reina was not present because she was speaking with Emily and Camille about the wedding arrangements and the trip to Lincolnshire.

Anabelle looked across the table at her boyfriend who didn't seem as elevated as she was about this breakfast of a thing. Neither was Isabella. However, her cousin was not someone to be overthrown by such a mere setback. Isabella had better plans.

Anabelle was startled when someone's feet touched her and turned to give Isabella a look. What the hell was that for? However, Isabella gave her cousin her signature blank look and continued her search.

Pedro was diligently eating his breakfast when something touched his thigh and he almost jumped out of his skin.

"What is it?" Niklaus asked with a deep furrow, noticing his action.

"Sorry," Pedro apologized, "The hot soup hurt my tongue," He lied through his teeth. What soup? It was simply Isabella's feet treading into forbidden territory blindly.

"Eat carefully," Niklaus told him, which took Pedro by surprise. Was that care he sensed in the man's voice? Were they good now? The boy wondered.

Having averted that tragedy, Pedro turned to Isabella and both began to communicate with their eyes.

"Be good," He warned.

Isabella smirked, "Why? Isn't it fun?"

"I'm serious," Pedro scowled at her. It was fun until her father buries him alive.

Meanwhile, Julie, who was seated beside Pedro, couldn't help but notice the silent communication. What the hell was wrong with the both of them? They were so weird.

Then his gaze fell on Anabelle and there was longing in there. Although he hadn't told anyone, Julie sensed he was being held prisoner here. As someone who was raised in a crime family, he could read the tell-tale. The way he was being guarded with their eyes following every one of his movements explained it all. Even when he was called down for breakfast, the guards had watched him like a hawk, hence it was too real to be waved aside as a coincidence.

Anyway, he was not bothered by the vigilance knowing Niklaus would never harm him. Doing so would only set off a war between both families - a war that would not end well. Julie surmised this had to do with his engagement with Isabella - Niklaus was not stupid nor petty enough to imprison him just to keep him away from Anabelle. Niklaus is a busy man, you know.

A foot touched him, Julie frowned. Then he tactically looked down only to see Pedro and Isabella playing a game of tug beneath the table. Those two rascals. Can't they have decency at all!

Pedro was in hot trouble. Isabella was unrelenting and he didn't want to get on the bad side of Niklaus, not now their relationship had been patched a bit - that is if Niklaus found out. So he let her have her way just so peace could reign.

There was a grin on Isabella's face as her feet trailed up Pedro's thigh, dragging her toes across the rough fabric of his pants. His breath hitched and it excited her.

However, looking upon Isabella's expression, her face was passive as she ate her meal. If it wasn't the fact she had unintentionally touched Julie and Anabelle, both of them wouldn't have known what was happening at all.

Sweat dripped down Pedro's face as Isabella rubbed his crotch through his pant. He almost released a moan if it wasn't the fact he stuffed his mouth with the food at once.

"Mmm," his moan came out that way instead, "Delicious," Pedro grinned at Niklaus who smiled - he was the one who cooked. Since this was the first (and the last time) they would be eating together, Niklaus decided to bless them with his excellent cooking skill.

Isabella chuckled, "Is it that good?" she alluded to the - you - know - what - I'm - talking - about.

"Of course, why wouldn't it be good," Niklaus said proudly, "It's your father's cooking," He misunderstood the whole thing.

Pedro gulped, he was dead meat once Niklaus found out what was going on. The man trusted him! But what could he do? His daughter was simply a daredevil!

"Pedro, are you sick?" Neon asked him, startling him from his thoughts.

"W-what?"

"Veins are bulging out from your neck," The boy innocently pointed out, "You almost look like me when I'm constipated," Neon joked.

Why wouldn't he have veins bulging out his neck when Isabella was almost driving him mad with need?

"Eww, do you really have to talk about your constipation during breakfast?" Allen complained, "You're so disgusting!"

"Quit it, Allen, you don't have to be so dramatic. Who in here doesn't take a poop?" Ailee came to Neon's defense as usual and the dining table became a battlefield.

Amid their quibbling, that innocent remark from Neon drew Niklaus' attention and his eyes narrowed on his daughter Isabella who swiftly withdrew her feet at once. Uh oh, seems like she's busted.

"I think I need the toilet," Pedro stood up and ran out before anyone could make out the huge bulge in his trousers.

As soon as Pedro was in the toilet, he pulled down his pants and began to relieve himself of the torment Isabella put him through. If he doesn't die in Isabella's hands, he was sure nothing on earth could end him.

In the dining, Julie whistled by the side, someone's in trouble.?Annabelle facepalmed while Isabella wasn't bothered at all.

Niklaus took a deep breath, then pinched the space between his brows, "Isabella, living room. Now," he commanded.

"Yes, daddy,"

*Chapter 524 - Four Hundred And Twenty-Four: World's Greatest Player*

The third point of view:

"You don't have to worry about a thing, the kids would be on their best behavior. Moreover, I'm sure their cousin Akim would do a good chat of watching over them and keeping them in line," Reina was in a video call with Emily and Cecil. For some reason, they couldn't connect to Camille as agreed. Perhaps, something came up

[A/N: Yep, something came up indeed]

"I think I'm going to have the kids measured and make their designs when they come over here. Cecil, you're pregnant right now and don't need to be stressed by Reina's little devils - no offense, Reina," Emily said.

"No offense taken since you'd be dealing with those devils in Lincolnshire pretty soon," Reina teased her.

"I'm not scared, the twins love me anyway," Emily was smug. She was their aunt anyway.

Suddenly, the door to Reina's bedroom opened and Niklaus hurriedly came in, "Babe," He came up beside Reina to stare at the other woman online with her.

"Hi brother," Emily waved.

"Hi Emily," He added, "Nice belly you got there, Cecil,"

"Thank you," Cecil groaned at the fact her belly was beginning to show. She wanted her wedding dress to look flattering on her figure but it seems she was only going to look like an over-bloated balloon now. Wonderful.

"Why are you here Niklaus? I said no disturbances during our meeting," Reina complained.

"I need your help," Niklaus pleaded.

"What help?"

"Help with Isabella? Sex?" his brows arched in a manner that says 'told you it was urgent, "

Reina sighed, "Niklaus, I think you need to talk to your daughter one on one this time, "

"What?!" Niklaus shrieked, "Are you kidding me? Talk about sex with Isabella? Have you seen the look she gives me when I mention the 'S' word?"

"Isn't that the same look you give me whenever you want to eat me up?" Reina asked him, his throat dried up.

"Alright guys, there's still an audience here. Trust me, I don't want to hear about my brother's sex life, that is so disgusting," Emily said, her hands in the air in refusal.

"It doesn't sound disgusting, rather it seems interesting," Was Camille's opinion while chewing on an almond nut, "I want more stories,"

"Eww," Emily was repulsed.

"Trust me, you'd cringe to death remembering this certain comment nine months later, Cecil. Pregnancy is so weird," Reina said, grateful for the fact she was done giving birth. Yes, you heard her right, no more babies.

"Reina Princess," Niklaus tugged on her arm, pouting his lips in an adorable manner - that always charms her, " Help out your boo, please,"

For a moment, Reina was almost bought over by his adorable face until she remembered father and daughter needed enough communication between the both of them. So she simply grabbed his face and pecked him on the forehead saying, "Go on and speak to your daughter. I'm sure she doesn't bite," and turned back to her screen.

From that kiss, Niklaus knew his mission had failed and had no choice but to return to the lion's den. Isabella was in the sitting room as he had commanded and she had a knowing smirk on her face. Damn it, it was infuriating sometimes to have a daughter who could see right through you.

"A-hem," Niklaus cleared his throat, wondering where he was going to begin. His well-prepared speech sounded so much better in his head.

"As a teenager approaching adulthood," Niklaus started, may God help his poor soul, "We experience so many changes that we sometimes cannot handle and it's overwhelming. Girls experience certain bodily alterations and a need to be acknowledged by the opposite sex while the boys get extremely attracted to women's -"

"Dad, I was taught puberty in school and certainly can't count the number of sex education lessons I had during P.E," Isabella interrupted him, her eyes boring into his.

Niklaus pursed his lips, "Oh. Right?" He scratched the back of his head awkwardly. What was he going to say next? Suddenly, Reina's voice floated into his ears, 'Just open up to her'

Alright, open up to Isabella. Yes, here he goes. Isabella is not going to bite him anyway - she would probably never talk to him again if things go wrong. Yeah, pretty encouraging.

"I regret my teenagehood," Nik said.

Isabella was startled by that sudden revelation by her father

"W-what?" She choked.

"I was carried away by the throes of passion that I didn't work on developing my relationship with your mother," He referred to Kay, "Isabella, trust me when I say you're not a mistake, I love you with all my whole heart, but sometimes I wonder how things would have gone if we hadn't had you suddenly. Would we be one happy family by now? Kay and I would probably have you at a later time but then, we'd be so much happier and content with each other. We'd be much responsible and a better parent," he said slowly, "She wouldn't have to die,"

Isabella didn't say a word after that awkward confession so Niklaus took that as a cue to continue, "I don't want you to get pregnant, "

Isabella opened her mouth to protest but Niklaus put up his hand, stopping her.

"I know what you're going to say, that you're on the shots and Pedro uses protection. But then, life is pretty unpredictable and shitty at times. You never know what might happen, your shot could expire or the protection breaks - life doesn't need permission to fuck you up. I think at this point, you shouldn't focus entirely on sex but other aspects of your relationship. Sex can only take a relationship just so far - Pedro could always cheat on you or both of you fall out of love - "

"That is not going to happen," Isabella was resolute, her fists clenched and eyes blazing with fire. No one was going to take what belonged to her.

"Why?" Niklaus snorted, "You think you can stop Pedro if he wants to leave you with sex? Come on Isabella, I was once a dude before I married your mother and I can assure you that we men have plenty of ways to get sex,"

Isabella swallowed, realizing her father was right. Sex was not going to keep Pedro if he wanted to break up with her. Moreover, they would leave for university pretty soon, she can't keep her eyes on him every time - that would be creepy.

"But you don't have to worry," Niklaus came and sat beside his daughter, throwing his arm over her shoulder, "You have the world's greatest player as a father and I can teach you many ways of keeping your boyfriend in a relationship," He winked at her.

*Chapter 525 - Five Hundred And Twenty-five: Emerald Is A White Swan*

The third point of view:

Cecil was stunned when someone closed the lid of her laptop. Her gaze trailed up to rest on Emerald, her soon-to-be husband.

"Rest your eyes, you've been staring at the screen for over five hours," He said. No, that was an order.

Cecil sighed. What could she do? Emerald stopped her from going to work with the claim that she shouldn't stress the baby. Now, all of her workloads were handed over to her assistant, and could only work from home for a limited time - he made sure to monitor her working hours as well.

So after the meeting with the girls -Reina and Emily, she decided to play some games on her laptop - something she hasn't done in a long time until recently. Cecil had been so engaged with work, Pedro, and making money she's forgotten how fun such leisure could be. But then, her husband ruined it again.

Yes, Cecil was grateful for the fact that she had someone by her side during her pregnancy this time unlike Pedro's. Emerald was sweet and all but his overprotectiveness was beginning to get on her nerves. He was babysitting her. She was a pregnant woman, not a baby!

Fine, she would endure. Yes, endure Cecil. A few months more and you'll be free from this ordeal. She encouraged herself.

"Fine," She sighed, placing the device by the side of the couch and leaned her head back.

"You're not happy," Emerald detected with a frown. He had been careful enough to treat her well and observe the rules and regulations Reina and Niklaus gave him as well. Has he done anyone wrong?

"What is it?" He pressed, "Talk to me, Cecil,"

Cecil turned her gaze on him, "I'm bored,"

"Bored?"

"I can't work. I can't play games. I can't even watch movies. And I'm tired of sleeping plus the fact that excess sleeping would make me fat. So tell me, Emerald, if you were in my shoes, wouldn't you be irritated?" she questioned him sternly.



Emerald scratched his head, what was he going to do? His wife was upset? Then he asked cautiously, "What do you want to do then?"

"Well," Cecil threw her hands up, "I don't know. Most of the things I want to do are marked red by you,"

Emerald felt guilty, had he overdone his duty, "So there's anything that can keep you entertained?" he wanted to be sure before he relaxed the rules.

"Yes, there is nothing...." Cecil faltered at once as an idea hit her like a flashbulb. Her lips tugged to the side with a delighted glint in her eyes, "There's indeed something,".

Emerald shivered, hoping to God he wasn't going to regret this - he knew that look in her eyes. Well, this was for his wife and the sake of his kid. He would make a great sacrifice.

"Follow me," Cecil stood, grabbed his hand, and dragged him to his feet before he could even obey the order.

Although he was hesitant about this surprise of hers, the smile on Cecil's face made him content. That was all he wanted, for her to be happy. And like a lamb to the sacrifice, he followed her. Willingly. Yes, a willing sacrifice.

Emerald was surprised when she led him to her creation room - yeah, the room she had never let him enter. Art attuned, Cecil loved all of her creations and treated them like her babies - Pedro doesn't even touch them unless she permits him. So one could imagine how happy Emerald was after she finally let him in. That meant a lot to him -Cecil trusted him.

"Be careful," Cecil warned him, "Some things are fragile,"

"No problem," Emerald accepted obediently, almost to the point of giving her a salute, "Sir yes sir!"

The very spacious room was a mix of everything ranging from an art studio to a photo studio to a dressing room. There was a walk-in closet at the far end of the room and that was where Cecil led him into.

"I make clothes for men as well," Cecil kept him informed as she walked into the room full of all manner of apparel - it could easily pass as a private boutique.

Emerald followed her, having an inkling where this was heading to. Fine, it was for the greater good.

"What we are going to do right now is that..." Camille went through the racks of clothes, "You are going to model my clothes while I take pictures. Sounds exciting, right?" She couldn't wait to begin.

And just like that, Emerald went through the past thirty minutes searching for the perfect outfit with his partner and when they found one, he went through the tortures of makeup. Yeah, you heard him right, make-up.

Throughout his entire life, Emerald had only makeup two times in his entire life. The first time was during his birthday and the second time was right now.

"My God, you're so handsome," Cecil chuckled, applying the last layer of white mascara on top of his eyelid.

Handsome? That wasn't his opinion. Honestly, Emerald didn't know what he looked like right now. He simply looked hilarious.

"Alright, the theme for this photoshoot is a white swan,"

"I know," Emerald said. His absurd costume made it pretty obvious. He was wearing an unzipped white vest with white long ruffled trousers with feathers. This was fashion? Who wears this? Emerald couldn't help but wonder. This was simply outrageous.

"That design is so last season but don't worry, with your handsome face, I'm sure you would make the cloth come alive," Cecil told him while Emerald tactically checked his face in the mirror. Was he that handsome?

"White swan is a huge contrast to your brooding dark personality but I'm sure you can bring out the innocence of the legendary white swan," Cecil said to him.

Emerald raised his hand like a student during class, "What are you going to do with the pictures afterward?"

"What I'm going to do with the pictures?" She gave him the look as if he just asked the most ridiculous question on earth, "Of course, I'm going to post it on my social media handles,"

Emerald gulped. No, the lump stuck in his throat. This was not good. Over the years, he has built a great terrifying reputation that men thought twice before crossing him. But then, his "reaper" reputation would crumble into dust as soon as his subordinates and enemies saw that. Wonderful.

Cecil went on without even noticing the war waging inside of Emerald, "We are getting married soon and I'm a brand influencer. The world has to know about my soon-to-be husband," She turned to him, "By the way, why do you ask?"

The third point of view:

"By the way, why do you ask?"

"Nothing," Emerald answered, quickly. His wife was worth more than his reputation. Moreover, if anyone dared to make fun of him, he would simply punch out their teeth, problem solved - his men knew better than to get on his nerves.

"Let's begin," He couldn't wait for this to be over.

"No, one more accessory," Cecil said and began to search through the drawers before coming up with a swan masquerade headband. The sassy fascinator was made with a mesh net and hard solid feathers. Most of all, it was feminine.

God, no, Emerald wanted the ground to open up and swallow him. Yet, no matter how much he cringed, he still stood at attention as Cecil got on her tiptoes, brushed his bang aside, and placed the headband on his hair.

"Yes, done," She smiled at him, the warmth radiating like the morning sun that he forgot his worries - for that moment.

"Alright, get in position," Cecil said, assembling her camera as Emerald posed awkwardly behind the modern 3D mural art on the wall.

"You look stiff," Cecil told him, "Relax those muscles, Emerald love. No one's going to eat you, at least no yet," she alluded to sex and that seemed to work. The huge man loosened up.

"Alright, I need confidence," Cecil focused her camera, ready to take a shot, "In one... two... three...."

There was a flash.

Cecil looked at the shot she took, it was okay but Emerald looked like some Titan ready to vaporize his opponent with his intense gaze. He was not smiling at all.

"Emerald love, could you smile at me. Your unsmiling confidence is overwhelming," she complained.

And of course, Emerald did smile. But then, it came out as a cold sneer instead.

Cecil facepalmed, she had to teach how to smile at a photographer as well?

With a sigh, She went over to the giant who still hadn't moved from that position - he didn't want to spoil her shoot. Cecil got on tiptoes and stretched his lips with both hands to form a smile.

"Fine, the second shot comes in one... two... three,"

The camera flashed. Cecil looked down at the picture. It was horrible. The smile was unnatural.

Camille put her camera down, "What are you doing?" she asked, face-palming a second time.

"Smiling?" Emerald said awkwardly, his lips set in that smile Cecil forced his mouth into.

"Exactly," Cecil told him, "I stretched your lips to give you a hint of what I want but you're so dense....." she trailed off as soon as his expression sank.

Cecil sighed, this wasn't his fault anyway. Emerald was only doing it because of her and had even offered to model willingly. This was someone who was used to violence and death, smiling must be hard for him.

But Cecil couldn't stop the photoshoot either, all of his efforts would be in vain - he even applied makeup for her. What was she going to do? She didn't want to seem like an ungrateful woman.

An idea struck her. Cecil asked him, "Babe, how would you feel the day I give birth?"

His expression lit up.

Cecil took a snap. She glanced down, the photo was good. The idea seems to be a good one.

Emerald's eyes narrowed at her action.

"Keep on talking," Was the only word Cecil said to him.

Emerald obeyed nonetheless, "Honestly," He said to her, "I don't know. I've never had my own child,"

"Then imagine it," Cecil reminded him, "You said you want a son, right? Then conjure him. Assume he's right there in your arms,"

Emerald's gaze flickered down to the invisible child in his arm and though it didn't work at first, he began to see it. He imagined a little babe with black curls, the boy would have his hair with his mother's sensuous lips and eyes. A feeling of joy filled Emerald at the thought and a smile curled his mouth unconsciously.

Cecil captured it.

"I would be very happy," Emerald said more to himself. His heart began to pound and the once shy man began to talk excitedly, "I would be so delighted to have him in my arms and can't wait for his first front teeth or when he calls me daddy. My God, I'm going to ensure he has the best in life and I'll give him the best of my love. I'll drive him to school every morning and be sure to be there when he returns..... " Emerald gushed out animatedly and by the time he was through, Cecil had taken enough shots.

"Spectacular," Cecil was elated at the pictures she took. There was one where Emerald looked happy with anticipation - anticipation for their baby.

Her hand unconsciously rubbed her belly. This baby of theirs was definitely going to be loved. She flipped through the other pictures and grinned lewdly as she ogled her husband's six-packs. Shit, if she had known him sooner, he would have pushed him into the modeling industry. Maybe it wasn't that late. Cecil began to make plans in her head of what she would do once the baby was done.

The picture was a mix of nobility like the white swan with masculinity and confidence. All the women were going to suffer from nosebleeds, her husband was too hot. God, look at those strong arms and rippling muscles...

"What are you staring at?" a deep voice resonated in her ears and Cecil almost dropped her camera.

"Seriously!" She hit him on the arm, "You scared the hell out of me," because you were staring at his six-packs. Shut up!

"Are they good?" Emerald asked since she was the professional, "Or do you want me to pose for another,"

Cecil was just about to reply that he shouldn't worry when she bit back her words. Why stop when she could have many other tantalizing pictures she could ogle, no, look at privately. Maybe she should draw him nude this time.

Shut up! Cecil cautioned her inner devil. Why was she thinking like a sex-deprived woman?

With a deep breath, Cecil was just about to implement her evil plan when her phone rang suddenly. It was an unknown number. She picked up the phone anyway.

"Hello, who is it?"

"Hi, I'm sorry for calling like this but I'm Fernandez's wife. Can we meet?"

*Chapter 527 - Five Hundred And Twenty-Seven: Friend Or Foe*

The third point of view:

"What does she want from you?" Emerald questioned her as soon as the call ended. The man was beside her when the call came in, hence it was natural he heard everything.

"She just wants us to meet," Cecil told him, packing up everything. This was the end of their photoshoot and she couldn't wait to be outside. She needed a change of fresh air.

He grabbed her waist and turned her to him, "You sincerely don't know?" his probing gaze searched her.

"This is the first time we're meeting, how would I know?"

"Fine, I'm coming along with you," He decided.

"What?!" She was astounded, "Why would you tag along? It's just a conversation between two women," she added abruptly, "And don't tell me you're tagging along to keep the baby safe,"

"I don't trust your family nor anyone connected to Fernandez. Moreover, Lucinda has not been happy with you since you started the petition for Maggie. So yeah, I'm keeping you and our baby safe," He told her sternly.

Knowing when it comes down to business, there was no changing Emerald's mind, Cecil gave in. Besides, what he said made sense, there was no doubt that Fernandez's mother might try to get rid of her. It would be killing two birds with one stone; Maggie dies while the woman gets Pedro, her grandson, as well.

Cecil was one hundred percent sure that her father wouldn't hesitate to hand Pedro over to that evil woman if something happens to her. But then, their plan would foil if she marries Emerald - he becomes Pedro's legal father unless her son wants otherwise.

"Fine, but you're staying in the car. You're not crashing our meeting unless you sense danger or foul play," Cecil gave him a condition.

"Sure. Cross my heart," Emerald promised her.

"Then, go get ready," She gave him a brief kiss before leaving to change as well.

Both couples dressed up and left with Emerald driving as usual. Even before leaving, Cecil watched him access their environment in case someone was lurking at the corner and monitoring their movements.

Seeing him this conscious of their safety saddened Cecil. Emerald was always looking out for her and the baby while she did nothing. She had nothing to offer him - she couldn't even protect herself, not to talk of him.

"Teach me how to handle a gun,"

Emerald was startled out of his mind when he heard that.

"W-what?"

"I want to know how to use a gun," She was resolute. No matter how much she kept dodging violence, they kept finding her. The best she could do now was to protect her family and the ones precious to her.

"Why do you need a gun? You don't like guns," He pointed out looking quite surprised.

"Well I don't like it but I have to now, especially if I want to protect my family,"

"You don't have to worry about that, I'll protect you,"

"You can't keep protecting me," Cecil told him, "What if you're not around, who would protect me? Who would protect Pedro and me if you're not close by?"

Moreover, with Emerald about to become the head of the Sakuzi Clan, whether she liked it or not, her enemies were about to increase. She was not a fool to think that everyone was cool with Valentino's decision. Emerald was not a Sakuzi by birth, he wasn't even adopted legally yet Sakuzi accepted him and was making him the head? That would surely spark a revolution.

"Fine, I'll teach you," Emerald agreed to her request. It also warmed his heart to know Cecil was slowly accepting everything about him - the dark ones included.

They reached the meeting place in no time and even before they stepped out, Emerald scanned the environment with his keen eyes checking for possible hiding spots for snipers. When he came up with nothing, he said to her,

"It's safe. You can go now,"

However, before Cecil could step out of the car, he turned her around and kissed her on the lips, "Be quick," He told her.

"Sure," She pecked him on the cheeks and left.

Putting on her aviator glasses, Cecil stepped into the restaurant and it wasn't hard to locate Fernandez's house. She still looked the same, except she looked thinner - Fernandez's burial ceremony must have been stressful on her.



"You're here," The woman stood up as soon as she saw her, "Hi, I'm Rita, it's nice to finally meet you," She stretched her hand for a handshake.

"I'm Cecil, thanks for having me," She accepted the woman's handshake.

"Have a seat," she gestured to Cecil.

They both sat down.

"Can I get you anything?" The woman offered.

"Never have anything with someone you don't trust. But if you must, take water. Water is a colorless liquid, if otherwise, you don't need to be told twice," Cecil could hear Emerald's warning ringing aloud in her ears. Her husband was truly cautious and thorough.

"Fine, I'll take water then," Cecil faked a smile to her. She didn't know whether this woman was a friend or foe, hence she couldn't risk exposing her true feeling.

A waiter came to take their orders and left.

"Now I know why I Emerald chose me," Rita said, scrutinizing Cecil.

Although Cecil was uncomfortable with that stare, she concealed her emotion and asked, "What do you mean by that?"

Rita laughed, sad mirth in her gaze, "I'm simply your replacement. Blonde hair, blue eyes, tall with a sexy curve, an heiress? He was recreating you, can't you see that?"

Speaking about it, Cecil noticed the similarities between them the first time they had met at Lucinda's place. However, as similar as they looked, both of them couldn't flawlessly pull off as sisters because they shared zero facial resemblance.

She went on, "Speaking of which, I think you are the only one Fernandez might have truly loved. He was just too arrogant to admit -"

Cecil cut her off, "I'm sure you didn't call me here to narrate how much your husband loved me because the sound of Fernandez's name alone makes me uncomfortable. I'll rather you don't bring him up at all,"

"Alright, if you say so," Rita said.

"So tell me, why am I here?" Cecil asked her.

"It's about Fernandez's wealth,"

*Chapter 528 - Five Hundred And Twenty-Eight: Aren't We All Evil*

The third point of view:

"It's about Fernandez's wealth,"

"What about Fernandez's wealth?" Cecil asked.

"Don't you know?" Rita stared at her like she has grown two heads, "Fernandez left everything he has for your son, Pedro,"

Cecil was sincerely taken aback by her revelation. Although when he was alive, Fernandez had claimed he wanted her son so he could inherit his "great empire", but she never thought he was serious. Cecil had assumed he was trying to entice her with his riches into giving Pedro to him. So the asshole still had a heart.

"Well, I'm thankful for the fact that he had his son in mind but I'm sorry, my son Pedro doesn't need anything from that monster," Cecil concluded.

No, that money sponsored his evil lifestyle when he was alive. There was no way Pedro was touching those resources else the same spirit from her father possessed him. Cecil was spiritual and knew some attributes were inherent. Moreover, wealth when not controlled and at a young age has a way of messing with people's minds.

"I'm sorry," Rita smiled at her, "But it doesn't work that way,"

"What do you mean by that?" Cecil didn't like where this was going, she had a bad premonition about it.

"Unless Pedro accepts his responsibility as his son, Fernandez's family members will be unable to receive their share of their inheritance. If Pedro goes ahead to reject the offer, then his wealth will be distributed to the society," Rita voice's became serious, "You of all people should know Lucinda wouldn't stand for this,"

And yes, Fernandez's crazy-ass mother wouldn't accept this.

Cecil pressed her temple, her head was throbbing. Even in death, the man still wouldn't let go. She could already imagine Fernandez laughing his lungs out from hell at her helplessness.

"This is not as easy as I thought," Cecil murmured more to herself.

"Of course, I lived with that crazy man for years. He would surely give you a thrill for his money,"

That moment the waiter arrived with her water and Cecil accepted it, looking into the water, no faint bubbles or particles were floating, it was clean, and downed everything in one gulp. She felt better.

"But you don't have to worry, I have a way of exploiting the will," Rita's eyes gleamed.

"You have?" Cecil's gaze narrowed suspiciously.

"Unlike you who want nothing from Fernandez, I want everything from him as compensation for the horror I went through in his hands," Rita said to her.

Cecil reminded her, "No one forced you into marrying him, it was your choice,"

"I was deceived just like you," the woman claimed, but Cecil had a different opinion on that.

"No, I was the one who was deceived, not you. I was his first victim and you probably went ahead to marry him even after hearing my story and probably other women's stories before he married you. But then, you were blinded by his riches and dived head deep into the marriage nonetheless. However, when you saw he wasn't what you expected nor did he change, your eyes became open and sought for a way out which was impossible,"

Embarrassment burned her cheeks, Cecil completely saw through her.

"Let's hear your opinion anyway," Cecil waved aside.

"I'm pregnant," Rita confessed, rubbing her hand over the slight bump.

"Oh," Was all Cecil said.

"And it's Fernandez's this time," she added. Everyone knew she cheated on Fernandez with her first son hence the man's crazy search for a male child.

"You would have a hard time convincing Lucinda that is his, nor would she even have time for you if it turns out to be a girl," Cecil pointed out.

"It's a boy. I've gone for a scan, the doctors are hundred percent sure of the gender," she assured her.

Cecil was dumbfounded by the revelation. At last, Fernandez got the son he wanted, but he wasn't alive to see it. Life was really fucked up.

"So? What's the plan?"

"Fernandez says his heritage is for his son, if I give birth to a boy, doesn't he count as his son as well?" The woman reasoned.

Cecil inhaled deeply, her expression taut in concentration, "So you intend to contend for the inheritance with Pedro?"

"Yes, no," Rita quickly changed her mind, "Since you don't like the inheritance and Pedro probably doesn't want it as well, he can willingly hand over everything to my son when the time comes,"

"Alright, let me get something straight here," Cecil scratch the side of her head, "So while your son is young and growing, Predo works his ass off growing Fernandez's empire and at the end of the day, he hands everything over to your son on a platter of gold, is that it? Really?"

Shame washed over her and Rita pressed her lips together realizing how dumb she sounded, "I didn't mean it that way," She said in a low voice.

"Listen," Cecil told her, "I don't know you and you don't know me either. So until I receive an official summons for the reading of his will, I advise you don't call me out again," She stood up to her feet saying, " And I don't know how you got to hear about the will or the validity of what you just vomited but I'll advise you not to start a war you can't win," her gaze bored into the eyes of a desperate woman.

Either the woman had chanced upon the will while Fernandez was still alive or Fernandez's lawyer was questionable. Cecil would go with the second option; Fernandez was not careless enough to let his will lying about

Cecil went on, "Fernandez fucked your life? Yes, but it's only because you let him do so. You're without blames either, if you had the time to give another man a son, you should have given him one and maybe, he wouldn't have had the time to come after Pedro and I," She advised her, "You better pick up the pieces and move on with your lives before you lose yourself and become a bigger monster than your husband, Fernandez. After all, character rubs off on another with time," she finished and Rita didn't move, stunned by her words

Done, Cecil put back on her glasses, ready to struct out of the place when Rita announced,

"Fernandez is gone, do you think Lucinda would give up on her grandson Pedro? Especially now you blatantly went ahead to support that murderer Maggie?" She snorted, "You're nothing but an evil woman to her now,"

However, Cecil turned and replied with a smirk, "Aren't we all evil?" and sashayed out of the restaurant.

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Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket ????

*Chapter 529 - Five Hundred And Twenty-Nine: Power Hungry Wolf*

The third point of view:

Aristotle argued that morality is something we learn. And that we are born as 'amoral' creatures. Our nature is inherently good. We are born with an ability to distinguish right from wrong. But we are not exempt from acting violently or selfishly. The good and bad debate is endless. We are not either good or bad, but both.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn wrote that the mind is a constant battle?—?even if we don't notice it. Two wolves are fighting inside our minds to see which will take over. One is full of anger, greed, resentment, and doubt. The other wolf is full of joy, compassion, kindness, and clarity.

Which wolf will win? Probably the one you feed the most.

Those were the thoughts in Cecil's mind as she found her way back to Emerald.

"How did it go?" He asked the soonest she climbed in, hitting the gas.

"Intriguing but a waste. My mood plummeted," Cecil complained grudgingly. The thought that Pedro still had to deal with Fernandez's family irritated him greatly.

Can't she have some peace for once? But Cecil knew the answer was no. She has dabbled with the Underworld mafia and pissed off her high profile mother-in-law as well, she has to deal with the consequences that come with it.

"What about her?"

She frowned, "What about who?"

"Fernandez's wife. What do you think about her? Is she to be trusted?" He asked, subtly glancing at the side mirror without her noticing.

"She's a wounded sheep," Cecil said to him.

"Alright," Emerald nodded his head in understanding but Cecil wasn't through.

"Who might turn into a ferocious power-hunger wolf, " She finalized, "Rita is like a balance scale and I don't know what direction she's going to tip when a load presses down on her. At the moment, I'll say it's best to stay away from her,"

"Okay," He said.

Cecil turned to him, "Why do you ask by the way? Are you trying to blacklist her as well?"

"No, because we're being followed," Emerald announced with a calm demeanor.

"What?!" Cecil shouted and turned around only to see a black SUV slowly trailing them. She wanted to panic but seeing how calm Emerald was, she knew at once he got everything covered.

"You think she's responsible for this? What about your own enemies?" Cecil didn't want to believe it.

Emerald chortled but it sounded more like a mocking sneer, "My enemies wouldn't be so obvious in trailing me, they know better. Whoever organized this is a beginner and probably underestimated me,"

Well, he got everything covered, that was Cecil's consolation. Yes, she doesn't have to worry about dying, Emerald would protect her. Although it doesn't sound terrible dying alongside her husband... Just shut it!

"So you think Rita send these people to murder me? She doesn't seem that capable. Yet," Cecil expressed her doubt.

"I think Lucinda might have used her to draw you out without her knowing or she knows and let Lucinda intentionally use her," Was his theory.

"So what do we do now?" Cecil hoped for a positive answer.

Emerald grinned at her, "We give them the show of their life. By the way, love, how many action movies have you watched lately?"

"Eh?" She was surprised by Emerald's strange question, "I've watched enough, why do you ask?" Cecil didn't like the sound of that.

"Don't know but I feel we're going to perform a bit of practice," Emerald said, eyes intent on the road as his hands tightened around the wheel.

He slowed down, staring out through the rearview mirror to discover they'd been blocked from all corners. They've driven into a long and secluded highway. They've been following them, searching for a perfect spot to strike them - which is here.

Suddenly, Emerald shot backward, and the car closely behind them swerved to the side to avoid slamming into their rear.

Emerald snorted derisively, "Amateurs. They're scared,"

But Cecil had a different view on that, "Amateur or not, we're overpowered," She was not finding it funny, "It's you against them," She gestured, "Many of them,"

His brows arched up, "Who said it's just me?"

"Huh? Do you have any secret reinforcements somewhere around here?" Cecil was hopeful.

That should make sense, hence the reason he was so relaxed? Knowing Emerald, he must have premeditated all of this.

However, when Cecil saw that playful glint in his eyes, she knew otherwise. He did not have any reinforcement at all. She was his reinforcement.

"No, no, no," she shook her head stubbornly.

"Cecil babe," He tried to entice her but Cecil didn't want to listen until he announced, "They're getting ready to fire at us,"

Her attention was garnered.

"What do you want me to do?" Cecil didn't know where the confidence came from but she guessed it was survival instincts.

"Spin the car at a continuous three-sixty degree while I do the rest," He announced, already shifting from the driver seat for her to take over just as numerous gun safety clicks.

"What?!" Cecil was still saying when Emerald grabbed her tiny waist and seated her on the driver seat with quick reflexes. How was that even possible?

Sincerely, Cecil couldn't tell what happened next but all she knew was as soon as her hands touched the wheels, she spun the car. The men began to fire.

All the skills she had watched in action movies came back to her and she ducked down under the steering wheel while spinning as a hail of bullets rained on them.

At the same time, Emerald smoothly drew the guns hidden on the roof in a very organic motion and kicked the door open. Bending across the seat, he fired at everyone with both hands.

Groans of pain filled the air as their opponents fell one after the other as Cecil spun around while Emerald shot without missing. Both of them working in coordination like the wheels of a bicycle.



It wasn't until Emerald jumped out of the moving car did Cecil stop, feeling dizzy. What the hell just happened?

*Chapter 530 - Five Hundred And Thirty: Give Birth In Prison*

The third point of view:

Emerald was quick and accurate. None of the men stood a chance against him and Cecil finally saw the reason he was so cocky in the first place. He was a monster with guns. In just a matter of minutes, the scene was cleared.

The strong metallic scent of blood assaulted Cecil's nostril and she felt like throwing up even though nothing came out. Her hands could not help but rub over her belly, hoping her child had not detected any of this. A child born in the throes of violence, she hoped he wouldn't turn out much worse than her father.

Wait a minute, what he? She was going to birth a lovely princess. Her baby girl was going to love dresses and pink barbie dolls, not guns and whatever else her father was hiding in this car. She would train her to be cute and well-mannered like her, not smutty, ill-tempered, and rugged like her father.

Emerald was satisfied with his result, everyone was down except for one. He loved leaving one witness alive to send the message across to their benefactor. But then, he was in a foul mood today, they dared to fire at his wife, there would be no survival ratio today.

"No, please, spare me," The gunman pleaded, dragging himself backward. He was shot on the legs, "I was just following orders,"

"Well, sadly for you, I don't condone orders meant to harm my wife," He pulled the trigger.

The gunman squeezed his eyes waiting for his death. He had seen Emerald's move, he was like a panther, quick and relentless. However, when nothing happened, he slowly opened his eyes,

"Huh?"

"Oh shit," Emerald cursed, discovering he had run out of bullets. Nope, this was not good. He watched out of the corner of his eyes as the killer took advantage of that little opportunity and picked up an abandoned gun beside him.

The giant was just about to dodge when the man fired. Oh no, he was dead. But then, why does death seem painless?

Emerald slowly popped open his eyes; he had closed them instinctively. At once he checked his body, he was unharmed. But how? He had heard a gunshot....

His eyes flickered down to see the gunman who now had a bullet wedged in between his brows. He was dead on the spot. Then he turned to find Cecil outside the car with a gun in her grip - her shaking hands. Cecil was the one who fired and not the killer and she was a natural at it. Guess he doesn't have to teach her how to use one anymore.

Cecil didn't know what happened but all she knew was that when that killer became a threat to her husband, she picked up one of the guns from the floor and fired. She simply envisioned and followed the way Emerald handled his guns.

"Did I kill him?" She asked Emerald even though the result was obvious. Her hands shook greatly, she hadn't meant to kill him. She just wanted to stop him from hurting Emerald.

Emerald simply took the gun from her grasp, flung it away, and hugged her tight, "It was self-defense. You just did what was right," He told her.

"Was that right?" She asked him, holding his gaze.

Emerald didn't back down from the challenge, he answered while staring into her eyes, "It is in our nature to want to survive, or would you have given up without a fighting chance. Even the court of law has a provision for self-defense. Moreover, these people were sent to take your life, why feel pity for them? They wouldn't have shown mercy to you even if you pleaded, so don't go wasting your emotion on persons who don't deserve it, "

Cecil couldn't refute his statement, she knew he was right. They had fired at their car without a care, it was obvious they wanted them dead.

Fine, they got what they asked for. Cecil leaned into Emerald's embrace until it hit her. When did she start to take all this violence relatively cool? She facepalmed mentally, Emerald has corrupted her soul. Sigh.

"Who are you calling?" Cecil watched him pick his phone.

"The cleaning crew," Emerald said, and it hit her immediately.

"God, the cameras!" She began to look around the highway. There was no car in sight because the gunshot had chased any that dared to approach. "I've become a criminal! The police are going to storm in here any moment,"

Speaking about the police, Cecil still had the words in her mouth when the sounds of sirens rang out. She began to panic, she was going to prison? Didn't Emerald say he got this under control?

Even if this was self-defense, it would take some time to be processed. What were the chances that his gun was even licensed? Would she give birth under trial? Not only would it tarnish her reputation, but Pedro would be left alone. Oh no, this was not happening.

She turned to Emerald with furious eyes, "You promised that you'd keep me out of this?" she began to hit him on the chest.

"Easy, Cecil,?I think you're overreacting," He tried to calm her.

"Easy what?! We're about to be apprehended by the police and you still it's okay?!"

Still speaking, the police arrived and pulled over, Cecil mentally prepared herself for the legendary "drop your weapons and put your hands behind your head" speech.

However, none of it happened, instead, one of them walked over to them asking with concern, "What happened here, sir Emerald? Are you hurt?"

"Huh?" That was not the speech she had anticipated.

Emerald caught the shock on her face and winked at her, before facing the officer saying, "We were attacked but thankfully, my wife and I narrowly escaped the claws of death by God's grace," He spoke humbly.

Cecil's jaw almost dropped to the ground. Ten gunmen who faced off against them were dead and the police were taking it mildly. What the hell was going on here? What charm had Emerald used? More like what kind of power does the Sakuzi clan possess? It was terrifying.

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that, sir Emerald. We'd take care of the scene," the officer bowed to him.

Emerald smiled, "Then you wouldn't mind taking my wife and me in one of your cars seeing ours is deformed..." He gestured to their bullet-ridden car, "We have to go get our son from a friend's place,"

"Sure, get in, Sir," he respectfully led the shocked Cecil and Emerald to one of the police vans.

Someone should slap her.