

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 351 - Three Hundred And Fifty-two : Weird Family - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 351 - Three Hundred And Fifty-two : Weird Family

Chapter 351 - Three Hundred And Fifty-two : Weird Family

The third point of view:

"Hey, can I borrow your cell phone for a moment please?" Pedro asked Emerald with uncertainty.

The man seemed like a nice guy compared to the many he had seen in there. It was definitely no joke that Sakuzi was a mafia lord and these seemed like their base. Sure, they were treated nicely in here but Pedro was uncomfortable. He literally knew nobody here nor their intention. How long were they even going to remain here?

Emerald gave him a questionable look.

He explained, "I think I lost mine earlier and my girlfriend must be worried about me,"

"Sure," Emerald handed the phone to him without second thoughts.

Giving him a thankful look, Pedro put in Isabella's number and turned to the side as he placed the call.

However, there was no answer at the first ring.

"Come on, pick up," Pedro stood uncomfortably on his feet as he anxiously waited for her to answer. Even to the sixth call, there was no answer.

"Thank you," He handed the phone back to him.

"She didn't answer?" Emerald asked out of sheer curiosity.

"Yeah," He shrugged, "Maybe she's busy with something, I don't know,"

"Do you want me to send a message to her place?"

"You can do that?" he was surprised.

"Yeah, of course,"

"Oh right," It finally occurred to him that Emerald was under Sakuzi.

"No, don't worry. I'll love to explain everything to her by myself," He added under his breath, "After I get a new phone,"

"You don't have to worry. I'll get a cellphone for you. You shouldn't be out with your father searching desperately for you," Emerald said, placing a hand on his shoulder and squeezed gently.

Pedro tipped his head to the side with a deep sigh as he asked, "You like my mother, don't you? "

Emerald's brow raised interestedly,

"And if I say I do, would you give me your blessings?" he asked on purpose.

"Why not? You're better than a father who tossed me into a van," Pedro pointed out.

He smiled wryly, "Well, I would be so happy if your mom and I are possible?"

He frowned, "Why would you say that?"

"Your mother hates me. She would never be with me," He told the young man.

"Why? Because you're her one-night stand?"

The man looked surprised, "H-how?... "

"She didn't tell me much but I'm not a kid nor is it hard to figure out what happened with the attraction between the both of you,"

"Attraction my butt," Emerald laughed amused.

"You love her, don't you?" Pedro asked the man, their eyes connected.

"With every fiber of my being," Said Emerald as he stared him straight in the eyes too.

He was speaking the truth, Pedro discovered. Those eyes of his were sure and sincere and caring.

"Then give her time. My mom doesn't stay angry forever, and if she truly likes you, I don't see why you both can't be together. The past is the past,"

"It would have been nice if you were my son,"

Pedro's eyes enlarged, surprised.

"But I like you regardless," Emerald ruffled his hair playfully. He breathed, "You should look around, no one's going to hurt nor stop you," And with that being said, he left.

"Well, it's now or never," Pedro decided to go explore the mansion. He wondered how someone could live here without getting lost all the time. There were so many rooms that he lost count of how many he crossed and had to ask for directions in case he decided to return to his starting point.

This mafia was different from what he anticipated and watched in movies. He had expected to be unnecessary fighting, bloodshed, and gambling, but here, they behaved as if they were one family. Moreover, weapons were not left around carelessly and there were a lot of rooms with restrictions which he guessed had serious stuff going on in there.

He finally found himself in a kitchen which might as well have served as a canteen. There were a lot of men chattering away and the foods were served buffet style.

Honestly, Pedro wasn't exactly hungry since his stomach was still knotted with tension from earlier - he couldn't believe all this madness happened in one day.

"You might have to take that with the sauce,"

Pedro was startled when a voice said from behind him. He turned to meet a strange girl. A beautiful strange girl.

"Don't you know that?" she said, flashing him a warm smile.

"Huh?" Pedro shook his head to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

"Take this," the girl took his hand resting on the buns platter, "And collect the sauce with it," She guided his hand to dip the bun in it, "Then put that into that cute mouth of yours," she began to lift his hand to his mouth when Pedro took back his hand and fed himself. He had been lost in thought earlier that he didn't realize he had been standing in front of the display buffet for minutes already. And now, here he was.

"Mmm," His eyes widened as the richness of the sauce exploded in his mouth.

"Aha, told you," she was proud of her suggestion.

"Taste good," Pedro nodded his head in approval.

"I'm Olivia," She stretched her hand out for a handshake.

"Pedro," He accepted the handshake with a smile.

"Wait a minute here," Olivia stepped closer, "I think you got the sauce on your lips," She already stretched her hand to get it off him but Pedro shifted his body back to dodge her.

"Oh, I got it," Pedro wiped it off his lips with his hands, "Thank you for telling me,"

"You're welcome," She shrugged, lips pursed.

Pedro turned to the buffet and served himself the buns and the sauce with some fruits and a can of water - purposely ignoring the tempting drinks on display. It was no surprise Reina was a drinking goddess, it was so readily accessible here.

Moreover, as much as Pedro had a bit of trust in Emerald, he still had to be wide awake to take care of his mother - he was the man of the house.

He took a seat and wasn't surprised when Olivia followed him too. She seemed like good company amid the fact she was quite tactile, above all, Pedro was happy to find a kid his age here.

"Why are you sitting with me? Shouldn't you be with your gang members?" he asked, even though he was wondering why a beautiful girl like her was in the gang.

"You're so silly!" Olivia laughed at him.

"Did I say something wrong?" He frowned.

"Nope but it was quite funny because the truth is that I'm Valentino's relative?"

"Who's Valentino?"

Her brows furrowed, "You don't know Valentino? The man who is the current leader of this gang?"

"You mean Sakuzi?"

"Oh right!" She exclaimed and tapped her head, "That's what you guys call him,"

"What don't you call him Sakuzi?" he was eager to know.

"Because Sakuzi is a title given to the leader of the Falcon Gang. So to explain, even his predecessor was called Sakuzi. This is why we are called the Sakuzi clan, we are under his reign.

"Wow, that's an eye-opener," He marveled, "So you're part of the family who would join the business soon? Or are you already...?"

"Nope, the family business is optional. As much as our family might look intimidating, no one would force you into what you don't like. But I'm not in yet. I'm still contemplating the way to choose," she revealed to him, then said, "You must be the new boy Emerald pulled a huge fuss for,"

"Huge fuss?" Pedro was astonished by that revelation.

"We are not too trusting of strangers because of what we do. But Emerald's words were obeyed since he's second in command to Valentino,"

"And you trust me?" he wasn't too sure about that since it was his first time here.

"Yeah," she answered almost immediately, "You don't have that bloodlust, it's almost like you're a ray of sunshine which is kind of a refreshing feeling to have around here," she added, "And did I forget to say, I like you,"

Pedro choked on his meal, what the hell was that? The only person who he had seen so audacious was Isabella. To know there was another person like her wasn't so comforting - was that a trend for girls these days.

"I'm so sorry," He choked and gulped down a glass of water, tears burning his eyes.

"Did I say something wrong?" Olivia asked him, brows raised in confusion.

"No, you didn't, but I don't think that's exactly proper for a girl to say that to a guy on their first meeting,"

Olivia leaned closer from across the table, "I'm not an ordinary girl and I'm the type that knows what she wants and I get it," she said, determined.

Pedro knew he was now in deep trouble. He had to make things clear else Isabella makes it for him.

"I have a girlfriend and I like her with the whole of my heart,"

"I don't care," Olivia said

"Well, bad choice. She would make you care," He advised her to steer off.

"She sounds scary, I like scary,"

Immediately Olivia said that, Pedro began to wonder about her sexual orientation and he couldn't have been happier when his mother called him over. This family was filled with weird people.

Chapter 352 - Three Hundred And Fifty-three: Loose Ends

The third point of view:

Her son was safe, that was all that mattered to Cecil. The woman was currently sitting on the edge of the bed in her room deep in thought.

How was she going to get out of this shit? Sure, Emerald had promised to help her but how? She couldn't keep hiding forever, In fact, staying indoors for the past twelve hours was already suffocating. Moreover, Fernandez wasn't the type to give up. Though she didn't want to say it out, she was a bit scared for Emerald since he was going to face Fernandez - he played dirty.

She was still speaking when her phone rang, it was an unfamiliar number but she picked up, having an inkling who was calling.

"Hello?"

"My Cecil,"

Shivers ran down her spine but not out of pleasure but disgust as she heard that voice and caption. That little son of a biscuit. He must be obsessed with her else he wouldn't be this disturbed.

"I wonder how you look in the mirror every day because you disgust me to death Fernandez. Hence, don't you dare call me that again for the rest of your pathetic short life," she cursed him.

"We were good together. So good together," his voice was a whisper; so sensual she could have sworn he was trying to seduce her. Or maybe, he was indeed trying to do so.

"I still remember our first night together," He went on, "You must think of me as heartless for what I did but I'm a man who was in love with you, and trust me when I say, I still love you, Cecil,"

"Is this a new tactic?" She said to him, unaffected by his pathetic act of temptation, "For me to lower my guard?"

"What do you think?" he asked.

"I think you're desperate and retarded enough to attempt that," She told him straightforwardly.

There was a short silence and then he began to laugh. Fernandez cackled so hard Cecil began to imagine a coven of witches having a wild celebration.

"You've matured," was all he said.

"If this is what you're calling me for, to chit chat, then I must say this has been a huge waste of my time and saliva. Goodbye Fernandez," She was about to end the call when he said.

"Give me Pedro. The boy has a much brighter future with me, "

There was a cold glint in her eyes, "I've told you, Fernandez, you can get him in hell,"

"Don't make this any harder than it is, Cecil. Trust me, It might get bloody later so tell me now I'm still being magnanimous. Where are you hiding my son?"

Cecil snorted, she was right. The man thought she was still that naive little youth who had fallen for his sugary words. Well, news flash, she has grown - according to him - experience was a very good teacher - big fat thanks to him.

"You must be so desperate for him," It was her turn to laugh, "How does it feel to be on the receiving end. If I could remember clearly, I was the one begging desperately like this years ago,"

He was amused, "So this is revenge then?"

"No," she said, "This is just karma paying you back in your own coins. Because if this were revenge, I would have made sure Pedro had no chance of surviving in my womb,"

She took a deep breath, "A whore can't birth your son," She used the same words he had used on her years back, "Go and look for your son"

"Cecil!"

"Fernandez!" Cecil boomed back at him with the same intensity. She refused to be used and threatened as he did to her in the past. This Cecil was not the same woman!

"If you need your son, let's take it to the court of law,"

"Y-you....."

"Of course, you're not confident of winning," she sneered, "Don't you dare try to threaten me again Fernandez because I wouldn't hesitate to fight -"

The phone was suddenly snatched from her grip and smashed to the wall to her utmost shock.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Cecil screamed at Emerald as she pulled at her hair; She wanted to punch him badly right now.

"He called you, didn't he?" Emerald growled at her.

What an attitude! Cecil couldn't believe her ears

"Yes, of course, he called me since I'm not stupid enough to call him. But that doesn't give you the right to destroy my cell phone! Who do you think you are!" She raised her voice at him.

"He could have been tracking your cell phone!"

There was silence.

"Oh," It dawned on Cecil, "I didn't think about that," there was an embarrassed look on her face while scratching her scalp awkwardly. She had lashed out at him without reasoning.

"I'm sorry for -"

"You shouldn't be," Emerald dismissed her apology since she indeed shouldn't say that in the first place. He had lied.

They had a great firewall that even the government couldn't infiltrate into their network traffic, not to talk of a small fry like Fernandez who doesn't even know who he's dealing with yet. Why do you think they've been standing firm till now?

The huge man had just been so angry when he came in to discover she was chatting with that man. Did she still love Fernandez? The thought of that scared him so much he just threw the phone as if he wanted to break them up. He had heard that children complicate matters, would that still be the same here even after he helps her regaining Pedro?

Left for Emerald alone, he could have sent his men to eliminate Fernandez overnight but he knew better, Cecil wouldn't approve of that. She would want that son of a hole to suffer for his crimes the righteous way - which was kind of bullshit to him. It would take time to gather evidence strong enough to land that man in jail and keep him there! Fernandez had too many allies in the police and Emerald didn't like that one bit?- anything could happen.

He hated uncertainty, his missions so far were neat and swift with no room for mistakes nor loopholes- Dead men tell no tales. This was the first time he would be working on one that had too many blind spots and loose ends. But then, what could he do? It was for the woman he loved and if she wanted it that way, so be it. He would just have to protect him.

"Fine, suit yourself," Cecil gave up on the sorry.

"I'll get you another one and move the contacts over," he promised her, picking up the damaged phone.

"Whatever," she looked the other way.

Both of them fell silent and the atmosphere became awkward. Emerald shifted uncomfortably on his feet while Cecil scratched the side of her face. What were they going to discuss now?

"How's your face?"

"Huh?"

"Your face?" He gestured to his face as an illustration, "Does it still hurt?"

"Oh," She remembered, "No, it doesn't hurt anymore,"

Cecil had a small band-aid on her forehead from where she had hit her head during that collision. She thankfully suffered no concussion but a slight headache which she had slept off already.

"I should check on Pedro," she said, rubbing her clammy hands on her pants. Gosh, why was she so nervous around him? Whatever that was between them ended that night - he wasn't even Pedro's father. Right now, the only connection between them was this unfortunate problem, nothing else.

"Alright, you should do that," he nodded and, "And probably take a look around, no one would stop you,"

"Thank you?" Cecil guessed she should say that and walked past him only to stop. With a heavy sigh, she turned to face him to say something, however, it happened that Emerald was turning at the same time and both knocked into each other. Out of instinct, Emerald reached out and grabbed her waist to keep her from falling.

For some strange reason, this man's height had never intimidated her; rather she gulped at their closeness right now, it was a bit disturbing. Cecil could have wiggled out of his grasp but the way he pinned her with his smoldering look made her unable to breathe, not to talk of moving. He must have cast a freezing spell on her.

With the way she looked at him, Emerald was tempted to lower his head and kiss her senselessly, but he couldn't. He couldn't take advantage of her the second time. If he was going to kiss her, he would do that with her permission.

"You should go look for Pedro," He added in his mind, "Before I lose control right now,"

Something was wrong with her, Cecil noticed. Why was she feeling disappointed he didn't kiss her? Oh my God! She was going crazy! What the hell was wrong with her?! She hated this man for Christ's sake. There was no way in hell she was feeling attraction for him. Oh no, she needed air.

And just like that, she escaped out of the room as quickly as her legs could take her and began to explore the mansion to lessen the boredom. The smell of sweet food directed her to the kitchen and that was where she found her son with this strange girl.

Cecil knew to recognize trouble when she saw one. She quickly withdrew her son immediately. As much as she wanted bold ones around her reserved son, she needed one with morals too.

Chapter 353 - Three Hundred And Fifty-three: Stay Off My Son

The third point of view:

"How is it?" Fernandez asked the hacker he had employed to track down Cecil's location while he purposely delayed her on call.

"Nothing," The hacker shrugged with a resigned sigh, "They have an impenetrable firewall, I can't access her location at all,"

"What does that mean?" he was confused.

"It means that wherever this woman is, she's adequately protected. I'm sorry sir, but you might be dealing with a powerful figure here and I advise you to stop before it's too late," was his sincere suggestion.

"Powerful figure?" Fernandez chuckled, who could be powerful enough to accept that whore?

Who knows, she might be servicing an old man - Being a sugar baby doesn't seem that bad. However, whatever she did wasn't his business because he needed her. At the moment, she was the cure to this maddening curse; Fernandez had a strong feeling she was the one who would give him a male child - it was already guaranteed with the birth of Pedro. It was double assurance once he had Pedro and another son, hence, he needed her desperately.

"Why do you say so?" He asked the hacker.

"I've encountered this kind of firewall and I can say it belongs to one of the powerful gangs around,"

"What gang?" he asked out of curiosity.

Fernandez wasn't clueless about the existence of the mafia groups since he hires some of them to execute his dirty works. As the leader of the Fernandez family, he had to do a lot of things to keep the family business going - even if that means threatening or eliminating his competitors.

Which is why he needed Pedro. He can't gather all this wealth and it goes to his illegitimate daughters who would marry off one day and the son-in-law takes over or his unrelated son taking over everything - that would be his worst nightmare. Moreover, with how naive Cecil had been in her youthful age, he could already imagine how she trained up his son to be -?a sissy probably.

Fernandez pinched the bridge of his nose in exhaustion, he would have to restructure the boy; his mentality, and character. This was too much work, but he had enough time.

"The Falcon Gang," was his reply.

"The Falcon Gang?" his eyes widened from surprise.

He had heard about the gang but had no relation with them since they were picky with the missions they accepted. Even the government feared them since they had knowledge and evidence of their skeletons in the wardrobe.

The mob would have been tagged a terrorist group with the kind of power they possessed if not for the fact they liked to remain low and carried out their missions in secret. Also, the president wasn't stupid to piss them off since they didn't want trouble - they just wanted to carry out their business peacefully.

No wonder Cecil had been very confident in speaking, Fernandez thought, nodding his head. She must feel so proud knowing she was protected.

A dark smile curved his mouth. He bet she was together with one of the lower members of the gang, he had plans of meeting the superiors of the Falcon Gang. He would offer them a lot of money in exchange for the woman. There was no way a shrewd businessman wouldn't take that.

Fernandez knew the rules of the game, money rules the world. He'd see how much Cecil would laugh when the same people she trusted hands her over to him on a platter of gold. He felt a twitch below and looked down to notice how hard he was. Fuck! He couldn't wait to push her down and bury his seeds inside of her - the seed that would bore him his second male child. The thought thrilled Fernandez, he couldn't wait to get started.

"I'll suggest you find another way to draw her out," the hacker told him.

"Don't worry, I know of a way already," he smiled.

"You do?"

Fernandez was just about to relate his plans to him when a knock sounded on his door and one of his men came in reluctantly.

"What is it?" he asked, not pleased with his interference.

The man spoke with caution, "I don't know if this would be of importance but I wanted to inform you anyway,"

Fernandez readjusted in his seat to receive the news, "What is it?"

"This is your son's cell phone. It seems to have fallen off of him during the attack," he handed the phone over to Fernandez who received it, examining it.

"So?"

"There has been a number constantly calling him ever since," the man reported.

"Really?" he checked the phone once more, "It's locked," he then turned to the hacker, "I believe you can do something about it,"

"Sure," He said, catching the phone Fernandez tossed to him and began to work on breaking the code. Since it was just an average password, it wasn't long before he hacked it and accessed the contents.

"My strong girlfriend," The hacker called out the contact name, "Seems to be his gal," he added, "And a cute one at that," he turned the computer so Fernandez could have a look at his son and Isabella together.

"Hmm," Fernandez said. Pedro was indeed his blood, they both shared the same interest in pretty women.

"Do you know who she is?" he asked.

"I'll run a facial recognition," the hacker said, his hands flying over the keyboard in fast strokes and minutes, pulled up her information,

"Isabella Spencer, Eighteen years of age and daughter of business Tycoon, Niklaus Spencer...." he glanced up at Fernandez, "Should I go on?"

"No," Fernandez halted him with a hand gesture, a smile on his face. Relationship with the Spencer's was a good one, his son was smart - it seems one

cannot outrun his blood.

Once Pedro returns to his side, he'd propose marriage to the Spencer's and engage the kids. Pedro had done the work already, he just had to solidify their relationship.

"The girl is someone we cannot touch but it'd be wise to have her followed, she might be able to lead us to where Pedro is," Fernandez suggested.

He then turned to the man that came in with the news, "Have my men follow them. If I know enough of puppy love, then I'm sure Pedro would surely try to contact her and both would meet. Then, we would strike."

It would be so much easier. Then, he'd see whether Cecil wouldn't come with him when he had his son - It would be like killing two birds with a stone.

Fernandez clapped his hand, "With these two measures in place, I'm sure I can safely say the plan is ensured. Go ahead and do not fail me this time,"

"Alright, sir," The hacker packed his stuff and bowed before leaving, with the other man doing the same.

There was a smile on Fernandez's face, it wouldn't be long now. In fact, he could already feel the faint taste of victory on his lips.

Done with his plans, he exited his study and had made it down the stairs when he met his so-called wife waiting for him.

"What is it?" he asked, displeased by her presence. Ever since he had the idea of her cheating on him, she became a sore in his eyes.

"Aren't you coming for dinner?" she asked, studying his reaction.

"Why do you ask? Have you prepared to poison me so you could hand my property over to your son? Is that it?"

The woman was dumbfounded, extremely shocked by his comment. Was this really the man who had been so sweet to her when they first met? Why couldn't she see through him then? Had she been that blinded by love?

"How could you say that?" she expressed her shock by placing her hand on her chest, "You know I wouldn't do that to you!"

"Really?" he scoffed, "It's quite a pity I don't believe that. A woman who led me into believing her lover's son was mine for years wouldn't hesitate to cut my head off," Fernandez argued with her.

"And whose fault was that?!" She hissed out, "You intentionally approached me" she laughed at herself, "I was just too blind to see that - blinded by stupid emotions - when all you wanted was the wealth and power my family offered!"

"So?" His brows raised.

"So?" Her heart broke, how could he say that to her, "If you had gotten what you wanted, you should have at least loved me! Was that too much to ask!"

"Are you done?" Fernandez rubbed the inside of his ear as if filtering dirt.

"How can you be so heartless?" She whispered.

"I don't care about your business with your lovers - you can go to them for attention. But I just want to inform you that my son would be reuniting with me soon, so don't you dare try anything stupid,"

"Your son?" the women went pale neither did Fernandez notice her hand going to her belly. How was she going to tell him she was pregnant with his baby when his interest was on this one already. Would he even believe her, after all, they had done it when he was drunk?

"Yes," He said to her, "Pedro would lead the company and all my resources in the future, so stay off him," he came closer, "It's not a warning but a threat,"

Chapter 354 - Three Hundred And Fifty-four: She Must Escape

The third point of view:

Judy felt like a living zombie lately, he had so many problems on his plate he didn't know where to begin. He sighed for the umpteenth time already before standing to his feet, it was time to visit Emily.

Well, he wasn't Emily's favorite person at the moment considering she doesn't want to see him, and each time he forcefully enters, she hits him with anything she gets her hand on. Yeah, she was mad at him. And right now, he was probably going to experience another episode of her throwing things at him again.

"Your highness, where to?" asked Archie, his assistant.

"Going to the Royal medical wing," He answered, without glancing over his shoulder at him.

The medical wing was in charge of the health of the royal family. Until recently, that had been Akim's residence, however, his son was recovered now and they could only check on him in his sleeping quarters since the boy hated the smell of antiseptic and drugs.

Like mother, like son, Emily also hated hospitals due to her horrible experiences there, but there was nothing Judy could do until the royal physician deemed her free to be discharged.

"Emily?" he knocked on the door while bracing himself for the impact to come. She had hurled a mug at him the last time he came and had been quick to dodge it. He had to be prepared this time around too.

There was no response to his knock as usual. Well, what was he expecting? Ever since Emily lost that baby, it was as if a part of her died, she was just not the same any longer. But he wasn't the same too, if only she could understand he was having a bad time too - the guilt was killing him from inside out.

"I'm coming in," Judy informed her as he normally does and opened the door slowly and carefully while preparing his reflexes into action.

However, there was nothing to get worked over because nobody was in the room. Huh? That was strange. Has she finally decided to take a breath of air after locking herself up for long?

She must be in the garden, Judy thought and walked further into the room. The garden was one of the most attractive and wonderful places in the palace that could offer her the serene peace she wanted - Emily needed that with the amounts of thoughts running through her head.

Picking a seat by her bedside, Judy picked his phone and placed a call to her. There was a possibility she would not pick and would let it ring on purpose but he had faith. Who knows, a miracle might happen.

"Please, Emily, Please," He prayed anxiously, and just when the call went through, had a bit of hope, but something happened.

He heard a ringing tone.

"Huh?" His brows raised in confusion when he saw her phone on the nightstand. She didn't leave with her phone? That was strange and unlike Emily...

Judy's eyes widened. Oh no, it couldn't be.

"Your highness!" Archie who had followed after him was alarmed when the prince suddenly stormed out of the room as if he saw the devil in there.

"Your highness!" He called again but the man ignored him, going straight to the head physician's office.

"Where is she?! "

The doctor was almost startled out of his seat when the prince barged into his office like a dog gone rabid.

"Your highness," the doctor had a trace of panic on his features, confused more than ever.

"Where is who, your highness?" the man adjusted his glasses, holding his own against the majesty's tremendous aura.

"Where is Emily, of course, you dumbass?!" Judy had already grabbed the doctor by his scrubs and pushed him up against the wall, threateningly.

Sweat poured down the doctor's face, "Your highness, Lady Emily is in her room -"

"Shut your trap up because I just came from here and guess what? She's nowhere to be found," Judy yelled at him, "I don't pay you guys millions of dollars to give me this bullshit. She was entrusted in your care for a reason!"

"W- we should lo-look at the cameras, y-your highness," the man stammered from fear. If he wasn't careful here, his life would be snuffed out without anyone knowing of it.

Fiona, who had led to Lady Emily's miscarriage would have been dead if the queen hadn't snuck her out of the palace dungeon and sent her out of Lincolnshire before Judy could get his hands on her.

The doctor understood he wasn't that precious to the queen and she wouldn't bother about his death, rather promote his assistant to his position or even hire another to take his place.

"If so, I suggest you get your ass moving," his voice was grim and threatening.

This was his mistake. Judy realized. Gosh, he's been making a lot of mistakes lately. If only he had known, he would have stationed guards right outside her door to monitor her movements but he had taken her feelings into account.

Emily hated being monitored especially now she was free from her late father's grasp and supervision. Secondly, aside from raving and freaking out that moment he had told her the loss of her baby, she had been so calm and strong he hadn't considered posting guards since the palace was safe.

They made their way to the control room where surveillance records of Emily were put up and after minutes, found exactly the time she had sneaked out of the hospital room.

They traced her through the cameras and found out she had gone back to her quarters, packed up a few things, disguised herself, and left the palace ground. The guards

probably didn't stop her because Emily was more than just a visitor - the prince's woman - and everyone knew that.

"Trace that car and tell me its destination while I go to her room and check up for clues of her whereabouts," Judy commanded and spirited away.

He got to her large living quarters, walking into her messy room. She must have parked in a hurry - he noticed- knowing her time was limited.

"Oh shit, her passport's missing," Judy got what he was looking for amongst the belongings she had left behind. They had only one major airport in their kingdom and if he wasn't wrong, Emily was either on her way to the airport or had arrived there already.

"Archie," He called him on the phone, "Call the airport and block all outgoing flights, tell them it's an irrefutable order from the crown prince. While at that, track down Emily," Judy commanded while leaving the room. He gestured to one of the guards who came closer to receive his order.

"Prepare the car, we got my queen to catch,"

Meanwhile...

Emily's heart was pounding in her chest as she waited in the departure hall. She never thought her plan would work. Perhaps it was the fact they trusted her that gave her such a smooth escape.

What was delaying the flight? Her feet began to tap on the floor anxiously. She had to leave now before Judy found her else she might not have the resolve to do so anymore - and she would hate herself for that.

Each time she closed her eyes, she dreamt of that push and the voice of her baby calling out to her. She couldn't stay in that palace anymore, it haunted her. She needed space. Space from everyone and everything - including Judy as much as it hurts her.

"Attention everyone, we are deeply sorry to announce that there would be a slight delay in all outgoing flights due to some technical issues. We are sorry for the inconvenience caused. Please, bear with us," the announcement came from the airport's speakers.

While everyone was complaining about the delay in their schedules, Emily had stiffened up like a tree. Oh no, it was him. Judy was trying to stop her. The technical problem was no coincidence. Judy was here right now to find and take her back.

Emily picked her bag. Even if she couldn't fly out today, she can't be found out; there would be zero chances of her leaving Lincolnshire. "He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day" As far as she wasn't caught today, she could leave Lincolnshire by other means and with better alternatives

While others had gone to the clerk's desk to complain about the delayed flight, Emily adjusted her cap, pulled the hood on top of it, and made her escape with her small luggage. She had packed the very essentials and left the rest - clothes and jewelry were not her problems.

Emily intentionally avoided the cameras knowing he could be in the control room trying to trace her, while trying not to appear creepy to people with the way she was crouching around. She saw a train of men in suits and hid at once, those were unmistakably the palace guards.

If they were this close, had Judy shut down the entrance. No, she needed a perfect hiding place, and what good spot other than a restroom where the male couldn't enter?

Chapter 355 - Three Hundred And Fifty-five: She Left

The third point of view:

"I'm sorry, your highness, but we couldn't find her," The leader of the guards Judy sent out reported back to him.

This can't be, he thought. From the cameras, he had seen Emily at the departure hall, and then she disappeared having sensed he was here.

"She's smart," Judy thought to himself. Emily couldn't have left the airport else the guards he placed at the entrance would have caught her - she probably knew that and was hiding. Where was she hiding? The man thought hard.

Then all of a sudden, as if his eyes were magnate to that scene, Judy watched a lady leave the restroom area. A-ha! The restroom! Why didn't he think of that earlier? That was the only place he hadn't thought of nor searched.

"Keep a look at the cameras and entrance. Do not follow me," He issued the command to Archie, his most trusted subordinate before leaving with the others.

Judy followed his instincts and went into the nearest restroom Emily could think of hiding in. As expected, the women in there shrieked upon seeing him, but his men cleared them out in a matter of minutes.

After making sure everyone else had left, Judy ordered his men to wait outside while he began to knock on each toilet stall. With years of experience, he could already tell when a toilet was empty or not, and right now, Emily had probably climbed the toilet seat so her legs would not be discerned - quite a good plan actually, but he was not giving up on her.

"You can come out now, Emily," He said standing in front of the stall he sensed she was in.

There was no response.

"Don't let me knock down the door, Emily. Come out," He added, "Please,"

In no time, there was a soft click and a woman covered from her head to her feet emerged. If it wasn't the fact he knew her height and body shape, Judy would have missed her with this amount of disguise.

"Thank God," Judy released a sigh of relief, pulling the woman into a hug that made breathing almost impossible.

"Can you let go?" Emily struggled to be freed but the man wouldn't let go. He didn't seem ready to release her.

"Judy, please," he was suffocating her for Christ's sake.

"I'm so sorry," He apologized, "Did I hurt you?" he checked her body for injuries.

"No," Emily wanted to inch away from him touching her. Not because it made her skin crawl or something, it just kept reminding her what she was about to leave behind.

"We should go," Judy grabbed her hand, ready to bring her home. He already had this disturbing feeling in his chest that whatever he was doing was ineffective, but he didn't want to believe it, he could change her mind.

"Judy, let go,"

"Emily, we can discuss this at home," He refused, still dragging her along.

"Home?" she snorted, "You mean the palace or the hospital? You just let me go!" She screamed at him this time, tears streaking down her face.

As stubborn as Judy was, his resolve burned away the moment those tears began to fall off her face. He realized he was hurting her by not listening. But he didn't want to listen, already having a suspicion where this all was going.

"I'm sorry but I can't return to the palace with you,"

"Emily..." his gaze softened

She shook her head stubbornly, "No, I can do this anymore so stop looking at me like that!"

He placed both hands on her shoulder, pinning her with his gaze, "We can settle this together,"

"I just lost my baby!"

"Our baby!" he corrected with blazing intensity, "Do you think I'm not affected as well,"

"Of course, you are," She acknowledged his share of the pain too, "But you would never understand how suffocated I feel each time I look at the mirror and realize I just lost a child - the child I've been searching for years - all because of the mother of the man I love," she cried, "I'm sorry, but I can't look at the face of your mother without having murderous thoughts. It hurts too much,"

"Then we can run away!" He suggested, "I, you and Akim! We can go live somewhere without her.... somewhere far... Somewhere you don't have to see her face. That should do, right?"

"I wish but you can't. You're a prince, Judy. You're the prince, soon to be king. And just like a mountain, you're a pillar that can't be moved. Hence, that dream of yours is impossible. Just leave me be, Judy,"

"No!" the man refused, "You're not leaving me, Emily. The queen has learned her lesson, she would not oppose us this time. I'll have the coronation moved up earlier than usual, then we can have eh... the wedding and coronation at the same time," He looked hopeful with this plan, "We can make another one. Lots of babies, Emily," He tried to convince her.

Emily's face darkened, a new wave of anger cursing in her veins, "How could you be this selfish?" There was a hurt expression on her face, "You're asking me to live as if nothing ever happened?"

Judy was speechless, he didn't mean it that way. He was just so frustrated already he said the first thing that came to mind.

"Emily?"

"Get out of my way!" her eyes held anger as she tried to sidestep him.

"I'm sorry," Judy quickly hugged her from behind, "I'm sorry, Emily. Just don't leave me," He buried his nose in the crook of her neck, taking in her scent as he pleaded with her.

Emily cried harder, her heart was hurting, but there was nothing she could do. The deed has already been done. She lost her baby this time - and she wasn't over it- who knows what she would lose next? Her life?

She pulled away with effort, "I love you Judy but I have to go, please,"

"What about Akim?! Are you going to leave him just like that?!" there was anger under his tone.

"Akim has been with me for the past years, it wouldn't hurt for him to be with you this time. Moreover, we're not the first single parents out there, I'll figure out a way to go about it later," She told him.

"So this is it? After everything, you're just going to leave like that? What about me? Do you know what I went through those past years?! You're not the only one who sacrificed Emily! I did too!"

"Please Judy, don't make this any harder than it is right now!"

"No, you need to hear this" He took a step closer, "I waited for you! I refused to take a look at any other woman or princess betrothed to me that could have made my kingdom more prosperous than it is right now just to keep my promise to you! Do you know how hard that was!"

"Then go marry them!" She yelled back, took off her cap, and ruffled her hair from frustration, "Go and marry your betrothed bride or have a harem, I don't care! I'm sure every one of them is better than an aged, divorced, single mo - mmmm"

Judy swooped down and silenced her with his lips. It took Emily a whole minute to comprehend he was ferociously attacking her lips. There was nothing gentle nor romantic about this kiss. It was just hard and lustful, both trying to have one of them surrender to the desire. Judy poured out all of his emotions into this kiss; fears, insecurity, affection; hoping she would change her mind.

"Can't I change your mind?" was the question he asked as soon as they came up for air. He held her chin in her palm carefully as if she was a fragile egg, while the other stroked her face.

"I'm sorry, but I have to do this for the sake of my sanity," Emily told him, tears trailing down which she tried to wipe off but Judy was already on it.

"In the end, you're the one leaving," He laughed to himself, "Maybe, this is retribution for leaving you all of those years,"

"Judy...."

"It's alright. You can leave," Judy breathed, unable to believe he just said that. He was the type who never gave up what he needed. But here he was, giving up the person that meant the most to him.

"Really?" Emily was shocked. He was letting her go like that? She had thought she would put up more of a fight.

He looked the other way, saying, "You should leave before I change my -"

The man was stunned when Emily suddenly kissed him one more time. And unlike earlier, this one was longer, passionate, and full of regrets. In one word, she was saying goodbye.

"Thank you so much, Judy," Emily clasped his face, "And I want you to always remember that I love you,"

"I love you more than you know it," He rested his head on hers, caressing her face.

"Say my goodbye to Akim. I don't think I can face him," She said finally and turned to leave.

"Emily!" Judy called out in desperation.

She halted.

However, when he didn't say anything for almost a minute, she turned to smile at her and left finally.

Judy stood in that particular spot, lost in his trance until his guards awoke him with the news.

"Lady Emily has left,"

He took a deep breath, "Let's go," and left for the palace with his men. He would be okay, he continuously told himself. But then, the moment he came into his room and realized how empty his life was, he broke down into heart-wrenching tears.

Chapter 356 - Three Hundred And Fifty-six: Commander Isabella

The third point of view :

"No, the young mistress shouldn't be awoken," One of the maids who had walked into Isabella's room to clean up while she slept, met her phone ringing.

She put the phone in silent mode and when it continued ringing, switched the phone off entirely - the young miss would be in a better state to answer the call later.

And just like that, the maid ended the call Isabella had been waiting for desperately; the call from Pedro. If only Allen hadn't drugged her.

The next day.....

"Where was she?" Her memory was foggy and her eyelids were too heavy to peel open. Suddenly, it all came rushing in.

"Those little cockroaches!" Isabella bolted upright and got off the bed in a hurry, thereby inviting lightheadedness to take over. Her leg gave out and she supported herself with the bed until the dizziness wore off.

Recovered, she stood up with a grave smirk as she thought of one thousand ways of ending those kids - after killing them mentally already. But in her imagination, she kept reviving them over and over again - she wished that was possible.

"Allen! " Isabella stormed over to their room, "Ailee! Neon!" but their room was empty.

Her sinister smirk deepened. They must have awoken before her and knowing she would suck the life out of them, escaped before she could lay hands on them.

"You!" She spotted an unfortunate maid as the others dispersed, "When did the kids wake?"

"N-not l-long ago," the girl choked on her words. Sure, they had seen Isabella angry a lot of times, but today's anger was on another level. Especially with the fact she just woke up from sleep; with her head disheveled and flying from all directions, she looked like a female gorilla; everyone was scared of her - And please, let's not forget morning breath.

Abruptly, it crossed her mind, "How long have I been asleep?" she asked the frightened girl.

"S-sixteen hours?" she hastily checked her watch.

"Sixteen hours?!" Isabella screamed, gripping her hair.

That meant sixteen hours of her life had been snatched away from her by those little imps. Sixteen hours of not knowing the whereabouts of Pedro! Sixteen fucking hours! She would rip them apart

"Where are they?!"

Without asking who she was referring to, the maid simply pointed downstairs and Isabella dashed down the stairs without second thoughts.

She never asked for devils! She only asked for cute-looking angelic siblings who she would dote on and train her way. Where in the world do you find kids like Allen and Ailee?!

"Ailee! Allen! Come the hell out before I -" Isabella stopped short at the scene of Allen, Ailee, and Neon kneeling with their hands raised while Sakuzi supervised their punishment with Nadia by his side, as usual, typing away on her laptop.

But there was something different this time, there was a blush on her face and she occasionally spoke to him. They must have reconciled - mission accomplished. While internally hoping Reina keeps to her promise of rewarding them.

"Grandfather," she muttered, a huge surprise on her face. Watching this scene, she didn't know whether to be happy karma caught up to them or be angry she didn't toast them alive by herself. And the kids look grateful she wasn't the one to.

"Grandmother," She acknowledged their presence. Since Adam wasn't alive any longer, she might as well give them the love and attention. Moreover, Reina's father was extremely powerful, it wouldn't hurt to be on his good side.

"How are you feeling?" Sakuzi asked, concerned.

"Ungrateful for the involuntary sleep and wishing I could break the finger that shot me," she grumbled.

Allen shivered, a light sheen of sweat suddenly breaking out on his face. Why was his sister scary?

"You don't have to worry, I'm taking them back to base," He informed her.

"Base?" she was confused.

"My headquarters. I think they would be better controlled there instead of this limited space. I just replaced millions worth of properties just so my daughter doesn't find out," He complained.

That comment made Isabella look around and she realized that indeed, a lot of things had been changed. What the hell had the kids done in here? Play football? Also, why was that multi-billionaire grandpa crying over a few million? She hoped he was not a stingy man because she was yet to do business with him and she loved generous people more.

"I'll be taking them along with me, it's been long since I put some discipline in them, but you can come along too if you want to," He extended the invitation to her.

Isabella wanted to turn the offer down since she wanted to stay behind and search for Pedro. She needed to inquire the reason for his silence - hopefully he hadn't turned out to be a jerk. However, going to Sakuzi's base or headquarter - whatever he called it - might give her a greater chance of finding her MIA -missing in action - boyfriend since they must have enough resources to track him down.

"Sure," She agreed without delay. Annabelle would have to feud for herself.

"You should get yourself prepared while I deal with the kids," Sakuzi told her and the girl returned to the room with a satisfied grin.

If only she knew Sakuzi's version of "dealing with the kids" was just rebuking them, Isabella would have stayed behind to protest strongly - the kids needed serious lashings on the butt.

"Now, what do you say to me?" Sakuzi asked the trio of them after giving them a piece of his mind.

"Thank you, grandpa," Allen, Ailee, and Neon all said with their heads hanging low in shame with an apologetic look.

"Now, go and wash up for we leave immediately," He ordered them and all in one file, left for their room.

However, unaware to everyone, the moment the trio closed the door to their room, they broke into a celebratory dance. They were leaving for the base - a dream come true.

In the base, they were free and literally had the resources to carry out whatever they wanted. Even Neon who had never gone there joined the twins - the celebration was infectious. Moreover, Allen and Ailee had told him anything was possible in there and he couldn't wait to get a taste of it.

"We could get the plane if you want to," Neon started the issue that brought on the previous destruction.

"Nah, grandpa must have moved it by now," Ailee told him, "That man's smart. But don't worry... " Ailee ruffled Neon's hair, an act that brought a sheepish grin on Neon's face, "We'd have enough fun there," she promised him.

Unknown to the both of them, Allen was watching their interaction with a thoughtful frown. The boy was smart enough to discern Neon wasn't his blood sibling. Doesn't that mean Neon could marry his sister?! But then, If Neon marries his sister, the both of them would be inseparable and he would be forgotten? No! He couldn't let that happen! He must do something!

From then, Allen began to plot ways to get her sister away from Neon. Ailee was his alone, no stranger should take her away from him. No one at all! She's his twin for goodness.

"We should start preparing," Allen went in between Ailee and Neon, taking off her hand from his hair. Even Neon sensed his murderous aura and stepped back, why was he even angry?

Thanks to the excitement, the kids didn't delay the others and packed up in a flash - not that they had to pack much since they had previous properties at the base. Neon was the only one who had to carry extra since this was his first time there and Ailee helped him out - much to Allen's displeasure.

Afraid the kids would pull another trick, Sakuzi had them ride in the SUV for space and Of course with Isabella looking after them.

"Hey, pick that up!"

"Hey! don't touch that!"

"Hey! stay still!"

"Hey, stay in a place!"

"Don't you dare move!"

If this was punishment for what they did to her, then Sakuzi succeeded because the kids couldn't move carelessly with Isabella around, In fact, they didn't dare breathe. It was as if Isabella had this microscopic pair of eyes, each time anyone wanted to move, she'd sense it and stop that person at once. Thanks to the harsh session, none of them dared to do anything stupid - and couldn't wait to be free of her.

"Are you sure we're going to the right place," Neon whispered to Ailee since he couldn't speak out boldly with Isabella around and watching, else she misunderstood his intention, thinking he was up to no good again.

"Just keep watching," Was her plain reply.

And just like that, Neon kept quiet as they went through thick bushes, their cars bouncing and dancing to the uneven dusty road. However, not long after, they came into a large mansion.

"Wow," He couldn't believe his eyes. How could such a magnificent building lie in the middle of nowhere. It was like something out of a storybook.

"Alright, kids. Let's keep going," Sakuzi announced when Ailee grabbed Neon and three of them ran into the house before their witchy sister could catch them.

"Y-you," Isabella could not do anything. She turned to Sakuzi to protest but the man merely shrugged, what could he do anyway? Those kids were hard to control.

Well, on the bright side, that was a burden off her shoulder, Isabella thought and then picked up her things and followed the guard Sakuzi had assigned to her. She fully settled into the room before deciding to take a tour of the place.

Isabella refused the help of the guard knowing she had a photogenic memory hence she could trace her way back. And it was this tour that led her to the kitchen where after tracing the tantalizing smell.

Her stomach protested the moment she perceived the scent and had just scooped her food to the tray, debating on the table to sit and have her food peacefully when her eyes were on a certain figure.

Pedro?! She was shocked, unable to believe her eyes. What the hell was he doing here?

However, that curiosity was altered into fury when she saw a woman touch his arm sensually. Isabella saw red that instant, that lying whore of a boyfriend!

Chapter 357 - Three Hundred And Fifty-seven: I Don't Call Dibs On My Boyfriend

The third point of view :

Some people seem to have nothing doing, Pedro figured out. It was as if everywhere he looked, he could find Olivia. Was she stalking him? That sounded scary to the ears. This is why he returned to the kitchen to have his meal there amid his mother's warning, just so he could tell her off. This was beginning to drive him crazy.

"Hi, good morning," She passed him by, then made a double back and came to sit with him on his table.

"Hi," Pedro wasn't as enthusiastic as she was.

"You look like you didn't get a good rest last night?" she asked with concern in her gaze.

"Can you blame me?" he shrugged, "I'm in unfamiliar territory with hundreds of gang members that could kill me without effort and a girl so obsessed with me she literally stalks me," He complained, hitting the point straight.

Olivia chuckled, "Is that why you look so stressed?"

"I have never heard of stalking being funny,"

"Geez, silly. You said it yourself, you're in an unfamiliar place, so I was just looking out for you in case one of our members tries anything foolish - bullying is quite common here. This place isn't exactly cute for an innocent soul like you," she said to him.

Pedro narrowed his gaze at her, "You're telling the truth? You were not stalking me?"

"You made it clear that you didn't want my companion, so I had no choice but to adopt that method. Besides, stalking is tiring and not that fun as you put it to be," She sighed like someone who was mentally exhausted.

Well, maybe, she was telling the truth, and she was right on the avoiding part. For some reason, his mother doesn't seem to like Olivia and warned him to stay clear from her. He was just doing what she wanted, but was that the right thing to do? He could be missing a potential friend by doing this?

"So what are your plans for today?" She raised another topic that cleared the weird silence that descended on them.

"Actually, I'm more interested in knowing how long I'm to remain here than the fun to get for the day. I have a life out there and I can't keep hiding here forever," He seemed a bit disturbed.

As much as Pedro appreciated Emerald's help in keeping him away from his wacko father, he wondered for how long? What about her mother's company? Sure, she could handle some things online but her presence would be needed soon. And he needed to communicate with Isabella too.

"Don't worry," her hand came to rest on his shoulder which she rubbed up and down his arm in what seems to be a consolation touch, "We would resolve everything soon,"

"We?" Pedro was confused without putting many thoughts into the hand caressing his arm; he was thinking about a lot right now.

"I would also help out,"

"Why?"

"Because you interest me,"

"Olivia, I already told you, I love someone -"

"I know. I'm not -"

"Get your filthy hands off him! " someone boomed from behind them.

All the hairs on Pedro's back stood on the edge, that voice! He turned around slowly in time to see a furious Isabella stomping over to him. How in the world was that possible? Had he missed her so much that he somehow conjured her? No, that was impossible because that maiden spitting profanities with that cute mouth was Isabella in flesh and blood.

He was doomed, Pedro realized. He tried to shrug off Olivia's hand but the girl in question refused to let go. What was wrong with her? Gosh, Isabella must have misunderstood them. Pedro braced himself for the incoming legendary slap on the face - which never came.

"I said," Isabella gritted out, standing between them, "Get your hands off him,"

Olivia met up to her challenge, "And who the hell are you? How did you get into our turf?"

A sinister smile appeared on Isabella's face which made Pedro uncomfortable and he tried to interfere but she pinned him to the spot with that cold glare, "Don't move," was her command and for some weird reasons, Pedro couldn't step a foot out.

The tension cracking in the air was so intense that even the gang members from other tables noticed it and tuned in to their drama.

She turned to meet Olivia with a smile that didn't touch her eyes, "I'm sorry, whoever you claim to be, but I'm the only occupant of Pedro's heart and I don't share,"

"Well," Olivia stood to her full height and surprisingly, none towered over the other, "Sorry, but I'm interested in him too,"

Isabella scratched her nose, "Really?"

"Really" Olivia concurred with a hasty demeanor, "And I don't - Oww! "

Before she could finish the rest of her statement, Isabella had already punched her right on the face.

"Ooh," The crowd aka gangsters cheered Isabella for that move to Pedro's horror. To be honest, they seemed to be thrilled at the prospect of a fight breaking out between the two ladies. Oh great, he had forgotten he was in a gang's settlement, and fights like this seem like an everyday hobby.

"As I said," Isabella said to Olivia who doubled over from the pain, face turned to the side, "I don't call dibs on my boyfriend,"

"I don't give up either," Olivia sneered, and before anyone could stop her, speared Isabella to the ground like a veteran wrestler.

"Fight! Fight! Fight!" echoed throughout the hall.

With Isabella now on the floor and Olivia on top of her and pulling her hair, Pedro was stunned at the scene and moved to action by trying to separate the women.

Unfortunately for him, it was at that moment that Pedro bent to pull Olivia away that Isabella kicked her in the stomach.

Olivia jerked back and in the process headbutted Pedro, the "helper", who groaned in pain and shifted away - not that the fighting women noticed. He felt the blood run down his nose and firmly pinch the soft part of it while looking for tissue paper or anything that would help wipe the blood.

That kick in the stomach gave Isabella a momentary control that she manipulated, flipping Olivia over and dominating over her. She punched her right in the face and grabbed her hair, as Olivia grabbed hers too while they fought.

"What the hell is going on here?!" Emerald's deep voice thundered in the hall and the echoes of "Fight" died off instantly. Everyone took a step back as they didn't want to be used to set as an example to the others - not that the fighting women acknowledged his presence.

With just a grip, Emerald ripped Isabella away from Olivia, carrying her away as if she weighed nothing. Olivia, still thirsty for blood, tried to use that chance to pounce on her, but Emerald saw through her intentions and grasped her firmly on the back of her clothes. She couldn't break out of his hold no matter how much she wriggled and kicked. This was frustrating.

"Do you have no self-respect?!" He boomed at the girls who looked away with embarrassment yet didn't seem keen on reconciling anytime soon.

"And you," He turned to Olivia, "You promised not to cause any trouble!" he already knew how bothersome the girl was.

"I did," Olivia claimed, "But she was the one who hit me first!" She pointed at Isabella.

Emerald turned to Isabella, "You arrived not less than an hour and you're already setting the place on fire?!"

Isabella didn't say anything, rather she jerked off his grasp and strode away.

"Isabella," Pedro called out to her but the girl gave him her signature scowl as she left.

"Don't tell me she's the superhuman girlfriend you've been talking about?" Pedro was startled when Emerald appeared behind him.

"The one and only," He acquiesced with a look of wariness.

"What are you doing not going after her?" the man was surprised.

"She's an active volcano when angry. Trust me, you don't want to go near her in that state" he sighed.

"Sometimes the most dangerous place is the safest place. I don't know about you, son, but I'll be going after my woman even if she hurls a microwave oven at me," Emerald told him sincerely.

"Thank you," the boy appreciated him and without thinking, went in search of Isabella.

"Pedro!" Olivia, who recognized who he was about to go look for, tried to go after him but Emerald drew her back on the cloth once again.

"You and I have a lot to discuss," He began to pull her away amidst her protest.

"Isabella!" Pedro came to her room he had gotten after a hard search. But on getting to her door, he was surprised to see the trouble triplet guiding the entrance.

"You are not going anywhere!" Allen harrumphed, crossing his arm across his chest and giving a look that appeared to be a grim one.

"I really need to see your sister right now," Pedro pleaded. No matter what, if the twins decided he wouldn't be allowed entrance, there was nothing he could do about it.

"You hurt our sister, you're not going anyway. Bad Pedro!" Ailee was in support.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to -"

"Save it! We'd protect our sister from you!" Neon hollered.

Pedro ran his hand through his hair, he didn't have time for this. He had no choice, he had to win them over.

"Fine, you can make one request. Each of you, nothing more, nothing less,"

"Really?" Ailee's eyes shone with interest.

"Even if it means your inheritance?" Allen tested him.

"Something reasonable and within my scope, please," He couldn't understand these kids sometimes.

"No! " Neon refused to be bribed, "You still can't go -"

Ailee pulled him away to the side, "What are you doing?"

"Defending Isabella. I would not be thwarted by riches,"

"Hey, everything is not money. Look at the bright side, we're making solid connections here," she began to convince him and before one could tell what was going on, Allen had successfully brainwashed him.

"Alright, you can go now," The twins ushered him in.

"Thank you," Pedro appreciated them and went in after promising them that Isabella would never know they sold her for a favor.

Chapter 358 - Three Hundred And Fifty-eight: Asshole

The third point of view:

"No, no, no, this can't be happening," Anabelle groaned as soon as she received the text from Isabella: She would be unable to join her in the days to come because she traveled to the base.

"What in fuck name is the base?" Anabelle was distraught. So much for going on her cousin. She had intentionally invited Isabella over to her place so she could put that damn Julie in his place. Who knew she would be left alone?

Julie was a damned bully! A creature from hell! How could someone like him exist? He was hell-bent on making her life miserable!

And speak of the devil.

Her phone rang almost immediately and it was him. Actually, she could have ignored him but that guy was crazy! He could barge into her house as he did previously.

"What do you want?" her tone depicted she was not so pleased with his call.

"You,"

"Huh?" Anabelle's brow raised, that comment was controversial and Julie must have sensed it as well because he coughed and rephrased.

"I mean, your services of course," He blushed from the other line - unfortunately, she couldn't see that.

"I'm busy, find someone else," Anabelle lied through her teeth.

As much as she was bored, the last person she wanted to see was him. It didn't help matters that school had closed for the academic term - she should have just traveled.

"What are you busy with?"

Anabelle frowned, "None of your business"

"Then I'll come over,"

"Don't you dare!"

"Either you tell me what you're up to or I would come over and help you with whatever you're up to," He gave her an option.

Anabelle stomped her feet, "Seriously, what the hell is wrong with you?! You're behaving as if you're my boyfriend - which you're clearly not and I'm so thankful for that,"

"Boyfriend?" he scoffed and released a burst of mocking laughter that zeroed Anabelle's self-esteem.

Bastard! She cursed at him in her head. And of, she did more than that; She murdered him times without number, mentally.

"Keep on dreaming," He told her, "In this life, I can only be with my betrothed Isabella, and I'm just being concerned because you're my property -"

"I am not your property!" She hissed out. He can't lay claim to Isabella and her as well - the thought irritated her.

"You're my slave for two and a half weeks, that makes you mine," He said with a layer of pride that did nothing but piss her off more.

"Just tell me what you want?" She was tired of that egoistic jerk.

"I have a match this evening,"

"What match?"

"I car race, bike race, you name it," Julie announced it with a hint of joy - he must really love it.

For some reason, the thought of this hobby pleased her. She heard racers had a higher percentage of accidents, that way he could die and everyone would have a breath of fresh air. Hurrah!

"So?" She pretended to be oblivious to his hint. Well, he better ask nicely.

"What do you mean by 'so'? You're my servant, Of course, you're coming along with me"

Anabelle sighed, threading her hand through her hair. Well, what had she been expecting from him? Chivalry? That asshole was incapable of it.

"Fine," She agreed - as if Julie would take no for an answer.

"I'll come to take you by five," He added, "Dress sexily,"

"What?!" Before she could ask the reason for that, the asshole had hung up on her.

Dress sexily his butt! Who does he think he is? She snorted and dropped on the couch with a groan.

Throughout the day, Anabelle couldn't do anything effective with thoughts of that asshole in her head. She was determined not to take his word into account, however, by the time it was an hour to five, she forced herself to the shower and began to dress up.

Julie might find ways to torment her if she doesn't clean up to his taste, was the excuse Anabelle gave to herself as she prepared.

In the end, she ended up donning a dark red high waist denim bum short with a designer crop top and knee-length boot. Anabelle curled her hair and let it fall on her shoulder with her lips painted a faint pink.

"Hmm, isn't this a little too much?" She mused while staring at her reflection in the mirror. Well, Julie wanted her to look good, he would get nothing less than that. And just to be sure, this wasn't a date.

Once she was done, Anabelle didn't have to wait long. As if the asshole was a time god, he arrived exactly the moment it clocked Five.

"Hi," Anabelle opened the door and struggled to put on her best smile. However, she shouldn't have bothered with the effort because Julie in question, froze up as soon as he set his eyes on her.

Alright, that was now embarrassing, she scratched the back of her head awkwardly. The intensity in those eyes of his made her heart skip a beat, but she composed herself - he doesn't like her.

"Why are you dressed like this?" He asked, to her confusion.

"Did you hit your head somewhere? Weren't you the one who told me to dress sexily?"

"I did?"

"Yes?" Anabelle rolled her eyes, "Don't tell me you seriously forgot -"

"Let's go," He interrupted her.

"Asshole," Anabelle mumbled beneath her breath, "He didn't even tell me I looked good," she grumbled and didn't get to see the way Julie's face heated up.

To her greatest surprise, the asshole opened the door for her to get in - maybe he did have a bit of chivalry in him. He slips into the front of the car and starts the car to God knows where - she hadn't even thought of asking him the location. She couldn't explain it but Anabelle had a feeling he wouldn't put her in harm's way since her father would hunt him to the ends of the earth - he knows that.

"Where is Isabella? I don't see her around?" Julie asked, ruining the mood.

The only reason he had chosen to hang around her was so he could get to Isabella through her. But ever since then, he hadn't gotten a grip of his fiancée - damn that two years contract.

Anabelle's face fell the moment she heard Isabella. Of course, he would think of Isabella, not her. What the hell was she even saying? She didn't need him to think of her - Crap! You know what, she would keep her mouth shut.

"She's your fiancée, you should know better," she retorted and turned the other way.

Julie didn't say anything either, however, his head was filled with images of Anabelle - she looked so goddamn beautiful. Anabelle was beautiful but not that attractive as some other girls he had been with, there was just an innocence about her that was alluring. Fuck, what the hell was he thinking? No, he had to keep his eyes on the prize - Isabelle. No matter, she was the one for him.

"Where are we going exactly?" She asked him, yet his eyes focused on her luscious lips. He shook his head, something must be wrong with him.

"It's a low area. The location is not sent out to the members until the last minute. As you know, street racing is illegal," As if he sensed what she was about to say, he added, "Don't worry, you're safe. I'll make sure of that,"

"Alright," Anabelle tried to be brave. For once, she had to live freely instead of the sheltered life her father gave her - no offense daddy.

In no time, they arrived at their destination with the sun already gone down. It was a shutdown highway.

"Fuck, our boy's here!"

There was a crowd of young people gathered already and they seem to know the asshole by her side - he must be pretty famous here.

"Yo, is this your new girl?" One of them asked with a pervy grin and tried to touch her.

The new girl? Annabelle picked that one. Julie must have a truckload of lovers like her uncle, Niklaus. Well, what was she expecting? That he had never taken any other girl here and she was his first? Total bullshit!

"Fuck off! " There was a bit of aggressiveness in Julie's tone which surprised her as he stood between them. Well, he was protecting his servant girl, nothing else - she couldn't wait for their deal to be over.

Compared to the other girls here - who were glaring at her - Anabelle found out she was modestly dressed, yet guys still flooded to her like a moth drawn to a flame.

"Israel," Julie called out one of his buddies, "Keep an eye on her. And I mean watch her, not hit on her," he warned him with a growl.

Though Anabelle did nothing but look around, guys still approached her and it was ticking him off for some strange reasons.

"Fine, chill," the boy called Israel patted him on the back, "Now, go win that bet,"

With one longeful look her way, Julie got into his car and set for the race.

"He didn't even say goodbye," Anabelle grumbled, hands wrapped around her chest as the gun went off, signaling the start of the race.

"Don't worry about Julie, he's done this time without a number," Israel said from beside her, mistaking that pout for anxiety.

"Who said I'm worried?" She snorted and then took a good look at him, "Are you, my babysitter?" Julie had told her he would assign someone to look out for her while he was away.

"If you put it that way," He smiled at her.

Contrary to her expectation, Israel turned out to be a good companion who kept her occupied as they waited for the racers to return.

"Let me have a taste," Anabelle was intrigued by the bottle he was drinking from.

"No, buttercup, this is strong stuff," He refused her.

"Trust me, this is not my first time,"?Yes, she had drunk once - when she was little with Pedro and Isabella. And Of course, she didn't tell him that part.

Thanks to her power of persuasion, Israel gave her the bottle after promising him to take just one shot. However, that single shot changed Anabelle's perspective for the night; her inhibitions dropped to zero.

He had won!

Julie returned to the starting point of the race with that joy in his heart. Surprisingly, he couldn't wait to share the good news with Anabelle. She would be in awe of him or so he thought because when he returned, it was the sight of Anabelle throwing herself and flirting with his friend that greeted him.

His fist clenched in anger.

Chapter 359 - Three Hundred And Fifty-nine: Vengeance For Isabella

The third point of view:

Isabella was freaking mad, In fact, the anger she was feeling inside was so much she let out an anguished scream; it was so frustrating!

She had fought in public today like one of those shameless women. Why was she behaving this way? It was as if when it comes to issues correlating to Pedro, she loses all common sense - and she hates it. Love wasn't stupidity.

However, today, when she saw that girl touching him, she lost it. But before that fury, she had felt one other emotion; Fear. What if Pedro liked that girl better and goes after her? What if he abandoned her amid his promises and what they've gone through?

Hence, that fear mixed with the anger made her see red at that moment. How dare that girl touch what belongs to her? That had been her thought.

"Aaaaah!" Isabella screamed, she wanted a release. She was one of the most intelligent girls out there but where was her intelligence when she needed it? She had simply disgraced herself.

Isabella's attention was drawn to the door when she heard a click and someone walked in. She turned out of curiosity, yet froze when she saw Pedro standing right there.

"Isabella," He breathed with a pained expression.

"What are you doing here? Get out!" She roared, unable to stand him right now.

"Isabella, listen to me!" he was still saying when the girl grabbed the pillow on her bed and hurled it at him - thank God, it was a pillow.

"Get out of here," she tossed the pillow at his face yet it infuriated her more when he caught it. He should have let it hit him!

"Just let me explain," He pleaded, still holding the pillow as some sort of shield from whatever attack she would throw his way next - you never know.

"Explain my butt!" She threw the second pillow at him, "You must be so excited out of your mind that two women are fighting over you?!"

"What?! No way!" He was horrified by her comment. He would never think that way - but inwardly, his male ego was stroked a little. What the hell was he thinking?

"Liar!" Isabella abandoned the use of pillows since she couldn't find any anymore, choosing to go with her fists this time.

"I'm not lying for Christ's sake. It's all a misunderstanding," He dodged a blow she sent his way, at the same time she kicked him.

Pedro was thankful he had sparred with her before hence knew when he dodged her fist that she would try with her foot. He at once dodged the kick with the pillow - which had become his favorite.

"You had so much time for Miss

"Misunderstanding" yet you didn't even bother to call your girlfriend for a whole day?!" Remembering that she had spent time worrying for him fueled her anger the more. All those while she was filled with anxiety, he was having fun with his "Misunderstanding".

"Bullshit! I called you countless times but you didn't pick up!"

"What?!" Isabella couldn't believe her ears. She never received any call from him unless he had called when she had been knocked out by those kids! Damn her siblings!

There was a thoughtful look on Isabella's face and Pedro took advantage of that momentary distraction to push her; he quickly pinned her down to the bed.

"Even with that, it doesn't dismiss the fact that I caught you flirting with another woman!" She still barked at him, struggling to be freed from his clutch.

"I wasn't flirting with her, Isabella. She's the one who likes me, I don't,"

"Oh," It dawned on Isabella, "She has moved to the confessing part?" Isabella sneered, "You must have been so touched by her romantic confession that you began to gauge the both of us, right? No, tell me you didn't think of -"

Pedro swooped down and silenced her with a kiss. However, no matter how romantic this was, Isabella knew this was his tactic to keep her from telling the truth.

Thinking he had gotten her under control, Pedro was stunned out of his mind when she flipped him over, staring him down with those blazing amber orbs.

"If you think this pathetic act of yours is going to deceive me, then you're in a for a huge _"

"I love you!" He announced before she could finish her words.

"Huh?" Isabella was stupefied.

"I love you, Isabella!" He said one more time.

Isabella froze like a popsicle, her heart slamming against her chest with a resounding thud as if she just ran a hundred kilometers. She blinked twice, what did she just hear?

It was as if he sent a code to her brain that scrambled her logic and Isabella was still trying to comprehend this confession when Pedro leaned forward and captured her lips in a kiss once more.

This was a distraction, common sense told her but she kicked it out of the window, choosing to respond to this passionate moment. Their lips moved against each other, relishing his taste. In no time, the passion ignited and both couldn't keep their hands off each other.

Meanwhile, outside the door, the triple trouble had been eavesdropping, waiting for that moment when their sister kicked Pedro's ass and tossed him out of the door, however, the once noisy atmosphere became strangely quiet - not that silent like a graveyard, but they couldn't comprehend a thing.

"What happened? I can't hear a thing?" Ailee pressed her ears up against the door yet came up with nothing.

"Do you think Isabella has killed him?" Neon gasped from his own realization.

"Shut up, that's impossible!" Allen gave him a stupid look.

"Well, not entirely wrong. Our sister is strong and must have misused it,"

"If that was the case, she would have called for help already,"

"What are they doing then?" Neon wondered, his lips pursed.

"I don't know but Isabella wouldn't be happy if we barged into her room especially with what we did to her. We should just leave them be," suggested Allen, the cool-headed one among the trio - as if his twin would listen.

"Not if we can stare!" Ailee chirped, already peering through the ajar door she opened.

However, the girl snapped the door closed with a startled scream, face pale as if she had seen a ghost.

"What is it?" Allen, her twin, was concerned for her. His sister was very brave and strong, what could have frightened her to this degree?

"Are you alright?" Neon was not left out in the care department.

"It's nothing," Ailee replied almost immediately. She might be a kid but she had been enlightened about sex in school and stumbled on some inappropriate content on the internet - not that she watched.

"I should look -"

"No!" She screamed before her brother was through with his statement to his astonishment.

"What?" he was confused.

"You're not permitted to look," she stood her ground.

"By the way, why is your face red? Your cheeks look like overripe tomatoes," Neon giggled while pointing at her and it was at that moment that Allen, the smart one got a hint of what was going on.

"Let's go," He announced, his back turned as he was set to leave.

"Wait, leave?," Neon who just came out of his laughter asked out of surprise, "Aren't we going to find out about...."

He was still mumbling when Allen hooked an arm around his neck, "Come my friend, we have better things to do," pulling him away from the room.

"Better things like what?" Neon was curious. He liked hanging around with Allen and Ailee because they were fun to be with. Most importantly, he wished he could be as cool as Allen.

Ailee who got the hint cued in, "Nobody touches our sister and goes scot-free,"

At once, Allen and Ailee's eyes met and they released an evil cackle that scared the shit out of Neon standing in between them. He made a note mentally never to offend them.

Dragging Neon along, the kids returned to their room which had been arranged by the maids already. Neon watched with interest as they went to the wardrobe and pulled a duffel bag out. They zipped it open and began to bring out some pretty cool toys he had not set his eyes on ever since.

"Cool! Where have you been hiding these? I've never seen you with it?"

Ailee smiled at him, "These are some military-grade toys but mom wouldn't let us come home with them so we keep them here,"

It was no surprise they were more than delighted to come to the base, Neon realized. He watched them set up a few things and the next he knew, a tablet was placed on a table to view from and a robotic insect he wouldn't have been able to see was fake if he had looked from far.

"How does this concern the revenge?" he couldn't understand their intention.

"What do you think Olivia hates?" Allen snorted.

"Just watch and learn," Ailee winked at him.

He blushed.

Allen noticed with a not so pleased face.

However, the sound of that robot cockroach flapping one set of its wings left Neon in awe. The static in the tablet cleared and a video of their room was seen. That was when it dawned on him that the cockroach had built-in cameras.

Neon watched Allen who operated the cockroach with interest. It was like a video game and he steered the insect with the help of the control remote in his grasp and made sure those walking in the hallway didn't trample it to death.

With his direction, the cockroach slipped through the space under the door and got into Olivia's room where she was seen through the camera lounging on her bed and going through a magazine.

"It's gonna be loud soon," Allen had a sinister smirk filled with anticipation as he steered the cockroach, directing it to perch directly on Olivia's nose.

Not less than a second later, a scream so loud enough to wake the dead echoed throughout the base while the kids watching the video of Olivia going bananas reared back from laughter.

Isabella would love this.

Chapter 360 - Three Hundred And Sixty: Forgive Me, Please.

The third point of view :

"Goodmorning beautiful," Eden was woken up from sleep by the voice of his wife.

Wife?

Oh right, he was married. Last night had been blurry considering the amount of fun they had. And by fun, he meant having a glass of wine with his wife, Camille, and afterward, doing it on the couch, table, you name it. Gosh, his head felt like exploding.

"You are one hell of a woman," Eden simply pecked her on the cheek because of morning breath.

"I'll get the food ordered while you shower," Camille announced as he prepared to go into the shower.

"Alright!" he said and walked into the washing area.

Eden didn't waste much time washing up, unlike his wife. To be honest, he was grateful she had washed up before him. Once Camille was in the shower, it was until the next day - literally. The lady luxuriates so much in the bathroom that one often can't help but wonder if she's going through labor in there.

"What are the plans for today?" Camille asked as they had breakfast.

Unlike Nik and his wife Reina who had everything planned, they had just left for their honeymoon unplanned. According to Eden, the unknown was much thrilling, so he chose a random country after she lost to him in the rock, paper, scissors game - damn it! Why did she choose scissors twice?

So, here they are. Two couples from different backgrounds with no clue what to do next, except to have fun. Hopefully, they don't experiment on crazy drinks today, her head was still pounding from yesterday.

"Why don't we look around? Explore the city. If it doesn't suit us, we can leave for another?" he suggested.

"Fine by me," Camille accepted without further thought. Her husband was dynamic and crazy and she loved that about him.

This marriage was a huge experiment. It was obvious that Eden cared for her and now they were married, it became a pledge he had to uphold. However, Camille couldn't

boost of him loving her. He hadn't even professed he loved her yet; he still had Maya in his heart. Well, she had time and would slowly occupy his heart.

They both made crazy and dirty jokes while eating. No sooner were they done, both left to explore this new locale. They had booked the hotel upon coming and it seems the universe was in support of their union because the suite they requested was unoccupied - lucky them.

Since it was the winter season in the city, both dressed warmly and continued their exploration until Eden stumbled upon a kiosk.

"Oh," He looked surprised, pointing at the necklace displayed on the stand.

"What? Is there something you need?"

"No, but it's a fake," He said to her.

"Huh? What is a fake?" The woman was confused, looking around.

"That necklace," Eden said, pointing to a very exquisite crafted necklace with several gems.

"What about it? How did you know it's a fake?" She examined the necklace, "It looks real to me,"

"Of course, I know it's fake because I bought the fake too for five hundred million,"

"What?!" Camille almost went bananas. She couldn't say a word because she was shocked. Who in the world buys a single necklace for five hundred dollars, not to talk of a fake one. She felt like slapping some sense into him. Who does that?

"How could you make such a mistake?"

"Niklaus tricked me," there was a nostalgic smile on his face, "Then, I wanted to get Maya's attention so I bided on the necklace and he did too..." Eden began to narrate the tale without noticing how Camille's face had changed upon hearing "Maya's" name.

"I never knew it was a plot by Nik. He kept hyping the prizes and leading me on until I bidded that crazy amount, he stopped finally. I went crazy afterward to discover that asshole of a cousin had - hey, are you alright?" he noticed her mood had somewhat changed.

It was wrong to say women were jealous creatures, they were possessive beings. Camille didn't hate Reina - heck, she was her friend - but it was disheartening to hear her husband reminiscing about their time together during their honeymoon. Maybe it

was a slip of the tongue; everyone was bound to make mistakes. She decided to keep it that way.

Pretending as nothing happened, both continued with their date; laughing and checking out the many stalls with their goods on display. The couples were having a good time until they stumbled upon a stall selling second-hand clothes - Eden had been the one who stopped.

"Why? Do you want to buy something?" Camille was surprised. The man was a billionaire and all of his clothes were custom made or purchased from a high-class departmental store. He had never worn fairly used clothes as seen in this store - at least as far as she knows.

"No, this actually brings back memories," He smiled at her, feeling the chiffon trouser.

"Memory of what?" Camille asked, feeling this knot in the pit of her stomach. She had a sickening inkling where this was headed.

"Memory of that vacation I had years back. There was my young daughter, Anabelle, Maya, Niklaus' brat, Isabella, and Cecil's boy, Pedro. We came to the market that day and..." he continued to narrate the event while Camille's face was as dark as shit. She didn't come to this honeymoon to hear of his voyage with his former love interest.

"You must have had a great time, right?" she asked with a hint of annoyance in her tone - which Eden was oblivious to.

Camille's tolerance began to build up and lucky for Eden, he ended the narration before she reached her boiling part.

"Let's go," Eden gave her his arm which she hooked her arm around, having no clue what was just averted.

To her relief, Eden didn't bring up any issue about Maya or Reina as they continued the rest of their journey.

The couples had a great time until their stomachs roared like thunder, demanding it was time to be fed.

They found a suitable restaurant; though it wasn't as luxurious as the ones they were used to, it was manageable.

They picked the menu already placed on the table and were going through it as they waited patiently for the waiter to come and take their request when Eden released a chortle.

"What's funny?" Camille was intrigued. What was on the menu that made him laugh like that; she wanted to know too.

"No, I just saw the food, overly roasted chicken with county vegetable in a reduced oil dijon glaze over leg grain white rice,"

"Wow, that's quite a name," She chuckled, cupping her mouth.

"Yeah, Maya had the same reaction when I cooked that for her during the -"

Bang!

Eden was shocked when Camille banged her hand on the table, nostrils flaring.

"I'm done with you!" That was all she said and strode out of the restaurant.

Eden was stunned by her action, what was that? It was so sudden and unexpected. Even the spectators in the restaurant were giving him accusing stares as if he cheated on her or something. He didn't wait for any second and went after her. He had to know the problem.

"Camille!" he called her, but the woman in question ignored him; she didn't even glance over her shoulder.

"Seriously!" he growled and ran after the furious woman, cornering her to a hidden alleyway with less audience.

"Let me go!" Camille hissed out, struggling to free herself as he pulled her along.

"Alright, what's your problem?" Eden asked, ruffling his hair. He couldn't believe they were fighting on their honeymoon.

"What's my problem?" She threw her head back and let out mocking laughter, unable to believe he was asking her, "Shouldn't you know better?"

"Camille!"

"You! You are the problem!"

"What?" Eden was short of words.

"Maya this! Reina that! I'm beginning to question if you're married to me or Reina?!" She yelled out her problem.

Eden blinked, "Wait, that's the problem?"

"I get that you once loved her, that she occupied a very important place in your heart and that you don't fully love me yet, but then, you're married to me! This is our honeymoon. It's supposed to be about me and you - which is why we left Anabelle back home - and not an avenue to reminisce about your love interest.

"I know it's hard to forget about your first love, but you're with me now and it's truly hard to pave my way into your heart when you won't let go. The Reina you're dying over, is having the time of her life with Niklaus but here you are... " Camille's voice cracked and her eyes watered, unable to keep the tears at bay anymore.

"God, I'm so sorry," Eden was appalled when he discovered what he had been doing. He didn't realize he was hurting her this much. He pulled the Camille into a tight, affectionate hug.

"I'm so stupid, forgive me please," He begged with all sincerity as she buried her face in his neck, bawling out her eyes.