

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 501 - Five Hundred And One: I Dont Do Charity Work - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 501 - Five Hundred And One: I Dont Do Charity Work

Chapter 501 - Five Hundred And One: I Don't Do Charity Work

The third point of view:

Isabella woke up with a satisfied smile on her face. They had fucked thoroughly - every single place in the house had not gone untouched. She must have an insatiable libido else how was she able to keep up the pace with Pedro? Well, it was pleasing to know that her boyfriend had the stamina to satisfy her sexual appetite.

A smile lit up Isabella's face when she discovered they had broken the other leg of the bed. One foot of the bed had always been broken as far as she recalled and Isabella didn't need to guess who was responsible nor what they were doing that led to it.

At least it was a huge achievement to have broken the other leg and left her mark here. Who knows what Niklaus' face would look like when he sees it? Isabella couldn't help but laugh at her imagination.

Looking around, she discovered that it was already late and Anabelle and her boyfriend should be back by now.

"Pedro," She tapped him but the boy simply stirred and went back to sleep.

"Alright," she sat up, "I need you to get your lazy ass off that -" Isabella didn't get to finish the rest of her words because he tugged on her grip and drew her into his arms.

Isabella rolled her eyes when she felt something poke her stomach. He still wanted more? Wasn't that unhealthy? Seems they might need to see a doctor about this problem.

Isabella told Pedro, "Tell your mister down there that he ain't doing any shit as far as I'm concerned," Gosh, she was so goddamn sore. And yes, she's complaining - although she's not complaining about riding him. That was the best part of the whole rumpy-pumpy.

"Get your ass off the bed, Pedro, or I'll help you myself," there was a threat beneath her tone.

"Fine," Pedro knew better than to try his luck with Isabella. She might be his girlfriend but her alter ego was a cold demoness.

Isabella never premeditated that as soon as Pedro sat up, he would lift her chin and kiss her. A sweet, long kiss that would have expanded into devouring and lustful if she hadn't pulled away.

"Thank you," Isabella said to him and stood up, intentionally sashaying her bare ass as she walked over to the wardrobe to put on clothes since the one she wore earlier had been abandoned in the living room during their "business". With Anabelle and Julie around, she couldn't walk in there naked.

In no time, they dressed up and went into the living room. There, they met Anabelle and Julie on the sofa with an annoyed face - Julie to be precise.

"Hi guys," Isabella waved at them as if nothing happened, "So how was your Urm... sightseeing?"

Anabelle answered, "It was great -"

Julie cut her, "It would have been great if you're weren't so fucking loud -" Anabelle shut his mouth with her palm at once but Isabella had gotten all the info she wanted.

"Guys, I'm so sorry for not realizing I would be so loud in the throes of passion," Isabella apologized?

"Is that even an apology?" Julie couldn't believe her. For once he was thankful he was not in love else they would fight every day - that was for sure.

"Of course, I don't apologize for Christ sake, I'm Isabella," She found the thought of that funny, "If you feel so angry, why don't you go have your sex with Anabelle - my cousin needs to be laid already or don't tell me you can't perform?"

"Isabella!" Anabelle went red in the face.

How had Isabella known they haven't done it yet? Well, their truth or dare game last night had been quite educative -?if you know what she means.

Pedro sighed, "Sometimes, the both of you fight like rivals in love," He referred to his girlfriend Isabella and Julie.

"And you," Julie pointed at him, "You don't get to talk," He picked something from behind him and tossed it at Pedro.

Having no idea what it was, Pedro still had a faint premonition and reached out immediately, only to see he caught his boxers.

"And you," Anabelle took her vengeance as well by tossing Isabella's underwear to her.

"Thank you," Isabella caught it without an ounce of shame. She turned to Pedro, "My boyfriend here would take good care of it for me," She dipped it into the pocket of his jeans.

Anabelle and Julie were stunned, why did it feel like their plan backfired. They had intended to humiliate, no, punish the couples for tormenting them for over three hours. But it seems, all they got was a slap to the face - Julie was the only one who got a slight satisfaction in Pedro's embarrassed face .

"Well,", Isabella clapped, "To make it to you two, we'd be eating out today,"

"Yes!" Anabelle was happy

"No!" Julie disagreed

"What's the no about? Aren't you tired of being cooped here all day?" Isabella asked him.

"If that's all the case, what is all the talk about keeping us safe and away from our parents? We are leaving our haven!" Julie pointed out,

"We are not going to eat in a high-class restaurant or hotel where we are reliable to be caught by our parents thanks to the cameras. Rather we would go to the local market," Isabella informed him.

"Eww," Anabelle's expression fell at once. How could she stomach that local food? Disgusting.

However, Isabella ignored her distaste and went on, "We would tangle with the crowds and as well use that opportunity to have a change of fresh air - we're runaways, not prisoners. Moreover, we will go in disguise,"

"But still..." Julie turned to Pedro,

"Don't me you don't agree to this?" he hoped the boy would be with him on this one.

Pedro shrugged, "Don't ask me that, I'm always on Isabella's side,"

Isabella was delighted at the response while Julie's face darkened like shit. So much for royalty between bros.

"By the way, do we even have enough money to last us here. I don't want to starve," Anabelle had to ask since she had not come with cash nor her cards.

"Of course," Isabella assured her with a smile, "I made sure to take enough money from your boyfriend's account during our detour," She referred to that day they had tricked Eden and George.

Julie threw his hands up, "Of course, you would take my money," there was deep sarcasm in his tone.

"Hey, don't give me that look," Isabella told him strictly, "If I'm going to help your love life, you have to sponsor my services. I don't do charity work,"

Chapter 502 - Five Hundred And Two: Hey, Julie! Look At This!

The third point of view:

"You look cute!" Anabelle squealed.

"You look ridiculous," Isabella countered her cousin, her gaze running over Julie's new look scrupulously, "But then, you look nothing like yourself, so that's a good thing,"

Julie didn't know whether to take that as a compliment or insult? Right now, he was wearing a long brown wig, fake eyebrows, and a fake goatee that disguised his features. He was sure that not even his grandfather would be able to recognize him in this new appearance - thanks to Isabella's confirmation- not to talk of the men sent after them.

"I hope this is worth it," He grumbled, putting on his blazer.

Anabelle, seeing his discomfort, leaned closer and placed her hands on his shoulder, "Don't be so sad, you look sexy in a matured way..." her hand dug into his wig, "And I think long hair suits you. Promise me you'd grow it out," she pouted.

Julie groaned, Isabella just lulled him into an everlasting trap. He faked a smile to his girlfriend, "Of course, I would. Anything for you," He leaned and kissed her cheek when in reality, he was sobbing inside.

What longer hair?! He would look effeminate. Well, perhaps he'd grown beards as well. Come to think of it, maybe this wasn't a bad idea, after all.

"Where's Pedro?" It finally crossed Isabella's mind. She had been busy assessing Julie that it didn't cross her mind that her boyfriend hadn't made his own appearance.

"I'm here," Pedro announced, walking into the living room while tousling his dark hair.

"Whoah," Isabella and Anabelle said at the same time, clearly stunned at the color of his hair.

"You dyed your hair dark?" Julie was surprised. He added, "And what's with the whiskers?" he pointed at the top of Pedro's lips.

"Oh, this," Pedro gestured to his hair and artificial mustache, "I was wondering if I dyed my blonde hair black, I'll look something like Emerald, but I'm clearly wrong. I only ended up emphasizing my mother's gene,"

"Yeah, you failed woefully," Isabella pointed out.

"And you.." Pedro pointed to his girlfriend's hair, "You dyed yours as well? blonde?" he was clearly surprised yet amused. How had she thought of dying her hair? He never told her his plans. Maybe they could communicate telepathically as well.

Wasn't there an unproved theory that once two lovers become one in heart, body, and soul, they could begin to read each other's minds and moves?

"Platinum blonde to be precise," Isabella fluffed her hair dramatically, "Well if I'm living up to my reputation of being the legendary cold witch, I might as well look the part,"

Isabella took steps towards Pedro and casually draped her arms around his neck "I hope you love my new look because it's going to stay for a while,"

"Of course," Pedro smiled, "I love your new hair," As if he had a choice.

Nonetheless, the color suited Isabella, she looked like those saintess from ancient Chinese history. Only that Isabella wasn't a saintess but a demoness. Mind you, a good demoness. Notwithstanding what people said about her, but Isabella was a kind person if one looked beyond the surface.

"A-hem!" Julie intentionally coughed loudly, destroying the moment between the two couples. He didn't need to guess what would have happened next - Isabella and Pedro were just about to give them one of their puke-inducing kisses.

"Asshole," Isabella cursed out loud, settling for a peck instead.

"We should go!" Announced Anabelle who was wearing a pink bob wig and make-up. She donned a poker-dotted knee-length dress looking cute and innocent like those white lotus characters from Japanese animes.

Although Anabelle looked nothing like herself, her personality didn't change. She was as bubbly as usual.

"Let's go,"

And just like that, they all left the house after Isabella made sure to bribe, no, tip the security man keeping the building safe from "unnecessary intrusion".

Walking down the street, they flagged down a taxi and got in. It wasn't a long journey and soon got to their destination.

"Wow," Was the first sentence Anabelle made as soon as they got to their destination. She finally understood why Isabella was not worried about them getting caught.

The market was large, like really, really large and though, it was night, it was was bustling. Even without their disguise, they could roam in this place and no one would notice since everyone was busy with their trade. But then, it pays to be careful. After all, anybody here could be working for their fathers and might stumble upon them.

Isabella turned to Julie, "Hold tight onto your girlfriend,"

"Why?" Julie frowned. Not that he was complaining about holding hands with Anabelle, but Isabella made it seem as if he was restraining a baby.

"This is the largest market in the city and Anabelle has never set foot in here since she was born. I'm afraid she might get distracted by the glamour. Worse, even get lost in the process,"

"Hey!" Anabelle took offense, "I'm not a kid!" she claimed.

"Yes, stop treating her like one," Julie supported his girlfriend.

Five minutes later.....

"Hey, Julie! Take a look at this!" She dragged him to a store selling consumer goods, amazed at the giant sizes of the fruits being sold.

"Hey, Julie! Look at this!" was Anabelle's announcement the next five minutes after she sweet talked Isabella into buying some fruits - the giant-sized ones.

"It seems I'm in a jewelry paradise!" She exclaimed, eyes wild at the commercial line selling so many pieces of jewelry.

"Hey, Julie! Look at this!" She dragged him to an antique line, leaving Isabella and Pedro no choice but to follow after them. Right now, Anabelle looked like a kid obsessed over so many goodies having seen them the first time.

"Hey, Julie! Let's see what's going on!" She dragged him over to a small crowd that had gathered around a performer.

"Hey, Julie! look at this!"

"Hey, Julie! Look at this!"

"Hey, Julie! Look at this!"

"Hey, Julie, look at this!"

"Hey, Julie, look at this!!!"

Those words were finally imprinted into Julie's minds, playing over and over in a loop like someone hypnotized as Anabelle dragged him from one store to the store.

By the time they finally settled down to eat, Julie had aged ten years; his eyes were red, veins were pouting out his head and he looked worn out - in fact, emergency wrinkles surfaced. That was when he decided Spencers were a bunch of terrors. None of them were normal. What in the name of the lord had he gotten himself into?

Chapter 503 - Five Hundred And Three: As Hungry As A Rhino

The third point of view:

"What is this?" Anabelle poked her food with the fork in distaste.

"Classic spaghetti with tomato sauce," Isabella tipped her head questioningly, "What were you expecting?"

"Well for starters, sausage and spinach Fettuccine Alfredo, my favorite," Anabelle hoped her cousin would change her mind. Look at this, the spaghetti wasn't even deliciously garnished. Who in the world eats this?

[A/N: well, almost everybody in the world?who doesn't have six zero digits in their account]

"For starters, in your dream," She retorted with a smile that didn't reach her cheeks, "Now, shut your mouth and eat," Isabella pointed out her bad table manners.

However, Anabelle didn't give up.

"Come on Izzy, we're eating in the open." She hinted it's less hygienic.

Although they were eating outside the kiosk, the environment was clean but less flamboyant than the fancy restaurant Anabelle was used to. Moreover, it was cheap - that was the best part.

Isabella had high hopes they wouldn't last much in hiding but then, they had to be prepared for the worst. This is why she had she had to be scrupulous in finances since their credit cards have been blocked - their parents were hoping they would run out of finances and return home.

"Anabelle, the place is clean - I don't see what you're fussing about. Also, you get to eat under the open sky which is full of stars right now - you see, great view," Pedro attempted to persuade her.

"Sure, babe. Try it, it's quite tasty," Julie rolled the noodles with his fork and brought it to her lips enticingly, "Here, have a bite,"

There was a deep furrow between Anabelle's brows as she stared at the food.

"Say ahh," Julie pressed on.

Just for his sake, Anabelle opened her mouth and swallowed the disgusting thing. One should see the way her face distorted as if a bitter liquid was shoved down her throat. However, her tongue performed its purpose and something strange happened.

"Huh?" One of Anabelle's brows raised when she detected something sweet.

"You want more?" Julie noticed the sudden change in her.

Anabelle slowly nodded.

He gladly fed her.

Although her response wasn't eager, she took the food willingly.

"Again?" Julie was surprised. Didn't she say she didn't like it? Moreover, why wasn't she eating from her plate right in front of her, why his? He hadn't even eaten much - god damn it, he was hungry.

"Again?"

She nodded.

"Why don't you eat yours?" he tipped his head in the direction of her plate.

Anabelle pouted, "Yours taste much better,"

"Tsk tsk, low key flirting," Isabella commented while Pedro was amused by how everything turned out.

As expected, Julie ended up sacrificing his own food for his girlfriend; feeding her in the mouth until both foods finished. Yet, Anabelle had the nerve to announce,

"I'm still not full,"

Everyone stared at her as if she's an alien.

"What?" why were they giving her dirty looks? Annabelle wondered. Did she say something wrong?

"Nothing," Everyone answered in unison, including her boyfriend.

Julie fought against the urge to spank her hard on the butt - not for sexual pleasure, mind you - to punish her. How could she still want more after eating two servings? Was there a bottomless pit in her surprisingly still flat stomach?

"Isabella," Anabelle whined, taking hold of her hand, "I still want to eat more. The food is so delicious,"

Isabella almost spat out blood, wasn't she the one against the food moments ago.

"I'm sorry, but we've gone over our budget," Isabella announced.

Anabelle's face fell.

Secretly, Julie's heart sank as well. He was hungry and he had never fasted in his entire life.

"Well, you don't have to worry about that," Pedro announced.

"What do you mean?"

He pointed behind them and everyone turned to the source of the sudden disturbance only to discover people gathered around a long table. It turned out an eating competition was being organized to Anabelle's delight.

"Come on, let's sign up!" She tugged on Isabella's arm excitedly.

"I'm sorry but I'm going to burst if I eat more," Isabella pointed to her full stomach. She then pointed to Julie to his shock, "Why don't you compete against your boyfriend, he should be hungry after you consumed his food,"

Julie glared at Isabella, cursing inaudibly. Yes, he was hungry but he would never admit it, not in front of his girlfriend, Anabelle. He was a man and supposed to be tough and unwavering. But Isabella, that white witch has blown his cover - the white hair suited her personality anyway.

"Why?" Isabella smirked at Julie, holding his gaze, "You don't want to? Don't tell me you're full with the few bite you took," she taunted him.

Julie gritted his teeth. What did he ever do to her to receive her wrath?

However, Anabelle who Julie was trying so hard to be brave in front of, didn't even mind nor notice his efforts. She turned to him excitedly, " Tell me you'd do it, Julie, please? You beat me in a lot of activities, it's time to prove my strength,"

"Fine," He agreed grudgingly. But in reality, Julie was so happy he got to eat. He didn't care about winning, he only wanted something in his stomach.

So the both of them ended up signing up for the competition. Unlike the crowd that had gathered earlier, there were only a total of ten contestants, the others being put off by the sheer size of the food - most people had come with their family or friends, hence no one would want to lose. It would be embarrassing.

On the table, each contestant was served twenty hot dogs and buns, expected to be finished within five minutes. Compared to others, Anabelle was the only slim lady in there - she looked like something the wind would blow away easily. She simply had no stamina. The audience assessed her body, hence didn't look her way.

"Who do you think would win?" Pedro couldn't help but ask Isabella as he watched the scene. If there's anything he's learned so far, it was to trust his girlfriend - the girl was blessed with foresight.

But Isabella laughed in response, "Who do you think is as hungry as a rhino?"

Chapter 504 - Five Hundred And Four: What Just Happened?

The third point of view:

"On your mark. Set. Go!" the whistle was blown.

There was an outcry of cheers from the crowd as each participant dug into their food. There was no room to be gentle or well-mannered as everyone had their faces stuffed with food. Every one of them was determined to win.

Even Anabelle who was always all about etiquette didn't care anymore for her image. This wasn't just a competition, but a war - her pride was on the line here. She had to prove to Isabella and the others that she was good at something. Yes, the only thing they couldn't do was what she could.

"Eat! Eat! Eat!" rang out from the crowd with every one of them showing their support by calling out the name of their favorite contestants or loved ones, encouraging them to fight on.

Compared to Pedro who was immersed in the competition, Isabella was busy video recording Julie with her cellphone. The boy was quite a sight with those puffed-out cheeks and there was no way on earth she was going to miss out on an opportunity to tease him - the video would make a good blackmail.

"Aren't you anxious about the competition?" Pedro asked Isabella, "What if Anabelle loses?"

"Then it's as a result of her incompetence," Isabella retorted nonchalantly.

Pedro frowned, "Didn't you say she would win? Who is as hungry as a rhino?" he reminded her.

But Isabella arched her brow at him, "Did I?" then chuckled at his ignorance.

Pedro's brow furrowed in confusion, then glanced back at the competitors. Could it be.....

As expected, not everyone was made for eating because a minute into the game, two people had given up, their stomachs unable to take anymore.

Although there was a medic by the side in case an accident happens - which was pretty common in this kind of competition - the contestants were advised not to eat beyond their limit. Dying from overeating was real.

There were a total of eight people left in the game and Anabelle managed to secure the fifth position.

"No, this can't happen!" She resolved in her heart. This was her game. She had resolved to win and would win. Filled with enthusiasm, she increased the pace of her eating and for the first time, the crowd recognized the fragile-looking girl as a strong opponent.

Three minutes later, two people had given up. Eating hot dog without water or any sort of consumable liquid by the side was quite suffocating.

Anabelle looked to her left, surprised to see her boyfriend Julie still in the game. She had thought he would be eliminated by now - seems he was quite hungry than he looked. Unlike the others who were desperate to win, he seemed to be enjoying himself.

She then turned to the man on her right. He was her big opponent and from the little food on his plate, it was obvious that the man would probably finish even before the five minutes was over.

However, it seems that luck was on Anabelle's side today because her opponent suddenly threw up, and God! It was so gross! As a reflex action, she gagged yet willed her body not to throw up. No matter what happens, the game must go on.

And so the honorable princess of the Spencer group who gets creeped out at the mere sight of a crawling cockroach endured the horrible mess by her side and continued consuming her hotdog.

Four minutes into the game, another person was eliminated leaving just her, Julie, and another man as the lasting opponents.

A smile tugged Anabelle's mouth to the side, she was the leading eater. Although she could feel her stomach beginning to complain, Anabelle knew she could do this.

"Nine....! "

"Eight....! "

Everyone joined in counting down to the seconds the game ended. The excitement was high in the air, Anabelle could feel it.

"Seven...! "

"Six....! "

Her blood throbbed, they were chanting her name. It made her feel good. Was this what it feels like to be on the top because it was so satisfying.

"Five...! "

"Four...! "

Gosh, victory was on her side.

"Three...! "

Anabelle was on top of the world. For once, she was not going to be a loser.

"Two....!"

She shut her eyes, putting the last bite into her mouth. The victory was hers and now her name would be shouted high.

"One....!"

The whole crowd went into a frenzy, excitement in the air. It was a tough match.

But wait a minute, why weren't they chanting her name, or was this the delay before the dramatic round of applause. Anabelle opened her eyes to see what was going on when she heard,

"Jordan! Jordan! Jordan!"

Huh, who was Jordan?

But then her eyes suddenly widened and Anabelle turned to her boyfriend. Jordan was the fake name Julie had given to them so as not to blow his cover.

Anabelle was rooted to the ground, the once celebratory smile of her pending victory frozen in place while her heart felt like it had been stabbed with a knife. Did he win instead of her?

"Huh?" was Julie's shocked response when the crowd began to cheer him. What just happened? Did he win?

All Julie knew was that he had been trying to devour all of his food before the time was up - they would be stopped whether the hotdog and buns were finished or not. Since the universe has provided free food for him, why shouldn't he take advantage of the whole thing?

That had been Julie's thought, who knew he would beat..... Oh no. It finally dawned on him who his competitor was and he glanced up to meet her hurt expression.

Oh God, he hadn't meant to win but he had been too immersed in his eating to notice.

"And now, we have the winner of our -"

"Anabelle!" Julie called after his furious girlfriend who took off to God knows where.

"Sit down," Isabella commanded Pedro who had stood to go after her.

"What?" Pedro shot a displeased frown at her cold attitude. She knew this would happen and yet intentionally kept quiet. By the way, how was she able to predict the outcome? He was beginning to get scared of her.

"This is a fight between couples, do not interfere," was her warning.

Chapter 505 - Five Hundred And Five: I Need My Girlfriend

The third point of view:

"Anabelle!" Julie reached for her but she slipped through his fingers and took off.

At once he attempted to go after her, but the announcer blocked his way. Since Julie was taller, he glanced over the man's shoulder only to discover Anabelle was getting further away.

Sweat broke out on his face, what if she got lost? She didn't know this place nor anyone here. Isabella would kill him if such a thing happened. She already warned him.

"Sir Jordan, where are you going? You just won the competition and need to receive your award!" the man made every desperate effort to block his way.

"Award my butt! I need my girlfriend!" He pushed the annoying man out of the way and went after his Anabelle, leaving the stupefied crowd in confusion.

Anabelle wiped furiously at the tears blurring her sight. She hated to cry, she wasn't a cry baby, but the stupid tears wouldn't stop falling. Although she knew it was stupid to cry over the fact her boyfriend defeated her, it still hurt her.

That competition was supposed to be a platform for her to prove her worth, her capability, but he took it all away from her! Even if he was a better eater, he could have pretended to lose and saved her face.

"Anabelle!" She heard him call her name and that made her quicken her steps. She didn't want to look at him right now even though she had no clue where she was going.

"Anabelle!" Julie finally caught onto her and grabbed her on the waist, turning her to him.

"No, let me go!" She struggled fiercely with him. He was the last person she wanted to see in her lowest moment.

"Annabelle!" he refused to let go knowing she would only try to escape him, "Just listen to me,"

"No, I don't want to hear a thing. Just let me go!" She cried out, punching him on the chest.

With no choice left, Julie simply pulled her to him and claimed her lips, knowing it was the most effective way to calm her down at the moment.

Anabelle pushed against him with all of her strength but he didn't budge at all. She tried to fight him but her body betrayed her and the next she knew, she was kissing him back with intensity.

Julie groaned when Anabelle pushed him hard against the wall.

Thankfully they were behind a shop and the night camouflaged their appearance. Moreover, even if people saw them, none dared to comment.

Her hand went around his neck and yanked tight on his hair. She was angry and pouring all of her frustration into the kiss. Not that he was complaining anyway.

The kiss was hard and devouring as Julie parted her lips with his tongue, exploring her mouth in intimate places that made her moan in pleasure. His grip on her waist tightened just as her fingers dug into his arms. They wanted more.

But then, all good things must come to an end. Both of them came up for air. Chest heaving, the couples simply stared at each other as they tried to catch their breath.

"I'm sorry," Julie breathed, "I shouldn't have won,"

"No, it's not your fault," Anabelle told him.

"What do you mean it's not my fault? You were supposed to win but I ruined everything with my carelessness," Julie said.

"No, everything is all my fault! I'm just angry at myself!" She yelled at him, digging her hands through her hair, "I'm not good at anything. I'm useless,"

Julie grasped her arm, "Don't say that Anabelle. You're not useless,"

"Then what am I then?!" She yelled in his face, "I was supposed to win that competition! I was supposed to prove to everyone that I wasn't entirely useless! I was supposed to win for once! I was..." Emotions clogged her throat and she couldn't speak anymore, instead, Anabelle burst into tears.

She was not as good as them.

Julie drew her into his arms and hugged her tight, smoothing her hair soothingly. He hated to see her cry. It broke his heart. Anabelle was his woman, he was supposed to make her happy not hurt her.

"I love you just the way that you are Anabelle. You don't need to prove any shit to me because you're you, Anabelle. The funny, clumsy, optimistic -"

"Naive?" She added

He smiled, "Well naive, beautiful maiden that I fell in love with. And I'm sure the others appreciate you as well. Anabelle, you're the only normal one in our crazy group and I would love for you to keep that innocence...." his dumb traced her cheeks, "You don't need to fight any wars nor dirty your hands, I'll do that for you...."

His gaze moved to the side and added, "We'd do that for you," Julie smiled at her.

Anabelle read meaning into his words and turned to the side only to see Pedro and Isabella watching them. As usual, Isabella had a poker face while Pedro seemed relieved the both of them had made up.

"Are you guys going to keep hiding in here or do I need to go pick up the award for you?" That sarcastic question was obviously targeted at Julie.

The boy rolled his eyes in response. He said it! That white witch hated his guts.

"I won't mind keeping the award though," Isabella went on after none of them attempted to move.

Thanks to her pestering, Julie had no choice but to go accept the award as if Isabella knew he was planning on rejecting it. But then, he shared the glory of the win with Anabelle who got second place, praising and gushing over her in his short speech that made the crowd go, "Aww, he's so romantic," "What a perfect couple,"

The award was no other than a hot dog sculpture, alongside a moderate cash prize. Julie spent the next hour taking pictures and shaking hands with the organizers and as well his new fans. Although he made sure to keep a good distance from the girls else Anabelle wears a green hat.

Well, before the night was over, the dark cloud hanging above Anabelle's head vanished without a trace because Julie spent all of his cash prizes on shopping. They had so much fun together that the mention of home brought a grimace to her face. The fun was going to end?

With their hands full with shopping bags and packing nylon bags, they made their way back home merrily. But then, they didn't get to laugh for long because standing at the entrance of the building was someone they never expected to see.

Oh shit, they've been discovered.

Chapter 506 - Five Hundred And Six : She Was Not Daddy's Girl

The third point of view:

"Oh my God, tonight was so fun. I wish we can do that over again," Anabelle squealed happily, forgetting she had been crying hours ago. Compared to the others, she was the only one who wasn't carrying any bag and walked ahead of everyone else.

"Don't worry, I'll take you out there myself after all this is over," Julie said to her, a tender look in his eyes when he saw her smile. He loved seeing her smile.

There was something about Anabelle's smiles that warms the heart. Each time her lips stretched and exposed that little dimple in her cheeks and the crinkle around her eyes, it was marvelous. A hungry man could get satisfied just by watching her smile all day. It was charming unlike Isabella's.

Julie shuddered. Isabella never smiled but whenever she did, that surely meant trouble for whoever the smile was "dedicated" to. Isabella doesn't have a dark cloud looming over her head but she always had this mean demeanor, like don't - fuck - me or - I'll - fuck- you aura. In conclusion, her smile was more frightening than her grim expression and always bore evil intentions.

"You know," Anabelle turned around and began to walk with her back, having known they were close to home, "I've got to admit, living without our parents is a lot more fun, don't you think Izzy?"

"What's your point?" Isabella drawled as if she was tired of Annabelle's constantly changing her mind. One moment the girl was all in support and the next... meh.

"I'm wondering if there's a possibility we could all leave home," she added immediately, "Legally this time. Not as runaways but as kids who want their independence. All four of us, " Her eyes brightened with the suggestion.

"Nice thought but not ideal for me," Pedro kicked against the idea, "I can't leave my mother, especially not now she's having another issue after so many years. She needs my support,"

The excitement in Anabelle's gaze died while Isabella snorted by the side.

Julie glared at Isabella and then smiled at his girlfriend, "Don't worry babe, I'm always with you. If you like, we can even leave the country," He hoped to make her feel good.

"Really?" There was a mocking tone in Isabella's voice, "I'll love to see you try," She subtly hinted at the fact that his grandfather would track him down wherever he went.

The idea of them living together was not ideal unless they all planned on going to the same university, then it was feasible. However, Isabella was not going to give that idea to Anabelle knowing how stubborn the girl could be when she wants something achieved.

Yes, she loved Anabelle, but she doesn't plan on spending her university days comforting the crybaby. University was going to be her liberation, her escape from her father's clutch - hopefully. So, she would not escape Niklaus only to fall into Anabelle's endless circle of tears.

"Maybe, it would be just the both of us Isabella if the guys can't make it," Anabelle chose her as Isabella had premeditated.

"No, thanks," Isabella rejected the offer without a second thought.

"Oh come on, Izzy," Anabelle continued walking with her back having mastered the way, "You've always wanted to be away from your father,"

Surprisingly, everyone stopped in their footsteps, their eyes widening. But Anabelle didn't read much meaning into it and continued her journey, thinking they were simply stunned by her revelation.

"Being away from uncle Niklaus, hasn't that been your lifelong dream?" She asked her.

"A-Anabelle?" Isabella called her, clearly uncomfortable with the conversation.

"Oh please," Anabelle frowned, rolling her eyes, "Don't lie to me now simply because your boyfriend, Pedro is here. Even he knows it -"

"Really? I never knew it," A voice boomed into her ears from behind, a hot breath fanning against her ears. But why does that voice sound familiar?

"Ahh!! " Anabelle burst into a scream and ran towards the others, Julie caught her. Only then did she turn around and her eyes almost bulged out of her socket as she recognized the man grinning at her.

"U-uncle Niklaus," She stammered. Her heart began to pound in her throat. She had not heard his footsteps. No, most importantly, they've been found out?!

There he was, standing outside the building with a cool demeanor and looking as handsome as usual. His hands were in the pocket of his blazer as the cool night air tousled his hair like an actor advertising a hair product.

"So much for being safe," Julie pointed out Isabella's fault in claiming this was a safe place from their parents. Now they've been discovered. If Niklaus was here, the others couldn't be far away.

"Anabelle," Niklaus breathed, as if testing her name on his lips, "You won't mind having tea with me afterward, you seem to have a lot to want to tell me,"

Isabella facepalmed, here goes her independent life. **STRAIGHT INTO THE DRAIN!**

Anabelle gulped, had she said something bad by chance? She couldn't remember what she had been saying - not with the intense look from uncle Niklaus daring her to say contrary to her words.

"Y-yes," She agreed without a second thought. Although he wouldn't hurt her, Anabelle knew how scary Niklaus could get.

Then he turned to his daughter, "What's with that look?" He pointed to her hair, "Are you trying to look albino or something?"

Julie snickered at the side.

Isabella's face hardened. What had she been expecting, that her father would understand her fashion taste?

"Aside from that," Niklaus went on, "Aren't you going to greet your father you haven't seen in days?"

"Two days to be precise," she corrected him sternly.

"So?" he cocked a brow at her.

"Aren't you going to hug your father? A-hem," Julie hid his comment that was meant to be sarcastic with a cough.

Isabella winced inside, her tough girl image was about to be crumpled. No, She was not daddy's girl.

"Isabella," Niklaus pressed. It was an order.

Reluctantly, Isabella made her way over to Niklaus who had his arms open wide as if compelling her to come to daddy.

God, this was the most embarrassing day of her life.

The instant she hugged him, Isabella could feel Julie's mocking laughter echoing loud in her ears. She was going to kill that asshole once she was released from this prison. Niklaus hugged her tight, he almost crushed her.

Meanwhile, unknown to Isabella, her father Niklaus was having a staring contest with Pedro. The old man held Pedro's gaze as if saying, "At the end of the day, she is still my baby girl. Know your place,"

Of course, Isabella was unaware of this.

"That's enough," She pulled away forcibly. In reality, the hug had lasted for barely a minute but to Isabella, it had seemed like an hour.

"How did you find us?" Isabella went straight to business. Although she had a feeling he would find them, she still wanted to know how - so she could hide better next time.

"I knew you would attempt this stunt one day so I simply had a tracking chip implanted in your molars during your dental appointment,"

"What?!"

Chapter 507 - Five Hundred And Seven: That Little Thing Never Sees The Limelight

The third point of view:

"What?!" Isabella was stunned out of her mind and apparently, she wasn't the only one startled as well since the others had similar shocked expressions. Like who does that? Put a tracker on their kid.

Isabella's mind began to function a mile per minute as she assessed her brain. When had Niklaus put a tracker in her? When was the last time she had a dental appointment? How hasn't she noticed? She couldn't remember having dental surgery? It seems her father was always one step ahead of her.

"Of course, I'm pulling your leg," Niklaus smiled at her and for once, Isabella pulled a relieved breath, her heart pounding against her chest. That wasn't funny one bit.

But was that really a joke? She couldn't help but wonder. Niklaus was a nut job, it wouldn't startle her if he really went through it. Seems she had no choice but to check it when she returns. It always pays to be careful.

"I don't need to track you down to know that the only place you would hide is Maya's place where Eden would never think of. Moreover, I own the building. What makes you think I wouldn't notice someone moved in no matter how much you bribed my security," He said to her.

"I wasn't bribing him, I simply...." She scratched the back of her head, "You know, helped out in looking after Maya's place. You're not the only one who has a special tether to the building," Isabella couldn't even believe her own lie.

"Anyway," Niklaus waved it aside, "Pack your bag, we're leaving," he dropped the not so welcomed news.

"What?!" Isabella paled. No, this was what she dreaded. He can't just take her away from the others, they were in this together.

"I meant all of you," Niklaus added as if he read her inner turmoil.

Everyone's jaw dropped, they weren't expecting this. In the worst scenario, they imagined all of their parent's coming to take them one after the other.

"Unless of course, you want Eden to do the job, and trust me, he's not as enthusiastic as I am right now," Niklaus checked his wristwatch, "You have less than thirty minutes before he blocks all possible routes in and out of here,"

Isabella was furious, "You told him about our location?! I can't believe you".

"I didn't need to do anything after your friends literally gave out your location," Niklaus handed his phone to her.

"Anabelle!" It played the footage of Julie going after Anabelle the time she took off during the competitive eating. Apparently, someone had caught it on camera.

"Right now, I bet Eden has seen the video and it's trying to map out your location. It won't be long before he figures Maya's place had been the missing puzzle all this while. So it's up to you," Niklaus referred to all of them because whether they agreed or not, he's leaving with Isabella, " You can choose to come with me and spend the night over at my place. Come morning, we settle whatever it is going on with you guys or you can choose to stay, try to run, or something,"

His gaze darkened, "But trust me, Eden has eyes all over the city and who knows, I might lend him my strength as well. You guys can only run far enough before you're captured like rats in a cage trap," He gave them the option to choose.

"So in one word," Julie started, "We can choose to go with you the greater evil who is kind of tamed right now or my future father-in-law who's on a mission to break up us..." he looked around, "I'll go with option one,"

Julie walked over to Niklaus, "Nice to meet you, Sir Niklaus, I'm Julie. I believe this is our first official meeting,"

But Niklaus gave him the look, "You're the kid who got my daughter into an unofficial engagement and this mess. What makes you think I wouldn't bury you in a shallow grave right now?"

Julie awkwardly withdrew his hand. The man was scary but he bet he had more to him than he showed. Although Julie couldn't be too sure. With a crazy daughter Isabella, he wouldn't be surprised if Niklaus, her father, turned out worse.

"Sir, although we had a rocky start," Julie draped his arms casually around Isabella's shoulder, pressing her closer to him, "I believe Isabella and I have resolved our differences and we are the best of buddies right now," Julie lied through his teeth. He and Isabella were like Fire and Ice.

But then, Julie never expected that he made a wrong move because Niklaus' gaze narrowed at his hand on his daughter's shoulder and roared,

"Get your paws off her right now!"

Before Julie could even obey his order, Niklaus had already grabbed his shirt, tugging him forward, and growled at his face, "I don't know what your deal is by getting my daughter engaged to you and dating Anabelle at the same time but if you hurt either of

them, I'll make sure..." his gaze traveled south, "That little thing never sees the limelight,"

Although it was just a gaze - a scorching one at it - Julie had felt as if Niklaus had reached out and squeezed his balls tight to prove his threat. That single glance had been quite lethal. Perhaps, he had been too hasty in making decisions because right now it seemed as if Eden was a better in-law.

"Am I clearly understood?" Niklaus asked him, sternly.

Julie didn't find the voice to speak, he simply moped at Niklaus while nodding his head obediently. You should know he had never cowered under someone's gaze, not even his grandfather. Niklaus was a devil. His easy-going nature from earlier was simply a front to make people lower their guards only to be taken by surprise. The apple never falls far from the tree, Isabella was indeed his product.

Meanwhile, Isabella covered her face in shame while Pedro stifled his laughter by the side. Her father had not given up scaring little kids. What a big bully.

"Now get your ass up there and get your things before I change my mind," Niklaus commanded and Julie went in without second thoughts followed by Anabelle who glared at her uncle for scaring her boyfriend. She huffed and strutted after him. The next was Pedro who simply lowered his head in greeting and left, leaving only Isabella.

For a moment, Father and daughter stared at each other, eyeball to eyeball, tension thickening between them as if World War Three was about to begin. However, both of them suddenly burst into laughter.

Chapter 508 - Five Hundred And Eight: Getting Pregnant At A Young Age

The third point of view:

"That was so funny, you should have seen his face," Isabella laughed hard, clutching her stomach. It was beginning to hurt from the excessive laughter but damn, that felt so good.

Niklaus's heart swelled with joy when he saw Isabella laugh sincerely. She almost seemed like that sweet innocent girl he knew when she was younger. But unfortunately, life took away that innocence and made her this way.

His daughter encountered things kids her age would never dream of experiencing and it was partly his fault. But he's making it up to her in every way possible. Why? Because he's her father and his responsibility towards her.

"Thank you," Isabella forced the words out of her mouth. She knew her father had intentionally done that for her. At least for once, he did something right. Well, he's been

doing a lot of things right recently, beginning by marrying Reina. She'd see how long this lasts.

"Aww," Niklaus smiled, "I'm so touched. You're beginning to go soft,"

"Whatever," Isabella rolled her eyes and went in, climbing the stairs that led to Maya's apartment with her father closely behind her.

Niklaus felt nostalgic the instant he came into the house, memories flooding his head. This was the point where his life changed and where they?- he and Maya- conceived the twins. So yeah, you get why this place is so special to him.

When Maya died, a part of him died with her. He had been so afraid that one day he might never remember what she looked like which was why he had all of her properties moved back here and to their previous position.

Thus, each time Niklaus was plunged with the guilt of her death, he would come here. And like magic, he would find peace, and could almost swear he sensed her presence. Like a shadow, he had always felt her linger around him. Gosh, he sounded like a lunatic. Perhaps, he would have really lost his sanity if he hadn't moved away from the city.

The kids were packing up the few stuff they came in with when he arrived. Call it instinct or something, but he was drawn to the room where he and Maya made love. The bed was still the way it was and a smile tugged his mouth to the side as he recalled he and Maya having bed-breaking sex..... Wait a minute.

Niklaus' gaze narrowed at the bed as he discovered that the bed had lost another foot. Although the bed was old and squeaky, it wouldn't break that easily unless.....

Niklaus' accusing gaze rested on his daughter who was moving an item of clothing from the old wardrobe.

Sensing that someone was boring a hole into her head, Isabella turned around and her eyes connected with her father's intense ones. Call it sixth sense or something, but her gaze drifted to the bed, and from the way, her father followed her gaze told her all she needed to know. Her cheeks heated with embarrassment.

Oh boy, his theory was right. Niklaus found out from her blushing. His daughter rarely blushed but when she does, whatever caused it must be intense.

"Isabella," He growled, a low rumbling in his chest.

Isabella threw her hands up, "Don't give me that look, that's like the pot calling the kettle black, and get out of here, you pervert!" She walked over to him and pushed her father out of the room.

"What pervert!" Niklaus hollered from outside, "Maya and I owned that room,"

"Well, not anymore!" Isabella retorted from the inside.

"What are you looking at?!" He barked at Julie who had glanced up to watch what was going on.

"Nothing," He quickly shook his head and left as quickly as his legs could take him.

Julie was seriously having second thoughts about sleeping over at Niklaus' place. Niklaus hated his guts, Isabella disliked him, what if the both of them collaborated and ended him in his sleep. They had the power to disguise his death as suicide and with the friction between him and grandfather, they might take advantage of that to cover their crime - father and daughter were smart. Well, if things come to that, Julie was sure Anabelle would avenge him.

They were done in no time and all headed down the street where Niklaus had packed his car.

"Wow," Isabella couldn't help but praise her father mentally. His car was packed in an inconspicuous corner. No wonder they didn't see it else she would have noticed it and known he was here.

"Get in here," Niklaus ordered when all of them hurried into the back seat. However the seat could only accommodate three people and they were four in number unless one of them decided to settle on another person's lap - which is impossible with the front seat empty.

Isabella groaned in disappointment knowing her father was referring to her and was prepared to step out when? Niklaus announced,

"I mean you, Pedro. Get your ass here. Now,"

Everyone froze. What had Pedro done this time? However a smile lit Julie's face, maybe it was Pedro's turn to receive a taste of what he went through - he heard Pedro and Niklaus weren't exactly close. It was his turn to laugh, mwahaha.

"Dad -!"

"It's alright," Pedro stopped Isabella who was about to protest for him. He was a man and would take care of his own problems.

Pedro quickly got into the front seat and sat down.

"Your seat belt, are you waiting for me to help you with that?" Niklaus asked him coldly.

"Oh, sorry,"

Pedro glanced down and barely buckled on the seat belt that seemed jammed when Niklaus turned on the ignition and started the car that jerked him forward.

"Geez, dad!" Isabella spoke in anger, "You might as well murder him!"

Niklaus clenched his jaw hard as he drove, he never knew his daughter was serious with the boy. He simply thought he was one of her toys that she passed time with like she usually does back then with Jennifer. Niklaus sighed, he just hoped Isabella doesn't make the same mistake he did by getting pregnant at a young age.

Chapter 509 - Five Hundred And Nine: The Same Mistake I Made

The third point of view:

The drive to Niklaus' place was silent and strained. No one said a word nor did Niklaus find any other unnecessary fault with Pedro after Isabella's outburst.

Everyone minded their business until Anabelle, who was leaning against the window, noticed for the third time as a police car zoomed past them, "That's weird, another police car just passed us at high speed. Do you think something happened?"

Everyone shook their head at Anabelle's brainlessness. How could she not figure out what's going on?

As usual, Julie choose to answer her when everyone else remained dumb, "That's your father's handwork,"

"My father's handwork?" Anabelle frowned, "Why would my father send....oh," It finally clicked in her head. Guess, she wasn't that dumb after all.

"Uncle Eden must have figured out our location and sent them to capture us," Pedro explained, trying hard not to catch Niklaus' gaze in the rear view mirror. Yes, he looked relaxed but his mind was far from the word, "calm". However, Pedro had his plans, he would sort this out with Niklaus once and for all.

"But why send the police? Isn't that too mean? He makes us look like criminals!" Anabelle could not believe it. She never thought her father was that insensitive.

Eden was a kind, loving, tender man and father, who would never hurt her or anyone precious to her. Or had she been living under a false illusion all this while?

"Your father loves you," Isabella assured her as if she had read her mind and seen her insecurity, "He's just being overprotective of his daughter. However, parents don't understand they also hurt their kids in the process of keeping them safe,"

For some reason, Anabelle couldn't help but feel that those words were somehow being alluded to something, or rather someone... Her gaze found her uncle Niklaus who drove ahead with an expressionless face.

Anabelle sighed, it seemed every family had its problems. Isabella might be smart but her social skills were highly lacking and she had communication problems. Seeing this in a new light, Anabelle realized she might be more blessed than she thought. Isabella was right, she should give herself more credit.

By the time they arrived at Niklaus' residence, it was eleven and quite late in the night. But Anabelle was happier because that meant the triple trouble was fast asleep.

Anabelle loved and wished for more siblings but she was not a huge fan of the triple trouble. Each time she came here, the kids, especially Allen, would always find a way of pranking her. To make it worse, they were all smarter than her - smartness runs in their genes - the oppression was too much.

"Go to bed. Isabella would show you the rooms," Niklaus ordered, preparing to retreat for the night when Julie asked.

"May I share a room with my girlfriend, Anabelle?"

"No, you may not," Niklaus replied immediately, glaring at him as he said, "Remain pure till marriage, until then, you'd be sharing a room with Pedro,"

At that comment, Isabella gave her father the look. Remain pure, her butt! He got her mom pregnant with her at age sixteen for crying out loud.

"A-hem," Niklaus cleared his throat awkwardly after his daughter subtly called him out on his comment with her glare.

"You should all go to bed," He said and turned to leave.

"Sir Niklaus, can I speak to you," Pedro said to everyone's surprise.

What has gotten into him? Wasn't he the one being grilled by Niklaus in the car? Why would he want to see him? Unless he was a sucker for pain.

"Privately," Pedro added upon sensing everyone's curious and questioning look.

Niklaus fixed his intent gaze on the boy and when he didn't cower under his intimidation, relaxed and turned to the others, "Go to bed. You know what to do, Isabella,"

"Yes, tuck them to bed like the babies they are," Isabella almost sassed yet she composed herself, and simply said, "Yes, father," before gesturing to them with her gaze to follow her.

"Let's go," Niklaus said to Pedro and together, led him to the balcony where he leaned on the balustrade, inhaling the cool night breeze.

"You want to talk to me, go on," He said to the young boy whose earlier confidence was now declining. Niklaus could tell from the panic written all over his face.

Niklaus sighed, wiping his face with his palm. Maybe he had been too spiteful with the boy so he alleviated his suppressing aura and said in a smooth, calm tone, "Free your mind with me, I'm not going to bite,"

Perhaps, that comment gave Pedro the courage to say, "I think you're being too unfair to me,"

Niklaus' brows raised interestedly. This is going to be a serious discussion.

"I am?" he pointed to his chest, intrigued by that pliant.

"Yes, you are, Sir Niklaus. You know I love your daughter Isabella and yet, you intentionally make things hard for me. Why Sir Niklaus? I want to know the reason. Did I unintentionally upset you or something or you just don't like me? Don't I meet the requirements you need for your daughter's boyfriend? Tell me where I'm lacking and I'll do my best to live up to your expectations" he pleaded sincerely.

"You're a good boy, Pedro. You don't need to live up to my expectations," Niklaus told him.

"Then why? Why are you so bitter towards me?" Pedro wanted the truth from him.

"Because I'm trying to protect Isabella!" Niklaus added with a gentler voice, "I'm trying to protect the both of you,"

"From what?! You can't tell me you're protecting us by being mean without telling me the actual -"

"I'm trying to prevent you both from making the same mistakes I did!" Niklaus yelled at him and that shut Pedro up.

The mistake he made? Pedro thought hard. Oh, Isabella. He remembered.?Niklaus was scared Isabella would get pregnant?

"Isabella would not get pregnant," Pedro told him.

Niklaus chuckled wryly, "How would you know?"

"We do it with protection -"

"Which is not hundred percent guaranteed. No matter how many shots she takes or the condoms you roll on, it is still not a hundred percent safe - there is still that probability in there. And if there's anything I've learned about life, it's the fact that it loves to fuck humans when it's least expected," Niklaus' chest heaved with effort, his words sinking into Pedro's head.

"Also," Niklaus revealed, "I know about Isabella's insatiable appetite,"

Oh well, Pedro scratched the back of his head awkwardly. This is surely the best topic to discuss with the father of his girlfriend.

Chapter 510 - Five Hundred And Ten: Say No To Sex

The third point of view:

"I know Isabella, Pedro, we are not so different from each other," Niklaus went ahead, "The both of us thrive on excitement and we would plunge head deep into whatever gives us the thrill, only thinking about the consequences at the last minute,"

Pedro took a deep breath, this was not how he imagined their conversation would go. He had summoned the courage to speak with Niklaus about why he disapproved of him, who knew they would sink deeper into this sensitive discussion.

"So why are you telling me this? You want me to break up with your daughter?" Pedro shook his head stubbornly, "With all due respect, sir, I love your daughter too much to lose her," He confessed the truth.

Niklaus smiled at him, "I know, why do you think I haven't fulfilled my promise of burying you alive after you took her?"

Pedro gulped. He knew all along. Well, it was not like he made an effort to hide it.

"Pedro..." Niklaus drew closer to him, the boy took a step back. Niklaus' noticed that yet he didn't say anything and went on, "I want you to change her priority. I can't stop you both from having sex - heck! Isabella wouldn't even listen to me,"

Niklaus took a deep breath, "Sex shouldn't be the foundation and the primacy of your relationship, trust me, if that's the case, I promise you, it's going to break up with time.

"The both of you should work on yourselves, find out what interests the both of you, that attraction that created the spark in the first place. You hear me? "

Although Pedro nodded, God knew everything Niklaus said had gone through his ear and left through the other side. All he understood from the pep talk was they should limit the number of sex they had and strived on having a healthy relationship. Yep, that was

pretty much all he picked - not that he was going to admit that to Niklaus. He still valued his life, please.

"I believe that's all for tonight. Are we good now?" Niklaus asked him.

"Yes, we're good. Totally good. You don't hate me, that's all I needed to know," Pedro said quickly, kicking against this horrible idea in his head.

"Alright. Now, go to your bed. Straight to your room," Niklaus pointed out he didn't want him sneaking around his daughter tonight.

"Yes, sir!" Pedro saluted and turned to leave, taking just a few steps when he stopped in his tracks. He groaned inwardly, he was going to regret this.

Niklaus frowned when he noticed Pedro still standing there. His gaze narrowed, could it be he was not going to do what he asked of him.

"What is it?" he asked in a not so pleased tone.

"You're right, sir," Pedro concurred, "You and Isabella are a lot similar in a lot of ways which is why I think you're indirectly pushing your responsibility to me,"

"What?" Niklaus' face changed.

Yep, it's official, he's toasted.

However, Pedro looked past Niklaus' dark demeanor and went on, "I might be Isabella's boyfriend but you're her father who's raised her for over eighteen years and no offense, the both of you share the same hedonistic lifestyle..." Pedro intentionally trailed off to study Niklaus who had an impassive face. For sure, he was going to be buried alive after saying this.

"This is my first time dating but you have lots of experiences and I somehow think Isabella is highly influenced by your past. In conclusion, I'll play my part but I think you're the key to curbing her appetite. Both of you need a one on one conversation like father and daughter. Open up to one other, tell her your fears instead of fighting and throwing remarks at one another. Isabella is the most reasonable girl I know out there, she'd understand, "

Pedro could hear his heart pounding loud in his ears by the time he was done. It didn't help matters that Niklaus was eerily silent and pinned him with a gaze that made him want to pee in his pants.

"You have quite the guts, " Niklaus finally said after the stretched silence.

Pedro gulped. He knew it, he was dead. He had offended the great Niklaus.

"But I like it," his mouth was pulled to the side in a smirk.

"Huh?" Pedro blinked twice, trying to conjure back the bloodlust he thought he had seen surrounding Niklaus earlier. What just happened?

"Congratulations son," Niklaus patted him on the back, "You just earned the right to call me by my first name. Now, go get a goodnight's sleep. I'll talk to my daughter later and hopefully, it works," He squeezed the boy's shoulder tenderly and left.

For a full five minutes, Pedro stood at the spot, mystified. What had happened? How could Niklaus' mood go from downright scary to tender loving? The sudden fluctuations confused him greatly.

And what does Niklaus mean by calling him by his name, Pedro would rather die than do that. Maybe he was thinking too hard and should get some sleep. Yeah, It would be much better to think in the morning and as well, be able to observe the situation.

By the time Pedro returned to the hallway, he discovered he didn't know the room assigned to him. He dipped his hand into his pocket to pull out his phone only to recall he had put the cellphone in the little bag he came with - the bag Isabella must have kept in the room he was supposed to spend the night.

Pedro contemplated going to Isabella's room but remembered Niklaus' warning from earlier. Damn it, the universe was playing him tonight. He couldn't go knocking and disturbing everyone in the name of finding his own room. Pedro was in a dilemma.

At last, he decided to sleep on the couch in the living room and had just turned when a voice called from above, "Missed your way?"

Isabella.

A smile crossed his lips as he turned around and found her leaning against the wall with her arms crossed. He went to her.

"You're still awake?" Pedro was pretty sure he spent quite a while with Niklaus.

"I couldn't sleep with you alone with my father. With him being so harsh to you, who knows what he would do?" Isabella expressed her concerns, caressing his cheek with her hand.

Pedro leaned into her touch, "Well, I'm good now, and your dad isn't as scary as you think,"

"What did you discuss with him?" Isabella asked suddenly, staring right into his eyes.

Pedro was taken aback by the suddenness of the question. However, he recollected himself and answered calmly, "It's nothing serious," He intentionally didn't go into details.

"Fine, since you said so," Isabella didn't push him to say more, "You should go and have a rest. It's been a long day," She led him to his room.

Standing at the door, they both stared at each other for a long time without muttering anything. It was obvious they had a lot to say, but none opened up.

Suddenly, Isabelle leaned in, about to kiss his lips when Pedro took a step back. Niklaus' warning was still fresh in his mind. She noticed that move.

"I'm sorry, I just -" he began to apologize when Isabella tugged on his shirt, and he stumbled forward, only for Isabella to shut him up with a sweet, long kiss that blew his mind away.

"Goodnight Pedro," She smacked him on the lips once more.

"Goodnight, Isabella," Pedro grinned sheepishly.

Say no to sex, not kisses, right?