

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 491 - Four Hundred And Ninety-One: It Was Her Room - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 491 - Four Hundred And Ninety-One: It Was Her Room

Chapter 491 - Four Hundred And Ninety-One: It Was Her Room

The third point of view:

Ailee felt as if a huge weight was crushing and suffocating her; she couldn't breathe nor move. Unconsciously, she shifted her body to the side and the weight trailed off her body. However, it wasn't for long before the same weight returned and this time, it was almost as if it doubled by two.

She turned and twisted her body but the weight was strong like a monster clawing onto their victim. The girl began to breathe fast as the grip became tighter as if the weight was compressing her to the bed. Her breath was cut off, coming in deep pants.

"No!" She struggled, however the weight was stronger and her back was beginning to hurt from being pushed into the bed. The bed dipped further and farther and snap!

Ailee jerked up, startled from her sleep. However she couldn't sit up since a weight was pressing down on her. With a groan, she glanced down and realized her brothers Allen and Neon had used her as a human bolster.

Neon and Allen hooked their legs around her with their hands gripping her waist possessively. Even if she wanted to turn, there was no way she could do that with the way they sandwiched her between them. No wonder she had a nightmare.

Pissed off, Ailee pushed Allen away from her body, taking a relieved breath. However, she rejoiced too soon because he turned back around to the previous position, grabbing her once again. He inched closer as if he had missed the warmth and like a bee attracted to honey, he couldn't stay away.

"Fine, take a deep breath, Ailee. Don't freak out. He's asleep. He's a bad sleeper," Ailee thought of an excuse for him.

Ailee turned to the other side and pushed Neon the same way she had done to her brother. But unlike Allen, Neon didn't budge. He didn't move a muscle, instead his grasp on her waist tightened as if he didn't want to be away from her.

"Calm down...." Ailee chanted, trying to keep at bay her increasing anger, "They're just asleep and don't mean to suffocate you to death, figuratively...." THIS IS NOT THEIR FUCKING ROOM!

"Get off me, you assholes!" Ailee finally lost it, jabbing the both of them at their ribs with her elbow. There's only so much she could take.

"Ouch!" Allen and Neon stirred finally from their sleep in pain. It was almost as if someone hit them... Or maybe someone did.

As if on cue, both of them sat up at the same time, pointing accusing fingers at each other.

"You!"

"You!"

"What are you doing here?!" Allen asked Neon, a captious look in his gaze.

"I should ask you the same," Neon retorted, holding his gaze, "You were the one who had Ailee moved out of the room. So what are you doing here?"

"I asked you first, answer me" Allen demanded.

"I don't have to answer you, you're a betrayer. If you haven't gone snitching on your sister, mom wouldn't have..." Neon trailed off as soon as something registered in their head.

"Mom!" both of them screamed at once.

Before Ailee could even blink her eyelids, both of her nuisance siblings had vanished from her room and peace finally returned to her. However, the peace felt kind of lonely.

Allen and Neon ran back to their room like a speedster, their heart pounding in their throats. They were sure Reina would punish them once she heard they sneaked into their sister's room.

They had separated the kids to limit their closeness - thanks to Allen's reminder - but they had gone contrary to their parent's intention last night, by not only sleeping in her room, but sharing her bed as well.

Their hearts hammered in their chest as they settled on their respective beds. Had their mom checked on them already? It was seven in the morning already and their mother was supposed to have come down already.

Even without their mom coming over, the maids could have checked up on them and when they didn't see a soul, would report the discovery to their mother, who would in turn put two and two together, and find out what they've done.

As if the universe was on their side, they heard the doorknob turn?and with lightning speed, went back to bed and pretended as if they had been sleeping all this while.

Reina was relieved when she saw the kids on their bed. She could have checked on them earlier, but she had overslept - thanks to Niklaus. That monster had not left her rest, not even to answer to their son when he knocked on their door yesterday. Fine, at this rate, she would have to bring in a second bed into their bedroom if Niklaus can't keep his hands to himself.

"Mom?" her attention was drawn to her son who woke up at that moment. Her entrance must have woken him - Allen was a light sleeper.

"Hey honey, you could go back to sleep. I was just checking up on you guys," Reina felt guilty for waking him up.

"Morning mom,"

Reina was startled when her other son Neon woke up as well. She felt her guilt increase, knowing she had unintentionally woken up her kids from their beauty sleep. Doctors said kids need sleep the most to grow up well - she sure hoped she hadn't messed up their growing pattern.

"Don't mind me kids, go back to sleep," She shooed them away like birds.

"I can't sleep anymore,"

"Me too," Neon concurred.

Reina sighed, running her hands through her hair, "Then you can go ahead to brush and take your baths. Amanda should have something for you guys to eat," She informed them and was just about to leave when she recalled something.

She turned to Allen, probing him with her stare, "You knocked on our door last night, what was the problem, Allen?"

At once, Allen and Neon's eyes met, electricity cackling between them as they dared each other to reveal the truth.

"No, I suddenly had multiple inspirations about life to discuss with father before it went away, but then there was no chance to do so," Allen lied through his teeth.

And like a fool Reina believed him. The boy had always been an inquisitive one, so she wasn't surprised.

"I'm sorry about that, Son. Don't worry, your dad is up and ready to answer any question you might have for him," Reina made it up to him.

"Sure, no problem," Allen asked coolly,

"And what about you mom, did the exercise with dad go well? "

Reina was taken back by that question, yet she still faked a smile to her boy saying, "Yes, it went well, "

Absolutely well.

Chapter 492 - Four Hundred And Ninety-two: Hormonal Monsters

The third point of view:

"Dude, what the hell happened to you?" Niklaus asked the giant Emerald who looked like shit. His hair was tousled while he had a huge dark circle under his eyes as if he hadn't slept for a century - that would have been possible if he was a vampire.

Reina chuckled, making Niklaus wonder what was so funny about Emerald's unhealthy appearance, "He's taking his father role too seriously," she revealed to him.

Everyone in their circle knew how much Emerald was anticipating meeting his beloved child. There was no doubt that this child would be loved immeasurably.

Emerald sighed, simply running his hand through his hair, tracing down to his face, he rubbed down his features with his large palm. Who said fatherhood was easy?

This morning, before he got down to this place, Cecil had dressed up in her latest designs and twirled around in front of him like a model on a runway, waiting for his compliment. And then he made the worst mistake by saying.

"You're a good designer, Cecil. Also, you added more weight and I got to say, the dress looks good on you. Pregnancy suits you," was all Emerald said and yet that single comment changed the rest of his morning.

At first, Cecil had said nothing and simply stared at him like she had seen a ghost and then burst into heart-wrenching wails.

"You think I'm fat? You no longer like me because I'm fat, is that it?" she accused him, lips trembling.

"Of course not," He had tried to explain but then, she didn't even give him a chance and went into their bedroom, banging the door right at his face.

Emerald had tried walking in but she locked him out and to make matters worse, the spare key was in the drawer in their bedroom. Wonderful, right?

So right now, here he was, at the house of the two perfect couples who've experienced parenthood back and front and are still standing firmly, searching for advice on the "dos and don't" of pregnancy. He could have gone to Sakuzi but the man didn't exactly have a clean record of a complete family - yep, divorce and all.

Emerald wanted the best for his kid and wife which is why he isn't ashamed to ask and learn. He had an unpleasant childhood and promised never to let his kid experience the same and intends on keeping it, come rain come sunshine.

So gentlemen and ladies, let's welcome Reina and Niklaus, the couple of the year.

"What were you thinking calling her fat," Reina scolded him after listening to his narration.

"I didn't call her that," He clarified, shoulders tensed and jaw clenched. Why wasn't anyone believing him? "I just pointed out the fact she looked good now she gained weight. Well... that statement does sound like "fat"

Reina cocked a brow at him that said, "Really now?"

"Fine," He gave in, "She misunderstood me. Now tell me how to get out of this mess,"

Emerald resigned to fate. Honestly, he was tired. Not the tired in an I - want - to run - away - from - my - responsibility - kind of way, rather I - just - want - a - breather. These days, he could swear his brain had been turned upside down.

But then, if he felt this way. How much more, Cecil?

"Emerald," Reina began, "You should know that pregnancy is a beautiful time in life but is also a difficult time for a woman and a stressful time in one's marriage,"

"That makes me feel good," He said ironically. Emerald couldn't help but wonder if the baby would break his family apart or bring them closer - this was his first time being a father for crying out loud.

"No, don't be sad," Reina told him, "I'm just trying to say that in this condition that women experience a shit load of emotions, we became hormonal monsters -"

"Don't mind her," Niklaus butted in with a hint of laughter, "The hormonal part is what they use to use to deceive us, men, into becoming pussywhipped,"

Reina glared at him, "Seriously?"

"What?" Niklaus shrugged, "Is the gospel truth. We men literally become slaves during pregnancy,"

And just like that, Reina forgot about giving Emerald advice and turned to her husband, ready to argue it out with him, "Fine, let's agree to the title of you men being 'slave'?- as you claimed. But then, that is just a small sacrifice for getting us pregnant. It's nothing compared to what we go through!"

"Really? Getting you guys pregnant?"

It takes two to tango, remember, honey? Both parties, male and female, were active in the procreation, and let's be honest here, you women are always the one moaning and pleading for it," Niklaus alluded to sex, imitating her sensual tone, "Ahh... yes... deeper... go faster... baby... fuck me... -"

But Niklaus didn't get to finish the rest of his "foolishness" because the red-faced Reina grabbed the cushion and whacked him right on the face.

"You animal! Fuck you!" Reina felt like rending him into pieces. How could he say that in front of their guest?

A ripple of laughter was drawn from Niklaus's mouth as he let Reina hit him with the pillow. He had intentionally riled her up and goddamn it, it was funny to see her angry face.

"Why don't I get rid of you and be done with your ass forever! Die you monster!" it aggravated Reina that the more she hit him, the more he cracked up. It was as if this was a source of entertainment to him. Weird bastard. What even drove her into marrying him. She must have been blind or under some sort of black magic. Yes, he must charmed her - with his sexual energy.

Fuck off, dirty thought.

"Guys. I came here for a solution, not to watch you both being all over each other," Emerald rolled his eyes.

With a final whack, Reina composed herself but not without giving Niklaus a glare that held dark promises - she was going to deal with him after this. However, Niklaus vexed her further by blowing air kisses to her and even had the nerve to whisper, "I can't wait, darling,"

Reining in the anger, Reina took a deep breath, pushing the thoughts of throttling Niklaus to the back of her mind, crossed her leg over the other, and continued with her therapy.

"Emerald, the truth is that even the most well-meaning of husbands struggle..." She gave Niklaus a pointed look while saying that, "But it's essential for soon-to-be fathers to provide support. What a husband does and, more importantly, what he says, needs to be considerate, effective, and helpful to the woman he loves. But don't worry, I'll give you a set of rules to follow so you don't make a mistake, "

He hoped so.

Chapter 493 - Four Hundred And Ninety-three: He Spoke From His Heart

The third point of view:

"Number one," Reina commenced.

Emerald was full of anticipation for this moment - there was even an imaginary drumline thudding in the distance. He listened to her advice attentively like a student would in class.

"The first thing you should know about pregnant women is that they enjoy comfort food and ice cream is one of them. Cut Cecil some slack and don't make the mistake of monitoring portions or critiquing her requests for strange food combinations. If she asks for pickles and peanut butter at one in the morning, give the woman what she goddamn wants no matter the distance!"

"Or..." Niklaus opined, "You can simply fill the refrigerator with different flavors of Icecream instead of running to the supermarket at 1 A.M," He was smug, knowing his suggestion was much better.

Reina threw daggers at him. He was set on irritating her tonight. Well, this was all for Emerald. Nothing else.

"Secondly, never ask Cecil why she is crying again? When women are pregnant their hormones can fluctuate and don't assume she needs a "reason" to cry. If you want to help her, just offer her a shoulder to cry on, "

"Or to make things simpler for you or us, the men," Niklaus opined again, "Just put on her favorite comedy show and you can say bye-bye to tears," He made it sound so easy.

Reina turned to him with a massive frown, "What's your problem, Niklaus?"

"Emerald came for the both of us to give us an insight on pregnancy and fatherhood - he said 'us' remember? So while you explain from the women's point of view, I give him more insightful tips from the men's perspective - my view," He said.

"He makes sense. No offense Reina, but Niklaus' a fellow man, I believe he would be more empathic," Emerald pointed out.

"Fine," Reina spoke through gritted teeth. No matter what, she believed she would be the perfect person to relate the sufferings that comes with pregnancy since she's experienced it first hand.

"Thirdly, never tell Cecil that it would be fun if your kids were a year apart - that is if you plan on having more," Reina sighed, "Trust me, that comment could quickly transform the woman you love into a raging monster. Appreciate the pain and sacrifice Cecil is going through both physically and mentally and don't assume she wants to repeat the experience anytime soon,"

"I support that," Niklaus agreed readily which made Reina narrow her gaze at him suspiciously. He didn't argue with her as usual?

However, it was proven that she was faster than her shadow because Niklaus added, "You don't have to inform her and get your head yelled off in the process, simply score a perfect shoot in the heat of the moment," Niklaus hinted that he could easily get her pregnant during sex without voicing his intention.

"Alright. This is it. You're intentionally sabotaging this conversation," Reina accused him.

"Sabotaging what? I'm only giving him practical ideas. I knew from the start that you women would never agree with men's view on pregnancy," Niklaus claimed.

"Alright, this is," Reina stood up, " If this is you rebelling because I refused us having another baby, then you should know it's not going to work," she told him pointedly.

"Oh boy," Emerald shrunk back into his seat. How had their conversation escalated into a fight between couples? Maybe he shouldn't have bothered them.

"I'm not petty enough to resort to this method and you of all people knows that," Niklaus replied coolly compared to the heaving Reina.

Reina bit back her words. If Niklaus wanted to get her pregnant, he could do that in many ways - whether she was on the shots or not. Reina guessed she was just a tad bit sensitive about the

"pregnancy" issue considering she and Niklaus have been going over it for days.

"I'm sorry. I took this too personally," Reina apologized, fidgeting with her hands.

"I know," Niklaus reached out and pulled her to him, "I'm sorry as well for seeming too nonchalance about the discomfort pregnant women go through. The truth is that

pregnant women are a blessing to us men and I couldn't ask for anyone else to be the mother of my children but you," He kissed her on the forehead.

"Aww, that's so wonderful," Emerald fawned over him yet sassed at them, "But that doesn't answer my question! How do I become a good husband and a father!" he had reached the end of his patience.

"Emerald," Reina called him, "There's no formula or procedure to be a good husband other than what you have been doing so far,"

"Alright, I'm a bit lost now," Emerald rubbed the side of his head. This was not what he wanted to hear. Take a look at them - Niklaus and Reina - they were one perfect couple, surely they must have a secret to their happiness.

Niklaus took over, "What my wife is trying to say is that as far as you love Cecil, that's enough. You can't hurt the person you love - your heart cannot take it,"

"Oh," He finally got his point.

"And fatherhood?" Niklaus went on, "Trust me, that's fucked up. You don't need a set of techniques to be a father because once you set your eyes on your little one? Trust me, the instincts kick in naturally. The feeling of joy swells in your chest and you feel it strongly in your bones that you want to give your little angel the best of your love, attention, v for. When you act on that feeling, my man? That's called being a good father, "

No one said a word as soon as Niklaus finished his emotional speech. Reina felt teary-eyed, upon the fact Niklaus had not spent seven years with the kids, nevertheless, he loved them. Those words were from the bottom of his heart.

Emerald felt the sincerity of his words, Niklaus had spoken from the bottom of his heart. He smiled, it had not been a waste to come here after all.

Chapter 494 - Four Hundred And Ninety-four: You Sound Like Adam

The third point of view:

Eden woke up on the wrong side of the bed today and was as grumpy as a grandpa. With just a look at his frowning face and stern gaze, one didn't need to be told to avoid him. Human beings were instinctive creatures, hence the servants were extremely careful around him and ran away from him so they don't piss him off.

Even Camille had a hard time conversing with him. The woman had always thought that Niklaus was the most stubborn man in the family. But then, no. Eden was. He was so damn difficult that all of the advice she had offered to him to let the kids go fall on deaf eyes.

Eden had even gone ahead to work with the military just to bring his daughter after he tracked down their location - thanks to George informing him. Out of courtesy and to avoid being accused of hoarding information on the kids' whereabouts, George had informed him of their location after his son stupidly used his credit card - they had been tracking his expenses.

Seeing that as a good opportunity to bring back his daughter, Eden had brought in the military with his influence, knowing Isabella was stubborn and wouldn't go down without a fight if he were to find them - no offense, but his niece Isabella can be crazy when she wants to.

However, notwithstanding the entourage Eden came with, they were still unable to catch four teenagers, four fucking teenagers without power and connection!

Isabella had played him and that really pissed him off. So Eden decided to let go of Anabelle, he was no longer going to search for her again. Since she decided to rebel against him by being with that boy he was against and cutting all forms of connection with him, her father? She should go ahead with hiding from him because he doesn't care anymore.

Eden wasn't going to remove his daughter from the family register or something, but he was going to estrange her till she returned to her senses.

No matter how smart Isabella was, they couldn't stay in hiding for a long time.

They were kids who still had a bright future ahead of them and each one of them needed the help of their parents to achieve. Just like Pedro who would be unable to stay away from his mother anyway - he was her only child and son and support.

Hence, this morning, Eden began "trial one" of living without his daughter Anabelle and let's just say, it hasn't been the best of experiences so far. At first, he had hardened his heart and was determined to prove he could survive today, but when he came into the bathroom and his gaze fell on the stubble on his face, a voice rang in his head.

"Daddy, you look so cool and matured with the beards on,"

He recalled the scene of Anabelle commenting on his beards the first time he had unintentionally grown them. Everyone knew he had an effeminate beauty and the stubble had helped give him a rugged look.

Recalling that event, Eden's features hardened and he grabbed the shaving cream and rubbed it around his jaw, picked the shaving stick, and got rid of all his facial hair. If Anabelle wanted his daddy to look tough, she should return home and make that happen. What the fuck! Why does he care? He wasn't supposed to care anymore.

With renewed determination, Eden moved ahead with the rest of his morning rituals and didn't miss his daughter's presence until breakfast time. He sat, watching and waiting as the maids served the meal and as soon as they were done, he declared,

"Anabelle, pray for the meal..." Eden trailed off realizing the words had slipped out of his mouth.

He sighed, rubbing his palm down his face. His daughter's existence was so much linked to his that he couldn't exist without her. How could he live without her? Anabelle was his baby girl, he raised her for eighteen years and had been the father to her and much of a mother to her than her biological mother could ever be - Anabelle's mother was much concerned over her own family.

"You know, your emotional constipation is becoming depressing," Camille commented, waking into the dining room. She went over to her husband, pecked him on the cheeks, and took a seat beside him.

"You don't know what you're saying," Eden avoided her probing stare.

Camille sighed, "You're trying to be brave but your facade sucks. You need Anabelle in your life and you know it. You can't keep fighting with each other,"

Eden frowned, "I am not fighting with her. She is the one who's blatantly going against her father's order. My daughter is the one fighting against me,"

"Oh please, can we stop this nonsense," Camille rolled her eyes towards heaven.

"Nonsense," Eden's brow raised at her comment.

"Yes, nonsense," Camille concurred, unintimidated by the darkening of his eyes knowing another argument was brewing around the corner. Anabelle has become a sensitive topic for them these few days the kids vanished.

"Cut Anabelle some slacks! The girl has grown up and found the one she loves-"

"Which I don't approve of," He interrupted her.

"Oh please, take that approval and shove it up to your arse," Camille cursed at him, taking her husband by surprise. She was done being gentle with him.

"Does your daughter's happiness matter to you at all or would you let your overprotectiveness ruin your daughter's happiness?" Camille stood from the seat and faced him, her fierce orbs burning into his, "These are just kids trying out at dating. There's no assurance that they would tie the knot and be together forever,"

"Oh, that's where you are wrong," Eden wanted to tell her. They were Spencers and if there's one thing that a Spencer is good at, it was loving wholeheartedly and till death does apart. Not that Camille needed to know about that - he was falling for her. He would tell her when the time is due.

"And you know what?" Camille asked him.

"What?" He was curious to know what she had in mind.

"You sound like your uncle Adam right now who worked so hard to tear Niklaus and Maya apart but failed miserably. Why? Because of the power of their love for each other. I hope you take a look at the mirror and correct yourself before it's too late," Camille made her point known and turned to leave.

"Where are you going?" Eden asked her, concern written over his face.

"Don't talk to me!" Camille retorted without glancing at him over her shoulder, "I'm pissed at you, right now,"

Well, well, well, he now had a wife to placate and a daughter to find, Eden knew he was in for a rough day.

He stared at his cell phone, tapping away on the table indecisively.

Chapter 495 - Four Hundred And Ninety-five: A Lovetrip To Lincolnshire

The third point of view:

"Son?" George was shocked out of his mind when he woke up to his son on his bed. How was that possible? He died. He buried him.

"Father," his son said.

"No, no, no," He shook his head stubbornly as if he wanted to jerk the image of him away, "This is just a dream,"

"Father, it's me," His son reached out and touched him.

George felt him. He was real.

"Oh my God," He gasped and cupped his son's face with his palm, tears streaming down his face.

"I'm so sorry," He cried, "It's all my fault. I should have been more careful. It was as a result of my carelessness," George cried, holding onto him tightly as if he would vanish if he dared let go.

"Where's Julie?"

The tears came to a sudden stop, George stiffened and he slowly let go of his son. However, when he glanced up at him, his son's expression was frozen.

His son's gaze was cold and empty, his face was rid of all feelings. George felt goosebumps climb his arm, he couldn't help but wonder if this was still his son - because it didn't feel like him anymore.

"J-Julie," He choked, "What about Julie?"

"I can't find him," His voice became colder, the temperature in the room dropped.

"Of course, Julie is..." George stiffened, realizing that the kid was on the run. But then, his dead son doesn't have to know about that. He laughed nervously, "Of course, Julie is -"

"I trusted you," His son whispered, leaning closer with a menacing tone. The hairs on his back stood on edge, his son was becoming frightening.

"I tried my best," George told him, his eyes widening with a trace of fear as his son hovered over him with a chilling smile that could only be found on the face of a psychopath.

"Your best wasn't enough," he said, his hands closing around George's neck as he began to choke him.

"I'm sorry for everything," George was plunged with guilt so great he didn't even bother to stop his son from strangling him. It was all his fault. He deserved to die.

"Come and join me!" a merciless smirk curved his mouth and his grip around George's throat tightened.

"No!!!!!!!"

George was startled awake from his sleep, his heart pounding loudly in his chest. He instantly felt around his neck, coming up with nothing and that was when he realized he had a nightmare less than five minutes after he dozed off.

The old man hadn't been able to sleep well last night considering the fact his grandson was not home. He kept turning and tossing all night to the early mornings. Left with no choice, George decided to come into his office and work when he dozed off and experienced that horrifying nightmare.

But no matter how frightening the dream was, George still thought over it. Could it be that his late son was angry over Julie's disappearance? Had he unintentionally angered the dead? Was this a sign? George was conflicted.

But then, he had to get Julie back. George was not a believer in superstition or occult, however, the dream had shaken him to the core and he had to do something about it.

With a deep sigh, he picked up his phone. Although it hurt his pride, this was something he had to do to be at peace. Everything he ever did was for his grandson to have the best life - even when he wouldn't be around anymore. George wanted the best for Julie so he would be able to face his late son and daughter-in-law proudly in the afterlife.

So he went to his contact list and unblocked Eden - yeah, that was how deep their animosity ran - and was just about to place a call to his enemy when his phone rang. Shockingly, it was his Eden, his enemy calling.

George was tempted to ignore that rude man's call - he was older than Eden and yet Eden could not respect him as an elder - but that would seem childish.

"Hello," He picked at last.

"Hello. We need to talk,"

"Yes, we need to talk," George concurred. He'd let his dear grandchild have what he wants if that would keep him happy. Moreover, kids nowadays no longer last in a relationship, he bet Julie would be disinterested in her in a few months. Why was he so headstrong in the first place when this could have been solved easily.

"Where do we meet?" Eden asked from the other line.

"At my place," was George's decision.

"Why there? What if you're planning on getting me killed?"

George laughed, "I get to choose because I'm older than you, punk! And do you think I'll invite you to a place that would be traceable to me?" Eden was a man of influence and had underground ties - he's a relative to Sakuzi - his sudden disappearance would not be taken lightly.

"Fine," He accepted grumpily, the line went dead.

George underestimated how important Anabelle was to Eden because the man arrived at his place in ten minutes! He must have raced like a mad man to get here.

The atmosphere between both men was awkward, they had gone from enemies to partners in a twinkle of an eye.

"I agree with the kids dating. What do you say?" Eden got down to business immediately.

"I also agree to the kids being together," George finally gave consent yet he added quickly, "But on one condition,"

"What are you up to now?" Eden narrowed his gaze at him suspiciously.

"The kids can date but Isabella remains Julie's fiancée,"

"Oh damn -! "

"Hear me out," George stopped him mid-curse.

"Fine, say it," Eden said through gritted teeth.

"The kids can date but if they break up after three years, his engagement with Isabella stands,"

"Isabella is not a reserve,"

"That's my condition,"

"You'd have to discuss that with Niklaus and I'm sure as hell he wouldn't agree," Eden told him the gospel truth.

"But Isabella would," George smirked, "She might appear uncaring but the girl would do anything for family,"

"You're evil," Eden groaned.

"It's called business,"

"Fine," Eden gave in but then, there was another problem, "How do we contact the kids?"

George grinned at him, Eden shivered. He didn't like that look at all.

"What?" He was uncomfortable.

"Not if we can send them on a love trip to Lincolnshire,"

Read the announcement please.

Chapter 496 - Four Hundred And Ninety-Six: Where Did Her Breast Go?

The third point of view:

Pedro stirred from his sleep yet didn't open his eyes - he wanted to laze around for a few moments. He felt a body by his side and instinctively knew it was Isabella.

A contented smile tugging his lips, he reached out and warped his arm possessively around her waist and leaned closer, her back turned to him. His hand lying on her waist traced up to her chest, intending to get a quick feel of her boobs when his brows furrowed in confusion. Where did her breasts go?

Julie was having his beauty sleep when he felt a "welcomed" disturbance. Warm arms circled his waist and he didn't protest knowing it was probably his girlfriend, Anabelle. A smile tugged his lips, guess someone was restless this morning.

He could have reacted but Julie didn't say a word nor move a muscle; he pretended to be asleep. He wanted to test out if Anabelle's character implant from last night was carried over to a new day - she had to be the one to make the first move.

It was hard to remain still with the way her hands were traveling over his body but he forced himself to submit. It was a little sacrifice for the greater good. So when her hands went to his chest and squeezed his nipple, he stifled a moan. God this was so good. However, something happened.

Although her movements were exciting, Julie couldn't help but think that she was searching for something on his chest. But what? Suddenly, the hands on his chest froze in its movement and that was when it hit him as well.

Those hands were too big and callous for Anabelle. Oh no.

At once, Julie's eyes popped open the same time Pedro's did as well. He turned around with lightning speed, a disturbing premonition tugging at the pit of his belly. He had a bad feeling about this. And as expected. He was right. Anabelle wasn't on the bed Anabelle but her ex, Pedro.

"Ahhh!!!!!"

Both men shrieked, scrambling off the bed as if they had seen the devil himself.

"What the hell are you doing here?!" Pedro shrieked, shooting up to his feet. Shock, disbelief, and anger all mixed into one, crossing his gaze. What the hell had happened last night?

"I should be the one asking you about that, pervert!" Julie retorted, up on his feet as he checked his body for signs of assault.

"Pervert?" Pedro couldn't believe what he just heard, "Did you just call me a pervert?"

"What am I supposed to call you then? Dude, you fucking harassed me - you touched my nipple!"

"I thought it was Isabella's breast for fucking sake!" Pedro defended himself. Fuck, that was supposed to be Isabella on his bed. How did that asshole end up there?

"Whose breasts?" a head peered out from the door and all turned in the direction of that voice.

Isabella narrowed her gaze at them suspiciously, "What's this bromance in the air?"

"Bromance?" both glared at her. They were hardly friends, what bromance?! The only reason they were this close was because of their girlfriends.

Taking a deep breath of relief, Julie went over to Isabella his savior to lay down the grievance in his heart, "Your boyfriend here harassed me, you have to do something!"

"Harassed?" Isabella was mildly surprised by that accusation - you should know nothing takes her by surprise.

"Outrageous!" Pedro was angered, "I should be asking you what you were doing on the bed? That should have been Isabella and me there!"

"No, that should have Anabelle and me on the bed!" Julie demanded.

"And this is why I let you two knuckleheads have the bed," Isabella revealed the truth to the both of them.

"What?"

Pedro and Julie were astounded.

"We drank ourselves to stupor," Isabella gave them the details, "Clearly wasted, Pedro, dragged me to the bed wanting to sleep with me when you appeared as well demanding for the bed. The both of you started a drunken quibble and I had no choice but to leave you both. Anabelle took the couch, I slept on the floor, satisfied? "

Ahh, that made more sense. They were drunk and ended up sleeping together. Shit, this was a memory they wished they could erase forever.

"Wash up and come out. Breakfast is served," Isabella announced and as if she jinxed their luck, their hangover kicked in.

"Gosh, I feel horrible," Pedro groaned, clutching his temple. Compared to? Julie who was used to the life of drinking since he was linked with the Mafia, he was a light drinker.

Right now, his head was banging so hard as if a hammer was being brought down on his skull. He must not have noticed the sensation earlier because he was high on adrenaline thanks to the "bromance" episode.

Julie noticed his horrible state and grinned at him, "Toughen up, sissy." He intentionally shoved Pedro on the shoulder causing him to stumble on his feet. The world swirled around him, the sensation was horrible.

"That asshole," Pedro cursed through gritted teeth.

But he endured the discomfort and went on with his morning rituals.

"Have the soup, it would help with your hangover," Isabella informed Pedro with a smile, setting the food closer to him as soon as he took a seat in the dining.

However, before he could even thank her for her thoughtfulness, Isabella took a seat on his lap.

Oh fuck, Pedro knew he was damned. He didn't need to be told this was vengeance from Isabella for not riding him last night.

Julie choked on his food, why can't this little devil let him rest for once without suffocating him with her public display of affection.

While Anabelle had a stunned expression, a flush creeping up her neck. Isabella was so bold - she couldn't do that in front of everyone. Annabelle didn't need to bother much about a hangover since a single shot had knocked her out cold last night.

"You know," Pedro began, trying to clear the awkward atmosphere and as well, take his mind off Isabella's ass slowly grinding on his crotch.

God, she was killing him. Slowly, "Yesterday, reminds me of that memory of us stealing Maya's liquor when we were younger,"

"Yep," Anabelle smiled, "It was all Isabella's idea,"

"Doesn't surprise me," Julie chimed in.

"And yet, you guys followed me sheepishly," Isabella said to them and reached for the salad and sat back down, wriggling her backside against Pedro's crotch.

At this rate he was going to die, Pedro realized and decided to choose the easier way.

"Fine, we'd do it today," he surrendered.

"Oh God,"

"Gross"

The other couples on the table whined.

Isabella turned to her boyfriend with an innocent look, "What? Did I complain? I was just giving you what you wanted,"

"Huh?" Pedro was confused. Was there something he was missing out here?

Sensing his turmoil, Isabella leaned in closer like a siren ready to lull in innocent sailors to their death. She whispered into his ears, "You wanted my breast, remember?"

Oh, realization dawned on him.

She went on, "But now, I gave you my ass, shouldn't you be grateful?"

Yes, Pedro was grateful, super grateful for the fact that she arousing him yet he had to endure helplessly.... fuck it! She was giving him blue balls!

Chapter 497 - Four Hundred And Ninety-seven: Playtime's Over

The third point of view:

"Do you think this little protest of us would change our parent's minds?" Anabelle asked, leaning against Julie's chest. They were in the living room watching an old movie they found in Maya's drawer by chance.

"Little?" Isabella's brows raised, seemingly offended by the use of that word.

Anabelle shrugged, "I'm just saying that is us teenagers against our grown parents. We're runaways and they could easily dismiss this act as a little tantrum and God knows we can't stay here for too long. We have a life out there, not in hiding,"

"Well, point of correction, you two..." she pointed to her cousin and her boyfriend, "Are the runaways, we are just your accomplices," Isabella clarified.

Just like Anabelle, she was cuddling with Pedro on the sofa. Unlike earlier, he had recovered from the blue ball attack however he still couldn't get his mind out of the gutter with her this close to him.

Isabella was his air and he couldn't breathe without her. He wondered how he could love someone like that?- without holding back. It was crazy and definitely the best feeling in the world.

"Moreover," Isabella told her, "You should have more faith in yourself, Anabelle. Your father loves you like hell and if I'm right, he's probably on a meeting with your boyfriend's crafty's grandfather, for ways to bring us home,"

"My grandfather is not crafty," Julie defended him without thinking. No matter what the old man did, he still loved him.

"Really? Are you talking about the man who tricked me into being engaged to his son?" Isabella challenged him.

"He did what he thought was right and let's be frank, it was punishment for trying to hurt me," Julie reminded her.

"Of course" Isabella snorted, "An engagement for trying to hurt his beloved son? I don't understand such humor,"

"Can we change the topic?" Pedro was upset by the conversation. It was obvious that he was still offended by that "imperial rule" decreeing his girlfriend's as a fiancée to another. It was a miracle he was tagging along when it was obvious he might get hurt in this game.

"Sure," Anabelle readily agreed and didn't get to see the secret gesture between Isabella and her boyfriend.

"No," Julie shook his head, "We should go check the whole building out," He grabbed Annabelle's hand, intending to pull her up.

The house was a three-story building that had seen better days. Niklaus had bought the whole of it, emptied its occupants, and yet did nothing with it. Not even to renovate the house and put it on the market. He just left it like that.

"But I haven't finished watching the movie yet," Anabelle complained.

"Don't worry, I'll watch the movie from the top with you once we're back," Julie promised, already getting her on her feet.

"Fine," She grumbled, "I pray this journey is worth leaving my movie for," Anabelle let him pull her up.

Julie turned to the other couples - Isabella to be specific - saying, "We are going to get some air and would be back in a jiffy," He emphasized on "jiffy" as if trying to warn

Isabella to be quick with whatever crazy game she wanted to catch with Pedro. He couldn't wait to be out of here.

However, Anabelle was ignorant to catch the hints being thrown around. Instead, she asked her cousin, "Why don't you come with us?"

Isabella answered immediately, "You'd bore me to death, so get your ass out of here," without even sparing her a look.

"Fine, I'll be back soon. Don't miss me too much," Anabelle grinned sheepishly, hooking her arms around Julie's own as she began to drag him away, already excited to be outside. Without knowing Isabella was not going to miss her one bit because she had better fun to catch.

Once they were alone, Isabella and Pedro didn't say a word to each other, the both of them pretending to be immersed in the movie.

However, all of that changed when the characters on the television played a kissing scene and the air around them shifted. One could say the environment intensified, almost as if someone turned on the heater on a clear summer day.

Pedro's breath changed as he shifted uncomfortably, a tightening sensation in his groin, fighting against a groan from leaving his throat. Isabella smirked, knowing what he was thinking.

She glanced up at him, "Playtime's over,"

And Isabella moved off him and bent down such that she could trace the budge in his trouser with her teeth.

"And you're hard rock," there was a dark promise to her tone, "I'm going to ride your brain out," Isabella spoke dirty to him, her eyes dark with desire.

She leaned down and bite down on his erection stretching against the fabric, Pedro cursed and clenched his fist. His girlfriend was a vixen. A truly evil demoness. Isabella would be the death of him.

Isabella then pulled him so he sat up front instead of his previous lying position and in a swift move got on top of him so that she was straddling Pedro.

"This is going to be fun," Isabella whispered into his ears just as she grabbed his hips a little harder and pushed herself, even more, closer to his chest, grounding against him in the process.

Pedro moaned, she loved the sound of it. His hands went around to grab her backside, rubbing her against his member through his pants to ease himself of the discomfort she put him in.

With her breast pressed against his chest, and his strong arms making her dry hump against him, Isabella's blood roared and her heartbeat accelerated. She could make out the euphoric look on Pedro's face like someone high on drugs while she moved against him. It made her feel powerful.

Still moving, Isabella trailed kisses over his neck, gasping when she felt her orgasm around the corner. Suddenly, she ruptured, her body quivering with pleasure as she buried her face in his neck.

"That was..." Pedro fought to catch his breath, "Great?"

"Yeah," Isabella concurred, her voice breathy, "But that was just the beginning,"

Chapter 498 - Four Hundred And Ninety-Eight: Glorious

Warning: Erotic scene ahead. Not suitable for those below eighteen - shoo away until you grow up younglings.

The third point of view:

"No, this was just the beginning," Isabella told Pedro and before he could take a breather, smashed her lips against his.

Although Pedro was not prepared, he quickly got his head back into the game, groping and squeezing every part of her soft body his hands could find. He easily found her ass and kneaded it, his member coming back to life once again. Fuck! How could he want one person over and over again.

Isabella kissed him greedily, her hands grabbing the hair at the nape of his neck as she kissed him deeper. It was a wanton kiss intended to elicit nothing but lustful pleasure.

The kiss became harder and devouring as if she wanted to mark him, stark her claim on him as hers only. Her tongue swept into his mouth, starting a duel with his as their breath thickens.

Isabella moaned, pulling harder on his root as Pedro teased her with his tongue. Coming up for air, his mouth covers over hers again and this time, sucking on her lower lips until it was swollen.

He kissed down to her jaw, Isabella angling her neck to give him better access as he tasted her throat, sucking over the skin, Isabella drew a sharp breath. The kiss ran

down till it got to her chest, his eyes darkening with unadulterated lust as he bent and took her nipples through her shirt.

Isabella moaned, her head lulling back from pleasure. Pedro was getting better at this and she didn't know whether to be happy or scared that he would turn her mindless with pleasure. Notwithstanding, her body shivered with anticipation.

So while Pedro continued to please her, her hand reached down to caress him through his pants, already stiff and ready for her and God, what she was going to do to him.

Pedro groaned, the mere sound throbbing through her as he sucked her harder. Isabella arched into him, her body pining for more.

Then she pushed him away, a questioning look on his face about the interruption. However, she ignored him and simply tugged on the hem of his shirt, pulling it over his head causing a smirk to tug on the corners of his mouth.

But when her hands moved to work on his zipper, he slapped her hand away.

"What?" Isabella gave him a puzzled expression.

"It's unfair," He said, "I lose one article of clothing, you lose as well. How does that sound?"

"Unfortunately," Isabella slapped away

his hand already reaching for her boobs, "I'm the one in control," She informed him as she pulled down his pants and underwear in one swift move.

"God," She gasped, her eyes flickering to Pedro's, and asked, holding his gaze, "Is this what I do to you?"

Pedro took a sharp breath in response, shifting uncomfortably on the couch. Even without touching him, the way she stared at him with unbridled lust was enough to make him come. Her luscious look aroused him.

Kneeling between his knees, Isabella pointed at his member standing at attention, "That looks unhealthy, should I help you out?" she smirked at him knowingly.

"Fuck it, Isabella! You're killing me!" Pedro cursed to his disbelief. He couldn't believe that one day he would be begging for a woman's touch. Isabella sure brings out the worst in him.

"I don't hear you asking nicely," she stood her ground.

"You're fucking damn serious?" he couldn't believe her.

"Do I look like I'm joking?" her expression was stern.

Oh God, she was serious. Fine, this was the only way out anyway, unless he was planning on jerking himself off - which was less thrilling.

"Fine," he spoke through gritted teeth, his chest heaving, "Help me out, please,"

"Please what?" she demanded, slapping his thigh.

"Please mistress!" Pedro hollered. He needed this, he needed her.

"Fine," She smiled, "Only because you asked nicely," Isabella leaned closer and reached for him, running her hand over his length.

Pedro's breath became hot and heavy just as his member in Isabella's tight grasp grew in size.

"Wow," There was astonishment in her gaze, "You can go bigger than this?" she excited him further.

Pedro groaned, closing his eyes as his breath deepened when Isabella's hand wrapped around him.

"Does it feel that good?" Isabella intentionally incited as she ran the sensitive skin of his length.

"Yes, it feels that good," He responded through a hiss, his breath nearly stopping when Isabella licked him from base to tip.

"Isabella," He moaned her name as she took him into his mouth, stroking his head up and down. Then she covered the inch of him with her mouth until she's full of him to the point of feeling him in her throat.

Pedro's hands dug into her hair, his hips bucking into her mouth causing her to gurgle yet Isabella skimmed her teeth across his length as she sucked backward till his head was all that was left in her mouth and she began to suck relentlessly. She repeated the action over and over again driving him to the edge, but just when Pedro was about to come, she stopped.

"Please don't, Isabella," Pedro pleaded, knowing this was one of her games. Had he made a mistake by giving her the control? He couldn't move a muscle, he was so fucking hard that moving was painful- very painful. Pedro could no longer recount the number of blue balls Isabella gave him in one session

"Shhh," Isabella hushed him by pressing her finger against his lip. However, Pedro opened his mouth and took her finger into his mouth, sucking on it lasciviously.

Isabella jerked away at once.

"Nice try, Pedro" She smirked, "But on a second thought, I would love to see you touch yourself,"

"What?" he was stunned, "No, no, no," Pedro began to shake his head.

"Come on baby," Isabella hovered over him, her lips temptingly ghosting over his, "It would be fun to watch,"

Finally, she leaned down and kissed him fully on the lips as if to soothe him of his pains just as Pedro's hand began to pump his length relentlessly.

Isabella leaned back to enjoy the show, her lips tilting to the side in delight as she watched his head lull back in pleasure, his sensual face was quite a sight to watch.

It didn't take long for Pedro to explode, stars dancing in his eyes as his seed spurted out.

Isabella grinned at him, "That was glorious,"

Chapter 499 - Four Hundred And Ninety-nine: Dark Side To Pedro

Warning: Erotic scene ahead. Not suitable for those below eighteen - shoo away until you grow up younglings.

The third point of view:

Pedro had had his full of her wicked mischiefs, it was time to torture her the same way she did to him. So Isabella never saw him coming or so Pedro thought because when he stood and carried her off her feet to the couch, Isabella put her leg out between them before he had the opportunity to trap her with his body.

"You never learn, do you?" Isabella pushed him away slowly with her leg poking at his stomach.

Pedro was buck naked and her heated gaze dropped to his giant erection. Does that thing ever rest? She wondered. Not that she was complaining.

Isabella was adventurous and wouldn't mind trying every position and move possible. Sex was an act and for one to enjoy it, one must know how to maximize pleasure.

Her feet trailed down and teased his length, Pedro hissed at her warningly. She was playing with fire. So she had no choice but to put her feet down with an exasperated sigh. He was no fun.

"Well, since you've worked so hard, I'll give you a chance to please your mistress," Isabella said, intentionally arousing him by getting rid of her underwear in a slow sensual trail and then spread her legs, sending him an open invitation.

Pedro gulped, his eyes glued on her red, wet, and swollen p*ssy. He knew she was ready for him, the wetness lining up her slit, his breath became ragged.

"Why?" Isabella's breath began husky and smoldering, "You don't want it?" She slapped her thighs close and opened it again, desperate to see him lose control.

His member throbbed painfully and Pedro released a guttural growl, he was done being nice. It was time to get dirty.

Isabella squeaked when Pedro grabbed both of her thighs and pulled her forward so her legs were on either side of his kneeling position. Her breath hitched when his hand stroked her inner thigh while his breath tickled the velvety lips of her p*ssy.

And without wasting time, Pedro dove right in and ate her out like a man who had been starved for ages.

A scream ripped from Isabella's throat, her eyes rolling to the back of her head while her hands clenched the couch fabric tight. However, Pedro didn't give up, instead, he caught her nub between his teeth and sucked relentlessly.

"Oh my God!" Isabella couldn't hold back her moan, reeling from the sensation. However, Pedro still sucked her greedily as if he wanted to devour her entirely. And boy, he did devour her.

His tongue worked over her the way one tug at the strings of a guitar and she could only moan and whimper.

"God, that feels good," Her eyes went unfocused with pressure.

Isabella grabbed a fistful of his hair burying him inside of her as his tongue lashes over her unrelentless, slowly driving her to the brink. But just as she was about to reach the edge, he withdrew.

Isabella released a torrent of curses, finally realizing how bad it is to be teased and left halfway unsatisfied. She was about to curse his head off when Pedro pushed his middle finger into her, rubbing her clit.

Isabella gasped, breathing heavily. He was a good player. She arched her back, grinding on his hand. She was swollen, Isabella could feel it, but Pedro continued his ruthless attack.

A moan ripped out of her throat at the same time Pedro thrust his middle finger up and down against her slick folds.

Her body throbbing with desire, Pedro increased the pace of his fingers and she orgasmed real quick, her body quivering with pleasure.

His hand slipped out of her fold real quick and he flipped Isabella over without warning such that she was on all fours on the couch.

"No, no, no," Isabella, realizing what he was about to do, tried to protest when he grabbed her hips and slammed into her in one vicious stab.

A scream ripped from Isabella's throat, tearing through the entire house. Pedro had come into her so hard that she forgot all about fighting him - she was the one supposed to ride him, not the other way round.

A shudder of delight rippled through her body, she had felt that single delight penetrates to her very entrails. Her chest heaved and a sheen of sweat covered her forehead, her center throbbing for a deep, never-ending, mind-boggling bang. That was what she had intended to give to Pedro but it seems she wasn't the only one with that intention.

This time Pedro leaned over so his chest covers Isabella's back and reached under her and grabbed her breast, kneading it just as he thrust into her hard once again.

A shout worked its way out of her throat, moaning incessantly as Pedro's hands hooked up her bra and began to work her nipples. Isabella arched back such that her head rested on his shoulder and Pedro angled his face and claimed her lips in that uncomfortable position, still inside of her.

Pedro didn't stop kissing her nor does he stop touching her, giving her a great pleasure that robbed her of all sanity. Right now and then, Isabella was sure as hell that she would agree to any ridiculous idea her boyfriend suggested to her. He held her under a spell. A strong sensual one.

Then Pedro broke apart, pushing her back down as he began to thrust into her, harder and deeper. Isabella whimpered, going ahead to grab the top of the sofa hard, bracing herself against it, her body tightening with the intrusion.

Pedro relentlessly pumped into her as if he was torturing her for the earlier teasing and assault of his body. He moved in and out of her body forcibly and she had no choice but to meet each and every one of his savage thrusts.

Suddenly, sparks flooded her vision, a shudder gripped her body and she ruptured with a harsh cry. However, Pedro didn't give up, this time, he pounded away at her. Faster. Deeper. Harder.

Isabella thought she wouldn't be able to take it but her body came back alive without a trace of pain. She must have a huge appetite or something else why would her body keep betraying her for more.

"Fuck! Yes!" She moaned, rolling her backside in tune to his powerful thrusts. This dark side was new to Pedro or maybe he had it all along - hidden and tamed - she loved it.

Isabella screamed, shaking, shivering, and clinging to the couch for dear life as he pumped into her ferociously hard as if he wanted to bury himself inside of her.

A choking scream was ripped from Isabella's throat as she came violently while a guttural groan was released by Pedro seconds later, the waves crashing over him.

Pedro lay on her for a few seconds before he wrapped his hands around her waist and laid down with her on the sofa, Isabella snuggled right on top of him. The both of them were naked.

For the first time, Isabella didn't have the energy to deal with Pedro for manipulating and taking advantage of her big opportunity to "fuck his brain out ". She was tired and needed sleep.

Chapter 500 - Five Hundred: How Long, Julie?

The third point of view:

"Everywhere is empty," Anabelle noticed as they walked into one of the apartments in the building.

"Yeah, Niklaus sent everyone off after he purchased the building," Julie reminded her as he closed the door behind them.

The place was literally vacant with only furniture and a few items available. The paint on the wall was faded, already peeling off. It was obvious that whoever would reside here in the future - that is if Niklaus gives permission - would have to refurbish the whole place.

"This is a waste of money," Julie shook his head, staring at the property wasting away.

"What is a waste of money?" Anabelle glanced at him with a questioning look.

"Do you know how much this property would fetch on the market? All Niklaus has to do is fix some things here and there and bam! This property would be worth millions depending if he wants to lease or sell it off," Julie calculated, sighing at Niklaus's lack of foresight.

"You're right, Julie," Anabelle agreed with him, yet added, "But then, everything is not money," she walked over to the fireplace, trailing her finger across the dusty mantel.

Julie followed after her and pressed his chest against her back while circling her waist with his strong arms and rested his lips next to her ears asking, "How so, my love?"

Anabelle stiffened, his smoldering voice made her stomach flutter and her heartbeat accelerated. She immediately cleared her throat to take her mind off the way her body reacted to him.

"Well, the fact is that some humans are nostalgic. To uncle Niklaus, this place might be his turning point in life and as well a haven. So when he feels lost or depressed, this place might be the drug he wants. In one word, you can think of Maya's place as his monument. He just can't part from it,"

"Well in my view," Julie opined, "Your uncle Niklaus is just being unnecessary soppy and dramatic,"

Anabelle turned to him annoyed. The girl was a helpless romantic at heart, hence sweet gestures like this won her over. But then, here was her boyfriend acting so indifferent and unromantic. She couldn't take it.

She frowned down at him, "So you're trying to say we would not even have common trinkets that would express the love we have for each other as normal couples do? You're so mean," Anabelle was disheartened. What kind of boyfriend does she give? He was supposed to give her a love that sweeps her off her feet.

However, a shriek left her throat when Julie suddenly carried her off her feet, causing her to wrap her legs around him to anchor herself from falling as Julie pushed her up against the wall.

He stared into her eyes, holding her gaze, her heart began to pound so erratically it might have jumped out of her chest.

Julie leaned close to her lips, her breath hitched and she leaned back into the wall. His breath brushed across her lips and she instinctively parted her lips just a bit, expectantly.

However, Julie simply moved to her ears, whispering, "I don't need a fancy ornament whose appeal fades away with time to express my affection for you, rather I'll prove it to you with actions that would stand the test of time," He nibbled her earlobe, his hands trailing down her arms sensually. Anabelle gasped, her body seemed to come alive with that touch.

What was he doing to her? That single move had almost fried her brain.

"That is if you would let me," Julie said, then moved over to her neck where he peppered her smooth skin with small kisses.

Anabelle shivered, her head lulling back in pleasure with her hips beginning to gyrate against him.

Julie groaned, his control almost slipping away. Anabelle was a sly siren. He quickly brought her down to Anabelle's disappointment.

"Why? What is it?" Anabelle couldn't understand why he would reject her advances - he started it first. She was trying to emulate Isabella, Pedro never rejected her cousin's advances.

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to lose control," Julie told her.

"That's exactly what I want you to do, Julie," she narrowed her gaze at him, "Or don't you find me attractive?"

"Fuck it Anabelle because attractive or not, you're my girlfriend and I would love you nonetheless. But fuck! You're an attractive woman!" he confessed.

"Then what's the problem? Tell me!"

"Because it's not the right time," was his answer but Anabelle misunderstood him.

"Holy shit! Don't tell me you're waiting for our wedding day to consummate?" her mouth was wide open with wild imagination running through her head.

Julie flicked her on the forehead, "You're one silly woman, what are you thinking?" he laughed at her.

Anabelle shot him a grimace, rubbing that painful spot.

"As I told you previously, Anabelle, I'm going to prove to you how much I love you before I would even think of having sex with you. I've had my dick inside so many women that right now, abstinence is the best way I can prove I'm not after your body but your heart. Moreover, even if I wanted to take you, it would not be in this dust-ridden forsaken place, " He pointed out, rubbing his hand across the dusty mantel to prove his point.

"Fine," Anabelle decided to take it that way. As long as he wasn't cheating or toying around with her, he could abstain as long as he wanted.

Relieved, Anabelle walked to the door and opened it, ready to leave, and turned to take his hand when she met a grin on his face. Almost a lewd one.

"What?" she was uncomfortable with his heated gaze.

"I might abstain, but that doesn't mean I can't kiss you," He cupped her face and began to lean down.

"W-what?" Anabelle choked, becoming red in the face. Her heart once again began to pound like a drum at a carnival for the gods. She gulped; swallowing down every saliva she could as his face drew closer and closer until -

"Aah!"

The both of them broke away at that sound.

"Did you hear that?" Anabelle's ear quirked up as if trying to sense where the sound had come from.

"No, I didn't," Julie said and tried to resume the kiss but Anabelle put some distance between them. Julie was lying, She was sure she heard something.

As if to prove her point, the same sound came again and this time, it was loud and clear.

"That's Isabella," She recognized the voice and at the same time, her face changed into a scared one, "Oh my God, could it be that something had happened?..." she pulled on Julie's sleeve, "Come on, we have to go!"

However, Julie, who was stronger, simply tugged on her grip and she came stumbling back into his arms.

Anabelle glared at him, "What are you doing? Are you crazy?! Isabella is in dan -!"

"There is no danger," He said to her.

Her anger intensified, "Are you seriously kidding me?" Anabelle was annoyed, how could Julie of all people not come to his friend's rescue, "I just heard Isabella -"

Julie hushed her with his finger, then said, "Listen carefully,"

And that was when Anabelle heard the words that accompanied the screams. Perhaps because the property was void of human presence except theirs, the screams echoed loud and clear in their ears.

"Aah!... Damn you, Pedro!... Yes, fuck me harder... Yes... oh God... Yes... deeper... Ahh... God... you're so bad!"

Upon realizing what they were doing, Anabelle could feel the warmth of a blush crawl up her neck, "They're -"

"Fucking like rabbits. Yes, you thought, right," Julie concurred with her before she could say it out loud. Albeit in a crude way.

Anabelle was mortified. Although she knew Isabella and Pedro were having sex considering she was quite open about it, it still shocked her to hear those lascivious words coming from her. Although she felt a tinge of jealousy, unlike Isabella, she was still a virgin.

Yes, Julie had touched her a bit and it felt damn good, she couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to have him inside of her.

Bang!

The thud from the door closing jerked her out of her stupid trance. From the flushed look on Julie's face, it was obvious that the amorous sounds were affecting him as well. She could make out a small tent in his trousers.

God, her face burned.

"How long are they going to do that?" she asked, her voice breathy while avoiding his gaze, "You know, go at it?" because it was becoming so damn uncomfortable.

It sounded revolting, right? But wait until you're in a room with your boyfriend with an arousing moan filling your ears. Yeah, it's quite a thrilling experience - note the sarcasm - because while Isabella's having the time of her life, her brain being flooded with x-rated visuals

"How long Julie?" She asked again when he didn't answer the first time

"Well," Julie released a shaky breath, "That's what I'm afraid of,"