

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 541 - Five Hundred And Forty-Two: He Was Angry - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 541 - Five Hundred And Forty-Two: He Was Angry

Chapter 541 - Five Hundred And Forty-Two: He Was Angry

The third point of view:

"She's coming, right?" Cecil asked her husband for the umpteenth time without knowing it.

"Yes, she's coming, and please, calm down," Emerald added, "For?the baby,"

All that mattered for him was the safety of his family, the others could go to hell as long as he cares. The only reason he had gone to such length to save that woman was because of his wife. For some reason, Camille has invested everything in that woman named Maggie - including her emotions.

Emerald didn't dare to recall how Cecil had almost collapsed when she heard Maggie had been attacked. Lucky for him, he had foreseen the attack and placed safety measures else he wondered what would have happened.

Emerald knew why she was this way. Cecil was guilty; she saw herself in Maggie. Knowing she -Cecil-?would have probably been the one in her -Maggie- shoes if things had worked out between her and Fernandez. Who knows, Cecil might as well wonder if Fernandez would have changed if they remained together. But that possibility was bleak. The first scenario was much more feasible because the truth was that Fernandez was a greedy, selfish bastard.

Emerald wondered what she would do if he ever confessed he was responsible for Fernandez's death. Would Cecil understand that it had to be done for her protection? Would she understand that it was for the greater good? Would she realize that everyone was much happier with Fernandez gone? Would she realize that they saved countless other lives - girls that could have ended up like her dear Maggie. Would she realize they eradicated the greater evil?

Or would she go ahead to judge him? Would she look at him with disgust and see the scar on his face as the monster he is? Would she yell and hate him? Would she leave him? Would the family he barely brought together separate? Would he have to fight over the custody of the child with her? Would he end threading in the paths of Fernandez?

No, this secret was not going to be out. Some things were better left hidden and this was one of them. He would take the secret to the grave and Maggie knows better than to go whining her mouth.

"Oh right," Cecil finally realized she was so worked up. If it wasn't for Emerald's constant reminder and morning sickness, she sometimes forgets she's bearing a new life.

Well, she had to be calm, for the sake of her family. Maggie was fine and that was all that mattered. Now, all that was left was to deal with Lucinda. The woman had dared to threaten her life and her family. She would pay for that and Cecil knew the best way. Fernandez's mother loved money, what happens when she has none? Not even a little to hire assassins?

Which is why Pedro would claim his rightful place as Fernandez's heir - it was his root anyway. Lucinda would think she's winning until her power, authority, and pride is cut off. The whole of it. Violence doesn't always have to be the answer. Sometimes, you just have to play smart and finally, checkmate.

Meanwhile...

Maggie began to question if she was really safe when Andrew began to drive through a secluded road for a long time now. There was only thick vegetation on both sides of the road and she began to have second thoughts. She had watched a lot of movies and this was the perfect spot to end someone.

Although her patron had warned that he would spare her if she shut her mouth, what if he changed her mind? What if Andrew had simply rescued her so she doesn't spill the truth to the police. What if Andrew's modest action so far was to lower her guard so he could end her easily?

"Oh God," Maggie shivered, everything dawning on her. This was not freedom but death. Andrew had been lying to her.

At once, she spared a look at Andrew and realizing his focus was on the road, slowly reached for the door. Immediately, she pushed open the door, it was snapped shut with unbelievable fast reflexes. Shock sprawled across her face just as her head whipped around to connect with Andrew's darkened ones.

"What the hell are you thinking -!"

No seconds spared, Maggie punched Andrew right in the face without thoughts of the fact that they might crash. But as she premeditated, Andrew was an experienced driver, managing to pull over just before they rammed into a tree.

Taking advantage of that distraction, Maggie removed the seat belt and got out of the car. She fled into the woods with no idea where she was or heading. All she knew, she had to get away from that man.

Occasionally, she tripped over roots and small shrubs, spraining her left ankle but Maggie didn't give up. She knew Andrew was hot on the chase even though she couldn't hear his footsteps except the pounding of her heart.

All the air was knocked out of her lungs when something crashed into her from the side. No, it wasn't something, but someone, it was Andrew! Oh no. Her heart began to pound faster than before, she was dead.

"Let me go!" She yelled, struggling fiercely with Andrew who pinned her to the ground with his body. Although the man was lean, his weight right now felt like an entire mountain was pressing down on her.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" He yelled back at her.

She tried to hit him on the face but he grabbed her hands and held them above her head. Thus, he incapacitated her.

"Jesus, what the fuck is going on with you?!"

"I know you're going to kill me!" She retorted.

"What?!" He was stunned.

And there, that hesitation cost him. She managed to slip out of his hold and punched him right in the face again. However, Andrew, as firm as a rock, refused to budge. But then, he was angry. Real angry.

"What is your fucking problem?!" He roared at her face, veins bulging from his neck.

Chapter 542 - Five Hundred And Forty-Three: A Twisted Soul

The third point of view:

"Why would you think I want to kill you?!"

Maggie winced at the anger in his tone. He grabbed her shoulder real tight and it was beginning to hurt but she didn't dare to make a sound, afraid that it would vex him further.

"Answer me!" he roared.

"We've been going through the forest for a while now, who wouldn't be scared? You have a gun and I'm a woman, alone in a car with you, a stranger!" She made him see her perspective as well.

Andrew sighed, then explained to her, "You didn't see any house because that's the base and it's supposed to be impervious,"

Although there was still a trace of doubt on her face, she was no longer destructive - thank God. With the second punch, he had been close to losing it had he not controlled himself.

Her breathing was chaotic but so was his and then he saw a blush on her face. His brows furrowed and that was when he realized he was in between her legs.

Flustered, he got off her and she stood as well, an awkward feeling enveloping them. But Andrew was quick to notice the way she shifted her weight on one foot.

"You're hurt," He glanced at her swollen ankle.

"Yeah," Maggie added, "But it's nothing,"

"Yeah, it would have been nothing if you had more patience for fifteen minutes. We would have arrived and your leg wouldn't be injured,"

"I said I'm fine," She almost snapped at him.

"Alright, since you're fine, find your way down," He turned and strode away.

"Bastard!" Maggie cursed even though she didn't even know why she was pissed at him. She was the one who misunderstood him and took off, getting injured in the process. Why was she angry? More like, what was she expecting?

So much lost in thought was Maggie that a scream tore from her throat when she was suddenly lifted off the ground.

"I'm sorry, but you're slowing me down," Was the only excuse Andrew offered her before walking ahead with her in his arms.

He had firm muscles, Maggie was finally able to achieve her curiosity clear-headed. He was her type. But unfortunately, she was done with men. No more men. She would die single. Fernandez was the last of them. Her soul was too dark, twisted, and shattered to accommodate another. Her heart was dead; it would no longer beat. Not for anyone else till she died.

Andrew wondered why her expression was suddenly grim but that wasn't his concern. His only responsibility was to take her to the base and his job was over. He would never see her again, hence there was no reason to mull over her expression and all.

He finally reached the car and placed her inside even though she wanted to do it herself. After making sure the seat belt was in place, he went over to the driver seat, eased himself in, and took off.

Although they didn't speak, the tension from earlier had relaxed. It relieved him to know someone wouldn't throw a sucker-punch at him and risk crashing into one of these trees - he still loved his life.

Andrew saw the astonishment on her face the moment they arrived at the base and wasn't surprised - First-timers were always like that. It was almost like stepping into another world humans didn't know existed. Who was the crazy man who built a mega-mansion in the middle of nowhere? Yeah, that was Sakuzi, the master strategist.

The hectares of woodlands leading to the base were all owned by him so he had no communication with the outside world. Anyone who got in was a trespasser and would be spotted before they even knew it. Over the years, Sakuzi had worked on his security and succeeded in installing security cameras in strategic spots in the woods.

Unless they attack from the air, it's easier starting a revolt than breaking into the base. Just like the name, it was an impenetrable fortress.

The huge gate was remotely opened for Andrew as he went in and they walked the rest of the huge perfect lawn with Maggie astonished. The place was simply beautiful.

"Is she the one?" A man at the foyer asked.

That question ended her admiration.

"Yes," Andrew answered.

"What?" Maggie was confused. Why does it sound like things were about to change?

"You don't have to worry, you're safe. This is where my mission stops, he'd lead to your patron," Andrew explained to her even though he had no idea what Emerald or Sakuzi had in store for her. But he had a strong feeling she would live else he would have been given the order to end her right away.

"I'm not going to see you again," Maggie didn't understand why she was disappointed. Perhaps, because he was the only male that treated her well since Fernandez.

"Probably," He answered curtly.

Maggie simply drew him into a hug; a long bone-crushing one. However, before she let go, she whispered into his ears, "I remembered what happened last night,"

At once, Andrew went red in the face. Let's just say last night he had done some pretty ridiculous things that he would rather not remember - none of it was sexual. He was not a fool to think that a woman who experienced such huge trauma would want romance anytime soon. So goodbye to the crush that was never meant to happen.

And with that, Andrew pulled away before he made the crazy mistake of asking to take her directly to Sakuzi instead - just to spend more time with her. Sakuzi's order was not to be disobeyed, even one as simple as this - he would be punished.

He was gone before she could say a word, Maggie realized. Maybe, it was better that way. So Maggie confidently went ahead to follow this strange man with Andrew's assurance that she wouldn't be hurt.

Maggie wondered many times what her patron would look like and though she didn't know, she had been expecting a much younger man, not this old... Well, he was not that old, probably in his early sixties. She was just about to bow down and worship, no, greet him, when she caught movements at the corner of her eyes and she turned to see,

"Cecil!"

"Hi Maggie," her kind smile welcomed her.

Chapter 543 - Five Hundred And Forty-Four: The Mafia Gave Her A New Life

The third point of view.

Maggie cried like a kid. She didn't know why but the moment Cecil smiled at her, she felt the weight and frustration of what she had been through overwhelm her and the next thing, she was bawling her eyes out. It was all too much.

Many had appraised her as a hero but Maggie was the only one who knew the demons she fought when alone and at sleep.

But this woman, Cecil, was the only one who came close to knowing. Cecil had been more than a friend and counselor, she had been a sister.

Although free, Maggie had not been truly happy. She failed Cecil, the woman had done everything she could to see that she - Maggie - could get a presidential pardon, but she failed it by escaping. Now, she would forever remain a criminal.

She failed Cecil. But who knew she would meet her here.

"I'm so sorry I failed you," Maggie apologized profusely, "I was supposed to go through trial and make you proud but instead I escaped -"

"Shhh, it's okay," Cecil told her, wiping her tears away, "You don't have to be guilty, I understand. Moreover, you wouldn't have made it to the trial anyway. Lucinda would have seen to it that you're dead no matter what," she smiled at her assuredly, "I'll rather you remain alive than you been cleared yet dead,"

Maggie sniffed, fighting to control the tears, "I don't know how to thank you,"

"You don't need to thank me, you were my responsibility. But if you feel like doing so, you can start by thanking my soon-to-be husband..." Cecil turned her to Emerald, "He's the one who saw to it that you're alive," there was proudness in her tone.

The instant Maggie's eyes connected with Emerald's, she shuddered and took a step back. The man was huge and emitted a bloodlust so suffocating she wondered if Cecil was in her right mind. Why was she marrying this demon?

"Oh please, stop scaring the poor woman," Cecil rolled her eyes at the grim-looking Emerald. His arms were folded across his chest, his biceps bulging out of his shirt and he looked intimidating with his straight posture.

"This is my best look," Emerald grumbled. He didn't like this woman, she was dangerously connected to Cecil emotionally. Anyone that posed a threat to his wife was not his friend.

"Not if you add a little smile?" She insisted.

And just like that, Emerald faked a smile as he stretched his hand for a handshake, "Hi, I'm Emerald," He said.

Maggie was still stunned by the scenario that played out - the giant listened to Cecil's command? - that she responded late. It wasn't until Cecil nudged her that she remembered what she was to do

"Oh right," She accepted his hand nervously, "I'm Maggie,".

His big hands completely covered hers and it was firm. Although there was something else in the man's gaze, a warning or something. Maggie couldn't exactly tell. But she knew better than to mess up.

"And over there," Cecil turned to Sakuzi who ignored their introduction all this while, busy playing games on his phone.

At first, Sakuzi dismissed games as petty excuses to squander time. However, Allen, his grandson, had been compelling and asked him to try it out. Before he knew it, Valentino

played one round and the next and the next and now, he's addicted. Playing games is fun.

"Sakuzi...." Cecil whispered to the distracted man.

"Oh, right," Sakuzi recovered and sat upright. Damn it, he was so close to shooting those damn villains down. Well, not really villains - his game character was a thug - but who cares? His aim was to achieve his missions. Now, he would have to begin afresh. Damn it.

"A-hem," Sakuzi cleared his throat, putting on his charming smile.

"Now, that is Valentino Armani but you should call him Sakuzi if you don't want a bullet in your head," Cecil said.

Maggie paled.

"I'm kidding," Cecil laughed, "Sakuzi is the best mobster you would ever go get to know,"

Mobster? It dawned on Maggie. The guns? Cannabis? Violence? That explains it all. She was dealing with the mafia. The mafia rescued her.

"I'm sure you know why you're here," Sakuzi said, his gaze boring into her own.

To keep my mouth shut, Maggie understood what was going on. Sakuzi was her Patron. But she couldn't understand one thing. Does Cecil know Sakuzi supported her killing Fernandez? Maggie bet not.

With the little time she spent with Cecil while in prison, the woman had explained her connection to Fernandez, hence Maggie was able to put the whole picture together. Cecil was in the dark and they - including her husband - wanted it to remain that way.

Meanwhile, Cecil was confused by Sakuzi's question so she asked, "Is there any other reason Maggie is here?"

"Of course, to thank me. All this wouldn't have been possible if not for my resources, remember?" Sakuzi lied to her, only the two others in the room knew the hidden meaning behind his words.

"Thank you sir for saving my life," Maggie thanked him as necessary without Cecil reminding her. She owed her life to him.

"I owe my life to you, tell me how I can pay back the favor?" Maggie knew nothing was free in this world.

"You don't need to repay anything, I did this all for Cecil."

Maggie's gaze softened at Cecil, what a selfless woman. She was so thankful.

Cecil smiled in understanding.

Emerald protectively stood in front of Cecil. Why was that woman staring at his wife that way? He didn't like this strange conversation - he felt left out in whatever secrets they were sharing with their eyes.

"Although, there are certain conditions you would have to meet since you're a dead woman now,"

Maggie was startled by Sakuzi's comment, "What do you mean by that?"

"Maggie is dead," Sakuzi revealed, "To the world, you died in that attack yesterday, burnt beyond recognition,"

At that, Maggie's knees felt weak and she collapsed to the ground in gratitude. She understood what they did. They faked her death. They were giving her a new life.

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

Chapter 544 - Five Hundred And Forty-five: You Have Something I Want

The third point of view:

"You will be given two options and you will have to choose one: go and live forever abroad, you will be given a fake passport and smuggled out of the country or, you can choose to remain here, on the account that you change your features, " was Sakuzi's condition.

"Change my features?" Maggie muttered.

"Yes, surgically," Emerald supported.

Both women were stunned.

"Does she really have to do that?" Cecil asked concerned. Changing her features was equal to changing everything about her. Her identity and all.

"If she wants to stay here, yes. We busted her out, she can't be a liability to us else we might have....." Emerald faltered, realizing what she almost said.

"You'd have to end her," Cecil finished for him.

"We can mess with the Law, but to an extent," Emerald told her.

"No, he's right. You all helped me, I can't put you in danger. Moreover, I have another choice," Maggie reminded her, hoping Cecil doesn't take her husband's words the wrong way.

"What's your choice then," Sakuzi went straight to business - he couldn't wait to start his game.

"I'll stay here,"

"What?" Cecil was stunned by her decision. She was hoping Maggie would go far away and begin a new life. Not to mention that she would have to change everything about her if she stays.

She turned to Cecil, "I know you have good plans for me and a fresh start. But here or there, I would never recover. Taking a life? The guilt stays with you and never goes away,"

At that comment, Cecil and Emerald's eyes collided. How wouldn't she know Maggie's feelings when she stole a life as well. But then, hers would have been stolen if she hadn't done so. Life was eat or be eaten and she made her choice.

"You will have to change your -"

"I know." Maggie nodded, "And it's my decision. Every day I look at myself in the mirror and I hate the face I see staring back at -"

"None of what happened was your fault," Cecil told her firmly.

"I wouldn't have met Fernandez if I wasn't desperate for money,"

"You needed the money for your mother and Fernandez knew that, he gave you an offer you couldn't refuse," Cecil would not let her bear this guilt for the rest of her life.

"Let's not argue that, Cecil. This is my decision. And I want a new face anyway," Maggie shrugged.

"But -"

"Cecil," Emerald stopped her, squeezing her shoulder. She understood that gesture, he was urging her not to press Maggie. You can't save someone that doesn't want to be saved.

"However," Maggie added, staring Sakuzi straight in the eyes, "If I'm to remain in the country, I want to be a member of your mob,"

"Maggie!" Cecil shouted, but the woman stood straight, her eyes steeled with determination. She had made up her mind.

Sakuzi threw his head back and laughed as if he had seen this scene coming. He smirked at her, "The mafia life is not fit for a lady, especially one going into it full time. It would be tough,"

Maggie was not discouraged, "I never expected anything less than that. I'm here for serious business,"

Sakuzi raised his brows, "You could die,"

"Death is only the beginning of an unknown journey. Fernandez might be dead but there are probably other Fernandez's out there, probably a hundred of them, which is why I'm going to make it my life mission to eradicate them all. Let me be the sacrifice for the greater good," Maggie kneeled, "Make me your greatest assassin! your greatest weapon!"

Cecil was stunned, this was not how she predicted this meeting would go. Maggie was supposed to get her happy ending, not sacrifice herself. She didn't like this, but there was nothing she could do.

Silence stretched on as everyone waited for Sakuzi's decision. They all knew he was the one who held the final judgment.

"Sure," Was all he said, but it spoke volumes. Maggie's fate has been sealed and there was no changing it.

Relief spread over Maggie's face. She was accepted and soon her dreams would come true - she would save more souls from those wolves in sheep's clothing.

"Thank you, thank you so much!" Maggie was almost kneeling to the point of worshipping him but Sakuzi simply took his phone and left.

They've squandered much of his time already, the man grumbled as he zoomed off - that time should have been spent playing his precious game.

"Sakuzi," a voice interrupted him mid-game and the man swore. Damn everyone, why can't he get a moment to himself. It seems he would have to transfer power to Emerald faster than planned.

"What is it? Your reason better be good," It took everything in Sakuzi not to snap at him.

"Your step-granddaughter is here," Andrew announced to him, his eyes subtly shifting to Sakuzi's office. He had intentionally taken up this errand just to investigate the situation. Was Maggie okay?

"Hmm, step-granddaughter," He muttered under his breath, eyes glued to the screen of his phone, "Do I have a step-granddaughter?" he forgot.

"Isabella and her father. They're here to see you," Andrew informed him.

"Oh, that brat. What trouble has she caused this time? What mess does her father want us to help clean up?" he asked.

"I don't know -"

"That brat is here, old man, and you have something she needs," Isabella appeared in the passage, looking impassive.

"Tsk Tsk," Sakuzi clicked his tongue, "You haven't changed at all, still haven't learned how to respect elders," Sakuzi finally tore his gaze off the screen. Isabella always has a way of drawing his attention.

Isabella retorted, "I only respect elders who are old enough to walk with a cane,"

"You!" Sakuzi choked at the subtle insult from his so-called step-granddaughter. The girl was one of the few opportune to speak to him that way without getting her head cut off.

He turned to Andrew, "We have a new member, help her settle in and remind the others to tuck in their d*cks because this one ain't taking shit," Sakuzi told him, missing the way Andrew's gaze lit up at the information.

"Yes, sir," Andrew left to go fulfill his duty, gladly.

Sakuzi shifted his attention to Isabella, "Young brat, what do you want?"

Chapter 545 - Five Hundred And Forty-six : Be My Shadow Guard

The third point of view:

"So what you're trying to say is that you want me to hand over the assassin that almost killed my daughter, Reina, to Isabella, to be her shadow guard? Am I right or did I hear wrongly?" Sakuzi wasn't so sure of what to make of that.

"Yes, you heard right and as demanded by Isabella," Niklaus clarified the misunderstanding. Left for him alone, he wanted nothing to do with that hitman but Isabella was adamant, he wondered what she saw in him.

All three of them were in the living room for this conversation and Niklaus had only come as an escort. Yes, he didn't like the idea but had to follow his daughter to ensure she's on her best behavior.

Sakuzi turned to his step-granddaughter, "I'm sorry but I can't grant you that request,"

"Why?" Isabella wasn't even dejected by his rejection. If anything, she looked confident, as if she was sure of winning this argument.

"People like him are untamed, dangerous, and not worth it. You better let him go,"

"Really?" Isabella was amused by the comment. What was even funny about it?

Sakuzi continued, "I'm only telling this because you're my favorite brat,"

Niklaus scowled at him, when did his good daughter become someone's brat?

As usual, Sakuzi ignored him,

"If you can't pick a shadow guard from your father's men, then you can choose from mine, I have the best guard across the nation and I won't charge you a dime. Just take one and leave that man alone. He's trouble?" Valentino was suddenly magnanimous.

Isabella might not be his biological granddaughter, but the girl's precious to his daughter, Reina - he has no choice but to love anyone Reina loves.

However, aside from that, Sakuzi liked Isabella, she reminded him a lot about himself when he was younger. He just hopes she doesn't make the same mistake he made.

"So he's untamed and dangerous so I can't have him?" Isabella repeated his comment.

"Yes, it's for your safety,"

"Then how are we different from him?" Isabella asked a question that stunned everyone, "This family? This business? Aren't we dangerous to others? Are we even in a position to judge him?"

Silence descended. Niklaus whistled yet it spoke volumes, subtly hinting to Sakuzi that he had once been there. Why had he given in to her ridiculous request in the first place then? Why would he risk his daughter's life? But then, Isabella was undebatable.

"You're dancing with fire, little brat. There's a reason we catch them young, for the reason of loyalty, " Sakuzi told her.

"You don't always need to instill loyalty, some people earn it," Isabella argued.

"Well," Niklaus chimed in to end the argument, "On the bright side, he can only be her shadow guard voluntarily. She can't force it on him so this might as well be a failed mission," he pointed out.

Sakuzi nodded in understanding, "Fine, you can speak to him. I'm not wishing you good luck,"

Isabella cocked a brow at him, "I've always been lucky,"

Sakuzi simply snapped his finger and one of the men standing guard at the entrance came over to him, "Talk her to where the prisoner is," He turned to Isabella, "I'll be awaiting the news,"

"It would be good news," Isabella was confident, following after the prisoner who led her away.

Niklaus followed after her, he would not let that stubborn ass of his daughter walk into danger alone. Gosh, this was infuriating.

At last, they came to a room where other men stood guards. Their tour guard spoke to the other men stationed there and they immediately slid open the steel door.

"You can go in," the guard said.

They walked in.

The room was spacious yet stank greatly of rotten rodents and poor ventilation. A man sat on the floor with his eyes closed and his hands chained. There were bloodstains all over his tattered shirt and his bloodied face was a mess. It was obvious he was emaciated and had been going through torment.

"Have you come to finish me off?" Jean asked, without opening his eyes. He seemed tired, bored, as if he wanted all this to end already.

"Just do it quickly. I don't like to keep waiting," He said.

However, when no answer came - the silence was unlike his torturers. They were always boisterous - Jean immediately sensed a change. The auras were different and someone was pointedly staring at him.

So he immediately opened his eyes to meet two different pairs of stunning amber eyes. What the fuck. One of them was staring at him with amusement while the other was alert, accessing him.

"You!" He recognized her. She was that kid.

"You don't look bad, yourself," Isabella chuckled.

Jean looked down at himself and was stunned. What looked good about his condition? He was bloodied and all.

Jean glanced up at Isabella just as the girl told her father, "Can you give us some privacy?"

Niklaus growled disapproval.

Isabella stood her ground unmoved. This was her mission, she was having her way with it.

Niklaus knew it was a fruitless effort when he saw his daughter had made up her mind. So he said instead, "Be careful,"

"I know,"

"Stay safe,"

"I will,"

Niklaus was about to leave when he turned around, saying, "In case, he tried anything funny, just scream, I'm right outside the door,"

"Alright,"

"Just remember -"

"Jesus Christ, just go!" Isabella urged him away.

Like an obedient lamb, Niklaus left. But not without glancing over his shoulder, eight or ten times.

"What are you doing here? I don't think we're close enough to be called friends?" Jean asked her as soon as the door was closed.

Isabella walked over to him, her smirk growing, "Don't worry, we'd be more than friends soon,"

Jean narrowed her gaze at her, "What do you mean?"

"You have the opportunity to leave this place if you can only agree to be my shadow guard,"

"Shadow guard?"

"It's a Spencer tradition. Every member of the family owns an exclusive guard who will lay down their lives for them in the time of trouble," Isabella concisely summarized to him.

Jean was stunned, "You," He pointed to her, "Want me to be your shadow guard? Like, protect you?"

"Yes, anything about it?"

"Not interested," Jean turned it down without even batting an eyelid.

"It's your only free ticket out of here," Isabella tempted him.

"Do I look like I want to leave here? Just let me die and leave this world quietly," Jean told her, turning his face the other way which was a quick reminder for "Please leave,". He didn't want to see her.

Chapter 546 - Five Hundred And Forty-seven: We Had A Deal

The third point of view:

Niklaus stared down at his watch, it was almost thirty minutes since his daughter went into the room, and yet she hadn't come out. What the hell was going on? There was no scream no scuffle to indicate that something violent was happening in there.

He didn't even dare to imagine what he would do if that bastard dared to touch his daughter, he would shoot a bullet through his brains.

"What do you say is happening there?" Niklaus asked the man beside him, staring at the tablet in his hand.

There were surveillance cameras installed in the room whence he could watch what was going on. When he checked, Niklaus saw Isabella sitting cross leg on the ground, watching the hitman who seems to be asleep. What the hell was his daughter doing?

Meanwhile...

Jean tried to ignore her, to sleep as he had been doing the past days, but he couldn't, not with that creepy kid staring at him that way.

Isabella had struck a good impression on him the first time they met but he was not a fool to depend on the words of a child. She was probably one of those rich brats simply grateful he saved her life that day and now thought of him as a charity case. Unfortunately, he didn't need her pity.

"You're stubborn, but that's not going to change my mind. You better leave,"

"So you want to die then?" Isabella asked Jean as if he hadn't made his intentions clear already.

"With all pleasure," He was relaxed.

"Without seeing your niece one last time?" Isabella said and this time, Jean's eyes popped open. His countenance changed.

"That's the only family you have left, right?"

"Leave" Jean growled at her.

"Why? So you can continue to rot in here? Don't you think this is a miracle that out of your mates, you were the only one who survived? That sounds like a second chance to me if I would say,"

"Get the hell out of here now with your damned request!" he raised his voice on her.

"Fine, my pleasure," Isabella accepted his dismissal, standing up to her feet as she brushed off the dust on her pants. She was close to getting Jean, she knew it. The lifelessness in his eyes had completely vanished as soon as she mentioned his niece. But she has to push hard before retreating.

So before she left, Isabella added, "Once you're dead, I'll be sure to send the message to her," then went away.

Niklaus was the most delighted to have his daughter out of there. However, something happened.

The instant Isabella was about to step out of the room, she was grabbed from behind.

"Isabella!" Niklaus saw red when he saw that animal grab his daughter from behind, wrapping his chains cuffed to his hands around Isabella's neck as well.

Before Sakuzi's men could even react, Niklaus had already grabbed the gun from the grip of one of the men closest to him and pointed it at Jean.

"Let her go!" He demanded.

"Pull the trigger and she will die," Jean threatened him.

"You'd die as well," Isabella reminded Jean.

Jean gave her the look, what kind of human being was this? Even in the face of danger, she was not afraid.

"I told you this was a bad idea," Niklaus said to his daughter this time, "He's like a rabid dog and should be put down,"

"Sure, put me down and your daughter is gone as well,"

Niklaus' face hardened, "What do you want?" All that mattered was his daughter.

"I want to leave here," Jean said.

"Don't be stupid," Isabella told him, "You won't make it out of here even if you have me as captive. Even as I speak, snipers are probably trying to get the best angle to -"

"Shut up!" Jean tightened the chain and Isabella choked.

"Isabella!" Niklaus was close to shooting at the bastard, but he couldn't, not without harming his daughter. If anything happens to Isabella, Reina would kill him first before the guilt sets in.

"I know you're trying to go see your niece, Jean, but you have to do it the right way. Be my shadow guard?"

"Are you fucking real right now Isabella?!" Niklaus cursed when it dawned on him that this was Isabella's plan all along. She premeditated this would happen after intentionally inciting the hitman and now he - Niklaus - had to follow along with the script she drafted mentally.

Who said having an intelligent daughter was a gift? Damn it, what kind of daughter was she?! He just hoped Isabella knew what she was doing.

Jean was stunned, what kind of kid was this? She was still speaking about him being her shadow guard while he held her hostage. Was she fucking serious or just had a loose screw in the head?

"Jean," Isabella spoke even though the chains were cutting off her breath, "Even if you somehow escape here, they are going to come after your niece, is that the kind of life you want for her?"

Conflicted emotions flickered across Jean's face yet he didn't loosen the chain one bit. His guard was still up. What if this was a trap?

"You will be free and as well have the time and capability to protect your niece. I'm probably sure you have other enemies who would hurt her to get to you," Isabella played a dangerous game of trying out her luck. She had planned until this point, whatever happens next depends on Jean's decision.

Jean's gaze swept around the numerous weapons pointed at him and asked her, "I can trust you, right? "

"Cross my dark heart," Isabella promised him.

"Ask them to drop their weapons then you can consider me your shadow guard," He issued a command.

Isabella turned to Niklaus, "Do it,"

"Isabella," He warned through clenched teeth.

She rolled her eyes, "Do the damn?thing,"

Jaw ticking, Niklaus commanded, "Drop your weapons,"

Although they were hesitant at first, Niklaus fired a warning to them through his glare and they complied at once.

"Your turn now," He told Jean.

Slowly yet cautious, Jean released Isabella. However, no sooner was she freed, the guards quickly moved in and pounced on Jean, pinning him to the ground.

"You promised me! We had a deal," Isabella accused her father

"Sorry, but I don't risk my daughter's life,"

Chapter 547 - Five Hundred And Forty-Eight: Decision

The third point of view:

"Sorry, but I don't risk my daughter's life," Niklaus told her with an icy tone and Isabella recognized his intention.

"No, no, no!" She tried to come after him but those stupid guards grabbed her from behind.

"You fucking promised me! It was a deal!" Isabella continued shouting as her father turned off the gun's safety. She struggled fiercely but it was two strong men against her.

Niklaus ignored her ravings, walking over to Jean pressed on the floor, saying, "No bad blood here but you crossed a line you shouldn't have," Moreover, Jean was one of the hitmen who assisted Miguel in hurting his wife Reina, hence it was time to collect. He had delayed the inevitable long enough.

However, just as Niklaus was about to pull the trigger, Sakuzi's voice sounded from behind, "You bad father, what are you about to do?"

Niklaus gritted, "Isn't that obvious?"

"Yes, you're a coward who's going back on his words," Sakuzi retorted fearlessly.

Isabella was relieved at the sight of Sakuzi, who knew that old man would be useful to her one day. Now her messiah was here, she quickly took advantage of his presence, "Jean has agreed to be my shadow guard. That was the deal, don't let him go back on his words, grandpa," She finally called him that.

Sakuzi didn't know whether to laugh or cringe, that brat was a sly opportunist. Well, his hands are tied then.

"Let the man be, Niklaus," Was his command, "You know our word is the law. Don't tell me you want to lose your respect over this issue,"

At first, it looked as if Niklaus wouldn't let Jean go since he had the gun in a tight vice with his jaw clenched and his body rigid, the war raging inside of him. But then, he lowered his weapon at last.

"Finally," Isabella exhaled a shaky breath just as the men holding her down let go. For a moment there, she had thought her father would kill him.

Jean was released as well but no one anticipated that Niklaus would point the gun at him suddenly and shoot him on the arm. Jean moaned in pain.

"Jesus! Niklaus !" Isabella went over to the injured Jean howling in pain and glared at him.

"What was that for?!"

"That was for touching you. No one messes with my daughter and goes scot free," Niklaus told her regarding the incident where he held her hostage. The deal had been to keep him alive which he did.

"Well, point made, now get lost," Isabella was mad at him. The only reason she hadn't give him a bollocking was because she was partially responsible for whatever happened. She will let this one pass.

"Where's your doctor?" She asked Sakuzi in particular.

Sakuzi sighed, "This is why I don't want the both of you here. You and your father are so much trouble," He grumbled yet in the end, signaled his men to take Jean away for treatment.

"Where are you going?" Niklaus held Isabella's arm.

"Going to ensure you don't eliminate him behind my back!" She snapped, wringing her arm out of her father's grip. She glared at him, "And just so you know, he's my responsibility now,"

"No," Niklaus disagreed, "You're his responsibility now and may God help him if a hair on your body gets hurt," He threatened. Of all people she had to choose as a shadow guard, why him? Was Isabella thrilled by danger or simply attracted to it. He hoped not - that was the fastest way to becoming a psychopath.

"Whatever," She said.

"Mind your tongue especially with the 'whatever' word," He warned. Niklaus hated it when she acted all arrogant and smug. He wasn't like that.

However, Isabella simply flipped her hair and went on without even turning back.

Sakuzi offered him a look of sympathy, patting him on the back, "This are times I'm grateful for the fact that I'm done with kids,"

Niklaus gave him the look yet didn't say anything. He simply went back to the living room where he waited for God knows how many hours in agonizing silence. He should have known Isabella was never the one to give up on something. Whatever she wants, she gets it. Even if it looks impossible, she makes it work one way or the other. It was a gift and a curse.

After a long time, Isabella appeared in the room alongside her new shadow guard looking good as new with his bandaged arm. Although there were still signs of violence on his face where he had been hit.

"Thank you old man for helping me," Isabella bowed to him in appreciation.

Sakuzi shook his head, "You sly little brat, you've reverted to calling me old man because you've gotten what you wanted?"

However, he forgot Isabella was a smooth talker.

"I said I only greet Elders who walk with a cane but for once, you've behaved like one eventhough you don't walk with a cane yet,"

Dumbfounded couldn't explain how Sakuzi felt. He was done with this child, "Just go away," he waved her away. He needed peace and quiet.

But Isabella wasn't through, she quickly added, "Also Oldman, you shouldn't play games on your cellphone for too long. The blue light damages your eyes and at your age, your retina would damage faster,"

That little witch, how did she know he hadn't set his phone down for a while. Yet Sakuzi asked, "What do you suggest I do now? Also I'm not that old," that comment was a blow to his self-esteem. Women his age still fell for him. A-hem, not that he replied anyway. He was faithful to Nadia.

"Go over a game of chess with family members and friends, that would promote communication and is more fulfilling than playing games all by yourself. It's a sincere advice from me," Isabella said to him and took her leave before Sakuzi could even say a word.

Sakuzi snorted, that little brat always likes an epic departure. He looked down at his cellphone, it was going to be hard letting go of the game. Fine, he'd play in moderation - hopefully.

It was a series of glares and scowls as Niklaus and Jean made it outside. It was obvious that both men didn't like each other but had to behave because of a certain Isabella.

Well, since his daughter made the choice, he'd have to respect and trust her judgment, Niklaus decided.

Well, the little girl had believed in him when others didn't, he'd protect her with his life, Jean decided.

Chapter 548 - Five Hundred And Forty-Nine: Time To Leave

The third point of view:

A week later....

Niklaus' place was a hub of activities as everyone hurried to get their things packed.

"Oh yeah," Reina was on the phone with Emily while at the same time directing the maids on the bags to load into the car.

"At this rate, we'll arrive in six or seven hours. The children are a mess," Reina sighed.

It was partially her fault anyway, if only she had woken up on time. But then, she and Niklaus had been busy with sexy times. Her beast of a husband had claimed that there would be no time nor privacy to, you know, do it and so they went at it as if they were stockpiling sex for the rainy days. God, her hips still hurt. It was a miracle she could still walk.

"I can't wait to see you guys, sometimes, it gets so boring at the palace," Emily complained.

"Well, soon, you'd be getting enough of me and the kids," Just hope you don't get scared soon.

"And by the way," Reina remembered least she forgets, "Send me the crimes punishable by death in Lincolnshire,"

"Huh?" Emily was stunned, "Why would you ask that?" she couldn't understand.

"Else my kids commit one unknowingly. As a matter of fact, you of all people know how expressive Isabella is. I fear for this trip greatly," Reina told her.

"Nothing is going to happen," Emily assured her, "It's just for the wedding, what's the worst that can happen?"

"A lot could happen," Reina intentionally didn't voice that one out loud.

"But then, if you're so worried, then I'll let you know that such punishment only involves treason, insulting the royal family and stealing from royalty. That's pretty much all and I think you're safe. The kids are good," Emily was sure even when the mother wasn't.

There was no way her kids would plot against royalty, Reina was sure of that. Insulting a royal, she wasn't so sure about that but she'll call them to order. Stealing things from royalty, well Allen had the tendency to borrow, not take.

"What about my brother, Niklaus?"

"Wrapping up things at the company, he'd join us on the way. That is if he's at the hangar already,"

Reina resented the fact that her husband was already gone even before she woke up. How could someone have such stamina?

"Mom help!"

Reina heard her name from downstairs and sighed. These children will be the death of her.

"I'm coming!" She shouted away from the cellphone, then said into it, "Alright, Emily, I have to go. See you when I get there,"

"Sure. My kisses to the kids,"

"Same to Akim,"

The call ended and Reina rushed to the kid's room to see what was going on.

"What is it?"

"Mom, Isabella won't let me come along with this bag," Allen complained and tried to lift the luggage but grunted instead.

"Isabella, what's the problem?"

"Why don't you check the bag first?" she told her.

Filled with curiosity, Reina lifted the luggage but was stunned at the heaviness, "Geez, Allen, what did you pack in here?"

"Just a few things here and there," Allen said without looking her in the eyes and that was when Reina suspected he was hiding something.

"Mom, it's just -"

Reina didn't listen to him and opened the bag, she was stunned, "What's all this?"

Allen laughed nervously, "It's just some toys and science equipments -"

"And rocks," Isabella added impassively

"Akim told me they had the best science lab in the world. It wouldn't hurt to experiment and compare some of -"

"Allen, we are going for a wedding ceremony not a science fair," Reina bent and began to unpack what he had packed, "It's just for a few weeks - two weeks at most - and we're back to our normal life,"

"But -"

"Allen, there's no but this time," Reina dismissed his argument. She was his mother and he'd obey her.

The door bell rang.

"Get the door please Isabella,"

"Sure," Isabella answered and went downstairs. When she opened the door...

"Hi," Julie waved at her with a smiling face.

"Ugh," Isabella snorted and shut the door right at his face, turning around to bump right into Reina.

"That's very rude of you," Reina rebuked her, as if she had known this would happen. Nudging Isabella to the side, she opened the door for Julie who flashed her a grateful smile for saving him from Isabella, the devil.

"Your grandfather told us he wouldn't be able to make it," Reina started a conversation with him while Isabella left to go continue torturing her siblings.

"Yes, he came down with a cold," Julie revealed.

"Oh, poor old man," Reina was sorry, "However, you can make yourself comfortable. We'd be done soon and then leave for the hangar. Make yourself comfortable,"

"Sure," Julie sat down with his luggage at the side. Truthfully speaking, he could have gone with his family's plane but it would be as boring as hell. So he'd rather spend time with the Spencer's even though Isabella was bitchy with him.

Anabelle was leaving with her parent's plane and though he was invited, he had turned it down. It would be super awkward - he hadn't learned to be comfortable around Eden yet.

"Alright, tell me you're good to go," Reina came into the children's room to see that their luggage had been assembled.

Reina gave them a suspicious look, "Please tell me I won't need to search your bags again," she hoped.

"Of course, mommy!" Ailee answered for all of them - Allen and Neon.

"Fine, let's go," Reina sadly believed them, they were running out of time anyway.

The servants took all their luggages and Reina didn't get to see the way one of them groaned when he tried to lift Allen's bag.

"I race you all to the front seat," Ailee broke into a sprint, followed by her brothers.

"Easy there, three of you!" Reina cautioned them but of course, her words fell on deaf ears.

Ailee opened the car door and was about to climb in when Allen pulled her back by the hair and settled quickly in the seat.

"You cheat!" Ailee accused him, tears stinging her eyes.

"It's survival of the fittest," Allen gloated.

"Don't mind him, Ailee," Neon came up beside her and took her hand in hers, "You get to sit with me anyway," he cheered her.

At once, Ailee boomed a smile at Neon and interlocked their fingers together as they climbed into the back seat while Allen frowned, he had won yet

why did it feel he lost?

"Alright, Isabella! Julie! Get in this instant. It's time to leave!"

Chapter 549 - Five Hundred And Forty-nine: The Palace Welcomes You

The third point of view:

"Finally!" Ailee was the first to climb down the plane. She spread out her arms, inhaling the refreshing clean air of Lincolnshire that was unlike their city's polluted one.

"I'm second," Neon followed after her with Allen at his tail. He took on the same pose as Ailee, closing his eyes and feeling the cool breath slap across his face. Everyone knew the boy was Ailee's loyal follower and would do anything she demanded

"Two foolish people," Allen sighed, refusing to partake in their foolishness. Although, he wondered, what was so interesting about the pose?

"I know you've never seen a better ass than mine, dare you to watch it and I'll gouge out your both eyes," Isabella threatened Julie who was behind her as they climbed down the airstair.

The boy rolled his eyes, what a narcissistic witch. Why wouldn't he watch her ass sway when Isabella walked with a swagger and was directly in front of him. He couldn't walk with his eyes high up else he trips on the stairs and makes a fool of himself.

So Julie walked over to Isabella, halting her as he whispered into her ears, "Yours might be bigger but Anabelle's is much better,"

"Y-you," Isabella choked, going red in the face while Julie simply smirked and went down the rest of the stairs.

Reina walked out, followed by her husband, Niklaus. They had all met at the hangar before taking off and finally were in Lincolnshire. Cecil and Emerald had arrived days before them since they were one of the celebrant couples with Eden and Camille landing yesterday.

"Alright kids, gather round," Reina clapped her hands as soon as she made it down. The twins and Neon had already begun to race each other across the track while Isabella and Julie were not talking to each other - she couldn't understand those two at all.

"Care to do me the favor of putting some sense into them?" Reina asked Niklaus, hoping he would help out.

"Nah," Niklaus shook his head, "You know I'm not good with words, but action," He brought out his aviator glasses from the pocket of his shirt, "Besides, I'm sure they don't bite," Niklaus reminded his wife of her words that day he needed her help in speaking to Isabella. He winked at her and put on the glasses as he left to go speak with the airport officials.

"That vengeful asshole!" Reina almost spat blood. He still had that in mind even after so many weeks?!

After she calmed down, Reina gathered the kids around and began her talk, "I know you all are excited about this trip but I want you all, especially you Allen..." She pointed at him, "Cool it down,"

"What did I do wrong?" The boy couldn't understand why his mother was picking on him.

"You haven't done anything wrong yet but I'm sure you will soon," Reina knew her kid well, "This is not our city but the kingdom of Lincolnshire which means no swearing - that goes more to you, Isabella,"

"Yes, dearest mommy," Isabella's response was full of sarcasm, not that Reina minded. Everyone knew her attitude.

"And no pranking, and I mean all of you this time," Reina looked into the eyes of her children one after the other to make her point, "You will not argue with the queen, no matter what - the queen's decision is the law. " Reina was still informing them when Isabella retorted,

"That's bullshit, what kind of law is that?!"

"Exactly my point, two rules broken already," Reina pointed out her mistakes.

Isabella sighed exasperatedly, this was going to be a long, boring stay - if only she knew it would be the opposite of that.

"You all are going to observe the rules, regulations, and decorum of Lincolnshire until we leave, understood?"

No response.

"Did I make myself clear?" Reina asked again.

"Yes, mom," Only Neon replied to her.

"Well," Reina had her hands on her waist, "Seems like a bunch of kids except Neon would be sent back home to where they came -"

"Yes, mom!" hollered across the track instantly. All of them knew Reina wasn't joking with that threat and none wanted to be a victim.

Almost immediately, rows of flashy-looking expensive Sedan cars drove over to them and there were eight in total. The kids looked in curiosity wondering if this was a show when one of the car doors opened and Emily stepped out.

"Hello, my lovely niece and nephews!" Emily announced, booming a smile at them.

"Aunt Emily!" The twins shouted in surprise, running over to hug her. When the cars arrived earlier, they had thought it was hired by their father Niklaus, who knew the royals were there to welcome them specially.

Emily received the twins with open arms, kissing both of them on their faces. Meanwhile, Isabella's attention was garnered by the figure who stepped out of the car.

"Pedro!" She lit up like Christmas, completely surprising Julie. Wasn't she the one scowling at him seconds ago?

He and Isabella just couldn't stand each other, perhaps, because they were two proud individuals. No two proud people could cohabitate in a place, it was almost like having two dominant werewolf alphas in the same area. That was the problem with Isabella and Julie, both were strong rulers and none was willing to compromise.

"Babe," Pedro smiled back, wrapping his arm around her waist and taking her lips in a sweet, gentle kiss.

Well, Julie didn't have to be the odd one out for long since his girlfriend Anabelle stepped out of the car as well, running over to him and nearly knocking the both of them to the ground from joy.

"Reina," Emily pecked the woman on both cheeks, "How I've missed you,"

"It's been just weeks and we speak on the phone regularly," Reina reminded her, yet was glad for her presence.

"Hello, little Emily," Niklaus finally appeared, ruffling his sister's hair.

"Hey!" Emily glared at her brother, slapping his hand away. Why was he still treating her like a kid? She was a mother, even about to get married and become the queen of Lincolnshire, having the say over the lives of thousands of people. How was she his little Emily?

Neon came up to her asking, "Aunt, are we going to meet the queen and live in the palace?"

"Of course," Emily laughed, "The palace welcomes you,"

Chapter 550 - Five Hundred And Fifty: Reformat Akim

The third point of view:

They drove off to the palace, each in their respective cars; Niklaus sat with his wife; the triple threat all together; Anabelle and her boyfriend; Isabella and Pedro.

Unlike everyone else who was deep in conversation, Pedro and Isabella were busy with their mouths and it took their driver everything not to crash into the next car. Children nowadays, he shook his head sadly.

The palace was lavishly decorated and the spirit was high, supposedly because of the upcoming wedding and the new wave of guests from all over the country, it was almost as if Christmas came early.

"Welcome to my humble abode," Judy was the first to gladly receive them as soon as they arrived at the palace.

"Hi man," Niklaus chuckled, patting Judy on the back as they hugged each other. It was funny how they had gone from master and subordinate to best friends and in-laws. Who would have thought they would come this far? Certainly not Adam who had looked down at their humble beginnings. They were survivors who have seen hell and returned, scarred, yet, still positive for the future.

While both men exchanged pleasantries, Akim appeared to his cousins who were excited to see him.

"How has my favorite cousin been?" Isabella, who normally showed little emotions, hoisted the boy up and carried him in her arms.

Akim went red in the face, he was a prince that acted demurely neither did he see that one coming. Isabella was ... caring but she was a little frigid and he was used to it. This sudden lovingness was foreign to him. Thankfully, Isabella put him down just as the twins rushed to him.

"Akim, you look good," Ailee looked at him all over. He was healthy, unlike the last time they saw him.

"You don't look bad either," Akim replied, and the twins sensed a hint of Lincolnshire accent in his tone. Seems he had settled in quite well.

Suddenly, Akim's eyes rested on Neon, and his brows raised in curiosity. He had heard and seen Neon in pictures and video calls but they hadn't met face to face until now.

Of course, Ailee, the more social one, placed her hands on Neon's shoulder and pushed him forward, "And this is our latest brother, Neon. Neon, this is Akim, our cousin,"

"Nice to meet you, Neon," Akim stretched out his hand for a handshake.

Neon eyed that gesture, he never expected that Akim would accept him that easily.

"Neon," He accepted his handshake, grinning sheepishly. He has made a new friend, a royal one.

"I'll have the maids help you all settle down in your respective rooms and you will be served refreshments. My mother would accept visits afterward," Judy announced, just as the servants walked in with their pieces of luggage to put them in their assigned rooms.

"Oh no, we barely met and we're separating again?" Anabelle pouted her lips, displeased at the thought of leaving Julie. She had missed him.

Julie chuckled, caressing the top of her palm, "Pedro told me I'm sharing a room with him which is just rooms away from yours so I'm not really going away," he assured her.

Anabelle sighed, "I'm sharing a room with Isabella as well,"

"Or," Isabella chimed in, "We can make this easy on ourselves by sending you..." she pointed at Julie, "to her room while I share Pedro's. Problem solved, right?" She came up with the best solution.

"Good plan," Julie taunted her, "Only that you forgot that royalties are supposed to act decent, so yeah, your plans of a semi-honeymoon are as good as dead," He was glad to dash her hopes into nothing.

But Isabella was not disappointed, "I'll always find a way out," She smirked at him and followed after one of the maids to her room.

Something changed about Akim, the twins could sense it. He wasn't as playful as before although Akim has always been the responsible one among them - he was an old soul - but right now, he seemed regal. He carried himself with rare grace and aura that

commanded respect. Even right now as they spoke, his attitude was not the same anymore. It was almost as if the boy had grown up.

"We are going to have so much fun today," Allen told him excitedly.

However, his response from Akim was, "I'm sorry, Allen, but the purpose of you guys coming over is not just to play around but to join in celebrating the holy matrimony of my parents,"

Ailee laughed at Akim, "Silly, it's no longer a 'holy' matrimony since your parents have eaten the forbidden fruit,"

"What's forbidden fruit?" Akim and Neon asked at the same time in confusion.

Allen and Ailee stared at each other in confusion. Their cousin was ignorant of that as well? It made sense that Neon knew nothing since he had been sheltered from the "bad" things of the world since he was a baby, but Akim? That one was shocking.

The twins were born into such an awful society - it wasn't exactly possible to retain their innocence in a gang full of violence and sex. Yes, their mother Reina had sheltered them the best she could but they had inevitably picked on some bad characters from gang members such as swearing. Now both began to wonder how they were going to explain this one to these babies - Akim and Neon - without tainting them.

"Well..." Ailee looked to her brother for help, but the boy turned his face the other way, whistling. That's on her.

That asshole. Fine, she can do this!

"Just think of children, that is us, as fruits our parents picked from a tree,"

Allen snickered.

Ailee glared at him, what other choice does she have?

"You're saying I'm a fruit?" Neon was aghast.

Allen facepalmed.

"I said, think of yourself as one," Ailee clarified the misunderstanding, " Our parents need to pluck the fruit at the right time and in the right procedure. But then, your parents were in so much hurry and picked you,"

Although Akim had a feeling that wasn't exactly the meaning, he went along with it.

"So taking the fruit in a hurry, your parents tainted the holy part. Hence, it's just matrimony, not a holy one," Ailee concluded without giving too much information. Phew! That was a narrow escape.

"Ooh," Akim nodded his head in understanding although it was a bit confusing. Well, what could a seven-year-old know already?

Seeing this, Allen and Ailee exchanged looks, smirking at each other. It seems that their cousin was still susceptible to information, which seems this rigorous part of Akim could be reformatted. Before they leave, they will surely have back the Akim they once knew.