

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 651 - Six Hundred And Fifty-one: Destroy The Royal Family - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 651 - Six Hundred And Fifty-one: Destroy The Royal Family

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The third point of view:

Anika returned home, whistling. She was excited and in anticipation, hence the happiness on her face couldn't be hidden. She met the prince and was happy for all the wrong reasons; it was time for their revenge to commence.

"You're back, Anika," Said her mother or, rather, her mother in acting.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm back," She answered, the smile never leaving her lips.

On other days, she would have shown more filial piety to this woman but they weren't in public view and she had to meet mother - her chosen mother.

Anika turned to her, "Is she here?"

"Yes, she's waiting for you in the living room," Her mother in acting replied and she at once hurried into the living room to see her.

The silhouette of the strawberry blonde woman in the living room made her heart skip in excitement. Anika suddenly became nervous and had to make sure her appearance was okay before she made her presence known.

"Mother," She called her.

Fiona at once turned around with a smile, "Anika, my dear," She then outstretched her hand, saying, "Come give your mother a hug,"

At once, Anika's expression broadened and she went into the woman's arms, savoring the moment as she knew it might take her a while before she saw her again. Fiona wouldn't be here all the time to avoid suspicion or being captured by their useless king.

Truthfully, not even Fiona nor her other woman was her real mother. Her real mother had died after her father was executed for committing treason against the crown. Her real mother, unable to take the shame and loss, committed suicide, leaving behind an eight-year-old kid who had no clue how to survive in this cruel world.

However, Fate was kind to her and Fiona found her and chose her to be her daughter. But then fate was not kind to her Mom, Fiona, because the woman found out that she was born with ovaries that can not produce eggs. Hence, she was unable to give birth even after trying diverse treatment patterns. So she settled for adoption and that was her.

Anika knew she was very lucky to have been adopted by Fiona, their leader. There were so many orphaned kids fighting for their cause that wished to be in her shoes, after all, she - Anika - was chosen to bring down the royal family.

The royal family was a bunch of hypocrites, good pretenders who did nothing but ruin the lives of citizens they swore to protect and they would be judged and persecuted for their sins by karma brought upon them by the Revolution.

Yes, The Revolution was the name of their movement, a group of people opting for a change in leadership. Their leader Fiona had opened their eyes to the cruelty of the royal family and they would surely bring them down.

The Revolution was made up of brothers and sisters who had lost their parents to the execution; wives and mothers who lost their husbands to the rebellion; relatives who lost their family members to the execution ordered by the royal family. And now, all have come together for a common goal, to destroy the royal family.

"How have you been?" Anika asked, staring into the woman's warm green eyes. Fiona was beautiful and so full of compassion, she was kind to everyone. No wonder they had many followers.

Although Fiona was the real woman who adopted her, she was handed over to this family to be taken care of since she had an organization to run. Moreover, the king placed a bounty on Fiona's head, hence she - Anika - would only be a burden to her and slow down her progress. Anika was better off with this family and never lacked anything anyway - Fiona made sure to provide it.

"Well, tired for a start," Fiona smiled down at her, "But otherwise, I'm good," She said.

Anika sighed, then gently took her hand, "Then have a seat first," She pulled her to the sofa where she made her sit down, "You should learn how to take a rest knowing you're very important to us. What if you break down or something, it would be a huge setback to our plan," Anika told her, concerned.

However, there was a sharp glint in Fiona's eyes and she was reminded of the reason she was here in the first place.

"You said you saw the prince, Akim?"

"Yes, I did," Anika answered confidently, knowing nothing excited her mother more than the talks of the royal family.

"He was with his sister," She further revealed.

But Fiona still had a trace of doubt, "How sure are you that it was him that you saw?" she asked, rubbing her jaw thoughtfully.

Anika rolled her eyes, even up to now her mother doesn't think she was capable enough to deliver the royal family into her hands. So she brought out her phone and showed Fiona a picture of them.

While his royal highness Akim and his sister were busy testing the termites, Anika had secretly signaled one of their followers who were at the festival as well, to take pictures because she knew her mother would never believe her until she had evidence.

Fiona's eyes shone as she stared at the picture, this was a sign from heaven. She could feel it, her plans would soon come to fulfillment. She could already feel the taste of victory on her tongue.

Akim was the future of Lincolnshire and as well, the most beloved to yours truly, prince, no, his majesty, King Kai, and she has tried all means to get her hands on him all to no avail. Kai as well knew her intentions and has kept Akim safe, by all means, possible, thus, all of their plans failing. But not anymore.

"It seems strange, the prince has been kept away and protected strictly from the public eyes. However, he came to the Townsquare without any security - I was almost tempted to kill him, after all, we don't get that opportunity often,"

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Chapter 652 - Six Hundred And Fifty-Two: Anika's Obsession

The third point of view:

Anika was super smart, having been chosen as the messiah of The Revolution, she had to learn a lot of things at her tender age.

She could perfectly speak five languages; play the keyboard and violin to a professional level; play golf, tennis and know embroidery. Just like Akim, she was ambidextrous and perhaps even smarter than him, since the prince wasn't able to figure out she intentionally approached him.

However, it didn't surprise her, the pompous prince wouldn't think that a member of the Revolution would brazenly approach him. Plus the fact she looked like a commoner, what could she possibly know about his identity? He must have thought.

"He must have snuck out of the palace," Fiona figured out, "The Kai I know wouldn't let him out alone, not while I'm still alive,"

"If he's snuck out once, he can do it again," Anika reasoned and then told Fiona, "Then you should use me, I can find a way to draw the prince Akim out and then we can kill him and end this strife once and for all. Victory would be ours for sure," she came up with a plan.

"No," Fiona had a different opinion, "What is the fun of revenge if one doesn't derive comfort from it," Fiona wanted them to suffer way worse than she did.

"What?" Anika couldn't understand her mother.

Fiona smiled at her daughter, placing a hand on her shoulder to calm her down. The thing about Anika was that she was too eager to act and often missed little opportunities that would have helped her in the long run.

"Violence is not always the answer, sometimes you need this as well," Fiona tapped her brain.

Anika furrowed her brows at her, "What do you mean?"

"The only reason our plans have failed and backfired so far is that we went head-on with the royal family. They knew we were coming and attacked us from every angle we tried to exploit. But then, there's one method we've never planned,"

"What are you planning, mother?" Anika knew the woman like the back of her hand and right now, that mind of hers was scheming.

Fiona stated, "I plan on using Akim for our good,"

Anika's jaw almost dropped to the ground. When she finally resumed speaking, the girl protested firmly, "But how do you intend to do that? He doesn't even like the Revolution and he is the son of our enemy. We should kill him, not use him,"

She couldn't understand her mother's way of thinking. Once Akim was dead, it would be much easier to dismantle the royal family who would be mourning the loss of their son and crown prince.

"Anika dear," Fiona said and cupped her face with both hands, "This is the only way we can achieve our plan without much bloodshed. Don't tell me you don't desire that too?"

"Of course, I want peace, which is why I'm working so hard. We've suffered long enough already," She said and was about to give Fiona more reason to not go ahead with whatever she had in mind when she saw her mother's firm expression. There was no changing her mind.

"Fine," She huffed, "What's the plan?"

"Yeah, about the plan..." Fiona trailed off, rubbing her hand up and down Anika's arm affectionately. She then looked her straight in the eye asking, "What happened between you and Akim after you sent him home?" she inquired, brows raised in curiosity.

Anika knew it wasn't worthwhile lying to her mother because the woman was good at reading her as well. So she answered honestly, "I kissed him,"

However, she began to explain immediately, "I did it so he doesn't become suspicious of me. He might have pretended to be someone else at the festival, he's still a prince and smart. I just didn't want anything to be tracked back to us,"

"Sure," Fiona said, but all Anika saw in her eyes was a hint of amusement, "You do know that people explain themselves when they have something to hide," she hinted that Anika was not saying something.

"I'm telling you the truth," Anika said with a straight face.

"Fine, if you say so," Fiona gave up.

"What's the plan then?" Anika quickly changed the topic.

"Capture the heart of the naive prince and end up as his fiancée. That way we have one of our own in their household who then oversees the destruction of the royal family. Who knows his highness, King Kai might even die mistakenly from poison," she hinted at the possible things she could do with that position of power.

Moreover, just like they did to her, Fiona wanted Akim to die with the knowledge of the fact his beloved betrayed him.

Anika's eyes shone, her mother was really a master planner. How could she come up with a brilliant plan? It was astonishing.

"But of course, no success comes easily. So we'd take it one at a time so we don't make a stupid mistake in our race against time," Fiona kissed Anika on the forehead, "This time, we would not fail,"

"Of course," Anika was confident of winning. She leaned into her mother's embrace for a while, savoring the moment that didn't last for long.

"It's time for me to leave," Fiona disclosed to her.

Anika frowned, "But you barely got here,"

"You know I have a lot of things to do,"

"But mom-!"

"Anika!" Fiona said firmly which made the girl shut her mouth at once. Upon seeing that, Fiona's gaze softened and she said gently, "Thanks to your hard work, I have to put many things in motion if we want our dreams to be fulfilled,"

"Fine, you can leave," Anika grumbled, looking away. She didn't care about her excuses; Fiona was always busy.

"I'm sorry but I'll surely make it up to you," She kissed her on the forehead, "See you later," And took her leave.

"That was what you said the last time too," Anika muttered under her breath, watching her leave.

With a sigh, she went into her room and shut the door. On the walls of her room were uncountable posters, drawings, and sketches of Akim that one would really think she was obsessed with him.

However, that was the truth. Akim was her obsession. He was her life mission that she had to accomplish and to conquer her enemy, she had to know everything about him - including the good and the bad ones.

At the festival, although she knew Akim had no girlfriend, she just wanted to hear that from his lips. Hearing him confirm that gave her a strange sense of peace. The truth is that she would have tracked down whoever that was if he admitted having a girlfriend - and have a nice conversation with her.

Anika touched her lips, recalling that kiss with Akim. And did she forget to tell Fiona that the other reason she had kissed Akim was to know how it felt to kiss a prince?

A smile tugged Anika's lips, all she could say was that the kiss was worth it.

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Chapter 653 - Six Hundred And Fifty-Three: His Wife

The third point of view:

Isabella knew Pedro was romantic but he really went all out on their date tonight. He emptied a high-end restaurant for the duration of their date. Not that she was complaining, Isabella naturally enjoyed a quiet and peaceful ambiance since she had a habit of figuring out people hence she hated working her brains all the time.

The waiters were all on standby and their table was lavish and beautiful as it was decorated with candle lights and flowers. It was as if she was staring at something out of a cheesy movie - and that was not her type of date. This was something Anabelle would like, she concluded.

However, Isabella was not complaining, Pedro had made time out of his busy schedule to prepare this great date, the least she could do was to enjoy it. Moreover, she was curious to know what was so interesting about this kind of date.

Pedro was dressed impeccably as usual. He wore a crisp white shirt that had not even a trace of wrinkles and the three top buttons were left open giving her a peak view of his taut chest.

Isabella readjusted her position on her seat feeling quite uncomfortable somewhere but it was nothing she couldn't handle. However, she chuckled inwardly, Pedro was trying really hard. She was not a fool to think he forgot to button up; he was trying to seduce her.

He still had not come to terms with her? "no intimacy between them until our wedding night," rule. Pedro thought she had been joking and intentionally gave in the first night and then attempted the second night, only to get disappointed. She wouldn't even be surprised if this sudden date was all part of a big plan to get into her tonight. It's quite unlucky he would only get disappointed.

Not thwarted by his sly advances, Isabella continued to drink in the sight of her fiancée. His blonde hair was brushed to his nape today, emphasizing his strong jawline and cheekbones. This was once a boy she had known with his adorable cheeks and innocent blue eyes, but now, he was a man and all hers.

"A penny for your thought," Pedro said, breaking her trance.

She interlocked her fingers and leaned her jaw on it saying, "Admiring God's finest creature, am I not permitted to do so?"

"Really?" Pedro chuckled, mirth in his eyes as he took a sip of his wine, unlike his fiancée who opted for water instead. They were enjoying their first course and Isabella had done more staring than eating.

"Yes," she took a deep breath, "And you can keep staring at my boobs, it's all yours," she stated proudly just as Pedro took another sip, looking away this time.

Yes, just like Pedro, she was prepared as well. What was the saying again? Ahh, two can play the game, can't they?

Isabella was wearing a printed deep v-neck blouse with sleeves and paired with her purple cargo Pants and sneakers while her hair was pulled into a ponytail revealing her long and delicate neck that Pedro hadn't been able to take his eyes off - aside from her boobs of course.

As if that wasn't enough, she wore a pendant that dangled on her cleavage and would swing across from time to time whenever she moved, as if tempting Pedro to come to get it.

Sigh, Isabella was a great temptress.

Isabella smirked at the blush that crept up Pedro's face upon her statement. It was cute.

"Fine, you win," Pedro said and moved to button up his shirt but Isabella stopped him.

"Don't disrupt the great view," She smirked, "It's a healthy dose to my imagination,"

Pedro rolled his eyes and then pulled out his handkerchief, and stood up from his seat. Getting to her, he leaned down and used the handkerchief to cover her exposed cleavage.

"What are you doing?" Isabella was stunned by his move. She had not expected that from him - and was hoping to torture him the more.

"Keeping my sanity for christ's sake," He arranged the handkerchief so that her entire chest was covered. There was nothing for him to see anymore - including the irritating pendant.

Isabella frowned at him and she moved to remove it but Pedro seized her hand, saying, "Unless you want me to bend you over this table and fuck your brain out, I'd suggest you don't move that," He warned her.

However, that was a mistake, Pedro realized when he saw the glint in her eyes. He had forgotten that Isabella was a thrill seeker and would dare him to the end.

He said immediately before she could react, "Please don't," Pedro gulped, "Unless you want to see me die of a boner, "

"Fine," Isabella said to Pedro who released a long breath he was holding.

Pedro sat back on his seat with relief, he swore Isabella would be the death of him.

His reaction only made Isabella laugh.

"How do you even do that?" He couldn't help but ask.

"Do what?"

"Stay unaffected by my seduction. I was hoping that you would pounce on me already..." he came closer to whisper, " I already had a room prepared for us in case you can't wait ,"

"Oh really?" Isabella's brows arched at that statement. Her boyfriend was indeed a master indeed.

"How? I'm serious, tell me. I would love to know my wife's secret," He leaned back into his seat, awaiting her answer.

Isabella's heart went pit-a-pat at the mention of "wife". It sounded cheesy but she liked him calling her that. It gave her a sense of intimacy; Pedro was hers and she was his as well.

"Well, since you're so interested to learn from your wife," she started, "Then you should know that it's all the power of the mind," she gestured to her brain.

"Oh," Pedro nodded like an obedient just as the waiter began to serve their second course. However, he was not distracted, his eyes fixed on the movement of her sensual mouth.

"Your central nervous system controls and directs every action carried by other parts of your body. And once you get a good grasp of that, with sheer determination, you can even command yourself not to feel pain when you're injured. With that kind of restraint, you can vividly imagine your member going inside of me without acting upon your urge, "

Unfortunately, the poor waiter who was serving them at the moment choked on his saliva. What the fuck was going on here?

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Chapter 654 - Six Hundred And Fifty-Four: Let's Make A Baby

The third point of view:

The waiter was embarrassed to death because he was not only shocked by their conversation but was sporting an erection as well - he was turned on by her words.

Thanks to the sudden cough, it attracted Isabella's attention and she glanced over the waiter that had a flush on his face. Luckily for the poor man, he had an apron around his waist and his "discomfort" was not seen - at that moment.

"If you would excuse me," The poor waiter said once he was done and quickly took his leave, drawing Pedro's attention as well. And it was the stiffness in his walking that gave him away and the couples finally realized what was going on.

"You were saying?" Pedro hinted at the damage she has done to the poor waiter who just happened to be at the right place at the wrong time.

"He doesn't have that type of control I'm talking about," she added, "But it's not difficult to learn and you can comprehend it if you're interested," she doubted Pedro would have more interest in that. Men were simply designed to see and feel, he would probably conclude.

"Of course and about that," Pedro leaned across the table, "I was hoping we could do more of practical than a thesis," He hinted at sex but Isabella was late to comprehend what he meant.

"Practical?"

"You know, you could get on the bed, and we test out the theory, you know," His lips curled to the side, "We'd then see how much control I have over my central nervous system,"

"Oh," Isabella nodded, finally getting the hint. She gave him a fake smile saying, "Nice try, Pedro. Once try. "

"Just tonight," Pedro pleaded, "We can do it just once tonight, and officially count down to our wedding night afterward,"

"Nope," Isabella refused, finally digging into her meal. God, she was hungry.

Seeing her lack of response, Pedro gave up, and just when all hope was lost, Isabella announced,

"Don't worry, I'll give you a blow job tonight,"

At the mention of that, one should have seen the way Pedro's eyes lit up.

"Have I ever told you I love you so much?" He was so happy.

"Yes," Isabella answered with a straight face, "Yeah, you always say the same thing after a blow job,"

"Huh?" Pedro was taken aback by the realization, "Is that so?" He grinned sheepishly.

Well, what can he say? He's a man of culture. Was there any man on earth that didn't like one? And christ, Isabella did have a skillful mouth. Just the thought of it set his loins on fire.

Both couples resumed eating this time, they've already spoken enough. But then, Pedro couldn't help but notice the way Isabella ate her food as if she had been starved. It was strange because earlier, she didn't even have much of an appetite.

"You eat like you haven't tasted such food lately," He couldn't help but point out.

"It's normal with my condition," Isabella blurted out, still eating.

"Huh?" Pedro blinked, "What condition?"

Isabella froze, finally realizing what she just said. Gosh, she had been careless with her words.

She said at once, "I mean wedding jitters," Isabella lied through her teeth, "I thought I won't get them, but boy, I'm wrong. I get anxious and sometimes nervous and it affects my appetite as well. That's all," she hoped that was able to convince him.

"Oh, is that so," Pedro nodded, having no slightest thought of pregnancy.

"What about you? Do you get wedding jitters as well or is it just a women thing?" Isabella inquired but in reality, was actually taking his mind off any other possibility he had. The pregnancy has to be a big surprise and she wouldn't let anything ruin it.

"Well, the truth is that I'm more of thrilled," He said.

"Thrilled?" Isabella was stunned by his response. That response might have been an excuse to cover up her greater secret but it was the truth at the same time. She was nervous about the wedding, what if she ruins everything?

Seeing her surprise, Pedro reached out across the table and took her hand in his, "We've waited for this moment for half our life and finally, our union is two weeks away, why shouldn't I be thrilled?"

Pedro rubbed the top of her palm and then kissed it saying, "Isabella, you're the love of my life and I'll rather die than have any other woman aside from you. I promise to always make you happy, put your needs above mine, have sex till you beg to stop, and live to the fullest till death does us apart," He swore to her, sealing his promise with a kiss.

Isabella went red in the face, why was he being cheesy out of nowhere? But she couldn't deny it, she loved him the more knowing that he meant all of his promises.

"So you don't regret my decision to never have a child?"

Pedro was taken aback by her question. That was not what he was expecting after his grand confession.

"Tell me the truth, Pedro," she said to him.

Pedro took a deep breath, he confessed, "It would be nice to have a child who looks like you - one who would carry on your legacy. But then, a child doesn't have to be biological and I've promised you already. If that's the price to pay to be with you, then I'm willing to do it, Isabella,"

"Ba-dum", "Ba-dum," Sounded Isabella's heart at the moment. It felt surreal, and truthfully, Isabella didn't know what she did to deserve a man like Pedro. She wasn't even as good as Anabelle. Some kinder people deserved this great love.

If only she knew every great love passeth through great tribulation.

"Fine, let's have a child," Isabella announced.

"W-what?" Pedro was in a state of disbelief. What did he just hear?

"On our wedding night, let's make a baby," Unfortunately on that night, he'd receive the news of a child instead, Isabella thought inwardly. She could already imagine how happy Pedro would be.

"Do you mean that?" Pedro was exhilarated. Isabella wanted them to be parents. Oh God, this couldn't be happening.

At once, Pedro stood up from his seat, walked over to her and put his arm around her, tipped her chin, and kissed her moist lips.

This was the best date ever.

Now, this was resolved, Pedro knew he had one other problem to settle tomorrow and he'd be at peace finally.

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Chapter 655 - Six Hundred And Fifty-Five: Courting Death

The third point of view :

Natasha was awoken by the sound of her phone ringing and at first, she ignored it, however, the phone kept ringing and she had no choice but to pick it up.

"Hello?" She said, irritation in her tone because she was woken from her beauty sleep. Natasha had her eyes still closed and didn't look at her screen to see who was calling.

"Get up,"

That single command and tone erased all traces of sleep from her eyes instantly. It was her, and her heart began to race.

Natasha knew the woman was using a voice distorter because her tone didn't sound natural at all. It was robotic and masculine and sometimes, it was too creepy for her comfort.

If not for the fact she admitted to being a woman, Natasha would have thought it was a man that was messing around with her. Aside from that, most of her actions didn't match what a man would do. So Natasha knew without a doubt that she was dealing with a woman - a woman who had a grudge against Pedro.

"Get up," she said again, "And begin to pack your things," She commanded, to Natasha's utmost confusion.

"Why should I pack up? What's going on? I don't understand, say something," She asked, heart still beating.

"What did I tell you before? I do all the talking and you obey! And right now, I'm telling you to pack up!" She growled into the phone, "Do not pack many things, just pick the essential things you need and the rest would be provided for you in your new residence,"

"New residence?" Natasha was dumbfounded. What the hell was going on?

"You ask too many questions, Natasha. Just get your ass moving," She commanded through gritted teeth.

"Alright, this is it," Natasha stood up her bed, arms akimbo, "I am not moving a foot out of here unless you tell me what is going on? Why do I have to move to a new residence?"

"It is temporary,"

"Exactly, why?!"

"Because in less than thirty minutes from now, Pedro's men would be there to force you to get an abortion and you should know by now how important that baby is for us," the mysterious woman said.

"No, the baby is only important to you," Natasha retorted.

She didn't have any clue exactly what that woman wanted with the child in her womb but Natasha knew it wasn't for anything good.

But then, it hurt her as well that Pedro wanted to force her to get an abortion. Well, Natasha couldn't blame him, after all, she intentionally slept with him. It was all planned, but she had no choice. It was either that or her sister's life.

"So unless you want to experience the cruelty of forced abortion, I advise you to get moving. Once you're done packing, there's a pickup right outside your apartment, it would take you to your new residence. No question asked,"

"But -" Natasha wanted to ask but the line went dead.

"Shit!" She cursed and almost tossed her phone to the wall until she remembered this was the only source of communication between her and the woman. She couldn't afford to lose it, not when her sister's life is hanging on the line.

Peering out through her window blind, she found out indeed that there was a pickup truck right outside her house and she went into action immediately.

Natasha went to the sink and took some water into her mouth, gurgling out the impurities as there was no more time to properly brush her teeth. She washed her face with water as well and changed into a new one to limit her stink before she resumed her packing.

Natasha took her important documents; cash and Atm cards; some toiletries and a few clothes. She knew that woman would keep to her word of providing the rest for her. As far as this baby was in her womb, she was a very, very important person to her.

This plan has been ongoing for a long time. Initially, Natasha was just a simple PA working for her boss, Pedro, when that mysterious woman approached her via phone one night.

She didn't believe her threat, even when a video of her sister being held captive was sent to her. Natasha didn't acknowledge it until she went to her sister's school and found out that her sister has been away from school for a week now.

According to her friends and classmates, her sister claimed she was going on a self-discovery trip. That was when Natasha knew something was wrong and the dread in her heart grew. She had to contact that woman back and as she feared, her sister was in their hands. Sure, her sister was alive, but her survival depended on her - Natasha - action.

And when she asked what they wanted from her, it was just one word.

"Get pregnant for Pedro,"

It sounded like a joke to Natasha, get pregnant for her boss? Were they kidding her? She admitted that her boss, Pedro, was handsome and rich and every woman's dream. But then she was not courting death, not when his evil fiancée, Isabella was around.

Isabella scared Natasha and it was not just because her reputation precedes her, but the way the woman gazes at her, it was almost as if she could see through her - through her plans of seducing her fiancé. Thus, for the sake of her beloved sister, she decided to court death.

It was an impossible task, she reported back to them. Natasha didn't need to even attempt to seduce her boss, knowing it would be an epic failure. Compared to other men she worked under, Pedro was uptight and only had eyes for one person, his fiancée Isabella, yeah, that scary woman.

Moreover, the PA before her was sacked because she crossed the boundaries, how then would her case be different?

Life was really unfair to her, she had worked hard to get to this position, only for all to collapse in a twinkle of an eye.

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Chapter 656 - Six Hundred And Fifty-Six: What Crimes Have You Committed, Natasha?

The third point of view :

The strange woman said she would surely make a way possible for that to happen and the opportunity finally came on that day they traveled out of the country.

Natasha didn't know how they did it or how much influence the woman had but she had received a message that night,

"It was time,"

Natasha suspected the whole investor thing was their handwork and they had intentionally drawn Pedro out of the country just for this. After all, a week to their departure, Natasha underwent a secret appointment with the hospital - it was all facilitated by her. There, they checked up on her and made sure her body was ready to "receive".

Whatever drinks Pedro had that night must have been drugged as well because she knew her boss, he was good at controlling the amount of alcohol he took into his body and knew his limit. They must have messed with his drink and intentionally lowered his inhibition such that he let her into his bed.

Even at that, in the middle of their coupling, all he called her was "Isabella". It stabbed Natasha in the heart that even in his daze, all he could think about was his fiancée, Isabella.

God, she was destroying a perfect relationship. She was not a fool to think that Pedro would like her once she got him a child. But then, what could she do? She loved her sister as well and had to save her. So she did it with him.

Natasha was not even surprised when Pedro fired her the next morning when he discovered what they did, she saw that coming. The only thing she prayed for was to not get pregnant, at least then, they would give up on her since she didn't have any relation with Pedro anymore. But boy, how wrong was she.

Those people took her away from her home and society, to somewhere secret where they prodded and tested her as if she was some lab mouse. Her freedom and right as a human was violated and she couldn't even do anything. Whoever arranged this must be powerful and she wasn't a fool to piss them off. Then two weeks later, Viola! She was pregnant as they wanted.

Natasha called the woman Mrs. D, it was what she heard the others call the orchestrator of the whole thing during her stay at their secret residence.

Mrs. D had visited her once during her stay there and even when they met, she had a mask and the annoying voice distorter. Thus, she had no doubt anymore, it was indeed a woman from her appearance.

Initially, Natasha had thought she had gotten involved with a child trafficking ring and that they would let her keep the baby for nine months and after she delivered, would sell the baby off. But she was wrong. This was no child trafficking ring, this was for vengeance - and against Pedro, she feared.

"Your sister would be returned to her hostel safely but that doesn't mean I'm done with you. I'm merely upholding my own part of the bargain. I still have a lot of plans for you and my men would keep a constant eye on your sister to remind you that your actions equal to her survival here on earth," Mrs. D told her.

Since that day her will was not her own, neither was her life hers again. Natasha had to follow each and every one of her commands - including threatening Pedro about the baby. She was nothing but a puppet controlled by the puppet master and there was nothing she could do but curse her fate.

Natasha picked the duffel bag where she had packed what she needed and walked out of the house, glancing left and right to be sure Pedro's men hadn't arrived.

At once, the driver from the truck stepped out and took the bag from her, urging her to move. He was dressed entirely in black and wore a cap and face mask that hid his face. She could hardly even see his eyes.

"Move!" he ordered her and Natasha moved to the front seat and sat down. She could have run away but to where? For how long? Mrs. D would surely find her with her resources and did she forget to add the safety of her sister.

The man dumped her bag at the back of the truck and at once got in. He started the car and they left immediately. However, no sooner had they driven past a few yards, two jeeps raced past them and headed in the direction of her place.

Natasha didn't need a prophet to tell that those were Pedro's people and her heart missed a beat. That was a narrow escape. With huge relief, she sank into her seat. But then, this was no time to be comfortable, what if she just jumped from the frying pan to the fire?

As soon as both jeeps landed in front of Natasha's apartment, eight men stepped out and they surrounded the house, making sure there was no means for escape while the others hacked the door and strode in.

To their surprise, the house was empty and there was no sign of their target, Natasha.

"Spread out and search for her. She couldn't have gone far," ordered one of them who seemed to be the leader. The instant they dispersed, he picked out his phone and called someone.

Pedro was in the middle of a briefing from his secretary when his phone rang. Normally he would have ignored it as he was in the middle of something important but when he saw the number flashed across the screen, his expression changed at once.

"Excuse me," He said to his secretary who gave him the privacy he needed.

"What is it? Have you done it?" he hoped so.

"Sorry boss, we have a little problem,"

At once, his expression changed. Pedro growled, "What did you mean there's a little problem?"

"We can't find Natasha,"

"What?!"

"It seems she caught wind of our coming and escaped on time,"

Pedro took in a deep breath with his eyes closed and when he opened them, there was nothing but coldness in there. He commanded this time, "Find that woman and once you do, get rid of her,"

"Yes, boss," The man answered.

"And I don't need to remind you to keep this quiet, do I?"

"Of course not, boss,"

"Good," was all Pedro said and ended the call. His jaw was clenched hard with his fists folded by his side. He gave Natasha an easy way out but she threw it into the bin, she shouldn't blame him for this.

Meanwhile, at the same time, Jean was packed at the corner of the street and watching the men in action. He called a certain someone.

"Hello," Isabella picked up.

"The little bird flew away," He said in a language only Isabelle understood.

"She left then," Isabella breathed, fiddling a pencil in between her fingers as she turned in her swivel chair. Only a guilty mind runs away. What crimes have you committed, Natasha? Isabella thought.

"Also, we are not the only ones searching for her," Jean reported.

"Oh," Isabella was surprised, "Who then?"

"Your husband to be, Pedro," Jean said and the pencil twirling in between her fingers came to a stop while she straightened up.

"Really?" Isabella mumbled, her eyes flashing with an unknown emotion.

She thought hard for a while before ordering Jean, "Keep up the search for Natasha and make sure I get to her first before Pedro does," Because this has just gotten interesting.

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Chapter 657 - Six Hundred And Fifty-seven: May The Gods Help Him

The third point of view:

Anabelle smiled in her sleep, she had a pleasant night. Unconsciously, her hand reached across the bed and touched an empty space.

Oh no, not again.

She sprang up immediately from the bed like a lioness ready to defend her pup from an enemy, already prepared to stop Julie from leaving. However, getting to the door, she almost bumped into the so- thought missing Julie, walking into her room with a tray full of breakfast.

"Whoah!" Julie exclaimed, surprised by her move, "What's wrong?"

Tears threatened to spill down her cheeks, "I thought you left me again, you do have a habit of leaving the bed before I wake," she fussed.

Julie simply went and placed the tray on her bed before he took her into his arms.

"Sorry for that, I'm an early riser. But don't worry," He sighed, "I won't leave you this time. Remember I told you I dedicated this day to you. I'm all yours today. You can do anything you want with me,"

"Anything," Anabelle's eyes twinkled with possibilities of what she could do with him.

"Yes, anything," Julie confirmed, nodding his head.

"Starting from now?" She tested him.

"Yes, starting with now," He concurred.

Anabelle giggled inwardly, this is going to be fantastic.

Julie sighed inwardly, he had just signed up for a death sentence. Well, whatever makes her happy makes him happy as well. Anything for her.

"Fine then," Anabelle said and then spread her arms, saying, "Carry me,"

"Huh?"

She pouted, "I need to brush my teeth,"

He gestured to the bed, "But the breakfast..."

"I didn't brush last night because we were busy," she hinted at them doing it all night.

"It doesn't matter -"

"It does matter because when you wake up in the morning, the bacteria in your mouth has had about eight-twelve hours of undisturbed formation into a protected plaque colony. Without being washed by normal awake saliva production and mouth movements, the plaque is quite organized to wait for any sugars in your breakfast to feed itself and thus produce Acid to dissolve the calcium from your teeth. As a famous personality, I have to live healthily and show off my healthy living, " she concluded with a wink.

"Wow," Julie was proud, "My girlfriend has become quite brilliant," he rubbed her hair fondly the way one would do to a pet dog for a job well done. However, Anabelle didn't mind, she savored the feeling. Julie adored her.

"Fine then, let's take you to the bathroom," Julie carried her off her feet without warning causing her to squeak with surprise.

He took her to the bathroom and stopped directly at the sink. Julie picked out a new brush, lubricated it with a small amount of water before putting a pea-sized on the head of the toothbrush and handed it over to her, "Here,"

Anabelle took the brush from him and looked it over as if she was contemplating and said, "On a second thought, I think I want you to brush my teeth,"

Julie's brows raised, "Really?" this would be his first time attempting such a thing. With Anabelle, he keeps on encountering the first times of everything.

"Yes," Anabelle nodded her head, blinking her eyes.

Julie looked into her eyes and that was a mistake, he was charmed instantly.

"Alright," He said and took the brush from her while Anabelle in question, opened her mouth eagerly. This was going to be spectacular.

Julie inserted the toothbrush into Anabelle's wide mouth, but suddenly, he conjured this stupid imagination of his member becoming the toothbrush she took into her mouth and then her cute, little mouth doing great justice to him.

Shit! Julie, get a grip on yourself, he scolded his lewd mind as he shut his eyes trying to put the image out of his head.

"Are you okay?" Anabelle asked him.

"Yes, of course," He composed himself immediately and resumed his brushing.

Gripping her chin gently, Julie began to brush her front teeth with gentle, short strokes. He then brushed the outside surfaces of her teeth, making sure to get the back molars and upper areas of her chewing surfaces.

All those while, Anabelle kept her gaze on him, a great happiness bursting inside her chest. She knew this was just a hint of what their married life would be like, peaceful and full of love.

She kept her eyes fixed on the man flipping the toothbrush upside down to get the inside surface of her top front teeth. He then flipped it back around to get the inside surface of her bottom front teeth as well.

He treated her carefully making sure not to brush too hard and harm her. God, she was never leaving this man.

"Huh?" Anabelle was stunned, having not heard what Julie said because she was busy admiring him. She almost choked and that reminded her that the remnants were in her mouth.

"Spit it out," He commanded the same time she obeyed.

A few more brushes here and he was done.

"So what's next?" Julie asked, knowing Anabelle probably has a pile list of quests for him - It wouldn't surprise him at all. She sometimes behaved like a kid with a newfound obsession for a new toy and would utilize her time to the end, unlike Isabella who would get bored with just one look.

"What's next? Of course, I should take my bath," she said, a hint of mischief in her tone.

"Alright, I'll give you some space then," He said and made to leave but Anabelle grabbed his hand. He glanced down questioningly.

"Bathe me,"

"W-what?" Julie almost choked on his saliva. Was that an invitation.... or not? He thought hard.

"I want you to bathe me in your bathtub. I want to experience what it is like to be taken care of like a baby," She said.

"You're not a baby though," He pointed out bluntly.

However, Anabelle's sharp look caused him to paraphrase instantly, "You're my baby," Gosh, that single look almost caused his heart to stop dead.

However, how could Julie consent to bathe her if they weren't going to do anything? He would surely die from a hard-pressed erection.

"However, love, I still don't think that is a good idea. Perhaps, I can call the maids and they can help..." He was still saying when Anabelle's hands went to the button of his shirt she was wearing and popped open the first two buttons.

She raised a dark brow at him, "Are you filling the tub with water or should I get naked and wait for you to do so?"

Julie gulped, may the gods help him today.

Chapter 658 - Six Hundred And Fifty-Eight: His Puppy

The third point of view:

Julie had an inkling that giving Anabelle this much power would come to bite him and it eventually did. Now he has to endure the worst torture any male in the world could ever experience.

"Good work," Anabelle said just as her hands went to the shirt and opened the rest of the buttons, pulling the shirt off her arm till it dropped to the ground.

"Holy mother of God," Julie's heart almost stopped dead. What could be sexier than to stare at your beautiful girlfriend in her birthday suit in broad daylight?

Anabelle was beautiful and he wasn't saying that because she was his girlfriend or because he wanted to f**k her right now. She was just beautiful.

Her tits were moderate and standing firm, her nipples already taut and wanting to be touched by him - he hoped so. She had a narrow hip and looking down further, the faint soft curls on her womanhood made him release a sharp breath. Taking his eyes away, his gaze rested on her long legs and that didn't make it easy either. He conjured a scene where her long attractive legs were wrapped around his waist while he pounded into her.

Christ! Anabelle was a walking temptation.

Anabelle smirked, it was working. This was her vengeance and for all those days he kept her waiting, he would pay for it today, mwahaha.

She strutted over to the bathtub and got in, letting the warm lathered water envelop her body. She closed her eyes and savored the feeling as it soothes her aching muscles.

When Anabelle finally opened them, her dark gaze rested on Julie who still stood at that spot, his jaw almost falling to the ground. No, he was almost bleeding from the nose. His cheeks were rosy and there was a huge bulge in his pants.

"Anabelle," He said her name, almost painfully.

Yes, he was really in a painful state right now. He thought he had seen everything until Anabelle walked over to the bathtub, her butt moving rhythmically. He almost died.

"What are you still waiting for?" Anabelle asked him, peering up at him through lowered lids, "Come and do your work," she gestured to him with her foot to come forward.

Fine, man, Julie encouraged himself. Get a grip of yourself, there's nothing on her body you haven't seen - and tasted. You can't give her the pleasure of winning - Julie knew this was intentional. Yes, he admits he's been an asshole, but this punishment? Damn! It was too much.

He went on, hello to the fellow down there, you just need to calm down. You need to show the lady who's the boss here. But that was like telling him not to eat with breakfast served in front of him.

Fine, we could just think of her as a puppy - an attractive-looking chihuahua. Julie began to imagine Anabelle in the tub as a puppy and to his surprise, it worked. Yes! his swelling below reduced and he knew he would be alright in no time.

"What are you waiting for Julie? Come and bathe me or don't you want to anymore?" Her voice was low and seductive.

No, Julie shook the temptress' voice out of his head. He had to think of her as a talking puppy. Yeah, a tempting annoying chihuahua.

Julie made up his mind and with that great determination, walked over to the bathtub and warm some scrubs between his hands. He then used gentle, circular strokes to massage it into her skin.

Anabelle sighed, this felt good, as Julie massaged all of her body except her private parts and her sensitive nipples. But then, it annoyed her quite a bit that she couldn't elicit the reaction she needed from him. By now, he should try to pounce on her, right? How could he be able to touch her without attempting anything for this long?

"You're massaging a puppy! You're massaging a puppy!" Julie fed his mind as his hand moved around her elbows, foot, and other parts of her body.

For once, he was glad for the suds that covered her private's parts, her breast included, even though he could see the contours.

Damn! You're massaging a puppy! You can't give in to the temptation! Be strong! Be brave! Let courage lead the way... Huh? Where had he heard that song?

"What about my hair?" Anabelle intentionally fluffed her hair, some of it getting into his face. She heard that men found a woman's hair attractive, moreover, Julie liked to play with hers. Perhaps, this might make him cave in finally?

Anabelle chuckled evilly mentally, let's see how far you would last my dear Julie?

But to Julie, the hair? It wasn't a problem at all, he was simply massaging a puppy's coat. He went on with his endurance. He had to win this battle, his pride was on the line.

Julie obediently got behind Anabelle. He took the shampoo and drizzled a generous amount all over her hair. Placing her hands on top of her head, he began to gently press and rub against her scalp.

For a moment there, Julie was tempted to intentionally get the shampoo into her eyes and go through the pretense of wiping the sting off her eyes. However, that was low of him and he would never hurt Anabelle - not even playfully. Yes, she was that important.

Anabelle had another shenanigan up her sleeve, however, as Julie continued to work his way down the back of her head, back up toward the top, and all the way to her forehead and knead her earlobe, she found herself aroused. No one told her the scalp was an erogenous zone.

She grabbed the edge of the bathtub as if trying to brace herself against the sensuous onslaught. But then, when Julie rinsed out the shampoo with the detachable showerhead, Anabelle found herself moaning as it was supercharged with sensuality.

That single moan from Anabelle broke the restraint Julie had build-up and he knew that moment, he couldn't do this anymore. He had never seen a puppy who could moan like Anabelle.

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

Chapter 659 - Six Hundred And Fifty-nine: Honeymoon Phase

The third point of view:

While Isabella and Pedro were about to experience a major crisis in their life, Anabelle and Julie were still in the honeymoon phase of their relationship.

The once innocent bathing - if that had been the case in the first place - became sensuous as Julie's hands slid from Anabelle's hair down to her neck. He followed the trail of the sud on her body only to stop on the nape of her neck. He then began to rub circles on that particular spot causing her breath to hitch.

Shivers ran down Anabelle's spine and she slowly began to writhe.

"Julie," She breathed, "What are you doing?"

"Bathing you of course. I can't leave any area undone," his tone was smug as he asked, "Why? Is something wrong?" he asked as if he didn't know what he was doing to her.

"Irs nothing," Anabelle said immediately. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing the effect he had on her even though she had given herself away by moaning earlier. But she would not give in, Julie would be the first to cave in.

Julie has a smirk on his face, he knew Anabelle knew what he was doing to her, unfortunately, she doesn't want to admit it. However, he made up his mind, if he was going to be suffering here, she wouldn't be comfortable either. He would drive Anabelle crazy with need, giving her a taste of her own medicine.

Julie continued to massage her but unlike earlier, Anabelle braced herself. Although she still shivered, she had better control of her body - she hoped.

Suddenly, Julie withdrew his hand and she felt a sudden loss - she missed his hands on her. However, Julie wasn't done, instead, he picked one of the scented oils, smeared it all over his palm, and rubbed down Anabelle's chest, massaging the underside of her breast before closing over her nipples.

Anabelle moaned this time, unable to stop her body from reacting to the sensation overwhelming her body.

"Julie!" She moaned, her back shooting off the tub, but Julie pushed her back in while his other palm continued to rub circles across her nipples.

Anabelle's grip on the edge of the tub tightened, her veins showing as Julie continued to tease her. Her hand wanted to reach out and grab his hair from behind, but that would mean admitting defeat, so she had no choice but to writhe and moan in the bath.

"Oh my God!" Anabelle threw her head back, almost hitting her head against the porcelain-enameled steel had Julie not prevented the impact by catching her.

Thanks to protecting her, he had to withdraw his hand and that left Anabelle more frustrated. Her core was pulsing with need and she wanted relief right now.

"Why are you staring at me that way?" Julie leaned across the tub, staring at her with a wicked smile, "You look like you need something from me?"

Anabelle didn't say a word, she lay against the tub exhausted and was trying to catch her breath. Moreover, she didn't know what to say to him, she was more in the mood to jump him right now. But she would need to suggest that and that means he won in this unofficial challenge. The only reason Anabelle hasn't given up was because Julie was as horny as she was right now and she relied on the fact she had more control than him. Julie would cave in before her. He would give in to the temptation before she does.

"Why? Cat got your tongue, love?" Julie continued to tease, trying to provoke her into losing control. No, it won't work on her, she was strong - at least, in this aspect.

"Fine, since you won't say a word," Julie was facing a tough battle here, "Let me give you a little motivation," He said and dipped his hand into the water.

Anabelle's heart skipped a beat as she got a hint of what he was about to do. And she shivered, feeling his hand across her thigh beneath the water. He then spread open her leg before slipping his finger and stroked her heat.

Anabelle gasped with pleasure, her head lulling back. She was not going to lie, she wanted this and it felt so good.

Julie was delighted with her reaction and he continued to touch her rhythmically.

Her thighs quivered and just as she was about to come, Anabelle recalled what this should have been in the first place.

"You are cheating," She gasped, still reeling from the pleasure. Her eyes were lidded and she was trying to catch her breath.

Julie gave her a wicked smile, "Well? You forgot down there needed to be clean as well, right?"

And with that, he increased his pace while she moaned and cried his name. In no time, Anabelle exploded and she leaned back against the tub, satiated, unlike a certain person.

"F*ck," Julie cursed, unable to take it anymore. He pulled down his pants at once and the eager Anabelle turned and took his rock-hard brother into her mouth immediately.

Julie pushed his member into her mouth and she took him as much as she could. She then sucked him and a groan left his lips, glancing down to watch mesmerizingly the way she worked him.

Anabelle didn't feel shy when she met Julie's gaze as she sucked him. There was just something about the way he stared at her while she had his member in her mouth. It made her feel powerful and in control.

Right now, she was the puppet master and he was dancing to her tune. With each string she pulled, he either moaned or shut his eyes and even had the power to bring him down to his knee. The thought made her drunk with power and she worked him the way she wanted.

So she sucked him harder and the next heard a mighty moan from him as he released into her mouth.

Support my new book, "Taken By The Alpha,"

Chapter 660 - Six Hundred And Sixty: Isabelle Would Kill Her For This

The third point of view :

The desire between them was obvious and saturated the bathroom. Julie didn't need to ask for consent from Anabelle, the look in her eyes was all the consent he needed.

At once, he got rid of his shirt and climbed in with her, the lukewarm water swirling around them. Julie reached out and grabbed Anabelle, making her to straddle him.

Biting down on her lips, Anabelle pushed herself down and guided him slowly inside of her. She gasped with pleasure as he spread her folds.

Julie pushed his hips forward causing Anabelle to whimper as the rest of him buried deep inside of her. He was full and buried into her to the hilt, the feeling was magnificent and she was drunk with pleasure.

Then he grabbed her hips and began to pound into her fast and hard. Anabelle's moans and Julie's groans filled the room as the both of them moved.

Anabelle rode Julie who supported her with the upward thrust of his hips, both of them panting and trying to catch their breath.

Suddenly, Julie reduced his pace, instead he thrust into her deeply and slowly as if savoring the moment while his mouth found her breast and latch on it. Anabelle was overwhelmed with pleasure, feeling her climax around the corner.

By the time they were done in the bathroom, Anabelle climaxed three times and she fell into a deep sleep. And It wasn't until later in the day - she couldn't even tell what time it was - that she stirred from sleep.

As a habit, Anabelle reached out for the space next to her to feel if he was with her and surprisingly, she touched a warm body. Joy filled Anabelle and she opened her eyes to see him staring back at her.

"Good afternoon," Julie smiled at her.

"Oh, God!" Anabelle groaned, covering her face with her palm. How could she have slept this late? She hadn't even had breakfast - it was all forgotten at the corner. Could you blame her though, Julie had stressed her beyond her limit?

Suddenly, just as Anabelle wiped her face with her palm, she felt something cold touch her skin and she looked down at her finger and sat up with a great speed that almost made her dizzy.

Encircling her finger was a white gold ring and studded in the middle was a usual and huge cubic zirconia stone that looks breathtakingly beautiful.

Anabelle wiped her face to make sure she was seeing right. But even after the gesture, the ring was still on her finger. No way.

She was still in a state of disbelief and turned to look at Julie who had a knowing smile on his face.

"W-w-w-what... ?" Anabelle stuttered to the extent she couldn't form a comprehensible speech.

"Anabelle, would you make me the happiest man on earth by being my wife?" Julie asked her seriously.

However, for about a minute, Anabelle didn't say a word, she kept on staring at Julie to the point the man became embarrassed, thinking that he had not done it well.

"Did I say anything wrong?" he asked.

"Am I dreaming?" Anabelle asked back

"No," Julie answered.

"You want to marry me?" Anabelle asked, still in a state of disbelief.

"Yes,"

"You really want to marry me?" she asked once and this time Julie was getting annoyed. Was it a bad idea to propose to her right after she woke from sleep?

"Yes Anabelle," He said.

To his utmost shock, Anabelle screamed - a long, piercing shout. For a moment there, Julie was almost prepared to call a doctor having no doubt she injured her vocal cord in the process.

But the Anabelle he was worried about jumped off the bed in celebration, "Oh my God! I'm getting married! I'm finally getting married!" She continued to scream at the top of her lungs.

"Perhaps you should tune it down a little..." Julie was still saying when Anabelle left his room still jubilating.

For once, Julie was grateful he had dressed Anabelle up after their session in the bathroom because he had a disturbing feeling that Anabelle would have run out of the room naked just to celebrate the news.

"God, help me," Julie groaned as he got out of the bed. She hadn't even given him a proper answer to his proposal. What if she changes her mind after all her celebrations? He couldn't risk that.

So Julie went after her and he found her outside taking shots of the rings as if a particular spot wasn't enough to capture the beauty.

She was so happy that she didn't look where she was going and bumped right into him.

"Do you know that I'm getting..." Anabelle was prepared to announce the news to whoever that was until she realized that it was her fiancé. A blush crept up her cheeks at once.

"Of course, I know that you're getting married because I'm the one who proposed to you," He rolled his eyes, "And you haven't even given me a reply yet,"

"Of course, silly, it's yes," She said, kicking the lawned grass on the floor. Anabelle didn't know why she suddenly became shy.

Julie smiled and then cupped her cheeks, kissing her on the lips. Anabelle leaned in, the both of them sharing a sweet, lazy kiss before they pulled away.

Julie leaned his forehead against hers and asked out of curiosity, "Are you that happy?" because he felt like a bad person, delaying the inevitable from happening for a long time.

Everyone had anticipated that after Pedro and Isabella had gotten engaged, that they would be the next. But he kept procrastinating until he couldn't anymore - not after what he saw last night. Alec had taught him that as far as he hadn't put a ring on that finger, Anabelle wasn't truly his.

"Of course, I'm very happy!" Anabelle answered, "I was afraid that I would have to become an aunt before getting married,"

"Become an aunt?" Julie was confused.

"Yes, don't you know that Isabella is..." Anabelle trailed off at once when she realized what she almost said.

Julie's brows furrowed at that moment. He has known Anabelle long enough to know that she was keeping something important from him right now.

"My love," Julie's voice became sensuous, "you were just saying....?" he probed.

Anabelle cupped her lips with her palm, shaking her head even though she knew that wouldn't stop her from spilling the truth to Julie.

Gosh, Isabella would kill her for this.

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