

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 681 - Six Hundred And Eighty-One: Do You Trust Me, Your Highness, Akim - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 681 - Six Hundred And Eighty-One: Do You Trust Me, Your Highness, Akim

*Chapter 681 - Six Hundred And Eighty-One: Do You Trust Me, Your Highness, Akim*

The third point of view:

Akim was startled when the chair beside him squeaked when pushed out and was taken by someone. He turned to see it was no other than Anika who flashed her usual smile at him.

He sighed, it seems they had the last class of the day together. It wasn't that he was wary of her company but he had a reason to be wary.

Anika was a wildfire while he was a caged bird and though he liked her, a bit? Yeah, just a bit. He can't give her the kind of attention she wants. So he has to kill off any attraction he has for her before it develops into deep affection.

"You don't want to talk to me?" She said, her chin propped up by her hand on the desk with her whole attention on him.

"I wonder how you became an honor student when you don't even listen in class," He replied, all of his attention focused on the textbook in front of him. He raised the textbook's jacket such that he used it to shield his face from her curious gaze.

"Because I'm naturally intelligent and you're intentionally trying to change the topic at hand," she pulled the book jacket down only to see that Akim was just watching a video from his phone.

She recognized that video, it was a documentary done earlier on Lincolnshire and their culture. Her brows furrowed, why was he watching such a thing while class was ongoing? It was not like he was a newcomer enthralled with the beauty of Lincolnshire.

Then she watched the video featuring places of attraction in Lincolnshire and she began to glue the pieces of the puzzle together, having remembered that night he sneaked out of the palace with his sister. Anika smirked, so that was the problem?

"Instead of just staring at the outside world from your phone, why don't you go experience it by yourself?" she said to him.

Akim's head whipped around immediately, his intense gaze glaring at her. How had she figured that out? Oh right, she claimed she was highly intelligent? Great! Another person to annoy him at school, as if his parents back home were not enough?

"Stop glaring at me that way, Akim," Anika rolled her eyes, he was being kind of childish right now.

"It's Prince Akim!" He growled at her, "Who gave you the right to call me by my name?!" He was wrongfully transferring his aggression on her. Akim was feeling helpless in his situation and the fact Anika knew and was rubbing it in his face kind of pissed him off.

"Oh," Anika raised her brow at him, "We're observing decorum now, your highness?" There was pure sarcasm in her tone.

Akim hissed at her, brows drew together and jaw clenched. For some reason, he wanted to argue with her but that was not the way he was brought up. It was not princelike. So he remained mute and closed the textbook, with the phone in it, signifying the end of the discussion. However, Anika was very stubborn and was not through with him.

"I thought you were brave but you are nothing but a coward!"

And that did it! Akim banged his hand on his desk, "Say that again and I'll have my....." he trailed off realizing he just proved her right.

Anika sneered, "You would have your men punish me?" She helped him finish the sentence, staring him straight in the eyes. Anika was bold and fearless, she was not afraid of what he would do to her because he was nothing but a paper tiger - at least for now.

Akim's mouth opened and closed, unable to speak for a while. Thankfully his face was saved when the teacher came over to their desk and asked, "Is anything the problem here?"

At that question, he and Anika looked at each other and answered simultaneously, "No!"

"Very well then," the teacher observed them once more before returning to the front of the class and resumed her teaching.

"You could leave after school?" Anika suggested to him as soon as they were left alone once again.

"Are you crazy?" Akim whispered-yelled, "You claim you are so smart yet you don't understand that the outside without the protection of my parents is dangerous!"

Anika drew closer to him, "You forget that you didn't need your parent's protection the day you sneaked into the town square and nothing happened,"

"We were just lucky that night," Akim countered.

"Then you forget that the most dangerous place is also the safest place because that's the last place your enemy would expect you to be," she made her point.

"That would be playing with fire. Moreover, even if I changed my mind, how would I escape my men, they're always beside me, I can't shake them off?"

"You don't need to worry about that when you have a great genius by your side," She grinned at him.

He narrowed his gaze at her, "You have a plan or what?"

She shrugged, "That would depend on your acting skills,"

Akim was stunned, looking at her as he considered her offer. But then, the more he thought about it, the crazier it seemed.

"No, I can't do this," He shook his head, "This is pure rebellion against my parent's rules and they would be disappointed in me,"

"For sure, they would be disappointed in you but by then, you've made your statement. Sometimes some situations need to be changed by a leap of faith,"

"Moreover..." Anika's voice was husky as she drew nearer, such that she could stare at his lips, "Rules are meant to be broken,"

Akim noticed her move and gulped. If they weren't in class right now, he would have thought Anika was trying to kiss him like she did the other day. However, that was a dangerous thought because his heart began to pound loud in his chest. He must be crazy.

So he drew closer as well, trying to prove to Anika that he wasn't as innocent as she thought him to be. He had seen stuff too - although he hadn't done them - he had been taught to be the man in any situation and that meant to be in charge.

"How do you know so much?" He asked, regarding her carefully to notice any change in her reaction, "Sometimes, I wonder if you're an enemy or an ally and if I should trust you?"

However, Anika didn't even react, she simply kept her gaze on him.

"Then the question should be..." She reached out to cup his face, caressing his smooth skin, "Do you trust me, your highness, Akim?"

*Chapter 682 - Six Hundred And Eighty-two: His Escape*

The third point of view:

The bell rang and that marked the end of classes as students strolled out one after the other from their classroom. Both bodyguards stationed right outside the classroom kept their eyes out for his highness, the prince Akim, wondering what was delaying him. He was usually the first to alight once lessons were over.

Thinking something must have happened to him, they were just about to investigate the reason for the delay when he came out of the classroom with a girl by his side.

The both of them were stupefied as this was the first time his highness was being this close to a woman. They would be sure to bring this good news to his parents.

They cleared their throat to announce their presence to his highness who ignored them and kept on with his conversation. They didn't react to his silence and instead, maintained a few meters from his highness, giving him a bit of privacy like usual.

"So what's the plan?" Akim asked, his voice lowered. He didn't look back so the guards didn't suspect he was up to no good.

"You have to escape here as soon as I start," She said and that made him the more confused.

"I don't know anyplace here aside from the route to school and school," He pointed out his ignorance.

Akim sighed, at this rate, his men would catch him and their plans would all be for nothing.

"You would wait for me at the nearest phone booth, it's around the area. I'll find you there. Before then, you'd have to avoid all cameras and...." she smiled.

Akim shivered, he didn't like that smile on her face.

"I don't care to know how you do it but steal some cloth on your way out,"

"What?!" He almost shouted, yet was quick to compose himself, "That is impossible,"

"Your biggest problem would be escaping the school and changing your appearance would help a lot. I would take care of the two from behind and you find a way to escape here. Deal?"

"Deal," He added under his breath, "I'm just worried over the fact that I don't know what you have in mind,"

Anika smiled and punched him on the shoulder, Akim groaned. For a girl, she was quite strong. Unknown to them, their innocent gesture seemed like a public display of affection to his matured bodyguards. They had a lot of tales to narrate to their pals today - if only they knew they would have more than enough stories in the next minute.

"Are you ready?" Anika asked him.

Akim began to panic, "I don't think I'm -"

"Urgh!" Anika's expression distorted as she suddenly moaned, her hands going to wrap around her stomach as if in pain.

Upon the warning that Anika had given him beforehand, Akim still panicked when she cried out in pain. Perhaps, she had known that he was not a good actor and kept him in the dark for this very reason - his best reaction.

"Anika, what's wrong?" Akim went over to her trying to keep her from falling.

"I don't know," She said, tears trailing down her cheeks while her features distorted in pain.

"Your highness!" Both men came to his side, as confused as the prince was.

Akim wanted to believe that this was the long-awaited plan by Anika but then it was too real. What if Anika was hurting and something happened to her because he thought it was a prank?

"Take her to the infirmary now! She needs treatment!" He barked orders at his men who didn't hesitate.

It was at that moment that Akim saw the sly smile Anika gave him and he knew at once that she was acting? Oh my God, he thought that was real. Gosh, how could she do that to him without any warning?

But then, that was no time to complain, but to act. One of his guards carried Anika but the other hesitated, obviously contemplating leaving Akim all alone.

"I swear to God if anything happens to her, I'll make sure that not only you suffer the consequences but the rest of your family. I have enough security waiting for me outside, so get your ass moving!"

"Yes, your highness!"

No one needed to tell them twice and they went away with Anika who gave Akim a thumbs-up behind their back.

As soon as they went down the hallway, Akim knew it was time to act. One of them would definitely alert the others outside and they would come for him. He had to move now!

Akim moved with the crowd of students, it would be much safer to go under their camouflage. He scanned the crowd for suitable attire and finally found his target.

The innocent boy didn't even know what happened until he was grabbed by the wrist and dragged into the restroom.

"Your highness!" He was startled.

"Your clothes"

"What?!"

"Change out of them, quick!"

The next few minutes, Akim came out of the restroom with his hair hidden in the baseball cap he put on. He wore an ordinary t-shirt and denim with a different backpack on his shoulder.

His heart skipped a beat the instant he recognized his bodyguards rushing into the hallway, they must have been alerted of the news and the fact he hadn't come outside for a while now.

He pulled the cap lower and mixed with the crowd of students in the hallway, passing his bodyguards without even them noticing him.

When he came outside, he saw one of the bodyguards standing at the entrance and scanning the students leaving. He knew at once it would be impossible to leave without being noticed. He had to do something. But what was he going to do?

Then an idea hit him.

Akim went over to a group of girls and inserted himself in their middle, hugging both girls at his side at the waist.

Startled and angry at his rude manner, the girls wanted to scold him but the instant they recognized him, their appearance softened at once.

"Your high -"

"Shh," Akim pressed his finger against his lips, "Help me out please," He pleaded with them.

*Chapter 683 - Six Hundred And Eighty-Three: His Wonderful Wife*

The third point of view:

Judy was in his office going through the paper works on his desk when the door to his office was opened and a head peered out, "Did someone send for coffee?"

He looked up and smiled, Of course, it was wonderful wife, Emily.

"I didn't, but an angel must have heard my prayer," He flirted back.

Emily rolled her eyes towards heaven yet there was amusement in her gaze, that old geezer still hadn't quit his sweet talks.

She walked over to his side and placed the coffee on his desk, her eyes taking in the huge documents piled up on his desk.

"It seems you would be pulling an all-nighter again," She pointed out as he sipped the coffee she brought.

Judy sighed and leaned back on his seat, "What can I do? Being a king is not a child play. The more Lincolnshire develops the more the needs and betterment of the lives of the citizens," He said.

"You must be exhausted," Emily said, going to his back only to place both hands on the muscles of his shoulder, fondling them at first only to add more pleasure as she began to massage him.

"Yes, that feels good," Judy groaned, closing his eyes as he relished the feelings. Sitting all day wasn't exactly good for his muscles and his wife releasing those knotted muscles was the best feeling in the world right now. Getting married to her was the best thing he had ever done.

"Yes, yes, there," He moaned as she kneaded them further. She was the best wife ever.

Emily went red in the face when she heard her husband's moan. Although that was done innocently, her dirty mind interpreted it the other way and right now, her body desired something else.

Her hands become less firm and instead become a caress as she eased deeper into his shirt, skimming over his nipples and broad chest.

Judy's eyes which were previously shut close snapped open when he felt the tune of the music had changed. This was no longer a massage but seduction, his naughty wife was up to no good again.

However, he was not complaining either. After all, scientists had proven that sex was a good stress reliever and if he wanted to be at optimal condition, he had to satisfy his queen - and himself.

He groaned when her hand closed over his breast and trailed circles around his flat nipple while her other hand stroked his chest. The feeling was amazing.

"I've missed you," Emily murmured into his ear, taking the lobe of his ear into his mouth and sucked it.

"Yes, I've missed you as well," Judy replied, his tone husky and filled with desire.

She nipped on his earlobe before pulling away just as Judy grabbed her and tugged her towards him. He then grabbed her and hoisted her up, placing her on his lap such that she straddled him.

They looked into each other's eyes that were dark with desire and their lips fused in a long, passionate kiss that drew the breath out of their lungs. As the kiss deepened, Judy's hands went to the back of her dress to pull down her dress while she ground against him. At this rate, Judy knew he wasn't going to last and he showed it by the haste in his actions.

The instant the dress was unzipped, it slipped down revealing her breast that still looked wonderful to him even after experiencing motherhood.

Without wasting time, he took one of her breasts into his mouth and latched on it like a starved child. Emily gasped from the delight, her hand grabbing his shoulder tight.

Her fingers dug into his flesh when he sucked deeper as if he couldn't get enough of her. He pulled away and took the other breast into his mouth while his finger worked the other. He ran his tongue in a circular motion across her nipples causing delicious shivers to run through her.

Emily felt her insides clench, she was wet down there and needed him like crazy. So while he drove her mad with desire, her hands went to his pants and began to work on his belt. As soon as he was free and his member sprang forth, Emily held him in her hand and felt him from base to end.

His head lulled back and his eyes closed from pleasure, the feeling was exquisite. He then pulled her up, his hand reaching beneath her dress to cup her wonderful bottom, having a good feel while Emily peered up at him through lowered lids, her lips parted. Her aroused look excited him.

He then slipped his hand into her panties and rubbed her fold, Emily gasped and her legs shook. She placed both hands on his chest to anchor herself, giving him a full view



of her breast and his hands working her. Then he rubbed her once again, this time up and down.

"Judy!" Emily moaned, her breath coming in gasps with her legs still shaking like a baby learning their first steps.

He then snapped her panties into two causing her eyes to widen at his wild gesture - that was her favorite underwear. Without even a word, he grabbed her hips and positioned her, entering her in one thrust.

Emily moaned, his fullness stretching her deliciously as his hand closed over her bottom and she began to ride him. Their moans and panting filled the room as he thrust into him meeting her moves halfway.

A wild cry erupted from her lips as the pleasure built until she exploded. However, Judy wrapped his arms tightly into her so that she couldn't even move and slammed into her with raw intensity over and over and over till he found his release and she climaxed a second thought.

They lay in each other's arms, relishing the aftermath of their lovemaking.

Emily turned to him and smiled, "I wonder what the kingdom would think when they learn their king is having pleasure in the middle of work,"

Judy smiled back, "I'm sure they would be more than happy to know that I'm equal to both tasks," He said, squeezing her butt cheeks.

"Geez, stop it! What a pervert you are!" She hit his chest playfully.

"I can be as licentious as I want around my wife. Besides, if you feel aggrieved, you're free to squeeze him," He glanced down suggestively.

A blush crept up Emily's face at the same time a knock came on the door.

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

*Chapter 684 - Six Hundred And Eighty-four: A Lamb To The Slaughter*

The third point of view:

His majesty, King Kai was pissed off at being interrupted however, this was working hours, and did he forget to add, he had sex in his office. In one word, he had work to do.

Hence, after ordering his assistant through the intercom to hold off whoever was on the door for ten minutes, he and his wife, Emily, cleaned up in his bathroom and dressed up as if nothing happened before the guest was let in.

But to his surprise, the so thought guest was no other than the head of security that was in charge of Akim's safety. Seeing him here made his heart skip a beat as he suddenly felt a sense of foreboding - something seems to be wrong.

"What is it?" He asked in a slightly stern voice hoping that it wasn't what he was thinking.

"We have a little problem, your majesty," The man said, refusing to meet his gaze.

Judy's grasp tightened on his desk, his eyes resting on Emily in a hurry knowing she would be the most affected if his gut feeling were to be true.

"What is it?" Emily asked him as if sensing this wasn't good as well.

"Honey," He told her, "Could you give me a bit of privacy with him?"

"No," Emily refused almost immediately with fiery determination. She turned to the guard, "This has to do with Akim, right?" She could feel it. Today was the day she finally gave him a bit of freedom and something must have happened. Her fears must have finally come through.

"You're right, your majesty the queen," the guard answered her truthfully, "His highness Akim is missing,"

At that news, Emily staggered back and it seemed like she would fall.

"Your majesty!"

"Emily!"

Judy came to her side and held by the waist, leading her to the couch in his office where he sat her down.

"What did you mean Akim is missing?!" Emily cried out, "Was he kidnapped? Did Fiona finally get to my son?" Tears filled her eyes.

"No, your majesty, contrary to your fears, I believe prince Akim left of his accord," he said and then went into details of his escape from school.

By the time he was done, Judy was cursing and clenching his fist. He ordered him immediately, "Get as many men as possible and find that stupid son of mine before he lands himself in trouble. Find him before Fiona finds him!"

"Yes, your majesty!" the guard replied and was just about to leave and do his job when the king called him back.

"You said he was with a girl?" Judy asked, rubbing his chin contemplatively.

"Yes, your majesty," He answered.

"Find everything that you can on the girl. I need it as soon as possible,"

"Yes, your majesty," The guard said and took his leave.

At that instant, Emily's head whipped around and she faced her husband, brows furrowed, "You think the girl he was with is part of the revolution?" she asked.

"I don't know but I have this gut feeling that Fiona sent her to get into her son's head," He said.

"What?"

"You do know that I grew up in the orphanage," He raised the topic out of nowhere.

"Of course, I know that," Emily replied still not understanding where this topic was headed.

"It happened that there was this mountain not too far from our home. Whenever there was nothing to eat, we the kids formed a group to go to the safer part of the mountain and hunt. We caught down birds and small rodents especially the grass cutters and at the end of the day, roast some part of our hunt and share it with the kids while the others are taken back to the orphanage to support our feeding. We lived a tough life," there was a faraway expression on Judy's face as he narrated the story.

"We set traps, sadly, the rodents are quite smart enough and most of them do escape our snare traps. However, they are good at hiding in holes and once we discover one, we never let go.

"Unfortunately, once discovered, a rodent is less likely to leave their safety hole and so we do something else - draw it out. We fill the hole with dried grasses and then set it on fire. By then the rodent has two options, suffocate to death or escape for dear life.

"Fortunately for us, humans are not the only creatures with survival instincts so in a few minutes the rodent will likely scurry out of the hole and abandon it for good while we begin the game of chase,"

He stopped in front of his wife, "So far Fiona has done everything possible to get her hands on our son and all of it was an epic failure under our protection. And now, the only option she has..."

"Is to draw our son out of our safety net," Emily figured it out, a sense of dread on her expression. May God help her son.

Meanwhile, at the same time, Akim successfully hid in the phone booth as Anika instructed. It was a good thing people hardly use this device nowadays else he would have been scolded for staying in there for a long time.

His heart was still pounding in his throat because he never thought he would escape his men without getting caught. Well, he exactly couldn't blame them for failing to recognize him, after all, they had never seen him surrounded by women.

The only way Akim was able to leave successfully was because he had his arm around two women while two others surrounded him with his cap further lowered as they left through the gate while his guard there didn't even glance at him, thinking it was one of the playboys with his harem.

But then for over thirty minutes, there was still no sign of Anika anyway. It was at that moment that he began to wonder if it had been a mistake to trust Anika. What if this was a trap and he was nothing but a lamb to the slaughter.

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*Chapter 685 - Six Hundred And Eighty-Five :What Would They Think Of Her*

The third point of view:

"Kristen, how is my son, Neon?" Reina asked as soon as her assistant came into her office. She had been busy with a meeting and had no time to come down and check on their progress.

"He's fine," Kristen replied curtly.

"And I believe everything went well?" she inquired, wanting more details.

"Neon is nice and everyone took a liking to him including your eccentric photographer, Micheal. Although...." She trailed off.

"Although what?" Reina arched her brows, sensing there was more to the story.

"Your daughter, Ailee tagged along and right now, she is going under a secret identity," Kristen explained to her.

"Secret identity?" Reina was stunned. Her kids keep surprising her day after day, this shouldn't be huge.

"She calls it gaining experience and asks you not to blow her cover," Kristen added, "Please?"

"Well, she can do whatever she wants as long as it is not against the law," Reina permitted without even blinking an eye. As someone from a common background at first, she wouldn't stop her children from living humbly.

"Sure, I'll relay that to her if they haven't left yet," Kristen said, ready to leave when she turned back as if she had something on her mind.

"What is it?" Reina asked her assistant, observing the way she bit on her lips nervously.

"It's nothing," She said quickly

"Kristen?" Reina pressed, knowing the woman can't keep a secret from her.

Kristen shook her head, lips pressed tightly. There was no way on earth she was going to say that.

"Well?" Reina breathed, "It seems I might have to reconsider that trip to -"

"Fine!" Kristen gave in as Reina smiled, gesturing to her to go on that she was all ears.

"Well, the thing is that... I don't know how to say it..."

"Then say something," Reina demanded, tired of her beating around the bush.

"Don't you think that Neon and Ailee's relationship is a bit odd?"

"OOf course it's strange," Reina laughed it off only to truly comprehend what she suddenly said, "Huh?"

Reina narrowed her gaze at her, "What do you mean by that?" As a woman with sixth instinct, she sensed there was more than the eyes could tell.

"I understand that Neon is not your biological son?"

"And?"

"You treated him like a real son?"

"And?" Reina was trying to connect the dots here.

"Okay," Kristen intertwined her fingers, "Here's the deal, when I was with the both of them, I noticed something strange in their interaction,"

This time Reina readjusted in her seat knowing that this was the interesting part. She leaned closer to her desk asking, "What did you notice Kristen?"

"Intimacy," Kristen announced. She took a deep breath and then rubbed her sweaty hand down her pencil skirt, "I'm not trying to insinuate anything here but I sense something between the both of them, ma'am. Their closeness was a bit too much,"

For a moment Reina didn't say anything as she looked deep in thought, her face expressionless and that made Kristen uncomfortable. What if she said something wrong and the boss fired her for it?

However, to her greatest surprise, Reina burst into laughter. That was not what she expected, either way, that was good, right?

"Kristen," Reina said to her with a hint of amusement, "I can assure you that Neon and Ailee have been inseparable since they were young. They were so close that if it hadn't been for the differences in their appearance, they would have thought Neon was her twin instead of Allen. So you have nothing to worry about," she explained to her.

However, Kristen still had a look of doubt on her face, "But I know what I saw, the look in Neon's eyes was -"

"Kristen, get me a cup of coffee," Reina interrupted her and Kristen knew at that moment that it was the cue to end this conversation.

"Sure, ma'am," Kristen said and took her leave immediately.

As soon as the door to her office closed, the smile that had been on Reina's face vanished at once. She had observed what Kristen talked about - the intimate relationship between Neon and Ailee - but had turned a blind eye to it because they had been that way from birth.

However, it suddenly crossed Reina's mind that there were differences between being a kid and a grown-up. There was a strange glint in Reina's eyes while her brows narrowed, contemplatively. As far as Neon had refused to bear the Spencer name, he was still that woman's son - Jennifer - and Reina wasn't exactly sure she would support any romance between Jennifer's son and her daughter.

Reina sighed, rubbing her temple because her head was throbbing. Maybe she was thinking too much and Kristen must have misunderstood whatever she saw. Yeah, she just had to calm down - her work was already stressful enough.

She picked up her phone intending to call her kid's teachers - the triplets caused trouble every day - since she hasn't received any report. However, her phone lit up with a call and she saw that it was no other than Jean, Isabella's shadow guard.

Reina's brows furrowed at once, knowing the time Jean called was when something happened. Her heart skipped a beat immediately, what could have happened?

"Hello," she picked the call, heart pounding.

The instant Jean said a word, Reina jumped up from her seat and began to search her desk for her car key. She had to go to Isabella.

"Oh my God!"

Reina almost collided with her assistant at the door who had the cup of coffee she requested earlier.

"Sorry!" She sidestepped Kristen at the last minute, heading for the door as her assistant shouted after her,

"What about your coffee?!"

No response.

Reina entered the elevator with great speed, bumping into people with a chorus of, "Sorry! Sorry!"

She just received a report that her daughter Isabella was in the hospital and had to go check up on her.

"Ma'm Reina!" To her surprise, her assistant still stubbornly followed after her.

"What?!" She shrieked annoyed.

"Your coffee!"

At once, Reina took the cup from her and tossed the key to her, "Drive!" entering the car before Kristen could even catch the key.

Seeing that her boss was in a hurry, Kristen had no choice but to double her efforts as well. She got into the car and drive off with Reina sending her the GPS coordinates.

The coffee tasted like alum, Reina didn't even enjoy a taste of it because she was full of worry. She wished at that moment that she had teleportation powers, that way, she would spend the whole time on the way filled with anxiety.

Thankfully, they reached the hospital and she left without Kristen, hurrying into the ward where Isabella was staying. Of course, it was in a private ward and she rushed into the room without even knocking, shouting like a madwoman, "Isabella?! Where are you?!"

"Reina?" a voice called out and she turned to see Isabella coming out from a room that she surmised to be the bathroom, an IV stand in her grip with the drip inserted in the same hand.

"Isabella!" Reina breathed, walking over to her and engulfed her daughter in a tight grip. "Oh my God, thank God!" She rubbed her back soothingly.

Reina pulled away and then cupped her cheeks, "I thought something happened to you, I was so worried,"

Isabella stared at Reina overwhelmed, she was honestly touched by the love shown to her. It was obvious that Reina had run all the way here just to see her because she was still panting.

Perhaps, it was the pregnancy hormone but the next Isabella knew, tears filled her eyes and she began to cry, hugging Reina tighter.

What is going on? Reina was honestly surprised. This was the first time she had ever seen Isabella cry and it was as if a bomb hit her head. She found it hard to believe that this was happening right in front of her.

"Hey, baby, what's wrong?" Reina's tone became softer as she ran her hand through her head. She wondered what happened to have made Isabella this weak? Besides, why was she even in the hospital? She looked fine to her.

"I miss you so much," Isabella said through tears. Yes, she missed Reina but the truth she learned today came weighing down on her once again and it was suffocating her.

She wanted to tell Reina everything but it would seem like a failure on her part. Isabella was sure of her future and what it would look like, but right now, she didn't know anymore. It pained her.

And shamed her.

Look at Reina, upon the fact that Niklaus was a casanova, she was able to change him and make him the man he was today. But her? She hasn't even started her journey!

She and Pedro hadn't even started their marriage already and he cheated on her. What would everyone think of her? The great Isabella?

*Chapter 686 - Six Hundred And Eighty-Six: The Heart Wants What It Wants*

The third point of view:

If Reina had run to the hospital, then Niklaus had zoomed over like the flash. The instant he heard that his daughter, Isabella was rushed to the hospital, his brain stopped



functioning and it was as if he went back to twelve years ago when she was just a problematic kid and he was the father who almost developed a heart attack from her troubles.

Yes, Niklaus loved all of his children equally, but his relationship with Isabella was on a different level. She's his first fruit and product of his youth, hence he would never joke with her.

Once he got to her private ward, Niklaus was prepared to kick the door open only to discover it was open halfway already. He took a step forward when he heard familiar voices from inside and halted. It was his wife Reina and his daughter, Isabella.

He recognized Isabella's voice that sounded broken and that made his brows furrow, Isabella was crying? What the heck? Even as a child the only time he saw Isabella cry was the night Maya died and that was just once.

His child never cried when her biological mother Kay died, swallowing all the grievances in her heart and choosing to mete out her punishment on him. Tears were never an option for Isabella, she only saw it as a sign of weakness and never showed it - at least not to anyone.

What could have made her show this vulnerable side of her then? Something was not right here and where the hell was her fiancé?!

At that same time....

Reina was more than confused. Was Isabella crying because she missed her? It sounded too good to be true. Call it her sixth sense, Reina knew something else happened to have bothered Isabella this much.

"Izzy," Reina tightened her hold around her just as Isabella buried her face further into her chest as if she didn't want her to see her cry. Her heart broke at the sight, her poor proud daughter.

"Come on, talk to me," She pleaded.

After a few minutes, Isabella finally looked up with her tears-filled eyes asking, "How did you do it?"

"Do what?" Reina was confused.

"Keep your marriage together so far? How did you make it so perfect?" she asked desperately.

"Isabella," Reina breathed, brows furrowing as she still tried to figure out what prompted this unbelievable reaction from the great Isabella.

Isabella, the great, went on, "I feel like everything is coming apart before it even begins. I feel scared. What if everything fails?"

Reina narrowed her gaze at her, "Are you developing cold feet about your wedding?" she asked, finally figuring it out. She thought.

"Maybe?" Isabella intentionally didn't give her a clear answer.

It was better for her parents to think that she was having second doubts about her wedding than to know that her husband-to-be cheated on her - well, not intentionally. But it still hurt that he kept that secret from her. Didn't they both agree to be transparent with one another?

It was hard for Isabella to trust somebody, but Pedro? She gave him all of her - her body, soul, and trust. If there was anybody that she thought would never betray her, it was him. But of course, in the end, he proved the fact that humans can never be trusted.

When Jean confirmed the news, it had seemed as if Pedro himself reached out and pulled her heart out of her chest, crushing her it into pieces. It had felt almost impossible to breathe, blank dots filled her vision and the next she knew, she lost consciousness and woke up here.

Thankfully, Isabella had regained her consciousness on time and solved some issues before Reina arrived else the doctor might slip her secret without her permission.

"Oh honey," Reina cooed, "It is perfectly normal to have some lingering doubts before a wedding," She took her hand and led her back to the edge of the bed where they both sat down on it.

"And please," Reina corrected the impression, "My marriage is not perfect and as a matter of fact, no marriage is perfect,"

At that comment Isabella's brows raised, it seemed like Reina was pulling her leg right now.

Reina sighed, for someone who claims to be smart, she's quite dumb in the relationship aspect of it.

"Isabella, a great relationship is about accepting similarities and working on differences. And the cold feet part? I was a wreck as well when I finally decided to marry your father," Reina confessed, however, Isabella disagreed with that.

"You were smiling on that day," Isabella reminded her. After all, she had been a part of her bridesmaids - and did she forget to add she became her legal daughter as well - hence she knew what happened that day.

Reina was not flustered, she smiled instead, "Because I was happy. Sure, I had my doubts about the success of my marriage - the butterflies were messing with my bully and all - but at that moment, I was sure of what I wanted and God, that was your father,"

Unknown to them all, Niklaus who was eavesdropping on their conversation from the outside was grinning from ear to ear. He rubbed his jaw proudly, indeed, he was husband material.

"You know the funny part?" Reina?was still speaking to her daughter, "Your father is no husband material,"

At once, Niklaus's jaw dropped to the ground. He glared at the door, still not believing what he just heard from his own wife.

Reina, oblivious to her husband's presence, was sincere with Isabella and began to list down her father's faults, "Your father is too possessive; he has a great anger; he's too stubborn and not to mention his past. I had to think about that a lot," she added immediately, "And did I forget to add, he's too horny,"

Niklaus sighed. That was an instant knockout. Perhaps, this was why one should never eavesdrop on a conversation between mother and daughter. Sigh, his great reputation. He would never unhear this conversation again.

"But at the end," Reina said to her, "The heart wants what it wants, Isabella. I don't know what's going on with you, my child, but you have to listen to your instinct this time, " she pointed to her heart.

"If Pedro is really the man that makes you happy, then you have no reason to doubt what you both have. Not many people could be in a relationship for this long and survive. What the both of you have is a miracle,"

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*Chapter 687 - Six Hundred And Eighty-Seven: Pedro Was Hers To Punish*

The third point of view:

Clarity filled Isabella after she spoke with Reina. She sighed, so this was the importance of having a mother - one who could clear her head when she's underwater.

"Thank you," Isabella said to Reina's surprise - the girl hardly said "thanks" even up to now. So the woman was more surprised when Isabella pulled her into her arms and hugged her once more.

Reina was right, why should she give up on Pedro just because of an incident? Giving up on Pedro would be the same as admitting defeat to that woman and she, Isabella, never gives up and would never give up.

There was a sinister glint in Isabella's eyes while hugging Reina, her jaw resting on her shoulder. Since Natasha had tried to come in the way of her happiness, she would not be polite either. Two women can never have one man, one of them would have to concede and she - Isabella - would never bow her head to that nobody.

Moreover, Natasha touched something that doesn't belong to her and would pay for what she did. Once Jean found her, she would regret ever knowing someone like her.

"You can hide Natasha but you can't hide forever," Isabella declared in her heart, a smirk tugging her lips to the side.

And as for Pedro, she knew the perfect way to torment him - unless he confessed the truth. In this life, she was the only one who had the right to punish him. No one else.

Meanwhile, Niklaus who was still outside had a smile on his face. As he expected, he was right to rely on his wife's great ability to clear crises.

"By the way," Reina finally pulled away, "Why are you in the hospital? Jean told me you collapsed,"

"Oh, that," Isabella was taken aback by the question since it had come out of nowhere, "The doctor said it was stress,"

Isabella was speaking the truth, she had fainted out of stress and low blood sugar caused by her pregnancy but she omitted that part. Nobody has to know yet.

"Stress?!" Reina was angered, "You must be stressed up with the wedding preparations and all! Where the hell is Pedro by the way? Shouldn't he be here by now?"

Exactly, where was Pedro? Niklaus concurred with that.

As if they finally summoned him, Pedro was running at full speed only to stop short when he saw Niklaus at the entrance of the hospital. His heart began to pound in his throat because of the way Niklaus was glaring at him.

"Good day sir Niklaus," Pedro gulped, struggling to keep his gaze on his soon-to-be father-in-law. If eyes were bullets, he was sure he would be long dead and Niklaus would be walked out by the police in handcuffs.

Niklaus didn't say anything - his gaze already showed he was displeased with Pedro - instead, he intentionally cleared his throat to announce his arrival and walked in, with Pedro following after him with a good distance between them.

Isabella and Reina noticed their presence after Pedro greeted him so their eyes rested on them immediately they entered.

"Father,"

"Isabella,"

That would have been the only form of greeting between the both of them if Niklaus hadn't taken the step to hug her. To date, both of them still found it hard to express their affection for each of them.

Niklaus hugged her tight, kissing her on the forehead. He was grateful to know that she was up and well. If anything happens to Isabella, he wasn't sure he would be able to face Kay in the afterlife? He and Kay had a bad fate and the only thing he could do was to keep her safe - even if that means separating her from Pedro.

"God, Niklaus, you're crushing me," She complained, "Stop being so emotional. As you can see, I'm safe,"

"Stop being such an ass and let me hug you just this once," He countered, tightening his grip. Niklaus understood the true meaning of fear today after the call. Perhaps if he had calmed down and listened to the rest of Jean's message, he wouldn't have panicked so much in the first place.

Reluctantly, Niklaus finally pulled away and Isabella stepped away from him to come into Pedro's view. The both of them just stood still, staring at each other.

"I'm sorry," Pedro finally opened his mouth to say, "I mistakenly had my phone on silent and didn't get to answer..." he was still saying when Isabella silenced him with a kiss.

Niklaus growled a warning, even after so many years, he was still not used to their public display of affection.

"Stop being so grumpy," Reina nudged him playfully. She rolled her eyes, "You should be happy for her," Compared to the righteous Pedro, her husband was once a player. Sigh, why was he being so uptight?

Pedro was dumbfounded by the reception from Isabella, he had expected her to be angry at him for arriving late. He was supposed to be the first to arrive here and yet he failed.

He realized at that moment, he had been failing Isabella a lot lately. When did he begin to change? He could not take it anymore? He had to tell the truth and breathe. But it was not here - not in the presence of her parents.

"I gave you my daughter to take care of, not to kill her with stress," Niklaus said as soon as they were done with their moment.

"I'm sorry," Pedro bowed his head, "I have a lot of shortcomings but I have realized my mistake and would make sure not to repeat itself, father," He promised Niklaus.

"I hope so," Niklaus retorted and then looked down at his watch, "I have a meeting to attend to at this moment but do not think I won't be back to check on my daughter," There was a hint of threat in his tone.

"Of course, sir," Pedro got the message.

Isabella did as well.

Good thing she had gotten rid of every evidence that would trace back to Pedro's misconduct. She might be smart, but that gift was from her father. If Niklaus was as smart as her, he would surely investigate what happened.

Pedro was hers to deal with.

*Chapter 688 - Six Hundred And Eighty-eight: Game Of Prey And Predator*

The third point of view:

"Thanks for your services," Anika winked to the nurse who was quite startled after the strange girl jumped up from her bed and was sound on her both feet.

"What are you doing?" She asked, dumbfounded.

However the girl instead slipped away the glasses hung on the front of her lab coat she was wearing without the nurse noticing her and was out of the infirmary before one could say Jack Robinson.

Very soon Akim's guards would be back for her once they noticed that this was all a plan. Good thing they haven't mastered her appearance so she stuck to the crowd of students and moved with them. She wore the glass and intentionally avoided the areas with camera or simply lowered her head. When she got to the restroom, she pulled out a sweater with a hood and wore it without wasting time.

Once she made it outside, Anika saw the group of security at the gate checking students tactically and looking anxious. A smile crossed her lips, that look could only mean Akim successfully escaped them. She was right to trust him.

"Hi my friend," Anika called onto one of the students a few steps away from the entrance. The truth was that she didn't know the girl but the way she called her seemed familiar and the girl was a junior.

"Let's go," She hooked her arm around the girl who was still stupified by the whole thing. The student didn't know who she was but the way Anika spoke to her made her begin to wonder if they had seen each other somewhere.

"Just keep moving," She ordered the girl.

Unlike her, Anika kept her face straight and started a conversation with the girl as if she were old friends, passing through the entrance of the gate without the guards giving her as much of a glance.

Either they haven't figured out that this was a plan with Akim and wasn't in search of her yet or they were blindly concerned with the prince, they forsook her. Either way, it worked for her.

Anika crossed the gate effortlessly and it wasn't until a few distance away, she finally pulled her arm away from the arms of the girl she had used.

"Goodwork," She said to the girl who still was stunned by the whole thing.

Now free, Anika headed in the direction of the phone booth when her cellphone rang and it was no other than her mother, Fiona.

"What are you doing?" was the question her mother asked her.

"Doing the work of my mother," she answered nonchalantly with a hint of amusement.

Anika then said to her, "I'm getting the prince out of his nutshell. You should withdraw your people and warn them not to lay a hand on Akim. If I find that something happened to him behind my back, I'll take it that you have no trust in me and our plan," and you don't want to see me get angry, she added in her mind.

The night Anika kissed Akim, that was the day she began to have her own plans. Her mother could do whatever she wanted to his parents, but nobody was touching Akim - he was hers. However, she didn't let anybody know of her plan. It was better to have her mother on her good side and then bargain. Yes, that was what she would do. Bargain for Akim's safety when the time comes.

"Fine, do whatever you want,"

"Thanks mother," her heart jumped with happiness.

"But Anika," Fiona suddenly called her.

"Yes mother?" Anika's brows narrowed, noticing the subtle change in her mother's tone.

"Don't ever fall for him," she warned her, gravely.

"Yes, mother," Anika answered without a second thought, "It's all part of the plan,"

"Good girl," Fiona ended the call, looking out through the window pane of the apartment she was currently residing in.

"You think we should trust her?" her assistant and trusted adviser asked from behind.

Fiona rubbed her jaw contemplatively, answering without hesitation, "Yes," She turned to her, "If there's anyone who can pull this off, it's Anika. She's fearless and capable,"

"And unpredictable," Her assistant added, "What if she ends up falling for him like you did for his father? Anika might not be your biological daughter but you trained her for years for this very mission and if there's anything I know, the apple doesn't fall far from the truth. What would you do then, Fiona?"

"It's all for the good then,"

"What?" The advisor was confused.

"If she ends up falling for him, it makes it much easier. Akim would want to see his beloved and I can easily draw him out with that," Fiona went over the plans in her head.

"Then," Her assistant blinked, "Why did you warn her not to fall for Akim?" She couldn't get it, "If both plans would work for our good, why tell her not to fall in love with him?"

"Because," Fiona took a deep breath, "She would learn the truth and her loyalty would shift,"

"Oh," The woman nodded, finally getting the point. If Anika's heart remained the same, she would not be shaken even after she learns the truth about the whole thing - she would forever remain indebted to the woman who raised her. However, that would not be the case if she's blinded with love. Anika has seen a reason to remain by her beloved side.

"You see, love has a way of blinding your eyes and reasoning. It wasn't until my heart broke that my eyes were open and I saw the fool I became," Fiona reminisced about the past.

"But then," Her assistant had a different view of the matter, "I still think it's advisable to strike now. Anika would only be angry for a while but we would have the prince in our -"

"And miss the whole fun?" Fiona released a villainous guffaw, "Oh please, don't tell me you've forgotten the main source of enjoyment in the game of prey and predator?"

"The thrills?"



"Bingo,"

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

*Chapter 689 - Six Hundred And Eighty-nine: Get Burned By Her Fire*

Music recommendation for this chapter: Lewis Capaldi - hold me while you wait.

The third point of view:

And that was it, Akim was done waiting. However, the instant he turned around, lo and behold, Anika was staring back at him.

He was stunned, had she been there watching him all this while? What kind of person was she? Anytime it seems that he was close to figuring her out, she just keeps puzzling and surprising him the more.

Akim came out of the phone booth to stop right in front of her. The whole time she hadn't said a word, just kept staring at him. He wondered if something was interesting about his face.

"You're late," Akim was the first to speak up.

"And you couldn't have more patience, oh you of little faith," she smirked at him.

"I thought you stood me up," Was his excuse.

"And I told you to trust me," She countered.

"I'm sorry," He apologized.

"I'm sorry for being late as well," She apologized, taking gradual steps towards him with Akim doing the same till they were standing right in front of each other.

"So now that we are done with the soapy apologies, are you ready to explore your kingdom, your highness?" she teased him, stretching out her hand for him to take.

"Of course," He took her hand in his, "And you do know the life of the prince of Lincolnshire is in your hands?" he reminded her.

"Don't worry, I'm ready to lay down my life for you,"

Akim laughed at that comment thinking that Anika was pulling his leg, if only he knew that she was dead serious.

"However, before we leave, we have to make sure our camouflage is complete. Imagine your guards catching onto us and cutting our fun short," Anika said to him.

"Oh," He understood her point.

"But don't worry," She patted him on the chest, "I've got you covered. Now come on!" Anika pulled on his arms and took off while Akim followed her sheepishly.

Anika wasn't kidding when she said she had a photographic memory. They forsake the main roads since it was easier to track them down through the cameras, choosing to go through the streets instead.

"Here," Anika led him into a wig store and there, proceeded to camouflage their appearances.

"What do you think about this?" Akim asked, putting on a hipster blonde hair, amused. He had never been this happy and he didn't hold back in expressing it. He never knew freedom was this exhilarating until now.

Turning, Anika burst into laughter upon seeing him, "Don't be hilarious," She shook her head in disagreement albeit still laughing, "We don't want to draw attention to ourselves. But stay still," She pulled out her phone and took a snap.

Akim was dazed, he didn't expect that.

"I'll send the picture to you later. That way you can have a memory of this moment and look back to it anytime you feel lonely," she told him.

Akim stared at Anika dumbfounded, how could she read him perfectly? He smiled appreciatively at her and continued his shopping.

Because Akim got his wig first, he spent the rest of his time helping Anika choose a suitable choice. Women are unbelievable, he thought as Anika went over one wig and the other. On the bright side, it gave him more opportunities to take pictures of her. It was fun.

And she was beautiful.

A-hem.

The next store they went into was a clothing line. The clothes sold there were of lower quality yet Akim didn't mind. The experience was exhilarating and he loved every minute he spent there until...

"How do I look?" Anika asked, twirling in front of him.

Akim's eyes scanned her from her head and went down only to rest on her bare thighs and his face heated up immediately. She was wearing bum short.

He cleared his throat, drawing his sinful gaze away from her toned thighs, "You should go change,"

"Why?" She glanced down and saw nothing wrong with her appearance, "What's wrong with it?"

"You just look horrible," He said with no concrete reason.

Anika frowned, "Horrible? How?"

But Akim immediately held her by the shoulder, saying, "You ask too many questions, just go and change," He gently pushed her back to where she came from.

As soon as Anika was out of sight, Akim leaned against the wall, his hand on his chest because his heart was beating too fast.

"What the hell?" he sighed with his eyes closed. Akim ran his hand through his hair, he had to get a grip of himself.

This time Anika came out looking moderate in her off-shoulder top and jeans. He beamed a smile at her with a thumbs up while she rolled her eyes yet had a trace of a smile tugging her lips.

"Where do you want to go first? You should know that we have a limited time before nightfall so you have to choose your priority," She advised him.

"Amusement park," He answered immediately.

"What?"

"I've always wanted to go to an amusement park. It looks fun on television," He said, biting on his lips awkwardly.

"Amusement park it is then," Anika decided, showing no trace of pity for him knowing he was a prideful prince.

This time they were not afraid to step outside since they've altered their appearance.

"Taxi!" Anika flagged down one and entered with Akim glancing down at their intertwined hands tentatively. He pressed his lips together and didn't say anything, letting her do anything she wanted.

For the first time, it was a silent ride with their hands still intertwined. He intentionally stared out the window, lost in his own and trying not to read much meaning into the gesture.

Honestly, he was unsure of his relationship with Anika. The girl was a wildfire that cannot be controlled and that was what he was afraid of - being rejected.

Anika was the first girl he had ever been this close with. One moment it's as if he could sense she's into him and the next he's utterly confused. But then do platonic friends hold hands like this? Akim just prayed he wouldn't get burned by her fire.

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*Chapter 690 - Six Hundred And Ninety: Be A Man*

The third point of view:

Akim looked like a kid who just saw Disney hood for the first time. He was simply amazed at the number of crowds present and the wonderful rides the park had to offer. He had seen this place a lot of times online but it was much better now that he was here.

Truthfully, he could have come here if he wanted to but that would warrant his parents renting out the whole place so he could play "safer" while his guards watched. Hence, coming here became a lifelong dream as he wondered about the time where he could play in the crowd freely without hesitation.

"God, you're like a kid," Anika chuckled, it was quite a scene.

"I can't help it!" Akim said, "You don't how exhilarating freedom is until you lose it," He turned to her, asking, "How many times have you been here?"

"None," She answered without hesitation.

Akim turned to her with shock on his face, "You mean to tell me that you have never been here?"

"Yes," She simply shrugged as if it wasn't a big deal.

"Oh my God!" Akim exclaimed, running his hand through his hair. She meant to tell him that she hadn't visited a wonderful place like this even when she had the time and freedom? It was insane!

"Why?" he couldn't help but ask. It just didn't make sense. Having been restricted all of his life, Akim had decided that he would take advantage of every little chance to enjoy what life had to offer.

"I don't know, I just never thought about it," was her reply.

Akim was stunned, "You just never had the time to have fun?" he found it hard to believe.

"Yeah," I had to spend most of my time plotting your downfall, Anika said in her mind. She had been designed from birth to be his nemesis, there was no time for fun.

"You are weird," Akim said. Unfortunately, he liked weird.

"Come on then," he was the one to grab her arm this time, "Let's go have fun!"

And fun they did have. The rides weren't as exciting as Akim did - it was more than exciting! He couldn't remember the number of times they screamed - the screams just never ended.

Anika even managed to take a hilarious photo of him screaming out his lungs. How did she manage to do that? He doesn't know but she's simply amazing.

They rode the Bumper cars, Tilt-A-whirl, Insanity, and a whole lot of others. At a point, they ended up on the Ferris wheel and that was where strange things began to happen.

As they ride the Ferris wheel up so high, they had a wonderful bird's eye view of the kingdom. They had spent a lot of time outside that it was nearing evening, the sky slowly growing dark in the distance. The dusk took away much of the heat, and they could stare at the sky comfortably.

Akim turned that instance only to catch a breathtaking view of her hair blowing in the wind. He saw her peerless neckline which looked really enticing and gulped. He felt heat all of a sudden as a graphic image of him kissing that spot of her neck emerged in his mind.

God, what was wrong with him? His heart began to pound loud in his ear and he rubbed his chest as if to calm the feeling.

But then, curiosity got the best of him and he turned to look at her one more time, and unfortunately for him, their eyes met and held.

Time stopped for Akim, no, for the both of them because Anika didn't seem to move as well. He looked into her eyes and his breath hitched - it was the most beautiful green he had ever seen.

They said green eyes are extremely unique and very rare! It has been estimated that only two percent of the world's population have them, Akim couldn't agree more. Anika was simply unique.

Anika suddenly moved and Akim forgot how to breathe. What was going on? There was no way she was about to kiss him right? But then, she also had a habit of kissing him? Oh Boy.

Akim gulped as her face neared and he subconsciously swallowed down saliva. This is it, the second time he's about to lose his precious lips to the same woman. God, Jasmine would grin ear to ear once she heard this.

He already had so much anticipation for this kiss that it came as a huge surprise to him when Anika's lips suddenly took a ninety-degree turn. She whispered into his ears instead,

"Look into the camera,"

That was when Akim realized that her phone was out and ready to take a picture of them together. Akim didn't know whether to be relieved that the kiss never happened or to break that in tears because the kiss never happened.

However, he recognized one thing, Anika was a big tease. He noticed the way she seemed to breathe down on his ears even after her announcement. It made his heart breathe faster but he composed himself. Since this was nothing but a game to her, he would play along with her.

"Oh, right," He cleared his throat and readjusted himself on his seat. It was just the both of them in the cabin, so Akim smiled at the camera while noticing that the Ferris wheel was beginning to descend.

Anika positioned the camera so it captured both of them and put the delay, "Here we go, in one... two..."

It suddenly happened that before the third count, Anika suddenly turned and pressed a peck to his cheek and the camera ended up taking that. Even after the selfie was taken, Akim remained in his position, shocked to the core. What just happened?

"You -! "

But that was the moment the Ferris-wheel stopped and Anika vanished before he could even question her.

Akim sighed, he can't take her teasing anymore. It was high time he showed Anika who was the man here.. Yeah, he just had to be a man and confront her.

