

## **Taming A Billionaire**

### **#Chapter 701 - Seven Hundred And One : Mikhail Vladislav - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 701 - Seven Hundred And One : Mikhail Vladislav**

*Chapter 701 - Seven Hundred And One : Mikhail Vladislav*

The third point of view:

There were a lot of activities going on in the base tonight because they were expecting visitors from country C. The Staff tried their absolute best to ensure the house was thoroughly clean and in order while the security was tightened.

They were expecting foreign guests and had to make sure there was no loophole. The Falcon Gang had a great reputation and tonight, was going to live up to it.

Perhaps if Cecil saw the look on her husband's face now, she would take a second thought about welcoming him back into their home. Tonight, Emerald was not just Emerald but Sakuzi the fourth, and right now, it was time for business.

His face was expressionless and lacked warmth and the giant stood to his feet as soon as he caught sight of his guests.

Mikhail Vladislav, the head of the blood cobra, so he heard. He had not heard about the gang until he received his offer of visit and so he made research about them.

It turns out that Mikhail was nothing but a consigliere to the original boss who he overthrew and took over in his instead. Unlike the former boss, Mikhail, was ruthless and in just a few months made a name for their gang and ventured in many other illegal businesses that his predecessor restricted.

Just a look at him, Emerald knew this was someone he had to thread carefully with. Although he wondered why he sought him out since they didn't do business together nor had he mentioned his intentions for this meeting.

"Hello?" Emerald extended his hand for a handshake, "I'm Emerald Sakuzi,"

"Yes, of course," Mikhail accepted his handshake, "Mikhail Vladislav and leader of the blood cobra,"

"I can see that," Emerald smiled at him politely, noticing the drawing of a cobra on the top of his palm.

Mikhail was quite tall, but Emerald was a giant and towered over him. Where Emerald had dark trimmed locks and eyes, Mikhail was blonde and his cold grey eyes looked him over.

"When they said Sakuzi was the leader of the Falcon Gang, I was expecting a much older person," Mikhail said and Emerald didn't know whether to take that as an insult or a compliment. However, he - Emerald - was not a pushover.

"Don't worry, I got to the position through my ability," Emerald said and at the same time hinted at the fact that Mikhail overthrew his predecessor to get to the position he is today.

"Hmm," Mikhail laughed politely, "I wonder if our minds would be able to communicate together," He hinted at the fact that Emerald was too young.

Mikhail was a proud man and had confidence in his ability. He heard the Falcon Gang had quite an influence, he needed to see that, because there was no way he was bowing to anybody.

"Don't worry, Valentino is not senile enough to have an incapable fool lead his gang," Emerald answered calmly.

A look at him and one would think Emerald was not ruffled by Mikhail's words when in reality he wanted to punch some manners into him.

Just because the bastard was ten years older than him doesn't mean he earned his respect. But then, starting a fight over such a trivial issue was not advisable.

"Of course," Mikhail agreed with him, "After all, we know the Mafia is nothing but a battlefield. You have to have quite a backbone and constantly watch over your shoulder to stay alive,"

"Is that what you do every night?" Emerald asked him, amusement tugging at the corner of her lips, "Unlike you, I do get a good night sleep,"

This time Mikhail was rendered speechless, he never thought the giant was a cheeky one.

He arched a brow at Emerald, "You feel safe with the wolves around you?"

Emerald took a deep breath, "The most dangerous place is the safest place, have you forgotten that?"

Mikhail didn't give him a reply.

"If that's the case, then you should build more trust amongst your men. I bet if you treated them better, they would be more inclined to protect you," He said.

There was no trace of a smile on Mikhail's face after that comment and he looked like he would murder Emerald. However, as if someone said Jack Robinson, he burst into laughter.

"You're a funny guy, I like you!" Mikhail laughed and picked the wine they served him immediately.

Emerald picked his wine as well and as a sign of trust, was the first to take a sip to confirm it wasn't drugged or poisoned.

Even while drinking, both men peered up at each other through lowered lashes and smiled. Emerald was the first to lower his glasse and asked,

"Fine, what brought you here. Do you intend to do business with us,"

"I believe my reason for coming is more important than business," The man said, putting down his glass.

Emerald readjusted in his seat, he had a feeling that he wasn't going to like this one bit.

"Fine, go on then," he gestured.

"I lost one of my sons recently," Mikhail disclosed.

"Oh," Emerald said, "I'm sorry about that, my condolences,"

"He was killed," Mikhail further announced, studying his expression. He knew Emerald was beginning to get a hint of where this was going.

He went on when he didn't say anything, "In the hands of one of your people, no, to be precise, he was killed in a disgraceful way by a woman who supposedly works for you,"

"He was killed by a woman, was that what made it disgraceful?" Was the strange question Emerald asked to his surprise?

"I need that woman, that is the only thing that can appease my anger," Mikhail finally went straight to the point.

"Fine, I've heard about your appeal, I would think about it and get back to you," Emerald stood to his feet, ready to leave.

"You would think about it?" Mikhail frowned at that statement.

"Well, unlike you, this is not a tyrannical organization, I have opinion to consent before making a decision since this involves a core member of our organization,"

"Well," Mikhail stood up to his feet, "Consent all you want but you should know that I'm a very impatient man,"

*Chapter 702 - Seven Hundred And Two : Fears*

The third point of view:

"So I heard what happened to our sister, Isabella?" Ailee brought up the conversation during dinner.

The whole family except Neon and Niklaus had assembled at the dining table. Although everyone knew it was because of the incident yesterday, none of them talked about it. Some matters are better left the way they are.

"Yes, your sister fell a little sick and had to be admitted to the hospital. But don't worry, she's fine," Reina explained.

"Can we visit her tomorrow, mummy?" Elsa, one of the triplets pleaded, pouting her lips.

At that request, Ailee and Allen's gaze met and held, finally resting on their mother as they wondered what her response would be. If she agreed to Elsa's request, they would throw a fuss - Reina didn't spoil them this much.

"Sorry, honey, but you know tomorrow is a school day and you can't miss classes. Moreover, I'm sure Isabella would be discharged soon, if not tonight," Reina told them and the original twins smirked in satisfaction.

If one had told Allen and Ailee that there would come a time in their life when they would be jealous of their siblings they have been excited to meet while in the belly, they would never believe it. But then, here they are - competing for their parent's affection.

"But don't worry," Reina added when she saw the way her daughter's face fell, "I'm sure your big sister Isabella would pay you a visit once she's discharged from the hospital," I would force her if I have to do so.

Ever since Isabella left home to further her education, she found it difficult to pay a visit. Either she was too occupied at work or with Pedro. And now, the wedding became her secondary excuse.

"Yeah!" The triplets rejoiced at that announcement. Yep, sadly, the triplets were quite taken by their elder sister.

"Where is Neon?" Niklaus asked when he finally joined them, noticing his empty seat. He was the last to arrive at the table since he was busy with work in his study.

"Asleep," Ailee was quick to answer.

"Spoken truly like his spokesperson," Allen was quick to taunt her.

However, Ailee was not offended by his comment instead she turned to him, smiling sweetly as she said, "No, more like the siblings who care about him unlike a certain someone,"

"Yeah," Allen sassed, "These days you have to be clear on the kind of care you give to him," He hinted at something that made Reina and Niklaus' eyes narrow at him suspiciously.

"What do you mean by that?" Ailee was more annoyed that she didn't understand the hidden meaning beneath his words.

"Alright, cut it out! Both of you!" Reina came in between them before things got out of hand, "What the hell happened to the both of you? You used to be so sweet, not to mention the fact that both of you are twin siblings and are supposed to look out for one another,"

"Well, you can ask Allen that ever since he became an asshole," Ailee said, boldly staring at him

"Well, why do you bother to know since you care more about the brother that isn't your brother than the brother who is your brother," Allen retorted, holding her gaze.

Ailee's brows furrowed in confusion as she thought hard, could it be that Allen was jealous of her relationship with Neon? Was that why he began to resent them? Neon in particular?

She didn't get to ask Allen further questions since Niklaus declared, "One more quibble on this table and I would send you both abroad, understood?"

"Yes, father," they both said in unison, sharing one last fierce glance before looking away.

As expected, there were no more arguments after Niklaus spoke and in no time, dinner was over and the family went to bed except for a certain Spencer.

Ailee tiptoed into the kitchen and brought out a plate of food that she had kept hidden. She put it on a tray, picked a can of juice from the fridge, and headed to a room down the hallway on the first floor that was no other than Neon.

She didn't knock, rather brought out her phone and typed a message to Neon.

[Hey, I know you're not asleep, open up. I'm outside]

Not less than a minute later, she received a response.

[Are you alone?]

Ailee rolled her eyes, what did he take her for? However, she still looked over her shoulder to ensure that she wasn't being followed and typed a reply to him.

[No one saw me, satisfied?]

Almost immediately, the door opened and she saw Neon standing by it. He at once made way for her to come in and she walked in with the tray in her arm.

"Here," Ailee pushed the tray into his arms as soon as he locked the door, saying, "You didn't eat much at school today and didn't come down for dinner either. So I got you something to eat instead,"

"Thank you," Neon was sincerely touched by her action. He removed the lid only to see that it was his favorite food - fried rice with chicken lap. How could she know him so well? Without warning, he leaned down and pressed a kiss at the corner of her lips causing her to stiffen.

Ailee stood frozen to the spot, what just happened? That was dangerously close to her lips. She looked at Neon who didn't even seem bothered by the gesture and had already taken his food to his bed where he sat down on the edge, ready to eat.

Perhaps, he didn't mean to kiss her there and must have done it out of excitement. After all, Neon loved food, Ailee reasoned that way and came to lie down on the same bed since it was spacious.

Truth be told, Neon was an animal when he ate but for some reason, she found it extremely cute. So she lounged on the bed watching him fondly.

And in that moment of watching him, she realized that she and Neon would never be this way forever. One day, she would marry and he would do the same as well. If that was so, Ailee was supposed to be happy but for strange reasons, she was scared.

But why?

*Chapter 703 - Seven Hundred And Three: Be Comfortable In The Lion's Den*

The third point of view:

Ailee was lost in her own world and didn't get to see the small smirk that tugged Neon's lips to the side. He had intentionally kissed her at the side of the lips and pretended to be oblivious afterward. Although while at it, he had felt the great urge to just move his lips a little closer and claim her lips.

Thankfully, he had been able to control himself on time else Ailee would have run away from him by now and their relationship ruined. Neon has come to peace with the fact that Ailee hadn't realized her feelings for him. He refused to believe she felt nothing for him and just hadn't admitted the feelings to herself. So he was going to stir up those feelings in her before he lost his chance. Forever.

"I think Allen is jealous of our relationship," She suddenly announced and he sighed inwardly. If only she realized the ambiguity in her comment, what kind of relationship do they have?

However, like the fool he always pretended to be, Neon simply asked, "Really?"

"Yeah," She said and then pulsed her lips which made him gulp. If only she knew how much the sight of her lips tortured him, "Perhaps he feels neglected because we spent too much time?"

Neon released a series of curses inwardly, having realized where this was heading. Yet he still said, "You think we should ask him to hang out with us tomorrow morning,"

"No," she shook her head, "Allen is a very proud person and would reject the offer without a second thought. Moreover, there's a ninety-nine percent chance that he would reject the offer once he sees you,"

"Well, damn the bastard," Neon cursed of course, in his mind. He didn't want to know what Ailee thought of him if he cursed her twin right in front of her. As much as they were, Allen had a much tighter bond with her and she wouldn't appreciate that.

"Of course, he would," he could only concede to every one of her words.

"Seriously," Ailee sighed, "I don't know what the hell is wrong with the both of you. Didn't they say only fellow women can't survive living with one another and men are the cooler ones? However, I'm beginning to wonder if the both of you are co-wives?"

At that comment, Neon choked on his food and as expected, Ailee was the one running to his rescue.

"Here," She handed a glass of water to him from the jar on his nightstand and he took it from her, gulping the whole thing.

Because his hands were shaky, his movement was sloppy and some of the water dripped down the corner of his mouth. Call it instinct or something, but Ailee leaned

forward and began to wipe it with her hand since she couldn't grab a tissue or a handkerchief.

Neon was still recovering from his coughing fit when someone was rubbing his back while the other wiped the side of his mouth, only to then brush her thumb across his lower lip and that caused him to shiver. He then looked up and stared into her eyes with intensity, does she know what she's doing to him?

It was an innocent act. Ailee didn't mean to paint the wrong picture, however, when her eyes connected with his eyes, her hand froze and she forgot to breathe.

The passion in that blue eyes of his made her gulp and her body shiver with an unexplainable emotion. What the hell was wrong with her?

"Hey!" Ailee suddenly shoved his face away, "Be responsible for once! Do I have to always take care of you?!" She scolded him which took Neon by surprise. He almost thought that for a moment that there was a connection between them. Damn that connection!

Ailee went back to lying down on the bed yet her heart was in great turmoil. What the hell just happened out there? Also, why was that boy's lips incredibly soft? Gosh, this was driving her crazy. At this rate, she might have to go see a therapist soon.

What the hell was wrong with her?! Ailee wanted to kick and thrash around on the bed, however, she couldn't do it with Neon around. So she just sighed and closed her eyes.

Neon was thankful she didn't try anything else because he didn't know how much longer he could hold himself back. So he enjoyed the silence she gave him and finished the rest of his food.

"I'm done...." He trailed off when he found Ailee sleeping peacefully on his bed.

Neon put the tray on the floor and got in bed with Ailee. With his head propped up, he stared at the girl sleeping without a care.

"How could you be so comfortable in the lion's den?" Neon murmured, his hand reaching out to caress her face.

The scene reminded him of that time when they were young and he would sneak into her bed at night. He chuckled at the memory, those were good times.

Now, he couldn't even tell if Reina and Niklaus would even accept his relationship with their daughter. After all, he was that woman's son, the one who almost tried to kill her.



However, that would be for later. Neon was going to seize every chance he had with Ailee and until he was sure she had feelings for him, he would then deal with the issue of her parents - the couples who had raised him as if he was his.

Neon looked down again and this time Ailee's lush lips came into view. God, he was going to die from a boner. As much as he wanted to steal a kiss from her, he would not take advantage of her while she was asleep.

So he simply scooped her into his arms and carried her off the bed and left for her room. Neon made sure to tuck her in properly before he kissed her goodnight on the forehead and left the room.

Unfortunately, as soon as Neon locked the door, for him to turn around, he bumped right into Allen.

#### *Chapter 704 - Seven Hundred And Four: Destroy Any Chances Between Them*

The third point of view:

The last person Neon expected to see was Allen nor did it occur to him that there were chances of bumping into him here. He looked at Allen, his hair was wet and tousled making him look kind of sexy and he was in a bathrobe. Neon sighed inwardly, a woman was undoubtedly in his bed.

The deep hostility in Allen's gaze was not hidden and he stared at Neon with intensity. He had felt uncomfortable with the way he and Ailee left things and just wanted to check up on her - note that, it was for checking up sake - only to bump into Neon.

Neon was the reason why he and Ailee had become this way. He was a good pretender, he noticed. Pretending to be dumb when they were kids and eliciting pity from Ailee until he was literally attached to her hips. He got into their way with empathy and Ailee being the fool she fell for that. Now, he got what he wanted, he showed his true colors and abilities, even competing with him for the top spot?

It would have been much better if he - Neon- went on with his dumb act, at least, he would have been much nicer to him. But now, there was no pretending and he - Allen - was out for him.

At first, Allen had thought Neon wanted to be part of their family and compete with him and had been on guard since young. But then, even when his father offered him a chance to truly be a part of their family, he turned it down, and that had made Allen confused about his intentions. But not anymore, he finally figured out what Neon wanted and a hidden cold smirk crossed his features.

"What are you doing here?" Allen asked him sternly, standing to his full height as if trying to intimidate him.

However, Neon remained calm. Ailee might think that he and Allen liked to quibble, but he was the only one who knew how much Allen deeply resented him - he was just that good at shaking Allen off.

"Tucked up Ailee to sleep," Something you could have done as her brother, Neon didn't mean to hint at it but it was the dream.

"She's not a baby and got the hands to do it herself," Allen said to him, meaning every word of it.

However, Neon simply rubbed the inside of his ears saying, "This is why all your girlfriends don't last, you're not romantic at all, or don't you tuck them in after your vigorous exercise?"

Allen was so full of himself that he was sure of winning this bicker, thus, when he heard those words from Neon, his face distorted at once. He was red with embarrassment and anger.

"What did you just say?" Allen clenched his fist by his side. How dare he?

"You're free to check up on her, although she's fast asleep already," Neon informed him and was just about to leave when Allen grabbed him.

Neon glanced down to look at his hand that held onto him, and peered up at Allen with a raised brow, "What now?"

Allen smiled and brushed a speck of invisible dust off Neon's shoulder, "You should be careful the way you care about my sister else people might really misunderstand your type of care," He hinted at his secret.

His gaze narrowed suspiciously, does he know? However, knowing how pompous Allen was, Neon didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing his reply got to him.

He simply grinned, "Don't worry, I'll be careful from now on,"

"Yes, you should," Allen said firmly.

"However," Neon said, drawing his attention, "I think you should be more concerned about yourself,"

"What?"

Neon took a step towards him, "With your type of libido, I advise you see our family doctor,"

"Y-you," Allen went red in the face. Neon was messing with him.

Neon smiled, "Please don't take my words to heart and you should go back to the lady in your bed," and took his leave.

Allen had never been defeated like this and it took him everything not to strode over to Neon's room, yank the door open and exchange some blows with him. But he couldn't do that, not with his parents around.

Neon not only got his sister, but his parents wrapped around his finger as well. He bet they even loved him more than him, their biological son. Neon was the perfect son they couldn't have. Obedience? The only thing he couldn't do and the only thing Neon excelled at.

Fine, he should go on with his good boy act. Allen was sure of unveiling the ugly side of him soon. No, more than that, since he - Neon - wanted to be the obedient one, he should go on with it. With a smirk on his face, Allen was already working on a plan. This time, disobedience would be a luxury Neon would not be able to afford.

Morning soon came and everyone woke up to prepare for school and their respective places of work. The only different thing about today was the fact that Allen was alone in the car and he was driving.

"Did the sun rise from the west today?" Ailee murmured as soon as her gaze rested on her twin brother, Allen, who was seated on the driver's side of the seat and started the engine.

"Who knows?" Neon replied, but unlike Ailee, he didn't look surprised one bit. It seems like Allen was making his move already, "On the bright side, you should be happy that we won't be treated to another of his detailed make-out session," he tried to be supportive as usual.

"Sure, you're right," Ailee giggled as she took her place beside Neon in the backseat. If Allen was going to drive today, she was going to enjoy every bit of it - it was not every day she gets to see this kind of surprise.

Ailee was just making herself comfortable when Allen suddenly said to her, "Come, sit in the front with me,"

Ailee was so stunned by his request or order - she couldn't exactly tell - that her mouth hung open. She was so shocked that Allen had to repeat himself.

"Or don't you want to ride with me?" Allen asked, his face darkening as he glanced at a certain person from the corner of his eyes. He already held him responsible for the changes in his sister.

But Neon didn't even respond nor did he make a sound. Allen was searching for faults with him so he could start a fight, he would not give him one.

If it was the past Ailee, she would have brushed off her brother's words as ridiculous, plus the fact he might be plotting a trap for her. But after the conversation last night, more like a dispute, she had a feeling that Allen was trying to patch things up with her.

"Sure," Ailee said and then gave Neon an apologetic look and he returned an understanding smile. She then got down and moved to the driver's seat and didn't get to see the silent exchange between Allen and Neon.

While Ailee was trying to get into the front seat, Allen and Neon's gaze connected through the rearview mirror and the twin smirked victoriously at him. Neon had a neutral look on his face yet his fists were clenched and he was fuming inside.

He saw through Allen's plan, the boy wasn't ready to expose his feelings for his sister to his parents, rather he would destroy any chances of anything happening between them. Fine, if that was the case, he was game too.

With Ailee in the front seat with her brother, while Neon stayed in the back, there was nothing to talk about or anyone to talk to, hence the journey was a silent and awkward one.

Ailee was uncomfortable with the silence since she was used to conversing with Neon while Allen usually made out in the back. But that was not the case today. It was a miracle that Allen was not making out with a girl and asked her to sit with him instead. She had to take that opportunity to mend their relationship. So whether he talked to her or not, sitting with him was a huge step already.

As soon as they reached the school's open parking lot, Allen parked the car and was still working on his seat belt when Neon got down and opened the door for his sister to get down. He gritted his teeth, that sly fox!

"Thanks for the ride, I enjoyed it!" Neon announced to Allen right before he closed the door as Ailee stepped out. He then grabbed her hand and took off with her before Allen could stop them.

"Hey!" Ailee called Neon, a bit breathless, "Why are we running?" She couldn't understand what was going on anymore.

Neon came to a stop immediately and asked, "Are we still running?"

"God," Ailee rolled her eyes. He was really annoying.

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

*Chapter 705 - Seven Hundred And Five: A Man Had More Feelings*

The third point of view:

"You know, you don't have to always follow me to my locker," Ailee said to Neon who walked her to her locker like he always does. His royalty was admirable and reminded her of Hachikō and that made her sad at the same time.

Hachikō was a Japanese dog remembered for his remarkable loyalty to his owner, Hidesaburō Ueno, for whom he continued to wait for over nine years following its master's death.

Hidesaburō Ueno was a professor who brought Hachikō to live as his pet. Ueno would commute daily to work, and Hachikō would leave the house to greet him at the end of each day at the nearby Shibuya Station.

The pair continued the daily routine until one day when Ueno did not return. The professor had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage while he was giving a lecture to his class, and died without ever returning to the train station in which Hachikō waited.

Each day, for the next nine years, nine months, and fifteen days, Hachikō awaited Ueno's return, appearing precisely when the train was due at the station until his death.

Ailee knew such a scenario would never play out between her and Neon. The attention Neon gave her was temporary and short-lived, soon he would have to go find his destiny while she does the same. But somehow, she wished he would never forget her - because she wasn't going to do the same.

"Hey, are you alright?" Neon asked upon noticing how distracted she was.

"Of course, I'm good," Ailee was quick to cover up immediately.

However, almost immediately a notification came into Neon's cellphone and he glanced at it only for his expression to change.

"Are you okay?" It was Ailee's turn to ask.

"Yes, I'm good," He smiled back at her, "I just need to make a call, I'll be back," Neon informed her and took his leave at once.

Well, what could be the problem?? Ailee didn't think much about it and turned to her locker. She had just gotten the textbooks she needed when she heard a, "Hi" beside her.

"Hi," Ailee responded, barely glancing at whoever that was until it hit her and she whipped around with lightning speed.

"Y-you," Her mouth remained open with great shock such that a fly could get in with little effort.

Standing before her was no other than Theodore Donovan. Yeah, the real Theo, brother, and twin to her new best friend, Eve, and the guy she was currently crushing on. Yes! It was Theodore in flesh and present. Oh my God! Ailee yapped inwardly.

Immediately, Ailee cleared her throat and said with a much sweeter voice, "Hello there,"

"Hello," Theodore smiled at her, exposing the two dimples that formed at the corner of his cheeks.

Oh my God, Ailee was ready to faint. He was so handsome.

"We've met before," He said.

"Of course, we did" she muttered under her breath, "You whispered into my ears,"

"Oh," Theodore heard that and he scratched the back of his head, "I guess I don't have to introduce myself anymore,"

"Yes," she agreed with him, "You don't have to introduce yourself anymore since I now know you. No, not that I know you that much as you think that it know you but it's just small details of yourself compared to the much I'm supposed to know," Ailee blabbered on and when she realized what she was doing, added immediately, "And this is the point where I shut up, right?"

But Theo nodded in understanding, saying, "You usually don't talk much anyway so it's kind of cute when you blabber,"

Aww, Ailee swooned inside. It was confirmed, this was her dream boyfriend.

However, it hit her and she asked him with a narrowed gaze, "How do you know I don't talk too much?" don't blame her but she had to know if she was dealing with a stalker - you might never know.

"I've been watching and observing you for a while now," Theo answered honestly amid her sudden seriousness.

"Really?" Ailee said, crossing her arm across her chest, "So why have you been watching me?" she asked, staring him straight in the eyes.

Just because she was crushing on him doesn't mean she'd let him into her life without a few tests. Moreover, he had to be worthy of her - yeah, her mother Reina was a good relationship expert.

"Because I'm interested in you," He said and that made her heart skip a beat. She never thought he was a straightforward person.

"A-hem," Ailee cleared her throat and at the same time tried to regain her composure, "So why are you interested in me?"

"Do I need a reason to like someone?" he asked her, causing her heart to skip a beat the second time.

A blush crept up Ailee's face. God, why was she being this way?

"Well...." she didn't know what to say.

"Have dinner with him," he helped her out with a response.

"Huh?" Ailee felt everything was suddenly going too fast.

"I'm not asking you to date me immediately but conversation over dinner would be a good way to get to know me more. Don't you think so?"

Ailee pulsed her lips, thinking over it. The truth is that she was enthusiastic to spend time with him but she had to be reserved. Her mother often told her that it was much better a man had more feelings for the woman he likes than a woman having more feelings for the man - Men often take such privilege for granted.

"Sure," She said and received one of his spellbinding smiles as usual. Ailee couldn't wait for the evening to come.

On the other hand, Neon went outside to answer that woman who hasn't stopped hassling him for the past few days.

Thanks to her constant texting him, he has become anxious and paranoid that he often deleted her messages as soon as he read them. With Ailee on his tail, he wouldn't leave any evidence he could use to set him up. But now, he couldn't take it anymore, so he called her for the first time.

"What do you want from me, Jennifer?"

*Chapter 706 - Seven Hundred And Six: Who Would Be Laid Off*

The third point of view:

"What do you want from me, Jennifer?" Neon asked her as soon as she answered the call.

"How funny," She said and Neon didn't know how to feel upon hearing her first voice for the first time after so many years.

Neon tried to conjure what she looked like but the details were quite vague. The result was quite funny judging from the fact she had never once escaped his memory, yet, he couldn't even remember a detailed profile of what she looked like previously. The memories with her were also distant and blurry as if they were slowly slipping from his memory.

It made him realize that he had taken the Spencers as a family and they were the ones who filled in the parental care he was missing. He could never forget the day Isabella and Pedro saved him from the claws of his mother after she lost it.

Although, there came a time when he had grown up that he resented Niklaus. Neon had blamed Niklaus for whatever happened to her mother, Jennifer, thinking his mother became that way because he broke off their engagement to be with Reina.

However, that was until he read the doctor's diagnosis on his mother. Jennifer's mental health disorder did not begin when Niklaus broke off the engagement rather when her husband died. She didn't have a family member who could help her through her

Mania and hypomania episode.

She became better when Niklaus took her in or rather the symptoms were subtle or just maybe, none of them were attentive enough to notice the changes. It wasn't until Rein threatened the so thought safe haven his mother thought she had created and then the symptoms flared up. She attempted murder.

"Up to ten years ago, you called me mother," Jennifer pointed out bitterly.

"That was until I realized you don't deserve the title," Neon retorted with no remorse in his heart. He couldn't forget the abuse he went through as a kid in her hand.

"We should meet," Jennifer said, evading that very topic.

"Who let you out of the mental asylum?" Neon asked instead, causing the woman to get annoyed.

"Were you hoping that I rot in there?"

"I wasn't just hoping so," Neon said to her, "I was praying so. Please, my life's getting better, don't come and ruin it,"

"You only think the worse of me, don't you?"



"The fact that you escaped the hospital only means that you're up to no good. Unlike the others, I know you well enough to know that you don't give up on what you want,"

"Really?" She was amused.

"Wasn't that why you kept pushing me beyond my limit when I was young to keep up with Nik's expectation?"

"At least you know now that everything I did was for your own good," Jennifer claimed.

"No," Neon refuted, "It was for your own selfish gain and I was nothing but your pawn. But you know what?" he laughed sarcastically, "All those expectations you wanted from me, I've met them now. I'm smarter, and better now, and it wasn't because of you. I did it for myself because I deserved it!"

"Good for you then, it makes everything easy," she said to his confusion.

"Everything easy?" Neon's brows furrowed, trying to understand what his mother was up to.

"I'm back now to take what Niklaus owes me and that includes you,"

Neon gritted his teeth, "I told you not to cause any trouble!"

"Sorry but you're my son and don't get to command me,"

"I'll stop you then, none of your plans would work. As soon as Niklaus gets wind of your disappearance, he would hunt you down and send you to where you belong,"

"Ooh, I'm scared," Jennifer mocked before releasing a villainous guffaw, "Sure, go on ahead. Tell him! Once he's informed, I'm sure he would understand why I'm back and we would then see who would get laid off first, me or you to protect his children?"

At once, Neon's blood ran cold as he realized his mother's word was true. Once Reina and Niklaus hears of his mother's re-emergence, they would have to let him go for the safety of their family,"

He can't let them know yet, at least, until he figures out his mother's plans and stops her.

"Go to hell," Was all he said and hung up on her.

Neon didn't go inside immediately, rather he stayed outside and collected his thoughts. After making sure his emotions was well controlled, Neon placed a smile on his face and went back to the hallway where he was sure to find Ailee with....

What in the name of God was that asshole doing here? Neon's face distorted at once as soon as he laid his eyes on Theodore. He prayed to God that he wasn't trying anything funny with Ailee else....

"Neon!" He was roused from his thought when Ailee called his name and waved him over.

"You know him already, right?" She said to Theodore and gestured to him, "Yeah, I know,"

"Neon, this is Theodore and I'm having dinner with him tonight," She informed him, grinning foolishly.

Anger filled Neon and his fist clenched by his side, he knew he shouldn't have left Ailee alone.

"You're not going anywhere," He stated.

"Alright, wait - what?!" Ailee was stunned, then she ran her hand through her hair and faced him saying, "Look, I understand and appreciate the fact that you and Allen is looking out for me, but this time, you're not stopping me from doing what I have," she was firm and resolute in her decision to date him.

But Neon snorted, "Who said that I'm stopping you from attending the dinner?"

"What?" Ailee was confused, "But you just said -",

"I have a photoshoot today or have you forgotten, my manager?" Mockery dripped from his words.

"Oh right," Ailee slapped her head. How stupid! How could she forget that?

With a victorious smirk, Neon turned to announce to Theodore, "As you can see, my sister doesn't have the time for dinner,"

"Oh, don't worry," Theodore was not discouraged, "I'll simply tag along,"

Neon's face fell at once.

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

*Chapter 707 - Seven Hundred And Seven: Time To Make A Move*

The third point of view:

Neon didn't need a prophet to tell him that his position in Ailee's heart was threatened. He wanted to refuse the date badly but there was no other reason why he had to refuse Ailee hanging out with Theodore and she was determined to be with him. If he refused Ailee that freedom, it was obvious they would end up fighting and their relationship would suffer.

Moreover, it was better they had a date where he could have his eyes on them. Wasn't there a saying, "Keep your enemies close and your enemies closer" except that in this case, it was a competitor. But then, he would be there to monitor and supervise their date - it would be chaste.

"Of course, that's a good idea," Ailee agreed, happy to know that Neon consented to the date. She knew it, her senior year would be great!

"I could also use that opportunity to get to know your brother more," Theodore said, flashing his pearly white teeth at Neon.

However, Neon had a stoic expression as he tried to figure out this Theodore guy. Was he genuinely interested in Ailee or one of those assholes trying to get into Ailee's pants? If he was going to have an opponent, Neon hoped he was worthy.

"Sure," Neon said calmly even though inwardly, he was mocking him. He'd see how tonight goes out. Neon might have agreed for him to date Ailee "for tonight" but that doesn't mean "tonight" would go well for him.

"Then, I'll text you the place and time," Ailee said to him.

"You have my number?" He smirked sexily, Neon rolled his eyes. He had to be better than this. Does he think Ailee would fall for that?

However, to his shock, a blush crept up Ailee's face and Neon's Jaw almost dropped to the ground. What happened to the stern Ailee he knew?

"I have your sister's number...." she alluded that Eve added his number as well.

"That's good then," Theodore said, taking a step towards her when Neon got into his way, standing to his full height and looking intimidating.

That made Theo's brows raise and he looked between Ailee and Neon uncertainty.

Ailee upon noticing the tensed atmosphere smiled nervously. She beat Neon on the shoulder playfully and said, "Don't mind him, my brothers are quite overprotective,"

Theo gave her an understanding look as well and glanced one last time at Neon who now looked grim before leaving for class.

As soon as Theodore left, Ailee turned with a sigh and stood before Neon with her arms akimbo, "I thought you were on my side?"

"I was until he tried to touch you," Neon stated expressionlessly.

"He's no date," Ailee said.

"He's not your date until the date," He pointed out, "Until then, he better keep his hand to himself,"

Ailee shook her head, "You and Allen are unbelievable," She took her bag and left for class leaving Neon standing all by himself.

Neon ran his hand through his hair, how was he going to keep up the role of a brother and a secret admirer at the same time without overstepping the boundaries. It was much more difficult than he thought.

Meanwhile...

Allen didn't chase after Neon after he took off with Ailee, his sister. The both of them were much closer than he thought nor was he under the illusion he would break them off in a day.

What was he going to do for today? The school was becoming boring with each passing day and that was when he saw her, Eve Donovan.

She alighted from their jeep with her brother, the one who has his eyes on his sister, Ailee. Allen dragged his thumb across his lips as if deep in thought.

After finding out Neon's secret, he was no longer comfortable with him around his sister. Him keeping all the boys in school away from his sister was a form of protecting her but his dumb twin would never understand his intentions.

Teenage love never lasts and ends after they graduate from high school. Moreover, eighty percent of the guys at school wanted to just get sex and that was it. Unfortunately, his sister would not be the subject of their experiment.

So he enforced the law, proclaiming his sister was off-limits and thanks to his popularity and power, no one dared to disobey unless they wanted to get on his bad side.

He had sincerely thought that Neon supported the idea and helped keep his sister safe and innocent. Who knew that he was securing Ailee all for himself. He was a smart ass, he had to give him credit for that.

Unfortunately, Allen changed his mind and as he stared at the twins, a brilliant idea hit him. Since Neon liked Ailee, what if Ailee likes Theodore? He smirked, that would be quite an interesting drama to watch.

But then, before Allen commenced, he had to make peace with one of the twins he offended. Eve Donovan. Wouldn't it be interesting as well if Ailee dated Theodore and he dated Eve? It would make the headlines: Twin siblings date fellow twins. But most of all, the look on Neon's face would be priceless.

Allen stared at Theodore who left before his sister and she properly parked their car. He took out his phone and leaned back into his leather seat as he made an order. What do ladies love so much?

After making his orders, Allen leaned back into his seat, watching intently as Eve stepped out of the car and made her way into the school. His eyes never left her and he whistled at the sight of her swaying hips as she walked. Eve was a beautiful woman, it wouldn't be a loss to have her on his bed - he hoped Theodore was understanding.

Allen never left his car until his order arrived and he took the bouquet from the delivery man.

"It was time to make a move," Allen decided as he shut the car door, readjusted his blazer, and stepped into the school ground.

*Chapter 708 - Seven Hundred And Eight: Deborah*

The third point of view:

"Even with the years gone, you didn't learn any manners," Jennifer muttered, glancing down at her phone after her son hung up on her.

However, that didn't bother her because she simply brought her black coffee to her lips and took a sip, enjoying the bitter taste. She knew at the end of the day, her son would have no choice but to return to her after the plans were set in place.

Niklaus made the worst mistake of his life by dumping her and even let her rot away in her mental asylum. Remembering her experiences in there made her skin crawl and she felt the urge to just scratch her skin until it peeled and bled.

Those days were dark and filled with long hours of therapy and her freedom was restricted. They treated her as if she was a nut job, but that wasn't the case, she was perfectly well!

Can't they see it? Can a crazy person be able to make a comeback? Would a crazy person come back for vengeance? This time, she would show Niklaus that she was a

better choice than Reina and he would go down on his knees just to beg for her forgiveness. But then, it would be too late.

Suddenly, a shadow moved by the corner of her eyes and she glanced up to see a woman take a seat right in front of her.

"You're late, Deborah" Jennifer commented as soon as the beautiful curvy woman took her seat.

"I'm sorry, but I had some pressing problems to deal with," said Deborah, who was no other than Mrs. D.

She took off her aviator glass and smiled politely at Jennifer, who smiled back as well.

"It's quite shocking, you have the same eyes as him," Jennifer smirked as she stared into Deborah's amber orbs that were filled with amusement.

"I still have to get used to that," Jennifer went on, "If I could be this dazzled, I wonder what Niklaus would think when he comes to know that he has an illegitimate daughter,"

"I doubt he would even be surprised," Deborah muttered, handing the menu to the waiter after she made her request.

"What do you mean?" Jennifer asked, sipping her coffee slowly.

"Don't tell me he has never for once entertained the possibility of him having an illegitimate seed somewhere thanks to his past," Deborah said with bitterness in her heart.

Jennifer tilted her head contemplatively, "Well, he might, he might have not, but then, the reality is always shocking,"

"It should be since I'm going to destroy his life," Deborah said, cold darkness in her eyes. She would take away every single thing Niklaus treasured and let him feel the pain she felt while growing up.

Deborah's mother had been a model and a C-list actress when Niklaus picked up interest in her like the many other women on his list.

Unfortunately, her mother was not so lucky as the others because that was when Tina liked to play games with Niklaus' other women. Tina being the jealous bitch she was messed around with her mother's career and she got blacklisted from the industry.

Her mother didn't have much influence nor popularity in the first place hence no one reached out to her nor even felt her absence. So while her mother lost everything she

worked for all through her life, Niklaus continued ahead with his lifestyle while Tina lived as if she was above the law.

Unfortunately, life had a funny way of messing one up. As if losing her career and everything she worked for wasn't enough, she became pregnant and it was for no other person than Niklaus.

She didn't know what to do. Her mother had no clue such a situation would happen since she had been very careful while doing it with Niklaus. But then, life didn't need permission to fuck you up.

Niklaus was not a responsible man, not to talk of a father, her mother knew it all, hence had not gone to him to claim paternity. She knew the only answer Niklaus would give her and that was to abort the baby.

Her mother came to the conclusion as well and tried aborting her, not once, but thrice, yet baby Deborah held on and was determined to live.

Nine months later, here she was on a fucked up planet called earth. Having nothing left to do, her mother went into business and chose to be a seamstress to make ends meet.

It was a miracle that her mother chose not to abandon her in some orphanage and trained her up by herself. However, the women bore deep resentment for her and didn't bother to hide them.

From young, her mother blamed her for her circumstances and the fact she was Niklaus' spawn made things worse - all Deborah was to her mother was a reminder of the terrible choice she made when young.

Fast forward to a few years later, her mother got married and Deborah hoped at least that she would get a loving father who doted on her - she had seen many fathers that way with their kids.

However, life gave her a cold wake-up call. The man had seemed loving at first until her mother got pregnant and gave birth to her younger sister who became the apple of her eyes.

Her mother forgot entirely that she existed and her father saw her as nothing less than a nuisance. Unlike her younger sister who completely took after her mother and was very beautiful, Deborah was overweight.

She tried many things possible to lose the extra fat but nothing worked and she became the caricature of peers and neighbors who lived around her - her mother didn't spare her as well.

Deborah knew from young that she was a bastard child, however, she didn't know the identity of her father. Oftentimes she would stay awake and imagine scenes where her father comes back for her and takes her home. But then, it came to a point where Deborah had to wake up from her dreams because her father was never coming for her.

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

*Chapter 709 - Seven Hundred And Nine: Deborah -2*

The third point of view:

Deborah learned from a young age that having hope was cruel. Believing in the impossible to happen was the same as drinking poison and hoping that it doesn't kill you.

So she gave up on faith from then on and crushed the dream that her father would come for her - because it would never happen. Moreover, why would her father come for an ugly pig like her - so they called her.

So she stayed with her mother and step-father hoping that someday they would change their attitude towards her. As if fate finally smiled her way, her younger sister liked her, no, loved her. As little as she was, she would defend Deborah fiercely from the bullies - including their own parents.

Thanks to the love showered upon her by her sister, Deborah was able to breathe. Her dear sister was a good manipulator and a great actress and through her tears, she forced their parents to provide Deborah's needs as a growing lad that they neglected for a long time now.

Opal was her sister's name and in Sanskrit origin meant "jewel". In Deborah's eyes, her sister was a jewel sent to her from heaven. But then, good things never last long. One day while she had been playing with Opal, as usual, her dear sister fainted and was rushed to the hospital.

Deborah could never forget how frightened she had been while her sister remained in the emergency room. She conjured numerous sceneries in her head where the doctor would come out and announce that her sister was dead.

However, none of that happened yet the result wasn't promising either. According to the doctor, Opal had Ventricular Septal Defect (VSD)?- a hole in the heart - and needed surgery because of the hole and the location. Aside from that, she was at greater risk for developing endocarditis, an infection of the inner surface of the heart caused by bacteria in the bloodstream.



Unfortunately, there was no money for surgery. After their father lost his job, his mother became the breadwinner of the family and her father since then made no effort to find one.

Her mother tried her best to gather enough money for the surgery and even had to borrow money from friends and neighbors while her father went about drinking and wallowing in self-pity.

Thanks to Opal's illness, it took much of her mother's time and attention and she was seen less and less at home and that was when it began.

One night, her step-father came back home drunk as usual. Deborah was in the kitchen preparing dinner for the both of them when he staggered into their living room and she had to leave everything she was doing to help him to his room.

Deborah winced because he reeked of alcohol and his breath stinks. But then something happened, the instant she put her arm around her father to steady and help him on his feet, the man groped her and she let go of him immediately.

He fell to the ground while Deborah was mortified by what happened. Perhaps, because it was the first time such a thing happened, she surmised that it was a mistake and didn't think much about it.

However, that was the beginning of her misery.

The next few days that followed made Deborah increasingly aware of her step-father. While they passed each other, he would mistakenly brush his arm across her body and would pretend that nothing happened. From that day, he would make suggestive remarks about her body that were quite sensitive - something that had never happened before.

Call it her sixth sense or something but Deborah knew she was endangered. She began to sleep with her door locked and made sure to limit her encounters with her father - she cooked on time and ensured dinner was ready before he came back home.

Her father must have discovered her tactics because one day, he came home on time and she had no choice but to serve him his meal. As soon as she was done setting the table, her father reached out and pulled her to his laps.

"Why are you being so grumpy?" He laughed while she struggled to be free from him.

"Don't tell me you've not done it. I see the way that the boys on our street have been staring at you lately," He said while touching her breast.

His grip was tight around her and she couldn't break out of his hold no matter how much she tried. So Deborah did the only thing that came to mind, she grabbed the hot soup on the table and poured it on him.

While he howled in pain, she took that opportunity to escape for her life. Deborah never returned home that night and contemplated going to the hospital and telling her mother everything.

But then she couldn't, she knew how much stress her mother was undergoing because of her sister's illness, and would she believe her anyway? Would her mother believe that her husband, her step-father was making advances on her? Not to mention the fact that their relationship wasn't that great anyway.

That night, she slept at a kind neighbor's place and the next day onwards chose to sleep at the hospital where she felt safer. Her mother noticed the changes and questioned her, Deborah lied to her. This was not the time and setting to tell her of her husband's actions.

For almost a month, Deborah didn't sleep at home and was much happier spending time with her sister Opal, who was finally scheduled for surgery - thankfully, she didn't have to worry about school because she had graduated from high school. That allowed her mother to return home and spend time with her husband.

Finally, Deborah went home and to her relief, her step-father changed. It seems that her mother returning home was a good thing because it somehow brought him back to normal and they went back to their previous step-father and daughter relationship - although it was somewhat awkward.

No matter what, no one was going to delete whatever happened between them. Even though everything went back to normal, Deborah was still cautious and she became tense again when her mother resumed sleeping at the hospital.

Contrary to her fears, it seems that her step-father finally changed because he didn't try anything funny with her or so she thought. Who knew that the man had been nothing but a patient panther waiting for the right time to strike and he did it that night.

Deborah was so relaxed that she forgot to lock her door that night and the devil struck. He tried to force himself on her but she struggled and somehow grasped the water jar on her side and hit him hard on the head.

She thought her step-father would go after her but the man remained limb on the bed and that was when she realized that he was not moving and bled profusely from the head.

Deborah had no choice but to raise an alarm where the ambulance was called by neighbors and her stepfather was taken to the hospital. And that was the point where everything came into the limelight.

Her mother had been furious and even when Deborah narrated to her that her husband nearly raped her, the woman didn't believe her. Her mother continued to rain assaults on her with words claiming that she was just like her father Niklaus and had come to ruin her marriage!

That night, Deborah received the truth she had been wanting to hear all her life. Her father was alive all this while and she knew him as well?!

The Spencer group was a huge conglomerate with several subsidiaries and she often saw Niklaus on televisions either giving a speech or receiving an award. That man was her father?! It shocked her to the core.

Hope reignited in Deborah's heart and she thought somehow that things would change once he knew about her existence. So she ran away from home with the hope of making her existence known to her father. He would take her in and give her a different life from the one she grew in.

But then the reality was far from her imagination and even after a year, Deborah couldn't get close to her father. The man was high profile and always surrounded by his security details.

It was not easy for Deborah, she had lived off the street and could only afford a batcher house with a friend she made after months of doing menial jobs.

However, luck finally shone on her face and she got a job at Spencer groups headquarter as a cleaner. It was a huge miracle because she got to see Niklaus come and go to work often and there were huge chances of her telling him of her existence.

But then, it was easier said than done, each time Deborah got close to grabbing his attention, she would lose her courage and end up only wishing him a nice day. This continued until one day, she made up her mind.. It was time for her father to know the truth.

*Chapter 710 - Seven Hundred And Ten: All Of Them To Pay*

The third point of view:

Unfortunately, when one plans, life often had its own plans. The day Deborah finally decided to summon the courage and take the bull by the horn, Niklaus didn't come into the office.

She stood awkwardly by the floor leading to his office and pretended to be busy with her cleaning equipment

each time people passed her by.

She was not the only cleaner in the company, no, there were lots of them and each of them was assigned to certain floors and space since the headquarter was a high-rise building. She merely switched places with a co-worker, pleading to help her out with the job since she was already done with hers.

But then Deborah waited and waited at the usual time Niklaus came to the office and was almost at risk of being discovered when she found his assistant instead.

Since she found it difficult to walk up to Niklaus, Deborah decided to make use of the man instead knowing he was the one who handled all of Niklaus' needs.

It had taken a lot of pleading to convince Niklaus' assistant that her letter was important and after ensuring it wasn't harmful, the man agreed to give it to him. In her presence, he placed the letter on top of the pile of documents he carried and her heart raced knowing that it was only a matter of time till her father knew of her existence.

But then, for Deborah to turn around, she bumped into Isabella who had probably seen her interaction with the assistant.

"What is going on here?" Isabella asked with that authoritative voice of hers.

"It's nothing," the assistant was the one who answered politely, "You must be here to see your father?"

"Yes, I have something to discuss with him and I couldn't get a hold of him last night because he didn't come home," Isabella said, scrutinizing her.

Deborah knew Isabella must look down on her because of her appearance. She couldn't help but wonder if they would get along if she comes to know that the both of them were siblings.

She doubted so anyway, she heard that Isabella was aloof, distant, and mean to people. A total bitch. Why would she like her?

Niklaus' assistant then turned to her, "You should leave now. I'll be sure to relay your message," He hinted at the letter.

Deborah smiled and took her leave, however, she caught Isabella staring at her letter that was kept on top of the others and she feared that Isabella would read it.

"Aren't you leaving?" Isabella asked her with a mean look.

"S-sure," Deborah stuttered with a nervous smile and left. If she had been scared earlier, she was anxious now because she couldn't get rid of the thought of Isabella reading her letter from her head.

All through the day Deborah couldn't relax and kept her ears to the ground hoping for news of Niklaus's return to the office and at last, he did. So she waited nervously for his calling since she had put her contact at the end of the letter.

However, to her disappointment, a day went by without a word from Niklaus. Deborah didn't think much about it surmising that Niklaus must have been too busy that he didn't go through it.

However, the second day passed and Niklaus still didn't contact her, and the third and the fourth went past as well until the fifth day came, she was fired from her cleaning job.

Her being fired from her job was the wake-up call Deborah needed and she knew at once that Isabella was responsible for everything that happened to her.

Isabella must have read her letter and discovered that she was her half-sister and sought to make sure that her father never found out about it so she fired her from her job.

Deborah was so filled with hatred for Isabella that she decided she would have her vengeance. What was so special about Isabella anyway? Who gave her the right to decide her fate? If only she knew whatever happened to her was not related to Isabella at all.

Yes, it was true that Isabella had come into Niklaus' office yet she didn't give much thought to the letter surmising it was one of the homeless asking for assistant since it wasn't the first time such a thing happened.

Bored and tired of waiting, Isabella left the office for home and didn't get to see the breeze that threw the lightweight letter off the table and to the ground, and then it flew under his desk. Not even Niklaus saw it.

Unfortunately, the cleaner in charge of Niklaus' office came the next day and got rid of the letter unknowingly.

On the part of her getting fired, one of her jealous co-workers had seen Deborah and the assistant together when she gave him the letter and reported her as giving a bribe for a promotion. Sadly, the head cleaner was so angered by the report that she fired her without giving her a reason for her abrupt dismissal.

Hence, Deborah spent half of her life thinking that Isabella was responsible for her misery. After getting fired from her job, there was no other opportunity to meet Niklaus and she couldn't get other jobs like that.

Life became harder once again and this time, Deborah leaned into the dark side of the society. And it was through her illicit acquaintances that she was able to get connected to that old man.

Jacob Miller was a rich old man in need of a companion having lost his wife in the years gone by with all of his children married off. All these years, Deborah never for once forget her need for revenge. Although she had resented Isabella at first, she added Niklaus to the list in no time. After all, if Niklaus hadn't knocked up and left her mother, she wouldn't have been born into this world, not to talk of living this kind of life.

All of them must pay!