

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 641 - Six Hundred And Forty-One: A Heartless Woman - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 641 - Six Hundred And Forty-One: A Heartless Woman

Chapter 641 - Six Hundred And Forty-One: A Heartless Woman

The third point of view :

"You're finally home," Sakuzi said to the figure walking up to him.

"Yes, master," Maggie replied with a smile on her face and upon reaching Sakuzi, got on her knees, took his hand, and placed it on her forehead before kissing the back of it as a sign of greeting.

"Seriously," Sakuzi sighed, withdrawing his hand immediately while Maggie smiled up at him.

Even though it's been ten years already, the woman still hadn't given up on her mode of greeting him.

"You should stop calling me Master, you make it sound like I own your life," He grumbled.

"You know you do," Maggie came to stand beside Sakuzi who was playing golf on the green lawn.

She went on, "If you haven't rescued me, I would have been long dead,"

"Emerald was the one who rescued you, if there's anyone you should thank, that's he," the old man said, stretching his hips..

Gosh, old age was not being kind to him.

Although he had tried to dye his strands dark a few times, his grey hairs keep spreading out more, so he decided to give up on them. Also, Nadia was not complaining, she said it made him look sexy or something. A smile crossed his lips at the thought of his wife.

"Yes, he did. I admit it. But then, him saving me would have been for nothing if you had given the orders to get rid of me. Moreover, you gave me a new life and made me everything I am today. I'm highly grateful for that," Maggie smiled at him.

Sakuzi rolled his eyes, this woman was loyal to a fault. She reminded him of those Japanese samurai who chose seppuku to achieve an honorable death. He bet Maggie wouldn't mind ending her life if he asked for it. So annoying!

He remembered the first time she had asked him to make her stronger, he only did so to give her a purpose because she lacked one. But he never thought she would still go on with her life mission until now. Maggie had broken down uncountable illegal human trafficking organizations even more than the police.

But unlike the police who arrest the culprits and bring them to justice at the court of law, Maggie was Justice herself, the goddess Nemesis.

In every one of her missions, none of the perpetrators escapes her judgment, she made sure of it. Even if they did, she hunts them down. Yes, she was that vengeful.

Her signature move was cutting off of their testicles - for the men. Since they had the nerve to kidnap young children and women and sell them off for prostitution and hard work, they didn't deserve the chance to have their own children.

And for the women, she badly scarred their faces making sure it was a constant reminder of the lives of millions of children and adults they ruined - that is if they survived it. Due to the massive blood loss, most of her victims die before help (in the form of the police) arrives.

Sakuzi couldn't help but wonder if Maggie would have taken him out as well if he ventured into human trafficking. Would the dog bite the hand that fed him?

"Instead of wasting your youth on this old man, why don't you make a useful man out of him," Sakuzi said, tilting his head in the direction of a man heading in their direction.

At once, she turned to get a view of Andrew and her heart skipped a beat. He was still here? Not that she was expecting him to leave the organization or something, but he was not yet married?

Maggie has been away for about five years, dedicated to her work and working with her team she had formed by her sheer hard work throughout the years. Cracking down trafficking rings was not easy and was as complicated as the webs of a spider, hence she and her team couldn't stay at a place for long.

With each network she brought down, another sprang up and it seems as if they never end. Nor did it help that it was an organized network that took advantage of people who are vulnerable, and desperate to seek a better life. With each soul she rescued, many others were captured every day.

"Sakuzi, you're needed at the meeting room," Andrew delivered the news to him.

"Sure," Sakuzi said, yet there was a knowing look in his eyes. Of all people who had to deliver the message, he had to be the one.

After Emerald took over the running of the organization from him, Andrew became his right-hand man, and thus, his status increased. In one word, message delivery was not his job at all.

"Come and play a game of chess with me later," Sakuzi said to her.

"Sure," Maggie nodded at him as the man finally left.

An awkward silence fell upon the both of them. Maggie was not a fool to think that Andrew didn't have feelings for her, but then, her mission was more important than any silly emotion. So she left him at that time and never looked back - she didn't even call him for once - so he could forget about her and start up a new life.

Unfortunately, here they are.

"You don't look bad," Maggie finally said and yet no response came from the man in front of her. She scratched the back of her head awkwardly, why was she being the uncomfortable one here? She didn't even do anything wrong - except reject him.

Andrew stood staring at the woman in front of him, how could she be so heartless? He had waited for her even after she left him for five years and yet she returned without informing him. She was a heartless woman!

"Alright," Maggie threw her hands up in the air, "I'm done with you," and attempted to walk past him but Andrew grabbed her arm and pulled her to his chest, hugging her tightly amid her protest.

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

Chapter 642 - Six Hundred And Forty-two: The Goddess Nemesis

The third point of view :

Andrew hugged her so tightly that Maggie thought her lungs were being crushed.

"Andrew, let go," She tried to push him away but he was very strong.

God, she couldn't do this.

She prepared to attack by kneeling him in the guts but Andrew read her body language and shifted his body slightly such that she ended up kicking the air.

However, that opening was everything Maggie needed to release her arms and Andrew knew that. So, they began to

And that scuffle quickly became a duel.

During the five years, she had stayed with them, Andrew had been her personal trainer and they had been quite close. Although they didn't have sex, everyone in the organization seemed to think otherwise and it wasn't until she left, they finally believed nothing happened between them - they had been shocked by her decision.

With the harmony between them, they all thought Maggie would settle down with Andrew, and then, he would help her with her mission. But that wasn't the case, she vanished without even a goodbye. No one knew about her location except Sakuzi and the old man was not willing to spill the beans. And it wasn't until months later, they started hearing of her exploits.

Nemesis was what they called her, the inescapable, meting out punishment for the crime of human trafficking. In a way, she became some sort of superhero - only the police don't think so. Her mode of punishment wasn't exactly compatible with the law. In one word, she's one of the most wanted criminals alive.

Having gotten her location, Andrew could have gone after her. But then, what was the use? To Maggie, nothing was more important than her mission - not even him.

"Aah!" Maggie groaned as she and Andrew exchanged blows. Andrew had once been her teacher, so the both of them were evenly matched as Maggie had gotten experienced and stronger with the years gone by.

Her moves were fast and lethal while Andrew's were defensive and calculated as if he didn't want to hurt her. But Maggie didn't care. It was almost as if she was trying to prove a point. But then, what point?

"Why are you not fighting me? You're going easy on me?!" Maggie found out and it pissed her. She didn't need his pity or for him to look down on her. She doesn't need him, he should just give up on her. Go find someone else that deserves him, right? Maggie didn't want to lead him on.

"Tsk," Andrew clicked his tongue, catching her fist she sent his way, "Is this the way you welcome someone you haven't seen for years?"

"If she doesn't want to greet you, then give up on her," Maggie retorted and tried to launch a sneak attack with her other palm while keeping him distracted, he caught that fists as well. Shit, she was trapped. Well, not for long.

Maggie could head him but that would be bloody nor would she spared either, a splitting headache was sure to follow. So she tried to lift herself and kick him in the chest. Unfortunately, Andrew premeditated that and made a move at the same time.

She only ended up getting pressed against Andrew's chest while her hands were wrapped around her from behind. It caused her pain but Maggie was too proud to admit that. She struggled against him knowing there was no other way to get out of this hold except she wanted to get injured - and that she would do in a death situation with her opponents, not in a friendly match.

"Tell me you missed me," Andrew asked her knowing this was the best opportunity to elicit information now she was incapacitated. She was a tough ass. He had never seen a stubborn woman. Well, for someone who killed the man who abused her, she was incredibly strong-willed.

"In your dreams!" Maggie spat back.

"We'd find that out then," Andrew said and then spun her around. Before she could take advantage of the opening, his hands wrapped around her waist and then pressed her against his chest and crushed her lips with his.

Maggie's eyes grew to the size of saucers, what was he doing? She pushed against him but he was very strong and didn't want to let go. And when he deepens the kiss, her hands moved from his chest to his hair while the other wrapped around his neck, kissing him back

Alright, Maggie was not going to deny it, she missed him. No, there was no night when she laid down on her bed that she didn't think of him but she purposely pushed aside the feelings. Maggie was afraid that if she acted upon her feelings, she would forget all about her mission and the promise she made to help people like her.

She couldn't let another young girl fall into the same situation she did with Sakuzi. Women and children, regardless of gender, were to be protected.

They pulled away for air, and Andrew rested his forehead on hers before saying, "Marry me,"

"W-what?"

"Marry me, please, Maggie,"

Oh no, this was exactly why she had been avoiding him.

She tried to pull away but Andrew grabbed her tighter, saying, "I promise you that I won't interfere with your work. You will carry on with your mission, no, I will help you carry the cross,"

Maggie pushed the lump down her throat, it was a very tempting offer. She could be with him and as well, go on with her work? It seemed too good to be true. Unfortunately, Maggie had seen too many marriages and promises were easily broken as it was made.

"I'm sorry, Andrew," She told him apologetically, "But marriage is too much time and emotion and I can't afford that at the moment,"

Andrew's grip on her loosened and she took it that he finally accepted the reality that the both of them would never be together.

However, just as she was about to leave, Andrew grabbed her and made an atrocious request,

"Give me a child then,"

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

Chapter 643 - Six Hundred And Forty-Three: Kindness Was An Infection To Her Blood.

The third point of view:

"Alright, you're having a healthy baby. Nothing seems to be wrong so far," The ultrasound technician said to Isabella who rolled down her shirt and got up from the bed.

Today, she had an ultrasound to make sure the baby was alright. Her child would be a shocker to the whole family and of course, a great gift to Pedro.

A smile crossed her lips at the thought of releasing the news to Pedro on their wedding night. He would be delirious with joy.

"By the way," Isabella began, "Can you tell the sex of the baby?" She was curious.

Isabella was not prejudiced against any sex, but then she hated guesses and wanted to be sure. She loved orderliness and wanted to be prepared for any situation. Raising a baby was a huge job and she would take it seriously, there was no room for mistakes.

"Well," The technician went through the scan saying, "I'd say it's impossible to tell accurately since you're just six weeks into the pregnancy. The earliest time we can assess the baby's sex is at twelve weeks gestation by assessing the direction of the nub. Most babies look very similar, and I may not be able to tell accurately if you are carrying a boy or a girl, "

"Oh," Isabella nodded, "Is that so?"

"Why? Is anything wrong?" The woman asked out of concern. She had attended a lot of women and most were pressured into finding the sex of the baby by family members because they preferred a male child. She hoped Isabella was not going through the same situation.

But then, it wouldn't be surprising if that was the case since she hadn't seen Isabella with the father of the baby. Didn't the news say that she was engaged and about to get married or something?

"By the way?" She asked Isabella, "Do you feel any discomfort in your body?"

"Discomfort?" Isabella asked back.

She went ahead to explain, "Pregnancy brings a lot of changes to the body and some of them can be uncomfortable,"

"Well, aside from my messed up taste bud, I'm good and I'm sure I've got the other symptoms in control," Isabella replied when she remembered something, "Also..."

"Also?" The technician was curious.

Isabella pursed her lips, then said, "I think I'm changing,"

"Huh?" The woman was confused.

"People look more attractive to me nowadays,"

"What?"

"I hate people," Isabella saw the furrow on the woman's face and added immediately, "I mean unnecessary people. I find friendship and social circle unnecessary, it's a waste of time and emotions on people who only end up stabbing you in the back afterward. However, lately, I find myself craving mundane companionship. Is this the pregnancy thing doing this to me? " She was curious as hell because lately, it was almost as if she underwent a personality transplant. To say it's not shocking was an understatement, it frightened her. She wanted to go back to being the white witch.

Everybody feared and honored the white witch and wouldn't dare to cross her. But this warm witch? It would only bring nothing but troubles to her doorstep. Kindness was an infection to her blood.

"Well, it's a yes and no," The technician answered.

"Yes and a no?"

"Yes, it's true that during pregnancy, hormones are produced and take over the important job of providing your baby with essential nutrients. It does a number on one's state of emotional health. Now, these mood swings and emotions might inevitably influence your decision-making and character.

"Many mothers have testified of a total character change during or after pregnancy. You may love holding, touching, watching, smelling, and playing with other people's babies or certain people you never thought to establish a relationship with. You may choose peace instead of violence and during one of your medications, you might even go over your life choices.

"However, even without the pregnancy hormone and all, there comes a point in one's life when they just want calm in their life. Humans are social animals and in one way or the other, you would surely need people's help at a point in life. You can't live in a cave forever, "

A moment of silence washed over them as Isabella comprehended the technician's words. She would desire people's companionship one day?

"I'll go with your first opinion, then, " Isabella chose to believe that this was the hormone's work and not her mundane need for acquaintanceship. She had Pedro and her family members, the others were unnecessary.

"Thanks for your time and you should know by now that I don't need to remind you that our meeting is confidential," she called to mind their agreement.

"Of course," The woman answered without a second thought.

"Have a nice day then," Isabella took hold of her bag, put on her glasses, and found her way out of the room.

Jean was waiting for her at the entrance and tried to take her bag from her but Isabella refused him.

"I'm not fragile," She told him, "Just because I'm having a baby doesn't mean I'm breaking down at any moment. I'm not glass,"

Aside from Anabelle, Jean was the only person with the memory of her pregnancy. Although it's been years, Jean had refused to budge from her side and remained her shadow guard ever since despite his age.

Jean refused to get married and lived his life for his niece who was now happily married with her own family. However, Jean was more of a father than a guard to Isabella and that irritated her greatly.

"Pregnancy is not an easy job, I saw what happened with your mother, Reina. Your father almost died from anxiety," he reminded her.

"In case you forget, my mother had triplets, I'm having just one. Moreover, that was in her ninth month, I'm barely in my second month and the baby is not even the size of a potato. So stop nagging me, I'm the pregnant one, not you," Isabella was still scolding him when a figure crossed the corner of vision and she halted in her step at once.

Shit, what was he doing here?

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

Chapter 644 - Six Hundred And Forty-Four: His Tsundere Fiancée

The third point of view :

"Pedro!"

"David!"

Both men hugged each other with smiles on their faces. David had been one of Pedro's acquaintances at the university he studied. Although both were from different departments, they clicked at their first meeting and became friends afterward.

After graduation, Pedro took over Fernandez's business while David his rightful position as the director of his father's hospital. Their hospital was one of the best in the city and there were branches across the country. David worked quite hard so as not to fail his father's high expectations of him.

"Long time, no see," David welcomed him and gestured to Pedro to take a seat. He then communicated through the intercom and in less than a minute, a woman, who was probably his secretary, returned with a cup of steaming coffee and placed it on the table in front of Pedro.

"Thank you," Pedro said to the woman who smiled at him and took her leave. He then took hold of the cup's handle and sipped his coffee before dropping it back onto its saucer.

"I heard about your upcoming wedding, congratulations in advance," David congratulated him.

"Sure, thank you," Pedro accepted his compliment.

However, almost immediately, his expression took on a serious look and he intertwined his fingers together, his elbows resting on his lap as he said, "Actually, that's the reason why I'm here today,"

"What?" David was surprised by his comment. But then, when he saw Pedro's somber expression, his instinct told him something was wrong and he sat up properly at once, "Really?"

"I have a problem," Pedro said.

"What kind of people," David was now very curious. What could have made Pedro this tense? Surely, it was a woman's problem - his instinct told him.

"No," Pedro rephrased his words, "I messed up big time," he ruffled his hair out of his frustration.

"Alright, what is it? There's nothing in this world that can't be worked out - well, except death," David attempted to joke but it wasn't funny to Pedro at all.

"Well, what is it?" he now asked seriously upon seeing Pedro's deadpan face, "If you came to me, that surely means I have a role to play in helping you out," He surmised.

"I slept with a woman who isn't my fiancée. In one word, I slept with my secretary," He immediately added with a hint of anger, "Ex-secretary,"

"So," David exhaled, "You're trying to say you had a one-night stand with your secretary?"

"Honestly," Pedro told him, "I don't understand what happened that night,"

"What do you mean?"

"I feel she raped me," Pedro confessed.

"Oh," Damon said and it awkwardly got silent until Pedro began to explain.

"I had drinks with my investors but then I went over my limit and she was there to take me back to my hotel room. It was true that somehow her appearance merged with my fiancée, but she was the one who leaned down and kissed me. However, she claims that I grabbed her and the rest was history. But I know myself, I'm a careful person and it didn't help matters that my memory of that night is blurry to date. But I know myself, I can't do that to Isabella, not even with an imposter, "

"So she raped you then," David concluded.

"I feel so," Pedro said.

"Report her," David suggested.

"Oh no, trust me. That's not helpful at all,"

"Why? Because no one is going to believe you? A woman raped a man? Such complaints are not actually as rare as you think," David tried to persuade him.

"No," He shook his head, "It's not that,"

"Then what? Your reputation? Your relationship? Trust me, you have the resources to put her behind bars for the crime, and whatever anger your fiancée would have would disappear with that gesture. Trust me, women aren't difficult to please,"

"I'm more scared of my fiancée finding out and ending her life than what the news would do to my reputation," Pedro confessed. He doesn't want Isabella to end up in prison because of him. He'd rather die than let that happen.

David raised his brows questioningly.

"I have a Tsundere fiancée," Pedro said.

"Damn, you're in real trouble" David admitted, knowing how Op women like that were.

"Well, here's the best part," Pedro said with a burst of hilarious laughter, "My ex-secretary is pregnant and claims the baby's mine,"

At once, David's jaw dropped. He tried to say something but no words came out. He rubbed his jaw, this was a real dreary situation. His friend was in deep shit.

Upon seeing David's reaction, Pedro began to laugh hysterically as it now dawned on him the kind of shit he was in. He was dead meat. Finished.

"This is not going to be easy," David told him the truth.

"This is why I need your help, my dinner party is next week, closely followed by my wedding. I can't have anything disrupt my sacrifices," Pedro told him.

Damon turned to him seriously, "What do you exactly want me to do?"

"The baby can't stay," Pedro hinted at him.

"You want the baby to be aborted?" David comprehended the situation, "Pedro, you do know that baby is your blood?" he reminded him.

"No," Pedro shook his head stubbornly, "There's no assurance that the baby is mine. She's already threatening me, that shows her intention,"

"You could still do a test after it's born to confirm the paternity,"

"No, I don't have much time nor can I allow this madness to escalate. Moreover, even if the baby is mine, I can never love him. I should save the child from such hatred by sending him away on time," Pedro gave his reasons.

"But still -"

"David, I'm not changing my mind," Pedro said firmly, "The baby is going?whether you help me or not?"

"Fine," David sighed, "Has the woman agreed to the idea of an abortion so I can set up a date immediately,"

"No, she doesn't an abortion. Natasha wants to give birth to the baby," Pedro said bitterly, "But don't worry, I'll have my men force her here and the operation can commence -"

"Wait, what?" David was in a state of disbelief, "You want to abort the baby forcefully?"

He ran his hand through his hair and asked his friend straightforwardly, "Pedro! How does this make this any different from what your father did?"

Tsundere - A tsundere is a character, most often female and in anime, who switches from being tough and cold towards a love interest into being soft and sweet.

Chapter 645 - Six Hundred And Forty-Five: This Was His Little Lie

The third point of view:

How is he any different from his father? Pedro mused over the question. So many people had asked him that and it was time to make his stand.

No, he was different. Unlike his father who was obsessed with getting a son and made sure his female daughters got nothing from him or were exterminated, he was simply saving himself.

He would never love that child from Natasha - if indeed it was his - and the Isabella he knew would never accept the baby either. The baby wouldn't need to experience the cruelty of this world once it was gone and he'd save everyone the headache - and Isabella wouldn't know.

It was enough that Rita, his father's wife, was plotting against him; he wouldn't want the same war in his family. Natasha and Isabella would never get along, plus the fact Natasha had the eyes for his wealth and would surely try to manipulate him through her

child. His household would be chaotic and that wasn't the life he promised Isabella. So the child had to go.

"I'm trying to use a problem to solve a greater problem here, David," Was Pedro's excuse, "I can already see what the future looks like if that child lives. Trust me, the child would thank me for this,"

"Pedro," David shook his head in disapproval, "Three things can never be hidden in this world and they are the sun, moon, and pregnancy. No matter what you do, the news would come out, and then, you'd wish you'd told the truth sooner,"

But Pedro gave a deaf ear to his advice, "Tomorrow morning, she'd be brought here and if you still don't want to do it, I have many options," He hinted that he would pay others to do the job. After all, money was all he had.

Then, he was on his feet, already heading to the door when David muttered, "John 8:32,"

You will know the truth, and the truth will set you free, he knew that Bible verse well. Unfortunately, Pedro knew a verse that disagreed with that.

Pedro halted in his steps, then looked over his shoulder to his friend who had a concerned look.

To him, he said, "Genesis 20:2" he signed, "Some truth is better taken to the grave," and finally took his leave. David wasn't the only one who knew the Bible, he did too. It was a great source of inspiration and guidelines.

And Abraham said of Sarah, his wife, "She is my sister." And Abimelech, king of Gerar sent and took Sarah. Genesis 20:2.

If Abraham hadn't told a little lie, he would have been killed by the king and that was what he was doing, Pedro thought. This was his little lie - the lie that would save everyone from the impending doom.

Pedro walked into the elevator that took him to the lobby while lost in his thoughts. He stepped out a few minutes after the elevator opened into a reflective tiled floor of the lobby and call it instinct or something, he turned around and his eyes connected with Isabella's.

Pedro was startled and his heart began to pound loudly in his chest. Thankfully this was a hospital and he would be treated quickly if he developed a heart attack. By chance, had she found out the truth? He had not been able to relax or sleep comfortably at night because he was scared of Isabella finding out.

But then Isabella seemed surprised as well so Pedro calmed down. If Isabella knew the truth, that calm look wouldn't be her expression - hopefully, he would never witness that expression.

By tomorrow, everything would be done and he would be able to calm down. Once the abortion is over, Pedro planned to send Natasha away to a country where she wouldn't be able to disturb his life and he can live his happily ever after with Isabella.

"Babe!" Isabella walked over to him with a booming expression that melted out the anxiety from Pedro. As expected, she was the sanity to his insanity.

Honestly, Pedro was not intimidated by Isabella's candidness and obduracy. With Isabella, you're either black or white, there's no grey area and she made him feel secure. She was always in control, he loved that about her the most.

"Hmm," Pedro hummed, engulfing her in a tight hug as if he was going to lose her if he let go.

"What are you doing here?" Pedro asked, his gaze falling on Jean who stood a few meters away from them. The man was always with her for protection, neither was he complaining.

"Well, I'm funding the obstetrician department on their latest medical research, " Isabella lied through her teeth without blinking her eyes.

She was a meticulous person and had prepared beforehand for a moment like this. Even if Pedro did a search behind her, he wouldn't find anything about her pregnancy. Not that Pedro would look into it anyway, she knew he trusted her.

"And you?" Isabella asked and noticed a slight hesitation in his tone. Something was wrong.

"Oh, about that," Pedro internally scolded himself for hesitating, what if Isabella got suspicious?

"The director of the hospital is my friend, although you might not remember him but you met him once at the campus," Pedro said to her.

"I only remember necessary people, so I surely don't remember him, " Isabella replied.

"Oh, I'm grateful you don't," Pedro confessed inwardly.

"Anyway," He went on, knowing that Isabella would need a lot of explanation to keep her mind off this case, "We met up and I took the chance to have a general body checkup. Our wedding is fast approaching and I'm sure you don't want me getting sick,"

"Of course," Isabella said and kissed him on the cheeks. She then readjusted his tie in front of everyone that cared to look, "So you're leaving for the office?"

"Yes," Pedro said, "And do you mind going on a date with me, tonight, miss Isabella," He grinned at her.

"Of course, I do want to go on a date with you, Mr. Pedro," She grinned as well.

"So you don't mind if I drive you to your office?" he offered.

"Unfortunately, yes" Isabella refused politely, "I have to drop by somewhere - wedding preparations - before leaving for the company,"

"Alright, I'll see you tonight then," He said.

"Me too,"

Pedro then kissed her one more time before leaving.

As soon as he walked through the revolving doors, the smile on Isabella's face vanished.

"Jean," Isabella called.

"Yes," He stepped closer to her, having sensed an errand coming.

"keep tabs on Pedro, I want to know what's bothering my husband to be," There was a hint of menace in her tone.

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

Chapter 646 - Six Hundred And Forty-Six : Make The Sky Rain With Blood

Warning: Violent scene ahead

The third point of view:

In a certain morgue, a man stood over his son on the steel table who looked pale, well, because he was dead.

Although the man had an indifferent expression, there was evidence of pain and sorrow in his eyes. His hand fisted around the steel and he took a long deep breath before motioning to the funeral director to take over.

He then walked out of the morgue with quite an entourage behind him. This man was no other than

Mikhail Vladislav, the leader of one of the deadliest gangs in country C known as the Blood cobra.

Taking a look at the man, he had dirty blonde hair that touched his nape and was slicked back with gel until it looked like his hair was plastered to his skull.

He had a classic full beard that covered the entirety of his jaw and was perfectly trimmed so it only added a sense of manliness to him. The man's nose would have been straight if not for the slight crook in his nose, evidence of his thuggery. His nose must have been broken in one of his fights.

His teeth were brown because of his tobacco addiction. His eyes were grey and steely cold. It was the eyes of a man who had seen enough violence in his life that it doesn't bother him anymore. And right now, those eyes were burning with fire, he was thirsty for vengeance.

He wore a black shirt with his sleeves rolled up, revealing a half view of the tattoo of a snake on his arms, not that anyone dared to look. Mikhail was feared and it was all for wrong reasons.

That boy that died, no, killed, was his fifth son and the one he loved the most and whoever did that would pay with their own life. He would make sure their own death would be worse.

He got into his car and was driven to an abandoned warehouse. As soon as he stepped in, a man fell on his feet immediately, choking with tears.

"Boss, forgive me! If I had known this would happen, I would have taken his place," The man kowtowed, banging his head on the concrete floor.

Mikhail looked down at him, "How did this happen?" he asked through gritted teeth. His accent was quite thick but his men understood him clearly because they too had one.

"It was that woman,"

"What woman?"

"They call her Nemesis,"

"Nemesis," He tasted the name on his lips, already imagining the number of ways he would end her.

"Many gangs reported of her disrupting their businesses and we never took the threat seriously because we thought..." he gulped, "You know... She wouldn't dare because of our great reputation. So during one of our transports, she attacked her and Amigo wasn't so lucky,"

"And yet she dared that great reputation," Mikhail was not impressed by his excuse, "My son died out of your carelessness,"

It didn't help that he died embarrassingly with his testicles cut off - Amigo had bled out before help could arrive. The thought of that made his blood boil. How could he, the great

Vladislav bury his son incomplete?

No! He would make the sky rain with blood on that very day. When he gets his hands on that woman, he would hack her body into pieces and feed her remains to the fishes on the ocean. There would be nothing left to be buried on land.

"Forgive me Boss!" the man cried the more.

However, Mikhail simply pulled out a gun from his waistband and pointed it at his head, "Give me one reason why I shouldn't blast your head off!"

"I have a way of tracking the woman!" He quickly said, desperate to save his life.

His gaze flashed, "You do?"

"The woman, Nemesis, she doesn't operate alone and we caught one of her people,"

"Really?" Mikhail was intrigued this time, withdrawing his gun as the man said a silent prayer, "Where is she then?" he asked.

The man at once gestured to some other men behind him and they left, only to return with a battered woman, bloodied from her head to the toe.

Mikhail drew near to her, although this was not the one he sorted, she aided Nemesis to end her son's life and would equally pay for that.

He squatted down so he could directly meet the gaze of the woman who could barely open her swollen eyes.

"So where is she?" he went straight to the point.

The woman sneered, "Good question," there was sarcasm in her tone.

His gaze hardened, this was not the answer he wanted. So without warning, he punched her in the stomach and the woman fell on the ground crying out in pain.

"I said, where is Nemesis!"

The woman sneered, spitting out blood, "You better kill me because you're not getting anything out of my mouth,"

"Oh really?" He smirked and then snapped his fingers at the man behind him, "Good thing I prepared for a moment like this," He was smug.

The woman's gaze fell on two men who were approaching her and one of them had a plastic bottle in hand and she wasn't a fool to think the content in that bottle was beneficial to her.

"No, no, no!" She screamed and tried to move but the men were upon her and held her still, forcing her to gulp down almost everything. She choked afterward.

"Now," Mikhail smirked, "That is one of the underdeveloped drugs in the market, and guess what its effect is? It affects your nervous system and makes you susceptible to anything and that includes being a loose mouth,"

"No!" The woman tried to bite down on her tongue and end her life, but Mikhail's men sensed her intention and stopped her at once.

"I am not going to tell you anything?!" She raved, breathing heavily.

"Sure," Mikhail agreed, "You won't need to speak, the drug would do the speaking through you," He rubbed his hands together, "Now, shall we begin?"

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

Chapter 647 - Six Hundred And Forty-Seven: Fallen Into His Kids Trap

Ailee's point of view:

Sometimes I can't tell if I should be grateful to have been born into this family or not. Our family was rich and influential yet different from the others and that can be evidenced with Niklaus lying on the couch while Elsa and Ella applied makeup on him.

To be honest, I get jealous a few times of the relationship between the triplets and father. Unlike us, we didn't share all of our childhood with Niklaus and it irritates sometimes whenever I see the triplets being jolly with him. It keeps on reminding me of

what I, no, we -Allen and Ailee -?missed out on. I wasn't sure if Allen felt the same way but I'm sure some part of his teenage rebellion must be because of it.

Yeah, yeah, it sounds petty for sure, you know, being jealous of your own siblings, plus the fact, Allen and I are grown up and all, but I just can't help it.

Sigh.

Sure, we're good with father, but it still doesn't erase that void in there that he's been trying to fill ever since by being the right father to us. Covering up those missed times, days, years, and moments with us. Unfortunately, we grew too quickly and entered a phase of our lives where we crave our freedom from our parents. Plus the fact the birth of the triplets didn't help anyway - all the attention was given to them.

"Daddy, pout your lips," Ella commanded him and Niklaus obediently did as she said. I stared at them and at once envisioned myself as Ella, wondering if I would have been liberal with my affection for my father like this.

No, that was the answer. Allen and I grew up too fast. We never had much interest in this frivolous version of childish as we were more adventurous and constructive. We played adults when we weren't one and now we're adults, I've suddenly come to realize, we want to go back to being kids. Just ordinary kids who don't have to be super smart and know stuff adults know; kids who didn't need to see the evil side of the world before they clocked ten.

Gosh, why am I being emotional today? This wasn't like me. Anyway, my attention went back to Niklaus and his kids. And to be honest, Niklaus looked quite ridiculous, not that I was going to say that loud. Elsa and Ella would haunt me for the rest of my life if I do so.

Secret: I'm scared of them.

"And for the finishing touch," Elsa said and then shouted, "Diego, get the wig!"

"I'm coming!" The poor boy hurried over to his sisters with a pink wig that I could proudly say was from our mother's closet. Reina would be so proud of them - note the sarcasm.

Sometimes I couldn't help but see some sort of resemblance between Diego and Neon. Back then, Neon had been sort of eh... our errand boy - blame that on Allen, not me. I was quite merciful compared to my brother and those lessons shaped Neon into the man he is today. Yeah exactly, we were just training him. Aha, training him. Trust me. In one word, Diego is kind of undergoing training from his sisters - the same way we trained Neon.

"Here!" Diego handed the wig to Elsa who made Niklaus sit up and both of them - Ella and Elsa - wore him the wig.

"Tada!" Ella exclaimed with a smile as if they just unwrapped a surprise package.

"Here," Diego quickly handed an ornate gold handheld mirror to Niklaus who took it and looked at his reflection.

He gulped.

Niklaus had too much lipstick on his lips and his cheeks had too much blush as well since they were red. His eyebrows were drawn thickly and the bridge of his nose emphasized. However, the eyeliner fitted him quite well but the pink wig - that he wore properly - was out of place. Niklaus didn't look womanish nor masculine, he was stuck in between and it made him look awkward - he almost looked like a clown. Perhaps, the look would be much suited to their uncle Eden who had effeminate features.

"Isn't it amazing, father?" Ella asked, fishing for praises.

"Of course, it's amazing," Niklaus lied through his teeth, putting down the mirror.

"My daughters are the best make-up artists the world has ever seen. Come here," Niklaus ordered and they all climbed into the seat and he began to kiss them on the forehead one after the other, "Muah! Muah! Muah!"

They all giggled.

Strangely, I didn't feel jealous. If anything, I was kind of proud of Niklaus. Not all fathers were this playful with their kids. Perhaps, I've been thinking too much. But then, something happened.

"Well," Elsa, the most mischievous out of the three started and I knew at that moment it couldn't be something good, "Since we're done with making you beautiful, it's time to pay us for our services,"

"Huh?" Niklaus was startled.

I facepalmed, that foxy sister of mine was about to rip off our father.

Niklaus laughed awkwardly, "I never thought I would have to pay for services rendered to me by my own daughters," He hinted that she should let him off because they were family.

"Sorry, father, but these materials cost money to acquire," Ella was in cahoots with her sister.

"Really?" Diego said, "I thought the makeup box belonged to Mother - ouch!" The little boy felt a pinch on his thigh.

"Sorry, that must be an ant," Elsa smiled down at him in a fake apology. She then faced Niklaus, "The payment, father?"

This time, Allen who had remained quiet all this while snickered at the corner. Our father just fell into his kid's traps.

"Sure," Niklaus had no choice but to keep to their terms, "So how much is this payment of yours?" He already brought out his wallet.

If only he knew.

"One thousand dollars, father," Elsa announced with a smile.

Niklaus' face distorted at once, "One thousand fucking..." He trailed off when he realized his language. He then asked with a fake smile, "One thousand what, my dear?"

Lol, an illustrative photo of Niklaus being beautified by his kid is in the comment section
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Chapter 648 - Six Hundred And Forty-Eight: What Was Happening To Her

Ailee's point of view:

"One thousand what, my dear?" Niklaus was in a state of utter disbelief. How could this be?

"One thousand dollars, father," Ella said this time. Of course, she would always support her sister.

"Why that much amount though? The makeup session was just for ten minutes," Niklaus carefully asked.

"Because," Elsa as expected took it upon herself to explain, "The materials used are topnotch, so it's the highest quality there is - mother can confirm that,"

"Of course mother can confirm that because it's her makeup kit," I wanted to say but kept my mind shut. This was between Niklaus and his kids.

"Moreover, you said we are the best makeup artists the world has ever seen and that includes, of course, the best payment," She explained proudly.

I shook my head, Elsa would make a good businesswoman in the future, she was shrewd. But then, Niklaus was in a dilemma, he dug his own pit by overestimating his kid's capability and now, he was paying for that.

Moreover, one thousand dollars was nothing to Niklaus, he could spend thousands of that without flinching. So a deal was a deal, backing out now would seem cowardly.

"Fine," Niklaus finally agreed to their terms and our jaws almost dropped to the ground. At that moment, Allen and I had the same thought in mind. Even as kids, we never swindled him of that amount. It was simply ridiculous. How could that be?! Our own great legacy was being threatened by our siblings. No, we couldn't let that be.

However, before we could protest, our mother Reina came into the living room, a look of shock on her face.

"What the hell is going on here?" She was dumbfounded, her gaze moving from the ridiculously looking Niklaus to her makeup kit and back to the triplets who now had an innocent expression plastered on their faces.

"Hi honey," Niklaus said, fluffing his wig and posed.

"Oh boy," I muffled my laughter. Here we go. This would go into the chronicles of the Spencer Family. I should really start writing that book.

"What is my make-up kit doing here? And who even took that wig from my closet?!" Reina asked sternly, hands on her hips.

Without even blinking an eye, Elsa and Ella pointed to their brother Diego who blinked at their mother innocently, "Did I?"

Reina sighed, rubbing her temples. I bet the kids must be driving her crazy - she wasn't the only one who felt that way. At school, there were endless reports about them and their mischief. As I said, their activities were beginning to topple over our legacy - nobody hardly remembers our pranks now.

"Mommy, don't be angry, alright?" Elsa hugged her mother's thigh persuasively with her sister, Ella doing the same. And trust me, that's the end of Reina's anger. You see, they're treated like babies and I'm not saying this because I'm jealous. I'm not jealous at all.

"Also mother," Ella said this time, "We made one thousand dollars with it without effort," She proudly displayed evidence of the money their father had transferred to them in her cellphone. Once this was over, they would split the money amongst themselves.

Upon seeing that, Reina's accusing gaze flickered over to Niklaus who whistled and looked away. He was spoiling the kids again.

Mom sighed, it seems she was too tired for an argument between them, "Go clean that off and come for supper," she ordered Niklaus and then looked at me, "Go get Neon down, the food is ready,"

"Sure," I said without thinking twice and that prompted a look from Allen. Why was he staring at me that way when he hadn't told me where he went yesterday after school?

Today, the Donovan twins didn't come to school and I heard from the teacher that they had accommodation problems and had to resolve that. Well, I was grateful for their absence, I won't have to see Eve, the - would - have - been friend flirting with my brother. Although I kind of miss Theodore, with each hour that passes, I keep getting intrigued about him. I wanted to get to know him and he's kind of handsome, you know.

Yeah, yeah, I know, I'm attracted to beautiful faces like my mother. But I can't help it, after all, I might spend the rest of my life staring at one particular face - if things go well. I had to choose the best face that I couldn't get tired lookin at.

I got to Neon's floor and knocked on his door. If there's anything I've learned so far from boys, it is that you should never burst into their room unannounced. Yeah, I know Neon is not as sexually active as Allen, but you can never tell. What if he's er... relieving himself? You know, touching himself... No! I can't ruin the innocent image of Neon in my mind.

No one answered at the first knock.

I knocked the second time and still get nothing.

"Neon, open up!" I shouted, banging on his door. He must have fallen asleep or something, I thought and decided to walk in when the door was opened from inside.

"Seriously, what kept you from...." The rest of my words died off as I was treated to a bare chest with droplets of water rolling down his silky skin.

I gulped, what the hell was this? Mom was not kidding, Neon really had a nice chest. It wouldn't surprise me if I suffered a nose bleed.

Mesmerized, I watched a droplet of water roll down the hard ridges of his taut stomach and then to the deep V of his abdomen causing my throat to dry up as it finally soaked into the towel around his waist. He must have been taking a shower.

I glanced up at once and caught Neon staring at me and I almost choked on my saliva. He had been watching me stare at his stomach. Oh my God, I must be a pervert.

My cheeks heated and a blush crept up my face as I stuttered, "Come down for dinner," and ran off as quickly as my legs could take me. What the hell was happening to me?

Chapter 649 - Six Hundred And Forty-Nine : I'm A Minute Older Than You

The third point of view:

No one bothered to ask Ailee why her cheeks were looking like an overripe tomato as they were busy getting prepared for supper. It was only her twin who looked at her and suddenly his gaze narrowed at her suspiciously and that made Ailee uncomfortable.

"Why are you staring at me that way?" She asked, irritated by his unwavering gaze.

"Why does it look like you did something bad?" Allen asked, scrutinizing her.

"Hey," She retorted, "Just because your soul is tainted doesn't mean everyone else is as corrupt as you are,"

"Really?" he smirked, "I seem to think the quiet ones are the good pretenders,"

"You!" Ailee was flustered. She then calmed down upon seeing that her reaction only fed her twin's ego.

So she smirked and asked instead, "Where did you go yesterday, Allen? We went home without you and your girlfriends sucking faces in the back seat. I'm not saying that I missed you or something, but that's a welcome development and a rare one, don't you think so?" Ailee asked confidently.

At once Allen's expression changed, well, for a moment, because he went back to being the expressionless asshole he was. That was an aspect of their father's trait he possessed and she hated that the most. It was annoying. Not that she couldn't pull off a stoic face, but Allen was like a master of impassiveness and no one could beat him, after their father.

He came close to her and said, "Instead of getting so interested in my private life, why don't you get a relationship that would relieve your boredom," He sneered.

Ailee gritted her teeth, her brother was getting on her nerves. He is the reason why she's not in any relationship and he knows that and yet, he was mocking her. Unfortunately, she would not let him win this time.

"Sure, my plans of getting a boyfriend already seem prosperous," She confessed.

"Yeah, sure," He smirked, "Goodluck with that,"

"Well, thank you," Ailee proudly accepted his good wishes and intended to walk past him when her brother grabbed her by the arm,

"What?" Her brow raised.

"I hope you don't introduce a fake boyfriend to us - mom and dad included. That sort of trick doesn't stand the test of time. Moreover, you wouldn't steep that low, right?" he was smug.

Ailee planned to slap his smugness off his face.

"Of course, I wouldn't steep that low," she concurred with him, yet continued, "I would get together with just one partner," she emphasized on "one", "So I don't get diseases from multiple partners,"

Allen's expression changed, his sister's words got to him.

Smug now, Ailee swept away invincible dust on his chest, "I'll suggest you visit our family doctor, that's a piece of sincere advice from me as your lovely sister. I'm sure our doctor would treat you discreetly," She hinted that he wouldn't announce the name of the so thought disease.

"Hey, you little -"

"Shhh," Ailee suddenly pressed her finger against her lips, and surprisingly, Allen obeyed her.

"You seem to have forgotten that I'm a minute older than you," she reminded him and Allen went cold still. Yeah, how could he forget that?

"Good luck," Ailee simply patted him on the shoulder and left for the dining where the food was already served.

Ailee barely sat down when Neon arrived at the table and coincidentally, their eyes met. A blush crept up her face and she instantly took her eyes away.

This was simply outrageous, she had lived with Neon for almost eleven years and witnessed him grow from a boy into the man he is today. This was not the first time she had seen Neon bare and yet today's encounter bothered her. But then, this was the first time she noticed he was hot. Whoever had him as a boyfriend in the future was quite lucky.

Hopefully, her brother Allen doesn't steal away his girlfriend as well.

But then, thinking of that now, was that the reason he was still single? Could Allen be the reason Neon hadn't thought of having a girlfriend? Because he was afraid of his girlfriend falling for his brother? Or had his love interest fallen for Allen's charm by chance?

No, Ailee shook her head in thought. If Allen had somehow seduced his love interest, both of them would have come to blows. Her brothers were good at expressing their feelings with some punches to the face. It was until recently that they somehow calmed down as if they came to a truce. In the past, they did more punching than talking.

Surprisingly, even with their fights, both were good with each other? No, the relationship between Allen and Neon was somehow strange. She couldn't decipher that.

Everyone else sat down and Ailee pretended as nothing happened. Neon did the same as well and thankfully couldn't read the spiraling thoughts in her mind.

As usual, Mom sat with Elsa and Diego on either side of her while Niklaus sat with Ella beside him. They had a good sense to separate Elsa and Ella even at the table because both together were a formidable team compared when with their brother. If both Elsa and Ella were acids, then Diego was water, their diluter.

Reina spends more time serving the triplets by her side than herself. The triplets were still kids - even though they were ten years old - and she had to care for them properly - thankfully Ailee didn't hear those thoughts of hers.

"By the way," Reina informed Niklaus whose attention was also on his daughter, Ella.

"Mmm," He said, hinting that he was all ears.

"Neon would be on my team this season," she announced to the others who hadn't heard the news aka @ Allen the great.

"Is that so?" Niklaus asked Neon to be precise.

"Mother asked me to help her and I did," He said, yet added, "That's the least I can do for having taken care of me all these years," He hinted that he wasn't exactly family and everyone's expression shifted.

Well, not exactly all, since Allen looked undisturbed, eating his food and the triplets who had no idea of the history.

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

Chapter 650 - Six Hundred And Fifty: How Are You Doing, Son?

The third point of view :

"Neon, what do you think about being my son?" Niklaus asked the ten years old boy. This was three years after his mother, Jennifer was locked up in an asylum.

He had watched the way the boy interacted with his kids and they were good with each other, although Allen once in a while posed to be a problem, it was nothing he couldn't handle.

Honestly, he had thought Reina would be the greater problem since this was the son of a woman he had a history with and who nearly killed her. To his greatest shock, she was the one who suggested adopting him.

"He's a good kid and I'll take better care of him once he's mine," Was her decision.

And that motivated him to suggest the idea to Neon knowing the boy had to consent first before he could make any other move.

"Adopt me?" Neon asked, surprised.

"Yes, that means you and Ailee and Allen would be real siblings. You would then bear the same surname as them and of course, access to the privileges of being a Spencer. It sounds amazing, doesn't it? What do you think?" Niklaus enticed him the same way a salesperson would do to a customer.

"So If you adopt me....?"

"Yes?"

"I would be real siblings with Ailee?" he reasoned.

"Of course, you'd be real siblings for life," Niklaus said proudly. He didn't need a soothsayer to tell him Neon would agree to his request. After all, what child in his right mind would reject such a tantalizing offer?

Neon thought over it and said, "If I became your child, that means I can't marry Ailee, right?"

"Of course, Neon," Niklaus laughed, "You can't marry Ailee because she would be your..." He trailed off when realization set in.

Oh no, it couldn't be. No way. There was no way on earth this kid liked his daughter, right? He means, what does the kid even know about love and marriage?

[A/N: Well, he's been watching you and Reina. How wouldn't he know?]

"If that's the case, then I don't want to be your son," Neon decided, eyes steel with determination.

Niklaus felt his head throb with a headache. This had to be the most absurd thing he had even heard. Who in the right mind would reject such an offer? Does he know how many billion people in the world wish to be a Spencer? To be in his shoes? Yet, all this power and riches, he threw them away because he wanted to be with his daughter. What does the kid even know about relationships?

So Niklaus attempted one more time to convince him, "Look, Neon, you're young and don't know what you're talking about,"

"No, leave me alone!" Neon said and took off while Niklaus was left, dumbfounded.

However, he didn't give up and looked for diverse ways and techniques to convince him but the boy's mind was made up.

"Ailee and I made a promise never to leave each other and I intend to keep mine," Neon would always say to him.

So Niklaus let him be. But then, he never told the real reason behind Neon's refusal to be adopted to Reina knowing how protective his wife was of her children. Moreover, he was sure Neon would change his mind once he grew up more - he simply had a crush on his daughter.

As Niklaus expected, he had no reason to fear as the kids grew up closer than he thought, to the extent that unless one knew of Neon's surname, they would never know he wasn't a true Spencer.

Most of his acquaintances even thought that Neon was his bastard son due to the way he treated him and their distinct appearances. He let them think whatever they wanted as far as it didn't make the front page of the media.

His only problem was that Neon had no girlfriend, unlike his son, Allen, who inherited his playboy lifestyle - if only Allen knew that would pose a problem for him in the future.

Everything was going well until this very moment after the boy's statement which caused an awkward silence to fall over everyone at the dining except Allen and the triplets.

They have been doing and living well together, why bring up the topic of not being a member of the family? Even the triplets didn't know he wasn't their real brother. Even if they somehow did, they were not showing it - they loved Neon equally.

"I'm sorry," Neon apologized after he realized what he said. It seems the comment slipped out of his mouth.

Allen put down his utensil, "So now you've said it, how do you feel?" he asked, brows raised at him.

"Allen," Reina cautioned him, knowing nothing positive could come out of that sharp mouth of his. He was intentionally trying to stir up trouble.

"No," Allen chuckled derisively, "Let's be sincere here, what was he trying to achieve by reminding us all that he's not a member of this family? Pity?"

A chair squeaked as it was pushed back, "I think I'm going to rain check on supper today," Neon stood up.

"Neon!" Ailee called after him but the boy ignored her and hightailed it out of there.

Ailee turned to her brother with anger and spat, "Asshole!" before she went after Neon.

She knew where Neon would be, there was always one place he would go after an episode like this and that was where she found him.

The rooftop.

Neon stood still, staring out at the starry sky and the magnificent city view while the night breeze tousled his hair. Ailee went ahead to hug him from behind, saying, "You know, your habits never change,"

He didn't say anything, just sighed.

"You should know Allen by now. Never take Allen's words to heart, he's a sadist who's just searching for a source of entertainment from his boring mundane life," She comforted him.

"If you are going to comfort me, then you have to do it properly," Neon said, then pulled her to his front where he embraced her tightly.

None of them said a word, both just took comfort in each other's embrace. But then, Ailee spoke up after a while, "Come on, Neon, let's go down, you have to eat,"

"Fine, I'm good now," He said, then glanced down at her with a smile, "After all, someone just rejuvenated me with a special hug,"

Ailee wrinkled her nose and pushed him away playfully, "Stop teasing me and come and eat,"

"Sure, mom," He teased her further.

Ailee rolled her eyes and then took his hand and started to pull him along when his phone beeped with his message.

Neon brought out his phone from his pocket to check his notification only for his brows to furrow at the message he received.

{How are you doing, son?}

"Hey, what is it?" Ailee asked, noticing the change in his countenance.

"It's nothing," he said, putting his phone back into the pocket of his pants.

Neon smiled at Ailee but inwardly, he felt a sense of dread and didn't like it one bit.

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