

Taming A Billionaire

#Chapter 691 - Six Hundred And Ninety-one: What Are We? - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 691 - Six Hundred And Ninety-one: What Are We?

Chapter 691 - Six Hundred And Ninety-one: What Are We?

The third point of view:

"Oh no, he can't do this,"

Akim failed miserably when he tried to confront her. The instant Anika looked into his eyes, he just stood still like a bamboo tree.

Akim had never seen himself as shy, in fact, as a prince, he was raised to be outspoken and confident. But in front of Anika? He was simply rendered powerless. Worst part? She knew the power she had over him and used it to the fullest.

Why was he this way?

"Come on, stop being such a slowpoke!" She grabbed his hand again, intertwining their fingers once more without care, and pulled him along.

How could she be so cool after what happened between them? She kissed him on the lips the other time and now, she pecked him on the cheek. Who knows what she would do next?

His free hand unconsciously went across his chest protectively and Anika caught that move.

"What are you doing?" she asked, scrutinizing him.

"Nothing," He said, clearing his throat, "Let's go then,"

Contrary to his expectation, he and Anika explored the markets of Lincolnshire and he had to say it was an eye-opener.

Akim received a lot of inspiration from the journey and realized he had a lot to offer his people. It was almost as if he came closer to his people enough to understand their daily needs. And he swore at that moment to not fail them.

Time flies while having fun. Night came quicker than they thought and both decided that the beach would be their last bus stop before calling it a night.

High waves rolled in on the beach and they've walked enough. Right now, they both laid down on the incalculable grains of sand of the beach taking in the starry night sky.

None of them said a word, just lost to their own thoughts until Anika decided to ask, "What is it to be a prince?"

"Huh?" He was surprised. Of all the questions, he had not expected that one from one.

"You heard me right, Akim," she said nonchalantly without even looking at him.

Of course, she was the only one who dared to call him by his name. Perhaps, that was why he was more comfortable with her, she treats him like a normal human being irrespective of his status.

He took a deep breath, "Predictable,"

"What?" she turned this time.

"I can already tell my beginning to the end. Be a prince, get educated, learn how to run the kingdom, get married and then produce heirs that would take up the legacy, inculcate the same teachings from my father and the cycle continues. When you know your end, you find out that every day is always the same, " He answered, turning to face her and this time didn't look away.

Anika readjusted her position, such that her head was resting on her folded arm and completely faced him, the bits of sand hanging onto her skin.

She asked him, "What if you don't have to be a prince, what would you do then?"

Akim's brows furrowed, thinking over her words, "I seriously don't know. Bring a prince is all I know,"

"So you've never had a dream?" Anika probed, "Even as a kid?"

Uncomfortable with the way he strained his neck while looking at her, Akim turned his body the same way Anika did to hers which was much more comfortable. Thus, they lay face to face.

"The thing is..." He took a deep breath, "I have two fathers,"

"What?" Anika was surprised by that news. Even her mother Fiona didn't tell her that. Well, she must have thought it was unnecessary to know that. Unfortunately, anything that concerned Akim was her business and she must know it all.

"My root is pretty complicated," Akim said and went ahead to tell her in detail the history of his late grandfather, Adam, his mother, Emily, and of course, the kind of man their now powerful king was - a commoner, although in disguise.

"Even when I lived as governor Ahmed's son, I was groomed to be an heir. To follow the steps of my then father in order not to bring a stain to his great name and political aspirations. My career was forged already and I had no complaints following it. So no, I don't really have a dream," He answered her question.

For a minute nobody said a word until Anika reached out and placed her hand on his palm as she began to caress his cheeks.

"It must have been hard on you," She said and for once, there was a trace of sympathy in her gaze. Surprisingly, he was not revolted by her pity because he knew inwardly she wasn't looking down on her. He knew her that well now.

"It's nothing," He said like it cost him nothing, "It was something I had to do. Moreover, none of it was harmful and was for my own good," yet he leaned into her touch, craving the comfort.

Akim closed his eyes with a sigh, covering her hand that she had on his cheeks with his much larger ones. Then he opened his eyes and looked into her green orbs that didn't break contact with him either.

He summoned courage and finally asked the question that had been on his mind, "What are we, Anika?" It was time they defined this strange relationship they had.

But Anika replied, "I don't know," While stroking his face with his hand still on top of hers. She asked him as well,

"What about you, Akim? What are we?" she needed his response.

"I don't know," Akim gave her the same reply as her, however, he added, "But I know this for sure,"

Before she could say a word, he moved towards her and covered her lips with his. Anika's eyes remained open as she didn't expect that move from him - she was always the one taking the lead.

"I feel something for you," He confessed after the rather brief kiss.

Anika didn't say anything, she simply smiled and without warning, pushed him to his back and kissed him with fervor.

Chapter 692 - Six Hundred And Ninety-two: What Did You Do

The third point of view:

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" Pedro asked, massaging Isabella's shoulder who laid back on his chest enjoying the treatment.

After her parents left, it was just the both of them. Pedro was filled with guilt and thus, he was trying to do everything he could to make her comfortable.

"Mmm," was all Isabella said to him as he readjusted his position and came down from the bed. Pedro couldn't explain it but it seemed as if Isabella was angry at him.

Unlike other women who yelled and expressed their emotions at their partners when angry, Isabella was the opposite of it - she would not say a word but express it passively. That made him more attentive when around her. Just like right now, he could tell that she was mad at him. Very, very mad.

Pedro didn't give it many thoughts believing that she was merely angry that he was late to see her. So he went ahead with his plan of making it up to her and now picked the fruit salad he had ordered to be prepared.

"Open up," Pedro told her as he dug the fork into the plate and picked up a piece of strawberry intending to feed her.

Isabella obediently opened her mouth and took the fruit, chewing on it.

"How does it taste?" Pedro asked, expecting an enthusiastic reply since he had specifically ordered the tastiest fruits.

"How do you expect it to taste?" Isabella asked back to his surprise.

He blinked.

"It's good as expected," she smiled at him.

Pedro's brows furrowed in confusion, that was the most insincere smile Isabella had ever given him. What was wrong??What was he missing out on?

"What are you waiting for?"

"What?" Pedro was roused from his reverie.

"Are you trying to stir my appetite or what? If you're going to feed me, do it properly" She ordered him.

"Oh," Pedro finally grasped the situation. Apparently he had hesitated in feeding her because he had been lost in his thoughts.

"I'm sorry about that," he laughed awkwardly and continued to feed her, and thankfully, she was responsive.

Although Pedro fed her varieties of fruits, he didn't make the mistake of asking Isabella how it tasted again having learned from the first lesson. It was official now, Isabella was mad at him and all that was left for him was to figure out what he did wrong.

No matter how much he thought about it, it was too petty of Isabella to hold a grudge against him because he arrived late at the hospital. It was simply childish and not like Isabella to do so. Pedro was sure it was something else.

"I met with the doctor and it was just as you said, you're suffering from stress and a low blood sugar," Pedro said, putting the plate aside since he was done with feeding her.

He then took her hand saying, "You don't have to worry about a thing, I promise that you won't feel neglected anymore. This time, we'd do everything together, even to the smallest detail," Pedro was sure that he would melt her cold heart with his sweet words.

"Good for you then," Isabella said and pecked him on the forehead like she normally does when going to bed. To his surprise, she then gathered the sheet around her to cover herself totally.

"What are you doing?" Pedro was stunned. He hadn't been able to comprehend a single one of Isabella's actions today.

"Going to sleep," she said.

"But it's...." he checked his wristwatch, "It's eight in the evening, Isabella, if you end up falling asleep I won't be able to wake you up and we won't be able to go home today. I spoke to the doctor earlier and he says you're free to go," Pedro explained, still baffled by her action.

Unfortunately, Isabella paid deaf to his words and instead made herself comfortable on her hospital bed, asking, "Who said anything about leaving? "

"Huh?"

"I'm spending the night at the hospital today," she stated.

Pedro's jaw opened and closed on its own as words couldn't come out. He used his palm to rub down his face and released a deep breath.

He faced her, "Why?" he added immediately, "Why do you want to sleep at the hospital today, Isabella, when you have a perfect bed back home?"

Isabella thought over it, "Well, because I have the freedom of sleeping any place I desire and because my body desires so and because I want to? Any other questions?" she asked politely yet there was a hint of mockery in her tone.

Pedro didn't say anything else rather scrutinized his fiancée who was giving him a bitter version of the word, "cold shoulder"

He pushed his seat closer to his fiancée who simply tugged the sheet closer to her chin. While Isabella's face seemed warm and welcoming, the amber of her eyes was burning with an emotion he couldn't exactly describe. Yet.

"Why do I feel like you're mad at me?" Pedro asked, rubbing his temple where he felt a throbbing headache.

"Who knows?" Isabella pretended to be clueless, "That's just your unproven theory,"

"Isabella!" His tone was firm.

"No longer, babe?" Isabella chuckled,

"Moreover, why are you raising your voice on a sick patient?" She was enjoying this.

Unknown to Pedro, Isabella swore she was going to torment him until he confessed to her. He was the first to begin this game of hide and seek and she would be the one to end it.

"Tell me, Isabella, what did I do wrong?" Pedro finally figured it out.

Isabella was doing this to him on purpose nor was she going to stop anytime soon until he admitted his mistake. Unfortunately, they can't be fighting with their wedding around the corner. He had to resolve this as soon as possible.

Upon hearing that question, Isabella sat up and drew closer to her wonderful fiancé, "What you did wrong?" she pursed her lips and then drew closer to his ears to whisper, "You should be in the best position to know what you did wrong, my love"

Pedro stood at the spot with his brows furrowed while Isabella went back to lying down on her bed. She then told him, "Switch off the light on your way out,"

And of course, she kicked him out.

Chapter 693 - Six Hundred And Ninety-Three: The Confession

Thanks for the golden tickets ????

The third point of view:

"Ugh!" Pedro yelled for the umpteenth time because he found himself in the hospital garden after being chased away by his fiancée Isabella.

What had he done wrong? His fiancée left him to figure out that one on his own and it was driving him crazy. So here he was going over the events of the day in his mind.

Before Isabella left for work today, there had been no problems between them hence it was more surprising the sudden change in her attitude.

"Well, come on Pedro, think about it," he willed his mind to remember where he had done it wrong.

But no matter how much he thought about it, there was no progress at all. Maybe this was a test? What test? No, no, it wasn't it, Pedro ran his hand through his hair.

But then, it was in the process of ruffling his hair that it suddenly hit him.

["That was quite an intense call"]

["What's wrong? You almost seem like a person caught doing something?wrong"]

Pedro remembered all the questions Isabella asked him the day they had gone to his grandmother's place for dinner. If Isabella had begun to have her suspicions then and made some investigation, it made that she... knew everything.

Oh shit.

He was done.

It was a miracle Isabella didn't cut his head off.

"Ugh!" Pedro screamed once more and began to stamp on innocent flowers that did nothing to him and at the same time scared some patients away.

"Who is that mad man?" one of them asked while fleeing.

However, Pedro paid no attention to them. He screamed into the air, pouring out his frustration and anger. He had failed Isabella! This wasn't the life he promised her. She must be so disappointed in him. No wonder, she treated him that way.

This is so stupid, Pedro began to laugh hysterically as if he had lost his mind. But his laughter suddenly turned into tears as he began to cry hard. What if Isabella decides to call off the wedding and refuse him?

God, he can't do that. He loved Isabella too much to give up on her. What was he going to do now? Everything has fallen apart, he cried.

However, no amount of crying could erase the fact that he had to face Isabella. He never considered this happening since he was sure of hiding the truth from her. Everything would have been solved if Natasha hadn't gone into hiding.

At once, Pedro picked up his phone and called his men in charge of the case, "Have you found her?"

"No, sir but?-"

He ended the call right away without a second thought. What he needed right now was a positive answer, not excuses!

After almost an hour of deep thought, Pedro decided to right his wrong and as well dance to the tune of the music he played. So he went back to the ward and entered her room amid her warning.

Isabella's eyes snapped open the instant she sensed the change in her environment, someone was in her room. She didn't have to raise an alarm because a familiar cologne hit her nostrils and she knew it was Pedro instantly.

To be honest, after he had left, Isabella wondered if she had gone too far with her actions. But she thought it over, this was a case of cheating and her partner had hidden it from her. No punishment was sufficient.

She sat up saying, "I thought I told you that I don't want to see you in my...."

Isabella trailed off because she was treated to the sight of Pedro getting down to his knees. Her jaw dropped while she stood still. The only time Pedro had ever used his knees on the floor was to propose to her, but now?

"What are you doing?" Isabella was dumbfounded by his move.

Yet Pedro didn't say a word, his face was lowered because he didn't dare to look her in the eyes.

"Get up," she commanded him.

Yet he didn't move from his spot and that infuriated her.

Isabella got down from the bed and got down to her knees as well, grasping his face with her palm, "If you're going to apologize to me for cheating, do it properly by looking me in the eyes. What kind of bastard does that?!" She yelled at his face.

Pedro did as she said, slowly lifting his eyes to reveal the pain in there and that made Isabella's breath hitch, her fiancé was hurting.

"H-hey," Her hand cupping his face trembled. Even though she wasn't the one crying, Isabella felt as if someone was squeezing her chest from inside out. This was simply crazy. She was supposed to be the one yelling his head off for cheating on her, but then here she was feeling empathic.

"I'm so sorry," Pedro apologized profusely, "I didn't mean to hide it from you but I just didn't want to hurt you, Isabella,"

"I know," Isabella nodded

Pedro grasped her face this time although his hands were shaking, "You can't do anything you want to me, Isabella, hit me, slap me, but please don't leave me. I don't think I can do it without you," He cried.

For the first time, Isabella was left with no words to say. She at once hugged him tight, "It's okay, I'll punish you later"

Pedro pulled apart, "Please believe me when I tell you that you're the only one I love in this life and would ever be with. Whatever happened between Natasha and me was all orchestrated by her.? I don't know what happened but she -"

"I know, Pedro," Isabella said.

"I would never cheat on you, Isabella," Pedro hoped she saw through his sincerity.

"Yes, I know,"

"And the wedding...?"

"It would go on as planned," Isabella was firm in her decision, "There was never a time I was going to give you up to that woman. Pedro, we've come a long way to stop now,"

Pedro was so stunned, he asked, "You're still going to go ahead with the marriage even when you know she's pregnant for me?"

"Of course, " her head jerked up, "Wait - what?!"

Chapter 694 - Six Hundred And Ninety-four: I Commit My Spirit

The third point of view:

You know that saying, "See what's life flash before one's eyes," Pedro could testify of that at this moment because he was sure he would be a dead man today.

The way Isabella's brows raised, then her eyes widened before it narrowed and finally darkened told him to say his last prayer.

"What did you just say?" She asked, her tone as low and cold as the arctic ocean.

As if to make it worse, a loud clap of thunder cackled in the distance while lightning flashed across the room, illuminating Isabella's ice-cold expression that made the atmosphere look eerie and frightening.

Pedro gulped and began to think about his life, from the time he learned to call the word "mother" to the time he grew up to know "Isabella" and to this very moment.

He finally remembered the verse in the Bible, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith,"

Unfortunately, Pedro hasn't done any; he lost his fight; his race wasn't completed; he failed Isabella's faith. Right now, the only thing he could say is, "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit!"

"I-Isabella," He stuttered, taking a step back.

However, Isabella was like a bloodthirsty predator right now and the step he took back was an acknowledgment of his weakness, and like every wild cat out there, the prey's weakness thrilled it.

Isabella took a step forward and Pedro took another step back saying, "It was a mistake, Isabella!".

"That mistake just produced a life!" She yelled into his face and that made Pedro wince internally. He was really going to die.

He then attempted to do damage control by saying, "I'm not even sure that the child is mine, Isabella?"

"You're not sure the child is yours?" She chuckled mockingly, "How could you be so dumb? A woman that targeted you, why would she not be careful to have your child?! How could you be so dumb?!"

Pedro became dumbfounded at that moment, he hadn't thought about it in that direction. He just assumed that Natasha was one of those gold diggers searching for a man to blackmail and leech off. What if he was the only one she wanted. Wonderful.

"I didn't... know.." Pedro stuttered, swallowing down a lump of saliva.

"Of course, how would you fucking know?!" Isabella screamed and before his very eyes began to destroy everything she could get her hands on.

"Isabella?" Pedro tried to stop her.

However, the moment he touched her, Isabella hurled a vase in his direction and he was left with no option but to duck and the vase missed his head by just a few inches. That was a close one, Pedro realized with his heart pounding in his chest.

"Isabella, calm down!" He told her amid the fact she almost broke his head minutes ago.

"Don't!" She growled, wagging her finger furiously at him. Isabella was vibrating with anger and it didn't seem like she was going to stop anytime soon, "You dare tell me to calm down!"

"We won't be able to solve this problem with you in this state!" He said.

Isabella retorted immediately, "Fuck you Pedro because there's no 'we' in this situation. You got a lady pregnant, that one is on you!" She heaped the whole thing on him.

"You talk as if I intentionally got her pregnant for christ fucking sake!" Pedro yelled back this time. He was sick and tired of getting blamed for everything.

The past weeks he has been trying to rectify the whole thing, unfortunately, it ended up blowing up in his face instead. Does she think he hadn't tried?

"Did I get her pregnant then?" Isabella asked him sarcastically. She went on, "After everything went down you could have shoved a morning-after pill down her throat and prevented all of this madness!"

"Well, sorry to disappoint that I'm not as smart as you but I woke up shocked and used, how could I have thought of the pills?!"

"You know what?!" Isabella put her hand over her ears, "I don't want to hear these excuses!" her head was spinning while her heart felt like a thousand needles were stabbing it.

Isabella felt that feeling of helplessness return once again but she refused to acknowledge it, not now - at least, not in front of Pedro. She was a strong woman and wouldn't let this break her.

"But you said we are going to solve this together?!" Pedro couldn't believe what he was hearing. His heart was beating fast and he had a bad feeling about this. He hoped what he was thinking didn't happen.

"That was until you got a lady pregnant!" Isabella said through gritted teeth, "You know how I hate complicated families,"

"So what are you trying to say?" His fear grew, "Are you going to call off the wedding? We have our rehearsal dinner this evening, remember?"

"What do you think?" She sneered.

He sighed, "This is not the time we should be fighting, Isabella?"

"Oh," She taunted him, "What time is it then?"

"Isabella," His voice was gentle and pleading.

"Get lost," she said.

"Please, just hear me -"

"I need some space," Isabella told him, heading to her bed. But Pedro didn't give up and followed after her.

"Isabella, I know how you feel -"

"Don't you dare say that?!" Isabella whipped around so fast her head almost snapped. But the anger in her heart didn't let her notice the little pain in her neck for turning too fast.

She said with bitterness, "If you really know how I feel, you would go die!"

Pedro's expression changed at that comment, but he knew she didn't mean it. Isabella was just angry.

"Isabella," He tried to touch her but she grabbed the pillow on her bed and began to hit him with it.

"I said get out! Get the hell out of here! I don't ever want to see your face!" Isabella yelled, hitting him furiously with the pillow.

And that was the scene that Anabelle and Julie were treated to when they arrived.

Chapter 695 - Six Hundred And Ninety-Five: Happiness

The third point of view:

Anabelle was preparing to go on a date with Julie today and as she was about to pull her hair in a ponytail got sight of the ring on her finger and she began to giggle sheepishly.

At the sound of that laughter, her sister Allison who was working on her homework in her room quickly looked up, startled. The young girl stared at her sister who in turn was staring at the ring in her finger in fascination.

"What's so funny about the ring?" She wondered with her brows drawn together in deep contemplation. Maybe she would ask her mother to buy her a ring like her sister's and find out as well - she also wanted to be happy.

However, a second giggle made the girl's furrow this time. She shook her head, it doesn't seem to be the ring this time, or did the ring have a special effect.

Oh no, her sister was losing her mind.

"Sister Anabelle," the girl was concerned over her sister's well-being.

But Anabelle didn't answer.

So she stood up and went over to her side, shaking her by the shoulder, and only then did Anabelle awake from her reverie.

"Hey Allison," Anabelle was startled, "What's wrong?"

But to her surprise, Allison's face distorted and to her horror, began to cry.

"Hey, what is it?" Anabelle was baffled, wondering what she had done wrong?

"Don't leave me, sister," the girl hugged her tight, resting her head on her shoulder, "I don't want you to go crazy,"

Anabelle : (°°)

what was she talking about?

"I thought something had happened when you began to laugh to yourself!" The young girl cried and Anabelle finally understood what was going on. Her sister, Allison thought she went crazy? It seems she might have overdone her happiness.

"I'm sorry, my lovely pumpkin," Anabelle consoled, patting her on the back, "I was just excessively happy, nothing else,"

"Really?" Allison pulled away, scrutinizing her.

"Of course," Anabelle assured her, "You see this," she brought her right hand closer so Allison could see the ring properly, "When you grow up and receive something from the one you love, it's the most exciting feeling in the world,"

Although Allison was young, she was smart from reading, not to mention that children were naturally inquisitive. So she asked, "But why don't I see mother giggling at her ring the one you do?"

At that question, Anabelle sighed. If Allison asked questions at this rate, she would become a love expert before she grew up.

So she beckoned the girl to come closer and when Allison did, Anabelle whispered into her ears, "You see, the thing is, your parents are too old-fashioned,"

"What?" Allison was shocked.

"Shh," Allison pressed her finger against her lips, and added, "By the way, don't tell them I said that. You just keep your lips sealed, you know how strict your mother is," Anabelle felt guilty manipulating her little sister but she couldn't help it, Camille was really scary.

"Also," She decided to offer her a bit of genuine advice this time, "Whenever you have a boy you like, just come to me, I'm the love expert,"

"Really?" Allison's eyes shone.

"Of course," Anabelle really loved this big sister's role. So she began to boast, "The reason why mommy and daddy are together today is because of my hard work. You do know? Isabella and Pedro, right?"

"Of course!" Alison was interested in the conversation, "You made the both of them come together and became a couple and about to get married,"

"You see Pedro and Isabella's love began when they were a kid but then fate intervened and they had to separate. It was so heartbreaking," Anabelle said with dramatic effect, wiping a fake tear from her eyes.

"Pedro grew up very handsomely and Of course, I was the school's beauty as well" Anabelle fluffed her hair, her strands almost getting into her sister's eyes, "But then, there were many sharks and tigress who wanted to get their claws on Pedro and so I

did the most honorable thing ever. I preserved Pedro till Isabella returned and they got together finally!" Anabelle lied about the part where she and Pedro dated.

"Wow!" Allison was full of admiration for her younger sister and Anabelle basked in the glory.

She was still in that good mood when Julie called and her happiness skyrocketed. Anabelle at once cleared her throat and with one sweet voice - that even shocked her sister - said, "Hello honey,"

On the other side, Julie had to glance twice at the screen to be sure he hadn't dialed the wrong number.

"Anabelle?" he wanted to confirm?another person wasn't answering her phone.

"Yes," she continued with a tiny, sweet voice.

Julie frowned, "Why are you sounding like this? Did you choke on a bone?"

At once, Anabelle's face fell. Talk about being romantic - that idiot was as old-fashioned as her father. Annoyed, she quickly cleared her throat and resumed her normal voice.

"I'm good,"

Unknown to her, a smile crossed Julie's face, he had intentionally teased her.

"Are you ready to leave," He asked.

"Of course, how can I be late on our date -"

"I'm sorry but our date has been canceled," He announced.

"What?!" Anabelle jerked up at once. She knew it! He was at it but there's no way on earth she was going to let him treat him the same way as last time.

Before she could threaten him, Anabelle heard, "Isabella was rushed to the hospital today,"

"What?!" She yelled for the second time, "Why are you just telling me this?! Why aren't you here so we could go visit her?!"

Julie sighed, "If you had stopped shouting for a minute, you would have been able to hear me drive into your driveway,"

"Huh?" Anabelle was startled and then rushed to the window to find out indeed Julie's car was outside because he flashed his headlights as a signal.

"See you later," Anabelle hurriedly kissed Allison at the temple who still had many questions to ask her on how to know the good guys from the bad ones.

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

Chapter 696 - Six Hundred And Ninety-Six: Consequences Of Your Action

The third point of view:

His heart was about to explode from the way it was pounding so fast and heavily. Akim had never kissed a girl, although there had always been the common courtesy of kissing the back of the palm or on the cheeks gestures which were required of him. But on the lips? It was a no-no till Anika came along.

Although he was a prince with a lot of activities to carry out and a kingdom to learn how to rule, he often had his leisure time, and one of those involved watching movies. He always thought it was pretty disgusting sharing your saliva with someone else until that night, Anika kissed.

That night he hadn't even thought about the saliva, all he knew was that something soft and fleshy had touched his lips briefly, and somehow, his heart moved.

But compared to that day, this kiss was longer and he didn't care for the saliva. Akim's heart missed a beat when she pushed him to the floor and for a moment there he was nervous, what if someone sees them? He was a prince for Christ's sake. However, those thoughts vanished into thin air the instant her lips came down on his.

When it comes to kissing her, Akim found out he had no prior practice, he just went along with his instinct, marching Anika's movements with his. However, he couldn't help but wonder why Anika was so good at kissing him? Could it be that there had been other boys before him?

Strange enough, Akim didn't like the thoughts of other boys before him. If that was the case, she must think that he's inexperienced and that didn't sit well with him. So he took charge.

Anika let out a gasp when Akim flipped her over to her back, trapping her beneath him. Thankfully, it was late and there was little to nobody at the beach to spot and interrupt this heated moment. Although the night breeze was cold and stung against their skin, the atmosphere between them was charged and Akim's on top of her was all the warmth she needed.

She glanced up at Akim pinning both of her arms to the ground and looked back into his eyes only to see that they had darkened with desire and that excited her.

It was said that once a virgin had a taste of the forbidden fruit, she would surely come back for more. Right now, Akim looked like one of them. But then, as much as Anika wants him, they were out in the open and she was kind of possessive - nobody but her has the right to see his body.

"Your highness," she breathed, "I think we should -"

Unfortunately, Akim was far into the act to stop now. He slammed his lips down on hers and began to kiss her once more. Anika parted her lips, allowing the kiss to deepen as his tongue gained entrance and plunged into hers.

She moaned, the sound exciting Akim the more, and his grip around her wrists tightened while the kiss became fiery and passionate. He finally released her hands and while she dug her hand into his hair, massaging his scalp, his hand lowered down to her stomach where his hands traveled into her blouse and traced her skin causing her to shiver in delight.

They needed to breathe but Akim was still greedy for more and he left her lips only to kiss around her jaw and traveled down to her throat and kissed there.

Anika groaned in pleasure, a satisfied smile on her face as Akim continued to kiss her neck. Her hands clutched a fistful of his hair and pulled on it tight when he found the sweet spot on her neck and sucked on it.

Akim was delirious with pleasure, he never knew making out was this wonderful. He knew what it meant when he felt hard down there but he didn't want to stop even though he was supposed to.

A gasp erupts from her lips and it made him feel so proud. He kissed her neck until she was crying out with pleasure and then his gaze fell on the swell of her breast. He gulped, the sight of it was enticing. Akim was so drawn by the sight that his hand had already gone to her button when she grabbed his hand and sat up with him.

"You should know when to stop," She told him, still holding his hand.

"Oh," Akim finally recovered from his lust-induced state, "I'm sorry," He apologized just as she released his hand.

However, Anika simply at him, "You don't have to apologize," she said, lifting his chin with her finger, "You did nothing wrong in kissing me. All you have to do is to just learn control,"

Anika took his lips once more in a slow, leisurely, almost lazy kiss. Nonetheless, it still made his heart pound in his chest and it took everything in him not to continue the kiss after they broke away. He had to control himself.

"We should go," Anika said, standing to her feet. She looked at Akim getting to his feet and said, "It's late and it's time to face the consequences of your actions,"

Akim's mouth twitched, sometimes he couldn't help but wonder if Anika's on his side or not. She's quite blunt to a fault.

"Of course," Akim took a deep breath, his saliva suddenly becoming bitter. He knew what awaited him at home, no, the palace.

Anika saw through his brave facade and smiled. She then began to wipe away the sand that had gotten on his body saying, "Do you know why a man is different from a boy? A man is one who is able to take responsibility for his actions,"

"Oh," was all Akim said. That helped?

Anika came closer to whisper into his ears, "You know my number now, you can choose to call or chat me up after you're done with your parents,"

She added with a mischievous smirk, "Although I would advise you to choose the chat part since we would be able to video call and I might be able to treat you to a great sight," she hinted at sexting.

Chapter 697 - Six Hundred And Ninety-Seven: Stay Away From That Girl

The third point of view:

Anika and Akim headed down to the road without a word spoken between them. Now the safety bubble they lived in for the past hours was broken, it now dawned on Akim the severity of the situation he was in. His father would be goddamned mad.

But he was snapped out of his thought when someone took his hand and intertwined them together.

He looked at Anika who said, "If you're that scared, I'll come to the palace and explain to your parents that I'm the one who kidnapped you," She joked.

Akim offered a small smile, "Don't worry, I'm his son and the only prince of Lincolnshire, he won't kill me,"

"Well, if you say so then," she said.

The both of them stood by the roadside and waited for a taxi that would take them back home.

"Thank you for today," Akim said out of nowhere while they waited, "Today was the happiest I've ever known,"

Anika pursed her lips, "You're welcome. Also...." she took a step closer and then asked him, "What are we now? As far as I know, friends don't kiss each other or plan to you know," She wriggled her brows suggestively

Akim went red in the face and he turned his face the other way even when he said, "Let's date then,"

"Sure, let's date," Anika wrapped her arm around his, agreeing right away. There was no gain in playing hard to get, especially when she's on a mission in the first place.

"But please," Akim added, "No sexting,"

"Fine," She agreed right away, leaning to his side and breathing in his scent. Anika sighed, "I wish the taxi would arrive a little later so I could spend more time with you,"

Akim smiled at her comment, however, his attention was grabbed when a car at high speed suddenly stopped right in front of him and men in black suits stepped out immediately.

"Oh shit," it was his security details.

However, before he could warn Anika, the girl was shoved away roughly that she fell while Akim was manhandled by the men.

"Anika!" Akim was more concerned for her safety.

"Don't worry, Akim, I'm good!" She informed him, getting to her feet, "Just go with them, please,"

After confirming that she was okay, Akim willingly went ahead with his security, glancing one last look at Anika before the car drove away.

But as soon as the car left, Anika made a call to her mother Fiona, "The mission was successful, there would be a friction in their relationship from tonight,"

"Good work," Fiona told her before she suddenly asked her, "By the way are you okay?"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," Fiona said and unknown to Anika, she was staring down at an image of the both of them captured on the beach kissing.

Meanwhile, Akim was in the passenger seat sandwiched between two guards. He scoffed inwardly, do they think he would do something stupid like fleeing out of a moving car.

He wasn't suicidal. Even if he was, being crushed by a car wasn't exactly the best way to die. Moreover, why would he die when he now had a girlfriend. A smile crossed his lips, he couldn't wait to start the relationship with her. But that would be after he survived tonight.

Even after he stepped on palace soil, the guards didn't give him breathing space and held him captive until they reached the living room where his parents were pacing up and down from worry.

Oh boy, he was in deep shit.

The moment his gaze connected with his father's burning gray eyes, he gulped and wanted to take a step back but the guards were behind him and didn't move at all.

"You ingrate!" Judy roared and strode over to his son with anger in his eyes. Emily, filled with worry, went after him but she couldn't cover his huge steps.

Akim's eyes grew wide when his father suddenly grabbed him by the collar and drew his hand back ready to punch him in the face.

Luckily for him, just a second for his father's fist to reach his face, Emily shouted, "Judy don't!"

And just like that his fist froze mid-air yet Akim could feel his father's other hand clutching his collar tremble - the man was doing the best to rein in his anger. Of course, his mother was the only one who could calm him down in this situation.

"Please," Emily begged him, tears already filling her eyes as she watched her husband and son ready to tear each other apart.

With wild eyes, Judy tightened his fist around his son's collar and said through gritted teeth, "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't beat the living sense into you right now?"

But Akim snorted derisively, "Why? What did I do wrong?"

That statement angered Judy the more and he tightened his grip almost lifting the poor boy off his feet while Emily cautioned him,

"Akim!" He was making the situation worse. She barely calmed Judy down.

"Why mother? Why do I have to shut it? What did I do wrong if not to get some air outside? What's so wrong with wandering off on my own?!" Akim was fed up with their rules as well. He just wanted to breathe, what's so wrong with it?

"How could you be so selfish?! All we did was to keep you safe?!" His father growled at him.

"Keep me safe?!" Akim laughed, "This is not keeping me safe, it is called imprisonment. This place, the whole palace is a prison,"

"Is that all you think about?! You could have gotten killed out there, Akim?!"

"And yet It didn't happen!" Akim retorted, "Every day you keep telling me how dangerous it is outside, and yet I saw it all today, there was no monster hiding in the dark. Here I am, father! All safe and sound!"

Suddenly, Judy hitched Akim up by the collar of his clothes before Emily could even interfere, "Dont test me, Akim. Just because you escaped once doesn't mean Fiona isn't watching! Also, stay away from that girl!"

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

Chapter 698 - Six Hundred And Ninety-eight: The Enemy He Has To Get Rid Of

The third point of view:

"Also, stay away from that girl!"

"W-what?!" It seemed like Akim didn't hear right.

"The girl you were with, today should mark the end of your relationship with her," Judy declared his final judgment, finally letting go of him.

Akim stood dumbfounded, it was as if his father just placed a death sentence on him. How could he stay away from Anika? She was the only person who understood him. She was the only one who understood what it was like to be suffocated here. Why should he stay away from her?

"I'm sorry but I can't do that," Akim said, raising his head to look straight into his father's eyes who looked stunned by his disobedience, "You can punish me for any other thing but Anika? Don't tell me to give up on her because I won't,"

"Akim!" Judy yelled at him, the anger returning. Why was he so stubborn? Everything they were doing was for his safety!

"It's suffocating here!" Akim yelled, beating his chest while his eyes filled with tears, "Do you even know what it's like to watch kids your own age enjoy freedom while you don't?" He laughed immediately, "Of course, you won't understand since you enjoyed

an abundance of freedom growing outside the palace and of Lincolnshire," There was a hint of scorn in his tone.

Judy laughed instead, however, there was sarcasm in his tone, "Other kids enjoy freedom? Well, sorry to burst your bubbles but they're other kids and you are the prince of this Lincolnshire and have many responsibilities on your shoulders. So that's the little price you have to pay for bring a prince,"

He went on, "I was raised outside the kingdom? Fine, I admit that. However, do you know the kind of life that exists outside there? A life where only the strongest survive! This life you detest so much, do you even know how many kids your age will kill to be in your position?! So stop being such a baby and behave more like the prince you are!"

Father and son stared into each other's eyes that were cold and hardened, none of them was ready to back down.

"I'm not giving up on Anika," Akim decided there and then.

"Akim!" his mother Emily pleaded with him to reconsider his decision. However, the boy was determined.

He faced his parents, "You told me that I could be with anybody I like and you won't interfere," He reminded them.

"Yes, we said that and still stand by that decision, however, it would not be that girl!" Judy was firm in her decision as well.

"Why?!" Akim couldn't understand his parents anymore. They were becoming something he couldn't understand, "What's so wrong with Anika?!"

"Because her father was one of the rebels!" Judy finally revealed and that shook Akim so much that he unconsciously took a step back.

"What?"

"Anika was adopted into the Valerie family after her mother committed suicide after her husband was executed for being a participant of the rebellion!"

Akim scratched the back of his head, trying to comprehend what he just heard, "So you're trying to say Anika approached me with ulterior motives?" He couldn't believe it.

"She could be a part of Fiona's revolution, Akim and her motive must have been to get close to you. Fiona has been trying for years to infiltrate the palace and failed, she must have come up with this idea,"

Akim's mouth hung open and then suddenly, he began to laugh hysterically, "So just because she lost both parents to the devastation of the rebellion, you think she's after me? That's she part of the rebellion?"

He glared at them, "You don't know Anika as much as I know her!"

"I see that that girl has finally bewitched you!" Judy clenched his fist at both sides.

"No," Akim said, "She didn't bewitch me, rather she opened my eyes to the things I couldn't see before. And right now, you both are so wrapped up in your fear that you are suffocating us in this safety bubble you made for Jasmine and me!" He yelled at them.

"Take him," Judy commanded the guards who grabbed Akim on both sides without hesitation, "He's grounded and should be locked up in his room for a week till he returns to his senses. The only option to leave his room should be for his princely duties!"

Emily stepped forward, "Don't you think your decision is too -"

"My decision is final!" Judy said and strode away, leaving her speechless and helpless.

On her son's part, he began to struggle with the guards who didn't hesitate to begin to drag him away, "Let me go! Do not touch me! How dare you!"

However, they didn't listen to him until Emily stepped in.

"Let him go,"

The guards turned to her, dumbfounded, "But your majesty, his majesty the king ordered us to -"

"My son is not a criminal that should be manhandled this way but a prince of this kingdom. Get your hands off him, I'll take him to his room myself," she commanded them.

Although the king's order was resolute and wasn't to be disobeyed, so was the queen's order as well. They were hesitant to do so but seeing the queen was not exactly going contrary to the king's order, they let go of Akim who shoved them away.

"Let's go," Emily commanded him and they began to walk down the hallways with the guards following closely behind for their safety and to ensure they carried out the king's order.

"You should not take your father's actions to heart. He, no, we are just looking out for your safety. We can't lose you too and you of all people know what it was like to lose your grandmother, the queen dowager. Akim, Fiona would not stop until her vengeance on our family is fulfilled, "

Emily said and to his chagrin, began to narrate the story of Fiona and how their ill relationship started to Akim who has heard it over a hundred times.

"The revolution is being used by Fiona who preys on their loss and ignorance and until they know that, I'm sorry Akim but you would have to make do with the little freedom we offer you," Emily said, hoping that he understood her.

But when Akim didn't say anything, Emily turned and cupped his face with her palm, "I promise you that this is temporary and Jasmine won't have to suffer the same fate as you. Your father and I are working hard to make that happen,"

He managed to smile at her, "Thanks mother,"

"Fine, go in," She said, having arrived at the entrance of his room.

"You don't have to worry, your sister and I would make sure you don't have one boring moment," Emily promised him.

"Fine, goodnight," Akim kissed her on the cheek and went in.

However, the moment the door closed, he leaned on the door and the tears he had been holding back for so long began to flow down.

Although he has defended Anika before his parents, he knew within his heart their words were true. He has been suspicious of Anika from the very beginning and now, his parents finally confirmed.

Why did she do this to him? She was the first girl he ever liked.. Now, she has become the enemy he has to get rid of.

Chapter 699 - Six Hundred And Ninety-Nine: The Rules Of The Game

The third point of view:

"It's late already, don't you think we shouldn't bother the couples?" Anabelle asked Julie when they reached the hospital hallway.

"In that case, it'll be a delight to bother them, don't you think so?" He had a mischievous grin.

Anabelle rolled her eyes and then hit him in the stomach with her handbag. Even after so many years, Isabella and Julie were still cat and mouse. Anabelle couldn't understand the both of them at all, it was not like they still had feelings for each other, no, scratch that, they never had feelings for each other - even when they were engaged.

To Isabella, Julie was a nuisance; To Julie, Isabella was a gangster. The both of them were like sky and land, both faced each other yet never met. No, fire and ice would be a more appropriate term for them. However, notwithstanding their differences, both had never borne evil intentions for one another. If anything, they were surprisingly coordinated in times of problems.

"Hey!" Anabelle hit Julie who had felt her up while she was distracted with her thoughts.

"Why are you so mean?" Julie pouted yet his sly hands were moving for another feel when Anabelle grabbed it and just like that, they began to quibble.

Sadly, their quibble began exactly when they reached Isabella's room and it was at that moment that the door to Isabella's room suddenly opened and they watched as Pedro was tossed out like a sack of potatoes.

Anabelle: (°°)

Julie: (??)

What the hell was going on? Both of them were dumbfounded. If there was anyone Isabella would never lay a hand on, that should be Pedro. Something was not right?

As if his body was made of steel, Pedro stood up almost immediately and got in the way of the door.

"I said get out!" Isabella roared.

"No, Isabella please hear me out!"

But then all he got was a pillow smacked on his face unexpectedly and fell right back to the ground.

While Anabelle felt for Pedro immediately, Julie said instead, "I told you your cousin was scary,"

She glared at him, this was not funny at all. Without a second thought, Anabelle went over to Pedro and tried to help him get to his feet but he was up already and went back to pounding on the closed door.

"Isabella, please open the door, please! We can talk about this?"

"Go to hell!" Was Isabella's reply from inside.

"Please, Isabella!"

"I don't think doing that is the best option, Pedro," Anabelle said to him, "You know what Isabella is like when she's furious. You'd have a better chance when she's calm," she tried to comfort him.

"Yeah, I'll come back after she's done something stupid," Pedro retorted, his eyes wild with anxiety.

"You're quite brave," Julie said under his breath, "If I were you, I would be as far away as possible from her,"

Unfortunately, Pedro heard that and snapped at him, "Well, sorry to burst your bubbles but I'm not you!"

"Alright, stop this" Anabelle, the sensible one came between them,

"You can't transfer your aggression on Julie," she told Pedro and then turned to her fiancé, "This is serious and I'm serious,"

"Sorry," Julie apologized to her immediately.

"Better," she said and turned to Pedro once again, "I've never seen Isabella this angry and with you of all people, so it has to be you. What did you do, Pedro?" Anabelle asked him with all manner of seriousness.

They might be friends, but before Pedro came along, Isabella had been there since birth. She would never joke with her cousin's welfare.

She stared straight into Pedro's eyes that were red and swollen and filled with emotion. Pedro's mouth opened to say something yet no words could come out; he opened and closed it helplessly.

Meanwhile, Julie narrowed his gaze at Pedro, scrutinizing his reaction and when he failed to produce speech once more, he stepped in.

"Perhaps, it would be much better if Pedro spoke with his fellow male,"

"Oh," Anabelle understood the hint Julie threw her way and didn't bother Pedro anymore, "Fine, you both should discuss while I try to pacify Isabella,"

"Just be careful with her," Julie advised her. Friends or not, it would be a war if Isabella harms her.

"Sure," Anabelle assured him, "You can go,"

"Let's go," He gestured to Pedro who took the lead, and soon, Anabelle was left all alone.

Without wasting time, Anabelle went to the door and knocked, "Isabella, open up, it's me,"

There was no answer.

"The others are gone, it's just me," She informed her in case.

Yet, there was no advice nor movements from the other side.

"Don't pretend to be dead, Isabella, I know you're in there," Anabelle deliberately joked in other to get a reaction from her and it worked.

"You should leave me alone if you know what's good for you, Anabelle," she said from inside.

"Unfortunately, leaving people alone is not my specialty. Moreover, you're the last person to be left alone in a critical time like this. You tend to do something bad when you're all alone," Anabelle knew her too well.

"No," Isabella whispered to herself this time, "I see clearly when I'm left all alone," She said and then picked up her phone from her bed.

Without wasting time, Isabella dialed Jean's number and as expected, the man picked almost immediately. He must be nearby.

"How is it going on what I asked you to do?" She asked.

"My people are still on it but it seems like she disappeared into thin air. I'm beginning to think that knew you were coming for her," He said.

A smirk crossed Isabella's face when she heard that comment. It has been a long time since she encountered a challenging opponent like this one and it excited her. She would enjoy hunting Natasha down.

"Stop searching for her on your own, just follow Pedro's men..." Isabella paused as if she was thinking of something, "No, Pedro would probably get Julie to help, follow his lead instead, and make sure you get to her first,"

"And what happens when I get to her first?" Jean held his breath knowing where this was heading.

"You end her. That's the rules of the games,"

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

Chapter 700 - Seven Hundred : Tell The Truth

The third point of view:

For over a minute after Julie and Pedro made it outside, none of them said a word to each other. Bored by the taunt silence, Julie picked out a stick of cigarette from the pack and put one in his mouth before offering him, "Want one?"

Pedro glanced down at the cigarette stick and turned away disinterested.

"Oh, I forget that you're a righteous man," Julie taunted him.

Pedro said to him, "Watch your liver and lungs, at this rate you would die before you get to marry Anabelle,"

Julie chuckled, "Don't worry about me, buddy, you should be more concerned about your marriage that's crumbling before it even began,"

At that comment, Pedro snatched the light cigarette from Julie's mouth.

"Hey, you've never -!" Julie tried to stop him but the distraught Pedro had already taken a long puff of the cigar and then began to cough profusely.

"Oh God," Julie groaned, he had not come here to comfort a broken-hearted friend, "This is why you should not take substances you have no clue about,"

He tossed the cigarette away and squatted down as he began to rub Pedro who was still coughing on the back. His eyes were red and tears seemed like it was ready to gush out any moment.

"Please don't die on me else Isabella hunts me down," Julie was truly concerned for Pedro's well-being because it would determine his survival. He was not ready to take on the white witch.

"I'm not going to die," Pedro said with effort and then to Julie's shock, began to cry.

"I'm damned," Julie muttered as he watched his fellow male begin to cry like a baby. He said it, only Isabella had the great ability to turn a man into this. Crying for a woman was the last thing he would do, Julie was sure of that.

"Fine, it's alright," He comforted Pedro.

"I messed up big time,"

"Just spill it. I'm sure it's something that we can solve," Julie was sure.

"Not this one," Pedro shook his head with a sad smile, "I can't solve this one without hurting Isabella either way,"

"Hurt her either way?" Julie's brows furrowed, "What are you talking about?"

Pedro sighed, "I seem to have gotten a lady pregnant,"

"You got a lady preg....." Julie trailed off when he realized what that meant, "Oh my God," He gasped.

For sure, he's dead.

Unable to take the shock, Julie picked another cigarette stick and smoked without as much as another word spoken to Pedro till he was done.

"You're doomed," Julie said to him. He knew Isabella, she would never accept the thought of another woman having shared her husband to be. Not to think of the woman having their baby - especially not when she had one for Pedro as well.

God, this was crazy. Julie never knew a secret could be heavy until now. He wanted to tell Pedro but this was not his secret to tell and he had promised Anabelle as well. Moreover, Isabella would kill him - after killing the woman who slept with her fiancé.

"Isabella would not let her live," Julie was sincere with Pedro.

"I know," Pedro said, "That was why I was trying to keep it buried forever after having the baby aborted. Unfortunately, the foolish gold digger didn't even realize I was trying to save her life,"

Pedro knew with Isabella's power and background, she could end Natasha and no one would even blink about her disappearance. She had the resources and the knowledge about that - that was how scary Isabella was.

"Have you told your parents?" Julie inquired.

"It would be much more problematic if my mother finds out about this. You know how much she wants a grandchild, she would take her in without blinking twice -"

"And your marriage to Isabella is over," Julie figured it all out.

Isabella was too proud and would never marry Pedro as far as that woman would be there as the mother of his child.

"You should tell Niklaus then," Julie suggested and Pedro looked at him as if he had finally gone crazy.

"Are you kidding me right now?" Pedro didn't believe he would come up with such a ridiculous idea.

"Niklaus loves his daughter too much and for sure would break one of your legs or one of them before finally listening to your side of your story. But then, if there's any man who can stop Isabella, it's her father,"

"But that would mean I no longer have a future with Isabella. He would never let me near her," He glanced up at Julie, "I'm sorry but I think I would keep this secret amongst us,"

"Pedro," Julie called him, "You're playing with fire here. Sometimes the truth can be more liberating than you think,"

Pedro ran his hand through his hair. He was stressed and had run out of options except one, "Isabella would never tell Niklaus, thus buying time for me to solve this whole thing before it escalates. That is why I need your help. You have many eyes and ears in places I cannot reach,"

"You can still tell the truth. Isabella loves you and she has more than enough reason not to leave you," Julie still tried to change his mind.

Pedro threw his hands up, "Reasons like what?"

"Like your child she's carrying!" Julie said of course in his mind. The Isabella he knew would never let the position of her child be occupied by another.

"You just have a little faith and come clean is all I'm saying," He said instead.

"Are you helping me or not?" Pedro demanded.

"Fine, I'll help you out," Julie agreed. Since he wanted this way, he had no choice but to help out a friend in distress.

"So what happens when you get your hands on her?" He added, "Just so you know, I'm not into human trafficking,"

"She raped me," Pedro informed him.

"Still no, I have my code of morals," Julie stood his ground.

"I just want the child aborted and she sent to a faraway country where she would be unable to return,"

"Fine. Consider it then," Julie said and then picked up his phone to make an important call.. Nor did any of them notice Annabelle behind them and was cupping her mouth so as not to make a noise.