

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 721 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-one: Manipulation - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 721 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-one: Manipulation

*Chapter 721 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-one: Manipulation*

The third point of view:

"Just because a human says he's sorry, doesn't mean he's sorry. Ninety-nine percent of tears around the world is a form of manipulation," Isabella thought in her head as she zoned out.

Right now the activities going on in Isabella's head was like watching a game of chess. If a device could measure her brave wave right now, it would overload with her chaotic thoughts.

"If a newborn mammal does not cry out, it is unlikely to get the attention it needs to survive. As the child gets older, crying becomes a tool of social repertory: grief and joy, shame and pride, fear and manipulation. The child having studied his mother knows if he doesn't cry, the mother wouldn't listen. So he sobs and manipulates the mother into giving more food even when he has enough," Isabella thought to herself as Pedro's incoherent murmuring increased on her door.

"Isabella, open up, it's me!" Pedro kept banging on the door. She surmised he was drunk else he wouldn't be this inconsiderate to her peace.

Well, Pedro has been inconsiderate throughout the day by hovering around her door. The only time he left her door was to answer nature's call - and of course to drink.

It was manipulation in this purest form with him trying to force her to forgive him. She needs to make her decision without being coerced and he wasn't exactly giving her that choice.

So Isabella made up her mind, as far as he remained by her door, she would remain indoor as long as possible. She had water to drink but not food, nor was she hungry. Fortunately, human beings can survive as long as fourteen days without food, she would like to put that theory to test.

Isabella laid down on the bed staring at outer space. Although she was mad at Pedro, it still brought her a sense of comfort knowing that he was outside her door. He was not with that woman.

Isabella wanted to hurt him and at the same time didn't want to. Something must be wrong with her. Her hands went to her stomach and stroked her stomach that now has a little bump. Perhaps, it was a good thing that she and Pedro were fighting else he would have his suspicion once he saw her body.

"Don't worry little one," She spoke to her unborn baby, "I'll give you a perfect life. No one would take away your rightful position or father," Isabella promised her child, her eyes now having a malevolent glint as she recalled the mission she gave to Jean.

She was still thinking when she picked up movements and a voice she recognized as Anabelle. Of course, that busy body would not leave her alone.

Isabella didn't move a muscle even when Anabelle threatened to spill her secret - she doesn't have the guts. She'd kill her if she does that - she means it.

She relaxed or so she thought until that trouble maker appeared. Isabella's brows furrowed at Julie's appearance, nothing can ever go well with him around.

"What do you want me to do for you to forgive me? Should I rip out my heart and serve it to you in a platter?" she heard Pedro's grieving yet hardened her heart. She can't let emotions get in the way of her decision-making.

"What about reversing the time?" Isabella answered in her head. It was impossible but there was no harm in wishing.

"Sure, do that. I'm sure Isabella would appreciate it," Julie answered and Isabella's eyes narrowed at once, what was that asshole trying to do? Doesn't he know Pedro was drunk and really emotional right now and that made him susceptible to suggestions?

Her fists clenched by her side, she would kill that asshole once she gets out. Get out? Damn, Julie was trying to manipulate her into leaving her room. Isabella exhaled noisily through her nose, do they think she was easy to manipulate?

"You're saying I should rip my heart out? She would like it?" the stupid Pedro was listening to his suggestion.

Isabella who was previously lying down on the bed now stood up. She took a deep breath, Julie better not crossed the line.

Outside the door, Julie said to Pedro, "Of course, my man. Right now, Isabella doesn't want to speak to you because she wants you dead. So why don't you demonstrate your great love for her?" he had a mischievous smirk on his face.

"Okay," Pedro slurred then clawed his chest as if trying to pull his heart out but as expected, failed miserably.

"I can't," Pedro huffed because he had been putting so much effort into it and only ended up bruising himself.

"Don't worry, I have a better idea," Julie said, and that caused Anabelle's brows to furrow. Her fiancé was treading a field filled with mines right now. Isabelle would kill him if he tried anything funny with Pedro.

"What is it?" Pedro accepted his idea without a second thought.

At that, Julie smiled and went over to him, saying, "You see the wall?"

"Yeah," Pedro staggered over to the wall, positioning himself properly.

"On the count of three, bang your head on the wall with enough force to crack your skull open. Only when you die, Isabella would be happy," He announced.

"Julie!" Anabelle called him, uncomfortable with his games anymore, "What are you doing?"

"Relax," Julie shrugged it off, "I'm sure Isabella would come to save him before he really does it, right?"

Back in the room, Isabella was now pacing up and down her room while fuming in anger. She would skin the life out of Julie if she gets out. How dare he try to force her hand? This was none of his business!

"Alright, Pedro, are you ready?" Julie asked him, prepared to start his counting.

Pedro turned to him, "If I do it Isabella would be happy, right?"

"Of course, you can trust me," Julie assured him.

"That's the opposite of what he should be doing right now," Anabelle retorted. She was, really trying to be brave right now.

"Alright," Julie gestured to Pedro to turn and face the wall, "At the count of one..... two..... three!"

Anabelle screamed and closed her eyes as Pedro smashed his head into the.....

*Chapter 722 - Seventy Hundred And Twenty-two: Torment Him For The Rest Of His Life*

The third point of view:

"That lunatic!" Isabella stomped her feet as she heard Julie's threat. She knew there was no way on earth Pedro's brain would split open on the first hit but he would get hurt

and she wasn't inclined to see that red liquid spilling down his head right now, not when everything is going wrong. They were driving her crazy!

"At the count of one..... two..... three!"

"No!" Isabella didn't even know when the scream tore from her throat and she raced to the door.

"Her fiancé was crazy!" was the thought in Anabelle's head as she winced and shut her eyes just as Pedro banged his head on the...

"Huh?" Anabelle peered out through the gape in her fingers and saw Pedro's head on Isabella's palm that rested on the wall.

It happened that right before Pedro could bang his head on the wall, Isabella had already left the room with lightning speed and put her hand in the way.

Anabelle let out a huge sigh of relief and turned to glare at Julie that had a smug look on his face as if saying, "Told you,"

Had Isabella not taken the bait, he would have really let Pedro get injured. She really wanted to slap that smugness off his face. However, didn't need to wish for that because Isabella turned her cold steel gaze on Julie.

"How dare you!" Isabella raged and strode over to Julie with malicious intent when Anabelle quickly put herself in between them.

"Hey, Isabella," Anabelle chuckled nervously, "He was only trying to draw you out!"

"Draw me out?!" She raged, "He almost hurt Pedro!" Isabella was just about to shove Anabelle aside to get to Julie when Pedro quickly wrapped his arm around her stomach, burying his face into her neck.

"It's you, Isabella," He cried.

With a deep breath, Isabella turned around in his arms and began to hit Pedro on the chest, "And you! Are you an idiot or what?! How could you even think of doing such a thing?!"

However, Pedro only tightened his embrace, apologizing, "I'm so sorry, Isabella. I'm so sorry,"

Isabella wanted to wriggle out of his embrace, Pedro was weakening her resolve with sympathy. The last thing she wanted right now was to show her weakness in front of everyone.

"Don't leave me please," Pedro begged.

"Don't worry, I won't. We'd stay together so I can torment you for the rest of your life," Isabella swore to him.

"Aww," Julie sighed with fake infatuation, his hand resting on his chest, "I can already imagine her killing him in her sleep,"

"You're not helping," Anabelle scowled at him.

Isabella then turned to Julie, "Take him away, he's drunk,"

"Huh?" Julie was stunned. After all his thinking and hard work, it only amounted to this? God, this was a huge disgrace.

Anabelle understood what was going on immediately, Isabella was about to break down and she never cries in front of others. Funny enough, she was the only one who had seen Isabella cry - twice.

"Ouch," Julie finally reacted when he felt a pinch at his thigh and he turned to Anabelle who gestured to him to take Pedro away.

God, he didn't sign up for this.

Julie grudgingly walked over to where they stood and began to untangle Pedro from her with great effort since he didn't want to let go. He was like a child who didn't want to part from his favorite toy.

"Isabella!" Pedro cried out all he wanted but Julie made him lean on his side.

"Take good care of him," Isabella warned him.

Julie wanted to retort, however, bite back whatever response he had in mind when he met Isabella's resting bitch face.

"So be it, your majesty," Was all he said with a big fake smile.

He readjusted Pedro who was flailing about as if trying to reach out to Isabella. He then turned to Anabelle, saying, "Come, let's go,"

"Wait, go where?" Anabelle was confused, "Did you forget the part where I told you I'll be spending the night with her?" She gestured to Isabella who simply walked back to her room and closed it - without locking it.

"Wonderful," Julie looked up to the sky helplessly. She did say that, he finally remembered.

Fate does work in mysterious ways. When he said he was going to spend the night with Anabelle, he was sure he was explicit in his request. He sure never wanted Pedro. How could this happen to him?

"Goodnight," Anabelle suddenly said and then took his face in her hand as she smooched him on the lips.

"Well, that's comforting," Julie said. Who was he kidding? This was her bribing him so he doesn't abandon Pedro on the way.

"I'll see you tomorrow morning. Now go," Anabelle tapped him on the shoulder, indicating he should start moving.

"Fine," He added, "And call me if she does kick you out," Julie was sure that would happen.

"Don't worry, she won't," Anabelle assured him, "Just go,"

"Isabella!" Pedro wailed quite loudly and that was all the cue Julie needed to take him away before he made a fool of himself than the one he had already made.

Once they were gone, Anabelle grabbed the doorknob and went in. She sighed, this cousin of hers. Why can't she express her emotions properly? If Isabella didn't want her company, she would have locked the door from the inside as she did earlier.

"What do you want?" Isabella's cold voice greeted her as soon as she came in.

Anabelle rolled her eyes, stop pretending you don't want my company.

"Ice-cream," She said instead, lifting her nylon bag.

"If that is your idea of consoling me, then you should know that I don't need that useless gesture. All I need right now is workable solutions!"

"Who said I'm here to console you, I just want to eat my ice cream with your company. You can sulk all your want, I'm not going to bother you,"

"I don't sulk!" Isabella growled at her. Only babies sulk.

"Sure, do whatever you want. But in case you want a taste of the ice cream, you can join. I got two spoons and it's family-size," Anabelle offered.

"I don't need that nonsense," Isabella claimed, yet three minutes later, she was sucking her face with Icecream and crying at the same time.

*Chapter 723 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-three: Why Would He Like That?*

The third point of view:

"Do you really have to make up?" Neon loomed around Ailee as she dressed up.

"Why shouldn't I make up?" Ailee asked back, all of her attention on the mirror. She was sitting in front of her dresser and Neon was being unproductive by bothering her like an annoying fly.

"You're beautiful the way you are?" He said.

"Typical men, what do they know about beauty?" Ailee sighed, applying a bit of mascara to her eyelids.

They were back from school and refreshed quickly so they could reach the location before the sun went down since it was an outdoor shooting.

As soon as she was done, Ailee stared at her face in the mirror and was delighted with the result. She was just about to pull her hair into a ponytail when Neon stopped her.

"What?" she asked.

"Let your hair down, it's better that way," Neon said and didn't tell her that the main reason he wanted her neck hidden was the fact that it was slender and delicate and extremely enthralling. He just had this crazy thought of brushing his lips across that smooth skin and bit his teeth into it, tasting her. Would she whimper in pain or moan for him?

"Earth to Neon," Ailee snapped her fingers at his face, rousing him back to reality.

"Huh?" he was startled.

"Why should I let my hair down? It might be a date with Theodore but I'll be working at the same time and the hair might get in my way -"

"Do whatever you want!" Neon snapped at her to Ailee's greatest shock and went downstairs without even turning around.

"What the hell is wrong with him?" Ailee threw her hands up, dumbfounded. He was becoming strange day after day.

Meanwhile, unknown to Ailee, the reason why Neon left in such a hurry was because he was sporting a boner.

"God damn it," Neon groaned as soon as he made it into the living room and leaned over a couch, grabbing it by the arm as he tried to calm down.

"Don't think about her or her wicked smile and killer neck," He encouraged himself, sweat forming on his forehead while his Jaw was clenched, "Do not think of her at all. Just think happy thoughts.... or the negative ones," The idea hit Neon and all it took him was the thought of his mother for everything to calm down.

Neon took a deep breath with his eyes shut, that was a close one. But then, for how long was he going to lust after his sister?

Damn it! Neon had to remind himself for the hundredth time already that he and Allen were not related biologically, not even legally. However, for how long could he hide his feelings from her? When would she reciprocate his feelings? Does she even have one for him!

For how long would they play this cat and mouse game? Till she's taken by another man? Just like today's date with Theodore? Neon sighed, his problems just kept piling up.

Neon heard the sound of footsteps approaching and stood up at once. Not too long, his gaze fell on Ailee who obediently had her hair down. Thank God.

"Hey," He was the one to speak up first considering the fact he snapped at her earlier, "You look beautiful,"

Ailee didn't reply and simply gave him the cold shoulder. However, before she could walk past him, Neon reached out and yanked her towards him. They were almost in an embracing position but Neon was smart enough to put some distance between them.

"I'm sorry, princess. I didn't mean to snap at you. It just happened and I'm truly sorry for that," He apologized yet there was no response from Ailee.

Neon was just about to think of another tactic when Ailee suddenly lifted her phone and played the record of him apologizing to her with a smirk.

"I'll keep this for future sake," Ailee grinned at him.

"You know you don't have to do that, I would always apologize to you for my wrongs any day, anywhere, and anytime," He told her.

"Sure, I know that," Ailee answered, "But then people change just like my brother, Allen. So I'll just keep it for future purposes when you're no longer the same,"



"For you alone, I'll be the same. You don't know how much you mean to me," Neon said, catching her strand in his hand and taking his sweet time pulling it to the back of her ear.

Ailee didn't say anything, she just listened to his words and watched his actions. However, her gaze somehow rested on his lips and she gulped. What the hell was wrong with her? Thankfully, his words brought her back to reality.

"So you don't have to be scared of losing me, Ailee. I'm always here for you and would always be," He said, holding her gaze as they stared into each other's eyes.

Neon's eyes were really beautiful, they were blue with specks of gold around the pupil. She could really stare into his eyes all day without getting tired. However, when Ailee became aware of the intensity of Neon's gaze, her heart skipped a beat.

She unconsciously held her breath when she saw the look in his eyes - It was full of longing and consuming. Longing for who? For what? Neon was confusing her. Unfortunately, that was all the reminder she needed to break their contact.

"We should go," Ailee patted him on the back.

"Yes, we should," Neon agreed as well and they headed over to their SUV. Honestly, Ailee had her own car but this was the first car their parents gifted them to go to school with to promote the spirit of togetherness between them since they quibbled like cat and mouse with Allen and vice versa.

Well, the method only worked because Neon only ended up being the chauffeur driving them to school almost every day. It was just a few occasions that Allen decided to help out and he had a purpose for doing so and it was always beneficial for that purpose.

"You know I should be the one driving considering I'm your manager and assistant else people would begin to suspect we are more than what we claim to be," There was already that crazy model thinking they were dating. What a ridiculous thought.

"Let them think what they want," Neon muttered, bringing the car to life, "I would like that anyway," He muttered under his breath without knowing she heard him.

Ailee's brows furrowed, why would he like that?

*Chapter 724 - Seventy Hundred And Twenty-four: Forgot Her Date With Theodore*

The third point of view:

By the time they arrived, the team was still setting up their equipment, hence it gave Ailee enough time to get updated with the costume department while Neon socialized

with his fellow models. The photoshoot location is an open landscape, a wide and long field expressing nature.

And it was while Ailee was speaking to the designer when out of the corner of her eyes, she saw Mackenzie make her way over to Neon and her face distorted at once.

"Hey Jade, can you hear me?" The woman had to wave her hand in front of her.

"Yes," Ailee answered as soon as she got herself, "And we're done, right?"

"Yes, we are but -" the woman didn't get to finish the rest of her words because Ailee had already walked out.

"Hi,"

A voice said behind Neon and he turned around to discover it was someone he didn't know aka a stranger.

"Hi, miss....?"

"Miss Mackenzie," She was quick to introduce herself by thrusting out her hand for a handshake.

"I'm Neon," He took her hand in a handshake.

"Actually, I introduced myself to you last week at the company but you must have been occupied," Mackenzie said with an awkward smile.

"Oh, I must have been," Neon said, smiling nervously. How does he deal with this kind of situation?

"Umm," Mackenzie cleared her throat, "Actually, I wanted -"

"Neon," Ailee interrupted Mackenzie, causing the both of them to turn.

Ailee was almost out of breath as if she had been running but she didn't show it and looked relaxed.

"Ai-Jade," Neon used her fake identity at the last minute and that made Ailee glare at him in a warning. It

At the same time, Mackenzie noticed their coordinated secret exchange and it made her feel like an outsider - like she was interfering with something she wasn't part of. That made her jealous and her fists clenched by her side.

"Oh, Jade," Mackenzie said with a big fake smile, "Nice to meet you again,"

Nice to meet you, my butt, Ailee retorted in her mind. However, she still answered politely, "Nice to meet you too, Jade,"

Ailee then turned to Neon, hoping to untangle him from this witch when she spoke again, "It seems you have something to say to Neon because the both of us are kind of in an important conversation," She was smug.

But to Mackenzie's shock, Neon threw her under the bus, "Of course not, we don't have any important conversation going on,"

Her jaw dropped to the ground, how could he do that to her all just to please his assistant? Mackenzie was so pissed that smoke was literally oozing out of her ears.

"Is anything the matter?" Neon asked with concern seeing that she had rushed over to him.

"I have your clothes," She gestured to the load of them in her arms.

"Then go set it where it's supposed to be, isn't that what an assistant is supposed to do? Do you have to bother him for everything?" Mackenzie retorted. She didn't like the closeness between Neon and Jade. Jade was a big threat to her plans.

"Mackenzie," Neon called her, his brows furrowed and that meant he was annoyed.

"You said I didn't have anything important to say when I took it upon me to improve our relationship since we'd be shooting as a couple," Mackenzie looked pitiful as she bit on her lips.

However, instead of noticing her sympathetic look, Neon was more interested in, "We would shoot as a couple?"

"Yes, in the second round. I was just trying to inform and as well give you some tips as a rookie," She said innocently.

"Oh," Neon realized he might have treated her a bit unkindly.

"I'll go sort out and arrange your clothes, sir," Ailee said disgruntledly, "Just don't get too lost in your informal education because shooting start thirty minutes from now,"

Ailee turned to Mackenzie and added sternly, "You have just ten minutes to teach him the world's most valuable information. If even a minute goes by without him returning to his stand, you'd have his mother?to contend with,"

Before even Neon nor Mackenzie had the time to talk, Ailee had already strode away.

"What's her problem?" Mackenzie asked as soon as she left her.

"She's just looking out for me, do not take it to heart," Neon said, already thinking of words to placate Ailee when he's done.

"Looking out for you?" Mackenzie couldn't believe him, "You're her employee but I feel like she's the one controlling you instead -,"

"Are you giving me some tips or should I return to my stand? It's just one option," Neon was getting irritated by her nosiness. What was her business on how he and Ailee behaved?

"Fine," Mackenzie had to give up on the issue. She was supposed to bring Neon to her side, to make him like her, but the first thing they did was to argue because of that miserable assistant of his.

How annoying. Seeing it was obvious that Jade and Neon had a strong relationship, she realized she had to change her tactics. It was obvious Neon wasn't fazed by her beauty nor popularity, probably because he was a Spencer and had all the riches he wanted. So she had to use the old school way. Awake every man's instinctive ability to protect a weaker vessel. She was going to lose to that nobody called Jade.

Mackenzie went through Jade's background record and found out that she was from a poor background - like a peasant. Sigh, if only Ailee knew the kind of fake background her brother Allen made up for her, she'd bury him alive. According to the report, Jade got a scholarship to attend the same school as Neon, and other than that, Jade was Jade - simply nothing. She wasn't special at all.

Meanwhile, Ailee was already done setting Neon's costumes and was busy observing the time on her phone when it lit up with a call.

Oh shit, Theodore. She forgot her date.

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

*Chapter 725 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-five: Give Him War*

The third point of view:

"We have trouble on our hands," Emerald released the crisis at hand.

After the visit from yours truly, Mikhail, he called a meeting between Sakuzi and the core members of the organization aka Valentino's sons - Finley, the oldest, and Victor, the youngest.

Although Andrew was present, he wasn't permitted in the conversation and only stood guard with the others. However, one could see how tense he was considering the subject matter was his woman, Maggie. Perhaps, that was the reason Emerald intentionally ostracized him from the meeting tonight. Everyone in the base knew he was in love with the woman and one of their greatest rules was never letting emotions cloud their judgment.

"So, I heard the blood cobra paid a visit and from the look of things it wasn't a pleasant one," Finley was the first to bring up the conversation.

"Idiot, isn't that the reason why we are having this meeting in the first place?" Victor taunted him and Finley glared back at him. The both of them were fond of quibbling with each other whenever they were together amid their age.

"Behave," Valentino warned them and then leaned forward, asking Emerald, "What does he want?"

"More like who does he want?"

The moment Emerald said that, Andrew's fist clenched by his side. He really wanted to kill that Mikhail bastard. No one is permitted to lay a hand on Maggie, he would make sure of it.

"Our very own Maggie killed his son by castration and now he wants to kill her in return to restore his honor," Emerald Sakuzi explained.

"The book of exodus. Blood for blood code. I'm not surprised," commented another member of the gang who wasn't a part of the Sakuzi bloodline.

"What are the options?" Sakuzi asked, unshaken by the news as if he had seen it coming.

"It's either Maggie or a war with us," Emerald revealed, "So the question is, what would our answer be? "

"The woman has to go obviously. We can't risk the whole gang over a petty woman," was Finley's opinion.

"Petty woman?" Valentino Sakuzi picked on that statement, his brows raised, "Your mother wouldn't be exactly pleased with that word,"

"Sorry," Finley apologized immediately, wincing internally. No one said a word to him and he made a mental note to choose his words carefully.

"I agree with brother," Victor was quick to say, "We can't risk the safety of the gang for a woman who knew what she was getting herself into in the first place. Moreover, the blood cobra is not an easy gang -"

"And we are?" Valentino interrupted him.

Victor stumbled upon his words, "No, that's not it.....just saying that she's not worth so much trouble and Blood cobra is especially ruthless,"

"So we sacrifice what to Mikhail?" He asked, "A woman to a threatening gang like a pussy?!" Valentino guffawed, causing both of his sons to go red in the face.

Andrew took a deep breath where he was standing, thank God. It had taken everything in him not to reach out and punch the light out of them when they made that ridiculous statement.

Sakuzi turned to his sons asking, "Would you have given me the same opinion if it had been your wives in this situation?"

A guilty look cut across their faces, knowing their father was right. They would have fought fiercely if their wives were the ones in this situation.

"What honor would we have if we released her to him like that?" That was Valentino's point. Once they willingly handed over Maggie to Mikhail, they would be less than a laughing stock. Who would believe in their strength anymore?

"I understand your point, Valentino," the other man said, "Our reputation is at risk, however, peace is a much better option than war," he claimed.

"I think your idea of peace is cowardly. The Falcon Gang has carved its name on the underworld because of our great reputation and you decide to put that in jeopardy?" Emerald asked in disdain, his lips pulled in a small smirk.

He went on, "Moreover, have we become so comfortable with safety that the idea of war seems like a fairytale to us? Have we become so addicted to our safety cocoon that we became oblivious to the monsters lurking outside our walls?" he snorted, "Or have you forgotten the foundation of blood this gang was built upon, or did you become so intoxicated with the power you've forgotten to see?"

No one said a word as Emerald's words sank into their senses. Falcon Gang was one of the strongest mobs out there, how did they become so afraid? Has their pursuit for peace turned them into weaklings?

Valentino didn't say a word yet the sense of pride on his face was visible. As he expected, he had not made the wrong choice in making Emerald his heir. Sure, Finley

was a good leader but he was not passionate about his doctrines and was easily swayed by external forces.

While his sons had been busy taking advantage of his connection and fame, Emerald had been there by his side, watching and noting down his movements and approaches. Although choosing a member of the family as a leader was important to preserve the bloodline, Valentino would rather hand over his legacy to someone who would establish it than a family member who would let it wither away.

"We would never abandon one of our own," Sakuzi finally spoke, commanding everyone's attention without even trying hard, "Although Maggie's vengeance has been a one-woman battle and had sworn to bear the consequences, she has brought us immense benefits in the long run. The latest safe route we currently use to deliver our products is because of her findings. She did what most of you 'men' couldn't do, " He intentionally popped out the 'men' to his sons hearing.

Valentino went on, "It has been quite a long time since we battled with our enemies. So tell Mikhail or whatever he claims to be that we are ready for him. Nobody gives the Falcon Gang choices. If he wants war, we would give him War.." He declared.

*Chapter 726 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-six: Owe Her A Favour*

The third point of view:

"I think she's coming around,"

Deborah heard whispers and movements as she stirred awake only for a splitting headache to hit her causing her to wince and groan in pain.

"Hey, don't struggle," She heard a coaxing voice while her eyelids fluttered once... twice before adjusting to the light. Finally, the face hovering over her came into view more clearly.

"Who are...?" Deborah tried to ask but her throat was parched.

"Here, have a drink first," Reina handed the glass over to her and helped her sit up so she would be able to drink her water.

When she was done, Reina took the glass from her and placed it on the bedside table.

"What the hell is going on? My head's killing me," Deborah complained, rubbing at her temple as if trying to soothe the pain there.

"You had an accident and the doctor said you would have a concussion. But don't worry, aside from the bruise on your forehead, you're good," Reina smiled at her.



"Oh, thank God," Deborah seemed relieved. She then looked Reina over and remembered, "You're that woman,"

"Yeah, the woman you saved her life," Reina was extremely grateful. Even till now the shock of the accident hadn't left her system. Although her hands were no longer shaking compared to earlier. Now, she was just stuck in between disbelief and gratefulness.

"Trust me, I'm extremely grateful for the fact you saved my life but what you did was incredibly risky. Do you know how much guilt would have plunged me if something happened to you?" Reina asked her.

"I'm sorry about that, ma'm. I just don't know, but when I saw that car approaching you at that speed, I just reacted. All I knew was that there were much higher chances of me surviving than you at that moment and so I did what I thought was right," Deborah explained, buying over Reina's trust without even batting an eye.

"Your parents would be so proud of you," another voice said and that was when Deborah realized that she wasn't alone. She had been very engrossed with Reina, she didn't notice her husband at the corner.

Niklaus shot off the wall he had been leaning on while observing the girl and his wife, Reina and came into view.

Deborah was taken aback by the man's appearance that her mouth remained open for nearly a minute. She thought she had been prepared to meet her father, but the truth was that she was never prepared and his appearance had been a shock.

She stared at him, although he has aged as every biological creature should over the years, he was still stunning as ever. She had been fed pictures and clips of him over the years, but seeing him up close was a whole new experience.

Most of all, she stared into his amber eyes that they shared, although his was a lighter gold than hers, the similarities were there. For hoping sake, she wondered if he would even have the slightest suspicion they were related.

For a moment there, Deborah had this crazy thought that if he accepted her as his daughter and catch up on the lost time with her that she might?forgive him. But then, she caught herself at the last minute. There was no forgiving in her dictionary, shit already happened and this time, there was no more turning back.

"Niklaus...I mean sir, Niklaus," She finally regained her ability to speak and as well, shut her God damn mouth.

"You seem to know me," Niklaus teased her on purpose.



"Who doesn't know you?" Reina said, leaning to his side, "Sometimes I wonder if it's a curse having such a handsome husband,"

Niklaus was smug.

He indeed loved her, Deborah realized. She could feel the affection from there and was almost happy for them until she realized that her mother could have had something like this if he hadn't ruined her life. How could he be at peace and have a loving home when her mother doesn't have one.

Deborah never visited her mother after that day but she made sure to send money for her upkeep and opal's

health care. She made sure to remind her mother that all those luxuries came from the daughter, the one she despised - the one she hated the most.

Perhaps, now she was in the city, she would pay a visit to her - especially to visit her sister, Opal. But then, that would be after she was done with her vengeance. Once her goals were fulfilled, she would proudly stand before her mother and tell her that the people who ruined her dreams and life were gone.

"I want to thank you for saving my wife's life. It's a honorable thing you did out there and you can be rest assured that I'd compensate you greatly," Niklaus promised her.

"No, you don't need to bother yourself about that. I'm good," Deborah said.

"I insist,"

"Then pay it in a form of favour then?" Deborah suggested.

Niklaus raised his brows, "Favour?"

"I have enough money to cover the damages, so I don't really need yours. But then, who knows? I might need your help one day," she persuaded him.

"Well, if you put it that way, why not?" Niklaus shrugged, "I owe you one then,"

"Same here," Reina smiled kindly, "Also, do you have a family to spend the night with since you won't be discharged until tomorrow,"

"You don't have to worry about that, I'm good," Deborah assured.

"Then I'll meet you tomorrow morning," Reina said.

"Sure,"

"And thank you once again for saving my life,"

"It was nothing, ma'm," Deborah smiled.

"Goodbye then,"

"Goodbye," Deborah had a smile on her face the entire time until her door was shut close. The woman was kind enough to move her into a private ward.

However, her phone rang almost immediately, piercing the silence and she looked down at the screen only to discover that it was no other than that crazy woman, Jennifer. Deborah snorted, took her that long to call.

Deborah answered the call only for Jennifer to scream into her ears, "What the hell do you think you're thinking?!"

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

*Chapter 727 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-seven: Help Me*

The third point of view:

"What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

Deborah sighed, "Now I see where your son got his lack of manners. What do you think you're doing right now?" she asked back, her voice low and cold as it reached zero degrees.

"I almost had her! All of this could have been over if you hadn't saved her fucking ass!! Why?!! Why do you have to ruin it all even though you told me to do what I'm so good at?!! " She screamed into the phone so loudly that Deborah's ears almost bled.

However, Deborah remained calm amid the fact that her ears were almost ringing from the olfactory assault. She simply told her, "If I had known that what you were so good at in the first place was ruining my plans, I wouldn't have gotten you out in the first place"

"Ruining your plan? When did I do that? You wanted Reina out of the picture as well, didn't you?" Jennifer said, her mind going wild with all possibilities.

"I told you to make sure that my identity doesn't get discovered nor should they find out that we work together, but what you did today was putting my plans in jeopardy. And while we speak Niklaus' men are on a manhunt against the man you sent to finish off his wife and from what I've seen so far, that man isn't going to rest until he has you. I hope

you got my message," she hinted that Jennifer should end whoever she sent to do the job.

"You said I'm the cause of this all but from what I see, you're the one who ruined the whole thing! You should have let Reina die then all of my plans wouldn't have gone to waste!"

"It is not yet time!" Deborah hissed through gritted teeth, "I told you I've plotted the drafts of how everyone would end up in my head,"

"Fuck those drafts of yours! I needed to be proactive, which I did until you decided it was not good enough!" Jennifer retorted, laughing hysterically, "You think Niklaus would not find out what you're up to soon? You've never dealt with him, you know?"

"I know," Deborah acquiesced, "Which is why I intend to get close to him. So I must say thanks to you for providing me with the right opportunity to do so,"

"I knew it! You used me!" Jennifer growled as if the thoughts of her betrayal stung her skin like acid.

"Used you?" Deborah chuckled, "I can only call it being at the right place at the right time. How lucky was I to have been there to rescue Reina, Niklaus' wife from the hands of a crazy ex-fiancée?" She guffawed villainously.

"I should have known there was more to it when you released me! You never intended for us to be partners!" Jennifer finally saw what she was, nothing but a pawn in the game Deborah orchestrated. It now hit her when Deborah said she got everything plotted out, that included her. The girl was a bigger psychopath than her.

"Partners?" Deborah snorted, "Well, yes, the truth is that I once thought that we could be partners but that was until we had conflicts of interests. I thought you could see the plans in my own perspective but it turns out, you were blind,"

Realization dawned on Jennifer, "When you said I should do whatever I was good at, it was a test?"

"Bingo! Now you see it!"

"Damn you!"

"Yeah, damn me for seeing you were nothing but a ticking time bomb and you know what they do? They detonate when you least expect them to. That's why I have to get rid of them,"

"Get rid of them?" Jennifer read in between the lines and her eyes widened, "Oh shit!" She cursed and the sound of her heavy panting was heard on the phone as she tried to make a move wherever she was.

Deborah guffawed villainously, "Don't hate me Jennifer but I had no choice but to do this,"

"No, no, you can't do this, Deborah! How dare you?!"

"At least I got you out of that mental asylum and gave you peace of mind. But you don't have to worry, now you would experience the eternal calmness of the soul," she added, "And don't worry about your son, you've borne the cross for him so he'd be spared from this damnation. Goodbye, Jennifer,"

As soon as Deborah finished speaking, there was the sound of a blast, and Jennifer's line went dead immediately.

"May your soul rest in perfect peace, my partner," Deborah said, yet an unapologetic smirk crossed her lips.

She picked up her phone and logged into her note app where she penned down her plot and went down to Jennifer's name only to write gone with the wind.

At the same time....

The sound of a blast in a residential area caused quite a scene as people gathered around to investigate while the rest called for help. However, none of them got to notice the limping lady that had fresh scars on her neck down to her left arm. She sneaked right through the crowd and climbed into the car of a man that had left his door carelessly open because he was busy getting the burning house on camera.

"Hey!" He shouted when he realized what was going on, however, Jennifer had already taken off.

Jennifer was in deep pain but her desire to survive pushed the excruciating pain to the back of her mind. She had to stay focused and get help before it was too late.

When Jennifer got an idea of Deborah's plans, she at once without second thought flew out through the window. But the heat and force of the blast hit her more than she expected. The concussive force tossed her away like a bag of rice and away from the sight of whoever must be spying to see if the job was done.

There was a body to cover up her tracks. The housekeeper - that Deborah had no idea about - was the unfortunate victim in this blast. Jennifer bought the house with the hope that she and Neon would live there together hence it was always kept clean.

It would take time for the forensic department to identify the victim but that report of a burnt body would satisfy Deborah for now. However, nobody would see her coming. She just had to survive tonight.

Not long after, Jennifer parked the car at the side of the road and then made the rest of her journey on foot while making sure to avoid cameras that could capture her. Not long after, she pushed through the heavy door of an animal clinic.

"I'm sorry but we're close for the night..." the young woman trailed off when she saw her state.

"Help me..." Jennifer lost consciousness.

*Chapter 728 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-eight: You Should Be Scared Of Me*

The third point of view:

"Can I help you with that one?" Theodore offered help to his sister who was buried in projects.

"And make you miss your date? No way," Eve refused him.

"You do know you would always come first in my heart," He pouted.

"Yeah, I know you love me so much brother, but it's time you got a girlfriend," Eve added, "And I pray you said that the next time she's here with me," She smirked.

Eve knew her brother really liked Ailee, she's been observing the way he never takes his eyes off her even during practice whenever she was cheerleading. He's totally smitten.

Well, she likes Ailee too. Contrary to her expectation at first, considering she's from an aristocratic family, she's kind, beautiful, and a natural-born leader. The way she handles the cheerleading team with expertise and care increases her respect for her.

Theodore grinned in embarrassment causing his sister to roll her eyes, "Idiot,"

"But then ..."

"Just go, I'll be fine!" Eve stood up from her seat beginning to push him out of the class, "I'll be fine, or have you forgotten that I can protect myself? Moreover, this school has more security than our place does,"

"Fine," Theodore finally agreed, "Stay safe," He pecked her on the forehead, "See you when I'm back,"

"You too," Eve waved at him and watched him till he disappeared down the hallway.

"Finally!" She groaned, stretching out her body as if a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulder. Since it was just the both of them in the family, Theodore had made it his duty to look out for her since he was the eldest twin, saying it's his big brother role or something.

With a deep breath, Eve Donovan went back to her seat and was so engrossed in her assignment that when a shadow crossed the corner of her eyes, she was startled.

"Shit, who the fuck was that?" She sensed whoever passed by was familiar.

Without a second thought, Eve got off of her seat and stepped out of the class only to see the outline of the figure cross the corner of the hallway.

Intrigued and curious about what whoever that could be was up to, Eve followed him at a distance. It was a male and his back was extremely familiar so she continued to stalk him. It wasn't until he cut off at another corner of the hallway that Eve got to see his side view and she gasped, "Allen?"

What the fuck was he doing here? The school was over. Or maybe he had practice or maybe not? The way he was sneaking around told her that he was up to no good. No, she had to find out what he was doing?

At once, Eve moved stealthily as she followed Allen's trail only to meet an empty hallway. Allen was nowhere to be found.

"What the fuck?" Her brows furrowed at once. She had been sure she was right on his track, how did he vanish? Did he move faster?

At once, Eve quickened her footsteps and came to a T-road only for someone to push her into the wall.

"Why are you following me?" Allen growled at her.

However, the next thing Allen knew, Eve had already substituted their position and he now had his face pressed to the wall with his arm behind his back in an elbow lock.

"Before you touch a girl once more, make sure she's doesn't have a black belt in judo,"

"Hmm, impressive," Allen muttered and with great speed and reflex freed himself out of the lock only to have her in the same position she put him.

"Unfortunately, they say, pride comes before a fall," He muttered, still holding her in the same elbow lock.

Eve grunted, trying to free herself but Allen that asshole eliminated every position she could use to maneuver him.

"Release me this instant!" She commanded him and at the same time wondered why the move didn't hurt as much as she thought. Was he intentionally holding back cause she sure didn't hold back when she had him in the same lock and meant to cause him pain? Most of all, how was he more skilled than her?

"What do I get in exchange? You riding my d\*ck?" he breathed into her ears, causing shivers to run down the spine.

Eve told herself that it wasn't the good shiver but the bad one - she was only scared of what he might do now she's in this vulnerable position.

Allen smirked at her mortified expression. Yep, he was the big bad wolf and she had every reason to be scared of him. He finally let go of her, and was smug at the rosiness in her cheek. It was cute.

Damn, he doesn't do cute girls.

"Next time, don't bite more than you can chew," He warned her and only took a few steps when she shouted at him.

"I'm not scared of you,"

And she did it.

"I know guys like you, Allen. You think that just because you're rich, good at sports, handsome, ambidextrous, and powerful that we should all bow down and worship you, but that's the opposite of it. I don't care who you are and I'm not scared of a shit you could do to me,"

Allen turned slowly, all traces of smile vanished from his face as he said, "Oh you should be scared, darling, "

Eve suddenly gulped, even his mention of darling was dripping with acid. But she straightened her spine and held her head high, her gaze locked with Allen's. She was a strong woman and had never backed down from any challenge.

"You should be scared of the one that can destroy your body, in and out," And before she could ask him what he meant by that, Allen strode over to her, so fast she couldn't guess his intention. His hair dug into her hair and yanked it back causing her to whimper only for him to slam his lips down so hard against hers that all breath left her lungs.

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

*Chapter 729 - Seven Hundred And Twenty-Nine: I'm The Villain*

The third point of view:

A few minutes later, Red Riding Hood knocked on the door. The wolf jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his nose. "Who is it?" he called in a crackly voice.

"It's me, Little Red Riding Hood."

"Oh, how lovely! Do come in, my dear," croaked the wolf.

When Little Red Riding Hood entered the little cottage, she could scarcely recognize her Grandmother.

"Grandmother! Your voice sounds so odd. Is something the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, I just have a touch of a cold," squeaked the wolf, adding a cough at the end to prove the point.

"But Grandmother! What big ears you have," said Little Red Riding Hood as she edged closer to the bed.

"The better to hear you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"But Grandmother! What big eyes you have," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to see you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"But Grandmother! What big teeth you have," said Little Red Riding Hood, her voice quivering slightly.

"The better to eat you with, my dear," roared the wolf and he leaped out of the bed and began to chase the little girl.

It was at that moment where Allen slammed his lips down on hers that Eve understood the true story of the little red riding hood and the big bad wolf. Ailee warned her not to get distracted and yet she became distracted by her confidence to take him down. And now, she learned the great lesson why she should never mess with the big bad wolf. She could only get devoured.

Eve could barely brace herself when his lips captured hers forcefully causing her to stumble back in shock. When she slightly found her composure, her eyes went as wide as the moon in the night sky and she tried to push him away but Allen had already taken pre-measures to stop her from escaping him.



He caught her by the waist, pulling her into his arms and pressing her against his strong chest. However, Eve was still stubborn and struggled with him causing Allen to push her back against the wall, smothering her with his weight.

It was a long aggressive kiss. His lips moved against hers but she refused to give him the permission he needed. However, Allen was not thwarted, he decided to enjoy the little fight in her - that was what made the whole kiss interesting.

Moreover, he was a man of patience. So he kissed every bare inch of her lips along the way causing her to close her eyes unconsciously - she didn't even know the tension was slowly leaving her body.

His hand roamed over her body, his hand lowering from her waist and stroked her all the way down to her butt and up. That action caused her walls to clench and she moaned into his mouth to her chagrin.

Allen smirked, they were slowly getting there. He captured her lower lips, suckling it till it was tingling and that was all that was needed to derive a reaction from her.

Eve was trying to be strong but not when temptation was standing right in front of her. She wanted to be brave but her body was pining for something else and she couldn't fight it anymore. She knew Allen was fire and that she was going to get burned. But what could she do? The guy was a damn good kisser. So she gave in.

Desire rippled through her with a great force as his lips moved against hers. Her hands crept up his chest and Eve was shocked to find herself wrapping her arms around his neck. You know what, she doesn't care.

She moaned helplessly, drawing Allen closer to her. Eve finally parted her lips and allowed the kiss to deepen as his tongue plunged into hers, filling her. Her body shook with desire and she groaned into his mouth once again as Allen wedged his knee between her thigh.

Her groin buckled against his own and that was the proof Allen needed to know that she wanted him as much as he did. She was more than what he bargained for and right now, he wasn't sure he was in control of this game anymore.

But they had to pull back for a breath of air, the both of them breathing heavily and panting as if they just escaped from a herd of brain-eating zombies in the apocalyptic world. However, the need between each other was like a magnetic force because they gravitated towards each other in the blink of an eye.

Allen caught her lips once again but Eve was not going to sit around this time. She kissed him back long and hard, her hand buried into his hair, yanking quite tightly while her other hand wrapped around his neck and pulled him towards her as if she wanted to mold them together.

She wasn't as innocent as he thought, Allen found that out else she wouldn't be kissing him with this much expertise or maybe he was just the one who brought out the best in her. He grunted when she plunged her mouth into his in a rhythm that made him go rock hard down there. God, this minx was killing him.

So while she showed him the temptress she was, his hands closed over her breast and massaged them till they enlarged and hardened. Her legs felt like jelly and she could only hang on to him without breaking the kiss.

So while her hands moved up his chest while she kissed him, Allen slid his hand to her thigh, dragging her skirt up till his hand was over her crotch. And to his pleasure, she was wet for him. The thought made his head swell with pride. She was all his.

Eve was dazed and her breathing quickened as Allen inserted a finger into her wet, tender fold. She shivered around his finger, biting on his lower lips to the point of drawing blood. Allen smirked, guess he wasn't the only one who liked it a little hard.

He began to move his fingers against her clit, a little slow at first but the eagerness in her kiss and the way she bit his tongue was all the cue he needed. He increased his pace causing her to shiver and she whimpered and moaned, all into his mouth and he was happy to swallow those melodious sounds - especially the part where she came on his fingers.

Eve collapsed on his shoulder and it took her quite a while to be able to stand on her own once again. She didn't know whether to be embarrassed or indifferent when Allen withdrew his hand out of her. However, to her utmost shock, she watched as he took that same finger he used to touch her and put it into his mouth as he sucked every bit of her essence as if he was thirsty for it.

"Want to know what you taste like?" He grinned darkly at her.

What the.....

But as much as that move was as dirty as hell, it was kind of erotic in a sexy way. Her walls throbbed as if yearning for another taste of his touch. And then it hit Eve as if the scale on her eyes finally fell off, she not only made out with Allen in the hallway, but she let him touch her - like his other women.

Oh my God, reality finally dawned on her. She just broke her promise to Ailee. God, she was the worst. Guilt like no other overwhelmed her and she gritted her teeth.

"Regretting it now, are we?" Allen was quick to read the changes in her body language.

"You seduced me!" She accused him fiercely.

"And yet you liked it," Allen cocked a dark brow at her, "Don't deceive yourself, Eve, the both of us knew you could have stopped me, but no, you didn't want to, because you wanted to know what forbidden passion tastes like. Maybe, we aren't so different," He said, playing with the edges of her hair.

"You animal!" Eve raised his hand and smacked him loudly across the face. Allen could have dodged the slap or even stopped her, but he didn't do that and it puzzled her.

Allen reached out and touched his tingling cheek. He then glanced up at her saying, "You do know you're the first to have ever slapped me?"

Oh, she's the first? Is that a good thing?

"And I'm going to take it because I forced myself on you and that is not how a gentleman behaves. However..."

Eve gasped when he suddenly pulled her to him by the waist and pressed her against his chest once more. She struggled against him but her strength was not much for him.

"I'm not a gentleman and I like taking things from people I don't love - their joy, peace, love, body. I'm the villain here, Eve and the world needs people like us to keep it busy, don't you think so?"

Eve didn't reply but her glare spoke volumes.

But then, Allen suddenly leaned down, causing her breath to hitch. There was no way on earth he was about to kiss her, right? She would really hit him - she means it this time.

To her surprise, he found her ears and whispered instead, "I can't wait to see how you explain this to my sister, Ailee,"

Eve went pale, that devil!

Allen simply let her go and went away guffawing villainously.. This was the most entertaining day he had in a long time.

*Chapter 730 - Seven Hundred And Thirty: We Aren't Related At All*

The third point of view:

"Theo!"

The boy heard his name from amongst the crowd and his face lit up. Due to the photoshoot that featured some celebrities, it attracted quite a crowd who were being held back by the security team.

"I'm sorry but he's with me," Ailee quickly showed her staff identity card to the guard who then informed his other partner who let Theodore through.

She quickly apologized without even taking a break after her little run, "I'm sorry for having you wait this long, I didn't realize? I had my cellphone on silent mode when during class, and now...."

"Hey, it's alright. Just take a deep breath," He said, gesturing to her to take a long, deep breath. He sensed she ran all the here after finding out he has been calling.

"Thank you," She smiled at him in gratitude. He was really attentive. Hehe, he would make a good boyfriend.

Seriously Ailee, don't be faster than your shadow. He hasn't even passed the other tests you have for him. Yes, you have to be worthy enough to have her heart. She can't fail her brother's expectations - the reason why they were so protective of her was so she doesn't end up with a scumbag.

"You're welcome," He grinned at her before adding, "You look beautiful by the way,"

"Well, thank you," Ailee was pleased that he was observant. He keeps ticking off her checklist.

"And also..." Theodore suddenly stopped and reached behind her ear only to reappear with a rose flower in his hand.

"A beautiful rose for a beautiful woman," Theodore said unsure while handing that to her, "The truth is that I actually bought a bouquet, but then, nobody told me that I would be witnessing some crazy fans and to cut the story short, they murdered my flowers," He said with a serious face.

Ailee burst into laughter, the look on his face was hilarious. So he was attentive; knows how to compliment a woman; has a good sense of humor; he keeps growing boyfriend points.

"So this was the only life that I could save," He brought the rose to her face, "I hope you don't mind holding onto it," Theodore gestured theatrically.

"Of course, I'll treasure it," She accepted the flower, fixing it in her hair, "How do I look?"

"Beautiful as the morning sun," He flattered her.

"Such a sweet taller, come on, let's go. It's almost time for the photoshoot to start," Ailee grabbed him by the wrist only for Theodore to change their position, choosing to intertwine her fingers in his.

Ailee glanced down at the gesture and didn't say anything, instead, a blush crept up her face. She guessed this was the stuff people on a date do.

Walking hand in hand, the both of them arrived at Neon's umbrella stand and he was already back from his chat with Mackenzie.

"Where have you been, shooting is about to...." Neon trailed off as soon as his gaze rested on Ailee with Theodore. To make it worse, they were holding hands.

It was as if a sharp knife went through his heart when he saw them, however, he still put on a fake smile, "You're?here,"

"Yes," Theodore answered, shaking hands with him, "Thank you for having me here,"

"It's nothing," Neon said, then looked at Ailee questioningly, "Where are my clothes for the first shoot,"

"Oh," Ailee had to let go of Theo's hand and that oddly brought relief to Neon, "Here, it is,"

"Thank you," Neon took it from her and left the both of them without saying a word.

"He's strangely nice," Theodore said after he left and that drew Ailee's attention.

"He isn't nice to you? I've always known Neon as the pleasant one compared to Allen," she muttered.

"Well," Theodore pulsed his lips, "He's quite polite to me when he's not glaring at me. I wonder what I did wrong?" he chuckled as if it was funny.

"Probably because you're interested in me," Ailee answered for him, "You're the only guy who survived long enough to go on a date with me,"

"Oh, I see," Theodore was surprisingly consoled by the news. For someone as beautiful and popular as her, he had thought she would have had her share of men already.

For some reason, he was thankful her brothers were overprotective of her because they preserved her for him. And now, he would make sure he does everything possible to make her his.

Ailee and Theodore didn't say anything much afterward, they just observed the photoshoot that had begun just like the other staff members doing the same.

"He's good," Theodore said, watching as Neon posed with fellow male models by the beach while Micheal captured their moves.

"Yeah, Neon has always been a fast learner. But then, it would shock you to know that he wasn't always this smart, no, he was the dumbest of us all. That time, we used to play a lot of pranks on him - Allen especially. It was quite fun while it lasted. It felt surreal when he picked up so quickly on his learning. It was as if one day, he was dumb and the next, as if a spell was cast on him, he changed thoroughly, " Ailee sighed, " I miss those days, "

Theodore didn't say anything, rather smiled in understanding. But then, he couldn't help but wonder if Ailee knew she had said more about Neon than him since they were on a date. Well, it must be because she was working and things would change when they go for dinner later.

The only reminder to Ailee that she was on a date with Theodore was him holding her hands. However, that intimacy was often cut short with her trying to help Neon change into his next outfit in a timely fashion.

"So, I'm trying to understand something here. How are you and Allen twins and Neon isn't? Was he born a year later or months after? How are both of your siblings? I'm a bit confused here,"

But Ailee answered, laughing, "We aren't related at all,"

"What?"