

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 621 - Six Hundred And Twenty-one: How Are You So Different From Your Father? - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 621 - Six Hundred And Twenty-one: How Are You So Different From Your Father?

Chapter 621 - Six Hundred And Twenty-one: How Are You So Different From Your Father?

The third point of view:

Pedro didn't want to be here but he had no choice. If he wanted to keep Isabella by his side, this was the sacrifice he had to make.

"It's nice to see you honored my request to meet," she welcomed him with a smile, already seated.

"Natasha," Pedro hissed at that name as he came to stand in front of her. She was the biggest mistake he ever made. God cursed the day he met her.

"I don't like my guests standing, do well to have a seat," The woman gestured to the seat in front of hers, still with that smile.

"Make this quick," Pedro grumbled as he took a seat. He was as nervous as hell and he showed that by glancing around their surroundings.

"This is one of the best private rooms in here and you can trust me that whatever we discuss here won't leave this room," Natasha said, having read his mind.

Pedro sneered inwardly, if only Natasha knew he was more scared of Isabella finding out than any other person knowing about this. He couldn't even guarantee her - Natasha - life in that situation - Isabella would surely kill her.

"What do you want?" Pedro went straight to the point. He wanted to be done with her and go back to his once peaceful life.

"What do I want?" Natasha scoffed, as if she couldn't believe what he just asked her.

"Is it money? How much is it? A million? Ten million? A billion? Name your price," He asked, ready to pull out a check once she said the word.

"I don't need your money?! Didn't you see my message?" she hollered.

Pedro sneered, "Like I believe a thing,"

"I'm having your baby!"

"It is not my baby!" Pedro roared at her, eyes blazing with anger. He knew people like her and she was nothing but a gold digger.

"Have you forgotten that night?" she reminded him.

Of course not, how could he forget the night he made the biggest mistake of his life.

Natasha was his previous personal assistant and an efficient one at that. She was a simple girl from a reputable background and he had taken her out of compassion. However, she never failed his expectations and he trusted her until that night.

Pedro never understood why Isabella never liked Natasha, he guessed she sensed her ulterior motive - Isabella always had a strange ability. But he guessed Isabella never pressed him on the matter because she trusted his judgment. She trusted he would make the right decision and he fucked it up.

Pedro had business outside the country and he left with Natasha as usual. As with business dealings, there was a bit of drinking with his partners and though he could handle his drink, he failed that night.

He couldn't explain it but the drink was quite strong and Pedro didn't realize the potency until he had more than enough. Also, his business partners were quite persuasive that night and he eventually got drunk.

When it was time to leave, Natasha was there to take him to his hotel room. And there in his hotel bed was where the strangest thing happened, Natasha suddenly became Isabella.

Pedro shook his head hard but no matter what he did, Isabella was right next to him and she was leaning towards him. She kissed him and he kissed her back instinctively.

However, something was strange. Although that was Isabella's face, the voice was different and so was her body. But then, each time Pedro tried to clear his head, he fell deeper and deeper into the trance and it didn't help matters that Isabella was seducing him.

By the time Pedro knew it, he succumbed to the moment and it wasn't until the morning that he realized he had a woman in his arms and it wasn't Isabella. And they were both naked.

Natasha took advantage of his drunkenness, it dawned on Pedro. So he fired her without hesitation and made sure no one would ever hear what happened between

them by threatening Natasha's livelihood. Thankfully the incident happened abroad, hence he had the opportunity to leave no traces of what happened.

Pedro returned home to Isabella, waving what happened off as just a bad experience. He didn't tell Isabella as he didn't mean to intentionally cheat on her, Natasha simply tricked him. But then, he settled everything and there was no need to make a big deal out of it.

But now, all his hard work was about to go down the drain because of her again. He would not let that happen.

"What happened between us was a mistake? You took advantage of me -! "

"You're the one who welcomed me into your bed," Natasha said, "While I was trying to get you out of your clothes, you grabbed me and called me Isabella, and then the rest happened,"

"Stop feeding me those lies!" Pedro bellowed at her to flinch. He arched a brow at her, "How easy do you think I am to manipulate?" he sneered at her, then his expression turned serious as he said,

"Name your price,"

"I don't need a price! I'm not a gold digger, Pedro!" Natasha cried out, "I just want to bear your child, is that a bad thing to ask?"

"Yes, it is," He replied bluntly, "The only child I will be having is one from Isabella. So don't delude yourself into such fantasy that I'll be manipulated into taking responsibility for this thing!"

"A child from Isabella?!" She laughed, "Didn't she say she didn't want one?! I wonder what your family would say when they learn you have a child -!"

Natasha didn't get to finish the rest of her statement as Pedro suddenly kicked the table aside. The next she knew, he had come up to her and grabbed her by the neck, choking her.

"Whether this child is mine or not, do well to abort it or I would have you both disappear from the surface of the earth. Problem solved," Pedro threatened her.

But Natasha sneered at him amid the discomfort, "Tell me now," she said, "How are you so different from your father?"

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

Chapter 622 - Six Hundred And Twenty-two: Her Safe Haven

The third point of view:

This was a big opportunity for him, he could finally show Ailee how much he felt about her. However, Neon chickened out.

When he saw the way Ailee's eyes widened and her lips slightly trembled, he mistook that gesture as her being scared by his move. If she was this frightened of him already, what happens when he confesses his feelings?

Neon was scared that she would never talk to him. That she would reject him and their relationship won't be the same as well. So, he rather they remain this way and he gets the opportunity to see her every day as long as he wants rather than ruining it all. Losing his friendship, his brotherhood - the camouflage he used to hide his affection for her like a coward.

Ailee's heart pounded in her chest, what was going on? She had seen the look in his eyes and it scared her. Did her brother desire her? She gulped, she had never seen Neon any other way other than a brother. What was she going to do? She wasn't even ready for this.

"Ouch!" Ailee yelped in pain when Neon suddenly flicked her on the forehead. It was unexpected and hurt like shit.

"What was that for?" She couldn't believe him.

"What dirty thoughts are you having?" Neon teased her.

"D-dirty thoughts?" Ailee almost spat out blood. Wasn't he the one who had looked at her like she was the best thing he had ever seen? Perhaps, her eyes might have deceived her.

"I know I'm handsome, but keep your paws sheathed," He continued to say getting to his feet.

Ailee was aggrieved, she was being accused unfairly here. She never had any immoral thoughts about him. Well, maybe, for a second? But that was only because he looked at her that way, she almost thought he wanted to kiss her.

God, what was she thinking? Why would Neon kiss her? He's her brother and siblings don't kiss each other, right?

"I was not thinking about you?!" Ailee continued to say and didn't even know why she was explaining herself to him.

"Hmm," Neon gave her a look of disbelief.

"I'm serious,"

"If you weren't thinking about me, who were you thinking about then?" Neon asked her, delighted to see her flustered. She was flustered because of him, it was a good sign, right?

"It was Theo!"

"What?" he was startled.

"I was thinking of Theo," Ailee blurted out and she didn't even know why. But then it was better than getting misunderstood having feelings for your brother.

She couldn't even imagine such a possibility happening, what would her parents think of it? Not to talk of Allen? Not that Allen's opinion mattered in her relationship - he wasn't exactly a role model or a saint, relationship-wise. So he wasn't qualified to judge her. Again, such a thing wouldn't happen. She didn't have feelings for Neon, they were siblings - a strong relationship forged from childhood.

At the mention of Theo, Neon's expression changed at once. He wanted to be angry like before but he realized it wasn't worth it. His being mad at Ailee wouldn't stop her from dating whoever she liked, he just had to be smart this time.

Going at his affection for Ailee wouldn't work out as he would only scare her away. He was done dropping hints as well, it seems he would have to seduce her day by day. As he said, he wasn't a gentleman.

"You have a lot of guts, you know," He said, hiding the annoyance in his gaze, "Talking about another male in front of your brother," Neon decided to play her game.

Ailee rolled her eyes, "What are you going to do? Beat him up? I'm warning you, don't touch him because he'd be my first boyfriend and not even Allen would be able to stop me,"

He sneered openly, "Let's hope your planned future boyfriend," There was huge sarcasm in his voice, "has a good stamina for receiving punches then,"

Ailee was vexed, she glared at him while squaring her shoulders and standing at full height such that her gaze met Neon's even though he was a head taller than her, "Why are the both of you doing this to me?"

"Because," He said and grabbed her waist, pushing her up against her body suddenly that Ailee gasped from the unexpected onslaught, "You're important to me,"

He added immediately when he realized how ambiguous his words were, "You're important to us - all of us. And we'd do our best as your brothers to keep you safe from those ravenous wolves,"

Ailee's throat suddenly felt dried, this was the second time Neon was misleading her and she'd be a fool to fall into his trap once again. But then, Ailee couldn't help but gulp as she felt his lean body. Her mother wasn't kidding, Neon had a healthy body. How hadn't she noticed it before?

Gosh, what in the fuck are you thinking? Ailee got her head back in the game instantly. So she took a step back and thankfully Neon didn't stop her.

She said to him, "It's almost late, we should go get the kids from school," and vanished before he could pull another trick on her.

"Adorable," Neon muttered and followed after her.

In the car, Ailee chose to stay in the backseat as she couldn't understand Neon today, he was being "weird" and wanted to be on the safe side.

Moreover, the triplets loved being with Neon and would chase her off the front seat if she stayed there. In one word, she was saving herself the trouble.

Neon's eyes dimmed when he saw the place she chose to stay. He didn't even push much and she was avoiding him already. Unfortunately, he had all the time in the world to make Ailee his.

Theodore or whatever he called himself didn't know her as much as he did. He knew Ailee and every single detail about her and that was his advantage. Ailee could try and run, but at the end of the day, he would always be the one she would run back to.

He was her safe haven.

Chapter 623 - Six Hundred And Twenty-Three: An Appointment With Us

The third point of view:

Anabelle woke up with a fulfilled smile, she then reached out to the other side of the bed, expecting to feel someone. Sadly, her hand came up empty. Her brows creased and she opened them only to discover that Julie's side of the bed was empty. Her heart lurched at once, where had he gone?

She at once grabbed his oversized shirt by the side of the bed and put it on so she could go in search of him. However, before she could grab the doorknob, the door was opened, and there stood Alex, his assistant.

"Good morning miss, Anabelle, you're awake," He smiled at her.

"Stop calling me, Miss, Alex, it's embarrassing," Anabelle wanted to cringe. She then looked around and Alex answered her question as if he was on her mind.

"Boss left moments ago,"

Anabelle's jaw almost dropped, "He left without telling me?"

"I believe he didn't want to bother your beauty sleep,"

"Beauty sleep, my butt. I came all here for him and he leaves me standing!" Anabelle was angry and picked her phone to call him so she could give him a piece of her mind. How could he do this to her?

"I believe your call won't be able to connect. Boss is not exactly in a pleasant place,"

Anabelle's heart dropped when she heard that statement. He has gone for his usual business trips that always had her heart racing.

What if something happens to him? Anabelle has been thinking that way over the past five years after his grandfather George died and the family business was handed down to him.

A family of mobsters. It was funny how Anabelle was raised and surrounded by them yet she was still appalled by the violence. She didn't like it at all. But then if aunt Cecil could do it, she could as well - Anabelle kept telling herself.

"Then what are you still doing here?" Anabelle asked him, "Shouldn't you be there protecting him?"

"Boss has many of his men to protect him and he specifically told me to send you home safely,"

Anabelle rolled her eyes, Of course, protect her. Why does everybody think she was still that little girl who needed protection. Yes, she wasn't as strong as Isabella but she was better than before. Unfortunately, people were still stuck with that weak image of her.

Anabelle sighed.

"You must still be tired, have some more rest. We still have enough time before your show tonight," Alex mistook her sigh as exhaustion.

Anabelle was frustrated the more, why was everyone treating her like a baby? She was about to scream in an outburst when something hit her. She turned to Alex sharply, "How did you know I had a show tonight?"

"Boss, keeps a tab on you," Was his expression.

"And?" Her expression turned hopeful.

"And he was hopeful to get to the show tonight which was why he left early for his business," Alex answered with a smile. Women were so easy to please.

At once, the scowl on Anabelle's face vanished, replaced by a boom. Julie was coming to her show? She was so happy. Oh, God! She had to prepare.

"I need to go! " Anabelle was in a hurry. She had to get home and pick the rest of her things.

"Like this?" Alex gestured to her appearance.

"Oh," Anabelle giggled sheepishly, finally realizing she had not observed her morning ritual.

Alex only shook his head and gave her the privacy she needed. Although he smiled on his way down, hoping to God that the couples lasted.

Something must be wrong with her, Anabelle wondered as she kept giggling and talking to herself in the bathroom.

She was just so happy. She and Julie hadn't had much time lately to spend time with each other, hence this was good news to her. Anabelle already had plans of what they would do together.

When she was done, Alex was there to take her back home. Anabelle didn't even have breakfast as she was just happy and couldn't wait for the sun to go down so the show could begin and she would dazzle Julie on the runway.

However, reality dawned on Anabelle as soon as she got home. She had slept over at Julie's place and her father was still somewhat strict about the both of them. Eden wouldn't do anything to her but the look in his eyes was something she would like to avoid. Her father was still not used to the fact that her baby girl - Anabelle - was no longer his alone.

So Anabelle shooed all the servants away and planned to tiptoe out of the foyer when Camille came into view saying, "The way you're sneaking in, one would think that you're a burglar instead of entering your father's house,"

Anabelle groaned, she was caught.

Camille had a bowl in her grip and she told Anabelle, "Come to the dining and have breakfast,"

"I'm not hungry..."

Anabelle was still saying when she met Camille's expression and gulped.

She paraphrased at once, "Yes mom," hightailing it to the dining room.

Camille was frightening at times. She should have been a major general in the military because her gaze alone was enough to make a man pee in his pants. Anabelle suddenly feared for her father, Eden.

Anabelle felt her father's stare on her as soon as she made it to the dining. She wanted to cringe, she might currently be independent but inwardly Anabelle was still daddy's girl - She was still not used to sleeping with her boyfriend behind daddy's back.

"Goodmorning father," She greeted him, refusing to meet his gaze. It was embarrassing.

"You were not home last night, " Eden said, then gulped down his water.

"Yes, I had to see Julie. The nature of my work makes it incredibly hard for us to meet so I made an appointment yesternight," she summoned all her courage to say that.

"Hmmm, an appointment?" Eden hummed.

"Yes," Anabelle said, picking on her food.

Camille didn't say anything, letting father and daughter continue with their awkward conversation.

"So, when is Julie planning on having an appointment with us?" Eden inquired.

"What?" Anabelle didn't understand him.

Eden frowned at her, "Aren't you both planning on getting married?"

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

Chapter 624 - Six Hundred And Twenty-Four: Freedom

The third point of view:

"NO!"

Akim was rejected even before he could bring up the topic.

"You're not going anywhere, not to talk of bringing Jasmine along with you," Emily rejected Akim firmly before he could protest.

Emily had been in their private chamber when their son, prince Akim came up to them with the suggestion of going to the food festival in Lincolnshire.

She was not against him attending the festival since they were having it in the palace, but he was wrong - Akim wanted to leave the palace. He wanted to celebrate the festival outside their palace grounds with his sister, Jasmine.

It wasn't enough he was attempting a suicide journey, he wanted to drag her other child into it as well? No, she was not going to let that happen. Emily refused to lose her children over a petty request! No, she would keep them safe.

"We won't be out there all night and we'd be dressed like the commoners, no one would recognize us," He added sarcastically, "As if they even know what I look like anyway?"

After the war with the rebels, he was almost shut out from the outside world. It wasn't until five years ago that he was introduced to the outside through schooling. Even with that, the citizens of Lincolnshire hardly know what their prince looks like.

Akim was attending a private school owned by the royal family and no one dared to take a picture of him, it was a severe crime; the perpetrator would be given fifty lashes of cane. Hence, no one needed to be told twice about taking a photo of him. He could even count the number of times he made a formal appearance on air.

Although there were still some daredevils who dared to take a photo of him, before they could share it, the efficient bodyguards sprang into action and captured them. They were set as an example and the others learned their lesson aka keep their distance from him.

Akim was as lonely as shit, his bodyguards were always beside him, even in class. Their presence was always with him that it felt as if he developed a second skin, he could feel them everywhere. It was overwhelming and suffocating. He wished he could breathe, even if for a second.

Thanks to their intimidating appearance, he got no friends. Well, just one, Maxwell, but he was popularly called Max. He was the only one brave enough to engage him in a conversation and make him feel.. human.

But then, even with that, Akim was still alone. There was a great distance between him and his classmates. What was the use of being a prince and being smart at that if he can't relate with his friends?

"Even with that, you're still not going anywhere. Do you think the rebels are fools not to recognize you," Emily asked him.

"But they are gone! You made sure to exterminate them! Father made sure to keep us safe!" he couldn't help raising his voice.

"Akim!" Judy cautioned him. He then took over from his wife, "Do you think they ever deplete? The rebels are like cockroaches who never die out no matter how much you end them," He said.

"That means the war won't ever end then," Akim pointed out.

"Exactly," Judy said, thinking that his son had gotten the point.

"Then for how long am I going to stay in hiding?"

"What?" Both couples were dumbfounded.

"For how long am I going to live this way? For how long would I need to fear the rebels? For how long do I need to wallow in darkness against an assumed enemy?" Akim asked them, his eyes blazing with anger.

"Everything we're doing is for your protection," Emily said.

"Till when? Till I'm twenty? Twenty-five? Fifty? Till I'm old?"

"Akim!" his highness Judy growled once again and this time his voice was strained. Akim's words were finally getting to him and he didn't like it one bit. He didn't want to be swayed by Akim's sentiments because he believed he was making the best decision for him here.

"Instead of hiding in the illusion of protection, why don't you face the problem headstrong?!"

"Akim!" Judy yelled.

"Take a look at Jasmine!" Akim bellowed back at his father, veins ready to burst out of his head in that angry state.

Judy didn't say a word as he was stunned by the intensity of his words.

"She has never been outside the palace grounds? Do you think buying her toys and building her a paradise here and bringing occasional playmates over would suffice for the real interaction with humans?!" Akim beat his chest, "It feels suffocating! Why do you think she runs away to her sanctuary with every chance she could get? Do you even know her greatest wish?!" He sneered, "It's to play in the town's playground with other kids,"

"Alright, that's enough, Akim!" Judy raged at him, "Leave now!"

"My greatest pleasure!" he said with heavy sarcasm.

"The festival is holding in the palace, we'd be eating with the officials, be there,"

"Don't even dream of it!" Akim retorted, leaving as he banged the door hard.

As soon as the door closed, Emily broke down into tears. This was the first time they had an intense fight with their son, and it weighed down heavily on her chest. She never wanted them to turn out this way.

Guilt gnawed at her heart as she knew some of Akim's words were right. She took away his childhood from him and though he was kept away for his safety, Emily was beginning to question if she had made the right decision.

"Hey, hey," Judy drew her into his embrace as soon as she began to cry. He hugged her tight, whispering into her ears, "Don't cry because of that, Akim's a brat,"

"No," Emily shook her head, "It's true, we owe him a lot. Did you hear what he said, Judy? We took away his freedom,"

"No," Judy didn't share her opinion, "It was his freedom or his life. Have you forgotten? How my mother died to save them?"

Emily gulped, of course, how could she have forgotten that. Roselle had died protecting her daughter.

It was on Jasmine's birthday. They had organized a birthday party to celebrate the adorable princess Jasmine who turned three. The mood had been merry and people eat and drank without predicting the unfortunate incident about to happen.

The target had been Jasmine and up to date, Emily still wondered what an innocent three-year-old child could have done to them. But she knew the answer inwardly, the rebels wanted to cause her great pain by ending her only daughter and as well, destabilizing the royal family.

The rebels were cruel. While his highness didn't execute their children- everyone executed had been found guilty of the crime and had active participation - they had evil thoughts of ending her innocent child.

When it had been time for her little kid to blow out her candle, they struck. One of the rebels on a suicide mission had dressed up as a servant and how he had been able to sneak a gun into the palace, not to talk of the hall where the celebration was being held, came as a big surprise to everyone. But according to the investigation, it was said he knocked out one of the palace guards and seized his weapon.

Queen dowager Roselle was clapping after her cute granddaughter blew out the candle on the cake with a smile and was the first to see the rebeller.

As soon as the rebellion brought out the gun from his waistband where he hid it and pointed it at the little girl, prepared to shoot before anyone would stop him. Her majesty, Roselle quickly took Jasmine's place by standing in front of her.

At first, everyone had been bewildered by her majesty's move but their confusion didn't last as five shots rent the air. At once, screams of terror replaced the once merry ambiance as pandemonium broke out.

The rebeller knew he had no chance to escape and seemed to have been prepared to die as he shot himself in the head before bullets from the royal guards tore through his body.

The queen died on the spot as five bullets pierced through her body. Her majesty Roselle eyes was open and fixed on the spot where Jasmine had been while a smile was on her face as if she did a great thing.

The sight of the queen's body sickened Emily as the thought of Jasmine being the target hit her. She made a mental image of her three-year daughter on the floor with bullets in her head - that would have been the spot in her body with her height. Bile rose in her throat and she had to hold onto her daughter Jasmine tight as if she would vanish if she dared let go.

Ever since that day, the children were hidden from public view and they started a hunt for the new leader of the rebels.

Fiona.

Chapter 625 - Six Hundred And Twenty-Five: A Mission To Carry Out

The third point of view:

Prince Akim didn't leave for his room as soon as he left, rather he left for Jasmine's. His little sister was being dressed up for the festival and for someone going for such a celebration, she had not a single trace of excitement in her eyes.

Jasmine glanced up at him and smiled when she saw her brother. She couldn't help but get excited because he mentioned they would be leaving the palace, she couldn't wait to do so. But then, the expression she saw on her brother's face made her heart sink. She had seen that expression so many times she had gotten used to it. The excitement in her eyes died off, so much for having hope.

"Your highness!" The two maids who were dressing up his sister greeted him immediately.

"Give me some privacy with my sister," He ordered.

"But your highness, there's no more time to....." The maid trailed off when she met Akim's intense glare.

She rephrased at once, "Of course, your highness," and left before Akim had the chance to glare at her one more time.

"Jasmine," Akim called out for his sister who turned her back to him immediately.

"Jasmine!" He came to her bedside but the girl still wouldn't turn to face him.

"I'm sorry," Akim breathed, running his hand through his hair in frustration.

"You're sorry?" Jasmine whirled around to face him with tears-filled eyes, "You shouldn't have promised me at all. Do you know the greatest sin? Giving someone hope where there shouldn't be one," She blamed him.

"I'm sorry," He engulfed her in a hug as she cried on his shoulder, "You can be rest assured, I promise to never let our parents steal your childhood as they stole mine,"

"What?" Jasmine asked, speechless.

Akim pulled her away only to clasp her cheeks in his hands, "You'd go to the soiree while I work out a way for us to leave tonight,"

"Work out a way for us to leave for the celebration?" Jasmine was surprised.

Akim smirked at her, "You don't really think I'm not going to fulfill my promise to you tonight,"

Jasmine's eyes widened but for a slight moment because she narrowed it at him, "Don't give me hope where there isn't one, brother,"

"Then don't have hope," Akim said to her, "Believe," he added immediately, "Only when you're out,"

However, Jasmine boomed a smile to her brother, this was the first time she had seen him this determined. It was as if something in him broke free.

She hugs him tight, "Goodluck with your plan,"

"Thank you," He kissed her on the cheeks and warned her immediately, "Be a good girl," Akim already knew her sister was a good trouble maker.

"Above all, save your energy. Rest at the feast if you can - our parents won't blame you for that - because you would need the energy later,"

"Sure!" Jasmine was happier and felt she could tackle the world once more. She was hoping for her brother even though she knew how fast it could be broken.

Akim left his sister's chambers fulfilled and motivated, he now had a mission to carry out. Although he was nervous, as he knew there would be lots of punishment from his parents if he failed, Akim pushed the consequences to the back of his head. He had to try at least.

He went back to his room and brought out his laptop. What was the use of his knowledge if he couldn't put it into use? As a prince, he had to learn a lot of things and be versatile in a lot of areas - including hacking.

Although his parents didn't know he had such skills - one of the many things they don't know about him - it wasn't difficult to possess those with the number of resources at his disposal and a natural high IQ.

He hacked the palace building plan and that included, of course, the secret passages. After the war ten years ago, he heard whispers of his father reconstructing the collapsed secret passages from the previous invasion - his father Judy had learned his lesson from the war when they couldn't escape due to the collapsed passages. And tonight, he was going to make use of those.

Thank you for your great effort, father.

Akim was still going through with his plans when a knock sounded.

"Who is it?" He asked without taking his eyes off his screen.

"Your majesty, it's time to get prepared for the soiree," The voice replied.

"You don't have to worry about me, I'll make my way down there,"

"I'm afraid it's an order from the Majesty, the king,"

"And I guess I can't refuse that," Akim said to himself before shutting down his computer. He was confident that no one would search his device. His parents wouldn't think he was capable of that, they would only think he was still angry and sulking inside.

Akim let the maidservants, who were two in number, into his room and they brought along his costume for the night. Her mother still hadn't given up on her love for fashion and had her own fashion brand in Lincolnshire - a business she started with her friend, Cecil.

It made Akim sour to think that her mother had the freedom to do what she wanted while he was being treated and caged like an extinct creature. Well, he'd make his first escape tonight and no one would see it coming.

Contrary to many thoughts, the maids didn't bathe him because he had grown past that nor was he comfortable with them touching his body. They only helped him dress up as his outfit was complicated and he had to dress to the fullest. Not even one accessory should be out of place.

Moreover, they had to do his makeup and hair, a prince had to look flawless on every occasion. This was the life he was born into and had to live it whether he wanted it or not.

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

Chapter 626 - Six Hundred And Twenty-Six : His Parents Were Cryptic

The third point of view :

The celebration was as boring as hell. Even though the mood was merry and there was lots of eating and drinking and dancing, Akim was not interested in any of them.

He had not talked to his parents after his fight with them and they didn't push him either. He was good with that. The last thing he wanted was to get reminded of the reason he was sneaking out of the palace in the first place - he should be leaving through the front door proudly, not through the back like a thief.

His sight moved to Jasmine who was as bored as him. Although dancers were showing off spectacular moves in the middle of the hall, she was not moved by the sight. She had seen all those before. Nothing was new. The palace wasn't new.

Akim watched as his mother Emily tried to captivate Jasmine's attention but the girl was not easy to please.. Once she was not interested in something, no one could change Jasmine's mind. She was as stubborn as their father? Or mother? He couldn't tell since both of his parents were two pigheaded individuals.

Jasmine simply lay her head on the table and pretended to be sleeping. Akim chuckled at the gesture, he'd see if this silent treatment would elicit a response from his mother. Akim knew once he was able to convince his mother to see from his perspective, their mother wouldn't find it hard to convince their father.

The festival of harvest was not an annual festival, well, it could be, that is if the products turned out beautifully at the end of the first planting season. The festival was carried out to celebrate a high-yielding farming harvest.

Lincolnshire has experienced a lot of unfortunate battles compared to other states, hence they tend to appreciate every little progress they made. A kingdom without food was one on a downhill to devastation. He has seen how famine tore many countries apart. So above other problems, the people having food on the table was Judy's priority.

As foreseen, the festival is declared with plenty of eating and drinking. On that day, there would be a huge discount on all foodstuff such that products are sold very cheaply that families partake in the celebration.

A lot of dishes were set before their table but Akim was not interested in any, he was more eager to leave here before the festival ended in the town square.

Although the royal family sat at the high table, Akim pretended like his father was invisible, not that he noticed him anyway. He was accepting drinks from his officials and engaged in conversation with them.

Some of the officials had come with their family members - mostly daughters. As if he couldn't see through their plans, thinking of establishing relations with the prince, huh?

Akim sighed yet thanked God he was not entitled to dance with any of them. At his last birthday party, he had danced with so many women that he couldn't feel his feet afterward. Above all, none of the women had been entertaining, they just whined about how mysterious he was and blah blah. It was almost as if he was talking to a group of copies all over and over again. None of them were original.

Thank God, his parents hadn't engaged him to some princess or socialite - he appreciated them for that. They promised him he had the freedom to choose and marry whoever he loved. There was not going to be any political marriage with him.

A few minutes after Jasmine was sent to her room to go sleep, Akim knew it was the time to leave.

"I'm withdrawing for the night," Akim simply informed his father and was already on his feet before he could hear what his father had to say.

Judy knowing that the boy had tried "behaving" tonight, simply nodded and his son took off.

There were guards at almost every corner of the castle and unless one wanted a taste of death, they wouldn't dare to infiltrate.

As soon as Akim returned to his room, he switched back on his laptop and began to study the blueprint. There was nothing that showed of a hidden passageway even in the design, but that couldn't be unless his father intentionally didn't include it here least it falls in the wrong hands.

Akim put himself in his father's shoes and began to think where he would keep an entrance to the secret way. For someone as paranoid as him for their safety, his father would surely include one.... in his room in case of another invasion so he could escape easily.

Shit, that was it. His father, the king, would surely find a way to keep him safe.

Invigorated, Akim began to search for any abnormality in his room. How could he live in ignorance all this while? Thinking about the fact that there could be a way to escape all this while made his heart ache greatly. He was so dumb!

Akim pulled all the books on his shelf; looked under his study desk for a secret button; checked the walls, and pulled his portrait on the wall; he came up with nothing. Did he think wrong? He wondered and was about to think of beyond his room when his eyes fell on the Lion head sculpture on his wall.

Why didn't he think of that?

He at once felt the golden sculpture and pulled at the metal ring around the lion's nose yet it didn't budge.

His brows furrowed, was it not this? But then, the sculpture stood out in his room and didn't make sense - he hadn't even thought of it as a hiding place until now. Maybe, there was a hidden mechanism?

At once, he began to search the sculpture and in the lion's mane, discovered a little circular hole, it was almost like a missing puzzle and the missing space seemed familiar to the... necklace his father gave him.

Akim at once looked at his chest and pulled up the necklace his father had bestowed on him on his fifteenth birthday. His majesty, the king, said, it would be his safe haven when he needed one.

Holy God, how could his parents be this cryptic?

Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket

Chapter 627 - Six Hundred And Twenty-Seven: The Escape

The third point of view:

"Jasmine! Jasmine!" Akim whispered into her ears, trying to wake his sister up. Now he had uncovered the secret passageway, it was time to leave.

It didn't surprise him that Jasmine had fallen asleep, after all, the girl was still a growing kid who needed as much rest as possible for her well-being. Plus the fact the festival had bored her to death earlier. If not for his princely title and the mission at hand, Akim would have bowed his head and slept as well.

"Jasmine," He shook her, "It's time to leave, remember?"

This time she stirred, but then, sleep was still in her eyes.

"Brother?" She recognized him and slowly sat up, rubbing her eyes.

"I've finally found a way for us to leave the palace undetected," Akim revealed to her and the cute dimple on her cheeks was revealed as she smiled.

"So we go now?!"

"Shush," He pressed his finger against his lips, "Keep your voice down,"

"Oh, right," She whispered back and giggled sheepishly in a low tone.

"First, find a simple cloth," Akim instructed her, "If we're going to sneak out, we need to hide our status and be security conscious - we don't want to confirm mom's words that the outside is unsafe for us,"

Jasmine didn't waste time doing as her brother commanded her. But then, most of the clothes in her wardrobe were extravagant and befitting a royal.

"I can't find anything less expensive," Jasmine complained timidly.

With a sigh, Akim went to her wardrobe and carefully searched through her clothing knowing it would be suspicious if the maids happened to search her room afterward and found it disorganized.

True to her words, there was nothing simple in there, every single one of her clothes was extravagant. Unlike him, Jasmine was the kingdom's sweetheart and their parents made sure she knew that - by buying her extravagant things. But then, his eyes managed to land on a latex superwoman jumpsuit. He picked it at once.

"I think this would do," He raised it.

"I would look like a weirdo," Jasmine lowered her lashes, "I haven't really worn that yet. I was hoping that I would do so on Halloween with other kids," She slowly stared up at her brother as she added, "Outside,"

Akim smiled at her, "You would look great and though it isn't Halloween, don't you think it's a wish come true to wear it outside as you wanted,"

She smiled at him and Akim immediately squeezed the skin-like material into a small fold and pushed it into his armpit where he hid it well as he zipped up his Jacket.

They left the room and as expected, a maid was waiting for them once they were out.

"Your highness, where are you....?" she didn't need to finish the rest of the statement, Akim got the point.

"Jasmine would be spending the night at my place, I believe my parents would understand the reason for that," He hinted that his parent's approval didn't matter in his decision.

"Sure," the maid answered with a bow.

"And also," Akim added just as he was about to pass her by, "I don't need any disturbance tonight - not even from my parents. You get that?"

"Yes, your highness," the maid said and Akim left without noticing the way the maid's gaze narrowed at him.

Once they got to his room, Akim excused himself into the bathroom where he changed into a t-shirt under a long sleeve that was unbuttoned and donned it with a black shot. He ruffled his professionally made hair that was gelled back without a single strand poking out of place.

As a prince, Akim was made a perfect work of art. His skin was so silky soft like a baby that even a top model would be envious of him. As a prince, he was carefully taken care of physically, enhancing the already great looks he inherited from his parents.

While Akim had taken after his father completely based on physique, Jasmine was their mother's copy; brunette hair and blue eyes and her petiteness - although time would tell.

Akim didn't leave immediately, he waited for some time in case someone decided to check on them. He grabbed his phone, well, not really his phone, but the new one he got Max to get him.

Akim knew his phone was being tracked by the royal guards, that was how they always knew his movements - and his parent's idea of protection. Hopefully, they weren't intruding on his private chats with friends - Max to be precise. His social media presence was regulated and he couldn't create posts as freely as other people.

After dimming the light and creating two dummies on his bed representing the both of them, they left through the secret passageway and he couldn't forget the shock on his sister's face when she saw the wall opened. It was quite a sight.

Akim and his sister entered through a long, winding secret passage that led them directly outside, undetected. It left them dumbfounded- they had a way of leaving all along - yet was relieved at the same time. It was a dream come true.

Thankfully his few years of being driven around the kingdom finally paid off as Akim could recognize the way to the Townsquare without getting lost. Even with that, he had the help of his phone's GPS. Thank you technology.

The festive spirit was obvious even before they got to the Townsquare. His sister was so happy that she was almost sprinting while he walked - Jasmine was excited.

The town square was a large open area in the center of a town and was surrounded by shops. Due to the celebration, there were so many food carts and people. Families with their loved ones having fun and eating to their heart's content.

Contrary to their fears, the people at the Townsquare didn't seem to be retreating for the night any time soon, plus the mood on the outside was much more exuberant than the one in the palace. Nor did Akim realize that this was a perfect place to get lost.

Chapter 628 - Six Hundred And Twenty-eight: Jasmine Was Missing

The third point of view:

Surprisingly, people paid more attention to Akim than Jasmine even though she was the one dressed in the eye-catching superwoman suit.

It was a bit disturbing for Akim, to be honest. Most of the time people who stared at him, did so with ambition and infatuation, but these ones? They - both young and older women - looked at him as if he was a meal to be eaten.

Akim shivered, maybe it wouldn't be too late to go back home now. At home, he was secured - and caged. A bird in a golden cage.

No, he worked so hard to get out of the palace. Akim refused to sacrifice his freedom because of a little fear. So he forged ahead, ignoring their blatant stares.

"People are staring," Jasmine finally noticed..

"Don't worry, they don't know we're royals," Hopefully.

Jasmine giggled at him, "I mean at you,"

"Oh," Akim understood, scratching the back of his head.

"They must not have seen a handsome guy like you," She said.

"Then they must be blind, there are more handsome men out there," Akim replied.

Jasmine gave him a knowing look, then said, "Since we're here, why don't you take the chance to talk to a girl without your princely prestige,"

Akim went beet red, "H-how?" He was in disbelief, "How do you know all this? You're just six, you shouldn't know this bad stuffs,"

"Bad stuff?" She gave him a dirty look.

"Well. A-hem," He cleared his throat, "I'm not saying that you shouldn't know but..." Akim didn't know what to say and that was made worse by Jasmine's intent stare.

"Forget I ever said that," He said instead and turned to face the crowd.

Right now, a group of dancers were performing and wowing the crowd with a set of synchronized acrobatics moves. However, to Akim, those moves were mediocre compared to the ones performed in the palace, however, this one was more enjoyable.

Perhaps, it was in the way the people clapped and cheered each time they did a flip, or the smiles and lively glint in their eyes. Above all, the happiness was so infectious that Akim got carried away by the performance and clapped for them at the end of the show.

"Wasn't that spectacular...?" Akim trailed off when he discovered that Jasmine was no longer by his side.

His heart dropped at once, "Jasmine? Jasmine? Jasmine?!" He shouted amid the crowd and some of them turned to look at him.

Akim's heart began to pound hard in his chest. How could that be possible? Jasmine was just by his side minutes ago. How could he have gotten carried away?

He looked around the square, there were thousands of people moving to and fro and Jasmine could be trapped amongst them, looking for him as well. How and where was he going to start looking?

But then, a lot of negative thoughts crept into his mind, what if Jasmine was kidnapped. What if the rebels sighted them and instead of killing them right away, resorted to kidnapping Jasmine to make his parents suffer and kill her off eventually?

"Oh my God!" Akim groaned, pulling tight at his strand. What was he going to do? What would he tell his parents? His mother had warned him sternly about the outside and yet he stubbornly, resorted to his own tactics.

Akim was having a panic attack yet he didn't care, everything was all his fault. He couldn't dare to think of the heartbreak and disappointment on his parent's faces - especially his mother - when he shared this news.

He brought out the phone in his pocket, at war on what to do. The sooner he called his parents, the earlier the better but he couldn't. Once his parents knew of the incident, they would surely know his secret route. But it's your sister that's missing! It's Jasmine!

Pedro threw his head back once more in frustration, hot tears on the tip of his lashes. He then turned to the side and there, as if God answered his prayers, he saw it, his sister being dragged away by someone. And no, his eyes were not playing tricks on him. It was indeed his sister, her royal highness, Jasmine, in her superwoman suit.

Hope surfaced in him while his heart began to pound loudly as he quickly went after that kidnapper.

It was a brisk walk at first, but the next, Akim broke into a sprint as he chased after the person who was still dragging his sister to God knows where - probably to hide her.

Soon, he caught up to them and grabbed the kidnapper by the arm, forcefully turning her to him only to discover it was a girl - a young girl to be precise.

"What the hell?!" The girl said as Akim grabbed her roughly.

"I should be the one asking that after you took my sister!" his anger only rose as he couldn't believe that such an innocent-looking face would have the heart to kidnap his sister.

"Brother?!" Jasmine hugged his waist at once.

"He's your brother?!" The strange girl looked at him with distaste, "Didn't you say he was handsome and well-mannered?"

But Akim looked between the both of them in confusion, "What's going on here?" he couldn't understand anymore. It almost seemed like the kidnapper and his sister were best friends.

Jasmine explained immediately, "I can't really tell, brother, but all I knew was that while I was looking around with you, someone bumped into me and the next thing I knew, I was shoved far away from you by this swarm of people. By the time I could move out of the crowd, I couldn't find you! "

She took a deep breath and continued, "Do you know how terrifying that was?!" Jasmine cried out, "I didn't know the way and I couldn't recognize anyone from the crowd. I was so alone and afraid. But that was until she found me," She gestured to the strange girl.

Akim felt a sense of shame wash over him, to think that he had been rude and rough with the girl who rescued his sister. His parents didn't raise him that well, they would surely scold him if they knew of this incident.

If only he knew...

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

Chapter 629 - Six Hundred And Twenty-Nine: Sink This Ship Before It Sailed

The third point of view:

"I'm sorry for hurting you lady...?" Akim probed for her name, his brows arched questioningly at her.

"Anika," Was her reply, "Just call me Anika,"

"Sorry, lady Anika for the fact that I mistook you for a kidnapper. But if you don't mind me asking, what were you intending to do with my sister?" Akim interrogated, he was not a fool to lower his defenses that easily.

"What do you mean?" Anika sensed this wasn't an ordinary question.

"I met you dragging her that way which was further away from the square," He looked her in the eyes, "If you were truly looking for me in the square, why does it seem like you were pulling my sister far from it?"

She laughed to his surprise which made Akim's brows tightly knit together. Did he say something funny? Or was something on his face?

"For someone who just apologized, you still accuse me of the same crime?" she pointed out with mirth in her eyes.

"I'm sorry but I'm trying to protect my sister here," He said.

"Protect?" Her brows raised at that statement, "Why?" There was humor in her tone, "Are the both of you important personalities? Children of lords or even more, the prince and princess of this kingdom?" She hit close to home and Akim's features distorted at once.

He had thought that he'd be able to hide out here for a while but it seems he was wrong. Some people are still able to figure him out. Just as Akim was about to grab Jasmine's hands and move out of there, the girl burst into laughter.

"Sorry, but the look on your face is priceless!" She laughed, "And gosh! Why are you so serious?" she laughed harder, "Why would the over-pampered prince step into the square without his load of securities?" She pointed out.

"Maybe he has a good reason for always being with his load of securities?" Akim said through gritted teeth. He didn't even know why he was bothered that she thought of him that way - he always does wave it off as needless gossip. Until now.

"You seem so defensive of him?" Her brows narrowed at him, "Do you know the prince on a personal level?"

"You seem so nosy, yet you haven't answered my question," He reminded her with a biting tone.

"Oh, that," she pursed her lips, then pointed to a one-story building behind them, "You see that place? That's where you report missing persons. Every time this event is organized, there's always a case of missing kids. Hence when found, the good Samaritan reports the kid to the control room and the personnel in charge, informs the public through speakers placed at strategic points for all to hear. And voila! The parents of the kids or relatives or neighbors upon hearing the announcement come to claim the kid. Problem solved. Any more suspicion?" she asked him confidently as if she had nothing to fear while her lips curled to the side in a smirk.

Akim's mouth twitched, he accused her falsely when she was only trying to help him out.

"I'm not trying to say you're a kidnapper or something, not that you look like a kidnapper - but then, faces can be deceiving - not your face though... you just look innocent..." Akim rambled on while the girl only gave him a blank stare.

He threw his hands up and gave up, what in the world was he even saying?

"I'm sorry for insinuating that you're an abductor," He finally apologized.

"No, it's alright," She told him, "I would have done the same thing if I had an adorable little sister like yours to protect," Anika glanced down at Jasmine who smiled at her, exposing the two dimples at the sides of her cheeks.

Anika added as well, "And I think you're rambling is cute by the way," She smirked at him and a blush crept up Akim's face while Jasmine giggled knowingly. She could feel the attraction between them.

"To think I don't know your name," Anika brought that up and the prince almost blew his cover.

"Ak-Ai,"

"What?" Anika was confused.

"Ai. My name is Ai,"

"Ai," She chuckled, "And here I thought my parents were bad at naming. Never knew I was better than someone," She eyed him, "Ai? Huh? Artificial intelligence? "

"Yeah," Akim laughed alongside her awkwardly, "Artificial intelligence, indeed," Of all names he could come up with, it was that one. Good work Akim. Real smooth. Your ancestors would be so proud of you (note the sarcasm)

"So you close to the crown prince?" Anika asked out of nowhere and the smile on his face died off immediately and even Jasmine noticed the change in his demeanor.

"Why? Are you one of the girls fantasizing about a happily ever after with the prince?" there was a faint hint of disdain in his tone. The crown on his head was both a blessing and a curse. He could get anything he wanted, but then, he does not know who's real with him.

Akim thought that he might have a few more conversations with the intriguing girl but it seems that Anika is no different from the others.

"Of course not," She shook her head, "I was just asking so I know someone doesn't report me since I'm not a huge fan of the crown prince. Moreover, he's not my type,"

A smile returned to his lips as he shrugged, "Well, it's good to know that some girls aren't obsessed with the crown prince. No offense though, why don't you like the prince? What's your type of guy?" Akim inquired, hopefully. What was he even hoping for anyway?

Anika looked at him and smirked, "A guy with a backbone, the crown prince doesn't have one. I'm a bit rebellious and I like someone who can keep up with my pace,"

Akim gulped, rebellion was the opposite of what he was taught. Not to mention the fact that his parents hated that word. Maybe, it was time to sink this ship before it sailed.

"Thanks for everything, Anika, but I think it's time we continued our cruise," Without you. His sentence said it all.

However, Jasmine had other plans, "That's true, come with us, Anika,"

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

Chapter 630 - Six Hundred And Thirty: Where Have You Been All My Life

The third point of view:

"Come with us, Anika," his sister, Jasmine, extended an invitation without his approval. Akim was immediately put in a tight spot as he didn't want to turn down Jasmine's offer.

So he said to Anika, "Can you give me a few moments with my sister, I need to have a word with her,"

"Sure," Anika said with a knowing smile that made Akim wonder if there was a need for privacy when she knew what they were about to discuss.

Nevertheless, Akim still moved away from her before he started a conversation with Jasmine,

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"Helping you make a move on the girl, you're welcome," Jasmine said proudly as if she just did the world a big favor.

Akim face-palmed, "I don't you to make a move -"

"I know you like the girl,"

"No, I don't,"

"Really?" Jasmine raised a dark brow.

"No," He gulped, "Maybe a little,"

She threw her hands up, "How could you be so dumb?" she asked.

"What does a six-year-old know about love and relationship?" Akim asked back, astounded.

"I learned enough from mummy and daddy and the soap opera played in TV,"

At the mention of their parents, Akim was reminded of the fact that they were blatantly disobeying them and that was the wake-up call he needed.

"I'm sorry, Jasmine, but there's no point in doing this. I'm a prince, we don't belong in the same world and we won't last here anyway, remember?" Akim explained to her.

"So what?"

"So what?" he was astounded by her nonchalant question.

"You said it, we have a limited time here, so why don't you make full use of it?"

Akim shook his head, "You're a kid, you don't understand -"

"When would you have a spine," She pointed out that he wasn't brave and reminded him of the fact that Anika claimed the crown prince had no backbone. Unfortunately, the prince was him.

"I'm sorry if I sounded rude," Jasmine apologized when she realized that was rude coming from her mouth, "But then, you only live once, I suggest you do what you truly want for once," she said and went back to Anika.

By the time Akim returned to them, Anika had a smug look as if she already knew the verdict. How could someone be so confident??He was envious.

"Hi Anika, do you intend to join our small team for a short cruise. Moreover, you seem to know the way more than us," he asked her , politely.

"I was wondering when you were going to ask," Anika smirked at him - she seemed to be fond of smirking at him. It was well... cute, to be honest.

At first, it was kind of awkward, but Anika was a good tour guide and he eventually relaxed. It was not like she was going to bite him or something.

They spent their time wandering stall after stall and tasting bits of foods and snacks - so they could have space in their stomach for more. Although the foods sold weren't as luxurious as the ones they consumed at the palace regularly, seeing the way people eat heartily stirred their appetite as well.

So they put down their pride and eat like the commoners and to be honest, it felt good. There was this joy they felt within themselves as they had a good time with other families on the same stand with them. It was fun.

Everything was going well until Anita took them to another food stand and when Akim glanced at the glass, his eyes almost popped out of his socket.

"What is this?" He asked, goosebumps climbing up his arms.

Anika introduced the snacks, "That's termite," She added immediately upon seeing their shocked looks, "Edible termites,"

"No way," Jasmine had the same revolted expression as her brother. As they lived in the luxurious palace, they never had something as disgusting as this.

Anika explained, "Well, termite is edible but not all species. Yes, you can eat edible termite because it is safe to eat, nutritious and it is equally delicious. The flying termites are usually collected while flying or after their wings have fallen off. Afterward, the ants are either fried in their fat or in oil before consumption and other ingredients - by choice. It can also be steamed, roasted, or boiled before consumption, but trust me, the fried ones are the best - they taste like heaven," she moaned at the thought.

To confirm her saying, Anika dropped a bill on the table and stretched her hand, asking the seller to give her a taste. The woman poured a few of the insects into Anika's palm with her serving spoon and the girl put the whole thing in her mouth, chowing on it.

Akim and Jasmine gagged at once. That was the most appalling thing they have seen.

"Why don't you have a taste?" Anika gestured as if she didn't know of their aversion towards it.

"No!!" Both of them rejected the offer without a second thought. Sadly, Anika was not the type to give up easily.

"Why?" She stood proudly, "Scared of a little insect? What's the word again? Man up?" Anika intentionally incited Akim.

Challenged, Akim stepped towards the woman and opened his palm as well and the woman placed a few of the insects in his palm with a chuckle knowing he was still scared.

Akim's toes curled at the sight of the brown insects in his palm, he wanted to throw the insects and run as far as his legs could take him. But that would be cowardly, so he courageously put the whole thing in his mouth. He couldn't be viewed as weak by Anika. For some reason, he wanted to impress her.

At first, the insects felt squishy as he chewed which made him imagine eating the insect's poop. But then, his expression changed as a delightful flavor exploded in his mouth.

"Hmmm," He nodded and asked for more, the woman happily obliged. Akim chewed more, beginning to nod his head. Where has this insect been all his life?

A question below ????