

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 471 - Four Hundred And Seventy-One: Its Your Fault - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 471 - Four Hundred And Seventy-One: Its Your Fault

Chapter 471 - Four Hundred And Seventy-One: Its Your Fault

"Annabelle..." Julie was visibly hurt by her statement.

She laughed, sweeping her hair back, "You know what? Honestly, I only came home with you last night to have sex. As you said, you're a player and you have so much experience, plus the fact I had a little crush on you, hence you seemed the perfect candidate to pop my cherry,"

"You don't mean that!" Julie refused to believe her, "You're doing this on purpose. I know you are," He tried to grab her hand but Anabelle reached out and struck him in the face.

"Does this now convince you," She cocked a brow at him, "You are not my type, Julie? You are just someone I would have fun with, you know like sin, I'm not supposed to like it but I crave it. But in the end, I'm going to settle for a responsible, gentle guy like Pedro. However, since the fun was over before it began, I had to let go then, Goodbye, Julie" Anabelle took a long deep breath and turned to leave.

However, Anabelle never anticipated that Julie would grab her hand, spun her around, and kiss her. Because it happened too quickly, the strong resolve she built dissipated away with the wind. Her feelings were left in the open and she responded to his kiss in a way she had never done - like she was afraid to lose him.

His soft lips moved against hers causing her heart to pound, while his hands assembled around her waist and the other at the small of her back. Anabelle stood awkwardly, she didn't have the time to position herself.

"I know you don't mean it," Julie whispered into her ears as soon as they broke apart, "I love you, Anabelle,"

Bam!

Her heart broke. He loved her. Julie loved her. Fuck it! She was going with her heart's desire.

"I love you too, Julie," Anabelle threw her arms around him and said the words when she was ripped from him.

"I believe Miss Anabelle was just about to take her leave," George gestured and the man began to drag her away.

"Julie!" She reached for him.

"Anabelle!" he stretched his hand to catch her, their hands barely touching when she was thrown over the man's shoulder and taken away.

"Seriously, let me go!" Julie fought with the guards like a wounded beast. But they overpowered and pressed his head against the bed.

"Grandfather!" he could only glance at him sideways.

"This what you get for making a fool out of me," George said to his men, "Take him away, he must be taught a lesson,"

"No! Let me go!" Julie struggled with fury, but the men were much stronger, they dragged him away.

Meanwhile, Anabelle screamed and squirmed in the man's grasp, but her strength was nothing compared to his. He finally put her down at the entrance. Her legs gave out but Anabelle quickly scrambled up to her feet and went after the guard who locked the gate before she could reach it.

"No! Don't lock it!" Anabelle banged on the large sliding modern gate, yet it didn't budge; she was the one who got hurt instead.

Exhausted, Anabelle slid down against the gate and drew her knees up to her chest, hugged herself, and began to cry. What was she going to do? Julie was in trouble because of her. Had she known, she would have married him that day notwithstanding what Isabella had to say. Maybe things wouldn't have come to this extent? Speaking of Isabella...

Anabelle quickly began to search around and stumbled upon her purse that had been hurled out - alongside her. With trembling hands, she unlocked her password and called Isabella at once. Yes, Isabella could do something. She was the miracle worker.

The girl had sworn not to cry, she had to be calm and make the call. Yet, the instant she heard, "Hello," from the other end, her voice broke

"Isabella help," she managed to say before bursting into tears once more. She hated being this way; weak, pathetic, but there was nothing she could do.

"A-Anabelle! What is it?! Why are you crying?" She sensed the panic in Isabella's voice.

"It's Julie... his grandfather found out about us,"

"Fuck!" Isabella cursed, "Where are you now?"

Anabelle looked around her environment as if realizing for the first time that she was outside, "They threw me out,"

"Alright, wait for me. I'm coming there right now," Isabella added, "And don't try anything stupid. I'll be there right away, okay?"

"Okay?" She promised her, wiping away the tears from her eyes. Isabella would be here soon and everything would be fine, she had to be strong, Anabelle consoled herself.

Thankfully, because the neighborhood was a private one, there were hardly any people passing by and wondering why the girl was sitting outside the mansion like that.

Time passed but what made Annabelle lift her head was the screeching of tires as a car pulled over and Isabella stepped out.

"Anabelle!" Isabella went over to her cousin, "Seriously, get off the floor. You're not a beggar!" She scolded the girl, pulling her up to her feet.

"No, let me be. I can't leave Julie," She refused her help, squatting back down.

Isabella pinched the bridge of her nose, vexed. This was what she hated about Annabelle sometimes, her low self-confidence. Can't the dumb girl see she's more than this.

She glowered at her, "And you think Julie's going to appreciate you staying on the ground like a baby? When are you going to grow up, Anabelle?!"

Anabelle shot up to her feet abruptly, saying right at her cousin's face, "Why bother to grow up, when this is all your fault?!"

"What?" Isabella's brow narrowed at her.

"If you hadn't been too meddlesome, George wouldn't have engaged you to Julie in the first place?!"

"Oh really?" Isabella snorted, "Have you forgotten to think that if it wasn't for the fact that I meddled, you and Julie wouldn't have gotten involved the second time. So you should be thanking me,"

Anabelle was stunned by that revelation, realizing that Isabella was indeed right. The first time after Julie broke her heart, she had marked him off and if it wasn't for the fact that Julie began to hang around her again - thanks to the engagement - she wouldn't have ever accommodated him in her life.

Shame filled Anabelle, her head dropped as she realized how shameful that accusation had been, "I'm so sorry, Isabella. I was just so angry that I said whatever came to my mind,"

"I know and it's my responsibility to bring your senses back around. Don't worry," Isabella smoothed her hair, "We'd find a way to deal with George and the engagement, now give me a hug," She opened her arms wide.

Anabelle smiled gratefully, however, something happened the instant she moved. Just as she tried to wrap her arms around Isabella, she threw up a mouthful of blood on her instead.

"Anabelle!"

Chapter 472 - Four Hundred And Seventy-two: She Can't Die

The third point of view:

Isabella was proud of herself for the fact that she could control her emotions. Control, balance, what was life without it?

But then, the instant she saw Anabelle throw up blood, that control chattered the way a chandelier would upon touching the ground.

Her mouth opened wide and her lips trembled as she called that name, "Annabelle!"

It was almost as if everything happened in slow motion, one moment her cousin was standing, the next she was falling.

Isabella quickly caught her in mid-fall, "Annabelle!" She shook her but the girl was unresponsive, vomiting black blood instead.

"Shit, fuck it!" Isabella cursed, with no clue what to do. She was highly intelligent, but it seemed that moment that everything she ever knew flew out of her head.

Isabella realized she had to do something, but what could she do? She needed help. So she laid Anabelle down and went to the gate, pushing and banging on it hard, shouting, "Help! somebody help me!"

However, she didn't have to knock for long since a car was driving out.

George sat in his office, fuming in anger. How dare he? His grandson he had trusted so much, made a big fool of him. He had trusted him and gave him the best gift by choosing the woman suitable to be his queen and this is how he pays him back?

Immediately, his door was flung open as one of his men entered without even a knock, how rude!

"How dare you -!" the man was just about to scold him when the man announced.

"Sir, we have a problem!"

"What is it?"

"It's the young master, sir, he -"

George didn't need to wait for the man to finish his narration because he was already on his feet, heading out of the door.

The guard followed closely as they arrived at the holding room where he had ordered Julie to be kept. The holding room was simply a room with no windows - so Julie would not escape - and an iron door - he could not pick easily. The room was always used for grounding; silence was a form of mental torture.

And on the bed laid the pale looking Julie with black blood staining his shirt.

"I think he's been poisoned," the head of security announced to the old man.

"Then what are you still waiting for? Take him to the hospital!" George's body trembled with fury, "If anything happens to him, you should know you won't return here alive!" he threatened them.

The old man was scared - he lost the boy's parents, he couldn't lose their child as well.

"And you!" he turned to the nearest man beside him, "How did this happen? Is this how relaxed you guys are about the security around here?!" He bellowed

"Of course not, sir! We have been quite stringent about security. This has to be inside work!"

"You're saying one of my people poisoned my grandson?"

"Yes sir, I just heard from one of the maids that the young master was served food. It couldn't be a coincidence that this occurs shortly after that,"

"Did he have his meal tasted?" George asked, a lot of conspiracy theories going on in his head.

As someone who lost both son and daughter-in-law, George doesn't joke with Julie's life - which was why Isabella had to pay for endangering him. Everything he took into his body in the household was first tasted by the food testers before he ate in fear of being

poisoned. Julie was the remaining heir to their clan, if anything happened to him, his generation was over.

"No, sir. He was with that girl from earlier and didn't allow anyone into his room, hence the tasting didn't hold,"

George's fist clenched at the side till his knuckles turned white, he knew that girl was bad luck. How could his smart son become an idiot because of her?

He reached out and began to rub his temple, it was throbbing painfully. He asked, "What about the maid who served him. Where is she?"

"Nowhere to be seen, sir. It's as if she disappeared into thin air and that makes us conclude that she's responsible for this,"

Almost immediately, George's phone rang, "What is it?" he growled at the head guard who had left with his grandson, hoping to God it wasn't bad news.

"We have another problem, sir,"

"What now?" He was tired of bad news.

"It's the girl from earlier. It seems she's poisoned as well and is sprawled out unconscious at our entrance, what should I do sir?"

That question weighed heavily on George. Left for him alone, he would have ignored her - the girl put his son in danger- but then the girl was no ordinary person, she's Spencer.

Although Eden wasn't as powerful as Niklaus, the man was ominous. He was like a green snake in a green grass; cunning and one might not know his intention until he strikes - where it hurts the most. Moreover, the girl was Niklaus' niece, he would surely find justice for her.

"Take her with you and make sure nothing happens to her as well," else they would have a war on their hands.

The girl came to their place and was poisoned, her father Eden would never believe they were innocent - if she dies. In one word, she can't die, just as his grandson couldn't as well.

"Alright sir," the call ended

With a deep breath, George shut his eyes and prayed nothing happened.

"Where did you say Anabelle went again?" Eden asked her nanny, scratch that, caretaker, for the nth time.

"She told me she was spending the night over at Julie's place - although I did warn her against that. But then, you know Anabelle, once her mind's settled, it's going to stay that way,"

Eden pinched the space between his nose. He knew Julie, actually knew his grandfather - the person to hold responsible if anything happens to his daughter. If only he wasn't swallowed by work recently, he would have stopped her from sleeping over at that boy's place.

What was she when thinking? Boys are hormonal creatures who only want to get into a girl's pants. He didn't even dare to think about what they might have done. But God bless the soul of that boy if he dares get his daughter pregnant. His precious Anabelle.

"It's not like Anabelle to stay this late. Perhaps we should call the boy's residence?" Camille suggested and added, "And your phone is ringing," she reminded her absent-minded husband.

"Sorry," He glanced down, "It's Isabella?"

"Pick up," Camille mouthed, "She might know something,"

And Eden did as she asked, just that he didn't expect to hear, "Uncle, you need to come to the hospital,"

Chapter 473 - Four Hundred And Seventy-three: I Failed

The third point of view:

Ailee was roused from her sleep when her brother Allen hopped onto her bed, causing it to dip from his weight.

"Come on Ailee, stop being a sleepyhead, let's play," the boy began to pull her up. Why was his sister such a lazy ass?

"Get off me, you nuisance!" Aille hollered, annoyed at being woken up. Everyone in the household knew how much she treasured her sleep like her mother Reina and unless it was for school, nobody dared to wake her in fear of being on the receiving end of her wrath.

Fortunately for her, the school was over for the term and it happened to be the summer holidays, which means it was a long vacation - she could sleep all she wanted. Well, that was the plan until Allen interfered.

"Oof!" Allen was smacked off the bed with her pillow. As if nothing happened, the girl went back to sleep or tried to. She couldn't connect to the spirit realm easily thanks to her brother's disruption.

"I can't seem to go back to sleep!" She screamed at Allen specifically, gripping her hair.

"That's a good thing," Allen smiled, "Now, we can play,"

"Ugh!!!" Ailee felt like tearing her brother limb to limb. He was frustrating her life. Of all people she had to have as a twin, why was it him? Why couldn't it be Neon?

Like a telepathic pull, Neon came over to her side as if he sensed she needed him. He simply picked the pillow from the floor - the one she had smacked Allen with - and said, "Don't worry, I'll lull you back to sleep,"

"How?!" Ailee didn't mean to bark at him, but she was vexed at the moment.

"You'll see," Neon said, climbing into bed with her.

"Hey, Neon, what are you doing -" Allen was silenced by his sister's murderous glare - her illusionary red eye was so frightening.

Infuriated, the boy stomped his feet and went over to the other bed opposite hers. How could Neon be so unfaithful? Doesn't he know about their bro code? Brothers support brothers before sisters. So irritating.

Fine, It was not like he could send Ailee back to sleep anyway. He would watch and at last, victory would be his.

"How would you send me back to sleep?" Ailee asked him. Both laid sideways on the bed, staring right into each other's eyes.

"I'm going to tell you a story," Neon said, tucking her hair away from her face. Her eyes were beautiful. He could stare into it all day.

"How is a story going to make me sleep?" She was amused by his tactics.

"I'm a bad storyteller, you'd get bored to sleep,"

"I doubt so," She smiled at him, "But let's hear it, storyteller," Ailee adjusted herself, bringing the sheet up to their chin so it covered both of them properly.

"In a land of magic and anything possible," Neon began, "There lived a princess - actually, the most beautiful princess in the kingdom. She had brown hair and pretty black Obsidian eyes -"

"Why do I feel you're describing me?" Ailee interrupted him

"Because I'm using you as my character," was his response.

"Fine, go on, it's fine since I'm the beautiful princess," she was pleased.

"Then," He went on, "The princess had a handsome adviser -"

"I'm guessing that's you,"

Neon blushed, "Yes," and he went on when she became silent, " As a princess, she had to marry a prince. As a beautiful princess, Princes from afar came for her hand in marriage, but her father the king put all of them to a test, and out of which, a prince emerged victoriously. He was named Prince Edward,"

"Don't tell me Prince Edward is Allen?" She asked immediately.

"He is,"

"Eww,"

Allen frowned at her sister. Although he couldn't fully comprehend the story - Neon's voice was low- the dirty look from her sister was enough to narrate everything.

Neon contemplated ending the story "Maybe, I should change -"

"No, don't. Just satisfy my anger by telling me my brother is the villain,"

"Well, sort of, he didn't get to be your true love," Neon explained to her.

"Better, continue,"

"Prince Edward was to marry the princess, but unknown to everyone, the princess was in love with her adviser. Unfortunately, the royal advisor wasn't of royal descent, hence was qualified to ask for the princess's hand in marriage.

"Then one day, tragedy struck. A dragon attacked the kingdom and the princess was captured by it. The king was depressed and wanted his daughter back home, a responsibility which rested on the shoulder of her beloved, Prince Edward. But Prince Edward, realizing how perilous the journey was and the fact he could lose his life, turned his back on the king. He fled the kingdom... "

Ailee burst into laughter while Allen was disturbed mentally. He knew they were talking about him, but his pride wouldn't allow him to go over there or eavesdrop on their conversation. Like come on, he was Allen, nothing moved him.

"At that moment, the royal advisor, realizing his strong feelings for the princess, stepped forward and took on the responsibility of rescuing the princess. He organized half of the king's troop and off they went, over the hills and the valleys, through the evil forest, and finally reached the forbidden tower where the dragon resided.

"It was a tough battle, fire against metals but the royal advisor prevailed. With the help of the king's men, he defeated the dragon, sending it to hell where it belonged. Done, he climbed up the tower and there he found the princess and they both embraced each other, sharing a true love kiss.

"However, the tower contained immeasurably riches and treasures captured by the dragon over the years from various kingdoms, which meant the advisor -"

"Was rich. They returned to the kingdom and for his service, the king gave him his daughter's hand in marriage. And the both of them lived happily ever after," Ailee completed for him.

"Wow," Neon was stunned, "I told you my story would bore you,"

"No, it did the opposite. It made me wide awake,"

"I'm sorry, it should have made you sleep," Neon apologized.

"You don't need to apologize since I'm up and ready," she added, "Right after I brush and take my bath," Ailee got off the bed.

As soon as she left for the bathroom, Neon walked over to Allen saying, "I failed in putting her back to sleep,"

"Yeah, you did," Allen concurred, an evil plan already forming in his head. He sure hoped it worked.

Chapter 474 - Four Hundred And Seventy-four: May The Best Twin Win

The third point of view:

Niklaus was in his bedroom typing away on his laptop when Allen came in. He had not gone into the office today, hence decided to work from home.

His son entered his room which made his brows raise in suspicion, first, it was Isabella, now him. Not that he was complaining, but on normal days, his kids would rather play than spend the whole day with him.

"What is it, son? Do you want to play games with me?" And that was another sport he and his son enjoyed.

Although Allen normally played with his sister, Ailee, lately she introduced Neon into the fun, who he claimed performed poorer than a tortoise - he would rather play against a computer than Neon.

Though Neon seemed to be picking up rather quickly, Allen doesn't exactly have the word "patience" in his dictionary. Hence, he played with his smart father, instead.

And yes, playing with Niklaus was a thrilling and challenging experience - the old man was quite better at it than he thought - but the downside to it? His father hardly had the time for it, he was busy.

"No father, this time, I would like to have an important discussion with you," Allen said, going over to sit beside him on the couch.

"Oh," Niklaus said, taking off his reading glasses as he put his laptop away. It seems his children had a lot to discuss with him today. Well, it was a good thing they could open up to him - a luxury he never had with his father, Adam. Moreover, it showed that they were growing up.

"What is it, son?" He turned to face Allen, giving him all of his attention.

"I've been observing, my sister and I, dad" he began, "And I've come to a startling realization that we don't share the same bodily growth,"

Niklaus dipped his head questioningly, "Urm, excuse me Allen, but I'm a bit lost here. What exactly are you trying to say?"

"Puberty," He hit the point.

"Oh boy," Niklaus gulped, he was not prepared to give sex education today, "And?"

"According to the National Institutes of Health, puberty usually begins in girls between eight and thirteen years of age, and in boys between nine and fourteen years of age. In one word, females start puberty sooner than males,"

"So...?" Niklaus still couldn't comprehend why he brought this up.

"Move Ailee to her own room. It's time girls get their space and men get theirs," and let's see how Neon would spend so much time with her now, he grinned evilly.

Niklaus rubbed his chin thoughtfully, the boy was right. It didn't cross his mind until now but the kids would be eight next year and Neon would be nine in the incoming month. They should be separated. The kids were not kids anymore, they were older kids now.

Niklaus patted his son on the back,

"You spoke well, Allen. But then, I'll have to speak to your mother about that. I can't make decisions without consulting - "

"Make a decision about what?" Reina, who was being talked about, stepped into the room. Father and son had been engrossed with their discussion, they didn't notice her come in.

"Hi honey," Niklaus stood to welcome his wife with a kiss on the cheeks, "How was it?"

"It was fine, you should know Emily never tires out," She chuckled, and then turned to the side saying, "And is that my favorite, Son, Allen?"

Allen rolled his eyes. His mother was such a sweet talker. Who is she deceiving - he knew Neon was her favorite.

Giddy, Reina walked over to him and brushed a peck on his cheeks, much to his embarrassment. She turned to her husband, "Now, what were you both discussing behind my back?" she crossed her leg over the other, waiting for Niklaus' answer.

"Well, nothing much," Niklaus pulsed his lips, "Just that our son here..." he gestures to Allen, "Just reminded us that Ailee has come of age to have her private room, if you get what I mean," He hinted.

"Oh," Reina understood perfectly, "Well," She clapped her hands conclusively, "Call Ailee over so we can break the good news,"

"Yes!" Allen jubilated inwardly. He loved his mother so much.

The next minute, Ailee found herself in her parent's room with no clue why she was summoned - and as expected, Neon followed.

"Sit kids," Reina directed the girl who gazed at her suspiciously.

Immediately she did so, her mother began.

"Ailee, I know this is impromptu, but your brother Allen helped in reminding us of our duty as your parents,"

"Allen did? How kind of him," Ailee faked a smile at her parents. Who knew what that devil of a brother planned for her?

"So we've concluded that you need to move to a new room," they broke the news.

For a moment, Ailee didn't blink nor move until she said, "Allen, sure is intelligent,"

"Yes, he is," Reina and Niklaus concurred proudly without realizing the menace beneath her tone.

But when Ailee and Allen's gaze connected, electricity cackled in the air. She knew her brother did it on purpose to separate her from Neon - not for her benefit. Fine, it was game start, let the smart twin win. She would see this challenge to the end.

Allen smirked, he started a war he was more than capable of winning. Unlike his sister, he had nothing to lose, but she had Neon. The victory was definitely going to be his.

"Thank you, Allen, it was nice of you to think of your sister. I wouldn't forget your favor," there was a dark tone to her promise.

"You're welcome," Allen was smug.

"Wait a minute," It finally dawned on Neon, "Does this mean I won't be able to sleep with Ailee again?" he was troubled, having sensed the answer.

"Yes Neon, that's the whole point of her getting her own room. But you don't have to worry, it's not like she's moving out of the house," Reina comforted him.

And that was what Neon did- he didn't worry - because he had his plans already forming in his head.

Chapter 475 - Four Hundred And Seventy-five: Romeo And Juliet

The third point of view:

"You did this to my daughter!" Eden yelled at George, his eyes wide and furious. He was pissed off as hell.

"Your daughter did that to herself! If she hadn't gone seducing my grandson, she wouldn't have landed herself in this situation!" George lashed out.

"What? Did you just insinuate that my daughter Anabelle is a slut?" Eden couldn't believe what he just heard. How dare that old man treat his precious daughter like that.

Anabelle was treated like royalty in her father's house and yet the man had the nerve to treat her like shit. He wouldn't take this insult lying down - it was a huge embarrassment to the Spencer Clan.

"Maybe we should all calm down and treat this matter diplomatically like the adults we are," Camille tried to talk some sense into them but these headstrong men wouldn't listen.

"No, there is no talking this one out!"

Meanwhile, Isabella sighed at the argument. She was in the corridor and didn't even need to eavesdrop on their conversation since they were so loud. It was eight hours after the incident and she stayed back to ensure Anabelle was okay.

She had been scared out of her mind when Anabelle lost consciousness and fell. It reminded her of that day when her mother, Kay, had plunged down from the roof of her residence.

Isabella shut her eyes, wincing from the memory. Her hand trembled and she had to hold it steady with her other hand. In this life, she wasn't afraid of anything but death. The fear of death seared right into her soul, clawing its way around her heart and gripped her tight. Isabella took long deep breaths to calm her pounding heart.

"It was alright. Anabelle would be fine," she muttered to herself.

"Isabella!"

"Oh, thank God," The girl was highly relieved when Pedro made his way over to her.

"Are you okay?" He asked, pulling her into his embrace.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Isabella sighed, yielding to the warm, bone-crushing hug, her frame molding against his. Pedro was the warm, fuzzy type - which she liked - and she nestled her face in his neck, he smelled of home and comfort. Isabella felt safe.

Opposites indeed attract, Isabella acquiesced to that word. She finally understood why she had fallen for Pedro. The boy was the opposite of what she could ever become; he was kind, good, bright like the sunshine, and most of all, affectionate - he would do everything for the people he loved.

But her? She was unkind, manipulative, apathetic, and most of all, with questionable morals. Isabella wasn't a saint, but she wasn't the devil either. She was just hanging on an imbalance and just a tip, she'd either fall on the good or the bad side.

"Yeah, it's okay now. I'm here for you," Pedro muttered into her hair, rubbing it. He was the only one who knew how much Isabella suffered inside even though she looked fine on the surface.

At first, he had been frightened by her eccentricity - she was different from the others - but he learned to embrace it. Embrace her - all of her. Odd people were the unique ones and even when she goes out of line, he'd be there to show her the way out of the darkness.

"Feel good now?" he asked when she lifted her head.

"Yeah," Isabella answered, tucking her hair out of her face and made the mistake of glancing up at him, her gaze resting on his luscious lips.

Oh boy.

The air between them became charged, as if someone created a spark. The sexual tension was thick as Pedro's eyes connected and they didn't hold back as their lips fused instantly.

Isabella melted in his arms, she had kissed other men in the past but none of them set her body on fire as Pedro did. His hand went to cup her ass, molding her to him and that was all it took to remind her that they were making out in the hospital's corridor.

"We should stop," Isabella pushed slowly away from him. She was highly tempted to take him to the restroom and pick up things from where they left, but she was here for Anabelle. She had to get her head back in the game.

"Yeah, probably," Pedro agreed. His loin was on fire and if he didn't douse now before it escalated, there would be no stopping.

The both of them sat down on the bench, making sure there was enough space between them. They couldn't trust their body not to start up another "chemical reaction".

"So," Pedro started up a conversation to clear the awkwardness between them, "How are they?"

"They survived and the poison has been cleared out of their system. They just need some rest. Apparently, the poison was lethal enough for one person alone but because they shared the food, there hasn't been much of it to work effectively,"

"Thank God," Pedro was relieved. Although he was more concerned about Anabelle, he was glad Julie didn't die. He didn't like Julie? - because he is Isabella's engaged fiancé - yet he doesn't wish for his death. If anything, he wished Julie and Anabelle would make a fine couple - so Isabella can be free from him.

"What the hell is going on inside there?" Pedro asked, upon hearing the intense argument coming from inside.

"Uncle Eden finally knows the whole truth - he forced me to tell him everything. And now he thinks Anabelle deserves better treatment while George believes his son deserves someone better than her. It's kind of crazy there, don't make the mistake of going in. " Isabella informed him.

"Anabelle doesn't need your shit of a son!" Eden hollered from inside.

"Guess what? Julie doesn't need her pathetic little thing either! Just be sure to keep her away from him!" George retorted.

"Sure! She would never set her eyes again on the idiot!" Eden promised him.

"Wow," Pedro was stunned by the intense argument, "That scene kind of feels like -"

"Romeo and Juliet?" she completed.

"Exactly. Both sides against the other, yet the kids don't care,"

"I just hope both idiots don't commit suicide," Isabella prayed. Sometimes, Anabelle does before she thinks.

"Yeah, hopefully," Pedro said before he peered down at her asking, "Why don't we go see them,"

"S-sure," Isabella nodded. She had been afraid to visit them earlier because of what she might meet, but now, she had protection by her side.

"Anabelle or Julie first," Pedro asked as soon as they came to the rooms opposite each other.

"Julie first,"

Pedro's brow raised questioningly. Doesn't she want to see her cousin?

Isabella shrugged, "The last is always the best," Beside, she had a plan in her head already.

Chapter 476 - Four Hundred And Seventy-Six: What's The Plan

The third point of view:

"Julie, it's me," Isabella whispered into the ears of the peaceful-looking Julie deep asleep. When he didn't respond, she began to poke his nose.

"Isabella, what are you doing?" Pedro asked with confusion. Why was she trying to wake him up? They had come to visit, not disturb him - Julie needed all the rest he could.

"I'm trying to wake him up?" Isabella replied to him without even as much as a glance over her shoulder.

"Alright," He said without much thought, "Wait, what?!" His senses came back around. Pedro threw his hands up, "Why are you trying to wake him up, Isabella? He's a patient for crying out loud. He needs sleep,"

"Anabelle?" they heard a groan from the patient called Julie.

"Well, guess who's awake? Lucky me," Isabella was delighted with how everything turned out to be.

Julie groaned, rising on his elbows and cast a skeptical look at Isabella, he asked, "Am I dead? Because it wouldn't surprise me if you're the gatekeeper of hell,"

Isabella rolled her eyes, "Nope, you're not dead even though I wish you were dead..."

Pedro gave her a warning scowl that spelled 'behave'

"But then," She added, "That would break Anabelle's heart, plus the fact I'm not ready to become a bereaved fiancée. Trust me, I won't shed a tear," Isabella made it plain to him.

"Fine," Julie sat up with effort,

"What are you doing to me? I know you're up to something and where is Anabelle?" he ran his gaze over the place as if they were hiding Anabelle or something.

"I'm..." Isabella looked at Pedro and rephrased, "Well, we are taking you away,"

"We are?!" Pedro was more shocked than Julie.

"You what?" The boy was disoriented, feeling dizzy for a moment, "Could someone tell me what the hell is going on here?" Julie gestured. Everything was happening too quickly than his weak state could comprehend.

"For starters," Isabella narrated, "Your future with Anabelle at the moment is 0.00° bleak since your family just established a feud. So I'm trying to take you to a place where they wouldn't be able to find the both of you - at least until they come to their senses, "

"Wow," Pedro breathed, amazed at his intelligent girlfriend. He wished he could just lift her off her feet and kiss - boner alert - let's not go there at the moment.

"Anabelle is right," Isabella continued, "Although I believe it was fate, I was the one who messed everything up and I have to fix it, no matter how hard it seems," She breathed, "This is the only alternative I know to make things right,"

"That's thoughtful of you," Julie appreciated her for the first time which brought a smile on her lips, "We'd go with it, but first of all, where's Anabelle?" Julie was more

concerned about his girlfriend. If he was poisoned, that meant Anabelle was as well since they ate from the same plate.

"The next room," She answered.

"Let's go then,"

"Would you be okay though," Pedro asked him, "I mean you were poisoned and all. You could use me for support, I don't mind,"

"I've encountered things worse than this, Pedro. Moreover, it's the love of my life we're talking here, there's no room for weakness,"

"Well, if you say so," the boy shrugged, taking back his offer of help.

"Let's go. We don't have much time," Isabella reminded them.

Instantly, they went over to the room opposite Julie's and as expected, Anabelle was having her beauty sleep. Without second thoughts, Isabella ripped off the Iv drip connected to her body and said to no one in particular, "Take her,"

Julie stepped forward but Pedro stopped him by pressing a hand on his chest, "I know you're strong, but I don't think you can carry her for God knows how long? Your body is still recuperating from the poison, don't stress it,"

Julie wanted to protest, however, he knew the boy was right and gave in reluctantly, "Alright, but don't try anything funny with her,"

Thankfully, he was grateful they weren't wearing hospital gowns - it always left him feeling open and vulnerable.

Pedro in return gave Julie a dirty look. Why would he feel Anabelle inappropriately when he was dying to touch his girlfriend over there. It seems that Julie hadn't gotten over the fact that he and Anabelle were once a couple.

He went over and lifted Anabelle off the bed. She stirred, but apart from that, the girl didn't make any other reaction and went back to sleep.

"Could you two stop quibbling like women and get your ass moving... Oh shit..." Isabella's expression changed.

"That doesn't look good," Pedro knew her like the back of his hand. That look on her meant something was not right

"What is it?" Julie didn't like the bad feeling in his guts.

"I just remembered your grandfather left two guards at the entrance of the corridor," she disclosed.

"Now, I remember, that's right," Pedro confirmed. The men had to identify him before he was granted access to this ward.

"So you're trying to say that all of this was for nothing," Julie couldn't believe her, "Can't we just draw them away from there or something?"

"Well... " an idea hit Isabella, "We can!" her expression brightened with a plan.

"I don't like the sound of that," Pedro knew her plan couldn't be good.

Isabella turned to coax Pedro, "Babe, don't worry, I won't kill anyone,"

"What?!"

She just made it worse.

"I mean, Julie's people wouldn't hurt me, they trust me which gives me some sort of headstart," she tugged on the hem of his shirt that had ridden up when he carried Anabelle in his arms.

"Isabella, I can't let you -"

"Please," She opened her eyes a little wide, fluttered her eyebrows, and stuck her bottom lip out, while tilting her head a little downward, and looked upward at Pedro, giving him a puppy look.

"My answer remains the -" Pedro didn't get to finish the rest of his statement since Isabella caressed her hand over his exposed skin - thanks to his slid-up shirt.

A shiver traveled down his spine and Pedro found out he couldn't concentrate on Anabelle in his arms and Isabella messing around with him at the same time.

"Please?" Isabella batted her eyelids at him seductively. She knew the power she wielded over him and how to use it.

"This is no time to flirt. Our time is running out," Julie notified them, a bit disgruntled at their public display of affection.

"Fine, do it," Pedro gave in at last. Not that he could have lasted under her torment anyway.

"Thank God," Julie was grateful, he was about to go rip those couples apart, "Now, what's the plan?"

Chapter 477 - Four Hundred And Seventy-seven: Where Are We Going?

The third point of view:

The scream of a panicking teenager startled the men standing guard at the corridor's entrance. They could have stayed right outside the room but it was far easier to sight anymore with a bad intention here. Quickly, they turned around and spotted that girl called Isabella, the one who would be their young master's wife in the future.

"What is it?" One of them managed to ask.

"Something is wrong with Julie, you have to come with me!" She cried out.

The men didn't need to be told twice and hurried into the private ward without noticing the way Isabella had slowly fallen. If anything happens to the young master, his grandfather would have their head served on a platter of gold - they were as good as gone.

Breathless as they rushed into the room, the men went over to the bed and pulled down the cover that Julie must have used to cover his face. Why, though? They didn't have time to think about it.

"Huh, where is the young master?" One of them blanched when he saw the well-organized bed made to look like a man had been lying on it.

"Fuck!" The other one realized they had fallen into a trap, but it was too late to realize it.

Isabella sprang out from nowhere and before they could react, she brought out a pepper spray and sprayed both of them with quick, deft moves.

Both men howled from the pain, but Isabella wasn't through knowing they could recover quickly from this and pose a threat to their plan. Isabella wasn't a fool to think she could take down two grown skilled men all by herself. But she had a headstart - the trust they had in her and the element of surprise.

Instantly, she kneeled the other in the spot where the sun never shines before ramming him in the guts with a blow and finally kicked him in the face which sent the man rolling to the ground and moaning in pain. Man down.

However, the other man was much smarter than his partner. He moved before Isabella could comprehend him and notwithstanding the fact his sense of sight was cut off, he was able to locate Isabella, and pushed her hard such that she fell on the bed.

Isabella couldn't move away on time, the man pinned her down with his weight. She grunted and shoved but the guard was quite knowledgeable and didn't leave a weak spot for her to exploit.

Isabella knew she was at a huge disadvantage here and at this spot he could knock her out easily, but what could she do? She couldn't even move a muscle in this position. Isabella put her brain into work, she had to think hard.

And she came up with one.

Instantly, she wrapped her legs around him and said through ragged breathing, "I wonder what your young master would think if he catches us in this questioning position," She grinned.

"Huh?" The man looked down.

And that was it.

She struck by punching him right in the face. The man yelped but before he was able to compose himself, Isabella pulled him in a submission hold. She wrapped her arms around the man's neck and squeezed tight, intending to knock him out.

However, as much as Isabella was currently in control, strength played much of a role in this fight and Isabella was nowhere as strong as him. Everyone knows the human body needs air. It needs blood to flow to the brain. And When these things aren't happening, panic sets in.

Hence the man gripped Isabella on the waist and lifted her, indirectly giving her two options: to hold on tight to him and suffer the impact of being knocked against the bed or let go and try to subdue him once again. But Isabella didn't let go, she knew it would be hard to get a grip like this again.

Her teeth rattled when the man smacked her against the bed but she held on, it was just minutes and he would be out cold - which was why he was fighting hard like a wounded beast. An animal whose feral instincts kicked in realizing he was in danger.

He whacked her a second time and this time the force almost made Isabella slip but she held on tight, increasing the pressure on his neck. No, she had to hold on, or else all of her efforts were for nothing. But then, she wasn't in luck today.

The man pulled her up the third time and knocked her against the bed; Isabella was exhausted. She involuntarily released him and the man pounced on her, trying to choke her. Isabella struggled but he was much bigger and angrier. And just when she thought it was over, he got knocked out from behind and fell to the side.

Chest heaving and throat dry, Isabella turned to see who saved her and her heart almost burst from her chest, "Pedro?" She was highly surprised.

"You're welcome," He winked at her, tossing away the Iv stand he had hit the man with.

"I could have handled that," Isabella claimed, rising on her feet as she stared over the unconscious man before knocking out the other guard who tried to feel his way out.

"You sure could," there was a trace of sarcasm in his tone yet Pedro reached out and pulled her to him by the waist, silencing the argument she was about to establish with a kiss.

Isabella didn't have time to complain since her clever boyfriend kissed her and damn, he was a good kisser - seems all of her teachings finally paid off.

"Do I always have to remind you two that we're out of time here," Julie winced when he saw them kissing again. Don't they ever get tired?

"Fine, let's go," Isabella pulled away, but not without smooching him once more on the lips, "Goodboy," she broke into a smile.

Thankfully, Anabelle had woken up by the time they arrived in the room and that made escaping so much easier, plus the fact it was now late at night - there weren't many people around to question them.

They didn't go through the entrance - there was a possibility of running into someone that knew them - rather went to the hospital's basement lot.

"Tell me someone has a key," Anabelle groaned, she was tired of walking.

"That someone is me," Isabella waved the key she had recovered from one of the guard's pockets.

"I could really kiss you right now," Pedro was proud of her.

"No!"

"Eww!"

Julie and Anabelle protested at the same time.

"By the way, where are we going? I could suggest a place where they would never find us," Julie asked her.

"No, I know a special place,"

"Where,"

"The place where it all began,"

Chapter 478 - Four Hundred And Seventy-eight: Niklaus' Legendary Cold Witch

The third point of view:

"You should ask your nuisance of a grandson to stay away from my daughter!" Eden was still lost in the heated argument.

Meanwhile, Camille sat at a corner of the room watching them, she had tried her best to calm both men down but they wouldn't listen. Now, she was done persuading them and was on the lookout for what would happen next - may the best fighter win.

"No, you should tell your own daughter to steer clear of my grandson. She's the one always coming to bother him!"

"For Christ, the kids love each other! Cut them some slack!" Camille chimed in and regretted it afterward. She had agreed on keeping quiet but their quibbling was beginning to get on her nerves, "Why don't you two just hear them out before deciding for them. I mean, come on Eden, you're better than this?"

Her comment seemed to have touched Eden because there was a change in his expression as he mused it over, however, grandpa George destroyed her whole effort.

"In love my butt! I don't know what witchcraft your daughter used over my grandson, but at the end of the day, Isabella would be my daughter-in-law!"

"Oh, I'm so grateful for that," Eden sassed, "Thankfully, with your son out of the way of my daughter's life, she would be able to marry someone better than your son and equal to her status. Your grandson might deserve better, but Anabelle deserves the best,"

"4:3" Camille noted down inwardly. Since she was bored, she had been making a mental goal chart of who achieved the badass comeback. With Eden currently scoring four and George, closely behind with three.

"Let's hope you -" George's phone suddenly rang which pissed him off the most - he was just about to finish off Eden and his daughter with a snide comment, "What?!" He barked into the phone, angry at being interrupted.

"Sir, we have a big problem,"

"Just hit the point," he couldn't understand people at times. Why not just reveal the problem right away instead of beating around the bush.

"It's Julie, he's been taken,"

"What?!" The man almost had a heart attack upon hearing that. His beloved grandson was taken? How was that possible? He had even kept guards to protect him. No, it was not true, he needed to confirm this with his eyes.

"What is it?" Eden asked the man as he noticed the sudden change in his demeanor, "Did something happen?" was his question.

But George didn't reply to him, instead, he quickly bypassed Eden and hurried over to his grandson's room.

Sensing something was not right, Eden followed after the man and together they got treated to an empty bed and his guards were still recovering from the attack on them.

"Where is he? Where is Julie!" George bellowed like a wounded beast, his eyes wide and furious.

"Sir, we tried - ouch! "

George kicked the one who had dared to speak out of frustration. He wanted his grandson back, not their excuses.

Call it sixth sense or instincts, Eden felt dread cripple his heart as soon as he saw the scene and he quickly pivoted for his daughter's private ward, hoping to God that his premonition wasn't right. But then, his hunch was right, Anabelle was not there. She was gone as well.

"No, no, no!" He strode over to the bed and began to toss aside the well-arranged mattress as if she could be hiding in that small space.

"Where is she?!" Eden howled at the old man as soon as he left his daughter's room, "Where did your bastard grandson take my daughter?!"

"I should be the one asking that question! Julie became a liar ever since he started hanging out with your pretentious daughter, Anabelle. Your daughter might claim to be innocent-faced and all, but for all I know, she must be the one who incited my son into doing this!" George fumed as well.

"Maybe we should sort the hospital's surveillance camera before blaming one another. For all we know, they might be kidnapped or something?" Camille tried to calm the flaring tempers. But they all knew inwardly, this was no kidnapping, the kids left by themselves.

"Fine," Eden calmed himself, "Let's head over to the control room and see once and for all, whose son or daughter was responsible for all this?" He couldn't wait for the big revelation.

"Fine by me as well. I just hope you don't regret those words," George sneered.

However, ten minutes later....

"Isabella!!!"

All three of them screamed with various degrees of shock on their faces. How was this possible? They were staring at the footage of Isabella drawing the guards into the room where she rendered them unconscious.

Because of the fury, George hadn't bothered to hear from his guards until now - the truth was out. The old man always knew that his chosen daughter-in-law was against getting married to his son, but he never thought she would go to this extent of helping his grandson be with her cousin - his enemy. It was simply unimaginable.

Eden was stunned out of his mind. He had pinned all of his hope on Julie being responsible for all of this, hence reality slapped him hard on the face. Now, what was he going to do? For Christ's sake, it was Isabella they were dealing with here, Niklaus' legendary cold witch.

Camille was shocked yet impressed. Isabella was making the female race proud - women were strong people. As much as she was supposed to be afraid for her stepdaughter Anabelle's wellbeing, she knew the girl was as good as safe in Isabella's hands. She had nothing to worry about, a smile curved her mouth.

"That little brat!" Eden cursed as he pulled out his phone from the pocket of his pants and called her. Surprisingly, the girl picked up immediately as if she had been expecting his call.

"Hello, uncle,"

Eden?hissed, "I swear to God if you don't bring Anabelle back immediately I'll have you -"

"Easy with the threat uncle, I'm on the wheels," Isabella interrupted him, "You don't want me to crash and risk the life of your precious Anabelle, do you?" she chuckled, playing him like the strings on a guitar.

Eden clenched his fist so tight his knuckles turned. Now he understood why Niklaus hadn't been able to handle her in her early years, Isabella was a strong, unruly horse that couldn't be tamed.

"Where are you?" he asked, finally chilling out.

"Don't bother to search because you won't be able to find me - you of all people should know that well. Think of our disappearance as a little vacation. We'll be back once you elders reason properly. But until then, have a blissful life without us,"

Chapter 479 - Four Hundred And Seventy-nine : Forgive Me, Izzy.

The third point of view:

Isabella gave them a riddle to solve; she still didn't tell them where they were heading to.

"Where it all began," the kids mused one after the other, each of them trying to figure out where exactly she meant by that. It was frustrating yet exciting in a puzzling way.

The closest they've gotten at guessing the answer was Isabella's hometown. But then, it didn't make any sense. Isabella said she was taking them to a place where no one would find them - they would be easily discovered there. And as suspected, they were wrong.

"Your mother Kay's place?" Pedro was the one who suggested that one. Everything began after Niklaus married her mother, could that be what she was alluding to?

"Wrong answer," was Isabella's reply. She was enjoying this, watching them rake their brains for answers. Julie was the worst since he knew little to nothing about her - he had not grown up with her like Anabelle and Pedro.

Almost immediately, her phone rang and Isabella was not surprised to see

"Uncle Eden" flashing across her screen. Tsk tsk, It took them this long to notice their disappearance. Well, why would they when they were blinded by anger?

"Hello, uncle," Isabella answered Eden as if it was the normal thing to say after literally kidnapping his daughter.

She sensed Eden's fury even before he growled, "I swear to God, Isabella, if you don't bring Anabelle back immediately I'll have you -"

"Easy with the threat uncle, I'm on the wheels," She interrupted him. Even Niklaus, her father, doesn't speak to her that way, "You don't want me to crash and risk the life of your precious Anabelle, do you?" she chortled, knowing how infuriated he would be right now.

But then, they - their parents - should have a taste of what it feels like making decisions for them without their consent - a taste of frustration.

"Where are you?" he asked, finally deciding to chill.

Isabella hated people yelling at her. You don't pay her bills, why scream at her? It doesn't make sense at all.

She told Eden, "Don't bother to search Uncle, you won't be able to find me - you of all people should know that well. Think of our disappearance as a little vacation. We'll be back once you elders reason properly. But until then, have a blissful life without us," Isabella ended the call, lowered the glass, and tossed her phone out of the window without a second thought.

"Whoah," Pedro was stunned by that gesture, thinking it was one of her anger issues, "What did you do that for?"

"You should all do the same, I know how my uncle thinks, he'd try to track us down through our cell phones," she announced, peering at them through her eyelids and at the same time, keeping her attention on the road.

However, none of them did as Isabella ordered, holding tight onto their precious babies. They didn't care about the information in their phones since it was backed up in their various Google accounts but then, they had no idea where Isabella was taking them - they might get bored out of their mind without their cell phone.

"Did it now!" Isabella hollered at them and they tossed their phones out the window. All except Anabelle.

Isabella gave her a deadly glare, "What now?" her tone was dangerously low.

Anabelle murmured timidly, "What if my father worries too much about me?"

And that did it.

Isabella suddenly pulled up at the side of the road, the mere force jostling everyone forward. She spun around to her with a heated gaze, "I'm sick and tired of your indecisiveness!" she yelled.

"Isabella -" Julie tried to stop her.

"No, don't you dare!" She growled at him warningly, "I just risked everything to get both of your asses out of there, and now what does she say?" She laughed, "You worry about him right? I wonder if your father thought about you when he decided to separate you from the boy you claim you love?"

"You blame me for everything that has ever happened to you? For always being in the spotlight? For always overshadowing you? But I tell you, it is your own fault, Anabelle. Everything I've ever achieved, I worked for it! But you? You stay behind others and expect what? You know what? If you're having second thoughts about this, just get the hell out of this car! "

No one dared to talk, the atmosphere was so tense that it was almost palpable. Silence reigned, everyone waited for who would make the first move when Anabelle did the unexpected.

She tossed her phone out through the window, "I'm sorry," Anabelle apologized to her cousin.

"Whatever, I don't care anymore!" Isabella whipped around, turned the key to the ignition, and resumed her journey. Although Isabella said those harsh words, everyone in the car knew she didn't mean it. At the end of the day, she would still come running to her cousin's help - because she loved her.

Tears pricked Isabella's eyes but she batted them away. That ungrateful stupid cousin of hers! When was she going to grow up?! Isabella recalled how scared she had been when Anabelle threw up that black blood earlier today. She thought she had lost Anabelle, it scared her to the bones.

"Izzy, I'm sorry," Anabelle said.

The girl ignored her.

"Please, don't be angry," she still didn't give up, "I said stupid things. Forgive me, Isabelle,"

No comment.

"She's apologizing," Julie reminded her.

No comment.

Pedro joined, "Babe...."

Isabella's resolve began to dwindle, she flexed her finger on the wheel yet didn't give in.

Pedro smirked, noticing her waning determination, so he kept on, "Just forgive her, and I'll let you ride me tonight,"

Isabella's brows raised interestedly. That was an intriguing bait.

"Fuck!"

"Yolk!"

Julie and Anabelle protested. As much as they enjoyed both couples being lovey-dovey with each other, their PDA was puke-inducing at times.

"You'd give me all the control?" There was a spark in her eyes as Isabella asked that. Lately, Pedro has been exerting all the power in their lovemaking - even though she always manages to turn the table around.

"Yep. You can do whatever you want with me. My body is yours," He gave himself to her.

She grinned, "So I can do your ass?"

Pedro paled.

"Not again,"

"Oh God,"

The other couple groaned, face-palming.

"Chill, I was just joking," Isabella laughed and one could see the relieved look on Pedro's face.

"Although... " She went on, "It wouldn't hurt to experiment that -"

"Isabella!!!"

Chapter 480 - Four Hundred And Eighty: Your Daughter Kidnapped My Daughter

The third point of view:

"Here, here, over here!" Reina directed the workers who carefully brought in the four-poster canopy bed into Ailee's new room. She never thought that decorating her daughter's room could be exhausting, yet thrilling at the same time.

Since Ailee was not the barbie in a princess world type of girl - more of a tomboy actually - they had given the room an all-white backdrop with hot pink accents and fashionable purples giving it a rich and glamorous look.

However, aside from the workers bringing in the canopy bed, Allen could be seen helping around the room diligently. How had that happened? Well, his sister came up with another ploy that landed him into helping out with the room decoration.

"Sis, don't you mind Neon coming over to help me?" Allen suggested innocently, however bad intention was boldly written all over his face. He would not suffer this alone; the boy was covered in paint as a result of helping out the workers.

But then Ailee saw through his plan and smirked, "Oh, don't worry about Neon, he's doing a good job here," Ailee was smug gesturing to Neon currently fanning her.

"Yes, I'm busy, Allen," Neon proudly refused him, while diligently fanning her royal highness, Ailee, who was seated comfortably in the corridor, observing the ongoing work in her room.

Allen gritted his teeth, his fists clenched as he wished he could tear Neon apart. What was wrong with him? Neon was supposed to be on his side for Christ's sake! Fine, her sister won in this round, he would make sure victory was his the next time.

With a growl, he picked the tin cans he was asked to dispose of and left while Ailee cackled at his misery. Revenge sure felt good.

"Where should we keep the dresser?" Reina asked Niklaus who was active as well in their daughter's room decoration.

They had chosen to decorate it themselves instead of hiring an interior designer. Moreover, he was at home today, hence it was a good opportunity to spend time with the kids.

"I think over there should be better," He pointed at a corner of the room.

"You sure that's a good spot?" she contemplated her husband's choice.

"Yes, or we can -" his phone rang, interrupting him. Niklaus picked up in her presence - he had nothing to hide from his wife anymore (except his plans of getting her pregnant)

"Hello Eden," He answered, quite surprised at why he was calling. Did something happen?

"We have a problem," Eden said and honestly, Niklaus was not surprised by that comment any more. Their family always had problems.

"What now? Who was kidnapped and who are we killing next?"

"It's your daughter,"

"Alright. Wait, what?!".

"And she kidnapped Anabelle,"

"What?!" Niklaus shouted a second time. That sounded outrageous, why would Isabella do that? She loves Anabelle - at least a little.

"You know what?" he told Eden, "Come over to my place. My head is kind of whirling right now,"

"Fine. I'll be there before you know it,"

"What is it?" Reina asked as soon as Niklaus pulled down his phone.

"Eden just spouted some crazy nonsense about Isabella kidnapping Anabelle. What does that sound like?"

"Crazy bullshit," Reina concurred, "I know Isabella and as much as she does crazy things sometimes she would never hurt her cousin..." but her mind began to run other possibilities, "Unless Anabelle hurt her real deep and right now, she's resting in the bottom of the ocean with the great sharks tearing her body with their razor-sharp scary -"

"Alright, time out," Niklaus snapped his fingers at her face knowing that whenever Reina begins her conspiracy theories, it never ends. She could go on and on, without even taking a breath.

However, Reina wasn't through, "No, I mean, it's kind of possible, even though it seems - Ummm,"

Niklaus silenced her by pressing her lips against hers. But then, what was intended to be a brief kiss soon deepened into a passionate one.

Meanwhile, Ailee and Neon happened to see the whole thing and at once, Ailee lifted her hand and shield Neon's eyes saying, "Don't let Daddy corrupt you,"

But unknown to her, Neon still saw the whole thing through the little gaps in between her fingers.

"Niklaus!" Reina beat him on the chest when she recovered from the kiss that took her by surprise.

Niklaus shamelessly said to her, "Keep on blabbering, I like the way your lips move when you do so," He smirked upon seeing the blush creep up her face.

"You're impossible!" Reina wanted to find a ground to burrow and hide in there. You should see the way her daughter was gawking at her.

Meanwhile, Ailee was scowling at her parents. Why do they want to corrupt her Neon? Allen was a lost cause already; he would do greater exploits than her father - that is if you know what she means. Yep, she's heard of her father's history - the Internet is an informative place.

A few weeks ago, Allen was helping one of the popular girls at a school with her assignment; the other week, he helped the new girl to tie her shoelaces - Allen has never helped her tie her own laces for crying out loud. And then, the other day, he was helping their neighbor's daughter down the street to repair her toy - how magnanimous of him!

Ailee rubbed her temple, thinking of her brother was driving her crazy. She just hoped Neon remains as pure as he is, her brother is a bad influence. So she must do her best to keep both of them apart at all times.

In the meantime, Niklaus went to welcome Eden who arrived in his household as quickly as he promised.

"Okay, what's this you're saying about my daughter kidnapping your daughter?"

So Eden began to narrate his own stripped-down version of the whole story. But then, Reina and Niklaus were smart parents who were able to get a hint of what was going on.

"I'm sorry but I can't help you, Eden," Niklaus told him the truth.

"What?!" Eden was shocked.

"It's Isabella we're dealing with here. My daughter is more destructive than a nuclear bomb. If she doesn't want to be found, the best you can do is let her be else she self destructs,"

"She took my daughter!" Eden emphasized.

"The fact your daughter Anabelle went with Isabella means she wants to be away from you as well, so don't put the whole blame on my daughter. Besides you're to be blamed too, I thought you've learned from Maya and my experience - love is not something you can take away. If the kids want to be together, just let them be. You're not the one that would marry your daughter, anyway, "