

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 631 - Six Hundred And Thirty-one: He Shouldnt Have Promised Her - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 631 - Six Hundred And Thirty-one: He Shouldnt Have Promised Her

Chapter 631 - Six Hundred And Thirty-one: He Shouldn't Have Promised Her

The third point of view:

Anabelle was more than excited, tonight Julie was coming to watch her on the runway and she was excited yet nervous. Although he always watched her in the television, this was the first Julie was coming to the show.

Ahh!! She couldn't wait! She would impress Julie and leave him with his mouth opened in wonder. He would know how great his girlfriend was. Does he even know the number of admirers his great girlfriend has? She giggled sheepishly at the thought of being loved by everyone.

"What's wrong with you today?" Her stylist asked concerned, she caught her smiling more than once through the mirror.

"Nothing," Anabelle immediately pursed her lips to keep herself from smiling once again. It would be stupid. She needed to get her head back in the game, she can't make any mistake today.

Very soon she was done with her makeup and she came out to join the other models as the show was beginning. Some of the model's smiled at Anabelle as she was a top model and would be the one ending the show. Some other merely acknowledged her presence with a nod while the others remained indifferent to her presence.

Anabelle was not bothered by their attitude, as with every other work, this industry was no different with competitiveness. Everyone worked hard to secure their spot at the top and most of her fellow models were not happy they got their own so easily while they still strived for it.

"Alright girls, in one, two, three!" that was all the cue they need from the backstage manager as they stepped out one another the other in between intervals in a file.

It was a summer collection street styled collection and Anabelle was wearing a sleeveless semi-sheer white blouse paired with cuffed black shorts and lace-up combat boots. She had a designer bag by her side that cost fortune and her hair was sleeked

back with gel till it was almost as if her hair was plastered to her skull. She had black shimmery lipstick on her lips and looked like your typical bad girl.

Anabelle loved modeling, the clothes gave her a sense of beauty and she felt liked she lived in different lifestyles and timeless with the clothes she wears.

Half of the other models were almost dressed like her, just that there was a few alterations to their clothes as to exhibit the theme of the show. Some had short skirts instead of shorts while the others had leather shorts?or biker boots.

Soon they were out on the platform and Anabelle walked gracefully, smoothly, and was light on her feet as she placed one foot in front of the other without bouncing or losing her balance.

Her shoulder was relaxed and slightly backward and she walked confidently on the ramp. She looked?powerful, commanding and in control.

The platform was really long and had visual wall interplay featuring?the theme and the music greatly accentuate the clothes' tone.?The positioning was great that the audience got to see from every angle, every single one of them.

When Anabelle struck a pose, she took that opportunity to scan the crowd, checking to see if Julie was there with the limited time she had. But she couldn't find him and had to return to the backstage with a smooth, consistent, and natural pace to change in to her next outfit.

Disappointment flooded Anabelle but she couldn't let that get in the way of her work. She had to get her head in the game. Moreover, Julie could be out there hidden amongst the audience, she must have missed him, She told herself.

The second walk began and this time Anabelle was more vigilant and meticulously scanned the crowd without showing an ounce of distraction being the professional she was.

She confirmed it, Julie was not there and for some reason, it depressed her - not that she showed it. This was not the first time Julie had missed her show, but today's own really hurt her. He had promised her he'd be here yet he failed it. He shouldn't have promised her at all. She shouldn't have hoped at all.

Even though she wore the final piece and pulled off the final solo walk flawlessly, the claps and appraisal did nothing to lift her spirit. Anabelle was beautiful on the stage, but right now, she didn't feel like it.

So when her fellow models called for the need to celebrate and party, Anabelle didn't hesitate to?join in. She needed to drink and forget all that happened. She needed to forget that her twelve years old relationship was on the verge of collapsing.

They booked a private club and as expected of a club, the party was already in full swing before she arrived.

"And now, let's welcome the star of the night, Anabelle Spencer!" one of her slightly drunk crew members announced as soon as she stepped in.

Anabelle groaned inwardly, she didn't exactly hate the spotlight but not on a night when most of her fellow models would be drunk. You see alcohol has a way of lowering one's inhibition and Anabelle was sure a lot of their envious side would be revealed tonight. She was hoping that she would sneak in, have a few drinks and sneak out. Well, who's she's kidding? Everyone knew her face and the rest of the people who didn't hate were good at bootlicking.

"Come over here, Anabelle, we've reserved a special table!" the girl grabbed her hand and began to lead her before she had the chance to protest.

Anabelle knew the girl, she was one of the friendly models around and both of them weren't exactly friends - even though she had her contact. You see, Anabelle had a lot of friends but all of them - not even one - turned out to be back stabbers who only befriended her because of what they could benefit from her.

Chapter 632 - Six Hundred And Thirty-Two: She Has A Beautiful Heart

The third point of view:

To Anabelle, Isabella and Pedro were the only friends she had. She was sure those ones wouldn't betray her, unlike other females who are nothing but wolves in sheep clothing. To Anabelle, her team and working partners were just acquaintances. She wasn't in the market for any friend ever again.

Anabelle was led to the main table and there she met Alec, the CEO of the multi-global brand, "Suez" the brand she just modeled their clothes.

She had met him on several occasions but their conversation had been more formal and not lasted more than a minute. Even when she decided to work with him on this summer project, her manager had been the one who handled the procedures. The only time they conversed was during one of the rehearsal sessions, he had come to check up on the clothes in case of amendments, particularly hers - she was the star of the occasion.

Sincerely, Anabelle had not expected him to talk to him since he was known to be all serious during business. But he did and was really a cool man. Having such a big brand at age thirty without coming from a rich background like hers, was a huge feat.. She admired him.

By the way, what was he even doing here? Wasn't he supposed to be selling his hotlines of clothing that would be booming right after the show? Why was he at a party hosted by the team? He was quite a strange man.

"Anabelle!" He called her with that foreign accent of his that was smooth to the hearing. He smiled at her, the two dimples at the side of his cheeks deepening.

Alright, Anabelle was not going to deny it, the man was handsome. Well, that's an understatement, he's kind of hot. He had this blueish green mesmerizing eyes and tousled brown hair that always looks as if he just stepped out of bed. But Anabelle knew the reason for that, she heard the other girls say it. As a designer who relies on inspiration, Mr. Alec had a way of ruffling his hair each time he ran out of ideas. It was as if doing so would bring back the much-needed idea.

Then he had two thick eyebrows and lashes that Anabelle was highly jealous of. How could God give a guy all that? It was so unfair. Hence, on one hand, Mr. Alec was a blessed man. Sadly, Anabelle was now into bad men with tattoos like Julie. She must be stupid to find those features on Julie's body hot - the previous Anabelle doesn't like bad boys.

"Have a seat," He said, making space for her to take the seat he had kept empty all this while beside him.

Some of the girls who dined with them at the long table, their features distorted at once the instant they saw Anabelle sit beside the man. They had tried to occupy the position but the man politely rejected them. Well, she's the top model, her treatment would be different. They choose to believe that, instead of the growing suspicion that Alec might be interested in Anabelle.

"Thank you, Mr. Alec," Anabelle didn't reject the offer. After all, it wasn't every day that you get to sit with such a great personality.

Alec chuckled, "Please stop that,"

"Stop what?" Anabelle was confused.

"Calling me Mr. Alec," He smiled at her, "You're the only one that calls me Alec and it makes me feel like we're standing on tradition. I don't like it, it's too restricting,"

"Huh?" Anabelle was stunned by his comment, "Oh," She realized what he meant. But then, wasn't their relationship supposed to be formal. Well, unless he wanted to be her friend - a friend she would keep at arm's length. Sorry, but blame that on her trust issues about friendship.

"Sure, Mr. Alec," She said to him and saw the way his lips tugged to the side in a smile again. He must really like smiling, Anabelle thought.

"Better," he smirked.

She took hold of the beer and poured it out into her glass cup. Tonight, Anabelle was going to drink until she forgets she had a boyfriend called Julie. That unfaithful asshole! That brat who couldn't keep his promise!

"I hope you can hold your liquor," Alec turned towards her as he asked.

Anabelle raised a questioning brow as she sipped her beer, "Why do you ask?" She set the glass down.

"Because tonight is about you. You did marvelously well at the show," He was proud of her.

"Wait, isn't this party organized by the team...." Anabelle trailed off as it dawned on her. Now she thought about it, which of the team member would organize a party at this ridiculously expensive club. Not unless he or she was earning in six figures like her.

It was Sir Alec's doing. No doubt. No wonder, he was here as well. He looks so carefree tonight.

"You flatter me," Anabelle laughed nervously, "But it's teamwork," She went on, "If the backstage hadn't done their work, photographers, videographers, hair and makeup stylists, sound and lighting technicians, as well as media coordinators and my fellow models hasn't done their work Perfectly, I wouldn't have had the chance to shine nor would this have been possible," Anabelle explained.

For a minute, nobody said a word as they were astounded by Anabelle's wise words. As a top model, she had been the night of the night yet she didn't take the glory. She chooses to honor others' contributions to the show. It was a rare trait in humans and most of them were grateful for that.

"Not only are you rich, intelligent, and beautiful as well, you have a kind heart. Gosh, Anabelle be my wife," One of the crew members joked and they burst into laughter - some faked it just not to be seen as envious by the others. They were jealous of the attention Anabelle was getting.

One of the crew members slapped the other who made such a ridiculous request at the back of his head, "Shut up! Do you think Anabelle doesn't have a boyfriend far more than you?"

And at that statement, everyone turned to her with questioning eyes.

"Just great,"

Chapter 633 - Six Hundred And Thirty-Three: They Were Together For Twelve Years

The third point of view :

"You have a boyfriend?!" They all shouted, shocked. Anabelle was one of the top models who hadn't gone public with her relationship for years, hence everyone assumed she was single. Although the media, once in a while, made gossip about her relationship status, Anabelle had not responded to any of the news, hence they all gave up.

Plus the fact that she was one of the few models who hadn't had any celebrity scandal since her career began. Thanks to that, she earned so much respect from the netizens amid the fact she still had anti-fans.

The anti-fans claim she's a green tea bitch, thus a woman that likes to dress and act in a certain fashion to portray herself as pure and innocent. But Anabelle ignored them because she knew most of them were just jealous of the fact that she came from an influential family that boosted her career and was making a lot of money than the others.

"Yes, I have a boyfriend," She laughed awkwardly as everyone had dropped everything that they were doing, all of their attention on her.

One of them said, "But we didn't know!" She gasped, "He's not in public, your relationship is not in the limelight,"

"Yeah," Anabelle nodded, tugging her hair to the back of her ear, "We like our relationship that way instead of it being under media scrutiny.. We value our privacy,"

But she lied, Anabelle liked her relationship being in the spotlight. She wanted to share the limelight with Julie and show the world how much he was worth to her. Unfortunately, she couldn't do that because Julie told her it was better they kept their relationship away from the public.

As a top model, Anabelle was always in the public's eye and just one wrong move could ruin her hard-built reputation. Unfortunately, her boyfriend is a Mafia boss.

One could imagine what happens when the public knows that - not that they let that information open to the public.?Who in their right mind would drag the Mafia to the media unless they wanted a death sentence and for their family. After all, everyone knew how vindictive a gang could be.

But then, the decision was more for Anabelle's safety. With his kind of business comes enemies who wouldn't hesitate to use or hurt Anabelle. In one word, Anabelle was Julie's weakness. And she was constantly in the public eye too hence it wouldn't be hard for them to find and locate her.

However, on the bright side, Anabelle was a Spencer and even his enemies would have to think twice about touching her. But then, it was better to be safe than sorry. Hence, Anabelle had no choice but to comply with the decision.

It wasn't hard to keep their relationship hidden since her family controlled most of the media houses and Julie had his influence as well. Therefore, even if the paparazzi caught them on camera, no one would dare to post or publish it unless they wanted to lose their job for the rest of their lifetime.

"Geez!" one of them exclaimed, "You are so mysterious," She laughed, "And here I was thinking you were as single as I am,"

The others laughed, Anabelle too and that was when she realized that Alec was lost in his thoughts and had a calculating look on his face. Anabelle shook her head, he was probably hit by another inspiration.

"So how long have you both been together?"

Since her relationship was out in the public, everyone was curious to know about it and Anabelle knew she couldn't avoid their questions.

Anabelle answered without hesitation, "Twelve years,"

At that answer, Alec who had been sipping his beer nearly choked on it as he was shocked like the others.

"Twelve years?" Another asked.

"That's impossible,"

"No way,"

They found it hard to believe. How could that be? These days, it is hard for a relationship to survive a year without breaking up, not to talk of twelve years?! Frigging twelve years?!

"Aish, that's impossible!" said the model who brought her to the table.

Another model who loathed the attention Anabelle was getting, sneered, "Don't tell me you made this up just so you can escape being ridiculed for being single," she didn't believe a word that Anabelle said. How can two people be together for twelve years? It might have been possible in the past, but times have changed.

Moreover, Anabelle was a top model and had a big opportunity to snag a big shot - she knew Anabelle might be waiting for a big politician to ensnare. People in their industry do that a lot.

Why would she settle for less? She bet that Anabelle's boyfriend was a nobody and that was why she didn't want to bring him to the limelight - she's ashamed of him. What a pretender.

"I'm telling the truth," Anabelle announced, "Tell me, why should I lie? Have I ever told you that I'm single - you just assumed. Moreover, what's wrong with being single? Wouldn't everyone be single before they get married?" Anabelle said firmly to the model who's face distorted as she realized how stupid she sounded.

"Exactly, what's wrong with being single," Anabelle's favorite model from earlier asked.

"It's Anabelle's decision to bring her relationship to the spotlight or keep it a secret," Another supported her and just like that, the tables were turned. Instead of Anabelle being put in a difficult spot, she was the embarrassed one.

"Excuse me," Said the model who intended to shame Anabelle as she took her leave. Her plans had not worked and there was no reason to stay around and watch them gush over the lucky Anabelle. It was an eyesore to her.

The other models didn't even watch her leave as they were more interested in Anabelle's love life.

"I bet he must be handsome,"

"And rich," Another said.

"What does he do for a living?"

Anabelle gulped, what he does for a living? Well, let's see. For a start, he's in partnership with Sakuzi and the Spencer as they trade in weaponry. What again? Oh yeah, he's in a drug cartel as well. In one word, he breaks the law continuously and does everything a gangster does - all except human trafficking, loan-sharking, and extortion. Julie has his code of morals as well.

"He's a businessman," Anabelle lied through her teeth. What could she tell them anyway unless she wants to be isolated as long as her career lasts? Why would anyone want to be friends with a girlfriend to a mafia boss?

"Can we see his pictures please," another requested, yet added, "Please?" When she realized how invasive her demand was.

"Sure," Anabelle said, bringing out her phone as she scrolled to her gallery. Truthfully, it's been a long time since she wanted to do something like this; show off her boyfriend. It was a dream come true.

"Here," She handed her phone to one of them as the rest of them huddled together to view the pictures and in less than two seconds, they were all swooning over the picture.

"Oh my God! He's so hot!" Rang out as they went through Julie's pictures.

"As expected of Anabelle, you do go for the handsome ones,"

"Do you see those tattoos?! It looks so good on him, I wonder where he got them. I want one too!"

"Anabelle, you're so cruel! How could you keep this eye candy from us?"

"You both look so good together," commented one of them when she saw the picture of them together.

"Thank you," Anabelle was genuinely happy. At last one of her wishes has been ticked off the list. All that was left was for her and Julie to get married and be seen in public. That alone would cover up the rest of her wishes. Once they were together, they could go on dates nights, have as much sex as possible and then make a lot of babies. Anabelle wished to have six children just like uncle Niklaus. The thought of it made her giggle inside.

"By the way, what does he do for a living?" One of them asked, rousing Anabelle from her thoughts.

"Huh?" Anabelle was startled.

"He looks quite rich, what does he do for a living?"

"Well -" Just as Anabelle was about to cook up another lie, someone said,

"Alright, that's enough of prying into Anabelle's love life," Alec finally spoke up and Anabelle gave him a grateful smile.

"President," One of the models pouted her lips, "The way you defend Anabelle, one would really think you're crushing on her," she said to Alec.

"And who said I wasn't crushing on her?" Alec said.

"Huh?" Everyone was stunned, including Anabelle. What the hell was going on?

"Anabelle is a beautiful, rich, and smart woman. What man in his right mind wouldn't crush on her?" he asked, holding her gaze.

"Oh," Anabelle took her eyes away and scratched the back of her head. Alec of all people was crushing on her? It made her feel awkward. Why would he crush on all? There were many models out there that were prettier than her.

Seeing the awkward tension, Anabelle cleared her throat and said, "I'm going to the restroom,"

And that she did with hurried steps, leaning against the door afterwards as she exhaled. When she came to the sink, Anabelle stared at her reflection in the mirror and began to think over Alec's words.

"What man in his right mind wouldn't crush on her?"

Then a small smile curved her lips. After all, what woman wouldn't be happy that a responsible man found her attractive. It boosted her self-esteem and made her feel good. She was beautiful.

With that smile on her face, Anabelle wanted to take her gaze away when she noticed another person through the mirror and she almost screamed in shock.

It was Julie.

Chapter 634 - Six Hundred And Thirty-four: I Met The Prince

The third point of view :

Akim thought he had tasted enough snacks and meats - chickens, beef, pork, you name it - in his lifetime and the best the world had to offer, none was like this one. It just had a glorious taste and to think that the insect was underrated. His eyes widened and he began to think of the numerous income this snack could bring into their kingdom if it went commercial.

Not everyone was exposed to edible insects and if he could just publicize this great food to the world, it could bring a lot of revenue to their kingdom. Akim's mind began to work one thousand miles per minute as he thought of the limitless things he could do with the termites.

Occasionally, they had diplomats who visited the kingdom, he could introduce the food to them. His face brightened with a smile, for once, Akim knew of a way he could help his father generate income for the kingdom and increase their GDP. But then, he would have to do lots of research and planning and hopefully, his father approves of this.

Aside from that, Lincolnshire generated much of its income from tourism. After the rebellion, most foreigners wanted to visit and study the kingdom that survived two attacks and is still standing strong.

Although the palace has been reconstructed, some areas still hold evidence of the ruins. Aside from that, Lincolnshire had many natural reserves and minerals - that was the reason for the first invasions. The invaders had seen Lincolnshire as a land flowing with milk and honey and attempted to exploit and keep the resources once they overtook. Unfortunately, Queen Roselle fought tooth and nail to regain her seat and power, returning everything to how it was supposed to be.

Hence, tourism was a huge source of income for them. But don't forget Agriculture. With their large landmass, that was the only reason Lincolnshireans had not starved after the second attack and from foreign reliefs.

"You have a weird look on your face," Anita pointed out.

Akim simply smiled at her, unwilling to share his thoughts. She doesn't even know he's a prince, there was no need to tell her of his plan for the kingdom.

If only Akim knows she knew more than he thought she knew.

"Can I have a taste?" Jasmine couldn't hold her appetite anymore. She was grossed out by the insect but seeing the way her brother was enjoying himself, she thought otherwise.

Jasmine gulped at the insect in her palm, those brownish insects gave her the creeps but she didn't want to be left out in the fun. If her brother or all people could eat this, she could as well.

And that was what she did, putting the whole thing in her mouth and chewed once, then another, and another and soon enough, her molars were grinding steadily.

"Mmm," Jasmine's eyes widened like she was enlightened. She quickly looked at the seller for more and this time, the woman brought out her paper wrap and sold her a serving. And it was at this point that Jasmine's obsession with roasted termites began.

Akim ordered for more, he and Anika were given their own serving and he paid for them all - thankfully he came with cash and not his cards that might be tracked down and his location discovered. Although Anika decided to pay, he refused her. The first lesson he was inculcated into as a prince was chivalry and there was no way on earth he would let a woman pay on their first date - what the fuck was he saying? He means meeting.

Yes, this was a meeting and not a date. Absolutely not. He was not a careless playboy and prince who would fall for a girl he just met on the first meeting even though she's beautiful, courageous, and...

God, Akim, he groaned inwardly. Stop it! This would be the first and the last time you'd be meeting Anika. Soon, you'd be returning to your world which doesn't feature you

eating roasted termites in the public at night - his ethics teacher would go mad once he heard this.

And speaking of his world, it was time to leave as it was one in the night. If they wanted to keep this secret of theirs a secret, he had to keep Jasmine in optimal condition. She dozing off during lessons today and other days - if they do sneak out - would definitely arouse suspicion.

Jasmine understood the look Akim gave her and her face fell at once which Anika noticed and asked, "Hey, what's wrong?" Her face filled with concern.

"We have to leave," Akim was the one who broke the news to her.

"What?!" Anika seemed shocked, "But the festival would go on till dawn. Isn't it too early to leave and I have many other delicious delicacies to introduce to you guys,"

"I'm sorry, Anika, but our parents gave us a curfew," Akim lied through his teeth. That was the best lie he could come up with.

"Sure, you can leave. I wouldn't want you disobeying your parent's orders," Anika said to him yet there was a trace of scorn in her tone.

Akim stretched his hand out for a handshake, "I don't regret ever meeting you. Hopefully, we meet one day,"

"That one day might be sooner than you know," Anika smirked at him and then glanced down at his hand still out for her to take.

"Before I take your hand, do you have a girlfriend?"

Akim was taken aback by that question yet he composed himself, "No," his brows arched, "Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to do this," Anika said and then grasped Akim's cheeks in her palm and pressed her soft lips against his.

Jasmine's eyes widened at the scene and she looked away at once, a goofy smile tugging at the corner of her lips. She said it! How lovely.

Akim stood still like a tree, his hand still awkwardly outstretched as Anika kissed him. This was the first time he had ever kissed someone and she had taken him by surprise by kissing him. Weren't the guys supposed to be the ones making the move? What was happening? Why was his heart pounding?

Before Akim even had the time to savor the kiss, Anika had pulled away and he blinked like a fool.

"Goodbye, Ai," She said and disappeared through the crowd before he had the chance to stop her.

"Goodbye Anika," He muttered, spellbound.

Meanwhile, as soon as Anika left them, a creepy smile crossed her features and she called someone at once saying, "Mission fulfilled, I met with the prince,"

"What?! Are you sure it's him?" The voice from the other side asked sternly.

"Of course, mother," Anika rolled her eyes to heaven, irritated at her doubt, "You made it my life mission to know everything about him, why wouldn't I recognize him at a glance? Do you underestimate your daughter's capabilities?"

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

Chapter 635 - Six Hundred And Thirty-five: Another Male Interested In His Girlfriend

The third point of view:

Anabelle almost suffered a heart attack and that was all because of her boyfriend who had snuck into the lady's room like a pervert. God, she had not even noticed him come in - well, he can't be a mafia boss without capabilities. But then, what was he doing in the lady's restroom? What if someone came in and misunderstood him?

"Julie?!" She called his name breathless. Her heart was still pounding loud in her chest as that was quite a scare.

"Anabelle," He said, walking towards her.

"What are you doing here...?" She was still asking when his hand went to her head, pulled it back, and kissed her on the mouth.

Anabelle was stunned.. She means this was a good welcome but he can't come out of nowhere and kiss her in the lady's restroom where anyone could stumble in any moment.

Moreover, she was mad at him and had decided to never talk to him again unless he apologized and made it up to him. Hence, he can't manipulate her into forgiving him. He would suffer for this one.

So Anabelle tried to push him away knowing she was too quiet and would be lenient on him if her defenses crumbled.

It seems Julie premeditated that and only pressed her into her the more to the point she could feel every outline of his body; his broad and firm chest; his lean waist; his strong arms and of course, his awake little brother down there.

"No!" It was more than a word spoken, it was a decision she made. Anabelle pushed him with all her mind and glared at him fiercely.

"You don't have the right to do that! Not after today!" She yelled at Julie, pushed him hard on the chest as Julie stumbled back and took that distraction to leave knowing how stubborn Julie could be.

She left, yes, but Julie went after her, yelling her name above the loud music as she made her way back into the club. Anabelle wanted to leave, but her phone was on the table and she needed to get that.

Alec's eyes were the first on her the instant she arrived, and he smiled at her.

"You're back," He said to her but Anabelle simply bent to pick up her phone that was still where she had dropped it.

She said hastily, "I'm sorry but I have to leave -"

"Anabelle!" Julie finally found her at the table and she groaned inwardly. Wonderful.

Everyone's attention focused on the intruder and one of the girl's eyes widened.

"Uh?" She pointed at Julie in confusion, "Isn't he the one we saw in Anabelle's phone?"

Another saw the similarities immediately and she shouted, "Anabelle's boyfriend?!"

For a moment, no one said a word until one of them screamed in excitement, "Oh my God! He looks so much hotter than in his photos!"

"Photos?" Julie muttered, staring at Anabelle questioningly and that was when he realized she had been showing him off to his colleagues. It warmed his heart yet made him guiltier, what did he do for her?

Anabelle took her face away from Julie, she didn't care for his question. He can be furious that she revealed his existence to her colleagues as long as she cared. In fact, if she knew he would show his irritating face here, she wouldn't have talked about him at all.

"Come on, sit, sit," One of the male staff made a seat available and Julie sat down conveniently as it was beside Anabelle.

Anabelle knew her plan of leaving was aborted the instant her fellow workers set their eyes on Julie. This was the reason she had been planning to leave before he got to her. But then, here they are. Nor did it help matters that she was still pissed at Julie and didn't want anyone to know they were fighting. Her issues were to be solved privately.

"Are you okay?" Alec was the one who asked, having noticed the frown on Anabelle's face. The others were busy admiring Julie and didn't get to see her discomfort.

"I'm good, just a bit of a headache," Anabelle lied. Julie was her headache right now.

Although his attention was taken by the workers who kept asking him one question or the other, Julie was multi-tasked and had not failed to notice the conversation between both of them. As a matter of fact, it wasn't hard to notice a male interested in his woman. His fist curled under the table.

"Do I need to get you some drugs or -"

"There would be no need for that, I'll fulfill her needs as her boyfriend," Julie interrupted Anabelle before she could speak.

Anabelle turned and glared at him. Why was he acting all concerned for her now, wasn't his job more important than her?

"Oh, sorry about that," Alex realized his place at once. However, he stretched out his hand saying, "My name is Alec, and the owner of the brand your girlfriend worked for. As you see, Anabelle is a talented person and she needs all the support from you,"

"Yes, I know that and I'm doing the best I can to support her, so you don't need to tell me that," Julie answered, holding his gaze.

Alec asked him, "You don't seem to like me?"

Julie grimaced, "Well, you can't blame me. I just don't like people having a crush on my girlfriend," He said, pointing out the fact that he had been around when he said that.

Anabelle's head raised at that comment. What the hell was he doing trying to cause trouble here?

"Excuse me?" Alec said, "You're too concerned. How can a simple crush defeat a relationship of twelve years? I'm not that confident and you shouldn't be as well unless you have a reason to be insecure about your relationship," He tactically hinted that they might be having a crack in their relationship.

Julie's eyes narrowed and darkened and that was all the cue Anabelle needed to end the conversation. Before a certain someone ended up a corpse.

Chapter 636 - Six Hundred And Thirty-Six : Violence Was Cooking

The third point of view:

Anabelle didn't need to drag Julie out of the club, she simply grabbed her phone, purse and took her leave and he followed after her without a second thought.

"Get in, I'll drive you," Julie told her, knowing she was kind of pissed at him.

He didn't mean to be an ass but he didn't like that man called Alec. Julie had tracked her down to the club after he failed to meet up with the show. He didn't intend to miss the show but he was keeping Anabelle safe as one of his business associates had tried to threaten him with her.

So he ended up teaching the man a lesson that no one joked about what was important to him. Unfortunately, before Julie was done with his lessons, he was late and the show ended before his arrival.

It was at the club he then found her and at that moment heard loudly another male crushing on his woman - it didn't help matters that the asshole was handsome. What if Anabelle falls for his looks? He knew how stupid that sounded, but then, he couldn't help but get jealous. The thought of that man looking at Anabelle with affection stirred his blood.. He was the only one supposed to look at Anabelle that way.

It had taken Julie everything not to go over to the table and lift him up by his collar. But Anabelle saved his ass by heading to the restroom and he followed her closely without her even noticing. The skills of stealth were second nature to him.

For someone who claimed to be security conscious, Anabelle was completely oblivious to his presence - another reason he had to keep his enemies away. And then she smiled at the mirror and Julie didn't need a prophet to tell him she was thinking over those words from that asshole.

Julie knew Anabelle, after all, he dated her for twelve years and understood her like the back of his hands. Anabelle was blushing and it was not because of him but someone else.

At that moment, Julie realized what fear was - he was scared that Anabelle had really fallen for another person. So instead of being mad at her for thinking of another man, he was mad at himself for almost losing her.

And then he kissed her passionately in the restroom, as if trying to assure himself that she was still very much in love with him. Even when she struggled against him, he didn't want to let go, because he wanted to prove to her that he was the one for her.

"I don't need you driving me home," Anabelle retorted, already heading to the spot where she parked her own car.

Julie didn't even say a word, he simply went over to Anabelle who stepped back from him. She yelped when Julie suddenly lifted her off her feet without warning and dropped her over his shoulder like a bag of rice.

"Julie!"

Anabelle screamed and tried to wriggle out of his tight grip but all he did was smack her on the bottom, "Stay still," He ordered her and that made her eyes widen as she began to curse at him.

"You f*cking son of a bitch, I'm going to kill you once you let me down, asshole!"

"So much better, you look hot when you swear," He said, right before he dumped her in the front seat and got in before she could think of escaping.

Anabelle glared at Julie and for the second time in a day, he was giving her another reason to be pissed at him. Or maybe, this was all because she was already pissed at him. She just wanted space from him.

"Let me out!" She hissed at him through gritted teeth as the intensity in her gaze magnified.

"Move me," Julie nonchalantly replied, eyes focused on the road knowing there was nothing she could do to him. When it came to show of strength, Anabelle didn't even hold a candle to him.

If it was Isabella, he would have second thoughts about locking them together else she causes them to have an accident. Who didn't know Isabella was crazy? But Anabelle was normal. He had nothing to worry about.

Anabelle was very, very angry. However, there was nothing she could do to escape him. Julie was stronger than her and would catch her even if she successfully slips out of here. But then, there was another thing she was good at and that was bothering one to death.

She huffed, "So you think you've won, right? With your masculine toxicity?"

"I know what you're trying to do and trust me, it wouldn't work on me," Julie looked at her, "Have you forgotten that I know you for twelve years?"

Anabelle laughed, "Thanks for that because that means you know what I look like when I'm angry,"

"Yeah, a tigress with sheathed claws. You're so cute, love," He winked at her.

Anabelle's face flushed with both anger and embarrassment. God, no, she couldn't be with him. She had no more room to accommodate his apologies, they had to fight it out this time!

"Send me home, " Anabelle told him.

"You're coming home with me," Julie told her instead.

"Heck! No! I am not stepping a foot into that place where you would only leave me when the morning comes. I'm done satisfying your sexual gratification!" She stood her ground.

"You should know the only place I consider a home and Anabelle, you should know already that I never meant to leave that morning. I had no choice,"

Anabelle smirked at him and that gradually became a sneer, "Well guess what? I do have a choice and that means get me the fuck to my parent's place!" her tone was resolute.

"Sorry, Anabelle, but I'm taking away that choice," Julie informed her and she could only growl at him.

Julie knew once he let go of Anabelle tonight, their fight would not tarry till God knows when. Anabelle might not be as strong as Isabella but she's as resilient as a bed bug.

Silence reigned between them as Anabelle chose to look out through the other side of the window. She didn't care how long this fight lingered on, but Julie was getting it from her this time; she was done being lenient.

When they reached his place, Anabelle didn't react and even when he opened the door for her to step down, she turned the other way with her arms wrapped across her chest. Yes, she was trouble tonight.

"Anabelle get down, please," He asked, pinching the space between his brows.

"Send me home!" Anabelle retorted, her entire body language spoke of trouble. Tonight would be a long one for the both of them.

Julie sighed, "You do know you're being childish right now?"

"Oh really?" she rolled her eyes, "I decided to confront my boyfriend for failing to keep his appointment and he thinks I'm childish?" She was offended by his comment.

"You know that is not what I mean," Julie was really tired. He had a lot of shit to deal with today and the last thing he needed was Anabelle adding to his problems.

"You know what?" Julie threw his hands up, "Do whatever you want. You can return home or choose to stay here," Julie said and entered the house to Anabelle's bewilderment.

What the hell just happened? Anabelle was bewildered. That was not the reaction she needed from Julie. It was akin to her opponent giving up on their fight without even trying. Oh no, he doesn't! She wouldn't let him be tonight.

Perhaps her drink from earlier made her gutsy but Anabelle was in the mood for some violence. She was done shying away from fights and choosing peace. Tonight, violence was cooking and all hell would be let loose.

So Anabelle strode after Julie knowing he would be in the living room. This was George's place, Julie had chosen to keep the place even though he was hardly home. This was the only connection he had with his grandfather after his death and wouldn't sell it for anything in the world.

Julie was in the living room and had just taken off his shirt, leaving his torso bare when someone suddenly pushed him on the back. He shut his eyes and didn't need to guess, it was his troublesome girlfriend.

"Is that all you have to say?!" Anabelle yelled as he slowly turned to her. Infuriated by his lack of response, she pushed him on the chest once again and Julie let her be as he stumbled back.

Anabelle was looking for trouble, he would not give her one.

"Say something!" She screamed and pushed him hard once more on the chest.

But this time, Julie held her hand and shouted at her face, "What do you want me to say, huh?!"

"You said you were going to make it to the show!" She screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Well, I couldn't!" He shouted back, "I tried all I could and yet I couldn't make it on time and you know that all I was going to do was apologize to you! But you didn't even give me the chance to apologize!"

Chapter 637 - Six Hundred And Thirty-Seven: Julie Is Not Irreplaceable

The third point of view:

"I tried all I could and yet I couldn't make it on time and you know that all I was going to do was apologize to you! But you didn't even give me the chance to do so!" He yelled at her as if he wanted those words to sink into her head.

"Because I don't want to!" Anabelle retorted, "I'm so sick and tired of your apologies that I don't want them anymore!"

"What do you want then?" His face was furious, this was the first time they were having a serious fight. Every other time, Anabelle had been understanding until now.

He went on, "If you don't want my apology, what then, Anabelle? For me to get down on my knees for forgiveness?" He gestured mockingly, "Or perhaps, a slap in the face would satisfy you?" He took her hand and raised it to his face.

"Slap me then if that would appease your anger, I would take it," He incited her, "Come on, Anabelle! Do it!"

"I just want you to take action!" Anabelle screamed and shoved him on the chest.

"And you think I was doing nothing?! How could you even think that I missed your show on purpose, Anabelle?!" He asked her.

"Well, you tell me? All I want is your presence yet that is the one thing you fail to give me. It's as if we're growing apart and I don't want it anymore. I just want you, Julie! Is that too hard to ask?!" Anabelle said, her eyes tearing up. This wasn't the Julie she knew and the relationship she dreamed of and it was hurting her.

A lump formed in Julie's throat as he saw the tears roll down Anabelle's beautiful face. If Eden knew he made his daughter cry, he would definitely hang him upside down by his thing.

"I just want us to go back to the old times, Julie," she pleaded.

"God, I'm sorry," He ran his hand through his hair, feeling the guilt rise to the surface. He thought that keeping her safe was all that mattered, but now it seems he hurt her in the process.

Anabelle hung Julie tighter, she was really afraid to lose him. She had invested so much in this relationship - her emotion and time - to let it go to waste. Moreover, she loved Julie too much. If it wasn't him, it wouldn't be anyone else.

"I'm so sorry, Anabelle,"

With Anabelle leaning on his shoulder, Julie ran his hand through her hair soothingly. He let his fear of losing her nearly ruin his relationship. They stood in that position for a while until a certain person came to mind.

"So," He started, his hands absent-mindedly rubbing circles on her back, "About that Alec,"

"Hmm," Anabelle glanced up without losing contact with him, "What about Alec?" she knew Julie was jealous and now, her head was clear and free from anger, she decided to tease him a little.

"How do you two know each other?" Julie inquired as he hadn't looked into the man's background thoroughly.

"He's the owner of Suez, the brand I showcased their collection. So you can say that we met through work," Anabelle answered.

"That's all?"

"Yeah, that's all," Anabelle pretended to be oblivious to the real question that was really on his mind. She tilted her head to the side, asking, "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing," Julie said abruptly.

Anabelle laughed inwardly at his lie, he was kind of cute being jealous and she wasn't done with him.

"Well..." she trailed off.

Julie's raised a brow questioningly, "Well?"

Anabelle bit on her lips, appearing to be nervous as she said, "Honestly, he's kind of hot,"

Julie took a deep breath, his grip on Anabelle's waist tightening, "So?"

"So?" She asked him.

"So, why are you telling me that?"

"I'm just telling you that I won't be crying over you the second time," She said.

"What?"

Although she said it playfully, there was seriousness in Anabelle's tone, "His looks are on par with yours, he's a responsible young fellow and he's capable of taking care of me,"

"So you're trying to say..." his hand tightened the more on her waist and Anabelle didn't even cry out in pain - she was the one that started it and had to end it.

"That you would break up with me if I fail you the second time?" he asked her, his fiery gaze boring into her as if daring her to.

"It seems so," She smirked at him challengingly. He should get it into his head that he wasn't irreplaceable.

Fuck! Who is she kidding? Nobody could ever replace Julie in her heart. It was pathetic to say but he was now a part of her soul.

"My love," Julie called her affectionately and that made her heart skip a beat.

As if that wasn't enough, his thumb slowly brushed across her collarbone and a shiver went down her spine. God, she had forgotten that Julie was a professional at the art of seduction.

"Surely, I believe you," He didn't believe at all, Anabelle knew that because there was a hint of mockery in his tone.

"Unfortunately," He murmured against her neck, the deep rumble of his voice causing her entire body to tremble this time.

Anabelle gulped, and he smirked at her reaction.

"Nobody knows your body as much as I do," He said before he attacked her throat with kisses, and Anabelle's eyes shot open.

Julie was not lying, he knew exactly how to make her lose her mind. Her legs suddenly felt weak and Anabelle knew she would have fallen but his hands bound her to him.

His hot breath caressed her skin and she gasped at the sensation it stirred inside of her. Her core tingled and craved for more, so she shifted the angle of her head where she could see his lips and tried to kiss him. However, Julie pressed his finger against her and said smugly,

"Careful there, honey, you don't want to get so addicted to my kisses that Alec might not stand a chance pleasing you," His gaze held a trace of humor.

"Damn you," Anabelle cursed, and before Julie could read her mind, took the finger he pressed against her lips, into her mouth this time.

Julie froze, his mind malfunctioning instantly. Holy mother of God!

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

Chapter 638 - Six Hundred And Thirty-eight: Time Is All We Have Tonight

The third point of view:

Note: steamy scene ahead

Julie might be a master in the act of seduction but Anabelle was a good student and she had twelve years of her life to learn from the best.

His finger tasted a bit salty from the sweat formed in his hands earlier. She didn't care and diligently sucked on the finger while Julie stood, rooted to the ground. He had not expected that move from her.

However, his eyes darkened as Anabelle leaked from top to down of his finger as if it was his little brother and she was giving it a treat. The move was erotic and it made him hard immediately. His girlfriend was as sexy as hell.

By the time Anabelle let go of his finger, he pressed her to his body and attacked her mouth, kissing her greedily.

Anabelle's head swarmed, it was as if she was floating on an ocean and her body reacted to the sensation Julie invoked in her..

She gasped as his mouth slid inside. The kiss was nothing but gentle as his tongue wholly explored her mouth with deep thrusts. His hands cupped her ass as he kissed the life out of her.

Anabelle moaned, her hands coming to wrap around his neck as she couldn't get enough of him. Her hands then dug into his hair, pulling at it as he continued to kiss her.

Suddenly, Julie pulled away and asked Anabelle who was still trying to catch her breath, "What is your schedule like?"

"Why do you ask?" She was breathless.

"I don't think you would be leaving my bed anytime soon," He revealed his plans for her.

"Well," Anabelle grinned at him, "I can make a few adjustments,"

And that was all the permission Julie needed as he carried her off the ground and rushed into his bedroom - his same old bedroom. It was the place where they made love for the first time and nothing much changed about it aside from the bed, wallpaper, and a few pieces of furniture.

The instant they got in, Julie pushed her up against the wall and then he began to kiss her deeply. Anabelle tried to keep up with his pace as everything was happening too quickly.

She tried to wrap her hands around his neck as usual but Julie grabbed both of her hands and pinned them to the wall above her head. Thus, she was helpless before him.

Anabelle's eyes fluttered close when Julie moved his kiss to her neck and she released a soft sigh. He was so good at pleasuring her.

Then he bit on her tender flesh and she yelped in pain but Julie was quick to soothe the painful sensation with his kisses. Then he was back to kissing her, this time softly as he bit down on her lips.

That was when Anabelle felt it, his finger dipping into her pants and rubbed her wetness and she couldn't even gasp out because he kissed her deeper.

She bucked into him as Julie continued to rub her core while he took her mouth in a leisure kiss. Anabelle grinds into his finger as his pace never breaks, breathing in and out heavily. Her chest rising and falling with Julie working her over.

Anabelle moved her hips faster against his fingers as she could feel herself reaching the edge. Just a few more seconds and she'd...

Julie pulled out his hand.

Anabelle's eyes snapped open and she grunted, she was not prepared for his sexual torture. However, Julie had other plans as he slowly bent down, his mouth dropped to her sternum where her stomach dipped from the touch until he got to her waistband and he pulled everything down to her feet - including her underwear.

Julie looked her way and there was a mutual understanding between them as she stepped out of her clothes that had piled around her feet. Anabelle's heart began to pound while her core throbbed with anticipation, she was bare before him.

"You're so beautiful," Julie stared at her pink folds lasciviously and he rubbed his tongue across his upper lips as if he was about to enjoy a delicacy set before him.

A blush appeared on Anabelle's face and she rubbed her thighs together so that would hide her wet crease from him.

Then Julie began by kissing her sensitive thigh and her toe curled, a small gasp leaving her mouth. He paid little attention to her reaction and continued to kiss upward as her moans became louder until he reached there. He spread her leg apart and began to eat her.

Anabelle's mouth falls open as she arched her back off the wall. She wanted to grab something but Julie brushed her hand away when she attempted to grab his locks. She could only support herself against the wall as her legs felt weak.

"Julie!" Anabelle gasped, trying to gather enough energy to speak. It was almost as if he was drowning her in a sea of pleasure.

Julie's tongue doesn't stop bringing her a pleasure that stopped all thoughts from her head. Anabelle couldn't think straight, not that she wanted to think at a moment like this.

His hand around her waist tightened as he licked and nipped at her. Anabelle moaned loudly and she swore she felt him smile against her sex. Her head lulled back in pleasure as he hit the perfect spot.

Anabelle screamed so loud when his tongue worked faster against her. Her hand clutching her own hair as Julie's tongue lashes over her deeply and unrelenting. His tongue flicks continuously against her, leading her to the brink until suddenly, she exploded.

Even with that, Julie didn't let her be and continued to suck and nip at her as she whimpered. Anabelle found herself climaxing for the second time and he let go of her this time.

Anabelle fell on Julie as exhaustion filled her. Her leg had given out long ago but it was by sheer will that she found herself standing. Her breathing was heavy and her chest rose and fell with each breath she took.

Julie wiped the sweat across her forehead and said to her, "Your stamina is so weak, but don't worry time is all we have tonight," His expression held dark promises of what was to come.

"Oh God,"

Chapter 639 - Six Hundred And Thirty-Nine: Revenge Was Best Served Hot

The third point of view:

Steamy scene ahead

Anabelle felt her vision swirl when Julie picked her off the ground and walked over to the bed in a flash where he dumped her. She bounced on the bed.

And then, without breathing space, he was on top of her. Anabelle brought up her hands and tried to place them on his chest to create some space between them, she couldn't take it anymore. However, he simply took her hands and pinned them back to the bed while her breath came out rapidly.

"Running, are we?" Julie grinned at her wickedly before he dry-humped her, causing her to gasp loudly.

Anabelle thought she was satiated but her pounding clit said otherwise and she was craving for him all over again. Unlike her who was bare downwards, Julie still had his pants on and the friction did good work at teasing her.

"Julie," Anabelle moaned, her back arching off the bed but Julie pushed her back down as he continuously grind against her..

Somehow she was able to release her hands and they dug into his hair and grabbed a fistful of it while he worked her. This was heaven and she didn't want to return to earth anytime soon. Anabelle's eyes go unfocused as all of her attention concentrates on the throb between her legs. Her breathing redoubles as she feels herself nearing the edge and she moans loudly, her hands digging into his back as the pleasure crashes through her.

Anabelle fell limp on the bed, she was satiated like a cat who was just fed milk. She peered up at Julie whose gaze had darkened and he didn't look like he was close to stopping.

Oh God, what had she done? Anabelle knew she said she wanted to be with him physically and emotionally, but she never asked to be killed with sex.

"So?" Julie's brows raised at her daringly, "Can your crush please you like this?"

Anabelle didn't speak, she was too tired to speak. Moreover, what does he want her to say anyway? He just wanted her to stroke his male ego. So she remained silent.

However, Anabelle never expected Julie to raise his hand and spank her on the butt. Although she was feeling drowsy, that single action drove sleep away from her eyes. What the hell? This was the first time Julie was being this rough with her. And to be honest, she liked it.

"W-what?" she stuttered, having not gotten his question.

"Can you crush please you as I please you?" Julie asked, his eyes fixed on her and watching her reaction. His gaze was dark and calculating like an eagle ready to pick its prey once it made the wrong move. It made her shudder not in fear, but lust. It turned her on. However, she knew not to push his button.

"Of course not," Anabelle breathed out heavily. Ever since they got into this room, she hadn't been able to breathe normally. Julie was fucking with her body, mind, and air.

"Hmm, really?" Julie said and raised one of her legs as he began to trail kisses down her leg.

She trembled.

He then licked back to her foot and then one after the other began to suck her toes. Anabelle giggled as his actions brought on a tickling sensation. She never knew Julie had a foot fetish until now.

Although it was ticklish at the beginning, the more Julie licked and sucked on her toes became erotic. If anything, the way Julie looked at her as he sucked on her toes was enough to make her come. And God, she was wet. She wondered how many orgasms she would have. Would they even sleep tonight? How would she meet up with her appointments..ah right, she was rescheduling.

"Yes," Annabelle writhed on the bed as he expanded his exploration to her thighs, the smell of her sex wafting into his nose. Anabelle's eyes fluttered close, he was driving her crazy.

Then he covered the length of her body and claimed her lips, plunging his tongue into her open, willing mouth, tangling it with hers.

"Your turn then," Julie said to her suddenly.

"What?" Anabelle was dazed by the change of events.

"Prove yourself," He smirked, shifting to the side of the bed and sat against the headboard as she got up.

Anabelle gulped yet there was a hint of excitement in her eyes, this was the moment she had been waiting for. She then climbed over Julie and straddled his waist, her sex pressed against his warm, strong abdomen.

However, Julie didn't even react, rather he tilted his head as if to say, "Now what?"

Anabelle pressed her lips firmly together, she was going to slap that smile off his face. No, this was her time for vengeance, she would deal with him, in the same manner, he dealt with her.

Instead of Anabelle kissing him on the lips, she smirked and then lowered his head to his chest, and there ran her nails around his small nipples that became taut at once. She felt a slight reaction from Julie and was delighted.

She didn't give up and continued to rub his nipples, pinching them slightly to cause him pain, only for her to rub her thumb across it in a circular motion. Julie's breathing pattern changed, he was slightly panting. Guess he wasn't so tough after all.

"Are you going to do that all night?" Julie asked her, pretending to be calm and indifferent to the feelings she elicited in him. However, Anabelle knew him well, and right now, he was bluffing.

She said confidently, "No, I was just waiting for the moment to do this," She bent and took his nipples in her mouth, beginning to suck on it as her life depended on it.

"F*ck," Julie cursed out loud. Anabelle was a little vixen and she was so good at it. His hands went to cup her ass from behind, but she grabbed his hands and pinned them back to the bed. Revenge was best served hot.

Bless this shameless author with your golden ticket

Chapter 640 - Six Hundred And Forty: Have A Nice Sleep

The third point of view:

Steamy scene ahead

Julie closed his eyes, breathing deeply as Anabelle redoubled his effort to make him lose control. He knew he could easily move his hands from her grip, he let her be. He was giving her equal rights to pleasing each other.

He moaned when she took his nipple in between her teeth and bit him, immediately sucking on it. While her tongue and teeth worked on his nipple, she grind against him, taking her pleasure from him as well and all he wanted from that moment, was to push her back on the bed and drive deep into her. But this wasn't the time. Patience, he growled inwardly.

Anabelle finally pulled away and then kissed him while his now free hands seeks her breast under her clothing. She slapped away from his hand and then glanced up at him,

"You want this?" Anabelle asked, pulling the shirt over her head, leaving only her bra on.

"Then, come and get it," She said, kneading it.

And that was all the invitation Julie needed as he cups her breast that fits perfectly in his palms. There was a raw animalistic need in his eyes and Anabelle chuckled. Men since time have always been fascinated by the idea of a woman's breast and Julie was no different.

His tongue traced the contour of her nipple through her bra and Anabelle gasped sharply. A shiver going down her spine as his tongue began to tease her.

Anabelle moaned loudly, her body becoming like molten liquid as if she had no bone at all. She cried out in pleasure as Julie continued to suck her nipples through the fabric while his hand worked on the other.

With no concern as to whose turn to be in charge, Julie took her bra off, her tits bouncing free from the action - his heart almost doing the same. Her pink, taut rosebud pointing back at him was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

"So beautiful," Julie muttered, his thumb brushing across her nipple that hardened the more.

"Julie," Anabelle quivered.

And his mouth covered her mouth, her head fell back in unimaginable pleasure. It was so pleasant, the sensation.

"Oh my God!" Anabelle screamed as he greedily devoured her breast. It was too much. She couldn't catch her breath as the feelings seem to overwhelm her.

Anabelle's head swarmed, his wet, hungry mouth sucking and nipping her breast without mercy. She arched her back, pressing her body against him while her hair gripped his hair as tight as she could. The pleasure was drowning her.

"Julie!" She called his name. Anabelle wanted him, no, she needed him right now.

Julie didn't object at all, he wasn't in the state to prolong their union any longer. Everything about Anabelle was driving him nuts. So as soon as he took his mouth away, his hands went to his pants. However, Anabelle was faster and she clawed at his pants hungrily; she couldn't wait a minute.

She pushed them down and Julie helped her out until he was completely bare before her. Anabelle's eyes roamed over to his member and she was filled with anticipation. Even though this was the first time they did it, she was still bewildered each time she saw him. How could it be so huge and beautiful?

There was precum seeping out from its head and her eyes connected with his as they communicated without words. Anabelle then leaned forward and took hold of his hot member and licked him from the base to tip.

Julie groaned, the muscles of his stomach flexing and it motivated her to continue. Anabelle licked him once more and he couldn't help but grab her hair. Although his hand held her hair, he let Anabelle set the pace.

Her finger runs the sensitive tender skin beneath his head and he growls, his head lulling back. Julie's breathing was hard and faster as she repeated the action over and over again. A great moan escaped his lips when she took him fully into his mouth.

Julie's grip on her hair tightened as she ran her tongue beneath his length and started to suck his tender skin backward. A shiver ran through him when she concentrated on his head.

Anabelle sucked his balls one after the other while her hands pumped his length unrelentingly. He released a series of curses as she suddenly took him in her mouth till she could feel him in her throat.

Anabelle gurgled as this was the deepest she had ever gone and Julie tugs her back, pulling her lips off of him. If she continued, he would have released it in her mouth. Unfortunately, he would do so inside of her.

Pushing her back to the bed, Julie rose on his knees and positioned himself in between her legs. Anabelle's heart began to pound faster than earlier, this was the moment she had been waiting for. She gasped when he rubbed his arousal against her entrance.

He then thrust forward and her breath hitched in her throat. Julie didn't have to wait for her to adjust to him as she was already dripping with wetness, receiving him without hesitation. He plunged it up to the hilt as Anabelle gave a cry of delight.

Without wasting time, Julie began to pound into her and Anabelle kept up with his moves. Her nails dug into his back, her legs wound around his hips, pushing him deeper into her as he slammed into her harder and harder.

Julie was mad with animalistic desire and he made sure she knew just how much he desired her. In no time, the pressure grew and he hit the right spot and both of them exploded.

They lay close, locked in an embrace, only conscious of unutterable joy as Anabelle drifted away in sleep. She was exhausted beyond words.

Julie was the one who stayed awake, cleaning her up and making sure she was sleeping comfortably when her cell phone beeped with a message.

He picked it up and read :

[Have a nice sleep ~ Mr. Alec]

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