

## **Taming A Billionaire**

### **#Chapter 591 - Five Hundred And Ninety-One: A Leg Over To Save - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 591 - Five Hundred And Ninety-One: A Leg Over To Save**

*Chapter 591 - Five Hundred And Ninety-One: A Leg Over To Save*

The third point of view :

"Thank you immensely for your support," Judy thanked Sakuzi, "Without your help, we would have been ruined,"

Sakuzi had come down to visit Lincolnshire after the attack and he arrived with relief assistance, his men carried out charities by providing aid for the people in need. Using his private jet, Sakuzi had sent most of the diplomats back to their countries except a few who had purposely stayed back to help out.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," Judy could not find enough words to appreciate him.

"It's nothing. You're family and family help each other in need," Sakuzi said, looking around at the ruins. The front of the palace had completely collapsed and the only structure to have survived the destruction was the east wing and a few rooms of the south wing where the royal infirmary was located.

Although workers had started to sort through the rubbles, it would take quite some time to return the palace to its former glory.

"I heard my son-in-law is injured?" Sakuzi asked.

"Yes, he's indeed injured. Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, I want to," He demanded.

"Follow me then," Judy said, directing him to a totally different entrance from the mess. Some of the structures were still standing yet unstable, he wasn't eager for any unfortunate incident.

Niklaus was awake and there was his wife, Reina by his side. The both of them had been having a conversation when he saw his gruff-looking father-in-law made his way into his room.

Reina felt a presence and turned around only for her to get shocked by the appearance of a certain parent, "Father?!"

"Baby girl!" A smile made its way across Sakuzi's face which was a surprise to everyone - he had not even let as much as a smile when he first arrived.

It must have been pregnancy hormone because Reina instantly bawled out her eyes on her father's shoulder. She had been so immersed in getting over the shock of the treason, taking care of her babies in her womb, the kids, and Niklaus that she hadn't thought about her father. Reina just realized how much she missed him.

"Hey, it's okay, baby girl," Sakuzi patted his dear daughter on the back. It was obvious that out of all his children - and illegitimate ones - Reina was the apple of his eyes.

When Reina finally composed herself, Sakuzi shifted his gaze to Niklaus and said irritably, "If I knew you would be this incapable, I wouldn't have handed my daughter over to you,"

"Father!" Reina intervened immediately, "What are you talking about? It's not like he intentionally got injured, he was defending us, and thanks to him, we're safe now,"

"Those are just excuses," Sakuzi grumbled, "My only rule while handing you over to him was to keep you safe -"

"And he did," Reina interjected sternly, "There's no other reason to roast him and by the way I'm pregnant, so unless you want me to lose this, you can go ahead and bother my husband," She subtly threatened him with her pregnancy.

However, Sakuzi was not interested in her threat, all he was happy about was the news of her pregnancy.

"I'm going to be a grandpa again?" Sakuzi was in a state of disbelief with a hint of excitement.

"Yes, father," She took his hand and said, "And this time, I'm having triplets,"

"Okay. Wait - what?!" It finally dawned on Sakuzi, "What did I just hear?" He was dumbfounded.

"I'm having triplets, father," Reina announced oblivious to the raging storm inside of him.

"You?" he pointed to his daughter, "Are having triplets?"

"Yes, father," She answered, rubbing her hand over her stomach affectionately.

"Who will deliver them? You?"

"Of course, it is I, father. Who else?" Reina was dumbfounded. Why was her father asking her such strange questions?

Instantly, Sakuzi raged, "You animal!" and attempted to pounce on Niklaus, but thankfully, Eden and Emerald were quick to hold him back.

"You fucking son of a bastard, whose daughter do you want to kill?" Sakuzi cursed violently even as he was being held back, "Do you know how she almost died trying to give birth to the twins, and now you give her triplets? I should kill you before you kill her?!!"

Niklaus looked on innocently, what had he done wrong? All he had done was copulate as normal couples do, who knew he would fertilize three eggs?

Sakuzi was so intent on teaching Niklaus a lesson that the others had no choice but to drag him out of the ward before he did real damage - the man was slightly unpredictable.

They took him to a separate room and got Reina in as well knowing she was the only one that could calm him.

"What are you going to do now? Are you going to still be with him?" There was a hint of dissatisfaction in his tone.

"Of course," Reina said, frowning at him. The way her father thought at times irritated her.

"Just because Niklaus's injured doesn't make him one less of a man," She intentionally avoided using the word, 'disabled'.

"Moreover, the doctors say there's a chance his leg would recover with the surgery, so there's no need to worry too much," she told him and yet the look on her father's face was not encouraging.

With a sigh, Reina went to sit down beside him, taking his hand in hers, "Father, Niklaus is the man I love and my husband. I'm going to stay by his side no matter what. He might not meet your standards but he's perfect for me," She confessed sincerely.

Sakuzi snorted, shaking his head sympathetically, "I don't why you're so stubborn. Left for me alone, I have many men I know you could be with that would pamper you for the rest of your life. They won't even put you in danger?-"

"They would only do so because they fear you," Reina told him. Unlike the others, Niklaus didn't fear him - maybe, a little. "They might treat me well because of your fearful reputation, their feelings won't be sincere. What happens to me when you die then?" she asked him.

Sakuzi coughed, looking away awkwardly. He knew she was right. What man in his right mind would touch his daughter while he lived? Unless that person wanted their entire family members castrated and wiped out from the surface of the earth.

"Fine," He had no choice but to give in. Not that he had a choice anyway - he knew he couldn't stress Reina now she was pregnant with his grandkids.

He pulled his phone out and made a call, "Get the chopper ready, we have a leg to save,"

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*Chapter 592 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Two: The New Husband And Wife*

Isabella's point of view:

It's been three months since the rebellion in Lincolnshire and today, we're back here once again for the long-awaited wedding of his royal highness, the king, Kai Revatio II, and her majesty, the queen, Emily Spencer. And did I forget to add Emerald Sakuzi and Cecil Vincent.

One might ask, what happened in the past three months? Firstly, I helped track down Lord Albert who had attempted to flee Lincolnshire when the rebellion failed, his car was bombed at the border - tsk tsk, so close to escaping. I intentionally let him slip that far, there was nothing as soul shattering as having a big dream only for it to crash when so close to its actualization. Lord Albert probably had big plans to leave the state, regroup and return to occupy the crown, only to taste the sweet nothingness of death in the end - that was vengeance for Niklaus' injury.

Although I had not been present, I heard the rest of the lords, guards, and their families who participated in the rebellion were imprisoned and beheaded according to the level of their crime. Judy had done a total cleaning which the kingdom now referred to as the purge. He had ridden the kingdom of all rebellers while serving as a lesson to the others.

After the cleansing, Judy was installed as the king and Emily as the queen after their traditional marriage - which we were absent. Other than that, things have been pretty good in Lincolnshire until now.

Lincolnshire was alive once again compared to the past months because of the wedding. But unlike before, the security was so tight that Allen, Neon, Ailee wouldn't be able to pull any stunt - courtesy of my step-grandfather, Sakuzi. The man wasn't taking any chances with his daughter, Reina present. But then for good measures, I locked Mr. Smuff junior away. That mouse tends to cause unnecessary problems.

Ahh, lest I forget, there is Niklaus.

He's seated at the front row of the pew with my mother, Reina. Although he walked with an exquisitely crafted walking cane at the moment, doctors predict he should be able to walk perfectly before the end of the year. That fits him anyway - in this condition, he wouldn't be able to do it carelessly.

At the altar stands Judy and Emily, and their counterparts, Emerald and Cecil. Truthfully speaking, Cecil looks ridiculous in her wedding gown, not that anyone agreed with me anyway.

She was heavy with child, already in her sixth month, and instead of designing a loose wedding gown to provide enough space for movement, she chose to wear a bodycon wedding dress that reached her knee. It fit her snug and highlighted her pregnancy curves as she wanted - Cecil claimed she had to show off her wonderful curves one last time.

But then, I saw the way she held her breath and occasionally took long breaths. I couldn't help but shake my head nor could I understand women at all. Why would one subject thyself to such torture in the name of fashion or beauty? It seems I might go and have the medical team on standby for the time she faints.

However, contrary to my thoughts, all of the women here were awed by Cecil's boldness and fashion, which wasn't all that surprising since she was an influential person. If she could make Emerald become famous overnight with that ridiculous swan costume, this wouldn't be any different. My heart went out to all the pregnant women all over the world who would willingly put themselves through such torture just to follow the trend. Women were indeed strange creatures.

Emily was more the star of the occasion, she looked stunning in her princess wedding gown that Anabelle loved so much, she convinced aunty to hand them over to her. There was no need to guess what Anabelle would do with the gown, probably doll herself up and post it all over the internet. She was so easy to read.

And there was Pedro as usual, looking dashing in his midnight summer suit and part of the Groomsmen alongside Julie. From time to time, I caught a few of these Lincolnshire ugly ladies staring at him and blushing, feeding me with the urge to throttle them. They have no right to stare at him that way. Pedro belonged to me and I alone had the right to blush at him. Why are they blushing at someone else's boyfriend?

Anabelle and I were part of the bridesmaids hence I was close enough to witness the lovey-dovey admiration in their eyes when they stared at Pedro. They wanted to take what was mine. Haa! Mission impossible!

Fine, I controlled my anger and instead committed their faces to memory. After this is over, I'll teach them never to blush at someone that doesn't belong to them.

"What are you thinking?" Anabelle asked, startling me from my thoughts.

"Nothing," I answered immediately.

"I don't believe you," Anabelle said, "Usually when I see that creepy smirk on your face, you're due to ruin someone's life,"

"Really? Did I?" I didn't know my smile looked evil. Hopefully, I haven't scared Pedro with that.

"This is a wedding celebration, don't do anything to spoil the mood," She nagged me.

I looked away, Anabelle was becoming more of a mother than a cousin and it was beginning to bother me. I don't need another mother in my life, Reina would be the last of them.

My attention was roused back to the scene of the ring exchange.

"I give you this ring as a gift that lasts forever. Know that I'm always with you, behind you, and by your side." Aunt Emily said, sliding the finger into Judy's finger just as reverberating applause rang across the chapel.

The applause died down not long later so Cecil could exchange her ring as well.

"You are the love of my life. With this ring, I'm making it official." Cecil said, and everyone burst into laughter while applauding the new husband and wife.

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*Chapter 593 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Three: The Prince And Princesses*

The third point of view:

There had been lots of dancing at the reception with so many people that Emily couldn't feel her feet anymore. She guessed it was because she was now the queen and everyone wanted to make acquaintances with the queen of Lincolnshire.

Thankfully, the orchestra heard her woe and the dancing finally came to an end. Perhaps, if she knew, she would have forsaken these pairs of heels for sneakers - just like the current Cecil - but then, she was the queen and must look the part - that included observing all protocols and etiquette - and pains. Damn, pretty hurts.

The queen dowager, her majesty, Roselle, was the one to speak after everyone had settled down.

"First of all, from the bottom of my heart, I want to thank all of you for being here. To the diplomats who returned to my kingdom for this wedding even after the previous incident..."

At the mention of "incident" the whole arena went silent. No one had forgotten the rebellion and the lives lost.

The queen went on, "To friends and acquaintances who made it possible that we wed my son, his majesty, Kai Revatio, and my lovely daughter in law, the queen, Emily Revatio, I highly regard your presence here today.

"Truthfully, no one thought this day would be possible, not after that ugly event. We had all lost hope, lost track of the future. But then, it is said in the time of despair bravery is honed and that is seen today. Because of your immense support, courage, and cooperation, we are alive to celebrate such an auspicious day, and for that I'm grateful.

"I'm most pleased to know that I'm leaving the legacy of this kingdom in the hands of my daughter-in-law who by no doubt would make great achievements. And to her brother..." she hinted at Niklaus, "for raising such a wonderful woman I thank you. I bless your marriage and pray for wisdom and understanding to guide your married life," she blessed them.

There came applause from the crowd.

"However," the queen dowager said, "Before I hand over the microphone to the couples of the day, I would like to reward a set of heroes for their great contributions to the rebellion. Without them, we wouldn't have stood a chance against the enemy,"

There was a sudden discussion amongst the crowd. They had not expected the sudden announcement and certainly did wonder who was about to be rewarded - although a few people had their suspicions.

The queen smiled as she called out, "Neon..."

The little boy didn't even wait for his name to be fully announced when he screamed and jumped in excitement. The queen called him a hero?! He was a hero.

There was a roar of applause as Neon made it to the center of the dance floor where the queen stood.

"Ailee Spencer,"

Another applause followed as the girl happily joined her brother.

"Allen Spencer"



"Isabella Spencer"

"Pedro Vincent"

"Anabelle Spencer"

"Julie Montenegro"

One by one, they all made it over to the dance floor while six well-dressed female employees appeared into the hall with six pillows, and on top of it rested six crowns.

A gasp of astonishment came from the crowd as they finally comprehended what the queen dowager had in mind.

"Kneel," Was all the queen said.

Everyone knelt immediately - all except Isabella. The girl had a furrow on her face, she didn't need all this drama - she knew what the queen dowager was about to do.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Anabelle mouthed to her with glaring eyes and before Isabella could react, the girl had already pulled her arm, dragging her to her feet.

Isabella let her be, knowing it was useless to fight the queen in the first place - it would seem as rude as turning down the queen's "generosity".

On their knees, the queen took one of the crowns and walked over to Neon who stood first in line saying, "For your kind and strong heart, I title you, prince Neon of Lincolnshire,"

The crowd hollered and clapped as the queen placed the crown on his head. Neon stood with a grin on his face, he was now a prince!

"For your beauty and brave heart, I title you, princess Ailee of Lincolnshire,"

Great applause rang out.

The queen moved to Allen, "For your quick wit and determination, I title you, Prince Allen of Lincolnshire,"

Another applause as Allen rose to his feet.

"For your meekness and care, I title you, princess Anabelle of Lincolnshire,"

A round of applause followed the crowning but Anabelle curtsied when she turned, charming the audience once more with her elegant bow.



"She would make a fine lady," The queen dowager muttered inwardly seeing Anabelle's behavior before she moved over to Isabella.

With just a single glance, the queen knew what she was dealing with, an unruly horse. But then, this unruly horse was the reason the whole palace was saved, without her information, they would have been destroyed by the enemy.

Moreover, the girl reminded her of her own mother - her mother had been tough, intelligent and made her who she was today.

"For your wisdom, courage, determination, and foresight, I title you, Princess Isabella of Lincolnshire," she placed the crown on her head.

Isabella said a little thanks and joined the others. However, unlike Anabelle, she did no ceremony at all - she gave no care.

Nevertheless, they all clapped knowing that was her personality. Also, although they all contributed immensely, Isabella was the main hero of the day.

"For your cleverness and wiles and bravery, and charm, I title you, prince Pedro of Lincolnshire," she crowned him.

There was great applause.

"For your strength, wiles, and courage, I title you, Prince Julie of Lincolnshire," the queen dowager crowned the last one and he rose to his feet, attracting cheers.

The queen turned to the crowd, " Everyone, let's all stand for our heroes!"

At once, vehement applause and cheers filled the large hall as they stood to appreciate their heroes. The kids had been titled prince and princesses, earning the right to benefits enjoyed by royalties only.

Yes, they had no claim to the royal throne, being just titled, it was a huge privilege.

"Those are my babies!" Reina was busy shouting above the ovation. She has never been so proud of them. Niklaus simply had a smile while clapping.

Everyone was in a joyous mood that they didn't expect Neon to bravely tap the Queen dowager on the arm, saying,

"You forgot Mr. Smuff junior,"

"Huh?"

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*Chapter 594 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Four: The Baby Is Coming*

The third point of view:

Three months later...

They all decided to meet once, choosing a suitable date where everyone would be chanced enough to meet and this time, Lisa was present.

"Hey," Cecil called the famous actress who was dazzling as usual, "You're the only one in our group who hasn't gotten married. What are you still waiting for?"

Ever since Cecil entered her ninth month, she became a grumbling old man. The doctor had given her the date for her conception and it was two weeks from now.

At first, Emerald had refused to let her come to the gathering claiming it was too risky for her to move carelessly when her delivery time was around the corner, but she wouldn't hear of it.

She had been trapped at home for a while now it was irritating. Emerald was a loving and caring husband and that he was concerned for her, but his overprotectiveness was getting on her nerves - and her pregnancy hormone wasn't helping matters either. She had Pedro under worse and unfavorable circumstances, yet he survived, how was this one any different?

"You think I haven't tried?" Lisa sighed, "Unlike you lucky fellas, others might have to date all the men in the world before finding their chosen ones," She said, glugging down her drink.

Unlike the others, Lisa was the only one drinking in broad daylight; Cecil was close to delivery, she's forbidden to drink; Reina is having multiple pregnancy, drinking is out of the equation; Camille's is pregnant and thoroughly carefully, she would never drink; Emily was not pregnant but a queen of a kingdom, her image was very careful.

Lisa was the only one who didn't give a damn about her public image. Who said she doesn't have the right to drink in broad daylight just because she's a celebrity? Why were people, such huge hypocrites? They drink as well, why shouldn't she?

But then, even if the paparazzi caught her on camera, her public relations were there to clean up the whole mess. Although she doubted a single article would pop out with women of power in this restaurant. Talk about Emily's husband, the king, Niklaus, or even Eden. She knew they had people watching and keeping them safe.

"I feel like I'm cursed," She complained.

"No one from our group is cursed," Reina said, taking a huge bite from her salad. As expected of her condition, she put on some weight and her stomach was two times the size of Cecil's causing Lisa to shudder.

How does she even move with that amount of weight? Does she even fit in the bathroom? Lisa could imagine the amount of back pain she gets every day. She couldn't even imagine it. Maybe, it's a good thing she's single.

"Don't kill yourself over it," Emily finally spoke up, "Marriage is not a measure of success,"

"Yeah, tell that to our society," Camille snorted before gulping down a glass of water.

"Yes, you're right!" Lisa's eyes lit up as if she found inspiration, "I shouldn't worry myself over that. Moreover, in my line of work, they view you as old when you get married unless you're as famous as me," She was smug.

"Your point exactly?" Cecil was ready to bite someone's head off.

Reina tactically said to Lisa in a whisper, "Just suck up to her, she's been on edge these past few days. Her mood is a mess,"

Lisa wanted to disagree on that but changed her mind with the intensity of Cecil's gaze. Why was she even staring at her that way? She was not the one who impregnated her, why was Cecil transferring her aggression on her.

"I should probably get married," Lisa agreed, at last, gulping down the lump in the throat. This just gave her more reasons never to get married.

"Stop putting your standards so high and just find a decent man to settle down with?" Cecil claimed.

"What do you mean for her not to put her standards so high? Are you telling her to accept any crappy man that comes along her way?" Camille was offended by that statement.

"I never said that,"

"That's what you just implied,"

"She's an actress, I know their type, they always go for men of influence and power to give them a comfortable life," Cecil said.

"Ouch, Cecil, judging a person by their profession," Lisa was clearly hurt by her comment.

"Am I wrong? Tell me, if a man with nothing comes your way, would you accept him?" Cecil pressed.

"Now, Cecil, that's going too far. I get that you're pregnant and all and the baby is making you say mean things but judging Lisa that way was inappropriate," Reina scolded her. Pregnant or wrong, Cecil said wrongly and must apologize.

"Moreover," Emily added to her words, "This is not the reason we gathered here today. This was supposed to be fun and all, not criticizing one another,"

"I'm sorry," Cecil apologized when she realized what she had done, "I didn't think about my words before speaking. Forgive me, please, Lisa?" she rubbed her palms together in a pleading motion.

Lisa smiled at her, "Of course, you're forgiven. How can I hold grudges against you when you're carrying my pretty goddaughter in your womb. Moreover... " she exhaled, "You're right. I might have unconsciously set unreasonable high standards for the man that I want. Perhaps, that might really be the reason why I'm still single,"

"Yipee!" Emily was happy everyone was good to go once more, "Now, we can have some fun,"

"Yeah, that would be after I visit the restroom. I feel the need to poo,"

Camille chuckled, "You're so strange, who uses the word 'poo', you're not even a child,"

Cecil ignored her and stood up, feeling cold beneath. It couldn't be she pissed on herself, right.

"Yo, Cecil, don't tell me you pissed on yourself," Emily pointed out the soonest Cecil turned her back to them. Her pant was wet.

"Oh my God," it dawned on Reina, "That is not urine,"

They all gasped - Cecil included.

"The baby's coming?!!!!"

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*Chapter 595 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Five: The Baby Is Impatient*

Emerald was not happy about letting Cecil go to that gathering. He knew it was just the women to chill - and gossip - but he was not comfortable with it. Cecil was in her last and critical semester and it was his duty as her husband to protect her.

Emerald sighed, letting her go was probably a good idea because he got a chance to unwind as well. Perhaps, the reason she had been cranky lately was that she felt cooped up. His overprotectiveness might have done more harm than good.

Thankfully, he fought against the urge to follow after her and instead assigned someone to watch and keep her safe. He would not forgive anyone if something happens to Cecil or his baby.

Right now, he was at Sakuzi's place and currently watching the fight coming on.

"Don't you think you're being too hard on her?" He asked, watching as that woman called Maggie being thrown over Andrew's shoulder, her ass landing on the bare ground.

"She demanded it," Sakuzi said, trying to lit a cigarette.

"Really?" Emerald was surprised and then, his eyes flickered to Sakuzi emerging with a lighter to lit a cigarette. He snatched the cigarette from the man's mouth and stamped it under his feet till it was dirtied.

Sakuzi threw his hand up, "What was that for?"

"You should stop smoking, it's bad for your health,"

Sakuzi grumbled under his breath, "You don't tell an old man what to do," already providing another cigarette from his pocket.

"I'll tell Nadia then," Emerald informed him.

"I won't smoke again then," so please don't tell her, Sakuzi's pleading was obvious.

Apart from Reina, Sakuzi feared his now- together-with ex-wife. The woman's anger was hot enough to burn the world. In none word, he'd rather experience Reina's anger than his ex-wife's.

Having reached an agreement without many words spoken, the both of them focused on the fight.

"She has a strong will to survive," Emerald observed the fight, and each time Maggie was tossed to the ground, she was back on her feet within seconds.

"Why do you think I let her in the first place," Sakuzi told him, holding his gaze.

Emerald understood his words. Most women were too fragile to last in the gangs because their agenda changes anytime they fall in love - they would want out of the gang. Maggie was the first woman Sakuzi was letting in for years.

His attention was suddenly drawn to the way Sakuzi fingers twitched and he would unconsciously reach for his pocket, only to let it down after a few seconds - probably remembering his threat of telling Nadia. Those were the habits of addicted smokers.

So he reached for his pocket and brought out a lollipop, handing it over to him, saying, "Anytime you crave for a smoke, try this instead. It's therapeutic,"

Sakuzi stared down at the lollipop amused, "Really? Sugar at my age?"

However, Emerald said, "Diabetes is better than kidney and heart failure,"

"I can always find a transplant," Sakuzi argued.

"Not if you die before the surgery," Emerald was firm, "Make sure you take these or else \_"

"You'll tell Nadia, yes, yes," He rolled his eyes.

"Tell me what?"

Speak of the devil.

Sakuzi turned around with forced enthusiasm, "Honey, you're back!" he went over to hug her.

But Nadia was not bought over by his deliberate act, "You have something to tell me, don't you?"

Sakuzi gulped, he was done for today. However, before he had the chance to explain, Emerald's phone rang.

"What?!" Emerald screamed almost immediately, "The baby is coming?!"

"The baby is coming?!" they heard everything, that even Maggie and her trainer, Andrew stopped their fight immediately.

"Fine," Emerald tried to calm down, "Where is she now?" He asked Emily - she was the one who called to inform him of the situation.

"What hospital is she at? What? There's a little problem?"

This time, Sakuzi and Nadia had leaned so close to Emerald that they could hear the ongoing call.

"The baby's too impatient?! Cecil's delivering in a restaurant?! Are you fucking kidding me!"

He knew it! She shouldn't have gone to that restaurant. Perhaps, his instinct as a father had been tingling all along, heralding the coming of his child. He should have listened, obeyed the signs. Now, he prays nothing happens to his child.

"Fine, I'm coming right away!" He ended the call instantly and turned to Sakuzi and his wife.

"Tell me there's a midwife here?" Emerald asked, even though he knew they wouldn't be able to make it to the restaurant on time - Emily told him the baby's head was out already. But then, he couldn't be a useless father, he had to do something.

"This is a gang, not a hospital, Emerald," Nadia reminded him.

"Fuck this!" Emerald cursed, "I'm leaving," He almost left him but Sakuzi was quick to stop him.

"No, you can't drive in this state. I'll be the one to drive you,"

"No -"

"Your baby can't be fatherless before he's even born," Sakuzi hinted that he might have an accident on the way thanks to his anxiety.

There was an authority in Sakuzi's voice and Emerald knew better than to defy his order. He might be Sakuzi's successor but until then, Sakuzi was still in power.

"Fine, let's go," Emerald was in a hurry knowing that every minute they spent idly, things could go wrong.

"I'll come along too," Andrew said.

"No, you're not -"

"You're currently vulnerable and your enemies - our enemies - might see this as a good chance to attack. I'll be there to offer protection, don't tell me no," Andrew insisted.

"Fine, tag along," Emerald let him in reluctantly. Inwardly, he knew Andre was right. A spy in their midst could tip off their enemy of the situation who would then hurt... Emerald couldn't even think of the scene where Cecil or his baby was hurt.. He would send whoever touches his family to Hell and he sure hoped he wasn't too late.



*Chapter 596 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Six: Restaurant Labor*

The third point of view:

"The baby is coming?"

Everyone had a hard time recovering from that shock and when they finally, understood their next course of action.

"We have to take her to the hospital!" Reina announced, but then fate always seemed to have its own plans.

Cecil suddenly screamed in pain, bending over and clutching her stomach in pain.

"What's going on?" Emily was suddenly afraid, giving birth to Akim had not been a sweet princess for her. What if something is wrong and Cecil dies or..... Emily didn't want to think of that situation.

"I think it's the contraction!" Camille noticed.

"We have to go to the hospital now!" Reina issued and came to Cecil's side intending to help her walk but the woman froze instead.

Cecil grabbed Reina on the shoulder, her fingers digging into her skin and causing her pain, not that Reina noticed due to the adrenaline pumping through her veins. Thanks to their drama, everyone present in the restaurant had their eyes on them and was astounded by what's happening.

"What is it, Cecil?" Reina asked, knowing she wanted her attention.

Cecil announced with horror, " I think the baby's coming quickly and I won't make it to the hospital," she didn't even dare move.

"Oh no," Color drained from Emily's face.

"God!" Cecil released another moan when another contraction hit her.

"Oh, yes, I think she's right. The contraction is becoming strong, long, and frequent. The baby wants out,"

"What are we going to do?" Lisa pressed the back of her hand to her forehead. She was the most dramatic of them all in this confusion, her acting skills exhibiting unconsciously.

Everyone was confused and overwhelmed until Reina stepped. And as the leader she was, she began to bark orders, "Camille, call 911. We don't know what's going to happen but we need those medical professionals en route."

Camille nodded and went on her task.

Reina turned to Emily, "Get Emerald on the phone, tell him what's going on but be sure not to get too worried," even though we're worried out of our mind. But Reina knew how tensed first-time parents, she wouldn't want one dying from anxiety or having an accident on the way.

"Lisa!" She ordered.

"Yes," The actress stumbled forward, she was full of nerves. She had acted a few labor scenes but one acting right in front of her and not just by anyone, but her friend, Cecil, shook her to the core.

"Get the manager out here, we need his cooperation and restaurant,"

"Yes, Reina!" She left to fulfill her own task.

Left for her then, Reina moved to the center of the room and clapped her hands, grabbing everyone's attention.

"Hey, listen up, any practitioner in here? We have a baby to deliver," Reina asked. However, she got an answer before a response came.

Most of the people in here by this hour were young people who had come to catch lunch during their short break before returning to their working places. There was no doctor amongst them.

Most nodded.

"Fine, next step! Get your asses out of here because it's about to get messy - I bet most of you haven't seen childbirth before..." she said pointedly to the male already on their feet, "You male should show more respect and love to your women because this woman is about to have her hole stretched beyond imaginable limit, all thanks to pregnancy!" Reina preached.

She added, "Sorry for the inconvenience but I'll make sure you're rewarded immensely," Reina promised them and none of the workers even attempted to stop knowing how influential she was - she would compensate them all.

Most of the men were quick to leave the restaurant before their female partners nor did any of them dare to take any picture nor video. They knew to respect a pregnant woman - especially one in labor.

"We have a problem," Camille announced.

"What is it?"

"There's a traffic on the way and the paramedic estimate about fifteen minutes to get here,"

"God," Reina gasped, "That's too long," her gaze resting on Cecil who was now on a seat, unable to stand anymore and attacked by more contractions.

"At this rate, we have to deliver by ourselves,"

Reina dropped the bomb on everyone.

"What?!" Lisa who just arrived with the manager was the most shocked, "You can't be serious, we are not even practitioners - I haven't even given birth!"

"But you've seen one and acted one," Reina pointed out, "Emily and I have experienced childbearing and seen one," She turned to Camille, "You've watched one as well. Moreover, we have the internet to help us out and help is on the way,"

There was silence as everyone weighed the pros and cons.

"Come on, girls we can do it!" She encouraged them.

Emily sighed, rubbing her face with her palm, she was not a fan of giving birth without a medical practitioner because of her own trauma.

Lisa was sure this wasn't a bad idea - this was no movie but reality. And in reality, shits are real. Anything could go wrong if they played superheroes.

Camille was not any different. She knew nothing about giving birth but then, some instincts are hardwired.

However, before they could make up their minds, Cecil cursed, "I swear to God if you don't fucking get this baby out of me I'll shoot you motherfuckers in the brain when I'm back on my feet,"

And that was all the motivation they needed. Although they knew Cecil didn't mean it, they still acknowledged the threat. They had to do something.

Reina turned to the manager, "We need a private room and possibly one that has a bed,"

"You can use my office...." the man trailed off realizing it would get messy in there.

"You're office then!" Reina finalized it - there was no arguing about using his office. She added her necessities immediately, " I need clean waters, soap, sanitizers, warm water, at least four clean towels, clean sheets, and a plastic bag," she hoped she got it all.

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

*Chapter 597 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Seven: He Would Not Abandon His Own*

The third point of view:

Cecil could not move a muscle not to think of bearing down, in fear that she could risk the baby coming out quickly and damaging her delicate tissue.

So they had to carry her over to the manager's office. Well, not exactly them - Emily, Reina, Camille, and Lisa - help had come in the form of Emerald's men sent to watch over her and some male workers available.

They placed her comfortably and carefully on the chaise lounge - which wasn't exactly a bed but could do - and Reina finally understood why the manager was hesitant in letting them use his office. The chaise lounge would be ruined after this - everyone knew how messy and uncomfortable childbirth gets.

Thankfully, it was a Calma Chaise Lounge that features a clean-lined silhouette with a sloping arm and a rolled back for an approachable look enough for Cecil to recline against it.

The men were out of the room before Lisa could pull Cecil's pants down with the others by the side to assist. God knows she had no idea what she was doing, she was scared as well, but she had to do this.

However, the instant Lisa saw the baby's head trying to crawl out, her instincts came alive and she knew what to do next.

Moreover, since the ambulance was still on the way, Camille called back and came up with a marvelous idea. Right now, they were talking Lisa through the basic steps of delivery, so Camille held the phone, putting the call on speaker .

Reina could have done it, she was the bravest among them but she couldn't, not with her protruding stomach. Bending was out of the question nor would they even stand still and watch her torture herself.

Emily couldn't stand the blood, not that they disgusted her or something but they brought them the trauma of the child she lost. She wouldn't be able to concentrate.

Camille had already assumed the position of a communicator between the EMTs and them hence no one was left to attend to childbirth other than Lisa so the poor actress ended up in that position while the others assisted.

Lisa first of all, washed her hands as directed from the phone and then wiped Cecil's vaginal area. Next, she grabbed a towel and began the battle.

Cecil breathed through pants as instructed, keeping her from holding her breath and adding to the internal pressure. However, the baby was as impatient as the flash, the head pops pushed out despite her effort.

Per the instruction given, Lisa try to

ease him out gently by pushing each time she feels the urge while gently pressing her hands against your perineum to keep the head from popping out too fast.

Everyone watched the scene with hitched breath and anticipation, hands clasped together in silent prayer. Even when Lisa guided the baby out gradually, none dared to make a sound. It wasn't over yet.

Lisa didn't pull and when she found the umbilical cord around the baby's neck, she reported it and they gave instructions.

She then hooked a finger under it and slowly loosen it enough to ease it over his head. Once the head was out, she gently pulled it slightly downward very carefully. Cecil pushed with the next urge and that move delivered the shoulders; the rest of the body came easily after that.

Even with that, nobody made a sound until the baby released its first cry. Like mad women, the rest of them - Reina, Emily, and Camille - screamed in excitement. They did it!

They jumped and hugged each other, almost infecting Lisa with their happiness. However, Lisa kept her cool and simply brought the baby up onto Cecil's chest and wrapped him in a clean towel as skin-to-skin contact will keep him warm and calm.

Cecil was in the middle of delivering the placenta when the EMT arrived and took over everything. By the time she was done, her eyes closed in exhaustion. But not without smiling down at her baby... her beautiful baby... and a he. But she didn't mind, whether a boy or a girl, all that mattered was that he was her baby...her child...Sleep finally crept up.

Emerald barged into the room as if the devil was on his heels, his gaze searching for one, no, two persons. His gaze landed on Cecil with her eyes closed and his heart stopped dead.

Oh no.

The saliva in his mouth turned bitter and his leg became wobble, the giant almost stumbled to the ground had Sakuzi not caught.

"N-no..." He croaked out

"No, what?" Reina and the others were confused. That was not the reaction they expected from the husband of their friend who just gave birth.

But then, it clicked on their head. Did he think...? Everyone turned to Emily with an accusing look, what the hell had she told the huge man to turn up this way.

Sakuzi was the one who slapped the stupid fool on the back of his head, "Come on, stop thinking nonsense! Your wife is merely resting!"

"Huh?" Emerald asked, and then the air that felt suffocating at first returned as his eyes widened. She's alive?!

Emerald covered the distance between him and Camille with heavy strides that Reina made a mental note of the ground shaking under those powerful stomps.

A wave of relief washed over Emerald when he saw the rise and fall of her chest. He almost thought he lost her... for a moment there, his life had almost lost meaning.

Then he heard a cry from behind and Emerald saw Lisa approaching him with a warm smile, a baby in her arms. She handed him to her saying, "It's a boy,"

How he was not able to crush such a little thing in his arms, Emerald wondered. He was so small and fragile and he felt this desire to protect him. He had his hair, that he could see and the other distinct features. He now had his own. His family. He was now a father and unlike his parents, he would not abandon his son.

To everyone's horror, Emerald burst into tears. It was super awkward yet heart-melting.

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Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket

*Chapter 598 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Eight: His Poop Smells Great*

The third point of view:

Pedro couldn't recognize his home anymore; it was flooded with people. Although his mother's business associates came to visit the newly born child of the newly wedded

couple, sixty percent of the guests were from Emerald's side. It was almost as if their home wasn't theirs anymore.

Although Emerald claimed he warned his men to behave, it was nearly impossible. His gang members were rowdy and he imagined his younger brother growing up to be as rugged as them.

"He is ugly," Isabella said, staring at the baby's slightly wrinkly appearance. Even God in heaven knew she looked nothing like this when she was a baby.

All of them were here and by all of them, he meant the whole gang. Isabella, Anabelle, Julie, Allen, Ailee, and Neon.

"Isabella, don't say that," Anabelle chided her, hitting her at the back of the head. And turned to swoon at the baby sleeping tightly in his cradle.

Isabella glared at her and as usual defended herself, "What's wrong with what I said? Take a look at him," She pointed at the child and everyone waited for her to begin her irrefutable argument.

"Look at that big head," she spoke and showed evidence, "No neck, short legs, and big distended torso. And don't even talk about the swollen eyes,"

"Chill, Isabella, mom said he would look better with days," Pedro answered.

"Exactly," Anabelle supported her, "Isabella just has a bad eye for beauty," she smiled and leaned closer to feel him - the baby's skin was so soft. She envied him.

Isabella gave up, there was no convincing them. Thankfully, she wouldn't be having children so she wouldn't have to deal with all this drama.

"Anabelle, don't touch -" Pedro was still saying when Anabelle touched him and the child woke up, fussing.

"Him," He finished the rest of his statement with a sigh. Wonderful, it had been a hassle putting him to sleep, and now, it was all for nothing.

Thanks to their numerous visitors, Emerald had a lot of guests to entertain while his mother had to sleep - his father's orders. Although he hadn't been there when it happened but the others said the delivery had drained Cecil, now she has to recuperate.

The only time Cecil was to be disturbed was when his baby brother needed to be fed, other than that, the baby was left to all of them to take care of. Once again, Emerald's rule.



"Don't worry," Anabelle said, carefully tucking the baby in her arms, "I can take care of him,"

"And I'm sure you woke him on purpose," Isabella sneered, seeing through her not-so-hidden plan.

Anabelle only grinned sheepishly at her.

"Have your parents decided on a name?" Julie asked.

Naming the child had been a bit problematic since everyone came up with one. As his legal grandfather, Sakuzi demanded the child bear his surname and so it was decided.

"Dash Sakuzi," Pedro stated.

"Dash?!" Everyone was stunned. Cecil and Emerald do have poor taste in naming, everyone couldn't have agreed more.

"To run quickly - because he couldn't wait for mom to get to the hospital," Pedro laughed, "Emerald says it's the perfect name for an energetic and strong young boy he would grow up to be,"

Although the name worked more as a nickname, after the explanation, they nodded their head in acceptance. But then, Isabella was never the type to give up that easily.

"He might as well have named him the Flash," she stated.

Julie stifled a laugh.

Pedro shook his head, his girlfriend had a dry sense of humor.

Meanwhile, while the others conversed, Anabelle and the kids sat at the corner swooning over Dash.

"He's so cute, isn't he?" Anabelle's eyes were full of admiration as she stared down at the child.

"Yes," Ailee nodded and just like Anabelle, she was taken with the child. Neon was as well. Allen was the only one who pretended not to be interested only for curiosity to get the best of him.

"Does he see?" he asked no one in particular, noticing the way Dash squinted eyes as if the bright sunlight was his enemy - just like a vampire.

As usual, Anabelle choose to explain, "No, babies have been in a world of darkness in the womb for so long that they have to adjust to the sunlight of our world with time,"

"So, he can't see me?"

"Eh?" Anabelle scratched the back of her head, she wasn't that sure of that one.

Isabella, who kept her ears open on both sides, snorted, "Babies this age can focus on shapes that are close by, but see distant objects as blurry because they are nearsighted. As he grows, his eyesight improves. By the end of three months, he would be able to follow a moving object, be more interested in shapes and patterns, and can spot familiar faces, even at a distance. Human faces would be one of his favorite things to look at, especially his own or a parent's face or sibling.." Isabella trailed off when she realized she said more than enough.

Everyone was stunned, how does she know so much about kids and yet, claim not to like them. Perhaps, because she knows too much, it's annoying?

"Don't say a word!" Isabella warned them immediately, having sensed their intention.

Not a word was spoken as she wanted, but their eyes spoke volume.

The kid went back to admiring the child that has ensnared them with his cuteness

"Gosh, look at his mouth. No teeth!"

"Look at the way he flutters his eyelids!"

"I think he just smiled at me!"

"He just cooed!"

"He's so adorable!"

"I want a baby too!"

Those words rang out across the room as the baby bewitched them with his charm.

"Pedro!" Ailee called all of a sudden

"Yes?!"

"Can I betrothed Dash before anyone lays a claim to him first?"

"Huh?" The boy was stunned. His brother was barely three days old and they were already talking about betrothment.

Neon and Allen glared at the baby instantly, what is this talk of betrothment. He was barely three days old and was already trying to take away their sister from them? They can't let that happen!

Pedro laughed nervously, "Sorry, Ailee, but you're just a kid and you know nothing about betrothment," He treated her like one as well.

But Ailee frowned at him, "I'll be eight next month,"

"All the better, you're too old for Dash," Allen said harshly.

Pedro breathed in relief.

"Silly," Ailee scowled at him, "I'm not talking about me, but my future sisters - the one mommy is going to give us,"

They almost facepalmed, the girl was betrothing their unborn sibling. Who does that? She wasn't even sure Reina would birth a female child. A single-sex triplet was rare but not impossible.

"It would be perfect," Ailee went on, "Pedro marries Isabella..."

Isabella went red in the face, what the hell has this girl been learning lately. She never taught her this.

"Julie marries Anabelle..."

Anabelle didn't hide her blush, she relished it, already envisioning a future between her and Julie. Isabella wished she could throw up.

"My future sister Dash -"

"Then you?" Allen interrupted her, "You then? Who would you marry?"

Ailee grinned and Neon's heart doubled, anticipating an answer.

"Someone better you," Was all Ailee said yet didn't notice the way Neon's expression faltered.

He was not better than Allen, the boy moaned inside of his heart. However, a flame ignited suddenly, he could be better if he worked hard. Neon stared at Ailee, he liked her and wouldn't mind marrying her when they grew up. For her, he would work hard to become smart, handsome, and strong. He would be better than Allen so he can be her betrothed, he decided in his heart.

Allen huffed, as expected girls would be girls. He hasn't thought about his future at all nor did he care about getting married in later years, all he wanted was fun and his family by his side.

"So what do you say?" Ailee was still adamant about the engagement.

Pedro didn't know what to say, he was between the devil and the blue sea. What was he going to do? Ailee was really adamant when she wanted something. He was still thinking of an escape route when fate (aka the author) gave him one.

"What's that foul smell?" Isabella's nose wrinkled in distaste.

Julie sniffed, "I smell that too,"

And slowly, the unpleasant smell permeated the room. Everyone covered their nose except Annabelle who announced joyfully,

"I think Dash just pooped. Isn't it amazing?"

Isabella was the first to rush to the door, leaving successfully. Her cousin was nuts, what's amazing about poop?

Julie wanted to leave as well but he had to show support. Hopefully, no one would ask him to do the diapers - that would be his breaking point.

Allen, Ailee, and Neon took a step back, for a baby this small, his poop does smell greatly.

Pedro gulped, and for the first time, turned pleading eyes on Annabelle, "Please tell me you can do the diapers,"

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Hi guys, just a little announcement since some of you tend to skip over the note ????. while immersed in reading in a hurry to get to the next page.. But then, this is the end of this arc and by tomorrow, we're moving into a new and the final arc. Yay! The book would surely end this year - - - see rest of the note at author's thought (so it doesn't add coins) ????

*Chapter 599 - Five Hundred And Ninety-Nine: Their Lives Afterwards*

Ten years later:

The sunlight filtering through the window was a reminder to Reina that the morning has come - and shit!

"I'm late," She realized with a fright, sitting up at once?- at least tried to - Niklaus hands were bound tightly around her waist.

"Niklaus!" She hit him on the arms, waking him as well.

"Let me go, I have to prepare the kids for school," She complained against his arms that hadn't lessened at all.

"Let them be, they are no longer babies and can absolutely take care of themselves," He said, running his finger down her naked back that sent shivers down her spine.

Yeah, that was what she dreaded, them taking care of themselves. If Allen and Ailee and Neon had been trouble, the other triplets were havoc.

"They are still my babies," Reina complained, trying her luck at getting off the bed once again - it was an epic failure. Instead, her brute of a husband, used that opportunity to trap her beneath him giving her no means of escape.

He murmured close to her ears,

You've forgotten that you're my baby as well. Let's go have a shower together," and with that, he lifted her off the bed without warning.

Reina screamed, not out of fright but knowing that once they got in the shower, there would be no coming down - at least until some hours later. But then, no amount of screaming nor maneuver got her out of Niklaus' clasp.

Meanwhile, downstairs.....

Ailee knew she was doomed the instant she couldn't find her mother in the kid's room - she was probably busy with her father Niklaus, upstairs. For once, she was very grateful that her mother was in menopause, else the thought of having another sibling added to the present devils would turn her hair grey.

"Elsa! Ella! Diego! where are the fuck are you guys?!" Allen screamed, wondering where the hell they were. Since her mom was "busy" the responsibility of preparing the kids for school rested on her shoulder alone. And when she meant alone, she truly meant it.

Her asshole of a brother called Allen who could have helped her was upstairs, "busy" as well with many of his uncountable girlfriends. Yeah, you could clearly guess who Niklaus' player gene finally landed on.

It irritated her, not only because each time she stared at his face she could see a trace of her resemblance in him, no, she had many, many, other reasons.

It was as if her twin Allen changed the instant he stepped into teenagehood. He became nastier, rude, and whatever else classifies an asshole. She couldn't help but wonder if that was a common transition in boys.

However, that wasn't the case for Neon - even thinking about him unconsciously brought a smile to her lips. Neon was everything her brother Allen could have been. He was smarter, stronger - and hotter. Just like Allen, it was as if the both of them went through a personality transplant. Just that while Allen turned out worse, Neon turned out better.

About her then? Ailee liked to think of herself as your everyday good girl. She was kind to everyone and smiled a lot, only revealing the demoness in her when offended. In one word, she was neither good nor bad. She was just Allen.

"Mom would be so mad when she hears you cursed around us," a voice said behind her, startling Ailee.

"Christ Jesus!" She had a hand to her chest, feeling her strong heartbeat. Suddenly, she narrowed her gaze at her, "Which one are you? Elsa? Ella?"

As one could guess from their names, Diego was the only male amongst the triplets and the rest were female and identical. Because they looked the same, Elsa and Ella liked to play a prank on everyone in the family.

"Guess," The girl said, her lips curled to the side.

Ailee shivered, oh no, she was at it again. The only people who had been able to pass this test were their mother, Reina, and Isabella. How do they do that? She has no idea. Even Niklaus fails woefully at identifying his own kids.

"No more stupid test, you should prepare for school," Allen has to find a way to escape this one.

She added, "If you can predict correctly, we would cover up for you this week without payment,"

Ailee gulped, knowing this was too big a deal to lose. Even as a grown-up, they were restricted to some activities and the triplets have proven to be a good business partner times without number - that was their only redeeming point.

She looked the girl over - which one of them, she had no idea - she had medium brown hair gotten from her Reina's side of the family and a huge contrast to Niklaus' lighter ones. Brown hair was a dominant allele in both the Spencer and Reina family. With amber eyes and those small lips pressed together, Ailee still had no idea how she could distinguish between two indistinguishable individuals.

"Your time is ticking, sister?" the little girl smirked, delighting in her anxiety and that was when Allen saw it. The difference.

Elsa had Isabella's wicked smile. Bingo.

"Elsa,"

Her face dropped.

"How did you..." She couldn't understand.

Ailee was smug, "Perhaps, the next time, you decide to test your older, experienced, sister, you should learn not to smile," and she pulled her by the ear, "Now, off to the bathroom you go, you little minx!"

"Ouch! Ouch!" Elsa complained as Ailee dragged her into the bathroom, making sure to lock the door from the outside before going in search of the others.

Compared to them - Allen, Ailee, and Neon- her parents had trained the triplets less strictly - you could almost say they were too lazy to parent. Well, one couldn't blame them since Sakuzi made sure he could spend every minute with his grandkids. In one word, the triplets were spoilt and lazy.

It wasn't hard to find the other twin, Ella, lying on the corridor, up to her own devices when Ailee snatched her from behind and locked her up in the bathroom with her sister.

Ailee was not worried about Diego, compared to Elsa and Ella, he was less lethal - maybe, a little. But the boy was less mischievous than his sisters or so she thought. He was careless.

"I can see! I can't see! I'm surrounded in darkness!" Diego searched blindly, hands feeling around the kitchen. A place where many things could go wrong and hurt him -if not blow up the house.

With a deep breath, Ailee strode over to him and pulled away the blindfold from his face, snapping, "You're obviously surrounded by light!"

She took him away.

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Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket

*Chapter 600 - Six-Hundred: The Bond*

Ailee's point of view:



Mom was still not down by the time breakfast was served. I didn't need a prophet to tell me what she and my father were doing upstairs. As I said, it was a huge relief she has entered menopause, I can't even stomach the thought of more siblings.

But then, I kind of envy them - their affection for each other. Truthfully, I can't help but wonder what mom saw in dad enough to marry him - sorry to say, I'm not a huge fan of dad's past. Niklaus was a womanizer, and his father, our late grandfather, never liked mom. It just doesn't make sense to me at all. I would never settle down with a man like that.

My eyes unconsciously landed on Neon and a smile widened my lips. Marrying a man like him doesn't sound bad, unlike father, Neon isn't a womanizer, he's kind, hardworking, smart, and handsome. I've seen the way girls at school have been eyeing him hungrily.

Surprisingly, Neon has never had a girlfriend, unlike Allen who might break dad's philanderer record soon. There was a trace of red across Allen's cheeks and I stared at it intently - I guessed he and his plaything had a good time in the bathroom.

Unlike mom and Dad, I knew my brother sneaked a girl into our house yesterday when everyone went to bed - and they've been busy ever since. Nobody knows Allen more than I do.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Allen frowned at me.

I shuddered, "I'm just wondering how I spent nine months in the womb with you without tearing you apart?"

"Stupid," He mumbled, "We spent eight months, not nine,"

Ah right, we were delivered prematurely and through cesarean since mom was at risk thanks to her fall off the bridge. Tsk, I should write a journal about our family, I bet it will sell more than a million copies. The great Spencers?? People would crave to hear our story.

I was about to give Allen a quick retort when someone tugged on my clothes. I turned, it was Elsa? Ella? Oh yeah, I'm back to guessing again.

"What?" was all I asked, without hinting I had no clue which one of the girls this was.

"Remove the carrots in my salad," she pushed her plate to me without a "Please,"

And yes, that was Ella.

"Sorry, but your hands are for doing that," I refused her. It's time those arrogant brats learned respect already. Our parents spoiled them too much.

For a moment, Ella didn't say anything, just stared at me with eyes full of disbelief -?as if she had never expected me to refuse her at all. Then out of nowhere, I watched her lips began to tremble and a feeling of dread grew in my heart, "oh no,"

Then before my very eyes, Elsa bawled her eyes out, "Mommy!" She shrieked so loudly it could wake the dead from the grave.

I panicked, never had I expected that. The first thought that came into my mind was to muffle her wailing which I did by cupping her mouth.

"Fine, stop crying. I'll do it," I agreed through gritted teeth. This was emotional manipulation! A big one! But then, what could I do?

"You'll do it?" She sniffed.

"Yes, I'll do it!" I gave in like a coward soldier," Just stop crying already, "

"Alright," Ella said.

However, to my biggest shock, I saw Ella brush the tears from her eyes with a finger, putting on a bright side instantly.

What the fuck?! She was pretending?! Oh my God, I'm so aggrieved right now! I gasped in disbelief, did this little brat just play me?

"Why are you not picking out the carrot?" asked the little brat.

What a nerve.

"You were not crying?" I still couldn't believe it.

Allen snickered by the side, I ignored him. I had scores to settle with this little brat this time.

"I can't cry. Isabella says only babies cry. Now, are you picking the carrots or not?" she bossed me around.

"Hey, you little brat -!"

"Mommy!" She squeezed fresh tears out of her eyes and my hands set to work before the fake tears could even drop. And just like that, I began to pick the diced carrots out of her salad while the little devil busied herself with the side dishes.

I clenched my teeth tight while doing that, how did I become prey to those devils - yes, little devils. I was the great Ailee - reduced to nothing by them.

Someone chuckled by my side and I turned to discover it was Neon. A smile unconsciously tugged on my lips, even his deep laugh was melodious.

"Let me help you," He said and took the dish from my plate before I could refuse. It was enough that he was feeding the lazy Diego and now, he was helping me as well. How could such a kind creature exist?

When he leaned towards me, I couldn't help but inhale his cologne. It had a woody incense-like aroma, followed by ultra-masculine cedarwood. It was almost seductive.

Hey! I chide myself mentally. Neon is your brother, wake up!

"Goody two-shoes," Allen didn't bother to hide the ridicule in his tone.

Even after ten years, both of them - Allen and Neon - were neither friends, nor enemies. In fact, if anything, Allen's more irritated with Neon over the fact he was smarter than he ever thought possible. Added to the fact, they both were always veering for the top position.

As you could guess, Allen was passionate and extremely driven to succeed. Hence, he couldn't accept anyone else being at the top. In one word, both boys were always at loggerheads with each other. So while Allen and Neon strived with each other - with one of them ending at the second spot eventually - I chose to settle at the third position comfortably. The boys were idiots.

But then, as much as they fought, I knew they loved each other and me as well (no matter how many times Allen pissed me off). This can be evidenced by their overprotectiveness aka the reason I'm single.

While other siblings supported their sister's love life, Allen and Neon worked hard at making sure I don't have one. Each time I complained about it, they would say, "None of the boys at school is good enough for you,"

It's quite annoying to be honest - even though they speak the truth. The boys at school (most especially in our social circle) are dorks who compete over the number of girls they could get into their pants.

However, there are good guys like those cute-looking nerds, yet, they wouldn't allow me to date any. And who's Allen to preach to me when he's a bad role model - it's like the kettle calling the pot black. Well, Neon is faultless - he has no dating life. But then, Allen is a bad influence on him as well.

Last month, Allen sent a guy to an emergency room because he caught him peeking under my skirt while I cleaned. And just a week ago, Neon beat a guy black and blue because he started a bet over who would take me out on a date. It was just a date.

So tell me, how would my love life survive when I have two hooligans of a brother who keeps chasing away every guy that comes my way in the name of protection? God help me.

Thankfully, the rest of breakfast went by without any of the triplets bothering my life once again.

"Alright, kiddos, strap on your backpack,"

I was more than relieved when Amanda took the kids from my hands. I wondered where she was all this time after she served breakfast, I bet even she wanted to avoid the kid.

"Goodbye, Neon," Diego was the first to climb on his feet and peck the smiling Neon who leaned down, on the forehead.

Elsa hugged him - I could distinguish her with the color of the purple ribbon on her hair.

Ella hugged him as well, a red ribbon was used to tie her hair as well.

That way, the teacher recognized them better at school. However, I knew the girls well, they would exchange their ribbons before they got to school - they loved their pranks. Diego was another person who could recognize his sisters without blinking - probably as a result of the bond between them. But then, the boy was forever bound to his siblings, he would never betray them.

Well, I hope that bond lasts till they grow up. After all, look at Allen and me now. No longer together.

I was just about to enter the car leaving for our school when Neon stopped me.

"Wait," He said.

I looked at him confused, what was he up to?

Then he reached for my hair and pulled out a useless thread. He showed it to me, "You got something on your hair?"

"Thank you," I said to him. This wasn't the first time he looked out for me.

Surprisingly, Neon didn't let go, instead, he leaned closer, his scent infiltrating my nose once again, my stomach did a weird flip. Wow, breakfast must have been a bad one.

Neon tugged my hair to the back of my ear, "You look better this way," He boomed a smile at me and like the sun, I was blinded by the radiance.

My heart skipped a beat and I could have relished this weird feeling had I not looked to the side and saw my brother with a girl - a different one from last night.

My face fell at once while my fists clenched by the side. I didn't need to guess what would happen, his new plaything would probably join us on our ride to school.

While Neon would assume the responsibility of chauffeur once again, I would sit beside him while Allen and his girlfriend would occupy the back seat, swallowing each other's faces in the name of making out. And we'll be the ones enduring their puke-inducing session.

Suddenly, a hand closed around my fisted ones and I met Neon's concerned eyes. His huge hand caressed the top of my hands and somehow, it had a calming effect on me. Well, I wasn't alone after all. I had Neon by my side and we'd get through this torture together.

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