

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 601 - Six Hundred And One: Anabelle And Allison - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 601 - Six Hundred And One: Anabelle And Allison

*Chapter 601 - Six Hundred And One: Anabelle And Allison*

The third point of view :

"And one... And two... Turn to the left... with style," Anabelle instructed her little sister, Allison. The both of them had used the living room as some sort of runway.

"Hey," Camille, their mother walked into them, posing, "What are you teaching her again?"

"How to awe the world in a single photoshoot," Anabelle replied and focused her phone camera on both of them, "Now, do you remember what I taught you?" she asked her little girl.

"Of course," Alison stated, showing off her white pearly teeth and those adorable cheeks. God, she was so beautiful. It was finally a dream come true for Anabelle, to have a sister she could teach all the stuff she knew.

"Always charm the world with a smile," the both of them enunciated at the same time, bursting into laughter.

Camille shook her head, Of course, what was she expecting with Anabelle around. She said from the couch, "I appreciate your effort, Anabelle, but Allison doesn't need that. What she needs right now is to go and study,"

At the mention of study, Allison's face turned sour. She didn't want to study and the girl didn't bother to hide her displeasure.

Anabelle scrutinized her little sister, Allison and Akim were the only kids in the Spencer family who survived the brown hair allele curse. The girl completely took after her mother with the blonde hair and facial appearance except for the eyes. She had their father's blue eyes - the same one Anabelle has. That was the only feature that hinted at them being siblings, other than that, they shared no other similarities.

"I think what Allison needs is a break. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," Anabelle reminded her of the proverb. "Also," she added, "With you around, it's always work or study, cut the poor girl some slack,"

Camille glanced up, giving her a long look yet said nothing. However, that look spoke volumes and Anabelle understood it clearly. Her mother Camille was a nice woman, but the woman was more of a business person than a mother.

Camille was an action woman and expects everyone to keep up with her pace - that includes her daughter. Although children nowadays act much older than they really are, her sister Allison was growing too fast and soon. Anabelle couldn't even recall the number of classes and extracurricular activities her sister engages in.

If it wasn't for her - Anabelle - and their father, Eden, She knew Camille would have turned Allison into a human Wikipedia. She loved Camille, which is why she wouldn't let her do this to her sister.

"You might not know this but emotional wellbeing is fundamental and foundational for academic attainment. A stressed, and anxious Allison will have difficulty learning anything, mother. Moreover, when parents push too hard, pressured children can become anxious. This anxiety can then lead to depression or a sense of rejection from parents who do not feel that they are doing enough. I'm sure you don't want that for Allison? "

For a moment, Anabelle had expected Camille to resume an argument, however, a long silence stretched between them instead.

Suddenly, she said, "At least, you've gotten much smarter,"

Anabelle scowled at her, how could her mother say that to her? She was much smarter than when she was younger. But then, before she could say a word, Camille said.

"Do whatever you both want," and went back to the documents she was working on. Workaholic.

A smile curled Allison's lips and it took her everything not to jump and scream in excitement. However, she knew better than to bother her mother while she worked. Hence the girl did silent jubilation.

"Alright, come here," Anabelle beckoned her over without hesitation, "Look into the camera and give me a sexy pout," She pushed out her lips enticingly and her younger sister looked carefully before copying her posture.

"Yes, good!" She took a shot

"Another one,"

And just like that, the both of them spend their time, engrossed with their shooting that they didn't even notice when Eden arrived.

Eden sighed, shaking his head piteously, "And this is why I never wish to be a woman even in my next life,"

"Daddy!" Allison's eyes shone like the lights on a Christmas tree, she rushed over to her father.

Eden caught his daughter midway, almost stumbling back in the process - she was heavier than he thought. He carried his daughter in his arms, a look of admiration in his eyes.

"Did you miss daddy?"

"Of course," Allison pouted, eyes teary, "I missed you so much I almost had thoughts of hijacking the chopper and come to see you,"

"Thank God, you didn't," Eden was dead serious. He didn't even dare to imagine the scene. On the bright side, he was blessed with obedient kids, unlike his cousin's crazy ones.

Eden ruffled her hair playfully, "Don't worry, daddy's here now,"

Anabelle watched the interaction between her father and Allison with pleasure and a tinge of jealousy. She used to be the one her father adored, but now, all the attention was fixed on her sister. Well, what was she expecting? She is a grown-up now. But then, she couldn't help but miss those days.

Her eyes connected with her father's and the man beamed, "Anabelle," He was happy to see her. It warmed her heart.

"You came?" Eden hugged his other daughter tight. He knew how much it took him to let Anabelle go and pursue her dreams. It had been quite hard.

For half of his life, it had been just him and Anabelle before Camille, and then, Allison. He was supposed to have more time with her, but then, children grow up too fast. And like the phases of life, it was time to let go.

"Of course, why wouldn't I return home? If it was possible to live with you forever, you know I wouldn't hesitate to do so. " But then she couldn't. She had to start her own life.

"Yeah, I know," Eden smiled wryly, tightening his hug as if she would vanish if he dared let go.

But then, someone snorted by the corner.

"This is why you shouldn't have two daughters, they snatch all of your husband's affection and the poor wife is left with nothing," Camille complained with a straight face.

Anabelle turned to the woman who still was glancing through her papers as if nothing happened. If it wasn't for her comment, one wouldn't even know that she's jealous.

Eden was amused, he let go of Anabelle and made his way over to his jealous wife.

But then, even when Eden stood before her, Camille only acknowledged him with a simple, "Welcome," nothing else. No hug. Nothing. He knew instantly she was green-eyed.

"Just that?" Eden's brows arched questioningly, a smile tugging his lips. He was teasing her.

Camille took off her reading glasses, "What else were you expecting?" She challenged him.

"This," Eden said and took the document from her hand while the other wrapped around her neck as he leaned down and kissed her.

Anabelle's jaw dropped, those two!

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

*Chapter 602 - Six Hundred And Two: Born With A Silver Spoon*

The third point of view:

Anabelle was treated to a minute of her parent's "onslaught" and the first thing that came to mind was to cover Alison's eyes. Her sister was too young to be corrupted.

However, when her parents finally ended their passionate kissing and she took off her hands, the grin on Allison's face told Anabelle the girl knew more than she thought. It seems her parent's public display of affection was a daily occurrence.

The next minute was spent with her father Eden trying to woo their mother. With the way their parents were enamored with each other, Anabelle had thought they would have more children, but then, here they are with only Allison.

Anabelle knew it was Camille's doing, she didn't want more children and Eden respected her decision. So romantic! She hoped she and Julie would be as happy as her parents.

Speaking of Julie, why hasn't he called her? She just hoped he wasn't somewhere doing shady business - she had told him to quit that. Fine, she would find him after this.

"By the way, why aren't you at school, Allison?" It finally crossed Eden's mind, "Today's Friday, isn't it?"

At once, Alison gulped, fidgeting with her hands nervously. She looked towards Anabelle as if asking for help - a look Anabelle noticed.

"Why don't you ask your daughter, Anabelle?" Camille did not help out either.

"I wanted to spend the rest of the day with my sister. Do you think it was easy for a top star like me to clear her schedule?" said Anabelle with deep pride.

She had gotten to this level of success with her endeavor and effort unlike what people said. The Spencer princess was born with a silver spoon. They whined their mouth without proof. Nor did it help matters that her father and his wife, had the industry in the palms of their hands.

But then, what could she do? How was it her fault she was born a Spencer? Her family's name might have boosted her career, but she worked hard for it. She was good at what she does and that's the reason she was highly sorted and chosen over the others.

"Top star my butt," Camille snorted a derisory reply. She then faced her, arms folded across her chest, "Hey, you unfilial daughter, until when are you planning on ending things with your management and sign into my agency?"

Her father's head whipped around to her and he asked her accusingly, "My little pumpkin, didn't you promise to sign into my own agency?"

Anabelle scratched the back of her head awkwardly, this was one of the reasons she was avoiding coming here. Honestly, Anabelle didn't want to sign into either of her parent's companies even though they were at the top of the food chain.

Getting signed into her parent's corporation would only solidify the fact her success was from her parents. She wanted to be independent and be recognized for her hard work and brand.

"My contract with them isn't over yet," was the only pathetic excuse Anabelle could come up with. She didn't know how to reject her parents.

Camille pressed, "You could breach that, we can easily afford the money,"

"That would damage my reputation and my relationship with other agencies in the future," she said.

"You don't have to worry about that as well. We'd take care of that," because the only company you'd be working with in the future is mine or your dad's, Anabelle could guess the rest of Camille's thoughts mentally.

It would save her a lot of headaches if those stupid knuckleheads called her parents would merge their companies. But of course, no, Camille was a boss of her own. A career woman.

Anabelle laughed awkwardly, unable to stand for herself, "I still don't think that's a good \_"

"Also, I heard you're the highest earner for your agency. How can they take care of you well with such limited resources?" her mother was not close to giving up.

"They take care of me quite well," Anabelle was tempted to say, she could only close her mouth.

Yes, she was the only top star in her company who brings home the bacon, but that was the more reason to stay. Why enrich the purse of the already top companies while the smaller ones with potential withers away. Even if she ends the contract with her current management, Anabelle was sure she was leaving for another smaller, better company.

She would be much comfortable and with more resources at either of her parent's companies and would easily outshine the other top stars, however, Anabelle knew her labor would not be acknowledged by people. They would blame her success on her parents pulling the strings with their power.

She loved art and had chosen this line of career because she could express herself fully without coming off as awkward. Her job didn't require her to be as smart as Isabella and she loved it. It suited her.

"Fine, let's let her be until her contract is over," Eden somehow sensed his daughter was no longer comfortable with the conversation.

Camille rolled her eyes, "I know you're just saying this so you could convince her behind my back. But don't bother, the bond between a mother and daughter is stronger than any force in the world,"

Anabelle didn't know if Camille thought over her words before speaking or if she intentionally told a white lie because she didn't feel any motherly bond - not with her or even her real mother.

Don't get her wrong, Anabelle loved Camille but at the end of the day, she would always choose her father, Eden over her. If anything, Anabelle only feels a fatherly bond.

Over the years, Anabelle finally reconnected with her birth mother. However, truth be told, she was more comfortable with Camille than with her biological mother. Her mother was happily married to her second husband and she had five siblings altogether from both marriages.

Ironic, right? Annabelle had been wishing for siblings all these years when in reality, they existed somehow. And now, she had to catch up on their lost time - even though it was awkward as hell.

But it was her decision, Anabelle wants to know all of her siblings nor could she blame her birth mother for staying away all these years. The woman was only a confused teenager when she got pregnant with her. She did what she thought was best by handing her over to her father, Eden, instead of aborting her. She respected her for that.

Anabelle was roused from her thought when her phone rang and she looked down to discover it was Isabella.

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

*Chapter 603 - Six Hundred And Three: Does Pedro Know*

The third point of view:

Life was the same; eat, grow, get married, birth a newer generation, and die. Humans engaged in the same endless cycle and Isabella was about to become one of them.

The click-clack of heels disturbed her from her train of thoughts. Isabella lifted her eyes, her gaze lazily resting on Anabelle who strode over to her in ridiculously high heels.

"Hey!" Isabella asked, "Are you a giraffe?" how could her stupid cousin wear such high heels when she was naturally tall.

Anabelle stopped midway upon hearing that statement. She turned left and then, right before pointing to her chest, "Are you talking to me?" she asked.

Isabella rolled her eyes, "Then am I speaking to your shadow?"

Anabelle tilted her head in contemplation, "Then if you're talking to no else but me, does that mean you just called me a giraffe?" it finally made sense to her.

"Tsk Tsk," Isabella clicked her tongue, "You're still as dumb as ever," People change, but that wasn't applicable in Anabelle's case.

"Hey!" Anabelle was offended, "I'm not dumb!" She glared at her, annoyed.

But Isabella didn't reply to her, instead, she gave her that sympathetic look that annoyed her the most.

"Hey! I'm a top star! Top star!" Anabelle proclaimed it as if she wanted it embedded in Isabella's head, "Have you ever seen a dumb top star?" she asked, challengingly.

"I'm staring at one right now," Isabella retorted with a straight face.

Anabelle's jaw dropped to the ground. However, she quickly composed herself, saying, "You called over a busy person to insult her?"

"Busy?" Isabella snorted derisively, "I know you took a day off,"

Anabelle, who was prepared to leave thanks to Isabella's sharp tongue, turned around at once with a force that almost snapped her neck.

"You've been following me?" She couldn't believe it. Isabella was following her? Why? This was too hard to believe.

Isabella gave her a stupid look, "Am I crazy? Why would I spend my valuable time following you? Do I look like a stalker?"

"Who knows?" Anabelle mumbled under her breath, "You did follow Pedro during his first year at university,"

But Isabella heard that and her glare increased, Anabelle gulped, taking a step back. Even after so many years, Izzy's murderous intent had not lessened one bit.

"I'm just saying..." Anabelle scratched the back of her head awkwardly, avoiding eye contact with her. She shivered, Isabella scares her.

"I didn't tell anyone I was coming home," she bit on her lips nervously, "H-how did you find out then?"

"Stupid," Isabella shook her head, wondering for the umpteenth time how this moron ended up being her cousin. She reached for her purse and unlocked her screen before showing it to Anabelle, "Spending time with my sis?" She showed her the picture of her and Allison that she uploaded on the internet.

"Where else would you spend time with her if not at home?"

"Ahh, right," It finally made sense, Anabelle was embarrassed. Of course, Isabella was still a smart ass.

"By the way, why did you call me?" It finally crossed her mind. Moreover, why would Isabella call her into a department store of all places?

"Have a seat," Isabella tapped the space beside her on the couch, "It's time for you to be useful to me,"

Anabelle halted in her step upon hearing her comment, "You only called me because you needed me? Aren't we cousins supposed to see each other without an interior motive?" Anabelle said, sounding hurt yet somewhat happy inside - Isabelle needed her. Most times, it was her - Anabelle - that needed her.

Isabella turned to her, crossing her leg over the other, "Why? What were you expecting? That we'd go on a date? What are you? Ten?"

Anabelle's eyes teared up but she didn't want to cry. No, she didn't want to cry. But, the tears wanted to be free.

"You're still cold-blooded!" She cried out.

Thinking about it, Isabella never changed. She was still the same except that her hair grew longer, her gaze sharper yet piercing. While Anabelle was cute and calm, Isabella was regal and lethal.

"Good to know that I'm still the same, now, would you have a seat," Isabella commanded, waving her complaints away like some kid's tantrums.

She added, "And please, don't shed a tear because I swear to God, if you let a single tear...." Isabella was still saying when her cousin's eyes filled with tears.

Wonderful.

She pressed the bridge between her nose, "I need to applaud Julie for putting up with you all these years," Because she couldn't. Isabella hated tears, it irritated her.

Ninety-nine percent of most tears were manipulations, carried out by children towards their parents when they wanted something; done by couples when they wanted a favor from their partner; used to plunge the heart with guilt. Aside from that, crying made one weak. She loathed it.

"Stop crying. Most of the employees here are your fans, what would they say when they see you like this? They would think I bullied you," Isabella didn't need such an unnecessary scandal.

"But you did," Anabelle wanted to say but swallowed the words. Isabella didn't exactly bully her, she just hurt her feelings.

"Here," Isabella handed a handkerchief to her, "Dry your face before someone takes a picture and tag you a crybaby,"

Anabelle did just that. How could she cry in a department store even though this was a VIP room? She sat down on the couch, putting some space between herself and Isabella. Just because she stopped crying doesn't mean she's good with her. This time,

only an apology from Isabella would appease her and her cousin would do that - hopefully.

"I picked out some clothes for the rehearsal dinner, meeting with Pedro's family, and other little events. But I don't trust I can make the right clothing decision, which is why you are here to do that," Isabella said to her.

Anabelle couldn't believe what she just heard, "You brought me over to choose clothes for you? "

"Why? You don't like it?"

"What's your PA doing? What about your designer? You have a lot of people to do that, why choose me?"

"Because I don't want to waste my hard-earned money on them? So tell me, are you doing it or not?"

"That doesn't make sense at all, you have never been tight-fisted with money...." It finally dawned on Anabelle, this was Isabella's idea of a date - meet up and benefit from her services as well. Come to think of it, Isabella had never been liberal with her feelings - except when it comes to Pedro.

At once, Anabelle's lips curled in a smile.

Isabella shuddered, "Why are you looking at me that way?" she was uncomfortable with her stare.

Filled with happiness, Anabelle without thinking, threw herself on Isabella when the unexpected happened.

Just as her head was about to hit Isabella's stomach, her cousin pushed her away with so much strength she landed on the bare ground.

On the ground, Anabelle looked up with shock filled gaze, how could Isabella do that to her? Although still hurt, She was about to speak up when she noticed something else - the way Isabella held her stomach protectively.

Her gaze lingered on Isabella's stomach and when she finally looked up, their gaze locked and she grasped the truth in there.

"You are pregnant?!" She almost died from shock.

"You are so dumb! Why can't you control yourself?!" Isabella scolded her for her earlier action.

"I'm so sorry," Anabelle found herself apologizing before she knew it, "I didn't know you were pregnant,"

Isabella ignored her, fishing out a lollipop from her purse instead. She tore the sachet and began to lick the red lollipop. These days, her taste bud was messed up.

Still shocked, Anabelle sat down without taking her eyes off Isabella. What the hell was happening? Isabella of all people was pregnant? It felt surreal.

She inched closer, "What happened? Didn't you say you would never?have children?"

Isabella had been so insistent on this sensitive matter that she and Cecil got into a fight once. What mother wouldn't want a grandchild? But then, Isabella was resilient, hence everyone gave up when they couldn't change her mind.

But then, the miracle they hoped for has happened. Anabelle knew there would be a massive celebration once they heard this news.

"I think it's two months ago," Isabella went into details, "I knew something was special about that night. Pedro and I did it everywhere - on the sofa, table, kitchen counter -"

"Isabella!" Anabelle went red in the face, this was not the answer she wanted.

However, the crazy Isabella went on, "Then he pushed me up against the wall and went in.." she paused for dramatic effect, "That was when the condom broke"

Anabelle choked on her saliva. How could her cousin be this shameless? Who in the world narrates their sexual scene to their cousin. Gosh, her face was burning. But then, Pedro was quite energetic. Hehe.

"By the way," Anabelle asked, "Does Pedro know?"

"No,"

*Chapter 604 - Six Hundred And Four: The White Witch*

The third point of view:

"Hi babe," Isabella walked into his office without knocking, flung her purse to God knows where and walked over to Pedro who was giving instructions to a woman clad formally in a simple black shirt and a silk pencil skirt.

Pedro's face lit up like Christmas as if the dazzling sun just shined its rays upon his life. He dismissed the woman who bowed and left.

Isabella ignored the unfamiliar woman who bowed to her as well, her whole intent on Pedro. But then, even with her eyes somehow, she had gotten every detail she wanted from the woman just with a glance.

"Hi love," Pedro smiled back, pushing back his swivel seat so he could provide space for Isabella to sit on his. It has become a tradition for the both of them hence he didn't need a prophet to predict what she had in mind.

Isabella walked over to him and sat astride, making sure she was sitting directly above his crotch, Pedro let out a shaky breath. Isabella smirked, she knew exactly what she was doing.

"How was your day today?" She asked, wrapping her arms around his shoulder and in the process of leaning, moved against him. Pedro gritted his teeth, his fiancée was a good tease.

"It's more than good now that you're here with me," He replied, shifting the angle of his head so he could get a clear view of her neck.

Isabella closed her eyes with a sigh as Pedro kissed across her neck. It felt goddamn good nor did she want him to stop, but she needed to know something.

Isabella pushed Pedro back to his seat and he looked at her questioningly, surprised at the move. However, Isabella didn't answer, rather her hands went to his suit, pulling him forward.

Pedro let her be, to do whatever she wanted with him, after all, his body belonged to her, just as hers was his. He trusted her. She cupped his face, caressing over the stubble on his chin - she would help him shave that later - he trembled under her touch.

Her hands dug into his hair, pulling on the strands just as she nibbled on his ear. Pedro could only wrap his arms around her as she seduced him slowly and torturously.

She bit on his ear quite painfully and at the same time grind against him causing him to hiss through clenched teeth, Isabella was killing him slowly.

However, she whispered into his ears, asking, "You changed your personal assistant,"

Pedro smirked, of course, nothing ever leaves her eyes. Where other people would be offended by their partner's inquisitiveness Pedro answered calmly, "She quit,"

It had been quite disturbing at first, her possessiveness, but he was used to it now. Moreover, Isabella wasn't illogical, she gave him enough freedom with his pals and learned to endure his nonexistent female friends. Isabella might have given him the freedom to keep female friends, none of them lasted.

None of them could stand her bloodlust, just a gaze and they took off with their tails between their legs. The few who made it into stage two gave up eventually, intimidated by her knowledge and wits. In one word, Pedro went through the years of university without a female friend - his girlfriend Isabella was quite influential even from far away.

"Why?" She still pressed for details, her hand sneaking into his shirt while the other played around with his buttons.

"I don't know and don't give a fuck!" Pedro raised his voice a bit and she read no meaning into it, choosing to believe he was impatient with her teasing.

"That's good then," Isabella took off his suit and tossed it to the floor. She never liked his previous Personal assistant, there was just something off about her - call it her instinct or something. But then, she didn't say a word so Pedro doesn't think she's becoming too overprotective and demanding.

"That's good?" Pedro raised a dark brow. But she silenced him with a kiss.

"Don't think, just feel," Isabella said to him before seeking his hungry mouth. She kissed him greedily, devouring his lips as if she had been starved for a century.

Pedro responded to her with the same passion, filling her mouth as she opened to him. They broke away with Isabella peeling away his clothes with great need.

Her hands roamed around his body, causing him to quiver under her fleeting touches. With his chest bare, Isabella leaned down and took his small nipple into her mouth.

Pedro sucked in a sharp breath, groaning at the pleasure as she ran her tongue around his nipple in a circular motion. The action made him so hard rock it was painful. He needed a release.

Pedro yanked her into him, his hands cupping her backside and moved her against his protruding erection. Isabella took that as a cue not to lengthen out the torture and began to gyrate her hips against his.

Pedro fused her mouth with his, relishing her taste as she ground against him until the sweet taste of orgasm overwhelmed him. He sagged against her, still panting from their heated session.

However, he was not satisfied, his hands at once flew to Isabella's blouse, intending to have her naked as well, she stopped him surprisingly.

"What?" He asked, this was the first time Isabella was denying him sex.

"We have dinner with your family, remember?" Isabella reminded him. However, she was simply protecting the baby in her womb. Although it's been proven scientifically that

sexual activity wouldn't affect the baby protected by the amniotic fluid in her uterus, Isabella still didn't want to take any chances. She had to protect her child.

Eww, when did she become maternal?

But then, a smile crossed her lips at the thought of having a baby that looked like her and Pedro, their genes combined. She had no care for the sex, but then, having a girl doesn't seem bad - she would teach her how to be brave and strong. Boys were too playful.

"We still have a bit of time," He complained. He added immediately upon seeing her smile, "What's funny?"

She giggled.

Pedro's brows rose, this was not like Isabella. He readjusted in his seat, being careful not to stir a certain "brother" from its sleep.

"Alright, I'm now hundred percent interested in whatever is making you happy," He was curious.

"Too bad, I'm not going to tell you till our wedding night,"

Pedro's face fell, "No, not a surprise,"

She giggled. Gosh, why was she giggling? This isn't funny? There would definitely be no babies after this one - pregnancy was turning her into a different person.

"Also," She added, "No more sex till our wedding night,"

Pedro's jaw dropped this time. Something was wrong with Isabella, she was not like herself. How can Isabella of all people ban him from having her? Could she be possessed? He wondered. It was too strange or could it be....

Isabella noticed Pedro's mood change instantly.

"What's wrong?" She asked.

"Have you lost interest in me?" he asked out of nowhere.

"Huh?" Isabella was stunned by the question. That was the least question she expected from him?

Pedro ran his head through his head, "I know it's a stupid question to ask but I can't help but ask it. You are not like other girls whose intentions are much easier to figure out. You are yourself, which makes it harder to gauge your intention. The reason you don't

want to have sex with me is that you've lost interest in me? Is this a telltale sign that you're about to leave me?"

They both stared at each other for a moment and the next, Isabella hit him at the back of the head.

"You idiot!" She called him.

Pedro was shocked, this was the first time Isabella had ever laid her hands on him. No, this was the first time she called him names. She didn't maltreat him even when they were young - she called him her puppy, remember?

"Why would I leave you?" she asked him straightforwardly and it was Pedro's turn to be dumbfounded.

"I - I... I just thought -"

"Stop thinking nonsense. I would never leave you, come rain or shine. Just know this..." She yanked him forward by the shirt, "I will never let you go. The both of us will be together till death does us apart?- even in death!" She declared.

At that moment, Pedro was so touched by her proclamation that tears stung his eyes - this is so embarrassing.

"Then why don't you want us to have Sex -"

"We should build anticipation for our wedding night," She lectured him, "Don't you know we used up every possible technique for that night,"

But Pedro grinned, "You don't have to worry, I'm quite innovative," He grinned, attempting to clasp her bum.

Isabella slapped his hand away and got off him, "Go and wash up, I don't want your family to think the white witch is delaying you on purpose,"

*Chapter 605 - Six Hundred And Five: Wolf In Sheep Clothing*

The third point of view:

Note - not edited

It was already sundown by the time they drove into the compound. Pedro told Isabella his paternal side of the family wanted to have dinner and spend time with her before their wedding day.

Even though it was the first of them meeting officially, Isabella was not nervous, if anything, she was calm. Isabella was strangely calm that Pedro had to ask if she was fine.

"I'm fine," Was all she said before getting out of the car. She knew Fernandez's side of the family and they were all wolves in sheep's clothing.

"My mom would not be here tonight," Pedro informed her.

"Why are you telling me that?" Isabella asked him, her gaze boring into his.

Pedro licked his lips, "I eh... Just so you could relax,"

Isabella and his mother Cecil were not exactly the best of friends right now. Although she was not against his marriage to Isabella, her love for her daughter-in-law has diminished.

Everything started after his mother, Cecil, heard Isabella's plans of not having a baby in their marriage and his agreement to it. Yes, he had been uncomfortable with Isabella's decision at first, he loved Isabella and would do anything for her. So he agreed and got used to it.

Moreover, just because Isabella doesn't want to birth to a child doesn't mean they couldn't adopt. One doesn't have to be family by blood alone.

But Cecil was against it, vehemently. Why would a healthy lady like her decide not to have children? That was her question.

"I want grandchildren. I don't agree with it. If I didn't birth you, she wouldn't have you to marry, I need a grandson. Your lineage cannot just end like this," Cecil insisted.

The both of them argued every time they met because every conversation they had come down to her decision of having no children. But then, his mother let her be for his sake, while hoping Isabella changes her mind in the long run.

"Pedro!" Lucinda came out to welcome him.

"Grandmother," He hugged her.

Yes, he and Lucinda had a messy beginning due to the actions of his late father, Fernandez, Pedro couldn't abandon his grandmother. They had a rough start but became friends over time. After all, there's no permanent friend nor enemy.

However, that couldn't be said for his mother, Cecil, and Lucinda. Even after ten years, the both of them were still sworn enemies and couldn't stand being close - that is why Cecil wasn't in attendance.

Lucinda claims Cecil disgraced and took away her power in the family - she still hasn't forgotten Maggie. Unfortunately, Cecil thinks she's a dark force who would soon corrupt him - Pedro - as well. Thanks to that, his mother made sure she kept him away from the family as far as possible unless it was a responsibility he couldn't avoid. But then, it caused Lucinda to loathe her the more; she was taking her grandson from her. He wondered how his family became this way.

"You look different from the last time we met," she clasped his face and began to examine him, "You look so stressed, what's your fiancée even doing..." the woman trailed off when she noticed movements around the side of the car.

"That fiancée is here," Isabella announced her presence with a blank expression.

Lucinda gulped, for some strange reason, this granddaughter-in-law of hers scared her.

Isabella went on, "You should have asked me directly, I would have given you the answers right away, don't you think so?" She hinted that the woman shouldn't badmouth her behind her back.

Pedro cleared his throat when he sensed how tense the atmosphere became. He laughed awkwardly, trying to salvage what's left of the situation, "Grandmother was just joking, don't take it to heart," he told her.

"Sure," Isabella said, "If I took her comment to heart, she wouldn't be here right now,"

Pedro laughed off her comment but the deed had already been done, Lucinda got the message - this granddaughter of hers was not to be trifled with.

She looked at Pedro's face with terror, what kind of woman was her grandson marrying? She feared for his future.

"By the way, I believe this is the first time of us meeting, my name is Isabella," The girl stretched her hand out for a handshake.

Lucinda took her hand for barely a second before letting go. What had Pedro done, bringing a tiger into their home? She just hoped he had her tamed.

"Pedro," another voice said from behind and they all turned to see Rita, Fernandez's wife.

Isabella's warning instinct kicked in, this was a bigger wolf than Lucinda. She knew her, Fernandez's legal wife who cheated on him with their first son and finally in his death, gave birth to a son that was indeed his.

Blonde hair, blue eyes, if one didn't look carefully, they might think she's Pedro's biological mother due to their similarities - Fernandez's obsession with Cecil drove him to marry a woman with same physical similarities as her.

"Rita," Pedro muttered, straightening his back. The atmosphere became charged once again until a little boy ran past Rita, only to wrap his arms around Pedro's waist.

Isabella didn't fail to notice the way Rita's features distorted, guess someone didn't want affection between the brothers. Isabella pinched the bridge of her nose, she hated dramas between families. It was exhausting.

"Brother Pedro," The boy looked at him with pride.

"Jodah," Pedro picked the boy up notwithstanding his age and weight, "How have you been lately?"

"I'm fine," Jodah said, "By the way, congratulations once again, I heard your business expanded, I saw you on the television again,"

Pedro boomed at him, "Thank you, Jodah. And did you receive the gift I send to you?"

At the mention of the gift, the boy's face changed at once and everyone understood what happened. Pedro turned to Rita, the boy's mother, "What did you do with the gift I sent to him?"

*Chapter 606 - Six Hundred And Six: What Happens When Her Love For Him Vanishes*

Note\* not edited

The third point of view:

As the legitimate heir and first-born son, Pedro controlled all of Fernandez's wealth as expected - and a certain person was not happy with that.

"What did you do with the gift I sent to him?" there was slight anger in his tone.

Isabella understood at that moment that Pedro must have put a lot of care into the gift and yet, the woman tossed it away like shit. If it was her, she would have buried this witch long ago but Pedro wouldn't.

Kind, peaceful Pedro.. Thankfully, she was here to get rid of the pest for him. What he couldn't do, she would help him with it - he doesn't have to worry.

"Jodah doesn't need an Xbox. What he needs to do is to study," she added immediately, "Or do you plan for him to game all the way while you alone grow by leaps and bounds, is that it? You want him to forever be beneath you?" she sneered.

Pedro didn't say a word, rather stared at the woman dumbfounded. Before anyone else could say a word, Isabella stepped in,

"I believe that doesn't answer the question he asked,"

"Isabella," Pedro cautioned her to stay put.

However, Rita didn't let go. She scoffed in disbelief, "Even the daughter-in-law is disrespectful to me?"

"Excuse me, am I supposed to know you?" Isabella insulted her, adding more fuel to the burning flame.

"Y-you!" Rita choked, going red in the face. She couldn't even believe what was going on.

She cried out, "Of course, what was I expecting? You disrespect me, why shouldn't your bride do the same?" Rita painted herself as the victim in this situation.

"That's your problem," Isabella didn't give up on her attack, "You expected too much. And don't even attempt to fake being the aggrieved one here. I'm sure everyone here has seen better actresses in melodramas,"

Rita's jaw almost dropped to the ground since she had not expected that. She turned to her mother in law for support with fierce determination to put Isabella in her place,

"Mother, how can you stay sit and watch -"

"That's enough!" Lucinda bellowed, finally speaking up since the drama began.

"Are you a child?" she scolded Rita, "My granddaughter-in-law just arrived and you're already starting troubles with her?"

She turned to Isabella, "You just arrived today and set the house on fire already? Is that how you speak to your elders?"

"Excuse me, old woman," Isabella said.

"W-what?" Lucinda couldn't believe what she just heard, "Old woman,"

"Yes, aren't you old? Isn't that what one calls elders? Old? Didn't you want respect?"

Pedro decided to step in having seen the flame would only escalate if not controlled. However, before he could say a word, Isabella lifted her hand and stopped him.

She stood in front of Lucinda and Rita saying, "I'm not a good daughter-in-law nor am I a good person hence you should forget your dreams of controlling me," She saw through them.

"I'm not good nor would I be the disciplined daughter who wants to please her in-laws - I'm getting married to Pedro, not you. But then, I cannot ignore his family members which is why I'm going to say this, I Love those who love who I love and hate those who hate who I love," she sent her message across.

An awkward silence fell upon them as they tried to understand what Isabella just said. Anger grew in Rita's chest, even the new daughter-in-law got to take liberty with them.

"So are we having this dinner or not?" Isabella reminded that they were still standing outside.

"Oh right, come in," Lucinda got her head back in gear and began to welcome them inside the house. Although she was still wary of Isabella, the girl was straightforward and honest - she liked that about her. There would be no pretense between them.

Above all, it was quite obvious to everyone that she loved Pedro, that was what mattered to Lucinda. As far as Isabella loved him, she would not hurt her grandson. But then, what happens when that love vanishes? What happens when Isabella no longer has that feeling of affection for him, instead, replaced by hate? Lucinda didn't dare to imagine such a scene because Isabella would only become a ravenous tiger that would tear her grandson to pieces.

"Tell them to serve the food," Lucinda ordered her daughter-in-law.

"Why me....?" Rita wanted to say but shut her mouth instead knowing all Lucinda saw and cared about at that moment was her grandson, Pedro. She was invisible.

After Fernandez died, Rita could have left and made a life for herself. But then, Fate smiled at her and she become pregnant with Fernandez's son. She knew that instinct that destiny was on her side.

She endured everything, even doing a DNA test on her day-old son as demanded by Lucinda. She could never forget the way Lucinda welcomed her after the test was confirmed - she finally bore Fernandez a son.

Rita stayed with Lucinda, currying favor and fulfilling the role of a good daughter-in-law. She knew Lucinda hated Cecil and was hoping that she would choose Jodah and somehow, they would transfer Fernandez's resources to her. She was Fernandez's legal wife and the one who bore him a legitimate son. Why should she be cast aside? Why should her son be without heritage - Fernandez had no idea she was with his child when he wrote the will.

But even after her hard work, Lucinda still chooses Pedro over her son, Jodah. Pedro was a constant thorn in her side and she couldn't exactly blame Lucinda - Pedro took after his father appearance-wise. Compared to Jodah, who took after her completely, she bet Pedro reminded Lucinda of her son, Fernandez. No wonder, she loved him.

Rita clenched her fist, she would surely make her son the rightful heir. All of her efforts would not be for nothing.

"Actually, I have a better idea," Rita said, "Why don't Isabella help me to serve the food?"

*Chapter 607 - Six Hundred And Seven: Goddess Of War*

Thanks for the golden ticket ????

The third point of view:

Rita was asking for trouble, Pedro could sense that and if anything, Isabella was in love with trouble. Hence, he had to step in before things got messy.

"I don't think that's -"

"Sure," Isabella responded to the request, "I'll help out with the serving,"

Pedro turned to her, "You're a guest here, it's not your responsibility to do that," He said that but in reality, he was begging her to stay still.

"Why are you so worked up, babe," She came to him and pecked him on the lips, "Relax, nothing is going to happen," She smiled at him.

"Isabella," He was still not satisfied. He didn't know what Isabella would do nor did he want to know. Moreover, he brought her here to acquaint her with his extended family, not to make war with them. If anything, Isabella was not an advocate for peace, she was a goddess of war - the general at the war front..

Pedro knew his family was not easy but that was his responsibility, he didn't need her to fight his battles - it's his obligation as a man.

"I'm the daughter-in-law, are you going to stop me from fulfilling my role now?" she was sneaky with her words.

"Yes, Pedro," Lucinda supported her, "It might seem like a lowly gesture but it would foster affection between us. Moreover, she would feel welcomed as one," She patted him on the back, "Never stop a woman's love for the?kitchen,"

"I don't love the kitchen," Isabella said once again, creating an awkward ambiance without even trying hard.

"Oh," Lucinda was stunned and confused. Her daughter-in-law was kind of weird.

"It's kind of a sexist cliché to claim all women love cooking. I don't and I believe there are people like me out there who don't as well. But then, I only do that because of?him,"

No one needed to be told twice that the "him" was Pedro.

"Hence, don't pull that deeply old-fashioned and sexist gender norm on me," surprisingly, she added, "Please,"

This time, none of them were surprised by the silence, their new daughter-in-law has given them more than they could chew.

"Sure," Lubinda gestured, "Do whatever you want," She was honestly tired. Her heart felt for Pedro, he got a handful.

"Sure, come along," Rita was happy that her wish was granted, she strutted away as Isabella followed along at a slow pace.

Isabella didn't say a word until they got to the kitchen and saw Rita dishing out the warm food.

She smiled at her but Isabella knew better than to trust the razor-sharp fangs of a shark.

"So I heard that you and Pedro have been dating for a long time," the woman said as a worker stepped in to help out with the serving.

"Is that what you're really curious?about?" Isabella wasn't in the mood to beat around the bush.

Rita laughed awkwardly, "I like you, you're bold,"

"I don't like green snakes," Isabella retorted, not bothering to hide her dislike.

"I heard you don't intend to have children and that has created a rift in your relationship with Cecil,"

"You seem to have a lot of time on your hands,"

Rita laughed off her comment, "Cecil is a foolish woman, always dramatic," she said and then turned to Isabella, "I support you. Having children or not doesn't define your womanhood. You're free to make your choices without fear of judgment,"

"That's rich coming from the mouth of a woman desperate to put her son on the throne," Isabella lifted her gaze, "Your child being at the top, does that define your motherhood?"

Rita's expression changed, not that Isabella gave a care because she continued,

"You would come to know that I'm someone who gets bored by mundane things because you're all easy to read. You support my decision?" Isabella laughed, it was just too funny, "You don't want me to give birth because that means Pedro won't have an heir and at the end, it would be your son inheriting everything when he's gone?"

Isabella stepped closer to the woman who stood still, a plate in her grasp and the serving spoon held awkwardly.

"Child or not, I'll make sure you don't reap where you didn't sow. That's a promise," Isabella had an unnerving smile on her face as she asked, "Am I serving the food or not?"

Rita recovered from the shock, it was now made clear to her that the new daughter-in-law was smarter than she thought - she thought Isabella was all bark and no bite.

Without a word and no more pretense, Rita handed the meal to Isabella who accepted it and then placed it on a tray that was on the counter. She continued the process until the tray was full before she headed to the dining room, following after the employee who led the way with her own tray in hand.

By the time they were done serving the meal on the table, Isabella noticed that Pedro was missing. Lubinda who had been conscious of her noticed her gaze and said,

"Oh, he went out to answer a call. He should be back soon,"

Isabella nodded her head in appreciation, no other word was spoken between them.

They all dug into their meal and though Isabella swallowed down her food with great appetite - her appetite was huge lately - she was not comfortable with Pedro absent. Not that she was socially awkward, Isabella felt alone - Pedro was her anchor. Moreover, she came here because of him, what was she going to do with him absent.

His family didn't like her - not that Isabella minded, she was used to the treatment. When you've stayed in the dark for long, you'd find out it can get comfortable - they simply accepted her because of Pedro. She couldn't do it, being the disciplined, goody-two-shoes daughter-in-law. That would be betraying her nature. That was why Isabella was forthright with them - she doesn't act without a warning.

Isabella let down her spoon on the ceramics and that move attracted everyone's attention.

"Why? You don't like it? The food doesn't satisfy your grand taste?" Rita asked sarcastically. Since she couldn't achieve what she wanted, the woman was no longer wearing her mask.

Good, Isabella noted. She loved her opponent coming at her head on than being sneaky with her. Being sneaky requires her to use her brain, equaling a greater punishment in the end.

Isabella ignored the mad woman and turned to Lucinda, the sensible one, "I need to find Pedro,"

### *Chapter 608 - Six Hundred And Eight: Trusting Him*

The third point of view:

"So what do you want me to do then?" This was the first information Isabella received from Pedro's call.

He was outside the lawn and had his back turned to her, unaware of her presence nor did she intend to inform him. Isabella stood behind him without moving, call her creepy, but that was her idea of eavesdropping. Thankfully, the light bulb shone brightly in the dark else Pedro would have died

of a heart attack when he does turn.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?! I have no idea what you're talking about! Whatever happened was a mistake!" Pedro hissed, afraid of raising his voice.

He ran his hand through his hair, almost ruffling it only to remember he had a super-sensitive fiancée who wouldn't hesitate to study him and the cause of his disarray.

"Listen, I know the likes of you and your blackmailing wouldn't work on me, and don't you dare call me...." Pedro turned around only to freeze.

Isabella was standing there, watching him. His heart skipped a beat, how long has she been there? How much did she hear?

"Love," He muttered, the hand holding the phone fell limp by his side, but not without ending the call first.

"That was quite an intense call," Isabella pointed out, walking over to him.

Pedro gulped, his eyes never leaving her figure. For a moment he had thought of fleeing but his feet stood glued to the floor. What was he going to do?

In front of him, Isabella reached out and Pedro flinched, her gaze narrowed.

"What's wrong?" she asked, hands on the button of his shirt he must have undone in the middle of his call, "You almost seem like someone caught doing something wrong,"

Although it was meant to be a joke, the way Pedro paled told Isabella all she needed to know. Pedro had never been good at hiding his emotion anyway. Although he shared Fernandez's blood, he was more of Cecil than he could be of Fernandez. But then, even the son of a monster has a tendency to become one - it all lies on choice.

"What's wrong?" Isabella asked, staring at his chest instead of his eyes having known what his answer would be.

"It's nothing," he said, readjusting his weight on his other foot and tactically avoiding her eyes.

As expected, he lied. Nor did Pedro get to see the way Isabella's gaze darkened. Isabella was confident of the things she owned, right now, she wasn't so sure anymore. She was scared - and she hated to be scared.

But then, her gaze fell on the necklace on his neck, the one she had given him ten years ago. It was still as good as new, showing that he had been taking good care of it, not that the necklace was of inferior quality in the first place. He had never taken the jewelry off for ten years although he knew she had a tracker in it, doesn't that mean he trusted her. Where was her trust now?

As if he knew what she was thinking, Pedro added, "If there was a problem, you should be rest assured that I can handle it," He was hinting that she should trust him.

At once, Isabella yanked him forward by the collar and kissed him. Pedro was stupefied by the move, he had not expected that from Isabella. If anything, he was mentally preparing himself for more interrogation from her.

His arms wrapped around her waist, pressing her against him as he was grateful for her support. She could have doubted him but she chose not to, it was a rare trait from Isabella and it turned him on.

"I might need to move out of our room if you need me to keep up to my deal of abstinence," He said when they came up for air.

After they graduated from university, the both of them lived together since Isabella couldn't bear to have him out of her sight anyway.

"That's fucking nonsense, you know I can't sleep without you by my side," she breathed, inhaling his soothing cologne. Ever since Isabella became pregnant, she became hypersensitive to his smell. She was addicted to it.

"You can simply take it as a test of courage, knights of old were honorable - take it as a journey of knighthood," she chuckled against his neck which made him shiver.

"Not when I've tasted the forbidden fruit," his hands cupped her ass, thirsting for more, "You bring out the worst in me, Isabella," He told her trying to capture her lips as Isabella turned her face away.

His lips brushed across her skin instead, smooth, silky skin. He couldn't explain it, but lately, Isabella seems to glow - there was just this new radiance she exudes. Perhaps, she must be more than happy with their wedding around the corner.

"We should go before your grandmother thinks her precious grandson is being fed on by an evil vampiress," Isabella said, and as a matter of fact, latched onto Pedro's neck. She grazed his skin with her front teeth before sucking on that skin.

Pedro groaned, his grip on her ass tightening, Isabella would surely bring him down to his knees soon. He would be the worst fool on earth to let go of Isabella. He would never let her go, not now, not ever.

Isabella stepped back, Pedro groaned in disappointment. He was so close to coming. Come to think of it, why wasn't she as affected as he was.

"We should go," Isabella tilted her head to the side, a knowing smirk on her face. She knew what he was thinking.

She said, "Don't wonder about me, imagination does the trick,"

Pedro snorted yet smiled at her. But then he tried not to give up because he was horny as hell.

He nudged her, "It's late, we could do it in the garden," He grinned suggestively.

Isabella stared at him, "Don't tempt me, a student can't be better than the master,"

Pedro went red in the face, was she trying to say she was the more dominant person during sex. Why don't they test it out right now? He was more than ready. He would pound into her recklessly and show her his masculine power. She would beg him for mercy and would not give up until she cries out his name.

"My love!" He called after Isabella who hurried into the house for her life with a smirk on her face. She has pulled the lion by the tail.

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

*Chapter 609 - Six Hundred And Nine: The Temptation*

The third point of view:

Julie was fast asleep when he heard movements. His type of work trained him to be a light sleeper, always alert in times of danger just like now.

Although he sensed the approaching shadow, he regulated his breath and feigned to be asleep - hopefully, whoever that was doesn't have a gun. This wasn't the first time they had attempted to assassinate him. Yes, it had been a while since the attack came, he never ruled out the possibility of one happening right under his nose.

He calculated his assassin's position by manipulating the shadow cast on him. The shadow stood straight which meant his arms were down and has no gun - yet.

The assassin continued to tiptoe in his direction, he must be trying hard not to make noise so he could kill him without alerting the others. Amid his body asking him to react, Julie willed his mind to remain still and wait for the right time.

The assassin was quite a weird one because Julie felt him leaning down towards him, he must plan to stifle him by holding a pillow over his head.. His heart began to pound but Julie held still, this wasn't the time for carelessness.

Julie felt the assassin lean closer and closer and when he was close enough to be grabbed, he struck. He flipped the assassin over to the empty side of the bed, surprised at the assassin's lightweight. He was stunned at the realization that the assassin was a woman. But then, woman or not, she had been sent to kill him and would pay gravely for that.

Hence, Judy pushed her down to the bed, pressing his strong arms against her throat to cut off her air supply. His room was dark and he would have loved to see the face of his assassin but he couldn't risk that, not now he had her subdued.

The assassin began to struggle with him, squirming beneath his strength and hitting his arm so he could let her go. Julie intended to, he simply planned to cut off her air supply, enough to knock her out.

However, when he leaned closer a familiar scent wafted into his nose and he froze, his grip loosening. With such space, the assassin pushed him away and didn't attack. Released, she instead began to wheeze and gasp for air and the familiarity of the voice hit him.

Oh crap.

Without wasting time, Julie instinctively searched blindly for the wall switch and turned on the lights, his breath coming to a stop when he saw Anabelle on his bed, gasping and feeling her throat.

His eyes almost bulged out of its socket when he saw the red mark around Anabelle's throat, Eden would surely kill him when he saw that - even Niklaus might not be enough to save him this time.

"Princess," He called her by the nickname he gave her but all he received in return was a fiery glare from her. Judy, scratched the back of his head, she wasn't going to make this one easy for him.

"H-how could you?" Anabelle's eyes watered and Julie felt his heart breaking into pieces. He didn't mean to hurt her - this is why people shouldn't give him a sneak attack.

"I'm so sorry," He apologized, walking over to the bed to sit beside her. Julie removed her hand to examine the bruise, swallowing down the lump in his throat. That looked red.

"You almost killed me!" Anabelle cried out, pushing him on the chest.

No, Julie disagreed mentally - he didn't dare say it out loud with her, else she pools a flood in his room with her tears. If he had wanted to kill her, he would have snapped her neck in a fraction of a second. But cutting off her oxygen carefully was to knock her out - although he regrets it now. He wouldn't have done it if he knew she was the one.

"I'm sorry, princess," Julie could only apologize sincerely. He told her, "Wait here," and left the room only to return later with an ice pack which he used to rub across the red bruising.

"How did you find me?" He asked her, rubbing the clothed ice across the affected skin, and watched her flinch from the coldness as it chilled yet tingled her, "I never told you I was here," He inquired.

"As if you would have told me," Anabelle rolled her eyes yet said, "I asked Alex and he told me your location,"

Of course, it was Alex, he was not even surprised anymore. He couldn't help but wonder if that fool served him or his girlfriend. Since he had time to play cupid on duty, he would surely increase his workload.

"I had a good reason for keeping you away, it could have been dangerous. The next time before you attempt a solo mission, please inform me," I can't stand your father's wrath if anything happens to you.

Niklaus might currently be his godfather but he doubted the man's influence would save him from Eden's fury - if he doesn't offer him willingly to Eden himself. Eden was his cousin, why would Niklaus defend him, an outsider, against his own relative? It didn't make sense.

He could remember the first time he had sex with Anabelle, Eden almost hunted him down - he broke his promise of waiting till she was twenty. What was the man expecting anyway? They were two hot-blooded teenagers in a serious relationship, not to mention the fact that Anabelle didn't make things easier for him.

She had no idea about the deal he had with her father and kept on seducing and tempting his self-control until his restraint broke one fateful night. The memory was still fresh in his head even after ten years.

It had rained heavily that night yet Anabelle visited him. She was drenched from her head to her feet and made use of his shower to bathe warmly. After that, the problem of what to wear surfaced as there was no spare feminine cloth until she settled on his polo.

His polo had been so huge on her that it almost touched her knee - almost - it settled on her thigh instead. His grandfather had been away that night with most of the employees asleep or seeking warmth of their own against the cold.

Julie remembered having nothing to do that night plus Anabelle's tantalizing thigh he saw whenever she bent, offering him a sneak peek made him nervous - and uncomfortable down there.

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

*Chapter 610 - Six Hundred And Ten: She Wants To Be A House Wife*

The third point of view:

Thanks to the increasing tension and reaction in his body, Julie choose to pick his phone and distract himself with whatever he could find online.

"The guest room is ready, you should go and have a sleep. You must be stressed out," Honestly, he just wanted her away as he couldn't trust himself around her.

But Anabelle replied, "I'm not sleepy yet," and sat down beside him.

"What are you watching?" She snuggled closer to him on the sofa and he fought against the urge to stare down her legs or see if her polo was still playing peek-a-boo with him.

He could have refused her but Anabelle was his girlfriend plus it was cold, she needed warmth - was his excuse.

"Urm..." What was he even watching on his phone - he had no idea. With not much thought, he quickly clicked on an Ad he saw before Anabelle glanced on his screen.

"Oh," Anabelle's face widened with surprise, she glanced up at him, "You read online novels?"

"Online what...?" his gaze rested on the texts written on the ad and nodded, "Yeah," Julie readjusted himself so she could snuggle closer as she wanted to read the story as well.

"I never knew you're a fan of romance stories,"

"I am?" It was more of a question than admittance.

Yet Anabelle didn't notice his confusion and rambled on, "Most men think romance stories are soapy and overly dramatic and unrealistic. It's thrilling to know you don't agree with them," she giggled, looking at him with adoration.

"Of course, I don't agree with them," Julie lied through his teeth. He was never a fan of romance stories since the standards set for men were impractical and where women's desires, experiences, and rich inner lives are given value, center stage.

"Come on, let's read it," Anabelle had already pressed on the link before he could stop her. Since it was an ad, it took them to the google play store where they had to download the app and sign in before they started reading.

It was a happy reading - and a harmless one at first. Although Anabelle did most of the reading since his eyes were glued on her the entire time. How could someone be this happy to read a melodramatic story? Women were strange creatures.

But then, minutes later, he sensed some changes in Annabelle and glanced down at the phone only to see the reason for the change. What had seemed like a harmless reading had evolved into an erotic chapter.

--- their lips moved against each other in syn, and while he buried his hand in her hair, the other went down to knead her bottom. She wrapped her arms around his neck, eager for more... ---

That was all he read but the message had already been sent. Anabelle became stiff in his arms nor did he move either. How did everything change so quickly?

Julie was prepared to go to bed at that instant but to his surprise, Anabelle turned around and pounced on him and the rest was history - history of their first time.

Because of the suppressed feelings for long, they both let go of their inhibition that night and went at it to the fullest. It was fun that night but when morning came, the charm that blinded him that night came off.

There was no way to hide the massive hickey on Anabelle's body nor could he keep him at her place for another day. It was enough announcement that she slept over at his place, another day more and Eden might storm into his place.

So he let her go but not without a fashion trick, he let her cover her neck with a scarf hoping that was enough to buy him some days? More like hours.

The plan failed and Eden hunted him down as promised - if he failed their deal. Eden abducted him out of the city and took him to the countryside where he tied him upside down on the tree. It was quite a merciful move since Eden had contemplated hanging him upside down by his "thingy".

Julie wondered how possible that was, but he didn't dare to push his luck knowing Eden was a psychopath compared to Niklaus' aggressiveness.

It was a lot of hours before he was surprisingly rescued by Niklaus and ever since then, the man had been keeping an eye on him. Even till his grandfather's death, Niklaus has been some sort of father figure to him, Julie wondered what sort of deal his grandfather struck with him - hopefully, they don't pull the marry Isabella stunt on him again.

Back to the present, Anabelle pouted at him, "Aren't you happy that I came to visit?"

He dropped the ice pack and cupped her face with his palm, "I'm happy that you came to visit me but I'm just saying that you should be a lot more careful knowing how dangerous it is around me. Moreover, shouldn't you be working,"

"I took a day off," Anabelle grinned at him, "Maybe, I should take a week off and spend it with you," she giggled sheepishly.

"Don't play around with your work," He chided her playfully.

"I don't care," Anabelle said, "Once we get married, I'll quit,"

"What?" Julie was stunned, he turned to her wondering what had come over her, "Don't you love your modeling job? Isn't that why you worked so hard?"

"Hmm," Anabelle pulsed her lips, "The truth is that my dream is to be a housewife, modeling was just a hobby to pass time,"

Julie didn't say a word, he was shocked. More than shocked.

"I want a family, Julie. Unlike my father, both of us would be good parents to our many, many kids. I won't give up on my kid as my mother did, together we would give them the best of our affection," She giggled at the mere thought of it.

"Then, what about your career?" he asked just to distract himself from his pounding heart and fear - the fear that he might not be able to fulfill her every dream.

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Bless this shameless author with your golden ????