

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 481 - Four Hundred And Eighty-one: From Frying Pan To Fire - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 481 - Four Hundred And Eighty-one: From Frying Pan To Fire

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The third point of view:

"Okay, Isabella, at this point, we need to know where you're taking us," Julie couldn't take the suspense anymore. The others might be relaxed around her but he still didn't trust Isabella hundred percent - she wasn't called the legendary cold witch for no reason.

"We're here," Isabella announced, pulling to the side of the road.

"Huh?"

All three of them peered out the window, they were in the middle of nowhere. Was Isabella planning camping in the car? They couldn't help but wonder

"Where is here?" Anabelle asked, confused. She had lived in this city for long and knew instinctively that they had no property around here. The fact that it was late already wasn't helping matters.

"This is the point where we part," She dropped another bomb on them.

"Part?!"

"Wait, when you talk about 'part', you mean like separate?" Julie couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"I love you baby girl but you're frightening me right now. Nothing about this place spells 'our beginning'," Pedro was not left out.

"It's not here, dummies, but a mile more leads to Maya's place," Isabella rolled her eyes. None of them were able to figure out her riddle. Had she been riding with morons all this time?

"Aww, dammit!" Pedro punched the air, unbelieving that he missed an answer that was staring him right in the face.

"Oh my gosh," Anabelle reacted a second later, "You're quite a trickster Isabella," she turned to her boyfriend in particular, "She's right. Maya's place was the start of our now blossoming relationship. It's a place of many memories and a good hideout,"

"If I'm not wrong, Maya is Reina and Reina is your stepmother," Julie gestured contemplatively, "Doesn't that mean that your father Niklaus would be able to find us quickly. It doesn't seem like a good hideout to me," he pointed out the flaws in her plan.

Isabella snorted, "Trust me, Niklaus wouldn't rat me out, he wouldn't dare it," She added for assurance sake, " He knows I'll make his life a living hell if he does that,"

"Thank God, I'm not your boyfriend," Julie mumbled under his breath. He couldn't help but wonder how Pedro was able to share a bed with Isabella without fears of her ending him in his sleep. [If only he knew what they truly do in bed]

"Moreover, my father bought the property that year after Maya died and it has remained inhabited ever since," She added upon sensing the next question from Julie, "And you don't have to worry about sharing the space with a homeless or thug, I've been keeping an eye on the place. It's clean," she wasn't going to let Maya's history fall into ruins.

"Then, if we're heading over there, why do we still need to part?" Anabelle couldn't understand her plan.

"As you can see, it is late and there's no surveillance in this area which makes it impossible for us to be spotted. Your parents are probably tracking this car down and every surveillance camera they could get their hands on. So while you and Pedro leave in a taxi headed to Maya's place, Julie and I would send them on a wild goose chase and then regroup later. In one word, we're leading them away from Maya's place. Does anyone have any complaints concerning the plan?" Isabella simply allowed them the freedom to opine, knowing her plan was foolproof.

Pedro and Julie lifted their hands at the same time.

"What now?" Isabella was sincerely exhausted.

"Why does he have to go with you?"

"Why does he have to go with her?"

Pedro and Julie pointed at each other.

"Why?" Isabella felt like ripping them apart with her bare hands, "Because Pedro knows the way to Maya's place - which you don't - and he is in a healthier position to take care of Anabelle, while you're a gangster's son - responsible for all of this shit - and would help me get rid of this car. Plus I need someone to help me with shopping for necessities,"

Julie groaned, "In one word, I'm your errand boy,"

"If you put it that way then," Isabella didn't bother to correct him.

"I'm toasted," Julie groaned into his palm.

"Fine, let the plan begin," Isabella gave them the signal to leave.

Pedro was the first to climb out of the car and once he was down, opened the door for Anabelle.

"Thank you," She appreciated his kind gesture. Who knew chivalry still exists?

"Remember," Isabella told him, "Keep your head down, avoid surveillance cameras and the taxi black box. Always be aware of your surroundings and if you desperately need to place a call, try a payphone - those are harder to track down," was her advice.

"Sure, mom," Anabelle waved at her.

"Pedro," Julie called.

"What?" Pedro had to lower his head, peering out through the car window.

"Take care of my girlfriend. I swear to God if you lay a -"

"Goodbye!" Isabella zoomed off before the poor boy could finish the rest of his warning.

Pedro shook his head sympathetically. He should be the one offering the boy consolation words. Hopefully, Isabella goes easy on him tonight.

It wasn't until they left that Julie realized he was in the car alone with the legendary witch. It was shocking that a brave guy like him was afraid of a woman. Julie couldn't explain it, but there was a darkness in Isabella - that was just all he could say.

"So what are we to do now?" He asked, unable to take the silence anymore. It was awkward. Isabella smirked at him - that smile seemed like it came from hell itself.

"Racing," Isabella replied to him, "Don't you like one?"

Julie grabbed his seat belt tight. He was a racer, but at that moment it seemed like he just developed a phobia for cars.

"Even though I walk through the valley of death, I shall fear no evil, for they are with me," he began a silent prayer for his soul.

Julie swore that Isabella drove out of the city because they rode for over two hours. But at last, she packed the car behind an abandoned factory, trekked down to a store where they did some crazy shopping.

In the end, he was forced to don a wig, which Isabella claimed would hide their identity in case a camera mistakenly caught them - she can't be careful all the time. In a bid to run from his grandfather, Julie couldn't help but wonder if he had run from frying pan to fire.

Chapter 482 - Four Hundred And Eighty-two: Brave Boy Allen

The third point of view:

Her room was magnificent - as expected from her mother - but then, it was lonely. Ailee laid on her bed staring at her golden gilded ceiling, bored out of her mind. Ailee could not sleep; she was not familiar with her new room.

She stretched carelessly, the bed was super large -a queen size- capable of containing her, Allen, and probably Isabella as well. She couldn't help but imagine all two of her brothers sharing the bed with her.

However, it was a useless wish. Allen would make sure Neon doesn't come near her, talk more to sleep in her room. She couldn't even understand why Allen was so jealous of the harmless Neon? Her brother was simply a bully.

Normally, in her previous room, she would have Neon on the bed opposite hers and Allen's diagonal to hers, and even when the light was put out, they would chat till they slowly drifted off to sleep. But now, there was no Neon to keep her company, nor Allen to bother her - she even missed him.

Ailee has never been afraid of the dark, but at the moment she thought she could see shadows closing in on her. Quickly, she tugged her sheet over her head, tonight was going to be a long one.

Meanwhile, back in the children's room, Neon sat up abruptly, squinting his eyes against the darkness. He slowly got down from the bed, his movement was as lithe as a cat as he carefully found his way out of the room. He had patiently waited for the moment when Allen fell asleep so he could sneak out.

But then, his annoying bedbug of a brother called Allen had surprisingly remained awake to the point that he - the watcher - fell asleep and it wasn't until now, that he realized where he was - his body wasn't used to sleeping without Ailee. However it was a good thing, Allen was finally asleep, he was free to make his escape.

Neon walked on tiptoes until he was finally out of the room. Outside, he padded across several rooms, making sure not to knock into objects that would give out his presence, and finally located her room.

Although it was dark, the room was partially illuminated by the moonlight plus the fact Neon had committed into his memory her room's outline and all during its decoration, so he knew where to place his foot. He found the bed and climbed in, but hardly had he settled in when he was suddenly flipped over forcefully.

Ailee had sensed the moment her door clicked open yet she pretended to be asleep. She couldn't tell if whoever was on the door had good intentions or not, but she could handicap whoever that was and make a run for it. So she reacted immediately by flipping him over, but why does her attacker seem so small?

"Neon?" she made out his blonde locks from the moonlight filtering through the open window.

He grinned at her, "Your one and only,"

A relieved smile broke across Ailee's features and she laid down on the other side, giving him space.

"Thank you, Neon" Ailee was grateful for his kind gesture. She had been scared, staying here all alone.

"It's nothing," Neon turned on his side to face her, and he took her hand in his saying, "I'll always be by your side,"

"Fine, no more talking. Let's sleep," she giggled, pulling the bedspread over the both of them.

Meanwhile, unknown to Neon, Allen's eyes popped open as soon as he left. Call it weird but the boy hadn't been able to sleep ever since his twin sister left the room. It was quite irritating, he had thought with Ailee gone, his life would be comfortable, but it seemed the reverse was the case.

Allen didn't need to guess twice about Neon's whereabouts, he knew instinctively he had snuck into his sister's room - the both were inseparable.

"Ahh!!" Allen kicked the air vexed. Everything he had done so far, none of them seemed to work. But wait a minute.....An evil smirk suddenly curved Allen's features, this was a perfect opportunity to break them up once and for all. Neon would get into trouble if he reported him to his parents for sneaking into Ailee's room. Mwahaha.

And with that determination, Allen climbed out of bed and went up the stairs leading to his parent's quarters. The boy was just about to knock on the door when he heard whimpers. Huh? Is his mother in pain?

"Mom?" he banged on the door, "Mom, it's me, Allen,"

"Allen?" Was her mom's response from behind the closed door, "What do you want, son?" her voice was hurried, almost as if she was panting or something.

"Mom, are you alright?" he glued his ear to the door, "Is dad with you?"

"Fuck! Yes... Oh God... No!" his mother screamed.

Allen's brow furrowed in confusion, his mother wasn't making any sense. Something seems to be wrong with her.

"Mom, are you sure you're okay?" there was a trace of panic in his tone, "Is daddy with you? Does he know you're in pain?" Allen was worried.

"Allen son!" She gasped, "No, you don't have to worry about me... aah! Your daddy and I..." she took a mouthful of air, "He's helping me with some exercise, baby... Don't worry, I'll see you tomorrow.... aah!.... Fuck!... Just go to bed...My God, Niklaus!"

Allen heard his mother scream once again, and this time, his father's groan joined hers. He was so hurried by the guttural sound that he took a step away from the door.

"This exercise must be quite tough," Allen wondered as he returned to where he came from. But he realized his plan was an epic failure. Who was going to punish Neon and Ailee now?

He went back to bed, hoping to come up with another plan the next morning; he would think better with a little sleep. But when Allen closed his eyes, sleep didn't come. Compared to earlier when Neon was with him, the room was eerily quiet.

"You're a brave boy, Allen. You're not afraid of make-believe monsters used to chase weak kids to bed. You're Allen Spencer, the toughest kid out there. A little darkness can't scare you," He said to himself.

And yes, that seemed to work, until he heard a strange creaking and the next, Allen bolted from his bed and sped like the Flash into Ailee's room as if the devil were on his heels.

"What the -?! " Ailee was yet to curse when Allen hopped onto her bed and joined the party.

Chapter 483 - Four Hundred And Eighty-three: Drama Queen

The third point of view:

Everything happened as Isabella had predicted, Maya's place was unoccupied. Well, the only being they encountered was the security man who let them in after they mentioned Isabella sent them - the girl's name has become a gold mine. Pedro guessed the man was the "eye" Isabella claimed she had on the place.

Pedro couldn't help but think, their children in the future would have a hard time claiming their inheritance because he was sure as hell Isabella would give them a run for their money.

"It's locked," Anabelle tried the door.

"Give me space then," Pedro said, flexing his shoulder as he warmed up.

Anabelle moved out of the way but not without a suspicious look as she tried to figure out his intention. She watched as Pedro took a step back and rammed his shoulder into the door. But instead of the door opening, he fell.

"Ouch, that one hurt," He moaned, rubbing his shoulder.

"What did you just do?" Anabelle asked, hovering over him with a questioning expression.

"Trying to bring the door down? I've seen it in movies and it works ..." he frowned, "Why didn't mine work and damn, this hurts like shit,"

"Because you're obviously an idiot. How would we sleep in the house if the door is down?!" She yelled at him, "I've never slept with my door broken and privy to thieves, and even worse rapists!"

Pedro groaned, "Chill drama queen, there's a security downstairs. Moreover, it's not exactly hard to fix a broken door,"

"Whatever," Anabelle rolled her eyes and walked over to the door. She squatted down, ruffling through her hair for something.

"What are you doing?" Pedro sat up, intrigued.

"Trying to pick the lock, stupid," she sassed at him, a hairpin in her grasp.

But Pedro was amused by her comment, "That's impossible, the only person in our group who can pick a lock is...." his expression changed, "Unless you learned it from her,"

Anabelle was smug, "Yes, Pedro, you're not the only person that learned one or two things from Isabella," She told him.

However, ten minutes later, the lock still hasn't been hacked.

Pedro leaned towards the sweating Anabelle whose sole attention was focused on working the lock. He said,

"You sure you can do this, or we can humbly contact the security to help us with..."

Click. The lock opened.

Anabelle turned, cocking a brow at him, "You were saying?"

"A-hem," Pedro cleared his throat awkwardly, "Well, you're a woman of surprises,"

Anabelle stood to her feet with a grunt, she had lost feeling in her legs for squatting for so long, "I'm not that useless, Pedro,"

Pedro frowned, "I never said you were useless," He corrected her.

"You don't need to say it, I see it in the way you guys stare at Isabella after she's accomplished an unimaginable feat while I don't try at all. You know, I'm the odd one in the group," She threw her hands up, "Isabella and Julie both share a common trait of being strong and badass. You? You're smart and intelligent and have interesting skills, but me? The sheltered princess of Spencer Clan who can't even take care of herself,"

"Don't beat yourself so hard, you have your own unique trait,"

"Don't try to console me,"

"Anabelle," Pedro's gaze softened, placing his hands on her shoulder, "I think you're unique, and you kind of remind me of a caterpillar,"

"What?!" Anabelle's face distorted, she couldn't believe what she just heard.

Pedro realized she misunderstood his intention and began to clear himself, "I'm not trying to be insulting but alluding to the metamorphosis of a butterfly. You know, caterpillars are often viewed as useless by most people but in reality, they are a source of food and play an important role in ecosystems. Not to mention that various species of caterpillar are sources of silk, and some can be used for the biological control of invasive pest plants. But most importantly, they become beautiful butterflies in the end -"

"Or moth," She reminded him of the other likelihood.

Pedro gulped, awkwardly, "That wasn't how it was supposed to go," she was supposed to be comforted by his words, not the opposite - he forgot that Anabelle was more concerned for her looks than his tomboyish girlfriend, Isabella.

"Yeah," She faked a smile to him, " And now I kind of regret breaking up with you?"

"What?" Pedro wrapped his hands around himself protectively, "Don't tell me you still have feelings for me?" He gave her an accusing stare.

"No, so I can break up with you a second time, stupid!" She kicked his leg.

Pedro hopped on one foot in pain, regretting why Isabella had to pair him with her emotionally constipated cousin.

With a huff, Anabelle went into the house and froze in her footsteps. Pedro followed after her and understood the reason for her halt since he stopped as well. Everything was the same except the furniture had been covered with white clothes against dust. Aside from that, there was no change in the house.

"Didn't Maya move out from here before her supposed death, yet why does it look like nothing changed at all?" Anabelle asked, brows furrowed as her gaze swept over the living room.

"It must have been Niklaus' doing, everyone knew how crazy he became after he thought Maya died," Pedro answered, pulling off the cover from one of the couches. It was still the same; the couch he, Isabella, and Anabelle used to play on whenever they came over to Maya's place.

He continued, "And that being said, I feel like I'm encroaching on someone else's territory,"

"If Isabella says it's okay, then it's okay. Besides, Maya is alive and this is all in the past. Also, the whole place is dusty, how are we going to sleep in such a filthy environment?" Anabelle was disgusted. She could even see spiders, Eww!

Pedro ignored her and went into the house, not long after, he returned with a long brush, rag, and dustpan saying,

"We are not going to sleep in such an environment because we are going to make it clean," He tossed the brush to her which she dodged.

"No way! I haven't even touched that in my entire life," Anabelle complained.

"Well, you're going to, beginning now," Pedro gave her a - pick - up - the - brush - and - sweep look.

"Pedro," Anabelle hurried over to him, took his hand, and began to coax him, "You know how fragile I am. Moreover, females are meant to be taken care of by the males, right? Help me out, please" she fluttered her eyelids at him alluringly.

"Nice try but you're not Isabella," He handed the rag to her and went over to pick the brush from the ground where it had landed.

Anabelle stomped her feet in exasperation, was Isabella the only one he sees now? He used to be loyal to her once before! She felt like crying. If only Julie was here, he would have helped her out. But then Julie wasn't present nor was Pedro letting her off, hence she had no choice but to clean.

"Eww! Eww! And another Eww!" was all Anabelle sang on repeat each time she wiped off a dirty surface.

The sight was so disgusting she felt like puking. If Anabelle had known, she wouldn't have come here - She should have known Isabella's idea was always bad. Perhaps, she could have persuaded Julie and the both of them would run off to a better place like a hotel, resort or even move out of the country. It would have been much better than -!

"Are you planning on marrying that spot?" Pedro interrupted her line of thought. He had been watching her and she has been cleaning there for over ten minutes.

"Tsk tsk," Pedro shook his head in sympathy, finally deciding to put her out of her misery, "Hand the rag over," He stretched his hand expectantly.

Anabelle didn't have second thoughts, she gave him the rag with lightning speed and went over to the sink, washing her hands obsessively. She just touched germs, was she going to die from it.

Pedro sighed, Julie had his hands full. Luckily for Anabelle, the boy was from a rich household who could afford hundreds of maids for her bidings - that is, if they do end up getting married.

Pedro made sure the whole place was clean. If Julie and Isabella returned from their "goose chase", they'd probably be tired and need a place to lay down their head. And it was not going to be on a dusty place - he had to make himself useful here.

However, after two hours of cleaning and the pair still didn't show up, Pedro and Anabelle became worried.

"You sure they haven't been caught by my father, or Julie's father?" Anabelle was having a bad feeling about this.

"Let me call them," Pedro was just about to dip his hand into his pocket when he recalled he tossed his phone out of the car. Oh shit.

"And we can't call them either," Anabelle pointed out upon noticing his action.

"Neither can they call us," Pedro scratched his scalp feeling uncomfortable with the whole development, "No, they would be fine. I know Isabella, she's smart and would return here as she said,"

He hoped so.

Chapter 484 - Four Hundred And Eighty-Four: Checkmate

The third point of view:

"What did you say you're having this makeup for again?" the makeup artist asked, working on the make-believe wrinkles on Isabella's face.

"We have a play at school and why are you so interested in our affairs? We paid you enough for your service so why don't you keep your lips sealed and go about your duties?" Isabella retorted, glaring at the woman who doesn't seem to mind her business.

"Isabella," Julie nudged her arm and turned to the woman with an apologetic smile, "I'm sorry, but my friend here is a grumpy pant hence the old woman's makeup," he quickly added when he saw the stern look from Isabella, "Please stop asking questions, she's not in the best of mood,"

The woman simply smiled at him in understanding without saying a word. It was kind of weird that two kids approached her at nine in the night wanting her to do an aged makeup on them for a school play. But she knew all the schools in town and none of them had a play tonight - else the school would have hired her.

"Try to be nice," Julie whispered to Isabella just as the woman was through with her.

"This is the nicest I can be," She shot up from her seat, "It's time to leave. Your grandfather should be in search of us by now. We've given them the bait,"

Yeah, it was time for the cat and mouse game.

For added measure, Isabella had drawn attention away from Maya's place by intentionally having Julie withdraw money with his card from this town. That way his grandfather would track down his expenses, thinking they took residence here and the kids had made the careless mistake of using the card - if only they knew the kids were smarter. Being underestimated was a blessing to them right now.

"Care to give me a hand?" Julie groaned, his hands full of uncountable shopping bags - huge thanks to her.

"Nope. Why did you think I had you come here with me?" Isabella gave him a stupid look.

"Your private servant?" he guessed.

"Exactly. Now move," Isabella fluffed her silver wig and strutted away.

Right now, both looked like some humble old couples with their greying wigs and poor-looking attires. However, if one looked closely, they would be able to decipher that they were in fact young people, plus the fact old people couldn't carry the number of bags Julie had on him right now.

"Taxi!" Isabella flagged down one as soon as they made it outside. They went in and the driver was clearly shocked by their appearance - from his close view, he could sense they were young people - yet didn't say anything. Kids these days were weird anyway.

"What?" Isabella was unsettled by Julie's accusing stare after he heaved their load into the boot.

"Nothing," He gritted his teeth and turned away. Like he would be fooled by her pretty and innocent face the next time she pairs them together.

Isabella snorted, hiding the smile on her face from view. It felt good to have someone she could maltreat, scratch that, tease comfortably.

She didn't intend to sleep off but her body must have been worn out from all the activities - Isabella was not a machine.

Julie's line of thought was interrupted when someone's head landed on his shoulder. He glanced down, surprised to see Isabella sleeping on his shoulder and the first thought was to push her annoying head away.

However, his hand hung in midair upon realizing she must be tired out from all the activities today. She saved them, allowing him and Anabelle to have a future without interference from their parents.

So Julie let her be while hoping she doesn't drool on his shoulder. He looked down, she looked so innocent asleep - like an angel or something. But Julie was not fooled, she was not an angel, but a reaper of hell.

Suddenly, the car slowed down, Julie glanced up at the driver questioningly and with a hint of suspicion - never trust anyone.

"There seems to be a checkpoint ahead," The driver informed him.

Julie relaxed, there was no need to plan his escape with the sleeping Isabella. The driver was clean. However, his senses tingled when he heard, 'Checkpoint'.

"There wasn't a checkpoint on our way coming," Julie reasoned. This must be Eden or his father, or even the both of them in cahoots to capture them.

"Isabella," He shook her.

No response. She didn't even stir.

"Isabella, we're in danger,"

As if her body was set on autopilot, Isabella sat upright even before her eyes flew open. The sleep in her eyes vanished at once, "Where is the danger?" she asked, her eyes clear.

"There is a checkpoint that wasn't erected here when we arrived. They're here,"

"Let's wait and see then," Isabella's mouth was curved to the side in a smirk.

Julie couldn't help but shake his head, how could danger excite her? She was such a strange being.

"Listen to me," Isabella whispered to him, "They would expect us to be in disguise but definitely not this one, moreover, it's late, and the night's our advantage. Nor would they expect just the two of us. So this is the script, we're an old couple in love with one another and on our way to the city,"

"She's a monster," Was all Julie could think about. As an ally, Isabella was a great friend, but as an adversary, he wasn't even sure he could defeat her.

"Fine," He perfectly understood.

After a few minutes, their car was the next to reach the checkpoint and both kids watched interestedly as a military personal walked up to their driver.

"What's going on officer?"

"We have a missing kids situation, have you seen them?" the officer showed their pictures to him. All of them - Anabelle and Pedro Included.

Isabella felt like laughing, missing kids, huh? That was the only alternative they could think of.

"No, I haven't seen anyone that looks like them," the driver shook his head.

"What about your passengers?" the officer came over, flashing a touch at them just as the driver lowered the side window.

"Dear," Isabella wheezed, looking so weak and sickly as she squinted her eye against the torchlight, "Are we in trouble?"

The officer couldn't decipher if the question was meant for him or her husband. Suddenly, she entered into a coughing fit.

"Calm down, honey," Julie's hands went to her shoulder, rubbing her soothingly, "Don't worry, we'd get to the hospital soon,"

"Sorry ma'am, we are searching for some kids," the officer apologized.

"Kids these days," Isabella tsk-tsked, shaking her head in disapproval.

"Sorry for the disturbances, you can be on your way," The officer hit the body of the car, indicating the driver should leave.

And just like that, the car took off but not without Isabella catching a glimpse of her uncle through the window heralding the military in their search.

She smirked, checkmate.

Chapter 485 - Four Hundred And Eighty-Five: Trust Me

The third point of view:

"It's late," Anabelle pointed out, swiping away the curtain as she glanced out through the window, "And they're not yet back,"

"They would be back," Pedro said, even though he wasn't sure anymore.

It was already six hours since they left and there was no sign of them - literally nothing. To make matters worse, there was no cell phone or a way to communicate with them.

Could it be that they have been caught by their parents who were on their way to catch them as well? No, he didn't want to believe it. He still had faith in Isabella.

"They will be back?! You've been saying that for the past three hours and yet, where are they?!" Anabelle was freaking out. Her eyes were wide and she grabbed her hair, "What if my father or his father has Julie? What if they're already smuggling him aboard by this time while we sit around like idiots? Would I ever see him again?! Oh my gosh, what if he's in danger of my father?!"

"Anabelle, you should calm down. You shouldn't think the worst yet," Pedro attempted to calm her off but that worsened the whole thing.

"Don't tell me to calm down!" She hissed, picked the cushions on the seat and began to hurl them at him one after the other till there was nothing left.

"Feel good?" He knew she just blew off some steam.

"Yeah," Anabelle heaved, wrapping her hands around herself, and then, without warning, broke down in tears.

"Oh boy," Pedro groaned. He hated it when Anabelle cried - because he had no idea how to comfort her.

"Please don't," where was he going to start?

Frustrated, Anabelle began to confess the words she had never said to Julie until now. Heck, she should have told Julie the truth before he left - damn her parents and all.

"I miss him! I just want Julie here with me! I want to hug him and kiss him and tell him... heck, I love him! - "

"Really?"

Someone said from behind and the both of them froze. That voice, why did it sound so familiar?

With their hearts filled with expectations, Anabelle and Pedro turned around while hoping to God that they were not hallucinating or something. However, when their gaze landed on the door, their jaws almost dropped to the floor.

Who were those people? Their heights and voices were awfully similar to Isabella and Julie yet they looked nothing like them.

Julie turned to Isabella, "Why are they looking at us like that? Like they don't recognize us or something?"

"Yes, they don't. That's the purpose of the makeup, dummy," she sassed, ripping off his wig.

"Ouch!" Julie yelped. He could swear some of his stands came off with that wig. He was prepared to give Isabella a piece of his mind had Anabelle not cried out, "Julie!"

And she ran towards him, throwing the both of them to the ground with her weight and momentum.

"Julie!"

"Yeah, It's me, angel," He chuckled, tucking her hair behind her ear.

"I was scared," A tear slipped down Anabelle's cheek which he brushed away with his thumb,

"Don't cry, I'm here now,"

Without saying much, Anabelle leaned down and kissed him. The move came as a huge surprise to Julie since he was always the one making the first move in any form of intimacy between them.

Julie moaned as she deepened the kiss. There was nothing as hot as his woman straddling him, running her hands through his hair and tasting him lasciviously.

Isabella pointed to the couples on the floor, the question directed to Pedro who was currently standing in front of her, "Was this what it felt like when we were being affectionate with each other, because I feel like kicking - ummm,"

Pedro brought his mouth down over hers with sharp ferocity; it took her by surprise. His hands wound around her waist, pressing Isabella flush against him as he kissed her deeply. Although he looked cool and coordinated on the surface during Anabelle's outburst, his emotions were running haywire as well. He had been worried about her.

Isabella relaxed into the kiss, draping her arms around his neck while her hand pulled on his locks. She intentionally ground her hips against his erection, drawing a moan from him while his grip tightened. At this point, he was bruising her, but she didn't mind, she loved it hard.

[Author: alright kids, break it up and let's move to the next plot]

As if they received some sort of cue from "above" they all broke apart in unison, adoration, and tenderness in their gazes as they stared at their partners.

"This is weird," Anabelle referred to what just happened between all of them.

"I know right? But it feels right," Julie acquiesced, rising to his feet.

"I'm beginning to think this place has some sort of mystic attribute to it. Why do we keep coming back here and having the most magical experience?" Pedro was awed.

"Maybe, destiny?" Anabelle suggested, still in high spirit.

"I don't believe in magic but science. And science would call this place a safe haven. Man is an animal and animals are instinctively driven. We are here because our instincts told us it is safe and cozy," Isabella theorized.

"And you had to ruin the magical moment," said Julie as the others groaned in disappointment.

"By the way, what's up with the attire and why were you guys so late? We were already thinking of the worst case scenario," Pedro brought up the issue.

"You can ask your girlfriend, She was playing our parents like a yoyo. But then, it was for the greater good. We are safe now," Julie said to him.

"Well, I'm not surprised anymore," Pedro draped his hands around her shoulder proudly, squeezing her against him affectionately. His gaze then traveled to the shopping bags, "And that?"

"Oh," Isabella pulled out from his embrace, and picked one of the bags, tossing a small package to them one after the other, "I knew you guys would be bored so I got you all new phones with the best prepaid sim card with unlimited data. As far as you don't log into your previous accounts, or chat up acquaintances, you won't be caught,"

"Cool," Everyone was delighted.

"And also, dinner!" She revealed boxes of pizza, "And drinks as well,"

"Alcohol?" Anabelle frowned, wrapping her arms against her chest stubbornly, "I don't drink. Moreover, My father wouldn't like that when he hears of it,"

"Loosen up a bit, miss goody two shoes. Moreover, our parents aren't here to supervise our activities nor would they know what we did, unless you go whining your mouth to them..." Isabella went over to Anabelle and took her hand, saying, "Think of our little escape as a camping trip. We are going to have so, so, so much fun together. Trust me,"

Trusting Isabella? That was the problem. Each time Anabelle trusted her, they ended up doing something very, very, bad. This was a bad idea. The whole of it.

But then, who could resist Isabella? The girl could talk the stripes off a Zebra. And like the wimp she was, Anabelle gave in.

Isabella's eyes shone with delight, this was going to be the best night ever, "Let's begin, shall we?"

Chapter 486 - Four Hundred And Eighty-Six: Do Something, Father

The third point of view:

"Father, I'm so scared," Fiona cried into the phone.

After Emily lost the baby, Prince Kai lost his mind and almost killed her. Thankfully, the queen was quick to react, she rescued and sent her out of the kingdom where her son wouldn't be able to find her. But then, how long was she going to be in hiding? It was more than a month already and if she heard right, the both of them would be getting married soon - prince Kai and Emily.

"You have to get me out of here, father.

It's so lonely. I want to get home, I miss you father, I miss Lincolnshire," She wept like a kid on the phone.

"It's alright, my baby girl. I'm here now. I'm about to have an audience with the queen. She would hear me out, I know it," Lord Albert assured his daughter, "You just have to hang on there, have a little patience my precious one,"

"Thank you father, I'll wait for your good news," Fiona was sure of it. Her father was one of the powerful lords in Lincolnshire and a member of the inner cabinet, he would surely be able to change the queen's mind.

Lord Albert sighed upon ending the call. Fiona was his only child and daughter, he would do everything to keep her safe. Moreover, having his daughter chased out of the kingdom was a huge slap against his face - he was already beginning to lose respect with the other lords already.

"You can come in now," The guards stationed at the front of the throne room ushered him in.

The throne hall was exquisite and lavishly decorated with a vermilion rug running in a circle around the room, two paths at the throne, and the main entrance with its curtains adorned with jewels and embellished borders. The roof was gilded with golden leaves and the queen was seated on an impressive throne of gold covered with exquisite engravings.

The throne is adjoined by three similar, but smaller seats for the royal highness' direct family. However, it was known to everyone that the queen would surrender the throne to Prince Kai soon; the smaller seats would be her place.

"You may leave now," Queen Roselle dismissed a man just as Lord Albert walked over to her, the top elevated platform housing the throne, being the only thing between them.

"Lord Albert, take a seat," She gestured to the extravagant and comfortable teak benches facing the room in a half-circle.

"Your highness, I'll rather not, because I come with you a heavy heart. My legs found no pleasure in these seats," He refused the pleasantry.

The queen asked knowingly, "This is about your daughter, isn't it?"

"Yes, your highness. Please pardon my daughter, Fiona, the girl has never been away from home for this long, not to talk of in a foreign country. Also, she didn't mean to push Lady Emily and cause her to lose the baby, she was just following orders," He hinted the queen was responsible for what happened.

"Outrageous!" the queen fumed, hitting her hand on the armrest with furious eyes, "Are you accusing me of giving Fiona an order to kill my grandchild?!"

"Of course not your highness! Forgive my impudence!" The man lowered his head as a form of submission, but inwardly his heart was full of bitterness and indignation. How dare she act holy after pushing her daughter into this?

"I'm just saying Fiona is a naive child who mistook your orders. Please pardon her trespasses, your highness!" he pleaded, lowering his head again.

Queen Roselle sighed, rubbing her temple as her head throbbed. Lord Albert was right, she was responsible for what happened but then, she was a queen and a queen never submits.

"Lord Albert, Fiona is like a daughter to me and I've long forgiven her. After All, if things had gone well, she would have been my daughter in law,"

Happiness crossed his features, "So that means, she can return?"

The queen shook her head, "I'm sorry, but that's not possible yet. I might have forgiven her, but my son, Prince Kai hasn't done so yet, I don't know what he would do if he sees her," She added immediately, "But don't worry, I'll convince my son," That's the least she can do.

"You're magnanimous, your highness," Lord Albert faked a smile to her.

She gave him an appreciative smile, "Thank you for understanding, Albert. You're quite an amazing man and understanding father. Just tell Fiona to hold on, at least after the wedding, I'll do everything in my power to convince my son and have her back to Lincolnshire, her birthplace,"

"Thank you, your highness. May you reign forever," Lord Albert bowed to her highness and took his leave.

The instant he left, the queen let her composure leave her and sagged against her chair. She shut her eyes, her chin propped up. This throne was a heavy cross on her shoulder she has been carrying for years. Roselle couldn't wait for Kai to take over, she wasn't getting any younger.

The queen opened her eyes when she sensed a presence and was surprised to see Akim standing there and probing her with his blue stares. His eyes were the only thing he inherited from his mother, appearance-wise, he was all Kai.

"Akim?"

"You look tired," He pointed out.

"The throne is a battlefield. No warrior returns from battle looking the same," Roselle stretched out her hand, "Come to me, my dear child,"

The boy walked over to his grandmother who hoisted him up and kept him on her laps, however, the queen sensed a bit of reluctance from him.

"What is it?" she questioned him.

"Aren't I heavy, queen mother? I don't want to cause you discomfort?" Akim fidgeted, concerned over her health.

The queen threw her head back and released a peal of boisterous unladylike laughter. It was known in the palace that the queen tosses away etiquette when it comes to her family, especially when her grandson is involved.

"Young one, don't underestimate this old woman here. I your grandmother is not easily defeated, how do you think I was able to recover this kingdom from those up risers? Moreover, your weight is nothing compared to your father's when he was around your age?" she laughed.

"Really?" Akim's eyes shone with interest, "Tell me more about my father, grandmother?"

"Well, your father was a strong, cute child when he was growing up. However, he was plumpy. Your grandfather then..." the queen suddenly paused when she remembered her late husband.

Akim sensed the sudden change in her demeanor, he glanced up and without saying much, simply hugged her. He heard about his grandfather, the story of how he died during the uprising - grandmother must miss him.

"Don't worry, queen mother, I'm here now and I'll protect you," He rubbed her back affectionately.

"I know," The queen nodded, "And I promise to give you a prosperous kingdom, free of bloodshed. Your reign would be a peaceful one?- I promise you that," She said to him.

Akim pursed his lips, "Grandmother, it's going to be years before I take the throne. That is if I do rule,"

"What do you mean by that?" the queen's expression changed, "Who said the throne doesn't belong to you?"

"I mean, father and mother might give birth to another sibling who might be interested in the throne," was his point.

"Well, until then," the queen dismissed the discussion knowing it would be hard for Emily to give birth again. A trace of sadness crossed the queen's features, she eliminated the miracle one fate had planned to give her. Well, Akim was enough, she would do her best to protect him.

"By the way, where are those unfilial parents of yours? How could your father leave all the responsibilities to me?" she lamented, "No wonder they said male children don't belong to the mother. Once another woman comes in, she loses her place. So irritating.

Meanwhile, Lord Albert left the palace with a heavy heart. The queen's response was not what he expected and as if on cue, his phone rang. It was his daughter, Fiona. His heart pounded in his chest, what was he going to tell her?

"Hello?"

"Hello father," her voice was excited, " What did the queen say? She wants me back, right?" Fiona was positive.

"I'm sorry, daughter but you might have to stay there for a while. The queen says she would find a way to appease the prince's anger,"

After Albert dropped the news, there was an eerie silence and he thought she ended the call until he heard her shriek, "No, no, no!" and then there was the sound of things crashing.

"Fiona!" his heart was gripped with fear. What was his daughter doing to herself?

"This is her fault... This is all her fucking fault! Who pushed me into pushing Kai's beloved? Her! Everything is her fault!" her voice turns to desperation, "You have to avenge me father. I cannot take this humiliation lying down. You're the strongest lord in Lincolnshire. You have to do something, " her words dripped with hatred.

Chapter 487 - Four Hundred And Eighty-seven: Why Did You Choose Me

The third point of view:

"So I spoke with Reina today and they've going to move over to Lincolnshire," Emily explained to her fiancée Judy of the wedding plans, "Along with their triple troubles - hopefully, they don't set the palace on fire- although that would be fun to watch. The palace is so calm sometimes I wonder if it's a graveyard. I can't help but wonder how the queen survives there. No offense, Judy, but being royalty is so boring. But don't worry, I'll always find ways to liven the place, and..." that was when Emily realized the person she has been talking to over the past five minutes has not said a word.

"Judy..." She glanced up and froze. He was staring at her with probing intensity.

Emily gulped, "Is anything the matter?" because she couldn't understand why he was staring at her that way. Did she do something bad? Or did he discover a bad history about her?

But then he knew everything about her just as she knew about him. They were perfect for each other, you know. Or has the queen gone against her word and manipulated him against her because the way he was staring at her right now was beginning to scare her.

Those grey eyes of his looked like molten silver, as if they could penetrate right into her soul, staring into the deepest abyss of her heart.

"Judy..." She was breathless when he drew closer, scrutinizing her with his penetrative gaze she wished the ground could open up and swallow her. Was something on her face or something?

Then without a warning, he yanked her off the seat, carrying her effortlessly as if she weighed nothing. Emily squeaked, fighting to catch her breath as her heart was really pounding in her throat right now. She couldn't understand Judy.

But then, as much as Judy was scaring her, she couldn't help but get excited. Emily wrapped her legs around him, anchoring herself to him and as well rubbing against his length. He responded with a groan and that calmed her down - at least he wasn't angry with her or something - even though she couldn't figure out his mind.

He carried her as if she was nothing but a baby into their bedroom and placed her on the bed. There, he began to stare at her with that unreadable penetrating gaze again.

Emily's breath hitched in her throat when their gaze met, there was a primal need in there as well as a strange inquisitiveness that scared her.

She climbed back, giving space between them. But Judy followed after her. Emily took another step back, he did the same, holding her gaze like a predator circling his prey and searching for a weak spot - the best area to attack.

At once like a prey with its last dying strength, she climbed back until her head touched the headboard, and just as he was about to cover the distance between them, she lurched to the side in an attempt to escape him but Judy was faster.

Judy grabbed her hand, pushing her back against the headboard and barricading her in between his arms so they stared at one another, their breath coming in shallow pants.

Emily glanced up, trying to examine this man, to understand him. However, that was when she saw the lust in there, amongst other unrecognizable emotions in his fierce gaze. It was crazy.

The instant he moved, that was when Emily realized Judy was hovering in between her legs and her dress had ridden up to her thighs, exposing the smooth skin there. Her pulse quickened when he touched her there, trailing caresses down her toned thigh till she was gasping with pleasure. Emily realized that move at that moment, he was slowly seducing her, and right now she was nothing but puddy in his hands.

Slowly, Judy lowered his head till their eyes met and held, her stomach did a backflip. How could someone seduce with just a gaze alone? He reached out and cupped her cheek in his large palm, caressing her skin slowly and tenderly. Yet, it turned her on.

"Why did you choose me?" was his sudden question.

"Huh?" Emily was confused. His question instantly destroyed the sensations his caresses stirred up. She glanced up at him questioningly, "What are you talking about?"

"While you were away, I did a lot of thinking about our past and it dawned on me, the both of us were worlds apart yet you chose me, why? You were the princess of Spencer Clan, pure and clearly out of reach, while I was nothing but a shadow guard, doomed for death. I had no place in society, in your life, and yet you chose me. That is what I want to understand," He asked with all manner of seriousness.

For a moment there, Emily didn't say anything, just stared at him in shock until she laid back on the back and yelled with exasperation, "Are you fucking kidding me right now?!"

Judy's brows furrowed, that was not the answer he was hoping for. Did he make a mistake by asking that?

"So all this while I was thinking I did something wrong, it was just for this question?" she asked with disbelief. Was he for real? "You scared the shit out of me, Judy!"

"Did I? I just had so much thought in my head and must have come on too strong. For that, I'm sorry," He apologized sincerely - she could see it in his gaze.

As if his comment was a magic word, her anger instantly dissipated and Emily sighed. This man would be the death of her.

She grabbed his face with her hands saying, "I don't know what's going on in your head, big man, but you should hold it right there. I fell in love with you, your personality - everything about you - and not your status. Besides, it's all in the past and if it makes you feel better, you're a prince now - your status is currently greater than mine. So hubby, let's not go back to the past, alright?"

Chapter 488 - Four Hundred And Eighty-Eight: Claim You

At the mention of "hubby" something snapped inside of Judy. This was the woman he was going to spend the rest of his life with and he couldn't imagine any better partner than her. Happiness filled his chest and his mouth curved to the side in a smile.

He was contented. He, Emily, and Akim. One happy Family.

"What?" Emily was surprised by the sudden changes in his demeanor. She could almost swear he was bipolar, one moment he was unreadable, the next he's grinning at her.

"Why are you staring at me that way," Emily flushed under his fixed look. She didn't dare to imagine what he was thinking.

"You look beautiful tonight and I'm so glad I'm going to have you as a wife," He confessed.

"Oh please, move away, you sweet talker," Emily chuckled and pushed on his chest so she could get away, but he didn't move a pin. Instead, he grabbed her hand and pinned them to the bed, the smile on her face fading away when she realized where they were heading to.

"I'm going to f*ck you," He told her straightforwardly, without mincing his words, "You're going to scream and moan my name..." his gaze darkened, " as I thrust into you,"

Emily gulped, her body instantly throbbing with need as she rubbed her thighs together, a gesture Judy noticed and smirked. He knew the control he had over her.

"I'm going to claim you," He went on,

"And you would claim me as yours as well, your everlasting love, the man you would love for eternity. And then I'll move inside of you, filling your womb with my warm seeds, a signature of our love..."

"Judy..." Emily breathed, grinding against him. She couldn't take his teases anymore.

"I'm going to hit your G-spot baby girl," He murmured, trailing kisses over her neck, "You wouldn't be able to recognize your left from your right,"

She shut her eyes, relishing the pleasure just as her hands traveled to his hair and yanked, not that he minded the little pain. If anything, it turned him on.

Judy found the sweet spot on her neck and sucked on it, Emily's grasp around him tightened and she moaned.

The sound filled him; made his blood as if his veins were on fire and then he slammed his lips down on her. He drank from her river, deepening the kiss and touching her with his tongue in pleasurable spots.

Emily felt the air leave her lungs, her mind was empty. She kissed him back with the same ferocity, rubbing continuously against him.

The kiss rocked her world, moving from passionate to devouring as if he wanted to imprint his claim all over her. She too lost to the sensations, the kiss getting deeper while her body pined for more.

His hands went to her ass and in one slow fluid movement, he got rid of her underwear and settled himself on top of her, taking her lips again in a kiss while his hand found her nub already swollen from desire.

Emily moaned when his finger moved inside of her - the moan he swallowed. At first, he stroked her slowly and tentatively, but he gained speed, his fingers moving fastly against her. She gasped, her nails biting into his flesh while her arm around his neck tightened as the pleasure built inside of her.

"Judy..." She whimpered, exploding in his arms.

He withdrew his hands as soon as she came, smashing his lips against her. Emily didn't doubt her lips were swollen right now, she could feel them tingle.

Then his hands went to the hem of her dress and pulled it over her head, leaving her clad in her bra. He stared at her with his wild - untamed - dark gaze that made her want to run from his simmering scrutiny.

"You're so beautiful," He murmured, drawing closer and took her nipples that were poking against her bra into his mouth.

Emily moaned, the fire she had thought was doused, igniting once again. Her hands reached for his zipper, wanting to touch him but she couldn't exactly concentrate with the way he was teasing her.

He had her bra removed in a twinkle of an eye, his wet, hot, hungry mouth seeking her breast. Her hands threaded through his hair, clutching a fistful as she pulled. Emily arched her back, helpless against the desire surging through her. She didn't know whether to make him stop or fuel the growing flames.

Pulling out, Judy took the other nipple into his mouth, intent on giving them the same care. He ran his hand over her body, fondling her aching breasts. He broke away, ridding himself of his clothes till he was as naked as the day he was born.

Emily peered up at him through half-lidded eyes, still reeling from satisfaction just as he spread apart her legs, positioning himself between her. He rubbed his arousal against her wet entrance and her body tensed with anticipation.

Grabbing her ass, Judy drove into her in one hot thrust. She screamed, the mere size of him stretching her. He sank deeper, burying himself inside of her till he was sheathed to the hilt. A shudder of delight went through her as she felt it to her core.

He started moving inside of her, the mere pleasure drawing moans inside of her. Emily couldn't keep up with him as he pounds away. He was quick, hence her nails dug into his skin while her legs wrapped around him, pulling him deeper.

Emily moaned incessantly, her breath coming in pants as he drove her to the peak of pleasure. He pumped away and finally hit the right spot, she exploded in ecstasy.

However, she rejoiced too early because Judy hoisted her up such that she was on all fours and began to pound into her. Emily wanted to bite back her screams but she couldn't hold it in, soon her ecstatic moans tore through the house.

"Judy...!" She screamed his name as he f*cked her hard. The bed banged against the wall with each of his hard thrusts that jerked her forward each time he moved.

But he didn't stop, Judy pounded and pounded till she hit that ecstatic moment and her kneel gave out. Judy held her ass, pumping his hips against her with his jaw clenched, a sheen of sweat on his forehead when he cried out. His seed coating them both.

Judy collapsed on her for about five seconds, before withdrawing and laid on his side, Emily snuggled next to him.

He leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead saying, "I love you,"

Chapter 489 - Four Hundred And Eighty-nine: The Great Instigator

Isabella's point of view:

Anabelle was a killjoy. A good one at that. None of the games I brought up were good enough for her, either they were too brilliant for her to engage in -?she claims we're too

smart and can't be beaten against - or was too tedious for her to join - Anabelle claims we're stronger than her. Ugh! It was too irritating!

All of my plans for the night were dashed to pieces. What the hell was fun without the thrill of it?! And now, we're having our pizza in boredom.

I wonder why I even listened to her? I was changing and that I knew because the previous me wouldn't care about Anabelle's fucked up opinion. What changed in me? Or rather, who changed me? It was almost as if I was losing my touch or something.

Oh, gracious God, this was worse than I thought. What happened to Isabella?!!

"This is boring," I didn't bother to hide my displeasure in my tone. My idea of a perfect blissful night was tossed out of the window before it even began.

"Let's play a game," Anabelle flashed me a smile. She knew I was pissed and was looking for ways to placate me.

Yeah, Anabelle wasn't that hard to read. Actually, she was like an open book, a blank one, which I write upon and like a robot created like the other pathetic humans out there, acts upon it. Except that this particular robot was a bit dumb and stubborn.

"What game?" I decided to give her the benefit of the doubt. Who knows? She might have something fun in mind.

"Truth or dare!" she announced.

This time, all three of us at the table groaned. Was she trying to bore us to death? Who does that game these days? Moreover, we all had deadly secrets we'd rather keep to ourselves. Yep, we were not just ordinary kids, but ones born out of crazy, dysfunctional families.

"Nope," I was the first to object. There was no way on earth I was revealing the skeletons in my wardrobe, especially not in front of my baby, Pedro. What if he's unable to handle it and gets scared of me? Nope, I'm not risking it.

"I second that," Julie was in support.

I smirked, guess I wasn't the only one who doesn't want their partner to know their toxic past. It comforted me - if Julie went out of line, I wouldn't hesitate to use one of those to blackmail him.

"Come on guys, it's going to be fun. And to guarantee that, we're going to use the alcohol. Anyone who fails to accept their respective truth or dare challenge would have a drink. And no, I'm not objecting this time," she persuaded us firmly.

My brow raised in interest, this sounds like fun? Since Anabelle was so passionate about it, who was I to turn down the offer - an evil plan forming in my head. Oh please, I'm not evil. It's just a smart scheme.

"Fine, I'm in," I clapped my hand, conclusively.

"God, no," Julie groaned, rubbing the side of his temple with a sigh, knowing my sudden change of heart was no good to him.

"I'm in," Predo supported me as usual. I grinned at him, he was a very reliable team player and I couldn't ask for any better partner than him.

Done, the three of us then turned to Julie, staring at him expectantly.

"I don't like this. You trio are ganging up on me," He groaned, wiping his face with his palm.

I snorted, "There is no more time to be wasted, you in or out or what?"

"What do you think?" he glared at me.

"He's in," I happily translated for Anabelle.

"Yeah!" Anabelle celebrated and without second thoughts, cleared the pizza boxes on the floor, beginning to set the drinks while we all gathered in a circle waiting for our moderator aka Anabelle to commence the start of the game.

"Alright," She began, "Let's start with Isabella,"

Oh, I'm so delighted.

"She's going to spin the bottle..." Anabelle said, handing an empty bottle to me and don't even ask who emptied its contents - it's quite obvious.

"She's going to spin it and whoever the bottle's neck points to, would have to entertain her truth or dare, and that procedure pertains to practically everyone else in this room. Also, there's no redo unless the bottle

points at the space between two people. So now..." she readjusted on the floor, "You can begin, Isabelle,"

"Thank you," I said and without wasting time, spun the bottle hard in the middle. The bottle began to spin and after a while, completely stopped at.....

"Anabelle," I smirked, the universe was on my side today.

"No, that's impossible," Anabelle blanched from shock, "How can it be me?"

"There's no foul play if that's what you're trying to say. You all saw it..." I held all of their gazes, "It was pure luck,"

"Yeah, there was no foul play but then you're incredibly smart and could have calculated the trigonometry, formation of the lines and stuff like that, I don't know how you do it or say it, you're the smart one here..." Anabelle accused me of cheating. Smartly.

And yes, I did a bit of calculation in there, but in the end, it was left in the hands of probability and luck. Hence, I cannot accept her alleged claims.

"You said there would be no redo, are you ready to play this game or?not, Anabelle?" I asked sternly. I hated delays and most of all indecisiveness.

"Fine," She pouted and fluttered her eyelids sadly. As if that look would work on me.

"Truth or dare," I asked.

"Dare," Anabelle said to my surprise. Seems she has grown some balls. However, I was wrong because when she realized what she just agreed to, Anabelle's eyes widened and she changed her mind as predicted.

"No, I mean truth. The dare slipped out of my mouth, Izzy?" Anabelle pleaded.

"I'm sorry, honey," I told her, "You've made your bed, sleep on it, "I added immediately knowing how fickle Anabelle could be," And don't tell me, you're about to chicken out, "

"Of course not!" She stomped her feet, looking irritated that I would even think of that, "Bring it on, Isabella." She looked so brave.

This would be interesting.

My gaze shifted to Julie and our eyes met, he shivered. However, he gave me a look that says I- don't - know - what - you're - planning - but - keep - me-out - of - it.

I smiled inwardly, if only he knew this one was going to favor him. I tore my gaze back to Anabelle and announced, "Anabelle, I dare you to kiss Julie on the lips. A deep french kiss,"

For a moment there, nobody talked. Anabelle looked as if she had seen a ghost while Julie was simply stunned, he had not anticipated that from me - he thought I would come up with something harmful to his reputation.

However, I didn't do it for him - even though he ended up benefiting. But the point is, Anabelle is modest and shy about her relationship and if I want to make sure that my

sacrifices of getting them away from their parent's works, I have to make sure they're madly in love with one another. And there was one way to solidify that, intimacy - the music "touch my body" begins to play in my head. Gosh, I love being evil. Wait, what?

Predo coughed awkwardly by my side, rousing me back to the presence. I caught Anabelle, her face was as red as an Alaskan pink shrimp. I caught her right where I wanted her to be.

"Why?" I goaded her, "You don't want to kiss your boyfriend?"

"No! Is not that..." her voice rose from a high pitch to barely a whisper, scratching her scalp awkwardly. She was shy.

"There's nothing wrong with kissing the one you love in the open, I do that?all the time with Pedro -"

"We know," Julie interrupted, "And thankfully don't need an illustration," He knew exactly what I was thinking.

"Well, to be frank, kissing Julie openly means you're proud of your boyfriend and not scared to show him off. Moreover, you're staking your claim on him - so back off bitches. Yeah, that kind of thing," I can't believe I was pep talking. What happened to the previous Isabella?"

But then, amid my inspirational speech. Anabelle still looked conflicted and I was about to think of another approach when Pedro thought of something better.

"Kiss him! Kiss him!" Pedro began to goad her and my grin widened. I love my man.

I joined him, "Anabelle, come on, all you have to do is to kiss the boy!" I hollered.

Anabelle covered her face, embarrassed and after a moment, pulled her hands down, there was a new resolution in her eyes.

"Woohoo!" I jubilated, knowing she had made up her mind. However, I rejoiced too soon.

Before our very eyes, Anabelle choose to pick the bottle, poured herself a drink, and downed it.

"Kiss.... ugh... no..." Our faces were filled with disappointment. We had so much hope that she would gather courage and move out of her shell for once. Well, so much for having hope

But then, to our shock, Anabelle turned to Julie by her side, straddled him, and kissed him fully on the mouth.

I was so shocked that I didn't even realize when a scream of excitement rippled my mouth. Anabelle did it! I guess she took the drink to build up her confidence. Nonetheless, I was a great instigator.

Give me an applause, people.

Chapter 490 - Four Hundred And Ninety: I'll Forgive Him

Isabella's point of view:

Julie stood as rigid as a tree, he had never expected that move from Anabelle - none of us did anyway.

She smashed his lips against hers, moving against Julie who was frozen. But then, the alcohol must be working since Anabelle didn't give up, rather she clutched a fistful of his hair causing him pain and as well, jerking him from his reverie.

He pulled up for air, the both of them staring into each other's eyes. Then his gaze flickered down to her lips, his finger gliding along her cheeks as Julie traced her lips in a sensual caress.

His gaze was dark and lust-filled while the air around them thickened and was filled with immeasurable sexual energy. Then without a second thought, Julie leaned down and claimed her lips.

Anabelle moaned into his mouth, her hand digging into his hair while the other pulled him flush against her as she began to gyrate her hips against his erection through his pants.

He groaned, his hand on her waist tightening as if he wanted to mold her to him, till they became one. It took only a second for their kiss to expand from gentle and sweet to salvage and devouring.

Julie nudged her apart, his tongue thrusting into her mouth and her body quivered with pleasure. Anabelle grabbed a fistful of his hair and pulled hard on it as she dry humped him while his tongue did a good job of bringing her so much pleasure that sparks filled her vision.

Maybe it was the alcohol working or a combination of the sexual energy, but Anabelle didn't feel any inhibition anymore. She even began to wonder why she was hesitant in the first place because this felt goddamn good.

She kissed the top of Julie's lips, then traced the bottom and grazed it with her teeth before adding a little tongue, playing and chasing his tongue for a couple of seconds, and then nibbed his lower lips, sucking on it.

Julie groaned, shifting the angle of his kiss as he trailed his mouth over her throat, nipping and licking while her head rolled back, her fingers digging into his shoulder. It felt so good, pleasure was coiling at the bottom of her stomach.

"Alright, people, cut it out," I announced to the couples who were lost in the feelings. With how high they were right now, I wouldn't doubt if they had sex right in front of us.

However, Anabelle let out a stubborn moan, unwilling to let go of him, instead, she ground her hips against the poor Julie whose jaw was clenched and from the look of things, might come if she went on with her teasing.

"Annabelle..." I said with a warning tone. My cousin was acting like a newborn vampire who just discovered how thrilling drinking blood could be. The euphoria and satisfaction blinding her as she drowned in the blood, sucking greedily.

"Annabelle..."

She broke away this time, reluctantly. Like a drug addict, her body still craved for a taste, I could see it, but I won't let her have her way. This was her punishment for the earlier delay and as well, accumulate sexual tension between them. So when it finally explodes, all hell would break loose.

Wow, I do feel evil.

"So, who's next?" Julie sniffed, a trace of pain crossing his expression as he pressed his thigh together.

My gaze followed that move and I couldn't help but smirk, I bet my dear cousin gave him a hard boner.

"Stop that," Julie frowned at my snickering. He perfectly understood why I was that way.

"Why?" I teased him, "The scene was goddamn hot,"

"Oh God," Julie groaned, sitting uncomfortably as the visuals messed with his head.

"Isabella," Pedro warned me.

"What?" I laughed. It wasn't my fault that men get hard upon any dirty images that crossed their minds. I was just having fun. A harmless fun.

However, Pedro knowing I never listen, had another plan up his sleeve, "One more snicker, and you can forget about riding me,"

"What?!" How could he be so mean?

"You heard me right,"

"That's so unfair, you promised!"

"I said 'if', notice that condition?" he clarified.

"Fine," I gave in. Nothing was worth losing that intimacy with him.

"It's your turn, Julie," Anabelle informed him.

I didn't need a God to tell me that Julie was out for vengeance after I embarrassed him. Well, bring it on, I'm ready for anything. But then, when the bottle was spun, it landed on...

"Pedro,"

Well babe, may God bless your soul. It was not a secret that there was still a lingering tension between both men - all because of Anabelle. See for once, I'm not the cause of the dispute between them.

Julie started, "Truth or dare,"

"Truth," Was Pedro's option.

There was a mischievous glint in Julie's eyes as he asked, "How long is your weenie?"

"Ouch," Anabelle muttered.

I whistled. This would be interesting.

However, Pedro was not intimidated, he shamelessly replied, "It's not a weenie but a p*enis and it's long, thick, and healthy and I don't understand why you're so interested in it unless..." he hinted that Julie might be gay.

"Damn you," Julie cursed, looking as if someone tossed shit on his face causing Anabelle and me to burst into laughter. It was so funny. His plan backfired on him.

"Alright, my turn," Anabelle was so excited and I knew she was hoping to land on me. And as luck would have it, the bottle pointed to....

Me.

"Yes!" She was overzealous with joy. I never thought I was someone's source of amusement until now.

"Truth or dare,"

"Truth," I said confidently.

Anabelle must have been expecting a dare so she could exact her vengeance on me as well, but then I need a change of fresh air.

"Fine," She looked vexed yet went on, "What would you do if you found out Pedro cheated on you. Would you break up with him or forgive him, picking up your relationship from where it was dropped?" Anabelle asked.

For a moment there was absolute silence as everyone waited for my answer. Suddenly, I shifted closer to Pedro who gulped upon seeing my nearness. Why was he so scared? I'm not a monster. I won't eat him - not yet.

Reaching out with a smile, I played with his tousled hair, caressing his gorgeous face while his breath hitched - from nervousness or attraction? I couldn't tell.

"Of course, I'll forgive him," I answered.

"Huh?" Everyone was shocked by my response, their jaws almost dropping to the ground.

However, I wasn't through, because I added, "After burying the girl he cheated on me with, alive,"