

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 731 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-one: Jealous Of The Attention - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 731 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-one: Jealous Of The Attention

*Chapter 731 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-one: Jealous Of The Attention*

The third point of view :

Theodore's jaw dropped open at that sudden revelation.

"Why are you so shocked, don't tell me you never looked up our surnames," Ailee found his expression silly.

He never did, no, he didn't have the time to check it up. Also, why would he do so when he was more interested in Ailee. The truth is that Theodore indeed found Neon strange since he looked so different from the twins, but he guessed he was a relative or a younger sibling who was smart enough to skip classes and catch up to them. Kids were so smart these days.

"So he's adopted?" Theodore unconsciously wished so because he suddenly felt threatened.

"I wish," Ailee sighed, "Bring up matters of adoption with Neon and he'd punch the daylight out of you. Although I wonder why he wouldn't want to be my real brother when he'd lived half his life as one? Does he know how many people would kill to be in his spot," Ailee rambled on without noticing the change in Theodore's demeanor.

"So your family just picked him up from the streets or something and raised him?" he inquired with a narrowed gaze.

"Something like that but it's kind of complicated. You see my father then was engaged to Neon's mother however he had no idea of my mother having us and then when he found out finally, you can guess what happened," Ailee didn't go much into details, uncomfortable with the past.

"So your father took him in out of guilt for disappointing his mother? What about his mother? What kind of mother would allow that?" Theodore was hungry for more details. It just didn't make sense to him that Niklaus would take in a child out of guilt. Disappointing a marriage partner was an everyday occurrence, why would Niklaus take it hard? Something seemed off.

Ailee was startled by that question, even Neon hardly talked about his past, no, he never talked about it and it made her wonder if he still remembered his birth mother. He never even visited her in the mental hospital. Perhaps, she would convince him to visit Jennifer one of these days. No matter what happened, she was still his mother.

"Of course his mother took the break up hard even though she saw it coming. So in return, she attempted murder on my mother which almost took her life. Unfortunately, the court of appeal found her unfit to stand trial, so she was sent to a mental hospital instead. Poor Neon was left all by himself since he had no family members and my father had no choice but to take him in and my mom was good with it as well. In a way, I think she felt guilty for what happened,"

Ailee turned to him, "And now, you know his secret, you're entitled to keep it. If I ever find this piece of news on other people's lips, I'll kill you," She said with a cold, firm voice.

Theodore gulped, she really looked scary right now. However, to his surprise, a smile spread across her face and she hit him on the chest playfully, "Of course, I was joking. But I mean it, keep it a secret,"

"The secret is safe with me. Moreover, what would I gain from spreading such a sensitive matter? I'm not a jerk, Ailee,"

"I know," She said, "Else I wouldn't have accepted your offer of a date,"

For some reason, that comment warmed his heart and he had to let go of his fears. What was he thinking? That would never happen. He heard her, they lived the whole of their lives as siblings. Sometimes families were not formed by blood but bond, moreover, she choose to date him, not Neon.

The both of them didn't say anything afterward and just kept to their thoughts until Theodore asked, "Are they couples?"

"What?" Ailee was confused and then followed Theo's line of sight only to fall upon Neon and Makenzie. They had begun the duo shots and Mackenzie was not holding back in showing off her closeness to Neon.

Ailee clenched her fists and didn't even know when she said out loud, "That little witch!"

"Witch? Who?"

"Who do you think if not that material woman throwing herself on him?!" Ailee said through gritted teeth, "She thinks I don't know what she's planning. She wants to date Neon because of what she could gain from him,"

"How do you know that?" Theodore asked.

"I know women like her! Why do you think Neon hasn't dated anyone so far?"

"Neon hasn't dated anyone so far?" Theodore was not comfortable with that piece of news. Call it men's instinct but he was not comfortable with the vibe Neon was giving off especially when around Allen.

Although both of them - Allen and Neon - were protective of Ailee, unlike Allen, Neon was territorial, almost like an alpha wolf trying to keep off his mate from other males. At first, he had not given it much thought until Ailee just confessed he was not her biological brother nor had he dated anyone. The warning flags were there and it made him extremely uncomfortable. Not to mention the fact that Ailee was ignorant and completely trusted him - Neon. Or was he thinking too much?

"Your brother doesn't seem to be complaining and he's smart and old enough to make his decision," Theodore said a bit too firmly.

Ailee frowned at him, "Just because he's smart doesn't mean he has a high EQ. Moreover, old enough or not, I'm his sibling and should help him make the right choice,"

"Or maybe you're just jealous of the attention he's giving....." Theodore trailed off because he realized he just ruined everything. Wonderful.

"I didn't... it isn't what you..." He failed miserably trying to explain himself.

"Maybe, this date was a bad idea after all," Ailee was quick to conclude, already turning to leave.

"Ailee," He grabbed onto her arm but her intense gaze was all the warning he needed to let go.

"Look, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to put it that way but I'm just saying you're making a huge deal out of something so insignificant," He said, hoping she understood him.

"Of course, I understand you but this would be all for today," Ailee said sternly and left.

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

*Chapter 732 - [Bonus ] Seven Hundred And Thirty-two: She Was Against Them*

The third point of view:

Eve remained in a daze even when she returned home. She was so shocked by the events that transpired between her and Allen that she returned home and went straight to her bedroom, staring out in outer space till night came.

She only came out of her reverie when the door was suddenly open and her brother came in with his head hanging low like some cat drenched in the rain.

"Theodore," She whispered, surprised at his crestfallen mood. He was supposed to be happy, having gone on a date with his crush, Ailee, "What happened?"

"I messed up big time is what happened," He sighed, plopping down on her bed.

"That's relieving,"

"That's relieving?" He was honestly surprised. Wasn't she supposed to comfort him in a situation like this?

"I don't know what happened between the both of you but Ailee's a kind person, so beg her sincerely and she'll forgive you," Eve advised him with a deep sigh and that drew his attention.

"You're bothered as well, what is wrong?" he noticed. When people said there were some psychic bonds between twins, it was effective in their case. Both of them can read each other well. They could feel it.

"Just like you, I messed up big time," she confessed.

"You did?" he looked at her in confusion, "Weren't you supposed to be working on your project or something?"

"I was until a villain decided to mess with me," His sister spoke in a language he couldn't understand.

Theodore decided to let things go knowing his sister was incomprehensible in this state.

Meanwhile, there was an awkward silence on their way home. Ailee had not spoken to Neon the whole time because she was lost in her thoughts and he didn't bother to ask questions having sensed something must have gone wrong with the date.

As much as Neon was glad that their date ended in a disaster. He couldn't stand Ailee's silence. He knew her as the cheerful type and their ride was much more enjoyable with her taking - he loved hearing her voice.

"What happened?" He asked, unable to stand her silence anymore.

"It's nothing," She said.

"It can't be nothing when you're oddly quiet," He pointed out, a bit disgruntled.

"It's nothing that I can't handle," Ailee said in a dismissive tone. As much as she appreciated his concern, this was an issue she has to navigate on her own.

Although it vexed her, she had to admit that Theodore was right. She has become so involved with Neon's life that she doesn't even realize when she crosses the line. Neon was mature enough to handle his problems and that involved Mackenzie.

If he wants to be with the sassy, arrogant, and materialistic model, who was she to oppose him? It was his choice. She just hoped he leads by example and does not question her own choice. It was time to take back her life from the control of her brothers.

The silence between both of them was suffocating and palpable that even the family members noticed the tension when they arrived home.

"Hey, Ailee -"

"Night mom," She didn't even give Reina the chance to speak and left already.

Reina stood in the middle of the living room awkwardly and then turned to Neon questioningly, "What happened to her?"

"Bad date," He said.

"A date?" someone said and Neon didn't need a prophet to help him recognize that voice. It was Allen.

"A date with who? You?" He said derisively.

It was a mere bad joke yet Neon couldn't help but notice the way Reina flinched. If Neon had doubts about Reina accepting his relationship with Ailee if they do get together, it was confirmed now. She was against the idea of them being together - Allen was not the only one he had to deal with.

"With Theodore," Neon corrected him through gritted teeth. Allen was really intent on messing around with him.

"Good for you then," he smirked like the devil he was, dropping hints that Neon hoped Reina hasn't figured out yet. He had to at least make Ailee realize her feelings for him before she - Reina - fights against their relationship.

Allen hummed a tune as he went back to his room. He was happy, Neon noticed. Who knows who's life he made miserable to be this merry, he shook his head sympathetically.

"How was the photoshoot today?" Reina asked.

"It went well,"

"Okay," Reina nodded and then informed him, "I came home a bit earlier than usual so we had dinner ahead. But don't worry, you just have to heat the food and you're good to go,"

"Okay," Neon said and was just about to leave when Reina called him.

"Neon,"

He turned, "Yes?"

"You don't have to do this if you don't like it. Ailee was right, I should not have forced you into doing this -"

"You don't have to worry, I'm good, mom," He was quick to persuade her, "Although it was overwhelming at first I've come to love it and I met new people and made new friends. Moreover, everything you've done so far is for my benefit. I don't know how to thank you enough,"

Reina was so touched by his words that she quickly pulled him into a hug, announcing, "I'm so proud of you,"

Neon didn't say anything because he knew she wouldn't be proud of him for too long. He was in love with her daughter and she would never accept him - the son of a crazy woman. He was only good enough as a son and not a son-in-law.

"Neon! You're back!"

Reina had to let go and make a chance for her children who at once threw themselves at the young man who pulled all three in his embrace.

"I missed you, Neon," Diego was the first to announce.

"I missed you all as well,"

"I heard you are doing a photoshoot for mom's company," Ella said.

"Can we come and cheer you up in the next shoot,"

That is not a good idea, he didn't even need to think twice about it.

"That is a matter that we would have to deliberate upon after your mother approves of it," He knew that was impossible, "By the way, who wants to have dinner with me?!"

"Me! Me! Me!"

The kids were in an excited mood and he led them to the dining room but not without his gaze searching for a certain person.

*Chapter 733 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-three: Investigate Her Yourself*

The third point of view:

"Are you asleep?" Anabelle asked Isabella. They were both sleeping on the luxurious VIP hospital bed and had their backs turned to each other.

After the tearful ice-cream session, the both of them hadn't spoken to each other and Isabella made it clear she didn't want to be disturbed. Moreover, her cousin has encountered so many stressful experiences today she needed rest.

"Ummm," was Isabella's reply even though those asleep didn't speak.

"Are you really going to go ahead with the wedding?" Anabelle was curious about that one. Isabella was really strong, if she was in her shoes and Julie was the one with Pedro's problems, she would have left him a long time ago. A woman having a child for him was another problem on its own that she couldn't handle.

"Yeah," Isabella answered without even thinking.

"Even when that other woman is having his child?"

"Yeah,"

"Won't you feel bothered?"

"She's only having his child, not Pedro,"

"What if your parents strongly disagree when they find out the truth which they will," She reminded Isabella of the trials ahead of her. This was not going to be an easy one.

"Nobody would make decisions for me. I'm old enough to make my own decisions and bear the consequences," Isabella was firm.

"You know that I'm just worried about you," Anabelle had a concerned look.

"You don't have to worry about me. I'm a strong woman and I've gone through worse, this little incident won't bring me down," she told her.

Anabelle drew closer so that they were sharing body heat, "You know when we were little, I used to envy you. It's quite funny, I used to wish I'd be unmovable and badass as you who had the great ability to control her emotions. But now, I just wish you would let

go of everything, Isabella. Those emotions you keep bottled inside would burst open one day. Even if you don't want to do it for yourself, do it for the sake of your baby,"

"Thanks for the prep talk, Anabelle, you've always been a great motivational speaker," Isabella said without emotion, "Now if you would excuse me, I need to sleep. It's important for the baby,"

Anabelle didn't say and just gave up, her cousin was impossible. Although Isabella cried while eating their ice cream, those were just crocodile tears compared to the grief she knew Isabella was feeling inside.

Isabella was just about to close her eyes and try to catch a sleep but her phone rang at that moment. Great, just when she decides to sleep and everyone does the opposite.

"Hello Niklaus," she said with a tinge of annoyance in her voice.

"Eden just called me, says you're at the hospital. How is that possible, aren't you supposed to be discharged already? Is there anything going on that you're not telling me, Isabella?" Niklaus fished for more details. He could sense it, Isabella was keeping something from him.

"Yes, I'm still at the hospital and I'm at the hospital because I want to be in the hospital, and no, nothing's going on," She lied to him.

Niklaus took a deep breath and then he confessed with a great sigh, "Your mother Reina was almost killed today,"

At that news, Isabella sat up immediately, cold shivers running down the length of her spine. The others might not know her phobia but she was really scared of losing her loved one. That was why she hardly loved and when she does, hardly let go.

What is it?

Anabelle didn't need to ask out loud, Isabella could see the burning curiosity in her gaze but she simply pressed her finger against her lips, hinting that she shouldn't make a sound.

"What happened?" Isabella asked for more details with a taut voice.

"Whoever did that had the intention of taking away her life and drove at her at high speed in the underground parking lot of her company. Thankfully, another car got in the way on time and took the brunt of the collision," Niklaus explained from the other line.

Isabella took a deep breath to calm her racing heart. So what her father was trying to say was that she almost lost Reina today. If that questionable car hadn't interfered, Niklaus would have been calling to inform her that Reina was dead - gone forever.



After the death of her biological mother, Kay, Reina was the second person and the last person she'd ever allow that role. The thought that she almost lost her while she was in here doing nothing made her heart squeeze painfully. She should have been there.

"Isabella, I'm not telling you this to make you feel scared or feel obligated to protect her - that's my responsibility as your father and her husband. However, I'm just telling you this so you could stay safe and tell me if something's wrong. I don't know what's going on or why it's happening now but this is a time for our family to come together and take on this enemy lurking in the dark. So tell me, Isabella is there something going on that I don't know," Niklaus pleaded.

Isabella was his daughter and he has studied her far too well to know right now that she must be dealing with something huge, having chosen solitude instead of working it out with him, the others - and most especially, with Pedro.

"It's nothing that I can't handle," Isabella found herself using the same excuse Pedro had used on her weeks ago. Now, she was in his shoes, she was beginning to understand why he did it - keeping the truth from her.

"Isabella..."

"Have you found the one who almost murdered my mother?" Isabella swiftly changed the topic and Niklaus knew that was the end of their conversation - she was just like him. Damn it, her stubbornness was infuriating.

"Not yet but my men would find him at the end of tonight. He won't live to see the breaking of dawn," he promised her.

"Good," Isabella said and then added, "Also investigate the one who claimed to have saved my mother,"

Niklaus was stunned, he said, "You really have trust issues, Isabella. That lady almost died saving your mother," He was sure she was innocent.

"Sorry father but lately, I found out that some people are desperate to court death," Isabella hinted at Natasha that Niklaus had no clue about.

"Fine, if you're so sure of your instinct, you investigate her yourself. She's around your age or close to, however, I'll invite her to your rehearsal dinner on Saturday. The both of you should have fun then," he suggested.

"Fine by me,"

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

*Chapter 734 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-four: Abduct Her Tonight*

The third point of view:

Pedro woke up with a pounding headache. The light hurt his eye and he found out that his body ached as if someone had tossed him on a hard surface over and over again. Of course, that someone was no other than Julie who had a hard time dealing with Pedro last night because he was completely wasted.

"Goodmorning, beautiful, did you have the best night of your life," Julie said exaggeratedly with a feminine voice while hovering over him on the bed.

"F\*ck off," Pedro cursed, bringing himself to sit up with a groan. The headache was really killing him.

"And of course this is the thanks I receive for taking care of your wasted ass last night," Julie muttered to himself, shooting up to a standing position, "If only you didn't have a scary would-be wife, I would have just abandoned you on the way," He muttered under his breath but Pedro heard it all.

At the mention of a scary wife, Pedro was reminded of Isabella and the fact that she was still mad at him. He stood up at once with lightning speed as if to reach for the door when Julie stopped him.

"What do you think you're doing?"

What was he doing? Pedro asked himself and realized how stupid he looked at the moment. He was currently shirtless; his hair was spiking in all directions and his breath reeked. Was he planning to see Isabella in this state?

With a sigh, Pedro ran his hand through his hair, his breath coming in pants as if he ran a relay race. He was really confused right now.

"Go in the bathroom and make yourself presentable. You can choose any of my clothes that suit your taste, I'd just charge you for that later. When you're done, come down for breakfast," Julie commanded him and Pedro didn't argue at all with him. He only nodded and went in the direction of the bathroom like an obedient kid.

"That was strange," Julie thought over it. He has been expecting a brief disagreement before Pedro gives in. Anyway, he went back down to the kitchen where he was preparing breakfast; cooking was a strange relaxation he enjoyed.

Pedro stood still in the shower, lost in his thoughts as the water poured down his body. He didn't exactly remember all that happened last night but the embarrassing parts were quite vivid. Why had he even drank in the first place? The pain had just been too real; he had been unable to take it. He just wanted it to go away - he needed to forget.

Hot scalding water beat his back and the whole shower stall was covered with steam but Pedro was not affected by the heat, his mind was too far away. It took him quite a while to rinse the suds off and came out from the bathroom smelling good. He chose a simple and a rare monochromatic outfit out of Julie's many bright outfits - he was a really weird mobster. Didn't gangsters like dark clothes?

Pedro came downstairs to the dining room where Julie was already setting breakfast. If Julie wasn't a man, he would have made a fine wife.

"Have a seat," Julie gestured to him as Pedro pulled out one of the chairs and sat down.

Pedro was treated to a sumptuous display of food and although he could cook - he was domesticated by his mother, Cecil- Julie would be quite a tough opponent in a cooking competition between the both of them.

"You must be wondering why I'm unusually kind and gentle to you - not that I haven't been so far - but Isabella made a special request and I'm to treat you like royalty after you wake or she ruins my life. So yeah, tell me if you feel any discomfort, your highness?" Julie said with playful sarcasm.

"She called you this morning," that was the only part Pedro listened to.

"Yeah," Julie answered, digging his fork into his meal and bringing a slice of meat to his mouth, "She says you don't have to make a scene at the hospital -"

"I wasn't making a scene, I was just trying to get her to talk to me," Pedro was quick to defend herself. He knew how much Isabella hated unnecessary attention and that was not his intention of getting drunk.

But Julie merely shrugged, that was not his business, both of them had to go settle their issues.

"And she says as well, do not come to the hospital, she's returning home. The marriage between the both of you must happen."

Relief like no other passed through Pedro and he released the breath he had been holding in all this while. Isabella forgave him?

"You two are weird creatures. She clearly didn't forgive you yet she's intent on going ahead with the marriage," Julie couldn't believe it.

"Isabella has a lot of pride, she can't lose to that woman," Pedro told him.

"And what about you? Do you want to be tied down with her with all of this going on?" Julie asked, curious.

"If Isabella was Anabelle in this situation, would you give up on her even though you know you're in for a torment?" Pedro asked, holding his gaze.

"No," Julie answered truthfully, "Anabelle is not Isabella, however, if this kind of situation were to befall us, she'd probably run. Anabelle is not as hard-hearted as your fiancée, she would probably try to run away from me to forget me. Unfortunately, I would only cling harder," He smiled, "I can't lose her,"

"Then you got your answer," Pedro said to him and went back to eating his meal with Julie doing the same.

However, not less than a minute later, one of his men walked in and whispered something into Julie's ears that made his eyebrows draw together.

"What is it?" Pedro asked as soon as the man left.

"They've found Natasha,"

Pedro stood up at once, "Where is she? I need to see her!"

"Calm your horses," Julie told him, "She's in a private property with lots of guards. But don't worry, we plan to abduct her this night,"

*Chapter 735 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-five: Attacked By Thugs*

The third point of view :

After hearing that Reina was almost involved in an accident, Isabella was more than eager to leave the hospital. But then, as much as Anabelle was happy that Isabella finally made up her mind to leave this prison she made for herself, she can't leave on an empty stomach.

"I swear to God Isabella if I'm back with the food and you're gone, I'll never talk to you, again, forever. I mean it," Anabelle threatened her.

"I'd love to see that happen," Isabella smirked, knowing Anabelle could never give up chatting with her.

"I'm serious, don't you dare make a move," She warned while leaving.

Anabelle couldn't stay in the room anymore. She had ordered their meal and wanted to get it at the entrance once it arrived since staying in the room with Isabella was annoying her - Isabella was trying to rush her to leave without breakfast.

So she lazily ambled the hospital's hallway hoping that before she could make it back, her order must have arrived. And it was during her leisure stroll that her eyes fell on a familiar figure and a frown emerged on her expression. No way, that couldn't be him.

However, her eyes weren't deceiving her and he looked really familiar even though he was limping and his weight supported with the help of crutches. So she followed after him with rapid steps and when she came close enough to be heard, shouted, "Mr. Alec?"

Immediately the man stiffened and that was the chance Anabelle needed to walk in front of him and gasped in shock, "Mr. Alec?!" it was really him.

"Oh my God?!" Anabelle was filled with shock, "What happened to you? How did this happen?"

"Hi Anabelle," Alec said with a smiling face even though he winced internally, she was the last person he wanted to see in this condition.

However, he was unable to run from her even if he wanted to because of his leg, so Alec had no choice but to entertain her. The both of them sat down on one of the waiting chairs in the hospital lobby to discuss.

"I thought it was strange when I couldn't get a hold of you the past week. Who knew you were not well? You didn't inform any of us," Anabelle pouted.

He smiled at her with effort, "I had a good reason for keeping it secret, else the reporters would have a field day already and it would affect my ongoing shows and projects," He explained.

"Oh," Anabelle nodded, understanding his reason for doing so. Even right now, as they sat down, Alec hid his face with black aviator glasses and wore a baseball cap. He would even lower his head whenever people passed as if he was afraid that he would be recognized.

Anabelle felt for him.

"How did this happen?" She asked.

"It was an accident," Was the short answer Alec gave her.

"Don't lie to me," Anabelle told him, "That faded bruise around your eye is clearly a result of a blow to the blood vessels there," She could tell having treated Julie a few times he was bruised from a fight.

Alec was dumbfounded, he was hoping to keep her away with that lie, but now it doesn't seem to be working. He lowered his head with a deep sigh and then glanced up, staring her deep in the eyes as he confessed, "I was attacked,"

Anabelle's eyes grew wide, "By who?"

"By thugs?"

At the mention of thugs, Anabelle's thoughts quickly shifted to Julie and her heart clenched. She had sensed the bloodlust emanating from him that day the both of them met at the club. Did Julie hurt Alec behind her back? The thought of it made her blood boil.

"By thugs hired by my competitors to stop my projects? I have a lot of enemies, Anabelle," Alec said to her.

"Oh," Anabelle found out that he was just speculating. A great relief spread over Anabelle, thank God Julie didn't do anything to him - if only she knew.

A brief silence fell over them until Alec said, "I heard about your engagement, congratulations,"

"Oh, that?" Anabelle giggled, unconsciously showing off her diamond ring, "Thank you,"

"I also heard you want to retire early,"

"You do hear a lot of things," Anabelle was a bit embarrassed.

"I'm literally useless here so all I can do all day is listen to gossip like old women," He chuckled, causing Anabelle to crack up as well.

But she barely stopped laughing when Alec said, "Don't quit your job,"

"Huh?"

He turned to her, "You really want to be a housewife?"

"What's wrong with being a housewife?" Anabelle was now uncomfortable with where this conversation was heading to, "I have more than enough money and inheritance enough to take care of me and my children as long as I live so I can't be in financial trouble,"

"So you're going to forsake your dream to be -"

She cut him off, "My dream is to have a family and I'm going to work hard to make that happen. Fame and money don't move me, Alec,"

"You're doing great already, Anabelle and if you work a little harder, you'd become a legend in this field. Are you going to give that up, Anabelle?"

"For the sake of my family, I intend to create? Yes." Anabelle answered firmly.

"And what if that family doesn't work out then?"

"What?"

Alec drew closer and said, "How well do you know Julie, Anabelle? What if he's a dangerous man?"

"Dangerous man?" Anabelle's brows drew together in deep deliberation, could it be that Alec had an idea what Julie does for a living. God, this can't be good especially if Julie finds out.

However before Anabelle could warn him to stay away from Julie, a voice said from behind, "Did someone make an order?"

Anabelle gulped and then turned around to see a smiling Julie with the deliveryman standing beside him. Shit, she forgot the part where he said he would be taking her home and how did the both of them -the delivery man and Julie- even meet.

Anabelle was so stunned that she did not see the way Alec's eyes widened, and his face was filled with fear.

"We would speak later," Anabelle said to Alec, hoping he leaves before Julie recognizes him. Thankfully he was smart enough to pick up his crutches to leave just as she stood as well.

"Goodmorning handsome," Anabelle kissed Julie deeply on the lips. However, in reality, she was only trying to distract him from noticing Alec.. Sadly, If only she knew Julie already recognized Alec and understood her intention yet he shamelessly enjoyed the kiss she gave out freely.

*Chapter 736 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-six: Kill Them All*

The third point of view:

Mikhail walked into the base once more with stern strides. His jaw was clenched and his face was with a neutral expression. Today was the day the Falcon mob gave him the result of the verdict and he was sure as hell wasn't taking no for an answer. He lost one of his heirs and as they knew as well, it was blood for blood.

"This way," They directed him to the hall where the meeting was to be held, and this time there was an additional presence, Sakuzi Valentino III, the man he had initially hoped to meet.

"Only one enters," They said to his men who tried to come in with him.

His men stared at him - Mikhail - questioningly and he gestured at them to comply with the rules. If anything were to happen to him here, they already knew what to do.

"Greetings," Mikhail cupped his palms.

Valentino merely nodded his head as acknowledgment while Emerald sat down with an indifferent attitude. He didn't like Mikhail and didn't bother to hide it.

"It's nice to see the original Sakuzi," Mikhail said, hinting at the fact that Emerald is not a true Sakuzi by ancestry - he was just adopted.

"You don't know how worthy I am to see you in fresh, you were quite an inspiration to me when I was younger," He flattered him.

He chuckled, "This old man is delighted to see a fan," Sakuzi called himself and then gestured to his staff who served them drinks before the conversation began.

Mikhail accepted the drink without fear of being poisoned. The Falcon mob doesn't have a record of poisoning their visitors, that would be cowardly and would ruin their reputation.

Just like in showbiz, reputation was everything in the underworld as well. The Falcon mob had a fearsome reputation built by their predecessors and had to keep up with the image, hence stabbing him in the back would pass the message that they were scared of the blood cobra in the first place.

"I'm sure your heir must have told you the reason for my visit and I was told to return today for an answer," Mikhail brought up the reason for his coming without wasting time.

"Yes," Valentino answered, relaxing into his seat.

Mikhail cocked a brow, "And the answer is..... ?"

"No," Sakuzi said without blinking an eye.

"What?" Mikhail didn't seem to have heard him.

"In one word," Emerald choose to speak this time, "We are not handing Nemesis over to you,"



Mikhail didn't say anything, he just rubbed his nose and ran his hands through his golden beards as he tried to comprehend what they said.

"So you're trying to say that you would rather go to war with me than hand a woman that murdered my son as I requested,"

"You've murdered several other women and you knew how risky trafficking women and children were in the first place. Most underworld governing bodies don't allow that anymore but you choose to trade in that and now you bear the consequences all alone,"

Sakuzi went on, "But of course, as a man who's experienced losing his son once to the cold hands of death, I empathize with you and I'm willing to compensate you for the loss. What other favors do you want from me?"

But Mikhail sneered, "Your younger self was much better,"

"Ah, right," Sakuzi remembered, "You took one or two lessons from my younger self..." He sighed, "No wonder you turned out this way,"

"You've grown weak, why are you protecting her? Is she your mistress?" Mikhail laughed mockingly, "I heard young women give old men the best orgasm,"

"Andrew, no!" Emerald shouted as Andrew stalked over to Mikhail and gave him an unexpected punch.

However before he could do real damage like pulling the trigger at the smug bastard, the other men had taken hold of him.

"Let me go!" Andrew screamed, kicking the air furiously, "I need to teach that fool a lesson!"

"Take him out of here!" Emerald ordered them. He shouldn't have brought Andrew here when he knew he was quite sensitive in matters concerning Maggie. He glared at Mikhail that was wiping away the blood on his lips.

"So the slut belongs to that one, my bad," Mikhail was not remorseful at all.

Emerald clenched his fist, "We've made our stand clear so you can leave now and come at us with all you have," He ordered.

Mikhail stood up from his seat, but instead of leaving, he announced, "I heard you have a beautiful family and a handsome son, probably the heir to this empire,"

At once Emerald stiffened, however, he composed himself. Giving the asshole a reaction wasn't worth it, "What are you trying to say?"

"I told you, it's either Nemesis or we go to war," He sighed, "I didn't want to do this but you forced my hands and the distraction was all I needed. No bad blood Emerald but you should feel -"

"Before you continue, you should answer your call first," Emerald interrupted him and Mikhail looked down to discover that his phone was indeed ringing.

Mikhail pulled out his phone from the pocket of his pants and answered the call, "Hello?"

"Boss! We are under attack!" was the first statement he heard when he answered.

Mikhail stiffened, numerous questions going through his head. What was going on? However, before he could ask more questions, a painful moan was heard with the sound of strong bullets. The line went dead.

He glanced up with horror on his face, "What did you -?!"

"Before you say a word, I hope you withdraw whatever troops you sent to my place. Although I could help you incinerate them, my wife is not exactly a fan of violence. So I'll let you do the needful, peacefully as you retain the few men you have left now the others are gone, " Emerald said politely - and he never does politely.

Mikhail's mind was in turmoil right now but you still managed to turn and alert only the guard that had come in with him who typed something quickly on his phone.

"And now, let's hope they do as you say, or else you would be left with little or no guards at all," Emerald hinted he would kill them all if they've launched an attack already. So he called his troops at home and it was confirmed his family was safe.

"I'm good," Emerald was now at ease.

"What did you do to my gang?!" Mikhail finally screamed.

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*Chapter 737 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-seven: God Gave Him A Second Chance*

The third point of view:

Mikhail was distraught and the proud mask he wore all this while gave away to a look of sorrow. He had gone from being the fearsome Mafia Lord of the Blood Cobra to a captive.

With his gang destroyed, there was nothing he could do, and was no less than prey in the eyes of his predator - Sakuzi could do whatever he wanted with him now. Nor could he tell the exact number of his men that survived but he didn't have much hope.

Judging from how cruel the Falcon Gang were, they wouldn't let a single soul live. They wouldn't give him the chance to regroup and pose a threat to them in the future. Just like their name suggests, falcons are consummate hunters of the avian world—able to spot, chase and kill prey quietly and efficiently.

Mikhail didn't know whether to laugh or to cry, he underestimated his enemies and now, they struck where it hurt the most.

"What did we do?" Emerald smirked, the smug he had been hiding all this while finally appeared. He had intentionally remained impassive so the old fool doesn't realize what they're up to and now, the benefits were much more satisfying - he finally slapped the arrogance off his face.

"We didn't even do much," Emerald shrugged, "You see while your narrow-minded brain was busy picking on the smaller prey - to think that you had the nerve to think of hurting my family," there was a cold glint in his eyes as he said those words and Mikhail knew finally that his days were over.

"So," Emerald went on, "We came together as one mind to think of a way to get rid of an infestation. You see that's the problem, you were a lone wolf, a rogue werewolf that tried to go up against a pack. What do you think happens to them?"

They die brutally.

Mikhail realized he was not going to leave this place alive and he had to do something about this.

He at once fell on his knees,

"Forgive me! I must have been crazy by thinking I could go up against the falcon!" He wailed loudly.

Mikhail focused on Sakuzi, "You should understand me the most, I once admired you! I haven't even buried my son yet and I'm not even sure of the outcome of my family," after you attacked them. He didn't say that out loud but everyone got the hint.

Sakuzi stood from his seat and gently walked over to where Mikhail knelt with his head still lowered. He then squatted down and said,

"Mark 3:27,"

At once, Mikhail's brows furrowed, disturbed. He might have followed Sakuzi but his Bible reading part was a habit that he couldn't understand. They were monsters, criminals, what do they need a Bible for? If only he knew the Bible was a huge source of inspiration.

"If a person wants to enter a strong man's house and steal his things, first he must tie up the strong man. Then the thief can steal the things from the strong man's house," Sakuzi quoted the verse when it became apparent that the man had no clue what he was talking about.

"If you indeed learned from me, then you should know what I'm thinking right now," He came closer to whisper, "People like us can never change," And then stood on his feet as he left.

Not less than a minute after Sakuzi left, Emerald stood up from his seat as well. However, just as he passed Mikhail by, the man quickly reached out and grabbed onto his leg.

"Please, have mercy on me!" He begged him.

Emerald looked down at him with boredom. It was funny how someone who thought he was at the top of the world could be dragged down so easily.

"Sorry," Emerald said, "But I don't help people who look down on women," He kicked his grip away and gave one last glance to his men who knew what to do.

As soon as the door was closed, a tense silence stretched the room. Mikhail's other men now had his hand in the air as a sign of surrender while the three members of the Falcon Gang left to eliminate them had their gun pointed at them.

"Please don't harm me and I promise you that I will give whatever you want," Mikhail attempted to negotiate with them. Unlike Sakuzi and Emerald who made up their minds, he could still manipulate them. Moreover, this wasn't the first time gang members turned their back on their leaders - he did too.

"Sorry, an order is an order," said one of them firmly and had already removed the gun's safety, ready to fire.

Mikhail instinctively shut his eyes close, ready to go meet his maker when a bang was heard. Strangely, he didn't feel a thing and he concluded that they must have killed his guard first. However, he heard a little ruckus and another shot, and yet he was still alive.

He then opened his eyes to see that he was alive and so was his other guard. However, both members of the Falcon were down because one of their own shot them.

"I knew you were smart to take the offer," Mikhail grinned at the one who shot his teammates.

"Shut up!" the guy said and then turned to his guard saying, "How many of your men are outside,"

"Seven?" he added, "If they're still alive,"

"They should be," The betrayer ordered him, "Tell them to make a scene outside and clear the path. It would get them dead of course but if your boss has any chances of leaving here, alive, he would sacrifice them,"

"Do it!" Mikhail ordered without a second thought. He had always been a selfish man, not to talk of now that his life was hanging on the line.

His guard had no choice but to comply with the order and while he was at it, Mikhail picked a gun from one of the dead members. God has given him a second chance to live and he would not waste it!

*Chapter 738 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-eight: Got Your Back*

The third point of view:

"Andrew?!" Maggie was surprised when she saw Andrew being dragged out of the meeting hell. Her heart almost jumped out of her chest thinking he has committed a crime that demanded death - Sakuzi was quite unpredictable at times.

"What's going on here?" She went over to them demanding an answer.

Upon seeing her, they finally let go of Andrew who glared at them. He was their superordinate and to have been manhandled that way by his subordinate was quite a slap to his face and an insult to his reputation.

Thankfully, they were smart enough not to make mocking remarks about him and clearly understood that the only reason that they were able to touch him at all was because of Emerald's order. Other than that, he would have cut their head off for laying their filthy hands on him. In the falcon gang, hierarchy really mattered.

"What is going on?" Maggie asked him but Andrew was still fuming with anger as he watched those two return to the meeting. She at once cupped his face, forcing his attention on her and at one his anger slowly began to vanish.

"It's nothing," Andrew lied through his teeth but Maggie knew him well enough.

"We could do all day," She was not giving up.

Andrew sighed, "He called you Valentino's fuck mistress and I lost it. I should have punched the life out of him," He said, causing Maggie's gaze to fall on his fist that had a trace of blood - Mikhail's filthy blood.

"Come, let's go before Emerald changes his mind and decides to punish you for acting out of line," She grabbed his hand and began to lead him in the direction of her room.

She went to the bathroom and brought a wet toilet which she used to wipe the blood off his hand. None of them said a word and after she was done with cleaning the blood, they both lay down on the bed cuddling each other.

"What does Valentino plan to do with him?" She referred to Mikhail.

"They plan on getting rid of him," Andrew answered, "He's nothing but a nuisance that needs to be eradicated from society,"

Maggie sighed deeply and that didn't go by Andrew. He glanced down, asking, "What's wrong?"

"This is all my fault, Andrew. I should be the one clearing the mess I made yet here I am hiding like a fool. I feel helpless and I hate feeling hateless," Maggie expressed herself.

"Hey," Andrew lifted her chin, "You're not being a burden to us. In the Falcon, we treat each other as one and you're a part of this family. So there's no way on earth we are letting you deal with that bastard on your own," He promised her

"But still -"

Andrew pressed his finger against her lips, shutting her up.

"No, but, now sleep," He drew her closer to his chest and hardly closed his eyes for a minute when a loud bang was heard.

At first, Andrew waved it off as some of the boys were fooling around since this wasn't the first time those idiots shot in the air. However, the second shot came coupled with the fact that Mikhail was still in the premises meant that something must have gone wrong.

Maggie was the first to get off the bed as more gunshots were heard.

"I think there's a shootout, what's happening?" She asked with a trace of worry.

Andrew got his walkie talkie and tried to make contact with the others and one finally answered and gave him the bad news, "Mikhail made an escape,"

"Shit!" Andrew cursed and then reached under his desk for a gun magnetted to the furniture and pulled it out, stuffing the weapon in the waistband of his jeans.

"You're staying here," He commanded her yet Maggie glared liquid fire at him.

"Are you kidding me?"

"Look," He told her, "I can't be on the lookout for Mikhail and protect you at the same time!"

"Like I need your protection! I'm not helpless, Andrew! I can protect myself and that's what I've been doing all these years," she defended herself.

"Look, it's not that I doubt your capabilities but it's dangerous right now and I think one of our own must have betrayed us for Mikhail to have escaped this easily. I just don't want you to get....." Andrew trailed off when a gun dangled from Maggie's hand with her brows arched arrogantly,

"You were saying?"

Andrew's eyes widened and he at once reached for the gun in his waistband only to come up with nothing.

He sighed in defeat, "Fine, you can come along but stay behind me where I can protect you,"

"And who would protect you?" she asked him.

Andrew's mouth remained open, unable to answer that. She rolled her eyes, "Males, so egoistic,"

But he said, "You got my back, don't you?"

Maggie's heart flustered. Seriously!

"Go," Was all she said but her expression has given Andrew all the answers he wanted.

They first went to the meeting room where he saw that the both men that had escorted him were dead. There were supposed to be three in total left to execute Mikhail but with only two bodies seen, that confirmed his suspicion - he betrayed them.

"Lets go to the control room," He said to Maggie and together they arrived at the surveillance area only to see that Emerald was already before them.

"We were betrayed," Andrew informed him.

"I know," Emerald said calmly.

Andrew then looked at the screen that showed their people battling it out with what's left of Mikhail's men. They were the ones who released the shots they heard.

"They're not here," Andrew said as he glanced through the numerous cameras all at once.

"Yeah, our member with him must be good at evading cameras since he knows this place well," Emerald then pointed at one of the screens, "This was the last place he was last seen,"

"If that's the case..." Andrew rubbed his jaw, thinking hard, "Then he must plan to go out through the forest and that can only be achieved through the secret passageway and the fight outside -"

"Was him buying time to escape," Emerald figured out as well, "You have to get him,"

He didn't need to be told twice, Andrew turned at once only to go make his gang proud only to discover that Maggie was gone and one of them here was missing a gun.

"Oh shit,"

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*Chapter 739 - Seven Hundred And Thirty-nine: She Was Here*

The third point of view:

He must have been crazy to think that he could go up against the Falcon Gang, Mikhail thought. The whole place was swimming with their members, well, it was their base anyway.

The member of the Falcon that had turned on his members was the one who led the way while Mikhail was in the center with his remaining bodyguard behind him and watching his back. It was an intense shootout however Mikhail was skillful in the first place else he wouldn't have killed his former boss and taken over the Blood Cobra.

"This is not the way to the entrance," Mikhail noticed after a while of running and shading from bullets, "You said my men would make a way,"

"I said your men would be a sacrificial lamb," The betrayer pointed out, "You don't really think that Sakuzi would let you pass through his front door alive?" he sneered at him.



"Then, my men...." It dawned on Mikhail.

"They are a distraction," his guard was the one who figured it out, "They are the only reason this place is not overflowing with his men," He already saw through the plan when he was asked to give the order - a death sentence - to the others.

"We've avoided enough cameras so far hence it would be a while before they catch up to us," the betrayer pointed out as he stopped at a door.

"And then what...?"

"And then we pray this tunnel entrance hasn't collapsed. This was one of the oldest secret ways we used in our underground transportation of firearms, however, it was closed down when the others were constructed in later years," He explained while hurriedly trying the lock that had rusted from neglect.

At once, Mikhail gasped in disbelief,

"So in a word, you brought me here when you weren't even sure of your escape route, "

The arrogance! The betrayer felt like pumping his bullets into his body, however, he couldn't do that since that woman needed him.

"No," he spoke through gritted teeth, "In one word, the only reason I haven't blasted your head off is because of that woman. So don't think for one moment that you have any privilege here because honestly, your offer was bullshit,"

The threat in his tone was obvious and Mikhail knew better than to push his luck.

When the betrayer couldn't struggle with the lock anymore, he pulled his gun and fired twice at the lock and it finally opened. However, the gunshots gave out their location, and almost immediately, they could hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Let's go," He was the first to go in, followed by Mikhail. However, Mikhail took only two steps when he noticed his guard wasn't following and he turned back to see his determined look.

"What are you doing?" He asked, even though he sensed what the man had in mind.

"I can't let them get to you. Someone has to stay behind and make sure you arrive safely," He said with an understanding smile.

Mikhail was stunned, then his features hardened, "I promise that you won't die in vain," he was sincere this time.

Just as Sakuzi feared, once he was out of this place, he would regroup and come back at them stronger and better. It was a promise. Mikhail learned enough lessons today and would make sure not to make any mistakes.

"Now go!"

Mikhail nodded and without hesitating, turned and took to his heels. He didn't look back, not even when he heard the gunshots and the moan of pain that undoubtedly belonged to his guard. It was a sacrifice he chose to pay and he can't die here else it would all be a waste.

The tunnel was badly illuminated, the bulbs were flickering on and off while most of them were damaged from lack of care, however, it was enough to illuminate their path. He caught up to the betrayer who seemed to know his way around and they both galloped on knowing that their enemies were not too far away from them.

Thankfully the entrance did not collapse as they feared, however, it was narrow and enough for just one person to pass at a time, carefully. The Falcon gang must have intentionally closed it off after they stopped the transportation - no wonder rumors of the tunnel collapsing surfaced.

Even with that, the both of them had to battle through a cotton of cobwebs that limited their sight. They came out looking uncool, draped with dust and gray cobwebs.

"Disgusting!" Mikhail muttered as he worked on getting rid of the dirt on him.

"We don't have time for this, we should go," The betrayer started down the vast hilly forest area saying, "Our ride should be here already,"

They both hurried off knowing that their liberty was around the corner. All that was needed was just a few more steps and the sweet air of freedom would be all they would breathe in.

"She's here," The betrayer pointed out and Mikhail could now see the car located on the rocky clear road since the headlights were on.

As they were just about to step out of the forest, call it instinct or something but the hairs on his back stood on edge and he knew that danger was around the corner. Being the selfish man he was, Mikhail quickly grabbed the betrayer by the collar and pulled him behind him only for two bullets to pierce through the man who groaned and fell.

Mikhail's eyes widened, that could have been him. He turned back at once and his eyes connected with that woman.

Nemesis.

She was here.

Whoever was in the car sensed the danger and at once roared the engine to life.

"Damn it," Mikhail cursed, he couldn't hide here forever. Sakuzi's men were regrouping and would block every necessary escape route from here very soon and whoever was in the car must have known it because she was reversing.

No, he can't stay here.

Mikhail came out of the tree he had used to defend himself after using the betrayer as a shield. He and Nemesis must have been in sync because she shot at him the same time she shot at him.

They both fell.

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*Chapter 740 - Seven Hundred And Forty: Young Fool*

The third point of view:

Andrew doesn't recall the last time he went to church, however, at that moment he was making a prayer in his heart.

"Protect Maggie," was all he asked for.

"Block every possible entrance, and keep your eyes on any questionable vehicle. To have attempted this escape, they must have a ride waiting for them!" He barked orders here and there just before he went through the tunnel.

There were others with him but Andrew must as well have been a lone wolf because he walked so briskly that it was almost a run the others couldn't catch up with.

The forest was vast and Andrew didn't know where to begin, plus the fact that it was late. However, he couldn't give up, not when there were chances of Maggie being in danger. Then he heard it, the sound of gunshots, and his heart almost leaped out of his chest. It can't be.

"Sir Andrew!" He broke into a sprint, ignoring his men calling after him.

He ran for a long time or maybe it wasn't that long, but to Andrew, a minute of waiting and being in the dark of Maggie's whereabouts felt like forever.

He followed the sound of the gunshot and at last found her.

"Maggie!" His heart jumped in his throat and he rushed at the woman who was seated on the bare floor, her back resting against one of the trees.

"Hey," He cupped her cheeks, relief spreading over him. She was okay, God answered his prayers. Not that Maggie couldn't protect herself but Mikhail was a cruel and dangerous man.

"I can't move," she said, causing Andrew to look down and gasp at her bleeding thigh. She was shot.

"He did this to you?!" He growled, anger rising to the surface.

But to his surprise, Maggie giggled, "We did it to each other and to think that his shot was quite messy. He wasn't as skillful as I thought or was it because I learned from the best?" She referred to Andrew since he had been the one to train her in the past.

"This is not funny, you're bleeding! And you should stop talking," Andrew told her as he took off his shirt, tore off enough pieces, and tied it around her thigh to control his bleeding.

"I got him on the chest,"

"I said don't talk," Andrew scolded her just as he scooped her into his arms.

"If I was meant to die, talking or not wouldn't stop it," She told him.

At the mention of death, Andrew gave her an intense glare that would have shut up a normal person. Unfortunately, Maggie was not a normal person and she kept on speaking her mind.

"You don't have to worry, Mikhail wouldn't survive that shot even if he was rescued by that woman," she said just as Andrew froze in his steps.

"That woman?"

"Yeah," Maggie went into details, "She was the one who dragged Mikhail into the car and took off. Although I couldn't see her face because she was wearing a mask,"

Andrew's brows furrowed as he went over her words. If the woman was here to take Mikhail, that meant she and the betrayer must have been in cahoots. They would have to look into this.

"I feel sleepy," Maggie muttered, her eyelids drooping and that caused Andrew to panic.

"No, Maggie, don't....!" but the woman in question had already shut her eyes.

"Sir!" his men finally arrived.

"Call the doctor immediately!"

Meanwhile.....

This was a lost cause! Everything was messed up! Deborah felt like screaming out as she drove away. She knew it wouldn't be easy dealing with the Falcon mob but she had put a bit of trust in Mikhail that he would be able to take care of himself, only that she was wrong.

He wasn't as powerful as she thought and now she had to deal with a major setback in her plan, not to mention the fact that she was almost found out. Plus the fact that the great Mikhail was dying right now.

Yes, she could sense that the man wouldn't be able to make it through the night. Even right now, his breath was fleeting yet he was still desperately hanging onto life - he must have great willpower.

Deborah finally stopped under the bridge and packed her car where it wouldn't be easily discerned. She then turned to Mikhail who had his hand pressed to his chest as if trying to stop the wound from bleeding, not that it would help much.

"What do I do with you now?" She sneered, "If I had known you would only end up becoming a liability to me, I would have set my eyes on other capable people. To think that I failed a major plot," She laughed sarcastically.

"You are the one who rescued me," Mikhail spoke with effort, "Why? What do you need from me?"

"Your resources of course," Deborah didn't stand on ceremony with him and was straight to the point, "But those resources are depleted and you have no usefulness for me,"

"You want to go against the Falcon Mob, you must be suicidal," Mikhail still managed to laugh in his condition. The woman must be dumb not to have learnt from his lesson.

"No, the Spencers to be precise. But since the Spencers and the falcons were connected and you had a feud with the Falcons, I thought we could be a team. But from the looks of things..." She looked him over, "I'll be saying farewell to you instead,"

"You should give up, you can't defeat them," Mikhail gave her sincere advice - that he hardly does. However, he was dying, it wouldn't hurt to perform good work for once.

"And I'm guessing you're speaking from experience," She hinted at his condition with mockery. Deborah drew closer, "Sorry, but in your case, you were all brawls and no brains. However, I'm careful and have been planning this for a long time now," She was sure her case would be different.

But Mikhail laughed instead, "Young fool," Then the spark in his eyes died as his head dropped to the side and his hand fell. He was dead.

Deborah sighed, and just like that, her hard work was in vain.

She stepped out of the car and closed the door with her gloved hand that ensured her DNA wasn't on the car. Thankfully the car was stolen hence it wouldn't be traced back to her.

However, this night was just not meant for Deborah because her phone rang with another bad news.

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