

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 461 - Four Hundred And Sixty One: The Threat Was Gone Forever - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 461 - Four Hundred And Sixty One: The Threat Was Gone Forever

Chapter 461 - Four Hundred And Sixty One: The Threat Was Gone Forever

Note: Gruesome scene ahead.

The third point of view:

Niklaus was grateful for the fact that he had not brought Reina to this place else he would not have tortured Miguel to his heart's content- it was a known fact women were not a fan of violence.

Niklaus's heart was hardened because the only thing that he could think about was what would have happened if Reina and his kids had died in the bastard's hands. What would he have done? Because he was sure as hell that his life would never remain the same.

The blood-curdling scream from Miguel didn't move both men - Niklaus and Sakuzi - watching the scene with an expressionless face. Instead, they were busy analyzing the location that would cause him more pain.

By the time Niklaus waved his hand, more than ten needles had been pierced into Miguel's body, he twitched in pain. He wanted to speak out, but he didn't have the strength to say with all the screaming he had been doing; his voice was dry and husky.

Niklaus turned to Fernandez, "How is it?"

"Good, but I'm still not satisfied," was Sakuzi's answer, "Don't tell me it's over already?"

"Of course not, it's not over yet, but we have to make sure he doesn't bleed out and die in the process. He needs to be alive to enjoy all the dishes I prepared," Niklaus smiled, but to Miguel that was a smirk from the depth of hell.

He didn't know whether to cry or laugh, here they were, discussing the best way to end him as if he was an animal. He was a human. A fucking human with rights for crying out loud!

"Shall we continue?"

"Of course, go ahead. I should not be a hindrance to your fun," Sakuzi declared with all seriousness.

Miguel felt goosebumps on his arms as soon as Niklaus rested his gaze on him saying, "I heard you touched my daughter,"

Oh boy, he was finished. He never thought this would be brought up. He had said it then to get a rise out of Reina. Well, maybe, he did want to touch Isabella a little - what male would resist such astounding beauty. But in the end, he didn't do it, did he?

"No, no, no," Miguel began to shake his head in denial, "I did not mean anything I had said, it was just a joke," he was hoping to do damage control. Well, what was the use when he was going to die anyway?

"You see, that's the problem..." All smiles vanished from Niklaus' face, "I don't joke around with my family," He looked like a grim reaper of death saying those.

"I'm sorry... Forgive me!" Miguel broke down in tears like a little kid. Snots trailed down his nose, his eyes so red and swollen, it was a wonder he could still see.

But none of those words touched Niklaus' heart, instead, he ordered, "I need to see the hand you touched Isabella with,"

"No, no, no!" Miguel refused to show his right hand but the men quickly overpowered him, unlocked his right hand from the cuffs, and placed it on the desk the other had pulled over immediately while another came over with a knife.

"Please don't...!" Miguel pissed on his pants in the process of begging. Not that it changed their mind anyway because the next that was heard was his anguish scream as the fingers of his right hand were chopped off one after the other like a piece of meat with a blunt knife - intentionally prolonging the torture.

At this point, it was obvious to everyone that Miguel was on the verge of death. With the amount of blood bled out on the floor, he wouldn't survive the next thirty minutes.

"This is getting too tedious, just end him," Sakuzi said to him.

"You wouldn't mind doing the honor then," Niklaus handed a gun to him, "For your daughter, Reina,"

"For Reina," Sakuzi took the gun from his son-in-law, rising from his seat with grace.

This time, Miguel didn't bother to struggle, his breath was deep and rapid nor did he have the energy to move. He knew this was his end.

With a firm grasp, Sakuzi pulled the trigger and the first bullet got Miguel on the arm, on the same spot where Reina had been hit.

Sakuzi was a magnanimous man when he wanted to be, but then, he was vindictive as well. Anyone who touches what's precious to him must be prepared to pay the price as well.

The second shot got Miguel on the leg, he grunted in pain. Sakuzi knew how many bullets were left in the gun and that was the reason he wasn't going for a straight kill. The bastard had to suffer a bit more before he gave him everlasting rest.

Three more shots got him on the thigh, stomach, and finally on the head. Miguel's neck turned to the side in death. His eyes did not shut close immediately, gazing out until the light in them dimmed.

When it was over, Sakuzi tossed the gun away. The threat to his daughter's life, his family, was gone. With a deep breath, he placed his hand on Niklaus' shoulder and squeezed slightly before taking his leave.

Even without being told, Niklaus knew he just scored brownie points with his father-in-law. He turned to his subordinates, "Clean up," and took his leave as well.

It was time to return home to his wife Reina who didn't know he sneaked out of bed to come here. It was the unholy hour of two in the morning nor did the guards at his place question his movements since this was not the first time he had to go on assignments like this.

Without as much noise, Niklaus tiptoed back to the house, grateful for the fact that everyone was still asleep or so he thought because as soon as he shut the door to his bedroom, a voice asked from behind,

"Where are you coming from?"

Oh boy.

With a deep breath, he coordinated himself and turned to her saying, "I had a little problem to take care of," He would be a fool to keep secrets from her again.

Even without going into details, Niklaus knew Reina understood him since she walked over to him and rubbed off a spot of blood on his cheeks,

"Go and have a shower if you want to get on my bed tonight," she commanded him.

It was their bed. Well, anything the madam says.

"Sure," Niklaus didn't even argue with her and was set to leave when an idea hit him and he turned to her grinning.

"What?" Reina was uncomfortable with that perverted smile of his - she knew what look signified.

"Perhaps, Madam," Niklaus gestured, "You wouldn't mind lending me a hand in the shower, would you?"

No, no fucking way.

Chapter 462 - Four Hundred And Sixty-Two: Call On Your God

The third point of view:

"No, no, fucking way," Reina refused as soon as she saw that lewd look on his face. She knew what that gaze entitled. No, no, she needed her beauty sleep.

"Honey," He coerced her, circling his hand around her waist. If there was one thing Reina couldn't resist, it was his touch.

"Don't honey me," Reina pushed at his chest, trying to release herself before he trapped her further into his chest.

"This is two in the morning," He whispered.

"Exactly the point. Normally people are getting rest by this time," Reina hoped he got her point.

"No," Niklaus disagreed with her opinion, "It means we have all the time to have enough time without disturbances from the kids,"

"No..." Reina was still trying to protest when he pushed her head to the side, baring her neck to him, and kissed her there.

Reina inhaled sharply, realizing Niklaus had gotten her where he wanted her. No, she had to stop.

"Niklaus..." She said, wanting her voice to appear stern but then, it ended up as a whisper instead. Damn, Niklaus, he was melting her from inside out.

"Don't worry, it's just a bath," He breathed against her skin sending shivers down her spine.

Oh, Reina knew better, it wasn't just a bath. It was more than a bath.

Niklaus peppered her neck with kisses, trailing the tips of his index and middle fingers from one shoulder to the dip in the center of her collarbone, swirling his fingers in a slow, circular motion as if caressing her skin.

By the time he used the tip of her tongue to trace the edge of her upper lips, Reina knew she was a goner. So when he lifted her off the ground, she didn't even put up a protest as he moved to the bathroom.

As soon as they got into the bathroom, Niklaus bent his head and kissed her deeply. Aroused already, Reina didn't deny him the invitation and kissed him back, hurriedly working on his buttons while his hand grabbed the hem of her sexy nightgown and pulled it over her head.

"I love the gown but I love you better," He murmured before his mouth sought hers again, kissing her as if she was the finest thing in the world. His groan urged her to open up, Reina parted her lips for him and he thrusts in lazily, swirling and augmenting the lust filling the air.

"Fuck it!" Reina cursed when his shirt got stuck around his wrist and she realized she had not unbuttoned it there.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" Niklaus chuckled, "I thought you didn't want to help me out,"

"Shut up!" Reina glared at him, hoping to slap off the smugness on his face.

"Yes Madam," He lifted his hand in an innocent gesture yet Reina knew his ego was as inflated as ever.

With enough cursing and grunting, Reina was finally able to get rid of his shirt - and his pants. Niklaus was naked before her and she was kneeling, after taking his pants off.

Glancing up, Reina met his lips curled to the side as if to say, "What are you waiting for? Do the damn thing, Madam,"

"No," Reina refused flatly, "You said you needed help with a shower, not a blow job," She was excited at exploiting the leap hole.

Niklaus groaned at the fact that he married a smart wife. However, he didn't give up, he always had his way in the end.

"So your highness, find your way to the shower," she gestured to the cubicle with a smirk on her face, "Men first," She was challenging him and he knew that.

It was the official start of the game.

"Yes, Of course, thank you, Madam," Niklaus smiled at her and strutted over to the cubicle intentionally, knowing he had a fine ass.

"Narcissist," Reina rolled her eyes yet followed after him.

By the time Reina stepped into the cubicle, Niklaus had the shower running already and leaned against the cubicle wall with a raised brow.

"Hand the soap over," She stretched her hand out and he obeyed.

"Step right in the shower," Was her second command.

He obeyed.

Instead of beginning with his chest, Reina started to lather his hair which meant Niklaus had to close his eyes so he didn't soap into it. However, it was at that moment Niklaus shut his eyes that Reina came to her knees and took him right into her mouth.

"Oh shit!" Niklaus cursed. His wife was a little trickster. He had to grab the shower rail to keep himself from falling as she pleased him.

Niklaus groaned as her expertise tongue swirled around his tip before taking him fully into her mouth.

"Fuck it!" He cried out with his climax around the corner, his hands reaching out to grab her hair and pulling her deeper till the rest of him was in her throat, yet pulled away right on time as he exploded.

Niklaus' chest heaved with the intensity of the delicious course ran in such a short time. His eyes were currently opened since the water had washed off the rest of the soap.

Uh-oh

Reina shivered when their eyes met; dark and held a promise of pleasurable delight.

"Niklaus..." She wanted to come up with another excuse, but Niklaus has had his full of it.

"You've had your fun, now's my turn," Niklaus growled just as he hauled her up with her back against the shower stall and her legs wrapped around his waist.

Reina didn't have the time to talk, he pushed right inside of her with a force that knocked the breath out of her lungs.

"Oh my God," Reina moaned from the bliss.

"Yes, that's it, " Niklaus growled roughly into her ears, "Call on your God to save you because you're not escaping me tonight," He moved to nuzzle her neck just as he slammed his hips into her so hard her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

"Niklaus... " Reina whimpered his name as he pumped his hips into her with violent purpose. She screamed, her nails digging into his back as he rams into her.

"Yes, that's it," Niklaus growled, increasing his pace with faster movement as her climax rippled through her.

Chapter 463 - Four Hundred And Sixty-three: Victory Would Be His

Don't be mistaken people, Niklaus was not done with her; he was just beginning.

"You shouldn't have tempted me," Niklaus said to Reina who was still recovering from their coupling. Trying to catch her breath, Reina didn't have the strength to talk back but her glare said it all.

She had been on her own all along, he was the one who suggested she help him out. He should be liable for anything that happened afterward.

Niklaus' gaze roved over her body in such a way that made her heart pick up speed. Upon the fact they had sex gazillion times, how could he still look at her in that heated manner, as if it were their first?

His hand went to caress her areola with his thumb and Reina gasped, her nipples hardening from the effect while a tingle occurred down there. She thought she was satisfied with that round, but it seems she was wrong, her body was desiring him again.

"All mine," Niklaus murmured, trailing his thumb around her nipples causing her to gasp for breath.

"Jesus! Niklaus!" Reina moaned as he took her breast into his mouth. Her legs felt like jelly and gave out, bringing the both of them to the ground, yet Niklaus sucked on. Today he was going to mark his imprint into her body, mind, and soul.

Reina sat against the stall while Niklaus kneeled in between her legs, sucking on her breast, the water hit and flowed down his back. He pulled away, his lust darkened eyes holding hers,

"You're all mine,"

"I'm not a property to own, I'm my own person," She intentionally challenged Niklaus, knowing it turned him on.

"Oh really," He smirked at her, "We'd see about that," Niklaus promised Reina, his mouth fusing with hers, and kissed her greedily just as his finger traveled down to her sex.

Reina moaned, he greedily swallowed it all, his hands stroking her pulsating nub. Her head sank back in ecstasy, his fingers torturing and teasing her just where she needed him to.

Reina couldn't differentiate her left from her right anymore, Niklaus was clouding her mind with pleasure.

"Who do you belong to?"

"Nobody," Reina's voice was so hoarse that one would think she was crying when actually, she was screaming. Niklaus' fingers moved faster against her, Reina's hands went to his hair, pulling on it while her mind reeled from it. And as soon as she climaxed, Niklaus broke away from the kiss, giving her room to breathe. More Like a little space to breathe.

Reina's muscles were still convulsing and throbbing when he pulled her up, pushing her against the stall with her back to him. Reina's face was pressed against the glass while his hand threaded through her hair and clutched a fistful of it, baring her beautiful neck to him.

"Still insist you're not mine?" he goaded her.

"Y-yes," Reina knew her resolve was failing yet she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing. Not without a fight.

"You're one tough woman," Niklaus trails his mouth over her throat, nipping and licking as she sighed against him, "That is why I married you,"

And then, he was inside of her, thrusting and ramming into her animistically as they both lost to the throes of passion.

Reina moaned and screamed his name. She wanted to touch Niklaus but not when she was pressed against the stall with her hands pinned against it while he took her from behind. God, it was sexual in a raw powerful way.

"Who do you belong to now?" Niklaus enquired once more, picking up speed as he pumped into her.

"You!" Reina screamed, unable to keep up with him anymore. He was not only stretching her insides but her mind as well, he was driving her crazy with his moves. God, she loved him.

"I can't hear you!" Niklaus groaned, he could feel his orgasm around the corner as well.

"You own me, Niklaus!" She said once more, her hips moving along with each of his hard poundings,

"Yes!" he hits the right spot and it wasn't long the both of them reached the ecstatic moment. Niklaus slammed his hips a couple more times before he collapsed on her, breath thick and heavy.

The couples rested for a moment before recollecting the reason for coming into the shower the first time. But this moment, they bathed each other; touching one another in places that produced rapturing excitement and all.

By the time they were back in bed, Reina was tired as shit. They laid down, cuddling one another, just as Niklaus kissed her on the forehead, saying, "I love you,"

"I know," Reina murmured, "Just let me have my beauty sleep,"

"Are you that tired? Should I give you a massage, it would help you sleep better," He offered.

"We had enough exercise in the bathroom, my body needs sleep," Reina said, shooting him a subtle frown. Who needed his massage that could easily escalate into something else.

"Do you think you could get pregnant from what we just did?" Niklaus was hopeful. He wanted another baby, his goal was to have six children in his lifetime and so far he had three, remaining three.

At once the sleep in Reina's eyes vanished and she sat up as once,

"Keep on dreaming, I'm on the pills,"

Niklaus sat up as well, "It's just another baby,"

"It's just another nine months of terror," Reina hinted that it wasn't as easy as he put it to be.

"It's a baby, babies bring joy," He tried to coerce her.

"Allen and Ailee are enough joy already," Reina said to him. Well, who was she kidding? The twins were the opposite of joy.

Seeing it wasn't working, Niklaus decided to try another tactic, "It's two to one, Allen needs a younger brother to equal the equation," he grinned victoriously.

"Well, Neon is there to equalize the equation. Moreover, if you're so desperate for a child, try giving birth to one. Now, let me have my sleep!" She pulled the cover over herself and that signaled the end of the discussion.

Well, winners never quit. Niklaus decided to retreat for the night and devise another tactic the next day. Victory will surely be his.

Chapter 464 - Four Hundred And Sixty-four: Secrets

The third point of view:

Cecil had many things to be grateful for these days; the life, Pedro, the love of her life, and of course, her coming baby. She was grateful for the fact that she was able to escape the snare in her life called Fernandez. However, as much as hated the bastard, she definitely didn't wish him this kind of ending.

The woman stood in front of the large flat television as the broadcaster delivered the news of Fernandez's death.

When Emily called to tell her to check the news, she had not trusted the articles on her cellphone since several external sites tend to post fake news. It must be a prank or something. Cecil didn't believe it until she saw it right now from the government owned television network.

Cecil didn't know how to feel right now, it still was a bit surreal. But honestly, she was relieved. Although it was unfair to be happy at someone's death, Cecil could breathe now.

Ever since Fernandez found out about Pedro's existence, she was afraid he might try to steal him just as he tried previously. But don't be mistaken, as a human, she felt bad.

"Business Mogul Fernandez was murdered while having sex openly with his escort in the club. Although the murderer named Maggie who is in her early thirties has been apprehended by the police, authorities are making further efforts to arrest the manager of the club who fled the scene for investigation.... "

Cecil decreased the volume of the news when her phone rang, she didn't need to glance down on her screen to know it was her father since he had been calling for the past hour.

"Hello father," She decided to pick this time knowing he wouldn't give up until he had his way. Yes, that was how headstrong he was.

"I have been calling," was his taunt comment.

"I know,"

"That's it? You know?...!" the man wanted to lose his temper yet reined it in, "I'm sure you must have seen the news,"

"Yes,"

"And?" he asked expectantly

"If you think I'm bawling my eyes father, then you're in for a huge loss. Fernandez and I were nothing but a bad history that I wish I could erase from my life forever. May his soul rest in perfect peace, that's all you could get from me," She said to him.

Vincent couldn't reprimand her this time knowing she was right, all Fernandez had done all this while was to hurt his daughter - at least he had the sense to see it now.

"Fine, get over here. We'd be going to their residence to give our condolences to his mother," Vincent ordered.

"You can go ahead without me, my son and I are not stepping foot in that residence. What did his mother do for me when I needed help the most? And now they expect me to do what? Give my condolences?" She sneered.

"Cecil, there is no fighting in death. Moreover, Pedro is Fernandez's son and no matter how much you put it off, he's supposed to pay his last respect to him and you know that,"

Cecil knew her father was right but she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing. The anger accumulated over the years from his betrayal still burned hotly in her veins.

"Fine, we'll be there. However, if they dare to try to take Pedro from me, I'll show them how pissed a mad dog could get," Cecil assured him, ending the call.

She didn't need to inform her son Pedro about their impromptu visit since he was in the living room already and had heard everything - Cecil hadn't exactly been discreet in the call.

"You don't need to come along. If you feel uncomfortable, I'll go all alone. My father can deal with it,"

"No, it's alright. I can't keep on running from my responsibilities," Pedro told her.

"No, it's not your responsibility, Pedro,"

"It is mom," he replied sternly.

Cecil was stunned by that answer and it dawned on her that her son was processing his loss differently.

"Tell me, Pedro, how do you feel?"

"Crushed," Was his response

"Listen, I get that he's your father but you're not supposed to feel that way, Pedro. Fernandez's death is not your fault -"

"You just don't understand mother!" Pedro raised his voice on his mother for the first time.

Cecil blinked, taken aback from his outburst. Was she missing something here?

And it was at that moment that Emerald arrived announcing, "Breakfast?" only to be welcomed to the tense atmosphere.

"Urm... Anyone wants a sandwich?"

Pedro strode away.

"Pedro!" Cecil called, intending to go after him but Emerald held her back.

"You need to give him space,"

"Emerald, he's in pain. I didn't realize he's that affected by Fernandez's death. I just thought... just thought he'd be cool with it afterall Fernandez was horrible.... "

"He might have been horrible but he was still his father," Emerald drew her into a hug, threading his hand through his hair while the other rubbed her back.

Guilt gnawed at his heart, he was responsible for the man's death. No, he denied it. He just pushed forward in emotion Fernandez's death that would have happened anyway - he had so many enemies. Just take a look at Maggie, the woman already wanted to kill Fernandez, Sakuzi only lent help - because of him. Moreover, what would he have done anyway? Let the asshole destroy his family?

Emerald had killed many unrighteous souls but he never thought that one day he would feel so conflicted for taking another one - a soul that deserves it.

Really? Wasn't he as bad as Fernandez? Emerald battled with his mind. He's a criminal, Fernandez abused his power, what's the difference? Well, unlike Fernandez, he didn't kill unborn children just because they didn't turn out to sex he wanted; he didn't manipulate and rape women.

Emerald was a criminal but he had morals, Fernandez had none. Hence he had no reason to be guilty. Also, this was a secret he would take to his grave. No one would know.

Chapter 465 - Four Hundred And Sixty-five: Father And Son

"It's okay, Cecil. Don't worry, I'll talk with him," Emerald assured her.

"Really?"

"Yes. Perhaps, what Pedro needs is a simple conversation between men. So you do me a favor, go to the dining and have your breakfast. I'll join you in a jiffy,"

"Alright," Cecil stood on tiptoes and shared a brief kiss with him - yep, that happens when you marry a giant. She just hoped their child would assume a normal height.

True to his word, Emerald tracked Pedro down to the garden where he was seated on one of the rocks and had a headphone on.

"Hi dear," Emerald awkwardly settled on one of the rocks. Sometimes it hurts to be tall.

However, no response came from Pedro.

"I know the music is off so can you be civil enough to grant me an audience," Emerald pointed out his trick.

"How did you know?" Pedro was surprised.

"Where I grew up, fights and provocations break out easily. I might have picked up one or two tricks growing up. Moreover, you reacted before I arrived which means you heard me aka no music playing in your ears," He summarized.

Wow, Pedro was awe-stricken. His stepfather was so cool.

"Don't get mad at your mother, she did what she thought was right for you," Emerald said to him.

"I'm not mad at my mother, I'm mad at him,"

"Why?"

"He didn't prove me wrong,"

"What?"

"He never made the efforts to prove to me that he was more than what people thought he was - that he wanted me as a son and not just some inheritor to his empire,"

"Oh," Was all Emerald said, letting the boy go on. Here he was thinking someone missed his father - which he took away. Yep, I'm responsible, so let me rest, conscience.

"I saw the news and the things he did, he was quite a horrible man," Pedro deduced.

Emerald sighed, squeezing the boy's shoulder affectionately, "Pedro, sometimes, our parents don't always turn out the way we want them to be. Take a look at me, my parents sold me to Sakuzi for a bag of flour. So you're not alone in the list of people their parents, well, in your case, parent failed,"

"Yes, you're right but I'm trying to say he should have tried. Take a look at you, you're a fucking criminal, a gangster for God's sake, no offense,"

"No offense taken," Emerald gladly told him.

"But then, you proved to my mom of all people - my mom who doesn't like violence - that there's a you beneath you - the you whose kind, patient, funny, loveable - and I'm not really saying this to make you proud or something...." Pedro added when he saw the proud smile that crept up Emerald's face, "But you managed to pull down her walls, and now you both are the happiest, about to get married and give me a baby sibling and all. He should have come in another perspective instead of trying to take me away like I'm some property," He wiped off the tears that slipped down his cheeks unintentionally.

"I feel disappointed and at a loss and scared," Pedro revealed to Emerald who listened attentively.

"Why should you be scared?"

"I don't know but..." He shrugged, "I feel that I might turn out to be like him one day after all I share his blood and they say blood never lies. Remember? An apple never falls far from the tree," He opened up to him.

For a minute there, Emerald didn't say anything until he clasped Pedro's face and focused it on him so they were staring straight into each other's eyes.

"Tell me, who raised you?"

"My mother,"

"Do you share Cecil's blood or not?"

"I do,"

"Now, that is what you have to remember, Son. Anytime you feel like you moved out of the track, you just look back and remember the sacrifices that woman made for you. Also, Fernandez might be your biological father but from the turn of events, he was never meant to be in your life. I believe in destiny and it just proved he was only a vessel for your creation. Don't go around wasting your emotion and joy on people that don't deserve it,"

"Also," Emerald went on, returning his hand to his shoulder, "I'm here now. I might not be Fernandez your biological father, but I'll love you as a father does,"

As if a Dam was broken, Pedro broke down into tears. How much he had longed to hear that comment from his father. Although he was raised perfectly well by his mother, he had been quite jealous of his friends with complete families.

Emerald sighed, no wonder the boy didn't want to talk to his mother. As a man, he understood how prideful boys could get, and crying in front of a woman was a no-no. The boy was growing up.

"Breakfast?" Emerald announced after Pedro was done crying his heart out and both burst into laughter. The giant groaned with effort, getting on his feet, that rock had been quite low for him.

Pedro did the same.

"Now, you go into the house and make your mom happy. Doctors say she needs to be in a good mood all the time - which is impossible - but then you get the point. Your baby brother needs it,"

Pedro's head whipped around, surprised, "Baby brother? You guys know the sex already," He was giddy.

"No, we don't. I just guessed," Fernandez said as they walked back into the house through the back door.

"And if the baby turns out to be a she?" Pedro questioned him.

"Then I'll take it that way. I'm not Fernandez, Pedro. A baby is a baby. A princess seems cool by the way,"

"I'll prefer a brother. Girls are so much trouble," Pedro opined, "It would be cooler teaching him as the elder brother,"

"Don't let your mother hear that, she'd think the both of us are in cahoots to jinx her baby's sex. She wants a girl with all manner of seriousness, I don't want to be blacklisted by her," Emerald Said, and the both of them broke into a pearl of laughter and began to throw jokes about Cecil like father and son would.

Chapter 466 - Four Hundred And Sixty-six: Emerald Was Hers

The third point of view:

The family was back to normal in no time; Pedro had apologized to his mother and they enjoyed Emerald's slightly burned pancake - well, cut the man some slacks, he was getting better at cooking.

Although they were financially capable to foot a world class chef, Emerald had refused. According to him, the man wanted to be active in the birth of his son, urm child, and that meant taking care of everything - including her nutrition.

Emerald took a good break from the gang and until his child was born safely, he wouldn't participate in any mission. So he took the chance to learn his way around the home, he was taking cooking lessons, watching and reading books on how to take care of his wife, child and fatherhood.

And the most important of all, making arrangements for their wedding. As planned with Judy, every arrangement would be made this month so Cecil could still fit in her already designed wedding gown else she murders him for getting her pregnant - as if she didn't partake in the procreation.

"I'm going with you," Emerald told her after she informed him of their plans for their condolence visit to Fernandez's residence.

"Ofcourse, you're going with us. You're my soon to be husband, Emerald, you're involved in it as much as I am," Cecil broke it down to him. Moreover, she didn't trust anyone related to Fernandez nor her father.

Vincent chased her out of the family for years, it wouldn't surprise her if he betrays her. Pedro was the only heir to Fernandez's businesses - So he claimed - and knowing how much Fernandez wanted her son, his mother wouldn't be left out in the hint either.

"Alright," Emerald smiled at her, stroking the top of her palm.

In no time, the whole family was loaded in Emerald's car once again, ready to make another trip to?the one place none of them wanted to be.

"Emerald," Cecil called just as he turned the ignition.

"What honey?"

"Am I sitting on guns?"

If not for the fact that Emerald was a highly trained assassin able to control his emotions, he would have crashed the car at that moment from shock. Instead, his grip on the steering wheel tightened till

Pedro who was seated at the back seat whistled awkwardly and leaned back from view. He was not going to be involved in this one - this one's on his stepfather.

"Yep, you're sitting beneath one," Emerald affirmed. He was following the rules Sakuzi gave him, and that includes, no lying to his woman and soon to be wife.

"Alright," Cecil said and glanced out through the window.

"Huh?" Emerald and Pedro said at the same time.

"Why are the both of you staring at me that way?" she was unnerved by their creepy stare.

"Nothing,"

"Nothing,"

Both of them answered at the same time. It was just strange, Cecil of all people didn't comment about the gun hidden beneath her seat. Who was this woman?

Meanwhile, unknown to them, Cecil had a smirk on her face. She had intentionally called Emerald out just to hint she had an idea of what he was hiding, and as an addition, the look on his face was priceless.

Why hadn't she reacted despite the fact she was seated in a car surrounded with guns that might go off unintentionally - as she imagined. Well, she decided to trust Emerald, he would never do anything that would hurt her. If it wasn't for the fact that he had guns hidden in the car that day they were attacked, they probably would have been dead already.

Moreover, Cecil has tried her best, but it's quite obvious that she can't take away the gangster life from him. Emerald has sacrificed enough for her, the least she could do was to accommodate his lifestyle.

Emerald didn't know the reason for the sudden change in her attitude but he sure thanked the God that was responsible for that. He was so happy right now - Cecil has finally accepted him the way he was.

A harmonious ambience surrounded the car and the family made a brief stop to get some flowers before proceeding with their journey.

They first got to Vincent's residence and compared to the other time, Vincent was warm to them despite the fact there was still a trace of disapproval in his eyes concerning Emerald. Cecil didn't care anyway, no one was going to change her mind concerning Emerald.

Cecil noticed her mother was back, it seems that they settled their misunderstanding because her father was cautious handling her.

A smile crossed her face, sometimes people don't know the value of what they have until they lose it. It was a good thing her mother Charlotte decided to take matters into her hands, now the man treated her with respect.

"Let's go," Vincent ordered the whole of them. Every member of their family - including her sisters- had made their appearance and all went with their respective cars.

Although Cecil could sense Erica's heavy stare on Emerald which made her hold on to the giant's arm possessively. Thankfully, Emerald was a natural lady charmer who opened the door for her and helped her in, making sure his hand was above her head to keep her from bumping against the roof.

Yes, Erica, her sister, was married but the woman was ambitious and a great opportunist. She was probably seeking ways to establish relationships with Emerald because she was under the impression that the man's rich and powerful.

But then, it wouldn't hurt to tango with her sister's man a bit - Cecil knew how Erica's mind works. However, she would protect her man fiercely. Nobody, be it sister or not, would toy around with her man. Emerald was hers.

With a smirk directed at her sister who noticed the special treatment Emerald gave her, Cecil got into the car smugly. Once all of this was over, she was staying as far away as possible from her family. They were a weird bunch.

Chapter 467 - Four Hundred And Sixty-seven: Grandfather

The third point of view:

"Hi pretty,"

Anabelle was woken up from her sleep by a pretty face. A satisfied smile curved her face, this was heaven on earth.

"Hi there, yourself," her hands traced his jaw. Never had she imagined that she would be this happy one day.

Julie leaned down to kiss her but she instantly pressed her lips together. Julie's brows raised questioningly, "What?"

"Morning breath," She murmured, now palming her mouth.

"I don't care,"

"I do care,"

"Fine, we'd brush together. Doing things normal couples do," Julie said and before she could reply, lifted her off her feet.

"Julie!" She screamed from the suddenness.

"What?" He pretended to be ignorant, carrying her to the bathroom before he pulled her down.

"Don't," He cupped her face and brushed his nose against her skin when she tried to protest, "Let's just brush,"

And just like that, both couples spent the next twenty minutes fooling around with brushing. Although they had to bathe separately to prevent the temptation of, you know, "doing the inevitable" it was almost two hours before they were done with the necessities.

"Julie stop!" Anabelle giggled as the boy tickled her. Although she knew her parents would be worried about her right now- she had overstayed at Julie's place - she didn't give a damn. This moment between them felt so right and she had to take full advantage of it.

"So you agree that I'm the world's most handsome?" he still tickled her.

"Fine, fine, you're the most handsome guy I've ever met," She gave up.

However, her breath caught in her throat when she realized Julie was hovering over her, their eyes met and it seemed like someone stole her breath?that moment. The air between them charged and it was all Julie needed to lean down and claim her lips.

Anabelle parted her lips for him, moaning as Julie's tongue intruded while his hands crept inside her clothes. She shivered when his hands traced her skin, traveling further to her belly button, deepening the kiss as she moaned in pleasure.

Her hands threaded through his hair, pulling him flush against her just as a knock came on the door. However, Julie still didn't pull up, he deepened the kiss that Anabelle had to push him away to catch her breath.

"Julie, someone's on the door,"

"I had them prepare breakfast and bring it up here," He said, still trailing kisses down her neck. His appetite was insatiable.

"Seriously, I need food, Julie!" Anabelle pushed him back to the bed, straddling him.

"You could eat me," He offered, flipping Anabelle to the side and mounting her this time.

"Nice offer, but no. I want food. Real food," Anabelle emphasized and tried to roll him over again but Julie stood his ground.

She grunted, trying to flip him over, all to no avail.

"Are you done?" Julie was smug, watching her struggle. He was enjoying this show of strength.

"Fine, you're stronger. Now, give me food," Anabelle gave in, and thankfully, he listened.

"Thank you," Julie accepted the food from the maid and shut the door before she could say a word. He was going to stay the whole day with Anabelle and prove to her how special she was to him. No one was going to disrupt their special day.

"Ooh, Fried rice and chicken, my favorite," Anabelle practically salivated at the sight of it, "How did you know that?"

"Well, I have some reliable sources," Was all Julie said. After this, he was going to reward the triple trouble for their hard work.

Julie laid the food served on a tray on the bed as he climbed in as well, "Dig in," He handed the spoon to her.

"You're not eating?" she asked since there was only one spoon.

"Of course, I'm eating. You'll be serving me," he grinned sheepishly.

Anabelle was stunned, she couldn't help but feel Julie's shamelessness matched someone close to her. Thinking about it, he reminded her greatly of... Uncle Niklaus!! Oh boy.

"What?" Julie was confused when he sensed the sudden change in her demeanor.

"Nothing," Anabelle faked a smile at him, but inwardly, her head was a battlefield. Uncle Niklaus was once a player like Julie, yet he changed because of Reina. Was that possible for her as well? Was she the Reina to Julie?

Julie could sense something was suddenly off with Anabelle but he didn't say anything when she began to feed him, flirting with him like earlier. Maybe he was thinking too much.

After the meal was done, both of them laid on the bed just staring at the ceiling. Anabelle turned to him saying, "You know you've never told me about your parents,"

He tensed up at once.

Anabelle noticed it.

"Did I say something wrong?" she couldn't help but ask.

Julie turned to her, propped up against his arms, "No, it's fine. It's been years already," he took a deep breath and began, "They died in a car accident when I was little. It was an organized death by an enemy gang. I was the only one who survived, my mother, made sure of it,"

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I just heard they died, no one told him how," Anabelle said to him, squeezing his arms affectionately.

"No, it's okay. I'm honestly over it. Their memories are quite hazy and save the fact I see them in photographs, I don't think I would even remember them. But then, it's years already,"

"You've suffered," Anabelle whispered.

"No, I'm good... Oh," Julie's breath changed when her hand trailed down to his chest, "I like where this is going," he chuckled when Anabelle pulled him closer and straddled him.

"Shut up," Anabelle ground her hips against his arousal through his pants and heard him hiss from pleasure. Honestly, she was nervous, but she knew was doing the right thing. Hopefully.

Her lips swooped down on his and this time, she kissed Julie with fervor. Even if he doesn't like her, she would make him hers.

Julie's groan of pleasure invigorated her as she ground against him. Lost in pleasure, none of them paid heed to the knock on the door. And it wasn't until the door was forced open that they broke apart.

Angered at being interrupted by the maids, he presumed, Julie bellowed,

"Who the hell dares to - !" he froze.

"Grandfather?"

Crap.

Chapter 468 - Four Hundred And Sixty-eight: Maggie Be Cleared

The third point of view:

"We are sorry for your loss," such sympathetic utterances rang out before Cecil could even get inside their residence.

She knew Fernandez was quite influential, but the crowd that came to visit was beyond her imagination. Humans were quite big hypocrites. Most of them hadn't come because they were sincere, just to improve their public image.

While they waited in the reception area with other socialites who had come to relay their consolations as well. Cecil was looking around, checking to see if there was anyone she would recognize from the schmoozing crowd when her sister, Erica came up to her. Here comes the busybody.

"That was the woman who took your place in Fernandez's heart," Erica dipped her head in the direction of the pregnant woman serving the guest's refreshment.

"So?" Cecil arched a brow at her while checking out Fernandez's wife. She was young, blonde, babyface, tall with long sexy legs - Fernandez's type - and probably a socialite - the ignorant, unfortunate aristocrat who got caught in Fernandez's carefully crafted scheme. She could already imagine the hell she went through in that devil's hands.

"I'm just saying that you're lucky and unlucky in a kind of way. You slept with a man and escaped that unfortunate fate," She said, laying much emphasis on "slept"

Cecil chuckled inwardly. Does her sister think she's ignorant of her petty tricks?

Erica went on, "Fernandez chased you off and married her, but then fate works in strange ways and gave you the son he so much desired. Come to think of it, you're in so much luck..." something close to a smile curved her lips, "With the way Fernandez was after Pedro, I'm pretty sure he left all of his inheritance for him. You're so lucky Cecil, I envy you," She claimed.

This time, all smiles vanished from Cecil's face, and she turned to Erica saying, "You know what I think? I think you should shut up and mind your business. After all, if I could remember clearly, I heard your marriage is in deep trouble and your husband might divorce you pretty soon,"

At the mention of that, Erica's face distorted at once; the fake mask she had put on earlier melting away like molten lava. Her hands were clenched by the side, yet Cecil wasn't done with her.

"Also, I don't know whatever thoughts you're fashioning but steer clear of Emerald. You don't even need to be subtle about your plans, why? He wouldn't look twice at you, nor would I hesitate about ending you," there was a dark promise to her tone.

Erica shivered. For some reason, she wanted to call Cecil bluff but the intensity of that threat had resonated deep inside of her. She wasn't joking.

"Sister or not, it doesn't apply to me when it comes to the love of my life. There is no brother in the jungle, have a nice condolence, sister" Cecil said with heavy sarcasm and left.

She looked so cool saying those words but inwardly, she was shaking. What in the world had possessed her to threaten her sister - Of course, her handsome bad influence, Emerald.

"Tea?" Her attention was garnered by the woman beside her, who was no other than Fernandez's wife.

"No, thank you," Cecil refused politely.

"Alright," The woman turned to leave when she stopped suddenly. She turned to Cecil with a narrowed gaze, "By chance, have we met -"

"Cecil," Emerald came up to her side saying, "It's time for us to go. We're up next..." His gaze rested on the woman, "Who's she?"

"Nobody. Let's go," she hooked her arm around him and joined her family.

They were led to a private room where Fernandez's mother was receiving guests and just from a glance, Cecil could see where the late bastard got his looks. And apparently, it wasn't just the looks he had inherited; her character sucked.

"We are sorry for your loss, Lucinda. I came as soon as I could," Vincent engaged the woman in conversation just as everyone presented whatever gifts they came with which the maids took away for safekeeping.

"Thank you, my good friend, Vincent," the woman sobbed, dabbing her face with her white fancy handkerchief with poised grace.

"I know, that is why I came with my daughters and of course, Cecil and your grandson as well," Vincent gestured.

"Grandson!" the woman's voice climbed a pitch high as soon as she heard that.

Of course, Cecil realized that moment, her father wouldn't call her over here for nothing.

Lucinda, as if she had seen the love of her life, hurried over to Pedro, even pushing Cecil out of the way to get to her grandchild.

Emerald caught Cecil after the hard shove and growled, about to give that rude woman a piece of his mind when Cecil held him back, shaking her head. This was not the time and place.

"Oh my God, my grandson," Linda showered the uncomfortable Pedro with kisses, "Fernandez was not kidding, you look exactly like him,"

"Excuse me, granny, I would really love some space -" however, Pedro was still complaining when she squeezed him into her arms -almost squeezing the life out of him.

Lucinda pulled back, then cupped his face with her palms, "Don't worry about your father, I'll avenge his death for you,"

"W-what?" Pedro was dumbfounded. What the hell was this old woman talking about?

"I'm going to kill that bitch who ended your father," there was simmering hatred in her tone, "I already have my people ready and at my command, they would?-"

"Whoah, wait a minute here," Cecil interrupted her furious- would - have- been - mother-in-law, "You're going to kill an innocent woman?!"

"She's not innocent! She killed my son!"

"Your son killed many! He killed children! Innocent unborn girl child which I'm sure you knew!" Cecil raged, anger blinding her senses.

As soon as Fernandez's death was over the news, articles, accusations, evidence, and claims of his horrible acts were brought to the limelight. Currently, people are beginning to justify Maggie's actions.

'Because Maggie had no power, she was suppressed. These women who are victims of violence have no protection.

Maggie needed to commit this act to ensure his true nature was revealed. The woman had been abused both physically and sexually,' lawyers argued the case.

"You have no right to condemn another when you created a monster,"

"Cecil!" Vincent called her, but the woman stood her ground.

"And thanks to you, I've realized something," Cecil announced, "With my influence, I'm going to sign a petition demanding that Maggie be cleared,"

Chapter 469 - Four Hundred And Sixty-Nine: The Deal

The third point of view:

Niklaus was surprised when his daughter Isabella walked into his room. When the knock on his door came earlier, he had expected it to be one of his servants - she was the least on his mind. Not that Isabella doesn't come into his bedroom or something, but this was the first time she knocked "politely".

"Father," She called him and that made Niklaus' eyebrow raise. The Isabella he knew doesn't show sudden fondness for him unless she needed something from him.

"What is it, Isabella?" He asked, closing the window on his screen that contained an article that was titled, 'How To Tame Your Stubborn Wife'. He put the laptop aside on the stool beside the couch he was sitting on.

Reina had gone out with Emily to discuss the details of their moving to Lincolnshire. Since both of them - Niklaus and Reina - would be active in the wedding preparation and coronation, the couples would have to travel over there.

Although he had contemplated leaving the kids behind because of their trouble-making, Reina kicked against the idea. The last time he left them, Miguel attacked. She would not leave her kids behind. Thus, it was settled. So in one word, the whole family would be traveling to Lincolnshire before the wedding.

"Dad," Isabella cooed, going to sit beside her father on the couch, "You must feel so tired from all the stress from work..." She rolled up the sleeves of her long sleeve polo, "Here let me help massage you,"

A smirk formed on Niklaus' face but he didn't show it, instead complied with her request - who in their right mind turns down a free massage? He turned around, showing off his broad shoulders so she could rub.

Isabella wished she could bang her head against the wall, she hadn't meant to offer him a massage. But then, she was as nervous as shit that she blurted the first thing that came to mind. Normally, she was proud to say whatever she wanted to, but Isabella knew her father would never agree to this one.

"Yes, right there, that feels good," Niklaus shamelessly enjoyed his daughter's therapy while keeping his senses alert for any of her petite tricks. He trusted Isabella, but not

when she was being this skeptical. If he could remember clearly, she had been quite mischievous when young. Truthfully, he just started trusting her a bit recently.

"Father," Isabella began, biting on her lips nervously, "About Miguel's men...."

"What about them?" Niklaus asked nonchalantly.

"Did you kill all of them off?"

Niklaus's countenance changed at that question. He turned to ask her, "Why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious,"

"Sakuzi has them and no, he hasn't killed them off because he's found some of them useful. And again, why do you ask?" Niklaus pinned her with his probing gaze.

"Fine," Isabella sighed, giving up on her massage act. Her father was smart and must have sensed something was wrong, she might as well come clean with him.

"You do know Jean, right?"

"Good question. Who is Jean?" he inquired.

"One of the mercenaries Miguel hired. He was the one who turned on Miguel in the end and fought for us,"

"So?" It wasn't hard for Niklaus to remember that one since he heard of what he did.

"I want him as my shadow guard," Isabella finally dropped the bombshell.

"You got to be fucking kidding me," Niklaus cursed, a trace of fury crossing his features.

Isabella gulped, this was it.

"What did you just say?"

"You heard me right, Niklaus. I want Jean to be my shadow guard," she stood her ground.

Niklaus shot up to his feet, trying to digest what he just heard her say, "Of all my men you could choose, you want a ruthless hitman who has no sense of loyalty to anyone to be your shadow guard. That man almost killed you!" he reminded her.

"He could have, but he didn't. I talked to him, and he changed his mind. Not everyone does that!"

"This conversation would not lead us anywhere," Niklaus concluded for her, "If you want a shadow guard, pick one of my men,"

"You don't understand Niklaus!" Isabella tried to make him see reasons with her, "I have this strange connection with him. It's like I could understand the kind of person he is..." she wrapped her arms around her chest, "And let's admit it, you know he's more skillful than half of your men. With that kind of prowess, making him my shadow guard would be a great gain to you. Just look at the bigger picture,"

Niklaus didn't reply, his face full of thoughts, and for a moment there, Isabella thought he finally considered her idea when he suddenly announced, "I'm sorry, but no gain is worth your life, "

"Father..."

"Isabella!" he growled at her warningly. However, Niklaus forgot he was dealing with a daughter who was as headstrong as him.

Isabella sat up from the sofa, saying with determination, "Then, let me persuade him,"

"What?" His brows furrowed.

"Let me see him one and one and persuade him to pledge loyalty to you," Isabella said.

"There would be a no meeting with -"

"I gave you a chance!" Isabella screamed at him.

She went on, "You messed up big time at parenting but I gave you the second chance to be the man you are today to me. So why condemn the others?"

None of them spoke for a while, the weight of her words weighing down on Niklaus. With his head raised high, he proclaimed, "Fine, I'll let you meet him. However, if you aren't able to persuade him, death becomes inevitable,"

Isabella's heart raced, what has she done? Did she just condemn Jean to death with her impulsiveness? However, the girl didn't give up hope. She was the great Isabella. She would surely make this work.

"Fine, deal,"

"You'd see him as soon as you want," Niklaus sat back down on his couch with a groan, "You can leave now,"

"Alright, father," Isabella turned to leave when Niklaus called her.

"Also, I'll need more of your massage on other days," He quickly added, "With no ambitions added to it,"

"Sure," Isabella grinned and left the room. As soon as the door closed, she punched the air in celebration. The first step was successful, all that was left was to convince Jean to be her Shadow guard. Or die.

However, Isabella didn't get to celebrate much because her phone rang at that moment and she answered without even looking at the screen.

"Hello?"

"Isabella help," was the familiar voice that came from the other line.

Her face darkened.

Chapter 470 - Four Hundred And Seventy: I Don't Love Players

The third point of view:

"Who the hell dares to -!"

When the both of them saw George standing at the doorway, he looked like the devil himself. His expression was unreadable and Anabelle knew that juncture that they were in great trouble.

"What in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ is going on here?" The old man asked as if he hadn't seen everything with his own eyes.

However, Julie quickly said to him, "Grandfather, I can explain -"

"Explain what?!" The old man didn't even give him the chance to explain himself, "That I caught you messing around with your fiancée's cousin?!"

At the mention of "fiancée," Anabelle felt a sudden stab in her chest. How was she going to prove to the old man that she loved Julie when he was taken with Isabella already? How was she going to change his mind about the both of them?

Anabelle took a deep breath and said nevertheless, "Sir, I can explain. Julie and I love each other,"

When George didn't reply, Anabelle thought he understood, until he raised a question out of nowhere, "What do you know about love?"

Anabelle gulped, thinking of it, what does she even know about love? But then, she knew one thing, she wasn't giving Julie up.

"Grandfather," Julie spoke up this time, "It's the truth, I love Anabelle, not Isabella. Please, don't break us -"

"Shut up!" the man barked at him with a furious gaze, "You were fooling me all this time,"

"I didn't mean to, father. It just sort of happened between us. None of us saw it coming. Surely, you must understand since you shared the same thing with grandmother,"

"Shut up!" George's face hardened instantly. It seemed as if Julie just made everything worse with that comment. He sneered, "Don't you dare compare the great love I had with your late grandmother with this feeling of youthful lust and conceitedness,"

George went on, "What do you young people of this age know about love with your raging hormone, if not the great need to get into a woman's pant and the woman, of course, offering her body without shame,"

Anger boiled in Julie's veins and for the first time, he growled at his grandfather, "Anabelle is not a slut!"

Anabelle wanted to be grateful to Julie for defending her, but with the tension escalating between grandfather and grandson, she didn't want to be a part of it. She didn't want to be the reason Julie was on bad terms with his family.

But then, she couldn't say the word, why does she have to sacrifice her emotions all the time? No, this time she had to fight for the man she loved instead of giving him up easily like the coward she was, previously. It was time to work out her happiness.

"Also," Anabelle added after Julie, "Your son doesn't even love Isabella,"

"And it's you he loves?" George was amused yet no trace of laughter entered his eyes. It was sarcastic.

"Yes," Anabelle took Julie's hands and intertwined them together, "We don't know what the future holds nor do we know anything about love as you claimed, but I'm sure as hell that we're happy with each other. Is there any better feeling than that?"

For a moment there, Anabelle thought they had won when George didn't say a word. But the next they heard was,

"Guards! "

Uh no, Anabelle became nervous, this was not looking good. Although she knew George wouldn't hurt her considering his relationship with her family - he wouldn't want to offend them - there was no guarantee that he wouldn't hurt Julie. The worst? He might keep him from seeing her.

"Oh my God," It dawned on Annabelle what she was about to lose.

On cue, one of George's security detail came in, the man ordered, "Take her away,"

"Don't you dare!" Julie warned the guard, chest heaving from rage as he hid Anabelle behind him. No one was taking Anabelle from him. His grandfather might be the one in charge here, but he had authority as well.

"If you want to take her, you would have to go through me first," Julie threatened, positioning his body in a fighting stance. He was going to fight for the girl he loved, even if that meant going against his grandfather.

However, the old man merely rolled his eyes in boredom, as if viewing Julie's actions as a child throwing a tantrum. George clicked his hand and three other men entered the room.

With just a gesture from the old man, all of the men walked over to them as Julie charged at his grandfather's men as well like a bull who had a red fabric flashed at his face.

Julie attacked furiously with punches and kicks and at the same time, keeping them from grabbing her. At that moment, Anabelle felt useless. She couldn't help him fight. Maybe George was right, she was not worth Julie. If it was Isabella, she would have found a way to settle all of this. Perhaps, Julie needed someone as strong as Isabella to be with him.

With that thought in mind, Anabelle stepped out of Julie's protection.

"What are you doing?" Julie was confused when Anabelle moved from behind him and thanks to the distraction, he forgot he was in the middle of a fight, he received a punch on the face.

Anabelle felt her heartbreak at the sight, yet she made up her mind. It was now or never.

"You should stop fighting. Your grandfather is right, I'm not worth it?"

"Shut up!" Julie growled and grabbed her hand, pulling her to him, "Don't ever say that. You're good for me just the way you are,"

The men tried to attack again but George gestured to them to stop having sensed where this was heading. It seems the girl was smarter than he thought.

Anabelle pushed him away, "Why are you being so protective suddenly. We hardly even dated for a week and you think you love me,"

"I loved you even before we started dating, Anabelle. I just didn't see it," Julie confessed, tucking away the strand of hair in the way.

Anabelle was moved by his words yet she didn't show it. The girl didn't want him to get hurt, so she lied, "I'm sorry but I don't love players. I don't want to get my heart broken,"