

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 761 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-one: Niklaus Bastard Daughter - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 761 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-one: Niklaus Bastard Daughter

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The third point of view:

Allen, Ailee, Neon, Theodore, and Eve knew they were in the lion's den the moment they were captured and it would only take the mercy of God to come out alive.

"What have we here?" They watched that woman size them up like meats in a butcher house. The woman continued to size them up until her gaze rested on Neon and she stopped, a smirk crossing her lips.

"You're Neon, the son Reina stole from Jennifer?" She chuckled.

"You know me?" Neon was surprised, "How?" Although he had this disturbing feeling in the pit of his belly that he wasn't going to like her answer.

"Your mother and I worked together," Deborah confessed to him.

"Why am I not surprised?" Allen's words were purely meant to taunt him. However, Neon didn't say a word to him, he was used to it and needed to hear more from this woman who seem to know his mother.

"I released your crazy old woman from the asylum where she was doomed to rot away and gave her a cause - help me exact my vengeance on the Spencers. She hated the Spencers as well and so I thought she would make a good team. But then..."

"But then what?" Neon was curious to know more.

"But then, your mother was too consumed with her hatred for Reina that she made a wrong move and ruined my plans. I wouldn't have been discovered this easily if she had stayed still," there was still a trace of anger in Deborah's tone as she recalled the events.

"And then, what happened?" Neon asked with dread in his voice, "What did you do to her?" He hadn't seen his mother's creepy text for days now and had a feeling that this

evil woman has done something harmful to her. Just like Ailee told him the other day, no matter what, Jennifer was still his mother.

"Simply planted a bomb and finished her off," Deborah said so nonchalantly that a great rage filled Neon and he lunged at her with an animalistic growl.

"You bitch! You're an animal! How could you do that to her!" Neon struggled fiercely that it took four men to subdue him even with his hands tied.

"Yes, that's the spirit!" Deborah punched the air, obviously high on Neon's misery.

This time, even Allen who was the one to always bully Neon didn't find it funny anymore - none of the kids found the situation funny. They disliked Jennifer for sure but Deborah just made her death seem like a thing of caricature. It made them mad.

"So you're now that cowardly you pick on kids," Isabella said all of a sudden, drawing Deborah's attention. She had forgotten that smug arrogant sister of hers was still there.

Isabella continued, "If you're craving for a fight, why don't you pick someone your size?" She offered with confidence.

"Fine, let's see how much that smile on your face lasts," Deborah said and couldn't wait to begin, "Keep the kids seated because this would be a long ride,"

"Now, let's start!" Deborah gestured to the tech guy who placed a video call to Niklaus.

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"Your son is to be blamed for whatever happens to Isabella!"

"That still doesn't give you the right to almost kill him!"

"Isabella must be hurting right now! Do you even know what that means!"

"We haven't even heard from Pedro, do not put the whole blame on him! Even at that, humans make mistakes,"

"We are talking about a child here for God's sake, Cecil! A child changes everything!"

"With all due Reina, have you stopped to consider whether your daughter's stubbornness pushed Pedro into having one outside?!"

"That is no excuse for his infidelity! He knew Isabella's conditions and yet still insisted on being with him! At this rate, I wouldn't have my daughter given to marriage to him any longer!"

Those were the arguments echoing across the room as everyone had a different opinion about the situation and was high on anger!

The rehearsal dinner was pretty much over by the time the slide show was forcibly turned off and the stars of the occasion - Isabella and Pedro were nowhere to be found. None of the guests dared to ask whether there would be a wedding ceremony the next day because the tension in the air was answer enough.

The immediate family, that was Niklaus and Reina with Cecil and Emerald gathered around to discuss the situation only for it to become a full-blown argument as each side tried to lay up blame and as well defend their respective child.

While all of this was going on, Valentino was busy sending out men to go after Isabella and in no time received news from Jean who was badly injured and in need of support. While the situation was critical, both families were busy fighting amongst them.

"So while you idiots are busy yelling at each other, I wish to inform you that your kids are in danger," Valentino declared openly as soon as he came into the room.

At once, the argument died down the way water douses a flame and all gaze turned to Valentino for more information, their faces filled with curiosity mixed with fear.

"What did you just say?" Niklaus' head whipped around faster than anyone else.

"For the both of you," Sakuzi gestured to Emerald and Cecil, "She got Pedro. And for you..." He turned to Niklaus and Reina, "She got Isabella, Allen, Ailee, Neon, and a couple of friends that went with them,"

At that announcement, Reina's eyes rolled to the back of her head and she fainted instantly. How was that possible? Weren't they taking care of the triplets? Her four kids were in danger.

"Who is this she?" Emerald asked while Niklaus worked on waking his unconscious wife.

"Niklaus' bastard daughter," Julie announced, walking into the room with Anabelle closely behind him, "and the girl who claimed to have rescued her from the accident,"

"She's also the one who tried to burst out Mikhail," Andrew made his appearance as well.

At that announcement, all eyes shifted to Niklaus as if he held all the answers in the world. However, he could only ask, "I have a bastard daughter?"

Chapter 762 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-two: His Past Has Come To Haunt Him

The third point of view :

He let his guard down and his kids had to pay the price for it. But then, it was his past that has come to haunt him. Niklaus had that thought in his head as he stared at the huge screen where the call from Deborah was connected to.

"Hello Niklaus, or should I say, father?" Deborah chuckled hysterically as if she had finally lost her mind.

Finally, she got the attention of the man she had struggled to meet over the years. Now she was staring at him, he doesn't seem so high and mighty like he does on television.

"I should have known..." Niklaus said, his tone filled with regret, "Your eyes were tell-tale signs of my gene,"

"Of course, you should have, but you didn't!" Deborah burst into another round of laughter that didn't seem funny to the others watching the screen.

"We trusted you!" growled Reina who regained consciousness moments ago. She rushed at the screen and hoped that she would be able to reach Deborah somehow and squeeze the life out of her.

"Oh Reina," Deborah waved at her, "Quite a pity that you married Niklaus..." She clicked her tongue in disapproval.

"However," Deborah went on, "My fight is with your husband, Niklaus, and his daughter, Isabella - you're just unlucky to be his wife. So thanks to that, I'll spare your own kids," She added, "As far as they behave,"

"And what happens if they don't behave?" Reina already sensed where this conversation was going.

"Then I'll treat them the same way I'm about to treat Isabella. A thorn to my cause must be eliminated. I'm not crazy enough to go after innocent blood," Deborah claimed.

"You're not crazy enough to go after innocent blood?" Reina scoffed, "What did Isabella do so wrong to deserve this ill-treatment from you?!"

"What did she do wrong?!" Deborah looked as if Reina just asked a ridiculous question.

She went ahead to say, "She is the reason why my life is shit! She's the reason why I had to get married to an Oldman?! She's the reason for everything!"

"Men," said a bored voice that was undeniably Isabella's from behind, and the camera moved to capture her.

Isabella lifted her head arrogantly, "You sure know how to lay blame. How am I responsible for every decision you made in your life?" She smirked, "I don't remember holding a gun to your head and forced you to marry that old man. It was your choice. Also, you should really mind the way you speak to me, I'm definitely older than you," Isabella warned her.

Everyone was left dumbfounded by Isabella's attitude. She was at the mercy of Deborah and she still cared about respect? Who does that?

Thankfully Deborah didn't take offense by that comment and simply walked over to where Isabella sat. She placed her hands on the armrest of the chair and sneered, "You're not responsible for the bad luck in my life?" She sneered with thick disdain, "Niklaus would have known about my existence if you hadn't taken that letter away,"

"What are you talking about?" Isabella was confused this time.

"The day I handed my letter to your father's secretary, you came along. I knew you saw that letter and I was actually worried you'd read it but I had to hope that luck was on my side. And then I waited while hoping that Niklaus would call after he reads it. That he'd want to know about the illegitimate daughter he had, but nothing...!" Deborah said while laughing, but one could see the pain in her eyes.

"He never came nor called nor looked for me. The only thing I received days later was my sack letter and that was when I knew you either got rid of the letter or he doesn't want me and was trying his best to get rid of me so I do not ruin the perfect life he was trying to build with Reina and his new children, "

Deborah turned to Allen and Ailee and then back to the screen, directly to Reina saying, " It seems you all have to pay, everyone in one way or the other contributed to my misery, "

"Listen here, Deborah," Isabella drew her attention back to her, "I'm not trying to sound like a pussy or something, but trust me when I say I have no idea about that letter you're talking about. I might be rebellious but I respect Niklaus' privacy. Moreover, I have better things to do than to read the letter of a cleaner," she hinted that she finally remembered that day.

"Then what are you trying to say? That your father was the one with the secret?" Deborah found it hard to believe her.

"I don't know. You're the one on the call with him, you should ask him," Isabella said and Deborah turned to her screen.

"Dear daddy dearest, it seems all evidence falls on you...." She directly faced the camera, "So tell me, since when did you know I'm your daughter?" She was eager to hear his confession.

"I didn't know about your existence until today," Niklaus said, his look hardened, "If you're looking for someone to lay your blames, then it isn't me nor Isabella. She doesn't lie,"

Deborah chuckled, "So in one word, you're telling me that I'm on a goose chase and that none of you is responsible for the damnation of my fate? Is that it?"

Yet, there was no response from any of them. The silence was so deafening that even a pin dropped would resonate loudly across the room. Unfortunately, Deborah saw that gesture as an insult - they didn't take her seriously.

"Fine, let's see who's lying then. Perhaps, this gesture would jolt your memory a little," Deborah said with a sinister smile that sent chills down the spine of those watching.

Before anyone could stop her, Deborah went over to Isabella's side and yanked her hair back and tight drawing a sharp hiss of pain from her lips.

Her hands then landed on Isabella's cheeks as she began to slap her, not once, nor twice nor thrice. Deborah just continued to slap Isabella repeatedly as if she had finally lost her mind until Niklaus finally shouted,

"Stop it! I remember!"

Chapter 763 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-three: We Can Always Try

The third point of view :

Niklaus had never felt as powerless as that moment he saw Isabella being manhandled right in front of him. The only thing he knew at that moment was that he needed to save Isabella and with the adrenaline running in his veins, he shouted, "Stop it! I remember!"

But even with that, Deborah didn't stop and he had to shout alongside Reina, "Stop it!"

"He says he remembers already!"

That plea finally reached Deborah's ear and she pulled out with a gasp. Slapping Isabella had been a rejuvenating exercise. Over the years, she had kept a watch on Isabella, seeing how she was glamorous and arrogant - the envy stabbed deep into her heart.

Deborah had the money to remove the excessive fat in her body surgically, but what was the use? Every time she stared at the mirror, all she would see was the fat ugly girl

who everyone didn't want - even her father. Moreover, her appearance reminded her of her mission so she couldn't erase it like that.

So it felt fulfilling slapping Isabella. It made her feel powerful and on top. Finally, Isabella was below her and she could do whatever she wanted with her.

"So," Deborah finally turned to them, heaving a bit from the small exercise, "Do tell? Since when did you know about my existence?"

Before Niklaus answered, his gaze moved to Isabella. The girl had not shed a single tear throughout the ordeal, however, he could see the madness in her eyes. Deborah was a dead woman once she got out of here.

Isabella's cheeks were so red that there were signs of bleeding beneath her skin. The side of her lips was bruised and there were cuts across her cheek from Deborah's sharp manicured nails.

"I did not know about your existence until moments ago," Niklaus said, making contact with Julie who was making contact with Sakuzi's men sent out to rescue them.

They were trying to identify the type of bomb Deborah used and how to neutralize it without setting it off unintentionally. They could have used snipers but Deborah was smart enough to block every little access to the outside. The windows were barricaded nor could they fire blindly else they hurt innocent people.

At the moment, there were only three ways to get into the house; the entrance door, the backdoor, and the roof. Unfortunately, both entrances were ridden with sensitive bombs, and the door leading out to the roof was lined with one as well.

Deborah was determined to die together with them if her plan didn't go well. On the bright side, they've managed to identify the bomb but they needed time to disarm it. Unfortunately, time isn't what they have.

"Are you kidding me right now?!" Deborah was dumbfounded. Clearly, that was not the answer she desired. She needed to hear it from Niklaus' mouth, him acknowledging the truth of the secret he had been keeping all while.

"I'm not lying? Why should I lie to you?"

"Well, plenty of reasons. But first of all, you wouldn't want that petty secret to destroy the peaceful knowledge you've had with Reina!" She pointed out.

"You talk about handing a letter to me, how sure are you that it reached my hand? I receive thousands of documents and letters every day to review, how sure are you that it wasn't buried with the pile and mistakenly discarded? Have you thought of that

possibility? Why didn't you approach me? Why are you trying to make it my and Isabella's fault you failed to fight for your right?" Niklaus scolded her.

The truth is that Deborah had thought of the possibility of the letter never reaching Niklaus but the circumstances leading up to her being fired from her job were too suspicious. Moreover, it was much easier blaming and hating someone for her misfortune than actually acknowledging her shortcomings.

Why hasn't she approached Niklaus? Well, she didn't have the confidence and the letter had been a much better option. Like come on, would Niklaus that a fat, ugly girl was his daughter. The only beautiful feature in her body was her amber eyes and yet it was the same eyes she loathed while staring at herself in the mirror every day.

"Come on, lady," Allen was the one who drew her attention this time, "Trust me when I tell my folks are actually telling the truth because trust me, if they had known about your existence, they would have adopted you right away. They're good at doing that, "He hinted with a smirk at Neon.

For some reason, Neon was not even offended by his comment this time knowing that he was only trying to change the woman's mind.

"No, no, no!" Deborah shook her head frantically, "I see what you're all trying to do here. You're trying to change my mind, make me drop my defenses, and buy time for your men trying to work their way around my bomb!" Deborah sneered, "But trust me, that's not going to work,"

Deborah snatched the gun from one of her men and strode over to Isabella, yanking her hair back and arousing sounds of protest from Pedro and the kids.

"What do you think you're doing, she's your sister?!" He yelled and tried to reach Isabella all to no avail since they were tied up in such a way they were facing apart from each other.

"Sorry, but I wasn't recognized as a family hence I own none of you nothing," Deborah declared, finally losing her mind. She caressed the gun across Isabella's face, "Where should I start? Ruin your pretty face first before putting up an interesting show for your family?"

However, unknown to Deborah, Allen had successfully undone the bind holding him and Ailee. They were used to playing around with such binds in the base.

But then, there was a trace of panic across Ailee's face as she whispered, "Don't do anything stupid, we can't take all eight of them. We're overpowered,"

"But we can always try!" Was Allen's comment before he lunged for Deborah.

Chapter 764 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-four: Neon, Son

The third point of view:

There was a maniacal look on Deborah's face as she traced the gun's muzzle against Isabella's face as she muttered into her ear, "Do you know how irritating it was to see your flawless face and skin every time on television. The perfect genius daughter of Niklaus Spencer," her words dripped with venom.

But even at gunpoint, Isabella chuckled, "Quite hilarious, hearing you call someone as crazy as me perfect. Why don't you un-duct me and we can see how perfect I am?" even while her tone was playful, there was the evident threat in her voice.

"Sure, right after I ruin your pretty face and then I free you and let you pick the remains of your flesh together!" Deborah was just about to pull the trigger when she heard a shout and the next thing, one of the kids came barreling into one of the men, knocking him into the ground.

Before the other men could bring him down, the four others had freed themselves and ran in diverse directions, taking away their attention from Allen who was fighting that man.

That distraction was all Isabella needed to kick Deborah in the place where she doesn't have a long thingy. Even without that, the impact hurt like hell causing Deborah to double over and Isabella headbutted into her with enough force that made her vision swim, replaced by a splitting headache.

Deborah was on the floor in no time, moaning in pain. Her men upon seeing their mistress on the floor, two of them instantly focused their weapons on Isabella and Pedro, intending to take them out.

However, as if they shared a mutual understanding, Pedro and Isabella, because they were glued together simultaneously shifted their weight to one corner, causing the chair to tip to the side and they found themselves falling to the ground, the air kicked out of them just as rounds of bullets missed them by seconds.

Without wasting time, Isabella reached out and grabbed the gun Deborah had dropped but she was too late. They would shoot her before she picks the gun so Isabella thought to protect Pedro by shifting her body to cover him more. But Pedro had the same thought, or perhaps, even thought faster than her because he had already covered her with his.

But to their surprise another shot came from their fellow teammate, taking out both men at once. Isabella, who already shut her eyes already, slowly opened them when she felt no pain nor sensed tension from Pedro's body only for her gaze to fall on the person who fired at his people.

No matter how smart she was, Isabella never saw this one coming and was stunned out of her mind when Jennifer took off the balaclava that secured her identity all this while.

Nobody, not even Deborah, knew that Jennifer had been tracking them all along and getting rid of one of her men, taking his place immediately and bidding for her time to strike.

The both of them just stared at each other and for a moment Isabella thought she was going to shoot them considering their beef and was already concocting a plan in her head when Jennifer simply reached out and shot at Deborah's men that had tried to aim at her son, Neon.

After that, Jennifer went about ducking and dodging other bullets from the surviving men and Isabella knew at that moment that they had called a truce. So she took the gun and shot another in the leg since she was still on the floor while Pedro worked on freeing them.

Allen wasn't so lucky, no, he had been overconfident of his abilities, so when that man he was wrestling with on the floor kicked him away and fired at him, he saw his life flash before his eyes. But he didn't die because another person took his place with lightning speed.

His mouth hung open and Allen couldn't say a word as he saw Ailee on the floor, gasping for breath and bleeding from her stomach. His only thought at that moment was that he didn't want his sister to die. No, if she survived this, he would be good to her forever.

On Neon's part, he saw red the moment that bullet hit Ailee and rage-filled him so much that he picked the nearest gun he could find and fired, killing both men instantaneously. Even with that, he still wasn't satisfied and wanted more blood to flow but there were no more enemies to kill.

His chest heaved and he dropped the gun immediately, running over to Ailee who was on Allen's laps. But Neon pushed him away and rested her carefully in his arms.

"H-hey," His voice was shaking and he was panting hard.

"Hey," Ailee replied but it was obvious that she was in real pain and talking was real work for her.

Seeing her in that state irked Neon so much that he turned to Allen, yelling, "This is all your fault! She warned you how dangerous it was yet you still went ahead and this is what you caused. You are so selfish that what you bring to people around you is pain and misery!"

For the first time ever, Allen didn't retort nor have a comeback for Neon's words because it was all true. He should have listened to his sister and had a plan before making a move. But he was self-centered and only cared about the hero he would be when he rescues everyone. He was a selfish bastard.

"Hey, don't blame him, he didn't mean for me to hurt. I was the one who threw myself at him," Ailee said weakly.

"Because you were protecting him!" Neon didn't want to hear her excuses. She has defended her twin so much while he treated her like shit.

"I'm so sorry, Ailee," Allen could only say, tears glittering at his eyes as the shock finally wore off and the severity of the situation dawned on him.

"We need to get her to the hospital!" Neon was still saying when she heard a familiar voice from behind.

"Neon, son,"

He stiffened.

Chapter 765 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-five: Who Would Go First

The third point of view:

Neon went rigid instantly. He had been so involved with staying alive and keeping Ailee safe that he hadn't thought of the person who helped them. And now that person was no other than his mother - the one he had been running away from all this while.

Neon had to let go of Ailee and Allen was more than willing to take his place. He stood awkwardly, the word "Mother," barely leaving his lips when she threw herself at him and hugged him.

He didn't know how to behave while the woman in his arms rested her jaw on his shoulder, crying, "My son,"

Neon wanted to be indifferent, after all, the last memory he had of her was she abusing him; of the court deeming her incapable of interacting with the society. However, there were good times as well. When she loved him immensely and treated him well.

Those were the memories that clung to him as he hugged her back. It was almost as if he had returned to that moment when it was just the two of them together. That moment when it was just he and his mother and they were okay with that.

However, their reunion was short-lived because Deborah was on her feet and in her hands were two guns. But so was Isabella's as well.

"Put it down, Deborah, or I'll blast your head off. And trust me, I'd enjoy doing so," Isabella threatened her with a sadistic smile.

Deborah's hands shook but she didn't lower her weapon while Isabella's hold on her gun was firm and with precision.

"Yes, you'll blast my head off but I would have taken one of your loved ones," Deborah had a maniacal look in her eyes and she seemed determined to do so.

"Not if they're smart enough to dodge and I have nimble fingers than you," Isabella hinted at the failure of her plan.

"Yeah, you're right," Deborah acquiesced to Isabella's surprise and that made her brows furrow the more. What crazy plan was Deborah conjuring in her head?

"I can't win this fight," Deborah finally realized that fact and let go of her guns, although Isabella didn't.

"But I won't go alone!" Deborah yelled and suddenly took off and that was when it hit Isabella.

"Everybody duck now!" Isabella fell to the ground, the others coping her gesture without asking just as an explosion rocked the house.

For a moment it seemed as if the world had gone up in flames until the boom ended and now it was nothing but smoke, fire, and soot.

Theodore was the first to rise to his feet before helping his sister who was coughing persistently. It was comforting to know that everyone was fine, the blast wave having lost its energy easily.

However, Ailee was not in the best form plus the fact the heat was increasing. If they don't get roasted by the heat of the flame, the smoke would do its work.

"We have to leave, I'm slowly losing Ailee," Allen warned Isabella. The bleeding wasn't stopping soon even with the pressure he applied. Nor was the smoke helping matters. Ailee needed clean air free of carbon monoxide concentration.

"We can't go through the entrance, we can't survive the fire without getting burned nor would Ailee," Pedro pointed out, "We can't stay here either,"

"The roof would be much better," Theodore said.

"Not there, Deborah lined it with a bomb which I'm sure our people are working on already. They just need time which we don't have," Isabella said.

"Let's move out of here first!" Jennifer said in between a bad cough, "That is if you don't want to be buried, and trust me, none of you knows what a flame is like,"

Thanks to that comment, Isabella took a good look at Jennifer and that was when she discovered the burn marks on her neck, her clothes hiding the rest of the burn scar. What happened?

Thankfully, Natasha's room was upstairs and far away from the burning entrance and living room.

It was safe from the flames but not the smoke.

"Get clothes, wet them with water, and press it to your nose. And?close that door!" Isabella barked orders here and there while Neon and Allen carefully placed Ailee on the bed.

While they were following instructions, Pedro observed the window and thankfully there were no protective bars. He easily kicked the window open and looked down to discover there were indeed activities down here.

A crowd had gathered, although from a distance since there were threats of other bombs still there. Ambulances were not left out as well for the victims. Quite unfortunate, Deborah has been blown to bits.

"Help is here," Pedro announced and though no one said it, there were signs of relief on their faces.

Almost immediately, a helicopter came into view and Pedro could see Julie waving to them from it, the landing light focused on the window.

It all seemed like a dream to them when a rope dangled from the helicopter and they were commanded to alight. The bomb hasn't been disarmed and it was risky for them to experiment with it when they're stuck in the house. Niklaus orders were to get them out alive and if the bomb becomes a problem, just trigger the release?- after they're safe.

Ailee was the first to be sent out and that was done with a collective effort to pull her through the window. Allen had his arm around her all the while they dangled from the rope, the whole of her weight resting on him, yet he didn't mind. It took her being close to death for Allen to realize how much he loved his sister.

Just like that, Theodore and Eve were the next to leave, leaving just Neon, Jennifer and Isabella, and Pedro.

"I think Jennifer should leave next," Isabella said.

"So you can capture me? Hard pass," Jennifer stood her ground.

Chapter 766 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-six: Our Doors Are Open For You

The third point of view:

Isabella didn't trust Jennifer behind her especially when she had a gun with her. Just because circumstances forced them to work together doesn't mean they were friends now. Jennifer still pretty much hates Reina - she set her up in an accident -?and what better way to have revenge on Reina than to end her.

Jennifer didn't trust Isabella. She was Reina's daughter and would want to hurt her for trying to hurt her chosen mother, Reina. Even while she had been engaged to her father, Niklaus in the past, Isabella never liked her. She only tolerated her.

Suddenly a boom came from downstairs and they all shook unsteadily on their feet, smoke slowly filling the room.

"We can't stay here any longer with the fire increasing. Also, what if it triggers the rest of the bomb and then, we're good as dead," Neon hoped to talk some sense into them.

"Fine, I'll go with Jennifer and then you go with Neon. That way if she does something to me, you're free to harm Neon as well,"

Pedro suggested.

That was unfair, Isabella knew she could never harm Neon, however, there was one thing she could think of and that was keeping Neon away from Jennifer forever. She knew how crazy that drove Jennifer and even as they agreed to that suggestion, Jennifer could see the threat in her gaze.

Touch Pedro and your son is gone forever. At Least both of them had someone they cherished.

Pedro was the first to leave through the window carefully and then grabbed onto the rope while Jennifer followed slowly and soon the helicopter dropped them carefully on the floor, meters away from the burning house.

However, as soon as Jennifer's feet touched the ground, rifles upon rifles were pointed at her and she quickly grabbed a hold of Pedro from behind, placing her own gun on the head.

"Don't shoot," Pedro commanded them, his hands raised in the air to show her he was defenseless.

It didn't take even a minute for Isabella and Neon to land and her gaze hardened at the scene.

"Let him go, Jennifer," Isabella said in a cool tone, "You know that you can't win against us,"

However, Jennifer simply pressed the gun closer to Pedro's temple yet pleaded, "I know what I did to Reina was bad but I've changed now and I just want a simple life with my son, Neon. You just have to let us go,"

But Isabella laughed, "Did you hear her, Neon? Your crazy mother wants to live a quiet life with you," She turned to him, asking, "What do you say to that?"

"Yes, I would," Neon said to Isabella's shock.

Isabella looked shocked, as if Neon had broken her trust or something. Clearly, she had not expected that. Isabella thought Neon would be on her side.

"What did you just say?" Isabella was deeply offended.

"I said I would go with her and let's not deny it, we always knew a day like this would come. No matter how much you guys wanted it, I'm not Spencer material. Moreover, I think my mother would get better if I'm with her. Her disease is psychological and she wants me by her side, I would do just that. Sometimes love is just the right contact with a person and my mother's been denied that for long, " Neon explained.

"Neon...." a soft gasp left Jennifer's mouth, touched by her son's words.

Neon took Isabella's hand in his and closed it with his other slightly larger palm, "I really appreciate what you have done so far for me, Isabella. You rescued me when I was in the deepest water..." His words stirred up the memories of that day when they were younger, she and Pedro had gone to Jennifer's place to rescue him from the hands of his mother who lost it after the break-up.

Neon went on, "I would never forget your help. However, I'm no longer that little, helpless boy that was abused by his mother because he couldn't keep up with her standards of learning. I'm smarter, older, taller, and stronger now. I know what's good and wrong and I can definitely fend for myself. So you don't have to worry about me, I've grown up and old enough to deal with my mother's problems. I can deal with her,"

Isabella didn't say a word even after some minutes passed and Neon was beginning to think that his words had fallen on deaf ears when she suddenly pulled him forward and engulfed him in a tight hug.

"I'm going to miss you," Isabella confessed, tightening the hug.

"I would too," Neon said.

Seeing that gesture, the others lowered their weapon and it was left for Jennifer who still had a tight hold on Pedro.

Jennifer was battling with the demons in her head. The voices were telling her not to trust them, all they have ever done was to abandon her. However, her son has agreed to come with her, doesn't that count as a gesture of trust?

Slowly, Jennifer lowered her weapon and Pedro released the breath he had been holding in. That was close. Slowly yet cautiously, he backed away from Jennifer who watched him with intensity the way a predator would around his prey.

Reluctantly, Isabella released Neon who then walked over to her mother who was fidgeting with the gun in her hand. This was the first time she was trusting her enemies and it made her feel vulnerable.

The first thing Neon did as soon as he came near his mother was to receive her gun and toss it as far away as possible from her. He then took her hand and intertwined it together as they began to leave.

However, Isabella shouted from behind, "You do know it doesn't matter, you, not being a Spencer. You're unique the way you are Neon and perhaps, even better than us,"

Neon turned, "I know," He was smug.

"Our doors are always open for you, Neon," Isabella offered him.

"Thank you,"

Chapter 767 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-seven: Neon Is Heartless

The third point of view:

Ailee couldn't tell the number of times she slipped in and out of consciousness, however, she always felt a strong grip on her hand as if whoever was holding onto her didn't want to let go.

Finally, her eyes fluttered open and the disturbing sounds of machines beeping made her head spin. The sensation of dizziness was overwhelming.

Ailee tried to speak but she couldn't and came to discover that it was all thanks to the oxygen mask that she was wearing.

Thankfully, her movements woke whoever was by her bedside, and Ailee was shocked to see that it was no one else but her brother, Allen.

"Ailee?" Relief broke out across his face, "Thank God, you're awake,"

Ailee bet Allen would have hugged her but he first worked on her oxygen mask. Pulling the strap from over her head till she was free, "You needed oxygen in your lungs after the amount of smoke you took in since you were in a much worse state than the others," Allen explained with the softest voice she had ever heard. Ailee almost thought she was dreaming.

"The o-others?" She croaked, her throat quite dry.

Allen didn't answer immediately, rather he filled the glass on the nightstand with water and brought it for her to drink. Ailee accepted the drink seeing she was parched and didn't leave a single liquid in the cup.

And it was while she was drinking that Allen answered her question, "Very one escaped the fire and is doing well. Our parents were here a few hours ago, no, mom has been attached to your side for over a week that dad had to literally drag her -"

"Wait a minute, did you just say a week?" Ailee sat up with speed only to hiss out as pain cut across her belly.

"You shouldn't move around carelessly, you were operated on, you know?" Allen reminded her, trying to goad her back to bed but she was done with lying down.

"I've been lying here for a week?" Ailee was still trying to digest that piece of information.

"It's a miracle you survived having lost quite a lot of blood from that bullet wound. I'm sure everyone would be delighted with Joy when they hear that you're awake," Allen was still speaking when Ailee realized a certain person was missing and the fact her twin had tactically not brought him up which was quite strange.

"What about Neon? Where is he?"

At once, the expression dropped from Allen's face and she knew something was not right.

"Allen?" There was an edge to Ailee's voice as if warning him not to dare lie to her because she could sense that was what he was about to do. Call it the twins' bond or something or the years she spent studying her brother enough to know his response in a situation like this "What happened to Neon?"

"He left," Allen said with no details causing his sister's brows to rise questioningly. So he added, "With his mother, Jennifer,"

Fury like no other filled Ailee, "You let Jennifer take him away? How could you?!` The look in her eyes told Allen he would have gotten it from her if she could move freely.

"Jennifer didn't take him away, Neon was the one who choose to go with her,"

"No, that can't be possible. Jennifer's crazy and could hurt -"

"Jennifer won't hurt her son, at least Neon's old enough to prevent that from happening. And honestly, I think she's realized how much Neon means to her and would do everything to make him happy,"

Yet Ailee shook her head in disagreement, "Even at that, Jennifer is still unwell -"

"And who other than Neon is in the right position to help her recover?" Asked Allen holding her gaze and seeing the defeat in her eyes.

Ailee leaned back to the bed with an unexplainable feeling gnawing at her chest.

Guilt.

She felt like she was responsible for him leaving. That stupid fool was trying to make it easier on her by giving her the space she wanted after what happened between them.

At that discovery, Ailee didn't know whether to laugh or just cry. Neon was really heartless. He didn't even wait for her to wake up so she could bid him a proper goodbye. Why was he making her feel this suffocated? He was a really bad person.

"Hey, I know how much Neon meant to you and I-"

"No, you don't because if you knew how much Neon meant to me, you wouldn't have treated him that way!" Ailee snapped at him without even wincing when the sharp pain shot across her belly again.

"Which is why I'm sorry, alright!" Allen snapped back, "I was just jealous of him, of the two of you! With the way you two were so close, I thought he had stolen my place in your heart," he confessed.

"How could you be so stupid? Neon never took your place, you're always my brother for Christ's sake," Ailee felt like smacking him on the back of the head.

"I'm your brother, yet,?you spent more time with him," Allen accused her.

"Because you were so mean to him, to the both of us and I thought to give you space. Moreover, I always tried to make sure you were with us anytime we hung out," Ailee explained herself.

"Exactly, that's the problem. There was no time for twin bonding! Just a moment for the two of us," Allen said and Ailee saw the truth in his words. There was never a time for

the twins to share a secret, just the both of them, because Neon - the outsider in Allen's mind - was always there.

"I thought you didn't need me anymore and Neon was more interesting than I was. I even thought you must be wishing Neon should have been your twin, instead of me. It had always been the both of us together before he came along and you forsake those times, Ailee. You forsook me,"

Ailee's mouth hung open for over a minute until she could finally form words, " Oh. I'm so sorry, Allen. I didn't realize how much my unintentional negligence affected you. I just thought it was wise to widen our circle, I didn't mean to abandon you, "

"Yeah," Allen nodded, "I know. You showed me that when you took that bullet for me and you won't be doing it ever again," He warned her.

"Moreover," Allen went on, "I shouldn't have been jealous of Neon when he had completely different feelings for you,"

At first, Ailee ignored her brother's statement, however, when his words became clear to her, she went beet red in the face and glared at him, "You're talking nonsense," She said, while turning her face the other way.

"It's quite obvious that Neon feels something for you,"?Allen went on, ignoring her glares and all, "You should have seen the look on his face when the bullet got you. He took that gun and shot the man who shot you and the others. He looked so murderous at that moment that for a while, I thought he would turn around and shoot me for always picking on him,"

"Good for you," She mocked him.

"However, there was something about his look,"

"What?"

"It was the same look our father, Niklaus has in his eyes anytime mother got into trouble. The need to murder anyone that dares lays a hand on the love of his life," Allen said holding her gaze.

Ailee awkwardly dragged her gaze away, however, she had completely gone red in the face.

"So it's been confirmed Neon has feelings for you, then what about you? What's the problem? Don't you like him too?" Allen prodded her, she shot him an annoyed look.

"Oh, you do like him," He nodded his head with amusement in his eyes.

"I don't like him!" Ailee defended herself.

"Keep on lying to yourself, Ailee and you won't be able to tell apart the truth anymore..." He leaned closer, "So tell me, do you like him or not?"

"I don't know!" Ailee shouted at him, chest heaving, "I don't know what I feel anymore. One day he's a brother I depend the most on and the next day, he's not! You can't just expect me to switch feelings like that. Also, even if I do feel something for him, it's all wrong!"

"All wrong?" Allen wrapped his arm across his chest with a raised brow, "How so? Tell me, I'm your brother,"

Ailee wanted to laugh in disbelief, to think that she was actually about to tell her worst secret to a twin brother she hasn't been on good terms with until today.

"Everyone knows Neon as our brother, how do you think they would feel when they suddenly see the both of us being lovey-dovey with each other?" Ailee asked, expecting an answer to her question.

But Allen laughed as if what she said was a joke, "I don't know what you're thinking, Ailee, but ninety-nine percent of students at our school know Neon's surname isn't Spencer. The only reason why it seems as if the world sees Neon as our sibling is only because we took him under our roof so he doesn't get bullied. What person in his right mind would touch a person under our family's cover? "

Ailee was dumbfounded. So she had been thinking much of what she shouldn't have been thinking in the first place?

"But then mom!" Ailee was adamant that this was a bad idea, "Remember Neon is Jennifer's son, mother would never allow the both of us together. Just imagine the both of them being in-laws,"

Note: the announcement above is made based on assessment of readers contributions in 2021. Although I didn't call out everyone (which would be impossible) I really appreciate all you have for me, even in the smallest ways you might not even notice. Your support is the reason this book started out and would be ending soon.. I really appreciate it. Now read ????

Chapter 768 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-eight: Face Her Fears

The third point of view :

"That would be so wonderful," Allen joked only to receive an intense glare from his sister. This wasn't funny at all.

"Well," Allen went on and thankfully, he was a lot more serious this time, "It would be hard on mother and also not hard at the same time,"

"What do you mean?" Ailee was confused by his statement.

"Our mother took in Neon while Jennifer was on trial in the past. Jennifer tried to hurt her and yet she still accepted Neon as her own because Neon is not Jennifer. Mother loves him whether she likes it or not. The only thing we can do is pray that the love is sufficient enough for her to accept the both of you. Moreover, Jennifer did save our lives, that's enough for some brownie points, don't you think so?" Allen had a teasing smile on his face as he said that.

"Thanks for your useful advice," Ailee said with heavy sarcasm.

"No, let's be real here, Ailee," Allen faced her with a stern expression, "If you really want Neon, then you should go after him. Look at me..." He gestured to himself, "I'm the black sheep of the family, be like me and be free! Just dump the good girl side - "

"Embrace evil and be free?" Ailee completed with a straight face.

"That too," He grinned at her.

Ailee rolled her eyes. What was she thinking expecting advice from someone like her brother? He was the worst role model mankind has ever seen.

Allen shrugged, "I'm just saying that you should stop meeting up to everyone's expectations and think of your happiness. Be selfish for once even if it would break our parent's heart,"

"You know what?" Ailee threw her hands up in the air, "I don't even?like Neon!"

Allen was just about to oppose that claim when she beat him to it, "Even if I have such feelings for him, Neon is gone! Nothing is going to happen between us and fate has designed it that way, period!"

"Fine, think whatever you want" Allen gave up on her. He has done his best, the rest depended on her.

"I'll just have to call and inform our parents that you're back in the living,"

Ailee should have prevented her brother from making that call because she was not prepared for the overwhelming loving kindness she received later.

Almost the whole family had come to visit her. Isabella and Pedro; Anabelle and Julie; Cecil and Emerald and Dash; Eden and Camille; Even Sakuzi came. And then, the last but not the least. Her parents.

Ailee always thought her father was the overprotective one in the family, well, turns out she was wrong. It was Reina. The woman didn't even let anyone tease her and was there to rebuke anyone who made her laugh because of the pain it brought. Ailee thought Allen had been the one she felt holding her hand all the while but it was her mother instead.

Niklaus joked that she - Reina - was like a stingy octopus refusing to let go of her even when it was obvious that she would break down pretty soon. And as expected, that comment got a glare from her mother whose gaze held a dark glint - her father was probably going to pay for that later. In the bedroom.

Sigh.

Although the scene was funny, Ailee felt warm inside. It has been a while since she saw the whole family care for her like this openly - the arrival of the triplets took the attention off them. It was as if she was back to being that little girl who was loved and adored by everyone.

Sadly, all good things must come to an end. Everyone finally dispersed to their respective homes after showering her with gifts and love. Her mother Reina wanted to spend the night with her again, but Niklaus sternly refused and no matter of pleading could change his mind. In his defense, she - Reina - needed the rest, and Allen was back to the duty of keeping her company.

But then, the so-called company vanished barely five minutes after their parents left. Ailee sighed, all alone. It was boring even with the television on and it didn't help the fact that her room was so spacious that the distance helped in the loneliness.

Earlier during their visits, Ailee couldn't help but notice the way all of her family members tactically didn't bring up the topic of Neon. Either they must have done it for Reina not to get upset or Reina was the one who asked them to keep their mouth to not upset her - Ailee.

But then, keeping their mouths shut or not, the realization that Neon was not here with her was thick in the air - she could feel it deep down in her bones. This was someone that she had spent all of her lives loving, she couldn't exactly forget him like that - even if he forgot her. He was a coward not to have faced her before leaving.

Ailee was still battling with the thoughts in her head when a knock came on her door and she asked whoever was on the door to come in thinking it was Allen. It took her a split second to realize that her brother doesn't knock, he just barges in as if he owns the

place. But that second was enough for whoever that was to come in and she was staring into the face of Theodore.

She gulped, she had forgotten about him. The boy she was crushing on and ultimately dragged into her family mess. Before the guilt kicked in, Ailee was at least grateful that he was alive.

"Hi beautiful," Theodore grinned at her, showing off his sparkly white teeth that she had fallen for the first time.

Ailee was taken aback by the gesture, she had been expecting him not to smile at all considering he knows everything now. It only made the guilt in her heart grow the more yet she still managed to reply, "Hi,"

She then sucked in a deep breath, it was time to face her fears.

Hiya guys, a few more chapters and we're done with this book. I still want to appreciate those who started and would be ending with me. I truly love you all ??????????. Thank you so much.

Chapter 769 - Seven Hundred And Sixty-nine: Crushed His Glory

The third point of view :

The atmosphere became awkward after they exchanged pleasantries. Theodore was sitting by her bedside and Ailee didn't know whether she was bothered by her attraction for him or the fact she couldn't lie easily with his proximity.

"How are -?" the both of them said at the same time after minutes of silence. They stared at each other and then burst into laughter - controlled laughter for Ailee because of her stomach wound.

"I'm good," Ailee replied afterward, having sensed his question, "You?"

"I'm fine as well. Thankfully the incident was kept under wraps so our parents didn't see that and freak out," He chuckled.

Ailee smiled back and there came the silence again. The tension was suffocating once again and Ailee had to fiddle with her hands to keep herself from looking at Theodore. She didn't want to see the accusing look that must be on his face. He must feel betrayed by her, the girl he liked.

"How do you feel since he left?" Theodore asked and that question prompted her to look up. Aside from Allen, he was the only one to ask how she was faring with Neon's departure.

"I'm good," Ailee merely shrugged.

"You don't have to lie to me, Ailee," Theodore told her with a sympathetic look in his eyes that annoyed her greatly. He should be angry with her not pitying her.

"Then what do you want me to do? Tell you that I worry about my brother or used-to-be brother that's in love with me? Really? You should be mad, Theodore. I'm supposed to be madly in love with you," Ailee couldn't stir away from the conversation anymore.

"Oh, I was angry," Theodore admitted, "I was very, very angry at first. How dare he make you just because he has the advantage of being your pretend sibling? It was foul play, Ailee and I was determined to battle it out with him until that incident.

"I saw the look in his eyes, Ailee and he was determined to lay down his life when he saw you fall - It was something I couldn't do. Perhaps in the heat of the moment, I would, but consciously, I would hesitate. There's just so much at stake here, my sister? Future? But Neon? He didn't care. All that mattered was you,"

Ailee was dumbfounded. She just sat motionless for a moment and then squeezed her eyes shut as if in pain before reopening them, "Then why are you telling me this? Why is everyone telling me what to feel? It's my feelings I should be able to feel it!" Ailee was frustrated or maybe she was just heartbroken. Mad at Neon for leaving her at a time like this. He was usually her support.

Theodore snorted a laugh, drawing her attention, "Funny enough, he told me to take care of you before leaving. He was handing you over to me,"

"Bastard," Ailee muttered under her breath. She was not a trophy to be won and then sold to the best bidder. He would pay for that when she's out of this hospital.

"Unfortunately, I don't date girls who are in love with another," Theodore told her.

But Ailee was quick to defend herself, "I'm not in love with -" she was cut off by the glare Theodore gave her. Gosh, that was so scary.

"I've forgiven you," Theodore told her and Ailee breathed a sigh of relief as if a huge burden was taken off her shoulder. She felt lighter.

"It seems we make better friends than lovers," Theodore said, stretching forth his hand for a new chance at friendship.

"You'd be my first male friend that wasn't killed by my brother," Ailee smiled, accepting his handshake.

Theodore joked, "I guess he was overtaken by my charm," He was still smiling when Ailee tugged on his hand, pulling him closer, and hugged him tightly.

"Thank you so much," She said, "You don't know how much this means to me. I suddenly wish we were triplets like my siblings so I can offer you, my other sister, to date,"

Theodore grinned, pulling away, "If that's the case, I'd simply wait for the triplets to grow up so I can marry one of them,"

Ailee gave him a dirty look, "Don't even go there because I'd skin you alive before my father does,"

And just like that, the both of them began to throw jokes at each other, arguing away and forgetting about their other halves.....

Eve was standing on the balcony, staring out when she felt movements behind her, and turned around only to see Allen step out from the shadows.

"You know you'd be less creepy if you stopped doing that," she said, almost startled by his sudden appearance.

"You didn't go in with your brother to see Ailee, why?" Allen asked, staring at her curiously like she was some lab subject for an experiment.

"They need the space," Eve said, staring outside once again as Allen came to lean on the balustrade beside her.

A long silence stretched before them and Eve was beginning to get uncomfortable with Allen's scrutiny. So she turned, "What now?"

"You're beautiful," Allen said without thinking.

"Of course, I'm beautiful because I came from my parent's wonderful gene pool. Duh," Eve told him without appreciating his compliment.

She then turned slightly to see him grinning at her, "What?" She couldn't understand this guy at all.

"You're perfect for my experiment,"

Eve's brow arched at that comment, what the hell was he talking about now?

"What experiment?"

"I'm giving a try at a long-term relationship and you are my chosen subject. The attraction between the both of us is lethal, it should last for a month or so," Allen said as if he wasn't just talking about experimenting with human feelings.

Eve was dumbfounded until she finally recovered from the shock and was filled with raw anger at his offer, "You my friend is crazy for even suggesting such a ridiculous....! ridiculous suggestion! And trust me when I say there's no atom, speck, or even trace of attraction between - mmm uh!"

Eve was silenced with a sudden kiss that shook her to the core. She knew Allen was trouble and had stayed far away from him since that incident, yet, trouble still came seeking her. What has she done to trouble?

She wanted to push him but Allen's kiss must have a paralyzing effect because she couldn't move at all. No, it must be a hypnotizing effect because she found herself doing what her brain opposed, like pulling him closer by the hair as he pulled at her bottom lips with his teeth, seductively.

Allen pushed her to the pillar behind her while still kissing her. It wasn't until his hand went to her hips and rubbed her against his erection causing a moan to leave her throat that Eve realized what she was doing and pushed him away at once as if she was electrocuted.

The arrogant Allen was not discouraged by her gesture; rather he peered at her through hooded eyes and smirked, "Is this attraction enough for you?"

Eve was so angry that she reached out without thinking into his elastic band pants and grabbed onto his balls through his underwear, causing Allen's eyes to widen in fear,

"The next time you touch me without permission. I would be sure to crush your future generation. Do you understand?!" She yelled, tightening her hold.

"Yes, ma'am," Allen answered in a hurry, beads of sweat rolling down his forehead.

"You're welcome," Eve finally let go and then looked at her hand in disgust amid the blush on her face, "Gosh, I need to wash this," she said and left.

Allen glared at her as she left, already thinking of ways to avenge his crushed glory.

"That evil woman," He cursed.

Chapter 770 - Seventy Hundred And Seventy: Ghost Of The Past

The third point of view:

Two weeks later.....

There was a small celebration in Niklaus's residence. He had gathered the whole family to celebrate surviving the whole catastrophe the past week.

As expected, there was lots of drinking and eating and the triplets were left to roam this time because their cousin and watchman, Dash, had his eyes on him.

After that incident, a formal investigation was launched and it was discovered that Rita, Fernandez's official wife had been in cahoots with Deborah. She was the one feeding Deborah with news of Isabella and Pedro during her time abroad. It was also her idea to drug Pedro and get Natasha pregnant.

Either way, all of them knew Natasha's outcome wouldn't have been favorable and so she wanted Pedro to be devastated and distracted enough that his leadership of the company would be questioned and his position taken away from him for being unable to lead by the board of directors.

Rita already had someone amongst the board that would lead till her son, Jodah was old enough to lead. However, all of their plans came running down the drain after Jennifer made that mistake.

Right now, Rita was being persecuted and Jodah would be taken care of by Lucinda, Pedro's grandmother, and Fernandez's mother who still hasn't recovered from the shock of the news. In Lucinda's thoughts, her daughter-in-law Rita was sweet and naive to plot such a scandal. But then, looks were deceiving and she learned hard from it.

Unfortunately, Rita was not the only one in collaboration with Deborah, Sakuzi's own daughter-in-law had been a part of the plan. Elizabeth, the wife of Finley, the firstborn son of Valentino Sakuzi had not been happy with the transfer of power to Emerald who she claimed wasn't blood and hence wasn't a part of the Sakuzi clan.

Elizabeth wanted her husband at the top, inheriting the position of Sakuzi even though he inherited his mother - Nadia's - businesses and some others from his father. But she wanted the top spot, claiming it was his birthright as the first child and son to be at the top of the food chain instead of answering to others below him.

And so, to ensure that happened, she went into business with the enemy, feeding her the information she could get and at last, hiring one of their men that betrayed the others while busting Mikhail out.

The target was Emerald and they had intended to wipe out his lineage so there wouldn't be another to take his place even when he dies. However, Emerald was smart enough to avert all of their plans, not to mention that Sakuzi supported his every move making it harder to strike without suspicion. But in the end, her plan backfired.

Unfortunately for Elizabeth, unlike Rita who would be prosecuted by the law, she would be dealt with by the family. Sakuzi's were not on good terms with the police judging from the fact that their activities were illegal. Sending Elizabeth to them was the same as asking for a death sentence, with the situation she was in, Elizabeth wouldn't want to go down all alone and would try to do everything to ruin the Sakuzi clan.

So her crime would be judged within the family and would be ten times worse than what Rita would receive from the law. That was for sure.

"Excuse me," Niklaus said from the mic drawing everyone's attention.

The chatter died down and all heads turned in the direction of Niklaus, fixing their gaze on him. Niklaus naturally had an imposing aura hence it was surprising they became attentive.

"A-hem," He first cleared his throat before resuming his speech, "I want to first of all thank every member of the family who made it here tonight and the rest who couldn't make it, I totally understand," He hinted at Judy and Emily who were swallowed up with official duties at Lincolnshire.

"The past weeks have been a really trying one. Some of us were faced with situations beyond our control and made certain decisions that didn't turn out well...."

Pedro was the most affected by that speech. In just a few weeks, his marriage was put in jeopardy and he lost his child. Even Isabella, who didn't like the idea of another woman in his life, finally accepted his child, and just when he thought it was going to be okay, everything came crashing down.

He was denied the opportunity to know his son and that pained Pedro the most. He knew Natasha brought what happened to her on herself but she didn't deserve to die. At least not with his baby. The child deserved to live at least, but Deborah had taken away that choice when she had her men shoot Natasha.

All of this wouldn't have happened if he had come clean with Isabella. Yes, she would be mad but perhaps, he would have been able to change Natasha's fate. Sadly, he couldn't change the hands of time backward, else he would have corrected his mistake.

Since that day, Pedro has been haunted with memories of that day in his dreams, but thanks to Isabella, he didn't fall into depression. That incident changed Isabella or perhaps, it was just the fact that she was becoming a mother. Isabella was a lot kinder than usual, although her hot temper was still there.

Niklaus went on, "And some of us were visited by the ghosts of our pasts..." He remembered the fact that he lost his daughter before he could even get to know her.

Deborah might have made bad choices but she was still his daughter and perhaps, if he had been a lot more responsible in his younger years, she wouldn't have been born into this world nor would his daughter have turned out this way.

Although Reina had told him that it wasn't his fault and he couldn't have known that Deborah was born in the first place because her mother made no effort to let him know, Niklaus knew it was his carelessness and he would continue to bear that guilt forever.