

## **Taming A Billionaire**

### **#Chapter 531 - Five Hundred And Thirty-one: Where Is My Grandson - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 531 - Five Hundred And Thirty-one: Where Is My Grandson**

*Chapter 531 - Five Hundred And Thirty-one: Where Is My Grandson*

The third point of view:

Anabelle knew something was wrong by the time she went to see Julie and the men stationed outside wouldn't let her in.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?! I just want to see my boyfriend!" She yelled at the top of her lungs.

"I'm sorry but we're under strict orders from Sir Niklaus not to let anyone in," was their automatic response.

"You!" She saw red, "How dare -"

"What's the ruckus this early morning," a voice said from behind and Anabelle whirled around to see her uncle approaching her alongside Isabella.

"Oh, thankGod," Anabelle breathed in relief, walking over to them, "Uncle, your men keep stopping me from seeing -"

"It's my orders," Niklaus interrupted her firmly.

"But uncle...?"

Niklaus turned to Isabella, " Take Anabelle and make sure she doesn't interrupt anything today, "

"Sure," Isabella said and walked over to her cousin, looping her arm across hers, "Come, Anabelle, we have better things to discuss than a pair of oldies fighting unnecessary, "

Nicklaus' brows furrowed at that comment but didn't say anything about it.

"Huh?" Anabelle was confused as Isabella dragged her away. All she knew was that something was not right.

Isabella took her to the kitchen and picked a bowl, then went to the refrigerator where she began to fill her plate with any edible substance she could find.

"What's happening, Isabella? Talk to me," Anabelle couldn't stand being kept in the dark anymore.

"Niklaus is not happy regarding my engagement with Julie and has locked up your lover as an incentive to get his grandfather's ass over here,"

At the mention of that, Anabelle didn't know whether to be happy or sad. If things go well, that stupid engagement would be annulled and she would be happy as hell. But then, if things go wrong, not only are there chances of a war breaking out in the family, she'd be reminded over again that Isabella is betrothed to her boyfriend. Yep, that sucks.

"Judging from my father's tenacity and George's hot-temper, I'm hundred percent sure that they would tear each other apart before they would even think of a solution," Isabella pointed out nonchalantly rummaging through the refrigerator.

"Isabella, that's not encouraging at all!" Anabelle was appalled by her indifference to the situation as if she wasn't involved at all. When in reality, she was the reason the engagement came about in the first place.

"What? You wanted the truth, I gave you one," Isabella couldn't understand humans at times.

"Give me a positive one!" Anabelle retorted.

"Well, on the bright side, Reina is there to rein in the two unruly horses. Happy?" She faked a smile and went back to her search.

"By the way, do you want the chocolate-flavored Icecream or the vanilla-flavored one," Isabella, whose head was in the fridge, asked Anabelle heading over to the window. Something had caught her attention and she had an inkling it was connected to the impending war - as Isabella elaborated.

Upon getting to the window, Anabelle froze at the scene. Oh shit. She turned, "Isabella, you gotta see this!"

"What?!" Isabella screamed from the refrigerator. She was thinking about the best ice cream to take and hated to be disturbed when deep in contemplation.

"You need to see this,"

"Why?" she sounded annoyed.

"I think they're here,"

"They?" Isabella's brows raised interestedly. She abandoned everything she had in her arms and rushed to the window just as the wind beat harshly at her face.

"Oh heavens," Isabella was stunned, "This is better than I expected,"

Anabelle glared at her.

At the children's room.....

Allen decided to make up for all the bad pranks he had played on Neon by teaching him how to play video games. To his surprise, Neon wasn't as dense as he thought and with a few practices would be skillful enough.

Ailee decided to leave the two all to themselves, focusing on the drawing instead. She had her drawing paper and pencil on the desk while her eyes were shut close as she thought of what to draw.

"Neon?" could she draw him? It sounded hard. Well, nothing was too hard if one tried enough. Moreover, Neon was a good candidate since his features were embedded in her memory.

"Well, here we go," She smiled and was about to pick the pencil when it rolled off the desk. Ailee was about to bend and pick it up when she noticed something. Her Desk was vibrating.

"Holy shit!" Neon, who could view the outside from his position, exclaimed and dropped the gaming pad, heading over to the window.

"Allen! Ailee! We are having an air parade!" Neon announced to the kids who were beginning to wonder about the sudden rumblings.

At once, Ailee and Allen dropped whatever they were doing and raced to the window, their mouth widening to an 'O' at the sight before them.

"That is not an air parade," Ailee said.

Allen added, "Those are combat aircraft and helicopter,"

Meanwhile....

"Sir, he's here," Niklaus was not surprised when one of his men came to announce the news.

"And he's not alone, he came with quite an entourage," the guard further informed him.

"Lead me to him," Niklaus ordered, rising to his feet.

Immediately, a number of his men followed Niklaus to the backyard where the rest of the property sprawled across the spacious land and a perfect landing spot for a helicopter as well.

The wind from the choppers blew strongly at his face but Niklaus was not averted, he kept walking until he got to a safe spot watching as George stepped out of the Mi-35 helicopter while two other Tu-22M3 aircraft hovered in the air.

A rope appeared from above the aircraft as men in military gear began to descend from it. Niklaus snorted derisively, he hired the military? The helicopter took off but George strode over to him in all his furious glory.

"Where's my grandson?!" the man roared.

"Not with an attitude like that?!" Niklaus retorted, blocking the old man from passing.

At once, the military men George hired focused their guns on Niklaus.

So did Niklaus' men do the same to George.

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

*Chapter 532 - Five Hundred And Thirty-Three: You Must Be An Alien*

The third point of view:

Sweat trickling down their faces.

Body positioned and taut.

Eyes focused on targets.

Hands curled around the trigger, ready to fire.

That was how tense everyone was as Niklaus and George had a face-off. All of them present knew only one possible way this situation could turn out and that was "disastrous" yet none of them backed away. This was what they were employed for, was paid for. They are warriors in the face of battle.

"Where is my grandson?" George asked once again, his voice almost a growl, and spoke of ferocity. He was at the edge of losing.

One couldn't imagine how happy the man was when he got information that his grandkid's location had been discovered. But that jubilation was short-lived when he heard Niklaus had taken the boy hostage.

He would have arrived that night but had spent it gathering his forces knowing he had time - Niklaus wouldn't hurt Julie, he wouldn't dare to. However, since Niklaus wanted a war, he brought one to his doorstep.

"Why?" Niklaus sneered at him, "Are you going to have them fire those guns at me if I don't tell you?"

"Don't test my patience!" George warned him.

"Alright, stop it both of you!" Someone emerged from behind and Niklaus wasn't surprised to see his wife Reina, striding over to them with fury.

"Stop it this instant!" She boomed, her eyes shooting molten fire as she got in between the both of them.

"What do you think you're doing?" Reina whipped towards her husband, glaring at him.

"I - I" Niklaus was suddenly out of words to say, especially when facing this rare, furious side of Reina. She looked like a goddess of war with her arms akimbo and her eyes narrowed in tension. All that was missing was for Reina to wear her personalized armor, indestructible bracelets, projectile tiara, sword, shield, and the lasso of truth, then her Wonder Woman look would be completed - thankfully for him, she couldn't read his thoughts.

"Your job is to welcome our guest and make him feel comfortable, yet here you are, starting a war with one. Is that it?"

"No, I didn't mean it that way," Niklaus said, dropping his gaze like a kid who was caught doing bad.

"Now, put down your guns,"

"What?"

Even Niklaus was shaken by that order, not to talk of his men who were hesitant, and looked between both couples, wondering whom to obey without getting their heads cut off. Even George watched the scene amused, it seems that Niklaus wasn't as strong as they thought when it came to his wife.

"Do as your Madam says," Niklaus ordered his men when he sensed their reluctance.

And just like that, they brought down their guns even though their opponents still had their's pointed at them - which was dangerous. Niklaus knew they would be all dead if George issued an order.

Satisfied with their cooperation, Reina turned around to face George who was somehow stunned by the fire in her eyes. She was a warrior woman.

"And you, sir George, with all due respect!" Reina spat bitterly, "I gave your grandson a roof over his head, food to rid his hunger, and a soft bed to rest his tired body and this is how you repay me? By bringing war to my home?"

George tried to speak, to defend himself, but Reina didn't let him say a word.

"Even the heavens can testify that I did your son no harm but yet, here you are, pointing a gun at my husband's head? To make me a widow? Is that your repayment for my favor?" She pressed a hand to her chest.

"N-no, Reina, is not that,"

"Then what is it? You're my father's mentor and a family friend as well, yet you mean me evil?" Reina sounded sincerely hurt.

George swallowed, short of words. What he had been told was that his son, Julie, had been captured by Niklaus and had not even anticipated this - not one bit. He had hurried over here with that anger and apprehension, however, here he was, hearing the opposite.

George sighed, "I'm sorry for the commotion and inconveniences I might have caused your family," He apologized, then turned to his army, and even without saying it, every one of them lowered their weapons.

At the side, Niklaus had a smile on his face, he was so fucking proud of his wife. Perhaps, he would show his appreciation in bed tonight. Hehe.

"Alright," Reina clapped her hands, "Since we are all good here, then I'm inviting you inside," she winked at George, "I made a feast for us to dine and discuss diplomatically,"

And for a moment there George forgot the reason he was there in the first place as Reina charmed him with her warm smile, looping her arm his own as she led him inside the house while Niklaus sulked at the corner.

Why was his wife suddenly giving all of her attention to the old man, completely ignoring him, her husband? Was she now into older people? Maybe he should grow out his beards more. Niklaus massaged his jaw thinking of ways to achieve an older appearance.

Meanwhile.....

Anabelle leaned back against the wall with a deep sigh of relief, "That was a close one,"

"Tsk tsk," Someone made a sound of disapproval by her side, "No fun at all. Mother made her appearance too early," Isabella was disappointed.

Anabelle gave her the look as if she was an alien, "Are you for real? They would have hurt each other down there. Those are guns with bullets and bodies would have piled up,"

"Nobody would have died, just one of the fools throwing a punch at another and losing a few teeth. George is not stupid, his grandson is at Nicklaus' mercy, why would he risk that by firing first?" Isabella laid it all out for her and Anabelle's jaw almost dropped to the ground.

Almost immediately, Anabelle went over to Isabella and began to pull at her face.

"You! What are you doing?!"

"You must be an alien!" Anabelle stated, pulling her face as if she wanted to drag off her human mask or something.

"What?!" Isabella couldn't believe her ears. With a bit more strength, she successfully pushed away Anabelle who had clung on too tight.

"Are you crazy," Isabella rubbed her abused cheeks.

"Or you are not," Anabelle thought hard after the alien mask refused to fall off Isabella's face. Her eyes brightened with an idea, "Perhaps, you're a superhuman and your power is your brain which explains why you're so smart!"

Unable to take it anymore, Isabella lashed out at her, "Instead of thinking nonsense, why don't you pray that the meeting goes well else you'd become the chief bridesmaids at your boyfriend's wedding!!"

*Chapter 533 - Five Hundred And Thirty-four: The Betrothment*

The third point of view:

Julie couldn't understand this family at all; one moment they looked like they wanted to murder him and the next he was a very important person.

He had been locked up in the room right after breakfast and had not be allowed out, not even when Anabelle banged on his door?- which was quite infuriating. Why was he suffering for an engagement he wanted no part in anymore?

"Oh right, because you're the one who had happily said yes to Granddaddy in the first place," Julie could already hear Isabella's voice in his head, taunting him.

Well, maybe, he did deserve that one. It seemed harmless at first, and Isabella was beautiful then - until he discovered she was a cold witch - furthermore, everything went completely wrong when he fell for the wrong cousin. Yeah, Fate fucked him really hard - not that he was complaining.

So he was surprised when the guards let him out and led him to the dining room where he met his grandfather.

Honestly, Julie didn't know what to feel. On one hand, he longed for his grandfather - the only parent he has left - and was grateful he was fine. But on the other hand, he was scared that he would try to separate him from Anabelle again. Hence, the boy was conflicted with his emotion.

"What are you standing there for?" Reina asked him, "Go sit beside your grandfather," She pushed him.

Julie found him staggering towards his grandfather and when he reached him, awkwardly took the seat beside the man.

"A-hem?" He cleared his throat, "H-how have you been?"

His grandfather nodded, swallowing down his food, and when he was done, gestured to his plate, "Want a bite? I never knew Reina was a good cook," he seemed to be enjoying himself.

Julie shook his head, intentionally not pointing out the lie. Reina cook? Pfft! She was the worst cook in history. His best shot was that Niklaus prepared those but Julie was not going to say that. Not when his grandfather would throw up the food thinking he had been poisoned because Niklaus made them.

Moreover, Julie was sure Niklaus would not be delighted if the world knew he was a great cook. The man had a notorious reputation to maintain.

There was no more room for awkwardness because Eden and his wife Camille arrived at that moment and the whole attention was shifted to them. Julie attempted what was called a smile at his future father-in-law and he couldn't comprehend if the man had given him a silent appreciation or simply ignored him.

As if they were in a race or something, Emerald and his wife arrived almost immediately and the whole place became a beehive of conversation. At least that allowed Julie some time to fade into the background and prepare himself mentally for the judgment to come.



Not long after, the kids - who engaged in the runaway - filed into the living room one after the other - his grandfather as well was done with the sumptuous breakfast prepared by Niklaus. Julie's evil mind wished he could finally play the prank on his grandfather by revealing who prepared the food he ate but he couldn't, not when his fate was about to be sealed. At a moment like this, he needed friends not enemies - especially not one from his family.

"I'm sure you all know why we are here, both the directly involved parties and the ones who had only come to drag their kids home, which was made possible through me - you're welcome by the way, " Niklaus, of course, hasn't lost his dry sense of humor, "We are here to decide on this engagement which was made without my consent and of course, to which, I don't accept at all. The floor is open for deliberation. I rest my case," Niklaus took his seat, crossing his leg over the other with his expression taut. This was the moment everyone had been waiting for.

George was the next to speak,

"I'm the initiator of this engagement and I admit to the fact that Niklaus hadn't been present when the agreement was made-

"Agreement my butt, that was coercion!" Isabella shouted from her seat but her father Niklaus hissed disapprovingly at her, she shut up.

"However," George went on, "His wife Reina was present when the agreement was made and as his wife, her words are the same as Nicklaus' authority, isn't it?" the question was thrown at nobody in question.

No one said a word, knowing he was right. That was the problem with aristocratic families, their words held a lot of weight. Be it from the husband or wife. Hence, they had to be careful with agreements. Also, it would be a shame on Niklaus and his wife as well, if he renounced his wife's words. Doing that was indirectly crippling her authority in the household.

Reina shrank into her chair, hiding her face and wishing the ground would open up and swallow her. She had agreed to that in the heat of the moment without giving it much thought. Now, she had only brought problems for Niklaus.

"Perhaps, we should give the kids the opportunity to express themselves?" Cecil suggested.

For her alone, she didn't care about engagement, betrothment, and all. Her kid Pedro was free to date whoever he wanted. She was still suffering from the effects of the political marriage her father had made with Fernandez. Cecil would not let her son go through the same ordeal.

"That's right," Emerald supported her, "Let's hear the kid's opinion,"

At the mention of that, Isabella was the first to get on her feet as if she had been patiently waiting for this moment.

She faced George, "I have nothing to say other than the fact that your son has a very gloomy future with me if you insist on bringing us together," she smiled darkly, "It's a promise," And sat back down.

"Alright?" Cecil tried to lighten the environment. No one was bothered by Isabella's statement. Yep, no one at all. It must be a joke. Isabella was simply pulling their legs. But inwardly, the woman knew that was no joke. Isabella never jokes.

"So who's next?"

*Chapter 534 - Five Hundred And Thirty-Five: Give Him Anabelle*

The third point of view:

George's face was taut but full of certainty. He knew no matter the verdict today he was going to win but it still broke his heart that his chosen daughter-in-law was not in support of this marriage. Anyway, she's just a kid and knows nothing. The man was sure that with time feelings would develop between both kids. With a kid as smart as Isabella as his grandson's wife, he would be at peace wherever he is - including the grave.

"Can I speak?" Pedro raised his hand, "I know I'm not related to the case but Isabella's my girlfriend hence I have to speak out my grievances," He said.

"The floor is yours," Reina permitted him.

Pedro stood to his feet with a deep breath, he looked around his surroundings and finally settled his gaze on Isabella and said, "I love Isabella,"

Cecil whistled.

Camille and Reina swoon.

The men said nothing but there was a look of respect on their faces. George was the only one who had a look of unease. It was obvious that he didn't like the fact the boy was gaining supporters without even knowing it.

Isabella was the only one who stood as still as a rock. This wasn't the first time Pedro had expressed his love for her but this was the first time he was saying it in front of everyone; in front of her parents and the whole world. Her heart began to beat so fast she was having difficulty breathing.

"I don't care whatever decision you guys make but I'm never letting go of Isabella. You might break me, torture me or even worse kill me but I'll be more at peace knowing my

last moments were for her than living an unfulfilled life without her," Pedro said, all the while holding her gaze.

The both of them stared at each other, the others present with them fading into the background, making it seem like it was just the both of them at the moment. Both of them against the world.

Isabella knew at that moment that Pedro owned her heart. No one could have her, body, mind, and soul but him. She had thought it was over between the both of them when the engagement surfaced, but Pedro stood by her. What else could she ask for?

Tears stung her eyes, but as Isabella would always be Isabella, she blinked them away, refusing to show weakness. If only there was a way to solve this shit or at least exploit a loophole, then things would have been...

Suddenly, an idea hit her, Isabella's eyes widened. How had she not thought of that? She immediately searched for her father and when their eyes met, the information was conveyed. They needed to talk. Privately.

Pedro sat down as soon as he was done, his gaze following Isabella who had taken off her eyes at the last minute. He was a bit disappointed, why wasn't she listening?

Anabelle was the next to lift her hands, she wanted to speak; Pedro's speech motivated her. However, almost immediately, Niklaus announced,

"I need a minute with my daughter," He stood, surprising everyone. Niklaus gestured to Isabella to follow after him while everyone stared on.

George stared at them suspiciously, he didn't like father and daughter going for a secret meeting. Who knows what they are up to? Niklaus and Isabella together were a force to be reckoned with.

Thankfully, everything settled down when Anabelle began her speech, "Hi," She waved at them politely, "I'm sure everyone here has someone close to their heart that they want to protect and I'm proud to say that person is Judy. Yes, he's made mistakes but we all are humans, who haven't made one. So I'm pleading we all reconsider this engagement. Isabella and I love each other and she would never do anything to harm me - even though she doesn't show it - but the engagement is trying to tear us apart,"

Anabelle took a deep breath, "My father, Eden raised me with love and I'm privileged to have my uncle Niklaus as well, who's helplessly in love with his wife, Reina. So I'm sure you all feel what I'm talking about,"

Their parents shifted uncomfortably in their chair, her speech was close to home.

Anabelle went on, "You might say that teenage love is a mirage, that it's just infatuation, it doesn't last. But the truth is that we are kids still trying to find our way, don't force us to grow up quickly," and with that Anabelle took her seat, the living room as dead as a graveyard.

Quickly, Julie stood to share his viewpoint. He knew their speeches were beginning to affect the other parents so he had to strike while the iron is hot.

"Grandfather," He faced George this time, "I know you have great plans for me but no amount of achievement can give me the joy I feel when around Anabelle. I know it's wrong of me to go back on my words, but I agreed to the engagement out of carelessness.

"Moreover, the Isabella you engaged me to has another in her heart. How do you expect me to live with that? That would only make me miserable. You said an Alpha needs a strong Luna but then, the alpha is the king already and no two kings can rule a kingdom. I need a helper and a friend, not a fellow ruler. So people reconsider, "

Julie looked up, his grandfather looked the other way with a huff and his heart sank. The old man was determined. But he didn't give up as well.

"Anabelle might not be strong, smart, and capable like Isabella but she has her perks...." He hesitated before speaking, "She's like a ray of sunshine that spreads warmth upon the face, the kind of warmth that melts even the coldest of hearts. She's beautiful, friendly, kind, thoughtful and the most compassionate soul I've ever seen. I know you're concerned about the gang but we can't have wars all the time, everything doesn't have to be solved with violence - "

"She's weak and would make you weak," George retorted.

"She makes me weak in a good way. Her positivity is all I need to fight my battles,"

"Our business is bloody, she just cannot handle it. You need a strong wife,"

"I'll be there to protect her and you keep forgetting that Anabelle is a Spencer, what hasn't she seen?"

"A lot," Reina almost said. Compared to the others, Anabelle was the innocent queen of the bloody Spencer group - Eden had made sure of it. But Reina was sure that Julie would be able to cover her from the violence just as Eden had done.

"You're not marrying her, simple!" George concluded.

"Why not?!" Eden chimed in this time. All this while, he had remained silent on purpose, but no more, "What's wrong with my daughter? Are you trying to say I didn't raise her well?"

"Exactly," Camille supported her husband, "Do you know many noble families will fight each other just to have our daughter betrothed to them? Yet, here, you are, treating her like she's worth nothing," she was furious. Anabelle was a nice girl compared to Isabella.

"Your son doesn't even love Isabella, why force him? Give the children freedom of relationship," Cecil joined in

"Let your son be happy old man," Emerald persuaded him, "Give him the girl after his heart,"

"Just give him Anabelle," Reina yawned.

"Yes, give him Anabelle!" A voice shouted from behind and all turned back and found the triple trouble, they've been spying and eavesdropping on their conversation.

Allen facepalmed, this fool called Neon just gave out their position.

"No, this is a good thing," Ailee said upon seeing the disappointment on her brother's face.

"How is this a good thing?" He pointed to the numerous eyes on them.

"Follow me," Ailee smiled and then shouted, "Give him Anabelle!"

Allen frowned but Neon didn't hesitate to join her in shouting out, "Give him Anabelle!"

"Oh well," Allen rolled his eyes exasperatedly yet cried out, "Give him Anabelle!" As always, they would get in trouble, together.

And just like that, the kids began to chant, "Give him Anabelle!" stamping their feet and clapping their hands, forming a rhythm of their own.

George's face distorted in anger and he turned around to give Reina a look that says control - your - monkey - of - a - children.

However, Reina merely shrugged. What could she do anyway? Ailee, Allen, and Neon were obviously expressing their opinion on the issue.

"Give him Anabelle!" they kept on pestering the old man and he lost it.

"Enough!" George roared with an intensity that shut everyone up. The place became as silent as a graveyard.

George's eyes were wide and red as he said, "I've made my decision and no one is going to stop?-"

"That decision is invalid," Someone said.

There was a collective gasp. Everyone turned to the source of the voice only to see Niklaus and his daughter coming into view. Isabella was as confident as usual while her father had his smirk on. Something was going to happen, they could all feel it . It was about to go down.

"What do you mean by that?" He had a bad feeling about this.

Isabella boldly said, "You claim that Reina's words have the same power as Niklaus'. But then, you forgot one thing, Reina had not been married to my father, Niklaus, when she made that agreement. Remember?" she grinned.

"No," George's expression changed. That is impossible.

*Chapter 535 - Five Hundred And Thirty-Six: Agree To The Engagement*

The third point of view:

He knew it! George said it! Father and daughter together were no good and now they've finally proved him right.

"I will not stand this!" George bellowed.

"What can't you stand? We all are here to ensure a fair and good conclusion," Although Niklaus said that, there was a sly smirk on his face. He has finally played his trump card, the chances of him winning this battle rose significantly - thanks to his daughter. Maybe Isabella's shrewdness was a good thing after all.

"You are trying to trick your way out of your responsibility," No one knew if that comment was directed at Isabella or her father, Niklaus.

However, Isabella made it personal by answering, "It is not trickery, it's called being smart. Moreover, weren't you confident all along, why so scared all of a sudden?" She taunted him.

"The girl's right," Emerald supported her and Isabella decided that moment she had found her new favorite person.

"Everyone was given the opportunity to speak out to make a fair judgment, it's right she presented her strong argument,"

George didn't say anything, he grumbled irritably instead.

"I think we have to look into Isabella's strong fact," Reina brought up the issue, "Now that I think about it, my daughter is right, I had not been married to her father when I made the promise to George," she chuckled, "Which means that my word was not -"

"Reliable," Julie acknowledged with a smile, "Reina was an Armani then, not a Spencer, and had no right over Isabella Spencer - note her surname. In one word, Niklaus gave no consent to the engagement," his gaze shifted over to his grandfather's distraught look. His great plan has been ruined.

Anabelle gasped, "The engagement is invalid? It's Invalid!" The girl wanted to fly, she was so excited. Julie wasn't going to marry Isabella anymore. God, it was a miracle!

So excited was Anabelle that she threw herself on Isabella who hadn't seen her attack coming nor had she time to brace herself, sending the both of them to the ground.

"Seriously, get off me, I'm not your boyfriend! Go rub yourself over him!" Isabella complained, trying to free herself from her cousin but Anabelle only wrapped her tighter. She gave up.

However, amid this celebration, Niklaus' gaze swept over a saddened old man. His brows furrowed in contemplation, scrutinizing the man with each passing second. Something wasn't right! He could feel it.

George loved his grandson with all his heart and for him to insist on pairing Isabella, his daughter with his grandson Julie meant he had a plan?- a plan he just ruined.

Amid his gloomy state George sensed someone's intent gaze and glanced up only for his gaze to connect with Niklaus. They stared at each other for almost a minute and then, it was decided - there was more to the engagement than everyone knew.

"Oldman, would you mind having a drink with me in my office?" Niklaus said to George, stunning everyone.

They had been rejoicing at the likelihood of the engagement being canceled only for Niklaus to arrange a private meeting with the foxy old man who had orchestrated the engagement in the first place. Moreover, the both of them had been at loggerheads earlier, what was the possibility they weren't about to kill each other inside.

That was what Reina must have been thinking as well because she tried to say, "I don't think that's a good -"

George raised his hand, stopping her, "It's no problem," he faced Niklaus, "Lead the way,"

One of the military personnel stationed in the room tried to follow but the old man motioned him to stop as well.

"I'm in safe hands," He said.

Really? Everyone was as puzzled as the military. Why hire them if he was in safe hands? The confrontation earlier, what was it for then?

Yet, George gave them no further explanation, following after Niklaus to his study with everyone's gaze trained on him.

Once inside his study, Niklaus produced two tumblers and a bottle of whiskey, pouring a drink for the both of them. Clicking their glasses, both men gulped the whole thing down, setting the glass back down on the table.

Niklaus poured another round.

They finished.

He poured another drink.

They finished.

The routine continued until the drink in the bottle was almost exhausted when Niklaus finally asked, "So what's the catch? Why Isabella?"

George poured himself a drink, the liquid scorching down his throat before he said, "Isabella has protection and Influence and courage,"

Niklaus rubbed his jaw, thinking hard, "You want your son to be protected. Isabella has me, then support from Reina's side and her growing forces in the future and by marrying her, Julie is entitled to the same benefit. But the question is why," His gaze bore into George's eyes, "You've been doing a good job of protecting him all this while except....." it finally dawned on him.

Niklaus's eyes widened slightly, taking in the man with a tinge of compassion, "You're dying, aren't you?"

George chuckled as if death was something to be laughed at, "I see who Isabella completely took over," He sighed, "It has been a huge privilege having lived this long. When my son died from my carelessness, I had numerous thoughts I would join him soon but I guess, taking care of his son was my redemption,"

He went on, "I don't have much power as before but Julie is bright and I see him reviving the glory of our family. However, it's like leaving a lamb amid wolves, he has so many enemies and no helpful relative on his side,"



Niklaus finally understood the old man's plot, Isabelle would have been his grandson's armor. After all, they ruled the city plus the fact he was in-law with Sakuzi, no gang would dare to attempt an attack on them. No one wanted a fate worse than death.

Sakuzi was not a merciful clan, once stirred, they hunted even to the last descendant. A whole generation wiped out from the surface of the earth. Who would want that?

"I don't have many years left, you have to agree to the engagement,"

*Chapter 536 - Five Hundred And Thirty-seven : Lincolnshire To Rock*

The third point of view:

They say great powers come with great responsibility. Niklaus had spent all his life garnering enough power so his kids wouldn't be forced to face the same hard choices he had to make, but it seems life always had its plans.

"I don't have many years left, you have to agree to this engagement," George told him, knowing Niklaus had the decision making power this time around, "Do this old man a favor,"

For over a minute, no one said a word, the both of them going over the decision and the consequences in their head

Finally, Niklaus opened his mouth to say, "No,"

George's face fell immediately. He had been hopeful.

Niklaus went ahead to explain, "I'm a man who believes in love and ended up with the love of my life, why then would I do the opposite to my daughter?" he leaned closer to his desk, "Living in a loveless marriage is agony and I have seen firsthand what it turned my father into, I can't do that to Isabella of all people.

"Moreover, she's made it clear to you that she would skin the life out of your grandson - you can take her word on that. So sorry George, I cannot help you with that engagement. I'm saving my daughter's life as well,"

George pursed his lips, nodding his head in understanding. The message was clear to him, the engagement was not going to happen. For a moment, the man wanted to just cry out his heart at a corner. He has failed his son and his grandson, Julie. He was a worthless grandfather.

"However,"

That single word lifted the man's crestfallen face. He saw a faint light at the end of the tunnel.

"W-what?" he choked.

"I would love Julie to be my son and receive all the benefits of being a Spencer - including protection - but would keep his family name. In one word, I want to be his godfather, not his father-in-law," Niklaus asked him, "Would you grant me that?"

George was dumbfounded, and the next burst into tears of gratitude which made Niklaus groan and hide his face. He hated tears - all except Reina's. There was something weird about a man older than his father Adam, crying in his study, all because of him. Not to mention that they were pointing a gun at each other earlier - Niklaus preferred his strong side.

"Thank you... thank you so much," George sniffed, trying to compose himself, "Now, I can die in peace knowing my grandson is in safe hands," He knew Niklaus never goes back on his promise.

"Please, don't die yet," Was Niklaus' response, "at least not without taking away the military you brought into my residence,"

If anything happens to George in here, there was no second guessing the war that would happen. After all, everyone would point fingers at him - George died in his study and he was the one who invited him in. He must have done it with evil intention, People would judge.

Meanwhile.....

Everyone was beginning to get anxious, but the most uneasy was Isabella. Her hands were clenched by her side, her brain working at an unbelievable pace as she tried to think of what had elicited that sudden meeting.

But no matter how hard she thought, she came up with nothing. However, she knew one thing, her father was dead meat if he went contrary to her plans - all of her sacrifices would not be for nothing

Everyone's head whipped around when Niklaus returned with the poker-faced George. One by one, they waited for the final judgment, their heart thudding against their chest. To make it worse, Niklaus didn't have the best of expression heightening the tension, until they heard.

"I'm sorry," Niklaus said and their faces fell at once. Bitter tears stung Isabella's eyes, how could he? After everything? She was so close to bursting out of the place in anger when Niklaus completed,

"The Engagement has been canceled!"

"What?!"

They were dumbfounded before it dawned on them that the bastard had been pulling their legs.

The twins were the first to shout, "Yeah!"?triumphant shouts rippling from their throats and resonating across the living room before the others joined in.

Isabella was the most affected amongst them. That announcement from Niklaus earlier had crushed her from inside out, only to be told it was a joke played on her by her father. It was like suffering a bad whiplash only to realize in the end that it was simply a game simulation.

Yeah, she was hit that hard and needed a booster. So the girl turned in the direction of Pedro with determined strides, hooked her arms around his neck, and took his lips in a kiss before the boy even knew what was going on.

Niklaus' eyes widened, that little bug! What about their agreement earlier. Then it dawned on him that this was his punishment for pulling her leg. Niklaus couldn't help but frown, does this mean she would go and get pregnant if he teases her worse than this.

But then, even if Niklaus wanted to something, he couldn't with the way the women in the rooms were fawning over the kid's public display of affection. Women!

"Grandfather," Julie went over to his old man, unsure how to start a conversation. However, when he saw the smile on the man's face, he ran into his arm and engulfed him in a hug.

"Thank you," He said even though he didn't know what brought on the change of heart. Anyway, he was grateful, that's all.

A trace of sorrow crossed George's features but he didn't show it. He was going to miss his grandson but knowing he would be in safe hands comforted him.

"So, are you coming back home or not?" Eden asked his daughter, Anabelle still keeping a distance from him.

Without a second thought, Anabelle threw herself on him and hugged him tightly "I missed you, papa,"

"I missed you too, pumpkin," Eden hugged her back, pecking her forehead.

And just like that, the runaways reunited with their family.

"Wait, we can't just leave like this!" Isabella announced to her friends due to?leave with their family.

"Leave?" Reina snorted, "We all got Lincolnshire to rock, baby,"

*Chapter 537 - Five Hundred And Thirty-Eight: The Assassination*

The third point of view :

"Hey, It's time to go,"

Maggie was roused from her thoughts when one of the military personnel pulled her into the police van.

Today was the first day Maggie was set to go on trial for the murder of Fernandez. Her case was a hot and sensitive one in the country since it depicted the violence directed at women. Everyone was interested to know what would be the final verdict.

Contrary to her fears, Maggie was being treated well in prison. She couldn't tell whether her patron was behind it?- the people who hired her to kill Fernandez - or Cecil - who had been actively overseeing her case- she was grateful nonetheless. No one dared to bully her in prison, to be honest, she had more fans than enemies.

After Fernandez's death, most women who suffered abuse in his hands yet didn't speak up in fear of what he would do to them, sprang up like weeds. Evidence after evidence, testimony after testimonies, witnesses after the other flooded the prosecutor's office - they had a handful to process.

Even in prison, her fellow inmates respected her bravery in ending the evil man. She guessed in the middle of oppression, women would still rise together as one.

Cecil had met Maggie and narrated her plans. Although the woman didn't condone her action of killing Fernandez, Cecil said, "However, you did the world a big favor. Although the set of rules and norms practiced by our society don't acknowledge your sacrifice, we, the survivors, who had tasted firsthand, the devil he was, thank you for keeping our world safe. You saved future women from falling into the trap we've experienced,"

Maggie had cried uncontrollably afterward. She had thought that she was alone all this while. When she killed Fernandez, she had not thought about the other young girls that could have fallen into the same situation. But now, she knew she had done a good thing. She had saved lives. Maggie saved futures.

She became hopeful once again. Cecil told her about the petition she started, demanding her release and so far, over four hundred women had signed the petition. That means she still had a bright future ahead - the society still wanted her.

Today marked the beginning of the trial that would determine her fate. Escorting her in the van were four soldiers; she was sandwiched in between two with her hands handcuffed. While one drove and the other stood watch. However, another police car drove from behind to offer extra protection which couldn't help but make Maggie all the more nervous.

Lady night, a raven bird had perched on her prison window, haunting her with its eerie cries all night. The little sleep she had caught hadn't been a pleasant one either; nightmares after nightmares. That was when it dawned on Maggie, she was going to die.

She was not a fool to think that everyone was in support of her killing Fernandez. Although the man did horrible things, Fernandez was a son, husband, father and relative to some people. They must be the one after her.

"How long till we arrive?" She asked the military personnel beside her who gave her a long look.

"This is the third time you asked that question, is anything the matter?" he looked at her suspiciously.

Maggie shook her head, "I don't feel safe," Was all she said. Her heart was palpitating with fear and she was nervous. Maybe she was just being overall paranoid.

The military personnel laughed at her fears, "What do you mean you don't feel safe? Is there any where safer than -"

The man didn't get to finish what he was saying because a great impact rocked their van. All Maggie felt was a sensation of flying as their car rolled several times and came to a complete halt.

The car came to rest on its roof hence they laid upside down. Maggie slipped in and out of consciousness until she shook the dizziness out of her head. She inevitably heard the sound of gunshots as the police car behind them tried to battle their attackers. She knew it, something wasn't right; the dream was a premonition.

With difficulty and a groan of pain, Maggie turned around to see the military personnel were in the same condition as her. However, she couldn't tell if they were dead or alive since their eyes were both shut. Looking around, she was the only one awake.

It was obvious that the both men beside her had absorbed most of the shock hence the reason she was conscious; their protection had come as a blessing in disguise. The sound of gunshot got closer and nearer, Maggie had to get out of the car.

The attack was on her and the perpetrators of the crime would surely come to check if they had finished the job - her. If that wasn't the case, Maggie was sure she would receive a shot to the head; she had to escape.

Maggie winced with just a move. Even with the cushion - the both soldiers - she was hit badly. She finally moved, but the problem was both soldiers blocked her path. Not to mention that they become double their weight now they are unconscious.

With her weakened states, Maggie pushed at the one closest to the door. However, his leg was stuck in between the seat and Maggie could barely move with the small space.

Suddenly, Maggie heard footsteps and her pushing became frantic. She had to escape, she could not survive the accident only to be murdered. She would not be killed because of that bastard Fernandez!

But it was too late, the crunching of glass under feet told Maggie that her attacker was right outside their car and though she could not see him, knew he was bending to peer at her.

She squeezed her eyes, unwilling to watch her death. Maggie heard the moment the man beside her - the soldier she had been trying to push all this while - was pulled out through one of the shattered windows effortlessly.

Expecting a bullet to pierce her head without a second thought, all Maggie heard was,

"Come on, we have to leave now!"

*Chapter 538 - Five Hundred And Thirty-Nine: Her Savior*

The third point of view:

Those hands stretched to her were like the light at the end of the tunnel. Or so she thought because when her gaze fell on his face, she gasped. That man! She knew him; he was her guardian angel.

What was he doing here? The man was no other than the guy she had made brief contact with at the club that day - the day she had killed Fernandez. He was that kind stranger and she had a feeling he was related to her Patreon.

"Come on, we have to leave now! There's no time to waste if you want to live!" he hollered at her.

That was when the smell of something strong and pungent hit her nose. Oh shit! It was diesel.

Maggie didn't know where the strength came from - she guessed her will to survive was greater - and she gave him her hand without wasting time.

The man pulled her out with a grunt and they barely made it away when the van exploded. Yet, the man protected her with his body. What kind of selfless sacrifice was that?

Maggie finally got the chance to look in the face of her savior; dark hair, honeyed eyes, and a face that wore no smile. His features weren't striking but he was a handsome man.

"We have to go now!" He ushered her to her feet immediately.

Maggie felt something sticky trail down the side of her head and touched it only to come up with a red stain - her blood. She was bleeding. She needed no Jesus to tell her she was in bad shape.

"I'm sorry, I can't... I'm tired," She staggered on her feet, her head spinning, "Moreover, I'm a criminal - at least by the law - I can't escape. Cecil told me there is a high chance that I would be pardoned,"

His eyes rekindled with that flame that had been there when he asked her to give him her hands.

"Really?" There was mockery in his tone, "Sure, why don't you just sit around and wait for the military that would arrive....." he checked his watch, "At the quickest, fifteen minutes since a distress call had been sent. You would get your lovely verdict and as well get murdered by the hitmen tasked to end you," He sneered, obviously thinking she was stupid.

"Hitmen?" Maggie was stunned.

"Yeah, the mother of the man you killed ordered a bounty on your head. Thirty million for whoever kills you and forty million for whoever brings you to her,"

Maggie's eye bulged out of her socket from shock. Fernandez's mother was so desperate for revenge that she would offer thirty to forty million for her. She didn't doubt the woman had great plans for her if she dared to get her hands on her.

"Thinking about it, since you have given up already, why don't I just hand you over to Lucinda and gain the spoils - thirty million is not a little money,"

Maggie stiffened immediately, her gaze searching her savior's eyes for signs of dry humor but all she found was a lifeless pool of brown eyes. He didn't let her in on his thoughts, he concealed it coldly. That made her wonder, was he really her savior? Was she the one mistaken all this while.

"So tell me?" he told her with a tone that sent shivers down her spine, "Are you coming with me or should I go claim the bounty on your head?"

Maggie knew he was not joking, she could see it in his eyes. The man was no angel at all, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. One wrong move and she was doomed.

"I'll go with you," was her quick response. The devil she knew was better than the angel she hadn't seen.

"Follow me," He commanded.

But that was the problem because the instant she took a step, her world swirled and she almost fell to the ground had he not caught her.

"You're too much trouble," He grumbled, carrying her in his arms to her surprise. She had thought he would simply drag her along. So he had chivalry in his genes?

Maggie didn't have the time to admire his firm muscles because she was in pain. As they passed the ruins, her eyes couldn't help but rest on the burning police van and tears stung her eyes. Those men died because of her.

"It's not your fault,"

"What?" she was startled

"Those men knew death was inevitable when they signed up for the duty. Their job was to die protecting people like you and they did so. It's a big honor," he said to her as if he had read her mind.

"Yeah, dying is a big honor," Maggie sassed in her head knowing her savior would have a different opinion if she said it out loud.

Aside from the burning van, Maggie saw other bodies lying on the floor and didn't need to guess those were her killers. Had her savior killed them all? If he could kill this many of them, what about her? He could easily snuff the life out of her without sweating.

It wasn't until they reached the police car from earlier that she noticed her savior was wearing a police uniform. It then dawned on her, her savior had been close all this while. No wonder, it was quick for him to react to the situation.

Blood spattered on the front seat - the former occupant must have been shot and she didn't dare to envision where - with numerous bullet holes on the windscreen. There was no time for a safety or hygiene check, leaving this hell hole was all she wanted.

Her savior hit the gas and they were out of there immediately. He flew through the road at great speed and surprisingly, Maggie was not scared. She had unconsciously developed some kind of trust towards this strange man.

They drove in silence even though she had a million questions to ask him starting from where he was taking her and who he was working for. However, when she finally opened her mouth to ask, her first question was.



"What is your name?" she added, "I forgot your name," she scratched the back of her head awkwardly. Yeah, that was the best thing to do, forget the name of the man that saved you. Well, it's not like she had expected to see him after that night at the bar.

With the cold stare he gave her, Maggie gulped and gave up on the idea of receiving an answer when he suddenly said,

"I'm Andrew. My name is Andrew,"

*Chapter 539 - Five Hundred And Fourty: She Doesn't Belong Here*

The third point of view:

He was efficient, Maggie noticed that as he ushered her into another car. From the men standing outside, she had no doubts that he was related to the mob or something else they wouldn't have come here safely so far.

Andrew - she finally came to know his name. Although that was the only conversation they had throughout the ride - abandoned the police car and the camouflage, tossing the uniform into the car that he handed over to the men before sliding into the new Mercedes with her trailing behind. She wondered what they would do with the car?

"Where are we going?" Maggie asked instead of "where are you taking me?" she was not delusional enough to think he was going to kill her. If he wanted her dead, he wouldn't have gone through all the trouble of rescuing her.

However, as she anticipated, he didn't answer her. His gaze focused on the road as if her speech was a mere whiff that tickled his face.

But Maggie persisted, "Are you taking me to my patron?"

He lifted a brow.

"I mean, he or she, whoever that is, promised to release me if I killed...." her voice slowed to a whisper, "Fernandez,"

"You would see him," He answered.

Thank God. He was beginning to think that he was mute. And he? Her patron was a he? Who was he?

"But that will be tomorrow. We have to stop at one of the safe houses and plan...." Andrew trailed off realizing he wasn't supposed to give her too much information. At least until they knew she was not going to be a liability to them.

Maggie noticed his action and shrugged, "I just want to know I'm safe, "

"Don't worry, you're safe with me. It's an order from above that I can't defile even if I want to exchange you for forty million," He intentionally held her gaze while saying that.

Maggie was supposed to be scared shit by that comment but she wasn't, he had a sardonic sense of humor. He didn't scare her.

"What do you guys do for a living? From what I've seen so far, you don't look like law-abiding citizens," Maggie took advantage of the moment, who knows when he will open up to her again?

Andrew turned to her, "Are you then a law-abiding citizen? Can you swear to me that aside from your 'case'.... " he put it mildly, "That you haven't broken the law? That you haven't stolen? Failed to pay taxes? Received or given a bribe? Malpractice? Have you?" his gaze bore into hers with blazing intensity causing to squirm on her seat uneasily.

"A-hem," Maggie cleared her throat awkwardly, "You should focus on the road. We can't escape an accident only to die in one caused by you," she tactically avoided the question.

Andrew gave her what she would interpret as a cold sneer instead of a smile. She just thought that they must be a bunch of criminals... Well, it was better she left this sensitive topic. It was a grey area anyway.

Learning from the previous conversation, Maggie didn't attempt to stir up another discussion, choosing to enjoy the silence until they got to their destination.

It was funny how she could trust a total stranger. Someone who could easily kill and bury her in a place where no one would find her; someone who could easily sell her off into prostitution or sell her organs without anyone coming to her aid. Even so, it was better than getting her heart ripped out by the one she thought loved her. Fernandez not only broke her, but he also destroyed her. Maybe that was why she didn't care anymore, she no longer had a purpose - a motivation.

Her initial purpose and motivation had been to end Fernandez, and when she finally did, Maggie was satisfied but empty. There was just this hollow feeling in her chest, she lost her motivation to live anymore. But that was until Cecil, the woman fought for her so fiercely that she had a motive once again - win this case and thank her properly.

However, that motivation was ruined by that crash and her escape. She didn't stand trial; she ran. The motivation shattered. Now, she just flowed with the wind, lived with the moment, and see where life takes her. There was just no passion anymore.

It took them about two hours to reach their destination and it was just a small duplex in a little village. However, with the look people gave her, Maggie had a feeling she was an outlander - she didn't belong here.

"Don't mind their probing stares," Andrew told her as soon as they stepped down, "It's not every day that they get to see a new face and they have many reasons to be cautious,"

And yeah, she could relate. They were afraid she was a spy or might tattle tale them to the Law - if only they knew she was running from the law as well. How amusing.

While they walked in, Maggie found pots around the house with the legendary palmate leaf with serrated leaflets. They were growing cannabis? No wonder the villagers seemed so worried about her presence. They were cultivating marijuana and she wasn't really sure if that was legal in this jurisdiction. She bet the answer was a no. Nor would it surprise her if she stumbled upon major indoor marijuana grow operation. Her feeling was right, she was dealing with criminals.

"You should stay here for today," Andrew led her to a room that wasn't exactly lavish but decent. The bed was at the least comfortable and her body needed some sleep.

"Thank you," She said to him.

"You have your bathroom and toilet stocked with every necessary toiletries," He informed her, "There's first aid at the cabinet, your wound is not that deep so you can help yourself. You just need to wash the blood, I'll get you an ice pack and you have some painkillers. Then off to bed immediately. I want you strong and healthy tomorrow if you want to see your patron," Andrew threatened her knowing she would do the opposite of rest. He could see through her; there was a playful gleam in her eyes.

"Sir, yes, sir," Maggie saluted him, a smile tugging on her lips. He had not seen that coming.

Andrew was close to laughing but controled the twitch of his lips, this was a mission, not a date nor leisure hour with this woman. He still doesn't know why Sakuzi wanted her at the base?- this wasn't their mode of operation.

"I'll get you your food," He turned away immediately else his mask falls off.

However, she announced from behind, "Add some cannabis to my food, I want to get high,"

*Chapter 540 - Five Hundred And Forty-one: A Caged Bird*

The third point of view:

Maggie was high, really, really, high in the sky, and then she crashed. Badly. Plummeted like sixty feet from the sky. However, she still had her bones intact.

The woman woke up with a start, her eyes immediately connecting with honey-brown eyes. For a while, none of them said a word, just staring at each other until he spoke, "Are you done hugging my body?" Andrew spoke icily as usual, but beneath that arctic layer, she could sense a hint of amusement. Her being stupid entertained him.

She looked down, "Oh," realizing indeed that she was hugging his body as if she was sleeping with her teddy.

"Sorry," She apologized, blushing scarlet red and as well, wondering what in the world happened here. This was not her room - probably his from the look of things - and how had she gotten here. The only thing she remembered was cleaning up her wound and eating... It hit her.

Her eyes widened, "You put cannabis in my food?"

"Didn't you ask for it?" he gave her a blank stare.

"I was joking! Can't you take a little joke?" no wonder her food tasted extra good last night. It was the best rice dish she had ever tasted.

"Unfortunately, we don't joke with shit around here. Perhaps the next time, you make yourself explicitly clear," He said, standing up to his feet and began to take off his shirt.

"What are you doing?" Her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"I smell like shit because I couldn't take a bath last night thanks to you hoarding my body and refusing to let go. Now, I finally have to take my bath, hallelujah! And you should do the same, we'd be leaving in an hour,"

Maggie smiled, "This is the longest you've talked to me since we knew each other. I never knew you were talkative," She said, trying not to linger on the sight of his bare body.

Andrew winced, "If that's the case, that means you don't remember last night, and do I have to seek your permission before I undress in my own privacy?" he asked her.

"No, you don't...." she stopped dead at the scars on his back. What in the name of God!

"What happened to you? Who did this to you?" She tried to touch the scar on his back but he swatted her hand away.

"My ex-girlfriend's father, your patron," He confessed, watching as her jaw dropped. He smirked knowingly, "I bet you don't want to see him anymore,"

"Oh no," her face was red and determined, "I want to meet him so I can give him a piece of my mind!" She was furious, "Why would he do this to you?"

Andrew was dumbfounded. He had intentionally told her that to see her reaction and this wasn't what he expected.

"You don't have to give him a piece of your mind or anything, I deserved that,"

"Why would you say so?" Maggie couldn't understand him. He was abused physically for God's sake.

"I broke his daughter's heart in the most humiliating way possible. I cheated on her," Andrew confessed.

Bang!

There was silence as she tried to digest the information he just fed.

"Then you deserve it," Her once cheerful tone was gone, "Sorry, but I'm not a fan of cheating spouses," Maggie didn't sugarcoat her words.

What brought on the sudden change in her attitude towards him? Andrew wondered until he recalled, Fernandez. Yep, that man did a number on her. Such a fine lady.

"The scars serve as a reminder to the man I once was and I'm grateful for that - it saved me," Andrew walked over to her till they were standing face to face, he muttered, "You're a beautiful lady and I hope you never fall for jerks ever again,"

Maggie looked up at him in surprise and was just about to tell him that she would remain single forever when he cut her off.

"Go and prepare to leave. Once I'm done, you're done else you're on your own,"

Jerk! He was giving her time limits now, huh. She had an inkling this was vengeance for what he claimed she did to him last night. What in the world even happened? What did she do to him?

At once, she left the room in a rush just as he announced, "You are never touching cannabis, ever again,"

"We'd see!" She left.

She was beginning to get comfortable with this stranger, Maggie realized during the drive to go meet her patron. He made her comfortable, nor was his stare accusing, even though she killed someone. She was afraid to say he understood her.

Perhaps, it was because he was no righteous than she made her relax, like he could relate with her or something. But beyond that, he treated her well to the point of being caring - something Fernandez never did for her.

Maggie's face turned sour when she remembered that name. She wished she could turn back the hands of the clock to that time when they never met. With that kind of power, she would make sure they never cross paths in their second encounter. Fernandez was her nemesis; the nemesis that ruined her. She fell from the top to the bottom, Crashing with a thud. No, she doesn't regret killing him one bit. Perhaps, he can ask for forgiveness from her daughter he sent to the land of no return. The only problem was that he would be in hell and her daughter in heaven.

"That doesn't look like the face of a woman who just regained her freedom,"

Maggie smiled bitterly, "This isn't freedom. Like a caged bird, I might be out, but my soul isn't..." she touched her chest, "It's embedded deep inside. The scars. These ones never fade away,"

Andrew didn't say anything after that confession but one could see how tight he held the wheel. He wished he had been the one to end that asshole that night but he couldn't go against Sakuzi's order. Not unless he wanted a death sentence. He just hoped she healed one day. She doesn't deserve the torments.