

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 671 - Six Hundred And Seventy-one: Make A Baby - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 671 - Six Hundred And Seventy-one: Make A Baby

Chapter 671 - Six Hundred And Seventy-one: Make A Baby

The third point of view:

Warning: sex scene ahead, read at your own expense. Those below eighteen, shoo away.

"Andrew," Maggie cried out for more. Andrew was not even pleasing her, just tentatively touching her as if he was on an exploration. Inside her cage?

"Why?" he smirked deviously at her, "You want it that badly?"

But Maggie didn't say anything, she simply bit her lower lip, trying to brace her tingling nerves.

"Answer me!" Andrew retorted, sliding his finger across her fold and causing her to gasp from the sensation.

"Yes!" Maggie had no choice but to reply to him. Right now she needed him right inside of her and that was the one thing he was denying her.

Andrew smiled in satisfaction. Sure, he was going to love her like crazy tonight but he was not going to make it easy on her. She left him for five years and hid her feelings from him, letting him suffer all by himself. He was going to return all the favor to her tonight. He would love her to the extent she would never have any desire for any other man than him. He would be the drug that she's addicted to.

"Good," He said and began to move his finger inside of her at a slow pace. Maggie hummed in fulfillment, throwing her head back against the door.

His lips found her ear, "How badly do you want me?" he asked, still rubbing her.

Maggie tried to talk but she could barely coordinate her words as he continued to tease her.

"B-badly," She managed to gasp out, her legs badly shaking but his other words were there to anchor him.

"Good," Andrew muttered, satisfied.

Then his fingers began to move faster against her, stroking just the way she wanted and Maggie screamed, her fingers grabbing Andrew's shoulders tight. Her nails dug into his shoulder blades as the pleasure built inside of her with her gasping for air as it overwhelmed her.

Her reaction pleased Andrew and he increased his pace. He had dreamt of this scene a couple of times - Maggie in his arms as he pleased her - and it finally came true. She was his tonight.

A cry erupted from Maggie's lips as an organism breaks free and she falls limp on Andrew's body, panting as if she had just run a marathon. She couldn't explain what just happened, however, she felt liberated, not to mention the fact, she liked this.

Maggie glanced down to discover that Andrew's hands were reaching for his pants and that was when it hit her that he had satisfied her at his own expense and she pushed off him saying,

"Let me,"

He nodded and she got down on her knees, tugging on his pants and that action made Andrew's breath hitched in anticipation.

She pulled down his pants, letting it fall in a heap around his ankles, and then worked on his underwear, pulling it down as his hard staff sprang out and ready for action.

Maggie took a deep breath, he was quite long and she wondered how deep he could go inside of her. Would she even be able to take him? However, she pushed the thought to the back of her head and focused it on his member right in front of her.

There were already beads of his wetness on his tip and she salivated, staring at him like a full course meal set before her to consume. Maggie firstly held him in her palm tentatively and Andrew hissed out, his gaze clouded. She then ran her hand up and down the length of him and he groaned, the sound motivating her.

Maggie lowered her head and tasted him, the salty, liquid registering in her head before she sucked him.

Andrew cursed out and she sucked him as hard as she could while he braced himself, his hand against the door. Then she began to take him further into her mouth until she's full with him, almost choking.

But then something happened, just as Andrew's hands came to clutch her hair, Maggie found herself on that night - the night she gave Fernandez a blow job right before she killed him.

Maggie screamed but the sound was muffled with him inside her mouth and she trembled. Andrew on the other hand was oblivious to her reaction, he was carried away by the ecstasy she was unleashing on him. The more Maggie tried to scream, the more her cheeks slapped against his member, and her grip on him tightened while the man before her groaned in pleasure with no clue what was happening.

However, his moan broke her reverie and she somehow returned to the presence. Maggie forced herself to recognize that this was Andrew, the man she liked and not Fernandez, the man who ruined her. She had to end this trauma, she realized, before it haunted her forever.

So she let go of her hand on him and instead placed both hands on his hips, drawing him closer before thrusting in and out with her mouth as if she was f***ing him.

Andrew threw his head back, panting like a moose in winter, his breath deep and fast. He grabbed her hair and pushed her to take him deeper and deeper and deeper till he was about to explode.

"God, I can't take it anymore!" His voice was a mangled growl and he tried to pull Maggie away so he wouldn't release inside her mouth, but the girl stubbornly went in for another hard suck and that did it.

Andrew groaned, his face distorted in bliss, and glanced down on time to see Maggie swallowing everything she milked off him. She smirked, then ran her tongue across her lower lips to lick off the rest that had spilled down; she couldn't let any of it go to waste.

His breathing hitched, that was the most erotic thing he had ever seen a woman do and his flaccid member stirred to life like a soldier always ready for duty. He couldn't take it anymore, he must seek her heat now.

Andrew slammed his lips down on her with a force that knocked the breath out of her lungs. He kissed the top of her lips, the bottom of her lips, and then grazed his tongue between her lips while grinding against her. Maggie moaned, clutching a fistful of his hair and pulling tight at it.

He moaned, his hand already going to her back to pull off the rest of her clothes over her head while she did the same to his shirt, having stepped out of his pants around his legs. Their lips found each other again, their hands roaming one another's body and they were as naked as the day they were born.

Andrew carried her off her feet with their lips still fused and stopped right in at the front of his desk, bending her over it. Maggie gulped, filled with anticipation and desire of what was to come while Andrew was exhilarated at the sight of her bottom pointed up to him.

He spanked her on her ass cheek and she whimpered, biting the inside of her cheeks, the pain heightening her arousal. A shiver ran through her when she felt her arousal against her entrance. However, she gasped as he rubbed his tip up and down her fold. The feeling was ecstatic and her insides clenched.

Maggie grabbed the edge of the desk bracing herself for the inevitable invasion. Andrew growled, his voice was thick and gruff with desire as he plunged his member into her.

She gasped, then screamed as he continued to push inside of her. Maggie was obviously not a virgin but it seemed like Andrew was trying to tear her apart from the inside. Her body trembled around him while stretching to accommodate him, and it didn't help matters that she went celibate for a few years.

"Just a bit more," Andrew groaned out as he finally sheathed to the hilt.

Maggie's death grip on the desk loosened as her body got used to him. He was quite long and she could feel him to her very entrails.

Finally, Andrew began to move but he gave her three shoves before pulling out completely. Maggie moaned yet was unsatisfied by his action and turned to see what he was doing when he slammed into her with a powerful thrust that locked the breath out of her lungs.

Maggie gave a cry and shudder of delight as she felt him penetrate her womb. She could only brace herself against the desk as he began to pound into her with fervor.

"Yes... that is... Ahh! Oh my God!... Andrew!" Maggie could only scream out as he pounded into her.

Andrew's teeth were gritted while his arms held onto her waist facilitating the movements of his hips as he slammed into her like a mad beast over and over and over and over again till she exploded.

He still didn't give up and continued his merciless thrust until he found his own release and with a growl, spent into her. Andrew leaned over her, relishing the heavenly pressures of her c**t.

"Did we make a baby?" she asked when she finally found her voice.

Andrew smiled at her, "Sadly, we have to confirm with more than one session,"

Chapter 672 - Six Hundred And Seventy-two: The Great Genius

The third point of view:

Isabella was in her office going through the pile of documents on her desk when her phone rang. Normally she would have ignored it because she had a strict rule of never to be disturbed while working. However, this was her private line and whoever was calling her must be a family member.

Snatching her gaze away from the papers, Isabella glanced down at the phone screen only to discover that it was Anabelle. She sighed knowing that the little bug was about to bother her.

Reluctantly, Isabella picked up her phone saying, "Hello?"

However, what pierced Isabella's ear the next second was Anabelle's excited scream and she hung up on her immediately.

With a huff, Isabella rubbed her ear and confirmed that she could still hear again. Her face distorted in anger immediately, that stupid girl wanted to render her deaf!

Anabelle called her once again and this time she did more of the talking than shouting, "Isabella, why did you end the call?"

Isabella retorted, "You should be lucky the call was the only thing I ended," she hinted that she would end her life - if that was possible.

Anabelle scoffed, "Why do you have to be so scary?" however, she was not defeated by her cousin's cold reception and went ahead to say, "Anyway, guess what happened... ?"

"Julie proposed to you," Isabella answered before Anabelle could even finish her guessing game.

"Huh?" Anabelle was stunned, "How did you know?"

"Simple, some people are not as dumb as you," She answered.

But then, Anabelle didn't cry this time because she was already used to her cousin's sharp tongue. Moreover, she was too happy to be sad anyway. So she didn't take Isabella's reply to heart. Today was too good to be sad.

Isabella frowned when she realized that Anabelle was too happy to react to her comment. To her, Anabelle's reaction to her taunts was usually interesting and gratifying. Just like when a person laughs because one made a joke, Anabelle's reactions were a source of amusement to Isabella and no, she's not a sadist.

"I saw it on your post?" Isabella finally answered - as a human being should.

"Oh, you saw my post?" Anabelle celebrated, "Oh my God you saw my post?! Have you been following me?! I didn't know you cared this much for me, my darling cousin?!"

What's your user name, I need to make a shout out to you?!" She kept rambling on and on and on.

Isabella pressed her temple, this was why she didn't want Anabelle around her. Anabelle was like an endless ball of energy.

"I don't have time for this, Anabelle. Goodbye," Isabella was just about to end the call when she heard,

"Wait!"

She hesitated but not before asking in a gruff manner, "What now?"

"You're at the office, right?"

"Yes, and why do you ask?" Isabella found it suspicious that Anabelle would ask that question.

"Wonderful then!" Anabelle exclaimed, "I would be coming to keep you -"

"No, don't come!" Isabella refused her before she could even finish her statement.

"I'm coming!" Anabelle stood her ground.

"No, you don't!" Isabella had a firm resolve as well.

"I have to take care of my pregnant cousin, don't you think so?" Anabelle claimed to have a good reason for coming.

"No, I don't think so. So don't you dare take a step -"

She interrupted her, "See you when I arrive, tata!" Anabelle hung up on her.

"Don't you dare come here, Anabelle! Hello?... Hey, Anabelle?!" Isabella glanced down to discover that the call had indeed ended.

"What the f***!" Isabella stood up, cursing as she picked her phone from her desk.

This was the first time Anabelle had an upper hand in an argument and it didn't sit well with her. She was always the one ending the call with finesse, she won't admit defeat!

So she called Anabelle once again but the girl ended the call to her horror.

"Holy mother of God," Isabella stared at the phone in disbelief. Anabelle ended her call? How was this possible? Anabelle always worshipped her feet and followed her like a loyal puppy? How could her dedication change?

Isabella spent the next fifteen minutes, pacing up and down her office and going over what just happened in her mind. How could this happen?

However, at a point, Isabella asked herself, what the hell was she doing? This was the first time she was this flustered and to think it was all because of Anabelle? No, she was smart. How could a great genius like her react to a little provocation from her annoying cousin?

Isabella walked back to her desk and sat down with pride. She was the great Isabella and nobody ruffles her emotions. She was in perfect control of her life. She attested what happened to be as a result of pregnancy hormone. Yes, that is it. The hormones must be responsible for this.

Meanwhile...

Anabelle walked with a swagger into the company's lobby with a smile on her face. Why was she happy? She pissed off Isabella. Do you know how fulfilling that was?

Isabella was the definition of control and had prided on the fact she was in charge. Thanks to that, her cousin was a prideful person and expected all to be under her dominance. The only person she excepted from that rule was Pedro and Reina - yeah, poor uncle Niklaus.

But then she had hung up on Isabella and although that was not actually an insult, to Isabella, it was a huge deal. However, Anabelle didn't give a deal to her cousin's tantrum, for once she was happy to have ruffled Isabella's emotions.

The feeling was satisfying. Moreover, Isabella loved her too much to hurt her - even though the proud ass wouldn't admit it. What was so hard about showing she cared. Also, she knew how to appease the great Isabella's anger - kill her with kindness.

"Oh my God, isn't that Anabelle?" she was roused from her thoughts by the whispers around her.

The whispers increased and before Anabelle knew it, the workers, one after the other rushed towards her, all demanding for an autograph or to pose for a shot.

Anabelle was not prepared for this, however, by the time she would be done here, her cousin must have calmed down already.. Hehe, she laughed deviously.

Chapter 673 - Six Hundred And Seventy-Three: The Annoying Bug

The third point of view:

"Alright, get it inside," someone directed the men into the office causing Isabella to glance up from her laptop.

She knew only Anabelle could bother her this much however, her brows still furrowed when two men came into her office with some stuff. One of them held a fruit basket with a food flask, while two others carried a huge portrait that was covered with a white sheet.

"Anabelle!" Isabella stood up abruptly, calling her cousin through gritted teeth.

However, the girl paid no heed to her and instead was busy directing the staff to the best spot to hang the portrait.

Isabella was dumbfounded, she was someone who enjoyed her peace and quiet that Anabelle just disrupted with her squad. Not to mention the fact that she was a meticulous and orderly person and yet Anabelle just got her a portrait that she had no idea about or even needed. She didn't like portraits, they were unnecessary and a disturbance to be staring at one's face all the time - she didn't even have a picture of herself in her office. Isabella felt like strangling Anabelle, family or not.

She strode over to her, "What the hell are you doing?!" She glared at her.

"My lovely cousin," Anabelle, in question hugged Isabella tight leaving her dumbfounded and angrier. This was not the answer she needed.

Anabelle pulled away, having noticed the change in her demeanor - Isabella was boiling like a larva.

"I figured out that since you love me so much, I should get you a constant reminder of me," Anabelle said cheerfully and then gestured to the staff who took that as a cue to unveil the portrait.

At once, they got rid of the sheet, and lo and behold, there was a picture of Anabelle in all her stunning glory.

"Isn't it marvelous?" Anabelle gestured to the portrait, all of her teeth showing in her wide grin. She knew she was treading on dangerous grounds and had to tread carefully especially now Isabella had her signature expressionless face.

Calm down, Isabella, it's not good for the baby, the girl told herself as she looked between the portrait and the real Anabelle. What was she even going to do with this stupid girl? God, why did she even come into this family in the first place?

"Or don't you like it?" Anabelle asked, pulsing her lips. She was uncomfortable with her cousin's stare and had to remedy the situation.

"Alright, you can leave the portrait, I and my cousin would decide what to do about that later," Anabelle decided to salvage the situation having understood she invaded

Isabella's space - the glare from her furious cousin was about to bore a hole in her head.

"Okay, miss Anabelle, " all the men responded and left with a sigh of relief and happiness. Isabella's look was beginning to unsettle them and they prayed she wouldn't tamper with their salary.

The instant they left an awkward silence fell upon them. Anabelle scratched the back of her head, had she overdone it this time?

Isabella went back to her seat without even saying as much as a word to her.

Taking advantage of the silence, Anabelle quickly took the fruit basket and food and rushed over to Isabella's desk, "Also, as a considerate cousin, I got you nutritious food and fruits," she dropped them on her desk making sure not to ruin any of her documents. It was a surprise Isabella hasn't thrown her out yet, she can't ruin her luck.

But then, even with all her obvious ploy to get Isabella's attention, the girl in question didn't even respond. Instead, she picked her telephone to call her secretary, asking for some information on their latest meeting before she hung up and went back to her documents. Isabella didn't look up until her dear cousin left the office - with her fruit basket.

Once gone, Isabella rolled her eyes, why couldn't she leave the fruit behind? Such a stingy person! But then she finally had the peace of mind she wanted.

Unconsciously, her gaze fell on the portrait in her office and she didn't even know when a smile crossed her lips.

"That ugly thing," She said with a sneer. Although Isabella was saying onething, her face expressed another. Fine, she would allow the portrait to stay here so it could gain value and she could auction it off later. Yep, a businesswoman is always a businesswoman.

On the bright sound, she had peace she wanted so much. However, Isabella rejoiced too soon because the door opened and the girl squealed,

"My dear cousin, would you have an apple slice? I heard it's nice for the baby,"

All color drained from Isabella's face at the sight of the cousin she thought she had gotten rid of. What kind of witchcraft is this? She reasoned.

Isabella still kept her cool, hoping that the annoying bug would leave her when she gets tired of her cold shoulder.

"Isabella?" Anabelle called her.

No response.

"Isabella?!"

No response.

"Isabella?! Isabella?!"

Still, no response, although her brows furrowed in annoyance.

"ISABELLA?! ISABELLA?! ISABELLA?!"

"What?!" Isabella finally caved under the pressure. She took back her words, her cousin was a nuisance and she would get rid of her.

However, it happened that as soon as Isabella opened her mouth to retort, Anabelle forced a slice of apple into her mouth and she had no choice but to chew on it else she choked.

After she chewed it, Isabella turned to give Anabelle a piece of her mind but the girl put another apple slice into her mouth and she chewed it.

"How does it taste? Good? Right? Don't say I didn't take care of you during your pregnancy?" she murmured while feeding Isabella.

It happened that each time Isabella opened her mouth to complain, she would force the apple into her mouth. Hence, by the time she was done, Isabella's anger had vanished.

"How was it? Tasty right?" she asked, yet answered at the same time, "Of course, it would be. The apples were carefully picked out by me,"

Isabella glanced up with an evil smirk, "I see that you're less busy these days. Perhaps, I'd have to make you the image model for our upcoming project," her tone held a dark promise of what was going to come.

But Anabelle smiled proudly, "Fortunately for me, I went on a hiatus starting today,"

"What?"

Chapter 674 - Six Hundred And Seventy-four: Have Their Wedding Together

The point of view:

"What?" Isabelle was dumbfounded by the news, "What are you talking about?" she asked her.

She pouted her lips, "Well," she dropped the plate still containing a few slices of apple on the desk, " Since Julie and I would be getting married, I figured out that I would take time from work and organize my wedding. So I'm not taking any more jobs and I'm working hard on finishing my ongoing ones this week at the latest. Also...."

Anabelle bit on her lips which made Isabella narrow her gaze at her, trying to figure out her intention.

"Also...?" Isabella pressed, wanting to hear what she had to say.

"Can we have our wedding together?! "

"No!" Isabella shouted immediately as if she knew what was on her mind.

"Why not?!" Anabelle threw a tantrum, "Our parents had their wedding together? Why can't we? What's wrong with doing it together?" she complained.

"Well, one," Isabella started, her voice was firm, "Unlike our parents who had months to plan theirs, my wedding is just two weeks away and you should know by now that I'm very meticulous to the smallest details. It took me months to create a wedding of my choice and I can't risk any altercations. Not to mention the fact that you're a sophisticated person and would like to bring great change to my arrangements, I can't allow that,"

"We can still make do," Anabelle didn't give up on convincing her, " Sure, it would bring some alterations but I believe we can meet on common ground here. I can manage and speak about time, we have enough resources to make all necessary adjustments. I believe we can make this happen, Isabella," She was hopeful.

"Sorry, Anabelle, but I'm not in for late-minute adjustments. Moreover, a wedding is a one-time event you have with your current partner. I wouldn't want you to lose your dream wedding just because you want to make this work. Sorry, Anabelle, but we're too different. The dual wedding is impossible," Isabella wasn't ready to change her mind either.

"But -"

"Did you forget the fact that you are supposed to be my maid of honor?" Isabella reminded her.

Anabelle was taken aback by that comment, she almost forgot about that.

"If that's what you're worried about, then you should not worry, I have a lot of model friends that can -"

"You should know by now that I'm not comfortable with strangers taking such an important role on my special day," Isabella said.

Anabelle's mouth closed on its accord. However the girl was still persistent, "Then what about Ailee? She's grown up and can fill the -"

"Anabelle!" Isabella cautioned her, "My decision is final and if you can't respect my decision, that means you have no respect for me as well. Also, if you brought these things..." She gestured to the portrait and the food she hadn't even touched yet, "as a bribe to help convince me to change my mind, then you can gladly take that on your way out," she was furious.

"No!" Anabelle defended herself immediately, "Of course not! It's not a bribe! I can't go that low," She confessed and that stopped Isabella from showing her the way out of her office.

Anabelle sighed, "It's more of an apology anyway," She said absent-mindedly and unfortunately, the ever smart Isabella picked it.

"An apology?"

"Uh-oh," Anabelle froze, when did she say that?

"Apology for what?" Isabella probed, noticing how Anabelle was too nervous to meet her gaze.

"What apology?" Annabelle laughed nervously, "When did I say something like that? You must have heard wrong?" she attempted to fool her - as if Isabella was easy to fool.

"Anabelle!" Isabella growled a warning.

Anabelle bit on her lips, Isabella was going to kill her today.

"I didn't mean to say it! It just slipped out of my mouth and Julie figured out the rest," She confessed.

Isabella's heart began to pound hard in her chest and even though she had an inkling of where this conversation was going, she didn't want to acknowledge it until she heard it from her cousin's mouth.

And just like that, Anabelle began to narrate what happened and how Julie came to know the truth of her pregnancy. Call it instinct or something but she was hardly through her story when something flew in her direction and she ducked at once, narrowly escaping from the impact.

It happened that what Isabella had thrown in her direction was no other than her telephone. Gosh, does she want to kill her or what?

"You told Julie about my pregnancy?!" Isabella fumed, striding over to her.

But Anabelle was smart enough to move away, "It was just a mistake and I convinced him to keep it a secret as well!" She shouted from behind the couch in the office.

"You're fond of making mistakes, who knows who else you'd spill it to?" Isabella pointed out, failing to catch Anabelle who sneaked to the next seat.

There were a total of three couches in the office and were arranged to face one another. In one word, Anabelle and Isabella were tactically playing a game of run and chase with a mix of hide and seek in her office.

"Obviously, because I am human!" Anabelle retorted, still vigilant.

"I hardly make mistakes!" Isabella claimed.

Anabelle rolled her eyes, "Well, not everyone is an alien as you are,"

"Anabelle!" Isabella lunged at her but the girl was quick to move onto the next seat.

"Just tell Pedro the truth!"

"Of course, I will tell him the truth, you idiot! But that secret is meant to be a surprise!"

"Telling him now or later, it's going to be a surprise anyway. What's the big deal?!" Anabelle couldn't understand how Isabella's mind worked. It was strange.

"Of course it's a huge deal! My child is a huge deal! Now come here?!" Isabella charged at Anabelle but it was a false move. She pretended to have chased after Anabelle by only moving her upper body yet remained at the same spot, thus scaring her to move.

The scared Anabelle who realized at the last minute that it was a false move tried to return to her previous position however she slipped from the tiled foot and fell.

A victorious smirk crossed Isabella's expression, this was what she expected from that move, and rushed to go claim her prize, Anabelle.

However, she overestimated herself and didn't get to see that Anabelle's earrings had fallen off when she slipped. So she stepped on it in a hurry and found herself on the ground the next minute.

Stunned, both women peered at each other from their various positions, and before one could say, "Jack Robinson," Anabelle and Isabella burst into laughter.

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

Chapter 675 - Six Hundred And Seventy-Five: Faster Than Her Shadow

The third point of view:

"Where is Allen?" Ailee asked because she hasn't set her eyes on him since that incident in the morning time.

"He said we should leave without him because he has something to do," Neon said, opening the car for her to get in.

"Again?" Ailee frowned, this was the second time that they were leaving without him. Not that she missed him or something - God, she was happy not to see him with his irritating girlfriend's for once- but it was strange for Allen to have missed coming home with them for two consecutive days.

Ailee knew it wasn't because of their earlier argument, her brother was aloof and arrogant - he would have waived their argument to the back of his mind by now. But it was becoming strange; him leaving right after school was beginning to get suspicious.

"Just get in, your brother can perfectly take care of himself," Neon said, gently pushing her into the seat and was attempting to put the seat belt for her when Ailee said,

"Don't worry, I can do it," She hurriedly said when he leaned too close for her liking.

In the past, she seemed to never have any problem with that gesture, however, lately, she became hyper-aware of Neon and she doesn't even know why.

"No," Neon protested but before he could help her out, Ailee had already put on the belt.

"See?" She gestured, "I'm good," She smiled at him however Neon was not amused by her action.

"Why didn't you want me to help you with the seat belt?" He asked her with a serious expression.

Ailee's brows came together in a furrow, "Huh?" She was confused. Why was he suddenly making a huge deal out of nothing? She couldn't understand his mood swings these days.

"Nothing," Ailee lied, she didn't want to admit it. She just felt uncomfortable with his gesture and thought to get some space between them. So why didn't she say that to

him? Ailee doesn't know why but she felt she would hurt his feelings if she said that and she doesn't want him to be hurt - even at the expense of her comfort? Whatever.

"Really?" Neon scrutinized her. He couldn't explain it but he definitely felt like Ailee intentionally avoided him and he didn't like it. The only reason he was still holding himself back from expressing his feelings was that he could spend time with her like this freely and care for her indirectly.

But if Ailee starts to avoid him without even knowing his feelings for her, it would be much harder to make her his. He would lose her. Unfortunately, he wasn't ready to lose Ailee. She was his even though she might not know it. Yet.

"You just treat me so well that I feel like I'm becoming lazy," Ailee said, laughing nervously and that brought a smile on his face.

"You're my princess, you deserved everything," He said, and before Ailee could blink, kissed her on the forehead leaving her speechless. Neon then walked around to the other side of the car to get to the driver's seat.

Ailee was still recovering from that surprise peck when out of the corner of her eyes, she saw the Donovan twins and she leaned back into her seat.

Oh, God! Her heart began to race as she peered out through the window at Theodore who seemed to notice her gaze and turned at the same time in her direction. After Eve's confession, Ailee didn't know what to think anymore.

She was crushing on Theodore only to discover that her male interest was already taken by her. A blush crept up her face and thankfully, Neon didn't notice it as he was busy starting the car.

However, Neon did notice the blond twin staring at Ailee and he glared at him before zooming off with much speed than required. Silence fell upon them and Neon couldn't help but wonder if the twin was the reason for her quietness. He hoped not.

Ailee was in a world of her own, her head spinning with thoughts. Since the beginning of high school, she had anticipated getting a boyfriend - a dream her siblings thoroughly squashed - but now there were higher chances of her finally getting one, she was suddenly scared.

What if her siblings were right and that Theodore was simply messing around with her? Even at that, what if she messes up the relationship since this was her first time? Also, she wanted her boyfriend to be on good terms with her brothers. She didn't care about Allen's permission - he could go to hell with that- Neon was all that mattered to her - she would need his blessing in her relationship.

But then, wasn't she too ahead of herself? She hadn't even spoken to Theodore today not to talk of confirming his interest in her. He hadn't even made a move on her aside from the first day they met. She had to calm down and stop being faster than her shadow.

"By the way, I'll be dropping you off at home," Neon said, awakening her from her thoughts.

"What?" Ailee turned to him.

"I have somewhere else to be," He told her.

"Where?" she questioned him

"Have you forgotten my deal with our mother? I have to come to the company today and get a hold of my schedule as well as socialize with the members. It's good to have a decent working relationship with the team," he explained.

"Oh," Ailee nodded her head in understanding, "Fine, let's go,"

"Go?" he couldn't understand her.

"Do you think that I would let you go all by yourself? You are too kind for your own good, Neon, and I'll fill in the role of your manager, so you should be rest assured that mom's money is not all for you to spend," she stated, wrapping her arm across her chest.

Neon boomed at her, " Do you care about me this much? "

Ailee rolled her eyes, " Don't get too cocky, " she said. She was just making sure those gold diggers don't get their claws on him, Ailee told herself.

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

Chapter 676 - Six Hundred And Seventy-Six: The Intimacy Between Them

The third point of view:

They arrived at their mother's company in no time, however, their mother was in a meeting so they got introduced around by her assistant, Kristen.

They went down to the studio where the photographer and everyone else was waiting for them, no, he, Ailee corrected the impression. She was a tagalong and they seemed to notice that because none of them paid any attention to her.

"Wow, when the boss told me that her son would come to participate, I never thought it would be an Adonis like you," Said the photographer who was a bald man and seemed to be in his early thirties.

"Oh, thank you," Neon smiled politely, scratching the back of his head. He was not used to getting this much attention and he knew this photographer was not an ordinary person.

"Hmmm," The man hummed in approval, examining his body the same way her mother had done that day, "Not bad," he nodded.

He then stretched out his hand, "By the way I'm Micheal and it would be a thrill working with you,"

"No," Neon accepted his hand in a handshake humbly, "I'm the one honored to be working with a great photographer like you. I'm not quite knowledgeable in this field," He acknowledged the fact that he was inexperienced.

At that comment Ailee smiled, this was the reason she liked Neon. He was humble and respectful. She didn't even want to think what Allen would have done if he modeled instead of Neon.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm sure you are a fast learner," Micheal complimented him and he smiled.

Suddenly, Micheal turned to Ailee and the girl was startled because she was caught off guard. The man raised his brows at her questioningly, " And who is... ?"

"Oh," Neon finally remembered he hadn't introduced her to them. He gestured to her, " She's -"

"His personal assistant and manager, Jade," Ailee lied to the man using her middle name instead of her first name that was well known by everybody.

Neon and Kristen, her mother's assistant, turned to Ailee, dumbfounded. What the hell was that young lady talking about? However, before they could dispute her claim, Ailee had already cemented her fake identity.

"Micheal Stewart, I'm a huge fan of your creations, sir, and I can assure you that it's a big honor to work up close with you," she grabbed his hand and flattered him, the way a fan would do.

"Oh, is that so?" Micheal was not surprised by her action since she was a fan, "Then I hope we have a good working relationship,"

"Of course," she nodded and bowed her head to Neon and Kristen's shock.

"For a moment there, I thought you looked familiar," the man said under his breath with his brows furrowed. Maybe he was thinking too much.

He commanded Neon, "Get acquainted with the rest of the team,"

"Sure!" Neon answered and as soon as the man focused on his camera in his grasp, turned to Ailee - Kristen as well.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked her, unable to understand her intentions for lying about her identity.

"Why did you lie?" Kristen queried.

"I just want to use a substitute identity, what's wrong with that?" Ailee shrugged.

She had watched everything that transpired the instant Neon arrived, everyone became friendly to him while they ignored her. It was good this way because she could figure out people's intention towards Neon - people tend to look down on a commoner. Moreover, it was fun, having a secret identity.

For once Ailee was grateful for the fact that she hardly frequented her mother's company ever since she became an adult that way she wouldn't fear anyone recognizing her except on social media.

Although their mother had done her best to keep her family from public scrutiny, it was still not easy for a family like theirs. Once in a while, the reporters always found something to have a field day with - not that it bothered them anyway. Their family was built on love and trust, hence nothing could bring them down. But on the bright side, Ailee would have to put more effort into making sure her identity wasn't uncovered. Good thing, Neon and she looked nothing like siblings - they wouldn't be able to connect the dots that easily as long as Neon kept his mouth shut.

"I don't like the idea of that," Kristen said, "Some of the people here are not that nice and would try to bully you, at least your status would protect you,"

"I would take that as an experience then, it would work well on my portfolio in the future, don't you think so?" Ailee was not bothered.

"Ailee -" Neon tried to change her mind.

"Why would anyone bully me when you are with me?" she smiled at him and the boy sighed. She was one stubborn girl but he loved her that way.

"Also," Ailee turned to Kristen, "It's better to be commanded around than having an enemy as a friend because of my great status," she added, "Just explain that to mom, I'm sure she would understand,"

"Fine, do whatever you want," Neon said, pulling Ailee into his arms to hug her.

"Hey, what are you doing? People are going to see and have the wrong impression of us," She struggled to get out of his arm but he didn't budge a muscle.

"Let them see then," He buried her face into her neck, "Didn't you say you needed protection from me, this is the best form of making a statement, 'do not touch what's mine' " He chuckled.

Kristen who stood at the side was stunned by the intimacy between the siblings. Wasn't it a little too much? She thought. But then who was she to get involved in another person's family affairs? Especially her boss? It was simply none of her business.

Unfortunately, just as Ailee feared, seated at the corner of the studio was a young model who had her eyes on the young man, Neon as soon as he came in. She had heard that he was their boss, Reina's favorite son, and decided at that moment that he was the one for her. With her fame and his status, they would make a great couple, not to mention that it would boost her already booming career.

However, her face distorted as soon as she saw him pull that strange girl into his arms and she felt threatened immediately. So she gestured to her assistant to come over and as soon as she did, asked, "Who is she?"

Chapter 677 - Six Hundred And Seventy-seven: It Would Never Be Her

The third point of view:

"Who is she?"

"Who?" the assistant asked, having no idea who the model was talking about.

"Look over there you blind fool," the model retorted, finally pointing at Ailee and her assistant recognized her immediately.

"Oh," She saw the girl, "That's Jade according to what I heard and she's the manager and personal assistant to the boss's son," The assistant explained, envy in her tone. Unlike her, it seems that Jade was treated quite well by the boss' son.

"Oh, is that so?" the model said, her brows raised and her lips drawn in a dark smirk.

This model was no other than Mackenzie who became famous at a young age. As someone who became famous as a child model, she was unable to contain the thrills, pride, and pompousness that comes with being a celebrity. She got carried away by the glamor of fame and now her attitude towards common people was less than shit. In one word, she was allergic to poor people.

She saw Neon as a gift card to uplift her status. Although Mackenzie was rich, she came from a poor family and had purely become famous by luck, hence she wanted to erase that poor status forever and the Spencers were her target - to be precise, Reina's sons.

Mackenzie had seen the power the Spencer wields, they owned this city, and getting into this family would ensure she continued her sophisticated lifestyle forever. To her, money was not a problem to the Spencers, it was spending it -?the family had more than enough - and she was willing to help them spend it. This was a chance to live a life of luxury and she wouldn't let it pass through her without utilizing it.

She glared at Ailee, already formulating different ways to get the Jade girl out of the picture. If only she knew Ailee was Reina's daughter and a ladder she could use to get close to Neon, she wouldn't have plotted to get rid of her.

Meanwhile, Ailee managed to pull herself out of Neon's embrace and glared at the fool, was he trying to get her into trouble or what?

"A-choo!" She sneezed, wondering who was cursing her.

"Did you catch a cold?" Neon asked, examining her face.

"No," Ailee shook her head and then turned, only to meet the intense gaze of this strange girl. She looked away, wondering if the girl knew her or what? Not that it was her business, it just bothered Ailee because she didn't want her identity to be revealed this early.

"Alright, Neon, you need to get your body checked," said the woman that was introduced to them as the stylist.

"Right now?" Neon asked, looking at Ailee and wondering if she could come along with him.

"Yes, now!" The woman said and grabbed his arm, already pulling him away before he could think of bringing Ailee to wherever they were going.

"No, wait! What am I going to do.... now " she trailed off and then ran her hand through her hair. Wonderful.

With nothing to do, Ailee simply picked one of the fashion magazines on the desk next to her and turned to sit down only to bump into somebody.

"Oh," She was startled. Steadying herself, Ailee discovered it was that girl from earlier and she quickly said, "Hi," refusing to meet her gaze. People saw that move as a gesture of submission and so far this girl seems to be suspicious of her and she couldn't let that happen.

"Hi," She surprisingly responded, however, one could still sense the superior air she carried. Yep, there was no way on earth she was being friends with this one.

"I'm Mackenzie," She thrust out her hand for a handshake.

"Ai... Eh Jade," Ailee almost slipped. However, she managed to catch herself at the last second and accepted the handshake with a polite smile.

And this one is a good pretender, Ailee noticed as her. The way Mackenzie lifted her lips tactically told her she looked down on her. She was just pretending to be warm with her probably to get close to Neon. Aha! She saw this coming.

"I heard you're with Neon," She insinuated.

However, Ailee played her game - she was not the only pretender.

"Oh, I'm his assistant and manager," Ailee said as if she didn't know what Mackenzie really wanted to know.

"I mean, other than that?" she probed.

"Other than that?" Ailee scratched her head, "I don't understand what you mean,"

Mackenzie narrowed her gaze at Jade, she couldn't tell if the girl was playing around with or just dumb. If she's dumb, it was better for her because she would be easier to manipulate, but if it was the latter, then the girl doesn't know who she's dealing with.

However, Mackenzie still smiled and went straight to her question this time, "Are you and Neon together?"

"What? No! Of course not!" Ailee said, right away. Even without the secret identity move and all, she couldn't entertain the possibility of that happening between Neon and her.

"We're just sib.." Her relationship status with Neon almost slipped out of her tongue.

"You're just what?" Mackenzie apparently heard that and now, all her attention was fixed on her, thirsty for an answer.

"We're just sincere friends," Ailee said.

"That's nice, you know, being sincere friends with him," Mackenzie retorted.

She didn't believe her, Ailee noticed that.

"In that case, you won't mind me being sincere friends with him as well, right?" The model hinted that she was interested in him.

"You're funny," Ailee laughed, "

Mackenzie laughed as well, but the laughter ceased from her face almost immediately, "I'm a blunt person and I'm going to go straight to the point, I'm interested in Neon and have made up my mind to make him mine and I wouldn't want you to be a hindrance to that," she announced proudly.

Ailee didn't say anything as she thought over what to reply to this ignorant model. Even if she wanted Neon to have a girlfriend, it would never be her.

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

Chapter 678 - Six Hundred And Seventy-eight: The Deal

The third point of view:

"I'm sorry,"

"Excuse me?" Mackenzie was taken aback by her comment.

"I'm sorry but madam Reina made it explicitly clear to me that she wouldn't want any distraction for her son, Neon" She emphasized the word 'distraction'.

"So," Ailee went on, "If you are determined to make Neon yours, you'd have to get permission from madam Reina. So tell me, are you up for the challenge?"

Mackenzie's face distorted, this was not what she expected. It seems she had underestimated her.

"We'd see then," The model forced a smile on her face and left elegantly.

The moment Mackenzie got to her seat, she eyed Ailee who was now going through a magazine, and called over her assistant, "Get everything you can on her,"

"Why?" Her assistant was surprised. She had thought Mackenzie would resolve everything with Jade since she was used to having her own way.

"Why?" Mackenzie scowled at her assistant who dared to question her intention, "Just shut up and do what I asked you to,"

"Sure, I would do so," The girl nodded and left right away to continue her duties.

Mackenzie couldn't explain it but she felt that Jade was not an ordinary person to have threatened her with Reina. As daring as employees are, they wouldn't use their boss's

name for fear of getting reported. But not Jade, and she had even called Reina's name with ease. That meant she had some sort of special relationship with Reina or Reina treated her too well to the point she got comfortable with her son, Neon.

She was restless, Mackenzie knew she had to react before other models snatched this opportunity from her. She was not a fool to think she was the only one with such plans.

At the same time, Ailee dropped the magazine she had been reading and went to a corner of the studio to make a call.

It was funny that at the end of the day she was calling her twin brother that she swore not to speak to for the rest of this week because of his attitude. But then, if there's anybody who can help her with this, it was no other than the great Allen.

"Come on, pick up!" She had to hurry up before that nuisance of a model picked up something on her. From the way they had parted, Ailee knew she would definitely look into her.

Although she was hopeful, it still came as a surprise to her when her brother finally picked her call.

"Thirty unanswered calls, do I have to write it in that neanderthal brain of yours that I don't want to speak to you," Allen retorted with a bored tone from the other side of the line.

Ailee rolled her eyes, "Well, congratulations if that's the case because I wouldn't have called at all if I didn't need your help right now,"

He snorted, "You need my help?"

"Yes, asshole, I need your help," Ailee said through gritted teeth. God, if it wasn't the fact that this was urgent, she wouldn't have gone to him for help.

"Fine, let's see if it's something that I can be able to help out with and of course, consideration of my remuneration," his tone held a trace of mischief.

Of course, her brother was going to rip her off since he had not gotten such an opportunity in a long time.

"So tell me, sister, what do you want?"

"Fine," Ailee sighed, "I'm kind of going undercover right now and I need a false identity. In one word, the people here can't find my info," she went ahead to explain everything to him.

"So you want me to hide your original info and plant a fake one?" He asked.

"Sort of. Can you do that?"

"Do you underestimate me that much, O ye of little faith?" This was becoming entertaining to Allen.

"I'm just trying to be sure, after all, they say pride comes before a fall," she told him and heard him growl into the phone.

"I can do it,"

"Fine, what do you want? Have you thought of what you want," she added, "And be reasonable here,"

Allen chuckled, "You'd be surprised to know that I'm more compassionate than you think,"

"What do you want, Allen?" She was tired of him beating around the bush.

"A favor for my girlfriend?"

"W-what?!" Ailee choked, "What favor?" Of course, it was for his girlfriend.

"Alisha wants to join cheerleading, make it possible for her," was his terms and conditions.

"What? No way?!" Reina refused right away, "That girl has zero body flexibility and talent. Moreover, it would seem like an abuse of power on my side as the captain!"

"Blah blah blah!" Allen didn't care, "Take it or leave it, it's up to you. Also, remember that the time is ticking. Who knows they might be searching up your information as we speak,"

"Fine! Deal!" Ailee agreed through gritted teeth. When it comes to bargaining with Allen, it was almost impossible.

"I pray you don't fail me," Ailee ended the call and went back inside the studio only to see that Neon was done - and he was speaking with Mackenzie.

That little witch!

Ailee couldn't explain it but she felt this wave of jealousy plus anger at Neon. Was he a fool or something, couldn't he see that the girl was trying to manipulate him. What a big idiot!

Why was she even concerned about him? She should let him do anything he wanted, after all, he was old enough to take responsibility for his actions. He wasn't a baby for Christ's sake.

"Ai-Jade!" Neon waved her over, almost exposing her real name in the process. That had been close.

Even though she was angry, Ailee still put a smile on her face and went over to the duo.

"Jade, this is Mackenzie, the model I would be working closely with, and Mackenzie, this my manager, Jade,"

"We've seen each other already," Ailee said bluntly before the model could stage an introduction speech.

"You did already?" He asked, surprised.

"Yes," Mackenzie replied this time, "I was telling her how much I would love to be friends with the both of you," The actress smiled kindly but Ailee would not be deceived by that.

Chapter 679 - Six Hundred And Seventy-nine: Why Do You, Hate Pedro So Much

The third point of view:

Natasha stood outside the porch deep in thought while she stroked her belly absent-mindedly. This was the second day after she was hidden in this location and yet she doesn't know their plans for her.

Truthfully, Natasha was scared, she didn't know the plans Mrs. D had for her and her unborn child and it bothered her so much. She wanted this child to live and perhaps she could come up with a way to escape these people. She and this child would then go somewhere far away and live - without his father.

Natasha didn't care if Pedro wanted the child or not. The only reason she was bothering him this far was that she was following orders and had no choice. She could understand why? Pedro hated her though, after all, she came between him and Isabella. In her next life, she would pay for all her sins. But now, she wanted to survive too.

She looked around the house, it was a simple bungalow that had all the necessities she needed. There were about five men who took turns patrolling the entrance and that was the main reason she hadn't been able to escape so far.

Natasha had no idea where she was because they cut her off from communicating with neighbors and the only neighbors she had lived five yards away. The other

houses on their left and right were empty as if her abductors had intentionally bought them off. Else she would have found a way to contact help.

"I believe you had enough rest," a voice said from behind her.

"Gosh!" Natasha was startled out of her mind. Her hand went to her chest and she turned to meet who had interrupted her only to see it was Mrs. D.

Her heart skipped a beat, she must be dreaming, right? But then, Natasha wasn't dreaming, Mrs. D was standing right in front of her, the woman who thinks she controls her life. Natasha thought of many ways she could deal with this woman for all the things she had done to her. But she knew she couldn't - Natasha couldn't lay a word on this woman without her people hurting her or worse, hurt her sister.

She stared at Mrs. D, the woman was quite voluptuous, although she had pretty amazing curves. She wore a mask as expected to hide her identity, her dark blonde hair stumbled down her back while her voice was distorted as usual.

Natasha just stood still, her foot was rooted to the ground while no words came out of her mind. She suddenly had a thought, what if she fought this woman here and now, she was confident of winning - she was not intimidated by her size.

But then what was the point? Even if she murdered her, that would even ruin her chances of leaving here alive. Would she throw away her life for a petty vengeance she wasn't even sure of winning?

"How long are you going to keep me here?" Natasha finally mustered the courage to speak.

"Are you bored already?" she asked back.

"Does it look like I'm comfortable here?" She hissed at her.

"Trust me, this is the safest place you can be at the moment. You should be thanking me?"

"Thanking you?" Natasha laughed sarcastically, however, her smile vanished immediately as she glared at the woman, "You forget the fact that you pulled me out of my perfectly good life and made me go all through this?!"

"You were chosen for a purpose," Mrs. D claimed.

"And you are crazy for saying that!" she retorted.

There was a flicker of emotion across the woman's gaze and it made Natasha take a step back. Her gaze was dark and scary and she thought the woman would hit her or something.

"Careful there, Natasha, you'd come to know that I don't take it lightly being yelled at and insulted," she spoke through gritted teeth, "It pisses me off, and trust me, you don't want to know what an angry me looks like,"

The woman took a step closer which made Natasha take another step back, "I can be very volatile. So unless you want to get burned physically, try insulting me again," she threatened her.

Natasha swallowed a lump down her throat, she had a feeling this crazy woman meant what she said.

"And like I said before, I make the decision here and your duty is to follow them unless you want something bad to happen to your sister," she reminded her and went on, "So I'm here to tell you that you'd be returning to your place on Saturday evening,"

Natasha frowned, Mrs. D came over here all by herself just to inform her that she would be retiring to her place? No, it was ridiculous and suspicious. Moreover, why does it have to be Saturday? She had known this woman for a while now, she was up to no good. Something was not right here.

"You said Pedro is after me, why would you want me to go back to my apartment where he could easily find me and forcefully abort the baby you want so much?" Natasha found her plan suspicious.

"You were never going to be in hiding forever. Moreover, Pedro wouldn't be around to get you till everything is settled and then, you can flaunt your pregnancy proudly," the woman said, confidently.

Natasha thought over what she said and could feel it, something bad would go down on Saturday.

"What's going on Saturday?" She asked.

"You don't need to know that since you'd find out eventually," The woman said, flicking off invincible dust off her fingernails.

Natasha was uncomfortable with the change in plans and it disturbed her greatly.

"Why do you hate Pedro so much?" She asked boldly even though she knew how much the woman hated her asking questions.

Mrs. D, who wanted to leave at that moment, stopped and answered,

"Why do I hate Pedro so much? Well, honey, you're wrong. Pedro is nothing but a pawn for my plans. If anything, your question should be, 'who do I hate so much?', " she said, a devious smirk at the corner of her mouth.

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

Chapter 680 - Six Hundred And Eighty: Evidence

The third point of view:

Isabella barely chased Anabelle out of her studio when Jean returned with his own report. The instant he arrived in her office, the smile that Anabelle managed to put on her face vanished at once.

She had a strong feeling that whatever she was about to listen to was bad news. Perhaps, Isabella might have figured it out already but she just needed evidence. And the evidence was all Jean had.

"The result of the investigation you asked me to carry out," Jean said, dropping the file on her table.

Isabella then left everything she was doing and picked the file. She glanced through the papers and it was a background check Jean had done on Natasha.

"Natasha Gheaven, twenty-four years old and was born in a family of two," Isabella said out loud as she went through the record, " Her younger sister lives in the city while her parents reside in the countryside, "

She was a smart woman, Isabella could tell from the report which pointed out she won a scholarship that covered all of her university expenses. No wonder Pedro had hired her, she was efficient enough.

The next, Isabella picked out a small envelope from the folder and it was filled to the brim with pictures. She took out the stack of photos and began to stare at it one after the other while Jean explained.

"It was quite a tough one but I was able to capture the past months they worked together through neighboring cameras," and I can safely say nothing happened between them at that time, Jean held that thought to himself.

He knew why Isabella ordered this investigation but it was not in his place to say anything. He had served her for ten years and she has become dear to him in the same way a daughter was to a father. He didn't want to see her get hurt. Unfortunately, this one was going to hurt her real bad.

Isabella glanced through the numerous photos and it was all pictures of both of them working. As Pedro's PA, Natasha followed him almost everywhere, and sometimes they worked late into the night.

Why had Isabella even let him have a female personal assistant?? It had been Pedro's choice and she took it as an opportunity to work on her jealousy. Moreover, after everything they have been through, she trusted Pedro would never betray her.

Nothing seemed to be wrong with any of the pictures until she got to one and her brows furrowed at once.

Isabella turned the picture to him, asking in a stern voice as she couldn't recognize the club, "Where was this taken?"

"Outside the country. Pedro had a meeting with some investors and they had a drink or two. Didn't you know?"

"What I don't know about is Natasha joining him on the trip,"

"She goes with him on every trip," Jean reminded him.

And yet nothing happened until now, Isabella had the feeling. However, she kept on going through the pictures all culled from the club's surveillance cameras with the time frame on them.

It was mostly pictures of Pedro sharing drinks with the investors; clicking glasses and conversing with them. Isabella who was interested now hooked on the storyline was furious when she discovered there were no more pictures.

She glanced up at Jean, "What is the meaning of this?" her tone was grim.

"You don't have to do this," Jean pleaded with her.

"Give me what's left, Jean," she demanded sternly.

"Are you sure of this?" He wanted to give her the choice here.

"As sure as the day I was born," Isabella said with an intensity in her eyes. Her head was clearer than ever and she was finally seeing things the way they are.

"Give it to me now," She stretched out her hand expectantly.

With a sigh, Jean pulled out his phone and handed it to her. Isabella didn't hesitate a moment to snatch it from him and played it the video.

It was taken from the camera of the hotel and it showed Pedro stumbling down the passageway with Natasha trying to support him. It was obvious that he was dead drunk and Natasha was the only thing keeping him from messing around. However, the way Natasha held him made Isabella's hands clench tightly, how dare she lay a hand on him. Pedro belonged to him.

The next thing Isabella saw was the both of them walking into a room that she figured out to be Pedro's. At once, Isabella's breath hitched as the door closed behind them, a possibility of what was going on in there going through her head.

Isabella clutched the edge of the phone so tight that Jean gulped, he loved that phone. Isabella didn't see anything else after the door closed but the time frame told her all she needed to know because the next moment Natasha left the room, it was in the morning and she was in a hurry.

Isabella didn't even know she wasn't even breathing until the video came to an end. She couldn't explain it but there was this suffocating feeling in her chest as if there was no more oxygen she could take in.

"Isabella?" Jean asked out of concern. She almost looked like she would faint anytime soon, "Are you okay?"

"I will be okay once you get me that bitch!" She growled at him, "I don't care how you do it but get her to me!"

"Fine," the man stood up to his feet, ready to leave. His heart went out to Isabella who intentionally was glancing out the window, her back turned to him.

Jean shook his head and walked over to the door, he grabbed the knob and was ready to leave when he heard a thud. That sound made him turn around to see what happened only to find Isabella on the floor.

His heart skipped a beat and he rushed over to her, "Isabella!" He cried out, shaking the unconscious woman.