

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 561 - Five Hundred And Sixty-one: The Weird Food Combination - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 561 - Five Hundred And Sixty-one: The Weird Food Combination

*Chapter 561 - Five Hundred And Sixty-one: The Weird Food Combination*

The third point of view:

"Hey baby, it's morning," Niklaus woke his wife, but she turned the other way with a groan.

"God, give me an hour. I just want to catch... a little sleep..." she slurred, eyes shutting close.

Niklaus shook his head, then pulled her around to him, "Sorry, babe, but that was the same thing you said an hour ago. It's eight already,"

Reina pushed him away, "Thirty minutes more," her eyelids were heavy with sleep.

"I would have, but unfortunately, this is the royal palace and people are waiting for us," Niklaus told her.

Unfortunately, Reina didn't give a damn. She continued her sleep.

With a sigh, Niklaus simply carried her off the bed. But that action didn't stir Reina at all, instead, she leaned into his warmth. Not to mention he smelled good.

"This sleep is really a strange one," Niklaus thought.

Even when he brushed her teeth and placed her under the warm shower, she simply stirred, hummed a sign of approval, and went back to sleep. None of his movements while drying her body and changing her into new clothes woke Reina. Instead, she sank deeper into the comfort of sleep.

Well, it must be Jet lag, he surmised. Reina must be tired out from the flight considering Lincolnshire was six hours faster on the GMT. She just had to rest more.

Niklaus was left with no option but to call Emily and ask for more time. But he shouldn't have worried at all since Emily told him Eden and his wife were running late as well,

alongside Emerald dealing with his pregnant wife's erratic mood. Hence, their gathering/breakfast was scheduled at a later time.

Niklaus simply laid on the bed alongside his wife and watched her sleep. His father, Adam, had been wrong. Even if he had nothing, Niklaus was sure he would be fine. There was just this happiness in his chest knowing he had a woman who he loved and she loved him as well.

She gave him a family and made him the happiest man alive. What more could he ask for? All he wanted now was to always make her smile and be comfortable.

Reina finally opened her eyes feeling revitalized and strong enough to face the day. Wow, where did such positivity come from? Not that she wasn't always positive, but today's energy seems to be on another level.

However, she was startled to see amber eyes staring back at her with intensity. Her brows narrowed together in confusion, what was wrong with her husband now? Was he on his period? You can't blame her for thinking so, Niklaus' emotion was slightly unpredictable.

Before she could interrupt the unnerving silence, Niklaus reached out and began to caress her cheek. Her heart skipped a beat while she blushed scarlet red. What's with him this morning?

"Thank you for making me the happiest man alive," Niklaus simply said, yet Reina's heartbeat doubled and it felt like it was racing out of her body; It was beating a million miles an hour.

"Seriously?" She puckered her face, "Aren't we past this fresh lovey-dovey stage already?"

"We cannot outpass that," He said firmly.

Reina simply pecked him on the lips and climbed out of bed, "I love you too baby but right now, I want to eat. I'm so hungry that I might swallow a cow,"

Both couples left for breakfast, heading over to the dining reserved for them with one of the maids acting as a tour guide.

"Finally, you arrived," Emily announced from her seat, "I was actually beginning to think I'll have to come to drag your ass here myself," there was slight anger beneath her tone.

"Sorry," Reina said even though she had no clue who Emily was angry at since Eden and his wife arrived at the same time as them - one might think they agreed to meet on cue.

"It's alright. Just sit down already, the food is fresh and hot and tantalizing - that's the best part of living in the palace. Everything is always fresh," Emily rambled on as they ate their food.

She had always been the most talkative amongst them plus the fact she had lived here longer than them, hence it was not surprising she had a lot to them.

"Eww, what are you doing Cecil?" Emily wrinkled her nose in disgust as Cecil dipped her strawberry in butter and into her mouth it went.

"That is so disgusting," Emily noted.

"I'm a pregnant woman. Fuck off," Cecil warned her.

"How does that combination taste?" Reina was curious, eyeing her butter dish.

Cecil moaned with her eyes closed as she took another one into her mouth, "Like heaven,"

Reina gulped, it does seem tantalizing.

Emily gave her the look, "Don't tell me you want that too?"

"I don't know but it seems exquisite," She said.

"Sure, try it," Cecil immediately dipped a strawberry into the butter and handed it over to her.

Reina accepted it under Niklaus' scrutiny and dipped it into her mouth. She chewed on it, everyone watching her with attention.

Her eyes brightened, "God, this is heaven indeed," Reina found it delicious.

Niklaus, Eden, and Judy fought against the urge to throw up. Emerald didn't dare to make a face of distaste else he gets it from his wife.

"Let me try it as well," Camille was tempted.

"God, no!" Emily rejected.

However, Cecil, the distributor, was quick to hand the weird combination over to Camille who took a bite and nodded her head saying, "The taste is indeed interesting. I want to taste more,"

"This is a nightmare," Emily muttered as her three friends munched on the weird food. However, something hit her. No way.

"Oh God," Emily gasped, "Don't tell me you two are pregnant,"

"What?!" Reina and Camille shouted at the same time.

Unlike Camille who considered the option, Reina was firm in her opinion,

"I'm not pregnant. I'm on the shot. There's no way I'll be pregnant," she claimed.

"You just ate Cecil's disgusting food combination of strawberry and butter," Emily hinted at her.

Reina paled, no way.

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*Chapter 562 - Five Hundred And Sixty-two: Their New Sibling*

The third point of view:

Although doctors claim even with the most effective birth control methods, there's always a chance for error - after all, it takes just one sperm to fertilize the egg - Reina still couldn't believe it. No, she did not want to believe it. There was no way she was pregnant, she had made sure against it.

"No, not possible," Reina shook her head, "I can guarantee that I feel normal. If I was pregnant, I would know," She was in a state of denial.

"Out of all of us at the table, you two are the only ones who didn't find the food disgusting. Doesn't that say something?" Emily pressed, "I mean, look at Camille, it didn't take her long to accept the reality,"

"Actually, I'm not that shocked. Eden and I decided long ago to try for a child," Camille said, her face turning beet red.

But unlike the happy Camille, Reina didn't find this situation funny. She was not ready to have more children - yet. At least she had made that clear to Niklaus - even though they kept doing it. God, she was doomed.

Thinking about it, when did she last take the shot? Probably two months now. Wonderful - note the sarcasm. She had just been two busy after the attack by Miguel, followed by the kids running from home, George's provocation, and now, Emily's wedding. It slipped her mind.

"Why don't you two just have an over-the-counter pregnancy test instead of making guesses," Judy suggested, "After all, there's a high chance we might be mistaken," He unintentionally hinted that Reina might have a strange taste bud.

"You're right," Niklaus supported him immediately. All this while, he had kept quiet knowing a wrong word and his angry wife would have his head off.

Although he wanted more children, Reina wanted the opposite and he respected her wishes?- even though they couldn't keep their hands off each other - while hoping for some miracle.

Now the miracle he prayed for finally occurred, Niklaus couldn't help but feel he somehow jinxed her luck. He was unhappy that he made her unhappy.

"Yeah baby," Niklaus said to his wife, trying to make her feel better, "For all we know, it's a wrong assumption,"

"Yeah, a wrong assumption," Reina allowed herself to be fooled by those words because the truth is that she felt it as well - there was something unusual about her body. But then, it was better to pretend than to acknowledge sometimes.

And just like that, both women found themselves in the bathroom with a pregnancy kit test ready for the biggest discovery of their lives.

"Are you nervous?" Camille asked Reina who gave her a stupid look.

She explained quickly, "Sincerely, you look more vexed than nervous as if you already know the result?"

"Well, it's best to be in denial, it numbs," Reina retorted, scowling at the testing stick as if it was responsible for her problem.

Camille chuckled wryly, "I'm more scared than nervous though. I mean this is the first time I'm giving birth and I heard stories plus the fact I don't know what the future will look like? I don't even know if I'm fit to be a mother," she pointed out her worries.

Reina snorted, "Well you don't have to worry about anything except the part where an average 7.5 lb human tears through your vagina, and in my past situation of having twins, that's double of that pain. So yeah, best experience ever," She said sarcastically.

However, Reina added, "But then, the result is always worth the pain. You brought a beautiful being into the world - a child you'd give your all. But that doesn't mean I'll want to go through that ordeal again,"

"So, are we checking the result or not?" Camille asked her. They've observed all necessary procedures for the test kit and now, the recommended waiting time has passed.

"You can go ahead first," Reina told her and Camille turn around with her eyes closed as she picked her stick from the sink. After two seconds, she peered down at it and as expected, two lines showed.

"I'm having a baby!" she shouted.

"Wow, congratulations," Reina told her sincerely. Just because she doesn't want to have one, doesn't mean she won't be happy for another.

"Eden will be so happy, he's going to be a father," Camille smiled.

"You forgot to add Anabelle,"

"Oh yes," she was amused, "She's wanted a sibling all through her life,"

Suddenly, Camille glanced up at Reina questioningly, "It's your turn, or I can help you if you're not ready to -"

"I was born ready," Reina intentionally didn't look straight at the stick until she brought it up to her face.

Two lines.

Reina gulped, it happened again.

"What does it say?" Camille was anxious to hear the news.

Reina simply showed her the stick and one should see the way Camille's face widened in joy.

"Oh my God!" She shrieked, "We are going to be birth partners," She shook the unresponsive Reina who had frozen from shock.

"Come, we have to go share the good news!" Camille grabbed her hand and led her back to the dining room where the others sat, waiting for the news.

They didn't need to share the information since their expression told it all. Niklaus wondered if he should be happy or sad, he was in a dilemma. This time, his wife would be giving birth to a child he'd witness his or her birth and childhood - Allen and Ailee grew seven years of their life without him.

Behind them, Eden hugged his wife Camille. They were going to have a baby! He was going to be a father?! He has waited God damn long for this miracle to happen.

"Congratulations to both of you," Cecil said to both pregnant women.

"Thank you," Reina accepted the woman's compliment. So then, what? She didn't want a child and she got one, what was she going to do? Hate her child for coming at the wrong time? How then does that make her any different from her late mother, Angela? Reina had no choice but to accept the reality.

"How do you feel?" Niklaus asked, tucking her hair behind her ear.

"For a start, overwhelmed. This is unbelievable and happening too quickly to be real. I don't even know what the kids would think of this?" Reina sighed.

"You don't need to worry about a thing, I'm here with you all the steps of the walk unlike before. Also, the kids would love their new sibling, I'm sure of it," Niklaus assured, brushing a kiss across her forehead.

"And speaking of which, you both need an ultrasound especially Reina," Emily said the issue of a sudden.

"Me? Why?" Regina pointed at her chest, confused.

"You birthed twins previously, what if you give birth to twins again? I mean, it's not entirely impossible," she claimed.

But Reina in question went pale. Not, not another set of wild twins.

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*Chapter 563 - Five Hundred And Sixty-Three: The Child She Lost*

The third point of view:

"Whoever made that guess was right," the doctor said as he explained the ultrasound picture, "Your wife is having multiple pregnancy,"

"Huh?"

"Yes!" Emily pumped her fist in the air at her accuracy, "I said it!"

"What do you mean I'm having multiple pregnancy?" Reina was in shock. It can't be true.

"You mean like twins?" Niklaus asked.

"I mean like triplets," the doctor said.

"What?!!" Everyone shouted this time, jaw almost dropping to the ground. The next, they all turned their heated gazes on Niklaus.

"Why are you all staring at me that way?" Niklaus didn't like that look at all - as if he should be held responsible for this.

"Nothing," some responded while the others shrugged with their lips pursed. However, the accusation in their eyes was obvious. After all, he was the one who got her pregnant.

Reina was struck dumb, she was having triplets? She couldn't help but feel resentful towards Niklaus. He wanted six kids and now, if she birthed the triplets successfully, his kids would be a total of six. It was almost as if God heard his prayers. It was so unfair.

The royal doctor went ahead to explain the result of the scan, "In summary, there are three fetuses and this is a gestational age of five weeks and two days,"

"You're saying I've been pregnant for over a month and I didn't know?" Reina couldn't believe it, "

"No two body is ever the same hence pregnancy symptoms differ as well. But then yours might have been less severe to the point you overlooked, misunderstood, or simply ignored the symptoms,"

Her eyes instantly connected with Niklaus and they came to an understanding, the unusual sleeping. It had been a sign.

"Here," He pointed to the image, "Fetus A and Fetus B share the same gestational sac, with no intervening membrane visualized. However two separate yolk sacs are present, and this is highly suggestive of a monochorionic diamniotic gestation. While Fetus C is in a separate gestational sac, and is hence the dichorionic diamniotic sibling of Fetuses A and B, "

He went on, "However, there might be a case of vanishing twin syndrome. It's just a possibility. "

"Vanishing twin syndrome?"

Reina didn't like the sound of that.

"Sometimes, very early in a twin pregnancy, one of the fetuses "disappears." Even after ultrasound has shown heart movement in multiple pregnancy, spontaneous loss of one



of the Fetuses is higher in triplet and quadruplet pregnancies. A fetal loss rate of forty percent may occur in pregnancies with triplets or more. When a fetus is lost in the first trimester, the remaining fetus or fetuses generally continue to develop normally, although vaginal bleeding may occur, "

Niklaus sighed, "You're trying to say she would need more care?" he would do anything to keep her safe.

"Of course," the doctor explained,

"Complications increase with each additional fetus in a multiple pregnancy. In addition, there is a higher incidence of severe nausea and vomiting, cesarean section, or forceps delivery. Since preterm birth and growth disturbances are the major contributors to newborn death and disability in multiples, frequent obstetric visits and close monitoring of the pregnancy are needed.

"To achieve the best outcome with a multiple pregnancy, your wife must work with a health care team. A total lifestyle change should be observed, especially after about twenty weeks into the pregnancy. I'll advise her to avoid strenuous activity and employment at some time between twenty and twenty-four weeks. Bed rest improves uterine blood flow and may be helpful for fetal growth problems,"

Reina groaned at that announcement, knowing that this has given Niklaus all the privilege he needed to restrict her activities. The Niklaus she knew would become a hen-packed husband just to ensure the successful birth of his kids.

She could already see her frustration-filled days ahead - Reina enjoyed her freedom. Perhaps, this was one of the qualities she shared with Isabella. But then, her possessive husband didn't know the meaning of the word "freedom".

"And of course," the doctor added, "Intercourse generally is discouraged in this high-risk pregnancy,"

At once, everyone turned to Niklaus.

"Don't say a word," He growled a warning at them. Why was he always being blamed for everything? His wife was a willing participant in the act.

"That will be all for now," The royal doctor said, leaving them alone. Nor did any of them notice Emily slip out of the room.

"How do you feel?" Niklaus was the first to ask.

"How do I feel?" Reina glared at him. She had been waiting for the doctor to finish up so she could give him a piece of her mind, "Do you really want to know how I feel?"

Honestly, Niklaus had expected her to hit him or grab his hair or something. Hence, it had come as a shock to him when she burst into tears. His heart dropped dead. He was the one supposed to be hurting, not her.

Reina didn't mean to cry but as soon as she wanted to let her out the grievances in her heart, the tears fell instead. Perhaps, the shock had finally worn off, reality settling in.

"This is all your fault!" She wailed loudly, "How am I going to handle triplets? I barely get a grip on Allen and Ailee? Now, this?! You want me to die, you selfish bastard?!" She finally began to hit him.

"Sorry baby," Niklaus hugged her, "Don't worry, I'll share your labour pain this time," He promised her.

"Idiot, how are you are you going to do that?!"

Judy laughed at their drama just as his eyes searched around to discover Emily was no longer around. Where had she gone? How could she leave without him?

Instantly, he went in search of her, tracking her down to the garden where she was on the bench, crying all alone.

Oh, God.

It dawned on him. Emily was affected by the news of her best friends getting pregnant even though she didn't show it. She was envious of their pregnancies.

"It's okay," He hugged her from behind, "You can cry all you want," He murmured into her ears while rubbing her back.

The dam was broken and Emily cried bitter sobs that wracked her body while Judy simply held her. His wife was mourning for the child she lost and the fact she might never have another again.

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*Chapter 564 - Five Hundred And Sixty-four: His Majesty*

The third point of view:

Isabella's threat worked effectively because Jacqueline had gone easy on them in the next lesson. The woman had stopped treating them like naive subjects she could easily manipulate but students.

Currently, they were having a tour of the palace but Neon decided to have communion with nature. Hence, while others visited other interesting places in the palace, he was all alone in the garden. Well, not alone, he had his mouse for company.

Neon laid on the soft carpet glass staring at the bright sky and enjoying the sweet earthy smell of nature. In times like this, he enjoyed being alone with Mr. Smuff junior. It was their quiet time together. Yeah, both of them were an inseparable couple.

"You like nature too?" A smile broke across his face when he saw his mouse gnawing at the vegetation.

Neon sighed, "You must be very lonely with no family to play with," He tried to imagine himself in the mouse's situation, "It would have been nicer if Mr. Smuff was here. At least, that way you would get company just like I have? Allen and Ailee," The mouse squeaked as if acquiescing to his statement.

"But don't worry, as soon as we get back home. I'll find you a wife and then you will have children - lots of children- and you will not be lonely. Sounds good, right?" Neon was delighted at his plan not knowing Isabella was not a fan of mice litters.

He was so engrossed in his happy imagination that he didn't realize Mr. Smuff junior had crawled away.

"Huh?" Neon finally noticed his absence, "Mr. Smuff junior? Smuff Jr.? Where are you?" he panicked.

This wasn't the first time the mouse got missing only to be caught a few hours later. No matter how Smuff junior went, Neon trained the mouse to return to the spot he frequented the most.

But then, this was Lincolnshire and a garden he visited for the first time plus the fact the servants might kill Mr. Smuff thinking he's a wild mouse.

Oh no, he got to find Mr. Smuff junior before it was too late. How could he lose him? He was an irresponsible parent.

And just like that, Neon went in search of his mouse on all fours. It was far better on his knees than standing since mice were excellent climbers and hiders.

The garden provided a good hiding spot with its bountiful flowers and trimmed bushes. But then, because he has been taking care of the mouse for long, Neon might have unintentionally adapted to the mouse's cogitation because in no time, he found Mr. Smuff junior trying to squeeze into a two inches gap in between a bush.

"There you are," He picked the little squirming thing, "You are a bad boy. Do you know how scared I was?" Neon scolded him by tapping its pointed snout as he slowly rose to

his feet. However, at the corner of his eyes, he spotted two figures and ducked immediately.

Neon's heart began to pound so hard when he saw it was that unpleasant man from that day. His luck was really bad, how could he meet that scary man again? He was just about to leave when the conversation began.

"How are the plans going?" Lord Albert asked one of the captains he had convinced into his cause.

The guard looked around and after making sure they were truly alone, said to him, "With your influence, it wasn't hard to convince the guards. Right now, about sixty percent of the guards are on our side. The rest are extremely committed to the royal family and we can't afford a leak in this plan. You do know what we will lose if this fails,"

"I know that and I stand to assure you that I will not fail you. We will win this battle and you will get the promotion you need. You will be the commander of the royal troop in my reign," Lord Albert assured him.

"Thank you, my lord," The captain went down on his knees instantly. He glanced up with a smile as he added, "Or should I say, your majesty?"

A smile crossed Albert's features at once. It felt good being called by that title.

However, Neon, who had chosen to remain at his hiding spot, frowned, "Your majesty," He muttered to himself.

Did the royal family appoint a new king? The only people he knew being referred to as "majesty" were the queen, Uncle Judy, and Akim. Even aunty Emily was called "My lady," instead of "her majesty," because she hadn't married the prince yet. So why is that man being called "his majesty"

There was no way the man was a king, Akim had told him he - Lord Albert - worked for his mother. Hence, even as ignorant as Neon was, he sensed something wasn't right. He had to tell Allen and Ailee, they were the smart ones.

"All necessary plans have been put in place, all we need are your orders to strike," the captain said.

"We are not in a hurry to move.

The queen might look easy but she's a smart woman. We have to move when she least expects it. But in all, we can't let the wedding go on..." Lord Albert trailed off when he heard a rustle in the bush.

At once, both men froze, their eyes connecting as understanding dawned on them. They knew the fate that awaited them if their secret got leaked hence they had to eliminate any threat.

"Shit," Neon cursed from his hiding place. He had not intended to make a noise. Call it instinct but Neon had a feeling those people were not fans of children. What was he going to do?

The captain checked his loaded rifle, regretting the fact he had no silencer - not that they were permitted to use it in the palace anyway. It seems he had to use his fist so as not to draw attention.

He walked in the direction of the bush where the rustle came from, his body in anticipation to incapacitate whoever was hiding in there before his next course of action.

However, before he could get closer, a white albino mouse slipped out from the bush causing much rustling than earlier.

The captain breathed in relief, it was the mouse - a cute one at that. He shook his head at Lord Albert, it was nothing. The man nodded in approval. However, just to be on the safe side, the captain decided to make a thorough search when he heard someone holler "Neon!" from afar.

At once, the captain stepped back and gestured to Lord Albert that it was time to part ways. They should not be seen together.

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*Chapter 565 - Five Hundred And Sixty-five: Steal His Cellphone*

The third point of view:

Neon never thought his heart could beat this hard without him dying. Right now, his heart was pounding like the thundering hooves of a thousand wild stallions.

He thought he would die when that captain came near his hiding spot but of course, his mouse saved his life. And Ailee as well.

"Neon!" She approached him, "What the hell? Why didn't you answer when I called your name?" She looked displeased.

However, Neon simply reached out and hugged her right. He just escaped death, he needed body warmth, comfort, and assurance.

"Hey, what's wrong with you?" Ailee pushed him away but Neon simply tightened his grip around her. His sister was the best.

Ailee didn't struggle anymore, she just let him be although her brows furrowed suspiciously. Neon was relieved to see her which meant something happened.

"What's going on here?" Allen asked from behind and the both of them broke apart, startled - they were beginning to enjoy the hug.

"Nothing!" Ailee answered before Neon could. Her cheeks heating up. And why does she feel guilty that her twin brother caught her hugging Neon? Neon was her brother as well, right? He deserved her hug, right?

At that moment, it hit Neon that he had let his mouse loose again.

"Mr. Smuff junior!" He went in search of his friendly rodent with the twins following after him.

"Here, he is," Ailee easily picked him from the grass.

"Oh, thank God," He took him from Ailee, stroking the mouse's body. He said, "It's a good thing that evil man didn't harm you, my poor mouse," He pressed a kiss to it.

"Eww," Allen made a face of disgust.

However, Ailee had a much better question.

"Evil man? What evil man, Neon?"

"Lord Albert!" his tone was resolute, "That man doesn't like the Queen one bit and I think they mean her harm. I heard them say they had sixty percent control of the palace guards!"

The instant Neon said that, Allen and Ailee stared at each other, a serious expression on their faces.

"What are you talking about?" Allen asked this time, "You do know you're accusing Lord Albert of treason!"

"A-ha!" Neon said as if he finally remembered what he was searching for, "The first time we met, I saw the word 'treason' in his chat. By the way, what is treason?" The boy still had no idea what that was even though he sensed it wasn't something good.

"Also," he added immediately, "That guard called him, his majesty. The royal family, aren't they the only ones referred by that title? Akim told me Lord Albert isn't royalty,"

Ailee turned to her brother, "I don't think Neon is lying neither did he make it up,"

"If that's the case, then this is a big trouble,"

"What is big trouble? The treason? Is treason trouble?" Neon was as curious as hell.

"Neon, treason means betraying one's own country," Ailee told him.

"Betraying one's own country?" Neon repeated after her, trying to process everything.

"You do know our grandfather Sakuzi is the leader of the gang, right?"

"Yes," Neon said.

"If another tries to kill him and snatch that position without his permission or by coercion, or blackmailing, that's treason," she explained.

"Oh," Neon nodded in understanding. His eyes widened, "If that's the case, then we have to tell the queen! She's in danger!" he was prepared to leave.

"What?! No!" Ailee drew him back, "We can't do that!"

"Why not? The queen has to know!"

"Because we don't have evidence, dummy!" Allen facepalmed mentally.

"What?"

"Yes, Neon. This is a serious crime and we can't tell the queen nor accuse Lord Albert of that crime without evidence. We might end up getting framed up in the process and that is not good for us," Ailee said.

"But I saw them speaking about it here. I even saw it on his phone!"

Allen shook his head while rubbing his hand across his jaw thoughtfully, "No, your testimony is not strong enough, we need solid evidence,"

"Why don't we tell mom and Dad?" Ailee suggested, "They could help us,"

"I don't know about dad but mom will never believe us, she would think this is one of our pranks again. There's no assurance they would believe a word we say without evidence," Allen was sure. Who knew that one day their notorious reputation would come to haunt them.

"So evidence is the problem then?" Neon asked, disappointed.

"Yes, if we can only..." Ailee trailed off as her eyes widened, "His cellphone!"

"Cell phone? Yes, cell phone! The chat!" Neon finally figured it out and he was proud of his achievement.

"So you're trying to say we should steal Lord Albert's cellphone?" Allen laughed sarcastically, "Best plan of the century,"

"Right?" Neon laughed, unable to grasp the sarcasm.

Allen glared at him, "No, dumb ass, it's the worst plan ever! We are contemplating stealing the cellphone of a man we hardly even know - this is our first time in Lincolnshire. We know nothing about him!"

"Seems to me you're chickening out," Ailee smirked at him, "I never know my brother as someone who backs out of a tough task. You almost sound like a -"

"Don't finish that statement," Allen warned her with all manner of seriousness. He knew what she was about to call him and he didn't like that term at all.

Ailee arched a brow at her brother, a smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

"So we need to come up with a plan and we have the best master planner in the family," she hinted at someone.

Allen shook his head, "No, not our sister Isabella. No matter how we try to put it, she would surely figure out our plan and probably try to accomplish it on her own. This is our quest. I'll think of something,"

"Is that a good idea?" Neon doubted that plan, "I mean sister Izzy is so cool and intelligent,"

Allen picked offense at his statement, "Are you saying I'm not smart? How many kids my age can think like me - starting with you,"

"You're an arrogant asshole," Ailee shot an annoyed look at him. She hated it when her brother insulted Neon.

But Allen went on, "What we need right now is information. Where does Lord Albert live? How often does he visit the place? The best spot to intercept him? And of course, we have the best person to get that information,"

"We do?" Neon and Ailee were surprised.

"Yes,"



"Who?"

"Our one and only royal cousin,"

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*Chapter 566 - Five Hundred And Sixty-six: War Erases History*

The third point of view:

Isabella was grateful for the fact that those little troubles - Allen, Ailee, and Neon- had left them alone. She loved them but God, they were so exhausting. Had Niklaus felt that same way with her when she was younger, Isabella doubted it. Compared to the twins, she was more quiet and sensible.

Aside from that, she needed time with Pedro. It's been so long since she had a one on one date without the company of others ever since they came to Lincolnshire.

So when Akim suggested they take a tour of the palace during their free time, Isabella had accepted without hesitation - that was the fastest way to lose the kids.

As expected of the palace, it was ridiculously large with a large mass of land and a total of five hundred rooms. Doing the calculation, Isabella couldn't help but shake her head. So many resources.

The palace had its own forestry, farming, and a whole lot of others. Isabella was happy when Neon decided he was going to visit the garden. She knew her siblings had unconsciously formed a bond with Neon and would soon follow after him - they were always together. That meant the kids were gone, leaving Anabelle and Julie.

Isabella didn't have to worry about Julie at all - they both can't stand each other. Compared to him, Anabelle was a tough opponent to get rid of - the girl was clingy as hell.

"So what now?" Isabella asked when they came to the end of the tour at the stable.

Yes, she craved to have a ride on one of the horses but that will be with Pedro by her side, not the other couples. Moreover, she didn't have a clue if Anabelle had horse riding lessons - she wouldn't want anyone falling off the horse and bawling her eyes out.

"Is there anywhere else you want to visit?" Isabella intentionally threw the bait knowing Anabelle would inevitably take it. Sometimes, it was a relief to have a less bright person in the family - she even couldn't fool the twins easily.

Anabelle shook her head thoughtfully, "I don't think so,"

Isabella's smile widened, "That's means we should call it a -"

"The royal collection room!" Akim said before Isabella could finish the rest of her sentence.

Isabella gritted her teeth, she was tempted to teach her royal cousin a lesson. Can't someone get alone time with their boyfriend here?

"The royal collection room?" Julie puckered his face, "That sounds like boring,"

Oh, thank you for once, Julie, Isabella breathed a sigh of relief. She wanted to be away from Anabelle's claws. No offense but Anabelle's stressing was like a leech that sucks blood and never benefits the host.

"Oh no, I think it's going to be interesting," Anabelle said and Isabella felt like dying at that spot.

"Isn't that right, Izzy?"

"Huh?" Isabella was distracted from her thoughts.

"The collection room, wouldn't it be an interesting place to visit?" Anabelle added immediately, "I mean think of the number of pictures we could see and learn about Lincolnshire's history as Jacqueline wanted. Don't you think so?"

"Of course," Isabella found herself conceding, "It's a good thing to know about the royal lineage, it could help us in the long run," she added. Damn it.

Honestly, Isabella could outrightly reject coming along with Anabelle, but something was charming about Anabelle's eyes. Once she focuses those orbs on you with a hint of tears, shit goes down real fast. You can't resist her.

Perhaps, that had always been the reason she had allowed her - Anabelle - to follow her when they were young even though she - Isabella - disliked her. Isabella couldn't reject her while looking her in the eyes.

"Yes!" Anabelle rejoiced while Isabella was dying inside.

"You're the best, Izzy!" Anabelle said, throwing her arm around her as she hollered, "Let's go!"

Isabella had no choice but to fake a smile, keeping up with her cousin's enthusiastic steps. This would surely pass, she willed herself to believe that.

Just like every other room in the palace, the collection room was spacious and lavishly decorated. The roof was vaulted with gold leafing and the walls painted golden as well. Then on the walls were numerous oil paintings.

Upon their arrival, some employees were dusting the frames of the painting. Upon seeing the prince, they all stopped whatever they were doing and bowed to him as a sign of respect.

"It sure feels good to be a royal. You even get to command adults," there was a hint of jealousy in Isabella's tone.

"I can ask grandma to make you a princess by title - you'd get the same treatment as I do," Akim innocently offered.

"Oh please, don't," She rolled her eyes, "I'll go crazy being a royal, so boring,"

"I wouldn't mind being one," Anabelle said to him.

"Of course, you wouldn't, you're already driving me crazy," Isabella muttered under her breath.

But Pedro heard her and smiled. He reached out and drew her closer to his side, rubbing his hand up and down her arm in a soothing manner.

"Your highness," One of the employees said, looking at them questioningly.

"Ah, You don't need to worry about them, they're my family members," Akim took responsibility, having understood the hidden message.

"Wait a minute, does she think we're going to steal the painting?" Julie at once understood the secret messages passed between Akim and the employee.

"More like ruin it," Isabella hinted that he was careless.

"This is not the first time someone tried to," the employee said this time, "But I can assure you that every single painting in here -big or small - has a tracker in it. You won't go far. Don't try to ruin it either, the cameras are watching," she dipped her head in the direction of the surveillance cameras in the room.

Julie said with a haughty tone, "Don't be so proud, I bet those paintings cost just a few million. I can even buy -"

"Billions," Isabella was quick to correct him with a smirk. She loved putting him in a tight spot.

"B-billions?" Julie choked, "That single painting?" he cleared his throat awkwardly, "Well, the royal family does have a lot of worth," He bit more than he can chew.

The others snickered at Julie's embarrassed face.

"As I said, no stealing nor touching. Have a nice exhibition," The employee said and left.

Although they were alone, they were not fools to think they were not being watched, the surveillance camera was enough proof.

"So where do we start?" Anabelle was the most enthusiastic.

"We start with our culture!" Akim instantly led them to a section of the room that featured a collection of native Lincolnshireans and their skills.

"We, Lincolnshireans," Akim began,

"are kind, hard-working people. Unlike other kingdoms, we didn't abandon our culture for westernization, rather we welcomed and blended it into our culture, and now, here we are. Our people are recognized for their kind spirit, gentle soul, and creativity..." He went on about their traditions and contrary to Isabella's earlier thought, it wasn't boring at all.

It was almost like stepping into a new world. A world so similar yet different from hers and one she didn't know existed, until now.

It dawned on them why the queen wanted them to learn about Lincolnshire culture. She wanted them to feel welcomed and recognize their oneness?- they weren't so different. Besides, there was nothing wrong with learning something new and the truth is, it was actually thrilling.

Akim treated them to more tales about Lincolnshire as they passed painting after painting. Not long after, they stepped into the section for royal ancestry. But to their shock, it was empty. Not really empty, but there were few pictures compared to the others.

"Isn't the royal ancestry supposed to be traced from one generation to another? Why are there just three paintings?" Anabelle asked, confused.

"Because it was destroyed," Isabella said, her eyes focused on a picture at her left.

Stunned by the revelation, they all followed Isabella's gaze and it rested on the painting of a man piercing a spear into the back of another man with blood forming a puddle around his feet. There was something melancholic yet creepy in a way it sent goosebumps down one's spine about that painting.

Whoever painted that piece must have witnessed the event because it was laid bare with blood-chilling details. The strokes of his brush were descriptive; the horror on the face of the fallen and the nauseating gratification on the face of the attacker.

"We call them the invaders," Akim explained, his eyes trained on the painting, "They had settled in Lincolnshire in the early years and our people welcomed them with open arms -"

"Like a sheep welcoming a wolf in their herd," Isabella butt in. She looked at her little cousin, "Your people might need to work on their kindness,"

Akim smiled, "My grandmother the queen told me that was painted by my grandfather, the late king, as a gift to his son, my father, Kai, just before he was sent away for his survival. Queen-mother had made sure the painting survived while the others were destroyed by the invaders,"

"It's a beautiful painting," Anabelle felt for him, "A sad, beautiful painting, "

"It's a call for survival, " Pedro mused.

"Never repeat the same mistake twice," Julie said.

"Betrayal must never be forgotten," Isabella gave her own view.

Akim turned to them, "That's why we can not have more war. Not only does war take away lives, it erases history as well,"

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Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket ????

*Chapter 567 - Five Hundred And Sixty-Seven: We Are Always Together*

The?third point of view:

Isabella breathed a sigh of relief when she finally evaded Anabelle. Well, to be honest, Anabelle was the one who sent her away - which was a big relief. Now, she could have the one-on-one conversation she wanted with Pedro.

Both couples walked side by side without saying a word, just enjoying the silence between them. It was evening and the perfect atmosphere for a date. However, in Isabella's mind, she wanted to do many things with him like having sex - which was impossible.

She had promised Niklaus not to make sex the foundation of their relationship, so now she had to go the old school way. Yeah, good luck with that.

"A-hem!" Isabella intentionally cleared her throat which drew Pedro's attention.

Pedro turned to her asking, "Is anything the matter? Do you feel any discomfort?" he asked with concern written all over his face.

"Yes," Isabella said.

"What is it? Where do you get hurt?" His worry grew.

"Here..." she took his hand and intertwined it with hers, "My hand misses your warmth. Don't you know, women are more prone to feel cold than men. According to research, women have a much more sensitive vascular response to the cold, which means they shut down their blood flow sooner, tighter, and for longer than men. The reason for this is that women are just more sensitive to that peripheral cold stimulus. Hormone oestrogen also contributes to making the blood vessels more sensitive to cold..." Isabella trailed off when she recognized Pedro was giving her a strange look.

Niklaus had told her to flirt with her partner, that it kept the spark in the relationship alive, but it seems she might have overdone it. Wonderful - note the sarcasm.

"Well..." Isabella tried to do damage control, "What I'm trying to say is that you should always hold my hand," she said, looking away as a blush crept up her face.

Shit, she hated this slow-burn romance. It was so much better and fun, throwing him on the bed and riding his d\*ck. God, this was an epic failure.

However, she was startled when Pedro burst into laughter.

Isabella facepalmed mentally, as expected Pedro found it funny - it was supposed to be romantic. What had she been expecting? That Pedro would be touched? Oh please. Dirty talks were much better.

"God, you're so funny," Pedro laughed harder.

"That's enough," Isabella grew irritated.

Pedro's gaze narrowed at her, "Are you angry,"

"No," Yes, she was.

Pedro halted his movement, standing in her way.

"What?" Isabella wondered what he was up to.

However, Pedro simply palmed her cheeks saying, "You look cute when you talk nerd,"

She frowned, "I'm not a nerd!"

Pedro raised a dark brow, amused, "I never said you were one,"

"Yes," Isabella stood her ground, "In slang terms, a nerd is an unattractive, socially awkward, annoying, undesirable, or boring person; a dork. Which of that explains me?" she challenged him.

"A nerd is also a person who is intellectual but generally introverted," Pedro was tempted to argue with her but he knew better than to react to Isabella's incitement.

Isabella was an extremely driven person and unless she conceded, he was definitely going to lose nor was he ready to have a taste of her silent treatment.

"Fine, you're not a nerd," Pedro said as he leaned down and kissed her fully on the mouth. It was a sweet long kiss, one that proved his affection for her. A kiss that tugged at her heart and solidified her feelings for him. Isabella realized at that moment, it wouldn't be bad living with him for the rest of her life.

They came up for breath with Pedro leaning his forehead against hers. Pedro stared into her eyes while stroking her soft skin.

"I love you,"

Isabella's heart skipped a beat when Pedro said those words to her - even though it wasn't the first time. A feeling of joy swelled in her heart; she had never felt this peaceful and content. It was as if she had finally found the missing piece in her life.

"I love you too," She proclaimed and watched as his mouth widened into a grin.

Pedro leaned down and kissed her. But this time, it was short-lived since Isabella put some space between them as she reached into the pocket of her shorts trying to retrieve something.

"I've been trying to get us alone so I could give you this but Anabelle can be a bug sometimes," Isabella said, a necklace dangling from her hand.

Pedro was stunned, "What is this?"

"I had it customized for us - my mother, Reina's company does things like this," Isabella somehow felt good referring to Reina as her mother.

She had gone for a long time without a mother and the idea of having one seemed like a faraway dream. But now she had one, it still seemed surreal yet exciting. She was no longer alone; she had a mother.

"The P is an abbreviation for your name while I is mine," Isabella said even though the whole design was self-explanatory.

The necklace was an adjustable-length chain and had a single focus element which was the love-shaped decorative stone with both of their abbreviated initials carved by the sides.

"It's made entirely of gold,"

"W-what?" Pedro choked, "You mean real gold?"

Isabella gave him a strange look, "Of course, it's real gold. Were you expecting me to use fake gold?"

"No, I didn't... It's just...." Pedro was overwhelmed. This was a big gift, "I'm the one supposed to do the gifting. I'm your boyfriend,"

Isabella scowled at him, "What idiotic ideology is that? Who made such a rule? Moreover, I made one for myself as well," She brought it out and showed him.

Pedro cried inside, so much money. But then, Isabella was the type that went all out for you if she adores you.

"This will be the symbol of our love. So that even when we're far away, you'd still feel me," She hinted at the fact they might separate for college, "All you have to do is hold it and know we are always together, no matter the distance," Isabella said to him.

Pedro was stunned. It wouldn't surprise him if Isabella had been possessed by another soul. This was so not like her, who knew she could be this loving?

"Thank you, love," Pedro smiled at her.

"No, you don't have to thank me," After all, she put a tracking device in the necklace. She trusted Pedro but she didn't trust the ladies at universities.

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Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket ????

*Chapter 568 - Five Hundred And Sixty-Eight: Sorry, I'm Not Ripe Yet*

The third point of view:

"Wow, what a nice evening," Anabelle muttered, rubbing her shoulders.

"Do you feel cold?" Julie asked, watching her closely.



"No -" Anabelle was still saying when he took off his jacket and wore it on her.

"But I don't -"

"Shhh," He pressed his finger against her lips, she went red in the face.

"You're my woman, your comfort is my priority," Julie said as he helped her put on the jacket.

Anabelle boomed with joy, she had seen this type of scene so many times in movies. Who knew she would ever experience one? God, she could die from happiness now. She felt jolly.

"How do you feel now?" he asked Anabelle who was safely cocooned in the warmth of his jacket. They were outside and Lincolnshire's weather got cold at night even though it was summer.

"Better," she smiled at Julie who intertwined their hands and continued their journey.

Without him watching, Anabelle brought the jacket to her nose and took a long sniff. As expected, he smelled of pine which was kind of strong and masculine - he was just her type. His scent increases her desire for a sexual encounter.

Although they hadn't exactly done it, Anabelle could still remember the way her body tingled at his touch. It was almost as if her body came alive and the sensation? It was heavenly.

Anabelle had just a hint of the forbidden fruit and now, she wanted to experience the real thing. Isabella had called it the best feeling ever, she wanted to feel that way as well.

So lost was Anabelle in thought that she didn't notice when Julie stopped and she ran into his back.

"Hey," He steadied her by placing both hands on her shoulder, "Are you okay?"

"Of course!"

Julie stared at her skeptically,

"Are you sure?" he didn't believe her. Not to mention that Anabelle was a bad liar.

"Yes, I am," Her face was already beet red. How was she going to tell him that she was daydreaming about them having sex?

But then, it hit Anabelle. Wasn't Julie her boyfriend? Having sex wasn't that one of the benefits of being together? If she doesn't have sex with him? Who then?

Hence, Anabelle summoned courage and asked a question that the previous her wouldn't even have attempted.

"When are we going to have sex?"

"What?!" Julie almost choked on his saliva. Where did that question come from?

"When are we going to have sex? Like real sex,"

"Real sex?" Julie asked, intentionally covering up his own embarrassment.

"The kind of sex where you know....." she made an insinuating demonstration by making both of her fingers meet.

Anabelle scratched the back of her head awkwardly. She had thought she could pull this topic off efficiently without shyness creeping in - you know, be as shameless as Izzy - but she was wrong.

Even now, she wished she could take back those words - it was so embarrassing. Weren't men supposed to be the ones making a move on their women? Who knew what Julie thought of her now? God, this was so embarrassing.

"Oh, you mean that kind of sex," Julie said, causing her blush to deepen.

Suddenly, he started towards her causing Anabelle to step back until she couldn't anymore. He leaned down, Anabelle arched her back, the scent of the roses wafting into her nose since she was closer to the flower.

Anabelle let out a startled gasp when Judy's hands went to her ass and cupped it, pressing her flush against his chest. Her eyes widened and her heart began to pound as his hand kneaded her behind.

Her hands went to his chest and she wanted to hide her face. He was touching her inappropriately outside where anyone could run into them at any moment.

However, Julie's gaze caught her own and she couldn't take it anymore, it was almost as if he hypnotized her. One of his hands left her ass only to trail down her throat, a shiver ran down her spine.

Julie continued to tease her with her finger causing her breath to become an uneven mess. Her chest heaved and her hands formed a fist across his shirt.

Anabelle gasped when he rubbed her against his erection, her eyes widened. The sensation was exhilarating yet she couldn't relax. What if someone sees them?

Then Julie leaned down and trailed a kiss down her throat and she moaned. Instantly, her hands flew over her mouth cupping it. What if someone had heard that? God, this was so embarrassing.

"See?" Julie chuckled, "You're not yet ripe,"

"What?" Anabelle couldn't understand him at first until the words sank in - he thought she was not ready for this.

"Come," He stretched his hand towards her, "We should go in,"

Anabelle stared at the hand he wanted her to take and she placed her hand in it. However, she tugged on Julie's hand forcefully, knowing she was no match for him when it comes to strength.

Julie stumbled to a stop in front of her and she wrapped her hand around his neck, shifted her weight to her toe, and kissed him. The kiss was no way near the word "romantic", "soft" nor "sweet". It was hard and passionate as she tried to make a statement.

Anabelle might be that sweet, girl next door, but she wasn't as innocent as they thought she was. She knew stuff - stuffs Isabella told her and the ones she read in romance books and movies. She might seem shy to do it, but that wasn't the case with someone she was comfortable with.

She was the type who wouldn't show that active side to her unless she trusted you and Julie had underestimated her. Now she was going to prove that to him.

Anabelle deepened the kiss, her hands digging into his hair as their breath quickened. Her lips moved aggressively against his and just as her tongue gained entrance into his mouth, Anabelle touched him down there.

Julie moaned, shivers of pleasure running through him with none of them caring about the fact that they were in the open. The pleasure was everywhere and just when he wanted to feel her everywhere, Anabelle withdrew and whispered into his ears, "Sorry, but I'm not ripe yet,"

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*Chapter 569 - Five Hundred And Sixty-Nine: Let Her Return Home*

The third point of view:

"You called for me, mother," Judy walked into the queen's quarters. It was already late and past royal duties, hence it had come as a surprise to him when she demanded his presence.

"Yes, I did," Queen Roselle gesture to the couch, "Have a seat,"

Judy sat down, wondering what was so important that his mother had to summon him by this time of the night.

"Is anything the problem?" he couldn't help but ask, "Is there anyone objecting to my marriage to Emily,"

The queen had not been the only person that was against his marriage to Emily. Most of the lords had objected to him marrying an outsider, they wanted him to choose a proper woman from Lincolnshire. They claimed she had no idea about their culture and that might affect the upbringing of the prince, Akim. What if she poisons his mind and Akim deviates from their culture in the future? A Lincolnshire woman would never do that.

The others had pressed on the fact that Emily was a divorcee. She was no longer complete - a man had her before him. They told him even the kings before him had married pure women - virgins. None of the women were tainted, not to talk of being a divorcee.

But then Judy had answered them saying, "You claim she would deviate my son from the culture of his people, are you now trying to say that I'm not capable enough to lead my family? Are you claiming the future king has no power over his son's upbringing? If you doubt your prince, isn't that the same as doubting me, your crown prince? Do you not trust my judgment?!"

No one said a word after that. None of them dared to. What kind of King would he be if he can't teach his son properly.

"You claim she's not pure, that another man had her? Have you all forgotten that she gave me a son before getting married? Hence, if there was anyone who made her impure, that's me! Moreover, when did we begin to measure a woman's worth her chastity? Tell me?! Are divorcees half-human?! Aliens?! Disabled?!"

"This woman gave you your first prince and she will be the one to sit on that throne as your queen. If you're uncomfortable with her reign, you can simply give up your position in the cabinet and leave Lincolnshire for good. No one will stop you,"

And just like that, there were no more disagreements. Human beings are selfish beings through and through and will always want what's best for themselves and their loved ones. They all knew what they benefited from being members of the royal cabinet.

Not that Judy would have taken their protest into account anyway. All he needed was the queen's approval and the rest of them could rot as long as he cared. Thankfully, his mother, the queen, has given consent, and now, the wedding will be held as scheduled.

"No, it's not about your marriage," She told him, "It's about Fiona,"

At the mention of Fiona, Judy's countenance changed at once and he growled, "What about her?"

He could sense it, his mother was about to make him an impossible request. Judy hated the sound of that name. If it wasn't because of Fiona, he would probably have a second child by now.

Fiona not only cost him his child, she almost cost him, Emily, as well. There was no forgiveness in his dictionary - he surmised that was what the queen wanted.

"I want her to return to Lincolnshire,"

"What?" Judy was shocked. This was a much worse request. As if he would let that witch come near his dwelling.

"No way," Judy shook his head stubbornly, "She is banished forever,"

"Please, my son, I beg of you. Just let her return home to her -"

"She killed a royal offspring. That's a capital offense and its punishment is death. I've done her a huge favor by letting her live this long," He told her.

But the queen was adamant, "She regrets it, Kai. She never planned on harming Emily, everything had happened in the heat of the moment,"

"No," Judy disagreed with her, "Such thoughts don't just spring forth immediately. Fiona must have thought of it - imagined it - and then, the opportunity to strike presented itself on that day."

"It was my fault! I was the one who pressured her into doing that. If there's anyone who is to be blamed, it should be me!"

"Well," Judy stood to his feet, "I'm sorry, but I'm never letting Fiona into this kingdom again. That's her punishment," Judy finalized.

He was just about to leave when out of the corner of his eye, Judy watched his mother get on her knees.

His eyes widened at once, "What are you doing, mother?" He went over to her and tried to lift her onto her feet, she wouldn't let him.

"I'm not begging you as the queen but as your mother - your mother who had you in her womb for nine months. Your mother who fought fiercely for your life and made sure you survived the invasion," She glanced up at him, "I'm not asking you to forgive her, but please let her back into the kingdom. This is her root and she can't be estranged from it,"

Judy ground his jaw while his hands were clenched by his side. He was at war with his emotions.

"I knew she did you wrong but I'm to blame partially. Please, take into account her father's royalty and past deeds. Without his help, we wouldn't have fought against the invaders and given you the home you had now. Please, my son, bring her home,"

Judy took a deep breath and said, "Fine, I'll do as you asked. So can you please stand up from the floor you're the queen for fuck's sake," He helped her to her feet ignoring the smirk that played across her face. She knew he couldn't reject her.

"By the way, lest I forget," Queen Roselle said, "I will have your friends meet the lords tomorrow over a meal. It's best to develop a strong working relationship between families. What do you think?"

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*Chapter 570 - Five Hundred And Seventy: Isabella Was Really Strange*

The third point of view:

Every one of them had gathered in their parent's room wondering why they were summoned. Isabella, Allen, Ailee, and Neon were left with nothing but questions, why were they here?

It was way past their sleeping time and not even the strict Jacqueline had objected to them responding to the summon. They knew then that it was an important meeting and must be a problem in their family since Anabelle was called by her parents as well. Who knew what was going on?

"Are you going to tell us why we are here or not? Unlike you night owls, normal people are asleep or trying to sleep by now," Isabella pointed out.

It was eleven in the night and she needed to chat with Pedro. It was a nightly ritual and an attempt at keeping the spark in their relationship - communication.

[A/N: My, my, Izzy, you're trying really hard. You deserve applause]

Niklaus wiped his face with his palm before rubbing them together and turned to Reina. She had insisted he would be the one to break the news to the kids.

While the couples sat on the edge of their king-sized bed, the kids all sat on the luxurious chaise lounge awaiting their parent's announcement.

Isabella sat upright near the armrest of the chaise with her arms folded across her chest while Allen was sandwiched between Ailee and Neon and from the occasional struggle for space, it was obvious that he was the one who fixed himself there.

"Truthfully," Niklaus began, "We contemplated leaving this news for tomorrow morning but then, I'm so excited and don't think I'll be able to sleep tonight without sharing the news with my kids,"

Isabella narrowed her gaze at her father, the man was oddly happy. Not the kind of happiness one gets from drugs - or sex -?genuine happiness from the soul and she had seen that kind of happiness once as a kid - when Maya turned up pregnant.

Oh shit, it could not be...

"Your mother is expecting,"

At that sentence, Isabella leaned back with an exhausted sigh. Her father has done it again. Well, that was expected with her father's stamina. But then, she wasn't ready for more siblings nor had she dreamt of more. Allen and Ailee were enough already.

However, unlike Isabella, her other siblings didn't understand Niklaus' terminology.

"Huh?" Allen asked in confusion, "Mom is expecting? What is she expecting?"

"Money?" Ailee added, "Or are we supposed to expect something with mom?"

"What should we expect? Is it something huge?" Neon was ignorant as well.

Isabella was tempted to help them out but then, their suggestions were ridiculously amusing, so she let them be. Moreover, she would like to watch Niklaus explain that one.

"Yes," Niklaus explained to them in a simpler term, "You should expect more siblings. Your mother is pregnant,"

Bang!

No one said a word, extremely shocked - except Isabella. That was not the news they were expecting.

Suddenly, there was a scream as they jumped up and down in celebration. Their mother was pregnant, which meant they would have a sibling soon - Babies were so cute.

Before Reina knew what was going on, the happy Ailee had rushed over and hugged her with momentum, almost bringing the both of them to the bed had Niklaus not been there to cut the fall.

"Ailee, you should be careful from now on so you don't injure your mother. The doctors say we should be very careful so the babies don't get harmed," Niklaus said to the little girl who obediently nodded, but to someone else, that was grave news.

"Wait a minute..." Isabella picked out something from Niklaus' sentence, "Did you just say babies - plural?" her expression turned serious, "Don't tell me it's more than one, please?"

Niklaus scratched the back of his head, "Sorry, I didn't exactly specify but your mother is having triplets,"

"What?!" The twins shared in Isabella's shock.

Isabella facepalmed, she always knew her father would overdo it one day. Finally, he did so.

"Yep," Reina confirmed, "Blame your father, he's responsible for this,"

Niklaus turned to her, "Why should I be blamed for our child?"

"It's been scientifically proven that women are carriers while men are donors. I birth whatever you give me," She argued while the triple trouble watched them, perplexed. What were they arguing about? Didn't they like their future baby siblings or what?

"Actually," Isabella interrupted them, "Multiple pregnancies occur when more than one embryo implants in your womb. This can happen if you release more than one egg during the menstrual cycle and each egg is fertilized by a sperm. Sometimes, a fertilized egg spontaneously splits into two, resulting in identical embryos.... " she paused, looking at her parents unsure, "Should I go on?"

Reina glared at her, "Are you trying to say I'm responsible for this?" What an unfaithful daughter, Isabella was supposed to be on her side.

"I'm saying you both are responsible for this - "



" 'This' - are your unborn siblings," Niklaus made sure she understood.

"Yeah, congratulations on expanding the family voluminously," Isabella said with a hint of sarcasm.

"I think you're just jealous that all attention would be fixed on our future siblings," smart Allen blurted out and one should see the intensity of the glare Isabella gave him. If her eyes were lasers, Allen would have been long dead.

The boy shrank back, gulping down the rest of his words. His sister was really scary.

"Congratulations on your pregnancy," Isabella simply said to her parents with a bow.

Reina asked her, "Tell me truthfully, Isabella, don't you like the fact that I'm pregnant,"

All eyes rested on Isabella as they waited for her answer.

"You want my answer?"

"Yes, I do," Reina said firmly.

"And what would you do if I say I don't like it? Would you abort the baby?"

"Isabella!" Niklaus stepped in. He couldn't understand his daughter at all. This was a piece of good news, why wasn't she happy for him like the others?

However, Reina gestured him to calm down, "Let's hear our daughter out,"

And just like that, Niklaus calmed down - he forced himself to.

"Truthfully, I'm not happy,"

Everyone gasped at the revelation. What was wrong with Isabella? Why wasn't she happy? It's her half-siblings for crying out loud.

She went on, "Unlike normal people, I foresee my future, know my targets and limitations and plan ahead. That is the same way with my affection, I have to sort out my enemies and loved ones and place them on two different lanes. However, the family has increased tremendously, now, I would have to magnify my affection as well. Hence, in one word, I'm simply overwhelmed by the news. That's all." she sat back down on her seat.

No one said a word after Isabella's speech, they were dumbfounded. She was not happy but overwhelmed. Does that even make sense?

Niklaus and Reina stared at each other, their daughter, Isabella, was strange.

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Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket ????