

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 551 - Five Hundred And Fifty-one: Send The Strange Boy Away Forever - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 551 - Five Hundred And Fifty-one: Send The Strange Boy Away Forever

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The third point of view:

"The other lords have promised their absolute support and partnership for the marriage ceremony and the plans for the prince's coronation are already in place," Lord Albert said to the queen.

"Oh right," The queen nodded yet asked, "What are the people's reactions to their prince getting married,"

"As expected, the people are happy that the prince has finally found his beloved. There are no concerns nor doubts if he will be a good leader since you ruled them well and are quite sure your son won't be any different,"

A smile crossed the queen's face, her son successfully captured the heart of the people. Although the common masses didn't have much say in rulership, their support was a huge blessing to the kingdom. If the people are happy, they will definitely work hard to make the kingdom prosperous.

Satisfied, queen Roselle looked up to discover that Lord Albert looked a bit tired. She sighed, knowing what was wrong?

"How's Fiona?" she asked.

Oh, you finally remembered her, He sassed mentally. Yet the man answered the queen with a smile that didn't touch his eyes, "She's fine,"

His daughter was not fine at all. Fiona was becoming restless and unhappy as the day went by, mounting pressure on him to bring her back home.

"I want you to know that I'm sorry," The queen finally apologized, stunning Lord Albert who never expected that from her. Queen Roselle was a very proud woman hence she apologizing was a huge shocker.

"You were right," The queen went on, "I'm not completely blameless and I want to retribute for that by bringing Fiona back home and compensate her by adopting her as a royal princess of this Lincolnshire,"

Lord Albert's eyes went wide with shock, he bowed his head at once, "Y-your highness, I dare not... I'm not worthy,"

"No," the queen urged him to lift his head up, "I'm the one who sinned against you, please accept this,"

"If you say so then, your highness," Lord Albert accepted the high favor.

Although being adopted as the royal princess of Lincolnshire meant that Fiona would answer the royal family surname, her father didn't mind at all. It was a huge favor to their family that would last for generations. Their family has earned a royal privilege, everyone would die to have that.

"But then, you'd have to give me more time to convince my son. However, be rest assured I won't go back on my words, it's a royal decree,"

"Thank you, my queen, you're so generous," He bowed his head to show his appreciation.

"You can leave now," Queen Roselle dismissed him.

However, at the entrance, lord Albert ran into prince Kai and he did a small bow to show respect before leaving, "You're highness,"

Judy tipped his head, acknowledging his greeting without even staring at him, and walked into the throne room to meet the queen.

Ever since his daughter harmed Emily, Judy lost every respect he had for the man. Moreover, he couldn't understand why his mother would surround herself with those old people who probably had nothing to offer other than their wealth, resources, and arrogance.

His mother would probably argue that the lords were wiser with age and fought alongside her in the battle against the invasion.

However, Lincolnshire had far better youths who were wiser, knowledgeable, and experienced than these power-hungry old men. Young people had dreams and the hunger to change the world! The youth was the power to a successful state.

"Mother," He said, coming over to bow to her.

"Kai, you're here," The woman smiled at her son, "I'm taking it that your friends have arrived,"

"Yes, they're here and I can't wait to introduce them to you," Judy said to her.

"I can see that," The queen sensed his excitement. Her son had never stopped for once to talk about this bond he established with those people before he even had an idea of his lineage. She couldn't wait to meet them as well.

"Alright, I'm ready to meet them,"

Meanwhile...

As soon as Lord Albert made it out of the throne room, he brought out his phone and chatted up his daughter. He couldn't call his daughter on the phone since he was still in the palace, anyone could be listening. Walls had ears.

Lord Albert: I just spoke with the queen, I think you should have a bit of patience. The queen would surely bring you back.

At once, as if Fiona had been waiting for her father's message all along, she came online immediately.

Fiona: what makes you so sure of that?

Lord Albert: The queen apologized to me.?You know she never does that, I think she is sincere.

Fiona: *sends face with rolling eye emoji* So because she apologized, everything is okay? What did her apology do, father? Did it take away the pain I'm in? Did it clear everything that happened so far? And clearly, I'm still hidden abroad! So tell me exactly, what did her apology do?

Lord Albert: You don't understand, but the queen offers you compensation. She would adopt you as the princess of Lincolnshire once you're back.

Fiona: Oh really? She's going to make me the princess and you agree? Such a small bribe and you have gave in right away?

Lord Albert: Fiona, you don't understand...

Fiona: You're the one who clearly doesn't understand! She's offering to make me the princess when we could have the entire kingdom!

Lord Albert: You do know that is treason against the queen....

Bang!

Lord Albert had been so absorbed in his typing that he didn't notice the kid in front of him and bumped into him. The phone slipped from his hand and fell to the ground.

"You kid, watch it!" He barked at the little boy.

"I'm sorry, sir," the kid looked frightened.

At once, the kid bent and picked the phone before Albert could stop him. The kid's eyes lingered on the screen for a while before Albert snatched the phone from him, a look of displeasure on his face.

Had the boy seen his conversation? Albert wondered as he checked the phone, ending the chat with his daughter at once.

"Did you see it?" He asked the boy in a threatening manner.

"See what?" The blonde-haired boy was intimidated.

Lord Albert narrowed his gaze at the boy, wondering if the child was speaking the truth. This was a sensitive matter and if the boy had really seen the chat, then it was serious. He would have no choice but to send this strange boy away, forever. No one would threaten his life nor his daughter's.

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

Chapter 552 - Five Hundred And Fifty-Two: He Smells Like Trouble

"Wow," Was the first word Neon muttered as soon as Akim brought them to their room. It was large, larger than their rooms at home. What could they do with all this space? Oh he knew, they could play ball in here!

"Don't even think about that," Allen told him as if he knew what Neon had been thinking about.

"Could you give Neon a break?" Ailee scolded her brother who's always picking on Neon.

There were about three canopy beds diagonal to each other and from their colors, the kids respectively claimed theirs.

"Wow, yellow is my favorite color," Neon was enthusiastic and hopped on the bed.

"How did you guys know I love purple?!" Ailee was delirious with Joy, jumping onto the bed as well.

"Yeah! Blue!" Allen didn't sound as enthusiastic as the others. Blue wasn't really his thing? Well, until now. Neon's yellow suddenly seemed much appealing - Allen was fickle.

Akim said, "My mother asked your mother about your favorite colors?and aunt Reina told her. It was a battle keeping the secret from you guys, that's why I couldn't wait to show you your room," the boy added instantly, "And could you stop jumping on the bed, you're not wild animals but humans!"

"What happened to you, Akim?" Ailee clicked her tongues, "You can't even have fun anymore? What's the fun of having a really bouncy bed if you can't jump on it? "

"Proprietary happened," Allen taunted him.

"More like he forgot how to have fun," Neon said instead, "He must have been quite lonely here with no one to have fun he buried himself into his responsibilities," Neon stared at Akim and smiled wryly, "I know what it's like to be lonely,"

For a moment, there was silence as a mutual understanding passed between Akim and Neon. It was at that time that the both of them finally clicked, they were going to be best of friends.

"Is someone thinking what I'm thinking?" Ailee broke the silence, her eyes lit with mischief. A mischief Akim recognized and retreated but Ailee grabbed his arm at once and dragged him onto the bed.

"I can't do this!" Akim told Ailee who had already begun to jump.

"Yes, you can! Just jump!" She encouraged him.

With a deep breath, Akim closed his eyes and jumped, expecting an imaginary to claw at him but instead, all he felt was a liberating experience. It felt good?

Then he began to jump more constantly and higher. It was fun. Was this what he had been missing out on?

"How do you feel?!?"Ailee shouted above her voice amid her jumping.

"I feel free! Better than earlier even though I'm beginning to feel dizzy," At once, Akim fell to the bed with a laugh. His world was swirling and his heart was pounding really hard yet it was a good sensation. He was alive.

He closed his eyes and wanted to relish the feeling as long as it lasted when he heard gasps from behind.

"What is it this time?" Allen asked, surprised when Neon began to search his body.

"My locket, it's gone," Neon jumped down from the bed, searching frantically.

"Your locket," Ailee glanced up, alert. It was a locket containing a picture of Neon and his mother - his real mother, Jennifer. Neon always wore it around, until now. His neck was bare.

"Do you remember when last you had it?" Ailee went over to his bed to help him.

Neon thought over it, "I had it till we arrived at the palace,"

"How can you be so sure?" Allen hinted that he was dumb.

Ailee hissed at her brother as a warning.

Neon searched his bed, "It's not here," then it hit him, "I must have lost it in the hallways,"

"Neon, wait up!"

Before anyone could stop him, the boy had zoomed out of the room and hightailed it to the hallway.

The passage was long and never seem to end but Neon was not ready to give up. That locket was the only connection left between him and his mother, and he was not ready to lose it.

Hence, the boy was so immersed in his search that he didn't notice he bumped into someone the phone slipped from the man's hands and fell to the ground. Thankfully, it didn't break, Neon was relieved. Else mom Reina would think he had begun to break things few hours to his arrival - he hated to disappoint her.

"You kid, watch it!" the man barked at Neon before he even had the chance to apologize.

Neon was startled so he hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry, sir," He didn't want to cause any trouble.

So to make up for his mistakes, Neon bent and helped him pick the phone. He was chatting with someone, it seems, but he didn't put it much thought and stood, only for the phone to be snatched out of his grip immediately.

Huh? This man didn't seem as nice as the others he had met so far in Lincolnshire. He had to leave such a bad-tempered man, Neon decided. However, the boy never expected that the man would ask him, "Did you see it?" in a not-so-friendly tone.

"See what?" Neon was confused and suddenly terrified of the man. Why was he staring at her that way? Was he supposed to see something? God, his eyes were even more terrifying, he felt like peeing in his pant. What did he do wrong, boohoo.

"Neon!" he heard Ailee call his name and the boy had never been so relieved.

Sensing that he had friends, that scary man who had tried to corner him backed away at once.

"Prince Akim," Lord Albert said, as soon as his eyes rested on the young boy alongside other kids he couldn't identify. But he sensed they must be important kids for the prince to be associated with them. Above all, they were close with that strange boy he has come to know as Neon.

"Lord Albert, what brings you here?" Akim asked, his eyes flickering over to Neon who almost seemed frightened. Did Lord Albert bully him? It was likely since Neon was new and was not to wonder about the palace's hallway.

"Just went to see your grandma the queen as usual when I bumped into your little friend," He said, adding more emphasis on "little friend"

Neon stiffened when his eyes met with that old woman but Ailee shouted at that moment, "Found it!"

She picked up his locket and Neon forgot all about the scary Lord, focused on the necklace.

Hmmm, seems he knows nothing, Lord Albert noticed the boy was quite dumb. He had been worried over nothing. Thankfully, it wasn't Akim who saw that message else he would be beheaded by now.

But then, Fiona was right, they would always remain under the queen to survive. Unless they changed that.

"I'll be taking my leave now, your highness," Lord Albert waved his sleeve and walked away, Akim and Allen watching till he was gone.

"I don't like that man," Allen pointed out

"Why?" Akim asked him, intrigued.

"My nose keeps twitching. He smells like trouble."

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

Chapter 553 - Five Hundred And Fifty-three: The Instructor

The third point of view:

Everyone was in anticipation to meet the queen, hence when the servants came to announce the queen was ready to see them, they became "proper people".

Even Neon put himself in character as if he had been undergoing training for this moment all through his life. He only hoped that the queen wasn't as mean as that man from earlier. Although Akim claimed that the man, he has come to know as Lord Albert, meant him no harm, he still didn't like him. Their first time encounter had ruined any other impression he had of him.

"We are honored to meet your highness, the queen!" They all said in unison as soon as they came into the throne room as if they've been practicing that line.

Well, they've been practicing that for a while, mother Reina made sure they did so. She wanted them to make a good impression on the queen and that meant they had to be "unusually" and "extremely" polite. Well, here goes nothing.

"Your highness, you're more beautiful in reality than I saw in pictures," Neon praised her.

"Oh, you little one, is quite a lady charmer," The queen laughed heartily.

Allen frowned, why was Neon taking all the attention? That was his cue to attract the queen's attention. But now, the queen had his eye on Neon. Well, since it was that way, he'd just turn everything around.

"Yes, your highness the queen, you're full of grace and charm, and my younger brother under my magnanimous care couldn't agree more," Allen hinted that he taught Neon all that he knew.

I'm older than you, Neon wanted to argue but the secret look from Reina shut him up. Well, behave Neon, don't disappoint Mama.

Ailee facepalmed mentally, what's with Allen and his rivalry with Neon? She couldn't understand both of them at all.

"Alright, both of you, shut your asses right now," Reina said under her breath, loud enough for just the boys to hear and heed. Afraid that they might say words that would piss off the queen, after all, who knew what the boys were up to.

The queen laughed, "I've had never been entertained this much by kids," her eyes twinkled, "And to reward you for that, I'll have the best Lincolnshire dessert made by our professional chefs sent to your room,"

Neon was extremely happy but Allen's mouth twitched, dessert? He had no use for that sweet food, all he wanted was to have a solid relationship with the queen. After all, who knows when he would need her help? He needed to secure connections for his future, Allen thought, forgetting the fact that the queen would be stepping down soon.

Anyway, Allen took a step back as his mother commanded and the real talk began.

"You must be Niklaus," The queen's gaze landed on him.

"Yes, your highness," Niklaus said politely, but then if one looked clearly, the man still held his head high up proudly.

Even though he was not royalty, he was still king of the Spencer group and no two kings could submit to one another unless one gave in or was conquered, and the queen knew that.

The queen stood up this time, and walked over to Niklaus. Getting there, she reached out and took Niklaus' hand, placing it on her much smaller wrinkled palm with motherly affection, "I want to thank you specifically for taking care of my son all those years. You shielded, protected, clothed, and fed him when I couldn't and for that, I'm forever in your debt. Do not hesitate to reach out when you need my help,"

But Niklaus said, "You don't have to worry about that, we're family already," He hinted at the fact his sister was marrying her son.

The queen smiled in understanding, her gaze moving over to Reina, "You're lucky to have such an understanding and caring husband,"

Reina blushed while pride boomed in Niklaus' chest. He was a good husband, even the queen acknowledged that. Hopefully, his wife rewards him for being a good husband tonight.

"You falter me, your highness," Reina said to her courteously.

Suddenly, the queen came closer and whispered into her ears, "You're glowing and there are only two people I know possess such an aura, babies and their mother," the queen stepped back afterward, leaving Reina in confusion.

What the hell was that woman talking about? Reina wondered. Glowing mothers and babies? It didn't make sense at all. Maybe she meant to say her twins were as good-looking as her? Yeah, that one wasn't far off.

"And for the kids," The queen said and then made a sign, the guards at the door opened the door just as a prim and proper woman stepped in.

"Your highness," greeted the woman dressed in a suit, her skirt tailored to stop at her knees with her clothes having no sign of creases at all. Her hair was pulled and twisted into a tight chignon at the back, secured with pins, not even a strand of hair stood out of place. The woman was perfect, at least appearance-wise except for the fact there was no emotion on her face. She looked like a robot.

"This is going to be interesting," muttered Isabella who has been strangely quiet all this while. The girl was not interested in meeting the queen or being on character - royalty was not her thing. She just wanted to be out exploring the kingdom, discovering new places and opportunities.

"My daughter-in-law Emily told me the kids would be playing a vital role in the weddings, is that right?"

"It seems that way, your highness," Reina wasn't even sure of the said kid's role in the wedding. She had only agreed to it knowing Emily would never betray her trust nor put the kids in danger.

"Lincolnshire weddings are a bit different from usual weddings," The queen informed them even though they already knew.

The kingdom of Lincolnshire had two weddings which were the traditional and formal weddings. In the traditional wedding, the bride and the groom have more time to pay their respect to their parents and observe their tradition of paying the bride price with the parents of the groom finally blessing the union.

Although the traditional wedding signified both couples were legally married and lived as husband and wife from then on, Judy still insisted he wanted the formal wedding. He had promised?Emerald that their wedding would take place together and would see to that - Cecil and her husband would not be participating in the traditional wedding.

" Jacqueline here will be their instructor," the queen gestured to the unsmiling woman who stepped forward and introduced herself with a bow.

"Hello, I'm Jacqueline and I will be teaching you Lincolnshire culture and royal etiquettes,"

Unlike the excited Neon who couldn't wait to learn something new, the others were crushed. There goes their dreams of having fun. They never saw that one coming. No wonder Akim couldn't even remember how to have a good time. For Christ's sake, they came for a wedding, not for schooling!

Ailee glanced up to her mother, her eyes pleading, "A little help here, mama,"

"Is that really necessary?" Reina asked, knowing her kids weren't exactly a fan of learning forcibly. They learned faster at their own pace and environment nor did the strict Jacqueline look accommodating. Reina was more concerned that her kids might traumatize her.

"Yes, absolutely," the queen replied.

Reina shrugged at her kids, her hands were tied here. There was nothing she could do. If they wanted to participate in a Lincolnshire wedding, they had to act like they belonged here.

"Their lessons would begin first thing tomorrow morning," Jacqueline announced and the kids' jaws dropped. This was the reason they hated school - they needed their beauty sleep!

"Wonderful," Isabella rolled her eyes.

Judy, who had been silent at his mother's side, laughed at Isabella's reaction, "Her majesty has your best interest in mind. Moreover, learning is fun. What's the worst that can happen anyway?"

Yeah, that was Reina's fear. With her kids, anything could happen. But she had to have faith that her kids would behave and save her face. Yes, have some faith in her children.

"That's all I have at the moment. I'll see that you have a comfortable stay here and do not hesitate to find me if something arises. You may leave now." The queen dismissed them.

"Thank you, your majesty," Rang out one after the other as they all showed their appreciation and left.

"They're one cute family," The queen chuckled.

"That's just the tip of the ice, they are one crazy, happy family," Judy reminisced about the time he spent with them. He whispered longingly, "They're a perfect family,"

"Correction," The queen said firmly, "They 'seem' to be one happy family," she shook her head, "No family is perfect, Kai,"

"I know," He nodded, "But then, Niklaus just seems to have this control over his family. They stay together, working like the wheels of a bicycle,"

"Then emulate that control and apply that into your own family. However, you should be warned that no two families are the same - what works for Niklaus may not work for you,"

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

Chapter 554 - Five Hundred And Fifty-four: Calm Me Down

The third point of view:

"Isabella, calm down," Reina said to her fuming daughter.

"No, there's no calming down about this matter, this wasn't what we bargained for," Isabella told her.

"You two had a deal or something?" Niklaus asked, confused. He never knew his wife and daughter were now having secret meetings behind his back.

Reina sighed, rubbing her temple, "It's just girls talk,"

"Well, if you say so," Niklaus said.

"I don't like it here. It's suffocating, restricting," Isabella went on with her complaint, "It's driving me crazy. I can't even leave the palace. What do you expect me to do?"

"Survive?" Niklaus offered.

"Ugh!" Isabella growled at him, "That is not helpful at all, Niklaus,"

Ever since Niklaus shot Jean, Isabella has refused him the privilege of hearing "father" from her lips. It was her punishment for trying to go back on their deal. Hence, it was now "Niklaus" instead of "Father" till God knows when.

"No, your father is right," Reina supported her husband.

"Really?" Isabella shot her a look of disapproval.

"This is a battle of survival. You've rested in your comfort zone for too damn long, perhaps it's not entirely bad to adapt to a new element?" Reina hoped that encourages her.

Isabella glared at her, "This is not the fucking hunger games!" She worked hard at controlling her temper. Her parents were driving her crazy, who else has this kind of parents!

"Why are you even blaming me for this? I gave you an option of leaving or staying," Reina reminded her.

Isabella gasped in horror, "You wanted to leave me back home, all by myself,"

"Of course not," Reina threw her hands up, "Your daughter is impossible,"

Niklaus chuckled, "Oh, she's my daughter now?"

"Fine, our daughter," Reina conceded with a sigh, looking to Niklaus for help on how to wrap this up. Even though both father and daughter fought like cat and dog, there was still this inexplicable understanding between them.

"Behave," Niklaus told Isabella, "And I will grant you a wish once we're back?"

At once, Isabella's expression lit up nor did anyone see the sly glint in her eyes, "You will?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, I give you my word," Niklaus promised her, "Now leave me and my wife alone, "

"The pleasure is mine," Isabella gladly left their room. Who even wanted to be here and watch them stare lovey-dovey at each other. Yolk! She didn't even dare to imagine it.

However, a clever smirk tugged Isabella's mouth to the side, she got what she wanted. There was no way on earth she was going to sacrifice her freedom here without gaining something in return - which she just did.

"Where have you been?" Anabelle asked as soon as she made it back into their room.

"Doing something productive," was Isabella's cryptic answer.

Isabella couldn't help but stare at her cousin lounging on her bed and shook her head sympathetically. How could she live comfortably in such a place? The palace was crawling with guards and she couldn't even leave without constant stares and questioning. Isabella hated it.

She was someone who loved freedom and naturally disliked orders. But here, she had to follow a set of rules that didn't make sense at all. Why suffer yourself to such binding ways in the name of royalty. Were humans masochists or what?

"You missed supper, it was quite a delicacy," Anabelle informed her, relishing the taste of the heavenly dish.

"I don't care, I'm not hungry," Isabella said in a dismissive tone and her cousin knew better than to press her.

Since it was night already, Isabella climbed into her bed and chatted Pedro up.

Isabella: Hi babe

Pedro: Where have you been, you missed dinner?

Isabella: Getting my compensation fee

Pedro:????

Isabella: Don't worry, it's nothing.

Pedro: If you say so then.

There was a moment of silence between them before Isabella resumed her typing

Isabella: I hate it here

Pedro: Why? It doesn't seem that bad to me. I mean, the food here is to die for.

Isabella: Ugh! You and Anabelle are the same. I mean, can't you sense it? The oppressive feeling in the air? We are all like puppets played by the puppet master.

Pedro: * sends laughing emoji *

Isabella: That is not funny at all.

Pedro: You should chill, you're just overreacting. Moreover, this is a monarchy, and please don't say these words to someone else before they think you're plotting treason against the...

A knock sounded on the door, drawing her attention.

"Come in," Anabelle said before Isabella could even react.

At once, the door opened and Mrs. Jacqueline came in.

Isabella's eyes widened with accusation, what is that woman doing here.

"Excuse me, ladies, but lights out at ten,"

"What?!!" Anabelle even shouted alongside her stunned cousin, Isabella.

"You have a lot to do tomorrow and for that, you have to rest your body on time to be efficient,"

"No, no, no," Isabella couldn't take it anymore, "Don't you dare touch that light switch..." She was still saying when darkness descended on them.

"Oh no, you didn't!" Isabella fumed and was about to climb down her bed to give that woman a piece of her angry mind when the door closed, Jacqueline left.

Isabella began to laugh, like laugh hysterically to the point Anabelle became scared that Jacqueline's actions might have broken her dear cousin.

"Isabella, you're scaring me," Anabelle pleaded.

"You should be scared because I'm pissed! Pissed beyond my fucking mind!" her chest heaved.

At once, Isabella called Pedro and he picked at the first ring.

"Calm me down!" she ordered.

Isabella was losing count of the many reasons she shouldn't let loose her inner beast.

"Look out the window," Pedro said.

Isabella rolled her eyes, "That is not helping me at all,"

"Just look out the window, drama queen,"

Isabella's brows furrowed, her senses beginning to function once again amid the cloud of anger. Could it be.....

At once, Isabella went over to the window area and opened the large casement window only to sight Pedro outside. Her heart leaped for joy and a smile crossed her face, she forgot all about the incident instantly.

"What are you-!" Isabella was about to say to him when Pedro made a silencing gesture and she understood the situation instantly. They might get discovered.

So they just stared at each other, communicating their feelings for each other through their loving tender gazes.

Suddenly, Pedro made a circular gesture around his heart and then used his palm to form the shape of love, before sending it to her.

Isabella giggled at his foolishness yet found herself returning the gesture.

"Hey, who's there?!" a guard suddenly shone a torchlight in Pedro's way.

"Got to go. Love you. Sleep tight," Pedro hurriedly blew a kiss to her before fleeing while Isabella shut the window, leaned against it, and began to giggle to herself. She has finally lost her mind.

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

Chapter 555 - Five Hundred And Fifty-Five: The Queen's Days Were Numbered

The third point of view:

In a certain living room late at night, a secret meeting was being conducted without an invitation being extended to the Queen.

"A-hem," One of the old men around cleared his throat, "Lord Albert, I still don't understand why you called us to your manor in this unholy hour of the night," Lord Simon initiated the conversation, his eyes flickering around to the other Lords available.

In Lincolnshire, there were about six major Lords and they were all members of the inner cabinet who saw to the day-to-day running of the kingdom and assisting Queen Roselle in her rule.

No matter how powerful Queen Roselle was, she still needed their help as they were influential and had fair control of Lincolnshire as well. But then all must bow to the queen because she's the sovereign authority.

Lord Albert sat on the largest chair in the living room while the others sat directly across from him from both sides. If Lord Albert had been unsure of his ambitions earlier, he was sure of his plans now especially after the encounter with the little boy.

Although the boy had no clue about the chat, that incident had woken him up from his slumber. As far as the queen was on the throne, his future and that of his daughter was in her hands - and the hands of her son, Kai. She couldn't even send her daughter back home without the permission of the crown prince. Doesn't that speak volumes of what was to be expected in the future?

His daughter Fiona was right, he had been blind all this while. Lord Albert had helped the queen recover the kingdom from the hands of those invaders but how did she pay him back? By banishing his daughter abroad for the crimes she pushed her into doing.

No, it was unacceptable. Lord Albert didn't need her apology or pity, he would take what belongs to him. It was time Lincolnshire had a change of monarchy.

Lord Albert snorted, "I'm sure you know why I called you here already," He pointed out and the other lords turned the other way, none willing to be the first to speak out.

Of course, they all knew the reason for this secret meeting else the queen would be present, but sometimes it was better to be pretentious than to acknowledge.

After a short while of uncomfortable silence, one of the lords summoned the courage to speak, "Eeh, lord Albert, we get the point but treason against the queen, isn't that too much? It's not even possible!"

"Lord Ezra, I heard you slept with a ten-year child who died from the ordeal, but then, you were able to hide the secret because she was an orphan with no one to trace and bring justice to her. But then, how long do you think you can keep this secret before the queen finds out?" Lord Albert asked him, staring him straight in the eyes.

There was murmuring in the living room as no one expected that kind of huge secret to be revealed nor had they expected that horrendous behavior from Lord Ezra of all people. The man was a humanitarian, not a pedophile - so they had thought.

Cold sweat broke out across Lord Ezra's face, how had Lord Albert known that? He was sure he had kept that incident a secret. The only person who knew was he and his butler - who buried the child. Realization dawned on him, if Lord Albert knew this, it wouldn't be long before the queen hears of it as well.

Seeing the dilemma Lord Ezra was undergoing, Lord Albert smiled, he had gotten him where he wanted him to be. He had to use that weakness to gain what he wants.

"The queen won't spare you, lord, or not," He told the old man whose hands were shaking even though he tried to hide it.

"But then, dead men tell no tales. If I get on that throne, you can consider your secret as good as gone," Lord Albert enticed him with the offer of treason against the queen.

But then, amid the undertoned threat, there was still a trace of hesitancy in Lord Ezra. He couldn't bear to plot against the queen, she was a kind person.

Noticing his indecision, Lord Albert went ahead with his persuasion, "I know you all might be thinking, the queen has done so much for us? We're betraying the late king? But then, have you thought about your future and that of your family? The queen might have reigned we'll and treated us good, but what about her son?"

Lord Albert stood up, making sure he was making eye contact with the five other lords one after the other - the eyes were the window to the soul. He had to know who was with him and who was against him.

He went on, "We all know how arrogant the crown prince Kai is nor does he know the sacrifices we made in the war against the invaders.... " he turned to Lord Simone, "You lost your wife in the war,"

"And you, your hand," Albert pointed to one of the lords whose hand was hidden inside his sleeve.

"The point is we all made sacrifices and yet the kingdom would be offered on a platter of gold to the young ignorant fool.

"The queen's only concern is her family and the continuity of the royal bloodline which is why I confided in you, my fellow lords. We all need someone like me to guarantee your future and the happiness of the family," Lord Albert said to them.

Human nature is greedy, not to talk of a time when their survival is questioned? They would do anything to survive even if that means making a deal with the devil.

"So who's in and who's out?" He asked, yet added, "And think twice because your answer determines your survival,"

It dawned on them, whoever was against Lord Albert's proposal would not make it out of his residence alive - they knew his plan. Lord Albert would shut their mouth forever and judging from the serious look on his face, he must already have a cover-up story to render for their death.

Although Lord Albert made it look like he was giving them a choice, the truth was that their attending this meeting already sealed their fate. Now, it was to join him or die.

Unfortunately, none of them wanted to die yet. So one by one, they raised their hands until five hands were high up in agreement.

A smirk of satisfaction crossed Lord Albert's face at the sight. The plan has been set in motion. The queen's days were numbered.

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

Chapter 556 - Five Hundred And Fifty-six:Taming The Kids

The third point of view:

If Isabella thought yesterday was hell, then this morning was definitely being trapped in Tartarus. She had been sleeping, having the best dream of her life (Pedro was involved) when suddenly a speaker blared right into her ears, startling her so much that she fell from her bed.

"Holy fucking mother of God," Isabella cursed, lifting herself from the ground with effort.

"What is that?" Annabelle didn't find it funny either.

A gasp was heard and both girls - Isabella and Anabelle - turned to sight Jacqueline dressed impeccably as usual with her hands placed on her chest with a look of horror.

"No cursing in the palace," She said, as if the palace was a holy ground.

"You got to be kidding me," Isabella said, then reached for her phone, "You woke me up by six am in the morning on a holiday!"

"Isabella," Anabelle said in a sing-song, hinting that she should calm down.

Jacqueline's expression remained impassive, having no idea of the storm that was just averted. More like, Anabelle just saved her life.

"Breakfast is served at seven, you have just...." the woman checked her wristwatch on her tiny wrist, "Fifty-eight minutes and three seconds to get ready or you might have to wait for lunch, " she delivered her instruction and strutted away in her heels.

If one had to describe Jacqueline, a single word comes to mind. Perfectionist. No single piece on the woman's body was out of place and her conduct was nothing short of professional, and in the same manner, she treated the kids. There was no pleasure when it came to her work. It was strictly business, no pleasure.

And in that same graceful gait, Jacqueline walked into the room shared by Pedro and Julie. As expected, both boys were an asleep and off guard in the same way Annabelle and Isabella had been.

With a wicked smirk on her face, she raised the horn and boomed right into it with authority.

"Wake up!" and turned around with immediate effect.

Both boys jumped out of the bed from fright and that was when Pedro's gaze rested on the woman in the room and?shouted,

"Holy shit!"

Why?

One might ask but that was because Pedro slept naked and now he was on the floor, every detail about his body was as broad as daylight.

But of course, Jacqueline knew that as well which is why she had turned around at the last minute. Before the kids came to Lincolnshire, every one of their profiles was sent to her to study.

Pedro - simple, courageous,?passionate, kind, intelligent, and sensual. Loves nature and displays such simplicity of life by sleeping naked.

Julie - Handsome, risk-taker, your everyday sweetheart, proud, clever yet sly. Can be headstrong at times but is just a baby tiger with growing paws. He might seem obedient but never lower your guard around him.

Anabelle - beautiful, kind, has a pure soul, yet naive. She is extremely fragile and be careful never to make her cry - the tears might never end.

Isabella - Vixen, tough, vengeful, nonchalant, incredibly smart, crude, extremely dangerous to herself and others around here, unstable, volatile, skeptical, untrustworthy, and the most dangerous of the kids. Be careful to never push her to the edge else she starts off a chain reaction.

Neon - foodie, cute, playful, jovial, easy-going, naive, and easily manipulated by his siblings and part of the triple trouble. Always separate him from the twins if you want to be on the same side.

Ailee- beautiful, sweet, nice, intelligent, manipulative, and a little devil in sheep's clothing. Limit her strength by cutting her off from Neon if you want to be on the safe side.

Allen -handsome, reserved, cold to strangers, intelligent, competitive, and easily possessive. Do well never to share his sibling's attention with him and you're on the safe side.

Equipped with such information, Jacqueline prided on the fact that she could handle them. She knew their weak point and would exploit that to make them follow her bidding.

"What is a lady doing in our room?" Pedro panicked, reaching out for the sheet and wrapped it around his waist while glaring at the woman.

"I thought the palace had strict surveillance yet a woman was able to waltz into a men's room. Talk about appropriateness," Julie taunted her.

Having sensed that the boy was a bit decent, Jacqueline turned around to share the same news she had delivered to Isabella, "Breakfast is served at seven, you have just..." she checked her watch, "Forty-eight minutes and a second to get ready or you might have to wait for lunch, " she delivered her message and left without even minding Julie's taunt.

This was not the first time she had encountered such a situation, neither would this be the last. She had dealt with many problematic kids before and had conquered. Even the royal prince Akim had been that way initially, however, now, the prince was as obedient as a sheep. This was her job and she would do her best to carry it out.

Jacqueline hurried over to her final destination and that was the children's room. Like the others, she expected the kids to be asleep and that she would rouse them awake with her speaker.

But the instant Jacqueline opened the door and stepped in, something tripped her and she fell to the ground, twisting her ankle in a not so natural angle.

"Ahhh!" Her scream woke the whole palace instead.

The kids were the first to arouse from their sleep, startled by the pained howls before the guards rushed into the room to see the elegant Miss. Jacqueline was on the floor, crying like a baby.

"What happened here?" a guard queried, staring in confusion. This version of Miss. Jacqueline was foreign to him; he had always seen her as a tough woman.

"Something tripped me!" Jacqueline cried out.

"Something? but there's nothing in here," Allen told her, looking around with an innocent shrug.

However, none of them get to see the way Ailee slipped an almost invisible thin wire away expertly while her brother covered for her.

"Huh?" Neon stared in confusion, still rubbing the sleep in his eyes. Why does he feel he just missed something big? Unlike Allen and Ailee, he had slept earlier last night so he could wake on time and start on a brand new day in Lincolnshire.

"I know you did it!" Jacqueline said, pointing her fingers accusingly at the kids with red, wild eyes, "I should have been more careful!"

"Aiya, miss Jacqueline, come on, leave the innocent kids alone, we need to get you treated. Your ankle doesn't look that good," the guard bent and picked her up in her arms. However, the woman didn't stop raving even as they carried her away.

"Don't worry, kids, don't be scared. We have the best doctors here and Miss Jacqueline will be up and bouncing in no time!" One of the maids said to the hoping that will cheer them up having misunderstood the look on their faces as "concern"

Allen and Ailee stared at each other, they certainly hoped not. They had not set that trap so she could recover easily.

However, Ailee still said, "We hope so as well," but the instant they shut the door, they started a happy dance. At last, freedom! They were going to have fun at last in Lincolnshire!

If only they knew.

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

Chapter 557 - [Bonus] Five Hundred And Fifty-Seven: Lincolnshire Will Be Finished In One Night

The third point of view:

They said a pest is a destructive

destructive insect or animal that attacks crops, food, livestock. But in this case, Isabella could finally conclude that a pest was an unwanted, bothersome, annoying human that refused to die.

She was extremely relieved by the news that the "problem" aka Jacqueline has been taken care of. Thankfully, her siblings had done so without her taking care of the woman in her own special way. Now, she could relax without any one forcing her to follow bunch of stupid etiquette.

Honestly, Isabella could have endured the training and saw this to the end, but Jacqueline irritated her. She couldn't explain it but the woman's arrogance just irritated her. She - Isabella - was not a lab mouse nor object she - Jacqueline - could shape into whatever she wanted.

None of them made it to the dining table on time, busy celebrating their victory over their dictatorship instructor. Hence, it came as a huge shock to all of them when they finally walked into the living room only to sight miss. Jacqueline standing at the corner of the large rectangular dining tapping her feet impatiently.

"Holy mother of God, who is that?!" Julie was the first to exclaim, shocked. They had been chattering away happily only to stumble upon her.

Allen and Ailee cleared their eyes in unison as if they've been reading each other's minds. Neon was creeped out by their gesture.

"T-that does seem like a miss. Jacqueline," Anabelle stuttered. She didn't like the woman as well, Jacqueline was too bossy. Moreover, the woman had rudely woken her up from her beauty sleep - that was a crime against her.

Meanwhile Isabella narrowed her gaze at the woman who stood supported by her crutches. Jacqueline stared back at her, electricity crackling in the air. The tension was so great that even the others noticed and fell silent immediately.

Throughout her five years of zealously and stringently serving the queen Roselle, this is the first time she had met a tough opponent who happened to be a teenager.

Jacqueline had a clean record of winning any obstacle she encountered and that will be the same case this time. She was an educator and counselor with lots of degrees and would not lose this war to a bunch of wild teenagers.

It was a challenge.

With a stern look, Jacqueline glanced up at her watch, "Breakfast was to begin at seven yet you all arrived by nine. The number one of good etiquette is to arrive on time. Your host will want to serve the dinner hot and arriving late might delay the meal.

"As a general rule, one should try to arrive within fifteen minutes of the requested start time. If you are going to be tardy, text or call your host in advance and tell them your estimated arrival time. If you were going to be over an hour late, tell your host to begin the meal without you and apologize. But then.... " she stared at them one after the other, " None of you did so, "

"So then what?" Isabella asked her with her head held high, "What are you going to do then? Starve and send us away,"

"Of course, I dare not maltreat the children of respectable guests and I bet you all would have good manners the next time," Jacqueline hinted they were not properly brought up.

Isabella flexed her jaw, her heated gaze on Jacqueline who had a polite smile on as if she hadn't subtly insulted them seconds ago.

"Now, unless you want to starve voluntarily, I suggest you all sit down as breakfast is served," Jacqueline announced just as the maids walked in one after the other, placing tantalizing dishes on the table.

Slowly yet cautiously, the kids sat down one after the other while looking at their instructor questioningly. They couldn't understand the women's intention; Jacqueline had threatened to starve them if they arrived late, but then, they arrived late and here she was, welcoming them with open arms. It just doesn't sound right, could this be a trap?

"You can eat," Jacqueline announced as soon as the maids were done serving.

None of them made a move to taste the food, fearing she must have put something in it. Well, all except Neon. The boy's eyes widened with delight at the sight of the interesting cuisines on the table.

"No, Neon, don't!" Ailee was about to warn him but the boy had already put a spoon into his mouth and swallowed it down.

They all stared at Neon expecting for him to explode or something, but then nothing happened. Even after the third and fourth spoonful of his food, Neon didn't throw up nor foam from his mouth. It then dawned on them that the food was perfectly safe.

Besides, why would Jacqueline poison them - no matter how much she disliked them - unless she wanted a massacre in Lincolnshire. They didn't dare imagine what their parents will do if anything happened to them. Lincolnshire will be finished in one night.

However, something happened, as soon as the kids prepared to dig into the appetizing soup, Jacqueline clapped her hands twice and the maids who served them previously reappeared in the dining room.

"Take it away," Jacqueline announced and before the kids knew what was going on, each and every of their soups were cleared from the table.

Isabella banged her hand on the table, "What the hell is this?" she was angered. Isabella had barely even taken a taste when it was snatched from her.

Jacqueline raised a dark brow at her, "The almighty Isabella doesn't know what you all did wrong?" she smirked, enjoying this sudden turnaround.

Isabella's brows furrowed as she began to think hard. What had they done wrong? Her eyes scanned the table for their fault.

Jacqueline followed upper class standard of etiquette which meant they had failed to observe a certain level of politeness while dining. Suddenly, her eyes rested on the napkin she had given less thought earlier while easing into her seat.

Oh, damn it, she was too undomesticated?for this kind of royal games.

Chapter 558 - Five Hundred And Fifty-eight: Anabelle Found Her Niche

The third point of view:

Jacqueline was smart, Isabelle had to give her that. The woman had gotten under her skin in such a way that no one except Niklaus had done. At last, she met a worthy opponent.

Unlike Jacqueline's thought, Isabella was not distressed by the situation, rather she was excited. It was not every day that she - Isabella - got to see someone who matched her wits. It was exhilarating, Isabella wondered who would win.

Psychopath.

Pedro was tempted to use that word on his girlfriend. Yes, his crazy girlfriend, Isabella. Unlike normal people who will become downcast by such a flop in their plan, it motivated Isabella. She was the type who never gave up until she got what she wanted, hence this challenge from Jacqueline thrilled her. He would see it.

"The napkin!" Anabelle realized, the thought crossing her mind. Unlike the others, she was the only one who was mildly brought up decently. She had always been a proper lady.

"Thank God, you are not all barbarians," Jacqueline said, hopping over to Neon's side and picked one of the napkins saying, "Always place your napkin on your lap... " she helped Neon with his, "Before you begin eating, unfold your napkin and place it across your lap. This way no food will drop onto your clothing while you are eating. You should never tuck your napkin into the front of your shirt or dress when engaging in a fine dining experience, you don't want to embarrass yourself in front of the queen and the other guest," she told them.

"Oh," some of them nodded in understanding. However, did she have to go as far as taking away their soup? It was so unfair.

Jacqueline continued amid their grumbles, "Place the napkin on your chair any time you leave the table temporarily. At the end of your meal, neatly fold the napkin and set it to the left of your setting," she instructed, and they followed her actions without delay.

"Royalty," Isabella snorted with disdain. Why go through such a rigorous process just to have a meal? Such strange people.

"Commence with your meal," Jacqueline announced and the kids stared at one another unsure of what to do. It was obvious that the woman was playing a smart game with them and none of them wanted to be a victim.

Although Jacqueline took away the soup, there was still quite a feast on the table. This was the royal palace and meals here were served up to six courses.

"You don't want to eat?" Jacqueline asked when no one made a move, "If that's the case, I wouldn't mind moving into the next lesson of the day," the delight on her face told them all she enjoyed their dilemma.

"Hey, " Anabelle whispered, drawing their attention, "I got this, just watch me," She told them.

Suddenly, Anabelle who had never been "significant" in their group became the center of attention as she showed them how to use the cutlery in the proper order.

"There are three sets of cutlery around your plate," Anabelle made a demonstration using hers, "Forks will be positioned to the left of your plate (with salad forks furthest to

the left and dinner forks closest to your plate), knives will be to the right of your plate, and spoons will be above your plate or to the right of the knives. Always work your way inwards with each dish. This means that the cutlery positioned farthest from your plate should be used for the first course," she explained animatedly to them.

Meanwhile, a smile made its way across Julie's features as he watched his girlfriend demonstrate. He always knew Anabelle was special and would find her place one day and she sure did.

"Good work," Isabella said - that was as far as her thank you went.

"Thank you, Anabelle,"

"Me too,"

The twins picked up her actions very quickly as usual except Neon.

Since Anabelle was seated beside the young boy, she leaned towards him and said, "If you are still unsure of which utensils to use first, watch me or what others are doing and follow their lead,"

"Thank you, Anabelle," Neon said, the smile beginning in his eyes, then touched his lips, and the little dimple that played at the corner of his mouth appeared, even dazzling Ailee who had been watching them.

At that moment, Ailee was utterly frozen in time. Neon's eyes twinkled with humor and he was so cute – and so utterly unaware of his charm. It was as if the sun rays danced upon her face. Ailee was almost jealous that the smile was reserved for Anabelle - she wanted Neon to smile for her too.

Ailee hoped that Neon never leaves her, so she could stare at his smile forever. She had this sudden feeling to keep him hidden permanently, she didn't want anyone else to see his smile - not even her brother, Allen, nor Isabella nor Anabelle. She only wanted that smile for herself.

At once the little girl shook the thought out of her head. What was she thinking? She didn't even understand what she was thinking.

The smile on Neon's face made Anabelle's heart swell with joy. For the first time in her life, she had this feeling of satisfaction, like she had achieved something big. For the first time in her life, she was good at something Isabella couldn't do. It was safe to say she found her niche.

Jacqueline smirked, maybe the children weren't so hopeless after all. But then, the challenge has been issued and she would not go easy on them. At once, she clapped

her hands and the maids from before walked in again, and took away the food they were about to dig into.

"What now? Didn't we get it right?" Anabelle was frustrated. She was sure she had done it right and the others carefully followed her lead.

"Of course, you did right but a punishment for one is a punishment for all," Jacqueline said, walking over to Julie's side and they understood at once.

It was Julie who caused them to fail.

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

Chapter 559 - Five Hundred And Fifty-Nine: Isabella Gave Her The Middle Finger

The third point of view:

"Huh?" Julie asked when he sensed everyone's gaze on him, "Why are you all staring at me like that?" he, of course, didn't know what he did wrong because he was busy staring at his impressive girlfriend.

Jacqueline placed her hand on his shoulder, squeezing the muscle there to make her point, "Hold your cutlery properly..." her gaze rested on his cutlery held in the wrong hands.

"Sorry," Julie winced, embarrassed.

"Your fork should be in your left hand, with the tines facing down. Hold your knife with your right hand. Always use your fork to spear your food and lift it to your mouth, instead of your knife. When using a spoon, dip your spoon into the center of the bowl, then scoop the liquid by moving the spoon away from you toward the farthest side of the bowl. Bring the spoon to your mouth and sip from the spoon. How's that for etiquette?" Jacqueline said confidently, almost posing amid her injured ankle.

"Wow," Pedro couldn't help but exclaim in admiration - he was almost close to clapping. He was so carried away by her composure that he leaned to his right, whispering into Isabella's ears, "Jacqueline might be a witch but I have to admit she's pretty cool, right?"

At once, Isabella's grip around the knife tightened while her eyes darkened, "Really?" her voice dripped with the venom he had failed to notice.

Pedro had turned around to look at the stunning Jacqueline when Isabella didn't give him a quick reply. Suddenly he felt goosebumps on his back. It was almost as if a beast

was breathing down on his neck and if he turned around, he would be swallowed alive immediately.

But then, Pedro couldn't remain ignorant as well, so the poor boy turned to meet Isabella's burning amber eyes. He gulped, a lump stuck in his throat. What has his mouth led him into?

"But no matter how cool she is, she can't be cooler than you," Pedro found himself saying immediately. He had started a fire and had to douse it became an inferno.

"You're my best, Isabella," Pedro gave her a thumb up and it wasn't until a smile crossed her face that he could finally relax.

Phew, that was close.

"Resume," Jacqueline commanded them to continue eating once again.

However, this time, the kids were much smarter and careful (including Neon) making sure not to repeat their past mistakes. They lasted for about a minute and Fifty-six seconds before Jacqueline clapped her hands and a set of food vanished from the table.

Simultaneously, they all turned to her, waiting for her great judgment.

"Don't reach across the table. If you can't reach the bread basket or table seasoning, do not reach across the table to fetch it yourself. Instead, you should politely ask someone to pass it to you,"

They all turned to Pedro at once.

"Oops," Pedro breathed. He was the one who failed them this time.

"Always pass items to the right, rather than the left, if you're not passing a dish to a specific person," Jacqueline rubbed his failure all over his face and tried to squeeze his shoulder as she had done to Julie but Isabella growled a warning to her at once.

Jacqueline's hand hung awkwardly in the air while Isabella's body was taut and ready for a fight. The girl was almost like a possessive alpha she-wolf and Jacqueline knew better than to piss one off.

"Resume," the woman simply said to save her face. The kids had been looking at her, waiting antipatedly for something to happen. Unfortunately, she wasn't that kind of person, she was well-groomed, elegant, and dignified. A bunch of wild kids would not make her lose calm. It was a promise.

As expected, the kids dug into their meal once again. They already knew this was a game to Jacqueline, survival of the fittest. However, instead of them getting eliminated, their food suffered the terrible fate. It was torture.

Unfortunately for them, they didn't last this round. In fact, their spoon barely touched the omelet when miss devil aka Jacqueline clapped her hands and their food was snatched away as usual.

Jacqueline turned to Isabella, "Always taste the food before seasoning. Most chefs pride themselves on perfectly seasoning their dishes. As a result, it can be seen as a rude gesture to season your food before tasting it,"

But then, Isabella gave her the middle finger.

Anger flooded Jacqueline and she was almost tempted to lose control but she reined in her emotions. She took a deep breath in and out, counting down to ten mentally. The kid would not ruffle her, she would surely win this war.

Unlike what everyone thought, Isabella had not flipped the table when she was blamed for their failure. They had all held their breath, especially when she gave Jacqueline the middle finger, waiting for World War three to begin. But then nothing happened. Strange, right?

"Resume!" Rang out as usual.

Honestly, the nerves were all-time high currently. The kids barely had anything to eat and if they lost this round, their food was gone. Until lunch.

Except for Isabella, everyone ate cautiously. Left alone for them, they would have hurried the food but that was against dining etiquette, Jacqueline would fail them instantly. Hence, they had no choice but to pray they survived this round. But then, Fate always had its plan.

Pah! Pah!

Jacqueline clapped her hands twice and the maids hurried in, clearing the rest of the dishes on the table while the kids looked on devastated.

"What did we do this time?" Anabelle was close to crying. She had not even much to eat. She was goddamn hungry.

"Oh, what you did wrong?" Jacqueline smirked wickedly, then walked over to Neon who has his hands hidden under the table.

"Don't bring a plus-one without permission and definitely not a pet," Jacqueline took out the albino mouse from Neon's hands.

"Mr. Smuff!" they shouted, dumbfounded.

"Mr. Smuff Junior," Neon corrected, scowling at them. What has he done wrong? All he did was feed his dear mouse.

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

Chapter 560 - Five Hundred And Sixty: Pedro's Proposal

The third point of view:

With the smug smile on Jacqueline's face, it became obvious to everyone around that this breakfast was never meant to be in the first place. Although Jacqueline claimed that they were forgiven for coming to breakfast late, the truth is that they had never been forgiven at all. She merely tricked them knowing none of them would be able to keep up to the rules - they were not used to the royal formalities.

"This marks the end of our lesson this morning," Jacqueline limped over to Isabella, staring her straight in the eyes, and had a look that said, "victory is mine".

She had won over Isabella. Now, they would have no choice but to listen to her because she held the authority - they would recognize that. As humans were adaptational creatures, they would surely try to survive and that meant playing by her rules.

Jacqueline went on, "Don't think you can order a food or command the royal palace to serve you one, because they won't,"

"You ordered them not to," Anabelle learned, scowling at her.

"You failed your test, your failure comes with consequences you're expected to carry out,"

"Who even gave you the right?" Julie challenged her, gaze burning into hers.

Jacqueline laughed, "The queen of course. As you can see, I'm your instructor and overseer for the rest of your stay here. Unless you want a smooth stay, I suggest you all be good and get along with me," She told them confidently.

They could report her, the kids knew that. However, they all knew their parents would dismiss their complaints as tantrums and inability to adjust to the palace. Nor could they complain about the meal as well, their parents would probably think they purposely ganged up on the "poor" woman - if only they knew.

And Jacqueline knew that, which was no wonder she was all sassy and brave. Hence, at the moment, they were on their own and had to deal with it in their own ways - the same way that would attract punishments from their parents.

"Have a great time," Jacqueline waved, straightened her clothes, and picked her crutch, about to hobble away when she tripped and fell to the ground with a thud.

The whole room fell silent at the sound of that fall. Although disabled at the moment, they were not fools to think that Jacqueline had fallen on her own with Isabella beside her.

It was definitely Isabella's doing. This was her vengeance. All this while, she had been silent, letting Jacqueline think she had the upper hand here when in reality she didn't. They weren't just kids, they were different from the average kids. They were special.

"Oops," Isabella said, faking concern, "You should look carefully where you step your foot in the future. Today you tripped, tomorrow might be a mousetrap," Isabella had an amused look.

Isabella might be joking but Jacqueline read between the lines, recognizing the threat in those words. It seems she underestimated the kids.

At once, Isabella eased out of her seat and sat on her heels, facing Jacqueline who didn't even realize she was still on the floor, "I'm not going to repeat my warning once again. Play your role as an instructor and teach us the fuck what we're supposed to know about this goddamn place, but never you try to change who we are,"

As if recovering her senses, Jacqueline finally got to her feet, although with difficulty. She glared at Isabella, who does she think she is? She's her instructor! They were supposed to obey her!

Finally, the control Jacqueline had been holding on to vanished and she shouted at her, "Who do you think you -!" The woman didn't get to finish the rest of her words because Isabella grabbed her hair, fisting her hand around it. Her root throbbed like hell.

Jacqueline cried out in pain, this girl was crazy.

"Isabella!" Pedro tried to interfere, but the warning look from her told him otherwise. No one was to interfere - not even him.

Isabella went on, "There are two categories of people I respect in this world, my loved ones and elders. Sadly, you don't belong in either,"

"You crazy girl! Let go of my hair!" Jacqueline cursed out.

"Oh," Isabella laughed, yet the smile didn't touch her face, "Guess you're finally one of the barbarians," Isabella hinted Jacqueline was no different from them amid the fact she hid beneath her crease-free suit - currently, there were lines on her clothes -?and politeness.

Jacqueline froze, realizing this was Isabella's plan all along - she made a fool of herself. She had claimed to be perfect, polished, and cultured, yet in seconds, she became uncivilized.

Jacqueline attempted to threaten her, "The queen must hear of this -! "

"Sure, go ahead" Isabella was not scared, "Let's go to her. I do have a lot of things to say to the queen as well...." she stepped closer towards Jacqueline who unconsciously took a step back,

"concerning you. Let's see then, between the both of us - a salary earner and the niece to the future queen of Lincolnshire and an honorable guest, who would the queen believe? Shall we?" she smirked.

Jacqueline gulped as it dawned on her, she was indeed dealing with the daughter of a devil. The profile didn't lie and she had underestimated it, classifying Isabella under the category of problematic kids she had dwelt with in the past. Because the truth was, none of these kids were normal.

"What do you want?" Jacqueline finally asked. She had tasted fear, sensing a predator, and knew she was down on the food chain. She had to make amends before she's consumed.

Isabella smiled, now she was talking business.

But to Jacqueline, that smile made her look like the grim reaper from hell. She didn't want to be near the kids anymore!

"For starters, we want breakfast - freshly prepared and bountiful. Then we can make negotiations later on how to go about our lessons," Was Isabella's orders.

"Sure, sure," Jacqueline nodded and left to go process her orders.

After Jacqueline left, the dining room became eerily quiet with no one saying a word. They had seen what Isabella had done and though Jacqueline had been a pain in the ass, Isabella might have taken it too far.

Even Julie finally realized why his grandfather wanted her with him. Isabella was a woman of action, unlike him who was tender-hearted. She was perfectly suited for their mob job.

"Sister!" Neon was the first to speak, giving her a thumbs up, "You were so cool,"

Isabella snorted with laughter knowing Neon was only happy at the thought of food. Her main concern was Pedro who hasn't spoken to her since the incident.

Hands propped up on her chin, she turned to him, "Why? You don't like me anymore?"

Pedro's gaze narrowed at her, what games was she playing this time?

"What are you talking about?" he asked, still refusing to look at her.

"Oh, is this the silent treatment, now?" She attempted a joke but it wasn't amusing to Pedro.

Isabella told him, "Pedro, look at me,"

He didn't.

She then grabbed his chin, turning his face towards her gently and rubbing her thumb over his cheeks.

"Hold a grudge against me all you want but don't ever hide your face away from me," She proclaimed, stunning everyone.

"A-hem," Julie intentionally coughed to remind them that people were around but Isabella didn't give a fuck.

Pedro took a deep breath, "You went too far,"

"That was the only way to deal with her,"

"Violence is never the answer," Pedro retorted.

"It answers my problems," Isabella then asked him, "Didn't it answer this one?"

"I'm just saying there could have been another way,"

"So then, you're going to break up with me over this?" Isabella asked him.

"What?" Pedro couldn't believe her, "Why are you always bringing 'break up' into our argument?"

"Because people who don't like my attitude always leave? Besides, it always pays to be mentally prepared for the big let's-break-up bomb,"

Pedro sighed, pinching the space between his brows. He told her pointedly, "I'm never going to break up with you, Isabella, not in this life nor the next. You're the only woman I'm going to love and marry till death does us apart,"

Isabella replied, "Don't make promises you won't be able to -"

"Seriously?" Anabelle interrupted her, "Are you fucking kidding me?" she glared at her cousin.

Isabella looked around in confusion, "Did I do anything wrong?"

"Oh my gosh," Even Ailee facepalmed while her brothers were as clueless as Isabella.

Alright, she definitely did something wrong, Isabella could guess from their expression.

"Pedro just proposed to you and this is your reply?" Anabelle gave her a dirty look.

Pedro in question, scratched the back of his head awkwardly, he didn't really mean it in that way. But if so, he was cool with it.

However, was he really ready to spend the rest of his life with Isabella because the truth be told, he was scared of her tendencies.

However, he was confident in his power to influence her. He can't change Isabella nor who she was, but he would fill her with so much light she would never remember the darkness inside of her. Yes, he would fill her with love

"Huh?" Isabella was stunned. Then she looked towards Pedro just as a blush warmed her cheeks. She wouldn't mind marrying him as well - just that she didn't want children.

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