

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 711 - Seven Hundred And Eleven: Interesting Ally - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 711 - Seven Hundred And Eleven: Interesting Ally

*Chapter 711 - Seven Hundred And Eleven: Interesting Ally*

The third point of view:

Deborah didn't let that opportunity pass her by. Jacob Miller was an old man who didn't have much time to live and she treated him so well - even more than his own kids did - that the man was manipulated into marrying her.

In one word, when Jacob died, Deborah came into possession of forty percent of his properties. His children wedged war against her in the courtroom but Jacob Miller had signed over that huge amount of property to her in his will, hence there was little they could do about it.

Deborah became rich overnight and never for once did she forget her goal of destroying the Spencers. So she left the country where she expanded her resources and influence and years later, returned to the city as a wealthy woman.

Now, Deborah had all the money and resources she needed to fulfill her goal and the first step was to destroy Isabella.

Isabella was the apple of Niklaus' eyes and the pride of the Spencer group. She carried herself so high and mighty and Deborah was determined to see her fall so hard she wouldn't even be able to dare raise her head again in this life.

All this while Spencer lived well, she had been in the dark, studying and orchestrating their downfall. So far Isabella treasured nothing but her family and Pedro. Perhaps, she even loved Pedro more.

So Deborah took on the smaller prey, since she couldn't go against the whole family immediately. All her plan required was good timing and now, it was time to bring Isabella down.

The same way Isabella took away her chance of associating with her father - even for once - she would do the same to the man she loved. Isabella should know what it feels like to be devastated.

As for Niklaus, he would be punished for his past. He shouldn't have lived that way in the past?- he shouldn't have ruined so many lives. Isabella would be the first tribulation, more was yet to come.

Since she couldn't fight the family alone, she had gotten a helper - Jennifer. It was astonishing to know the numerous ideas Jennifer had up there - in her head - it was crazy. Jennifer's feud was more with Reina than Niklaus, either way, it affected Niklaus and her - Deborah - would make sure to supply all the resources she needed to make her dreams come true.

"So how do you intend to destroy Niklaus? You do know you can't take away his riches and powers, he has so many powerful allies that would back him up if something goes wrong?" Jennifer asked excitedly. If there was anyone keener for their plan to go through, it was her.

Jennifer began to mention them, "Eden, Sakuzi, Emerald, Emily and her kingly husband, Judy, they are too much of a disturbance,"

"That's the problem," Deborah said to Jennifer's confusion.

"Huh?"

"They are strong only because they're together. What do you think would happen when the love between them is shattered?" Deborah asked, taking a sip of her drink.

A pleased smile crossed Jennifer's lips, "Is that your plan? Drive them apart?"

"Together, we stand; divided, we fall. That's the bond holding Spencer's group. We have to snap that bind,"

"So, what are you planning? What's my role?" Jennifer was anxious to know.

Deborah looked her in the eyes, "This war is a story and I'm carefully drafting the plots even though I know the end already," Deborah was confident.

She went on to say, "Simply keep doing what you're good at, Just make sure my identity doesn't get discovered nor should they find out that we work together,"

"Sure, I'm good at it. Moreover, why would Niklaus discover that I'm working with his bastard daughter," Jennifer guffawed villainously, nor did she get to notice the way Deborah's face changed.

"Bastard daughter, huh?" Deborah mused inwardly. Although she simply smiled at that comment, it pissed her off. Jennifer lacked manners or wasn't the word "manners" registered in that crazy head of hers.

"What about your son?" Deborah raised the conversation, "I heard he has completely forsaken you," She subtly insulted Jennifer and enjoyed the look on her face.

Jennifer should know that she wasn't a pushover. Just because she needed her on this cause doesn't mean they're equal. She got her out of the mental asylum and had the power to put her back in there.

The smug look on Jennifer's face ceased slowly. It dawned on her that she had misunderstood her relationship with this woman. She thought Deborah hated Niklaus as much as she did and used that term not to insult her but for amusement. She was wrong.

"What do you intend to do about that?" Deborah asked with a smile. She didn't intend to be enemies with the crazy Jennifer but to remind her that the only reason they were together was for this cause. Aside from that, they were of different status.

"I'll get him in no time, no..." She corrected, "Neon would have no choice but to come to me," Jennifer declared.

"I don't care as far as he can be useful to our cause," Deborah said.

"I do care, he's my son," Jennifer stated.

Deborah glanced up, "He's useful then," And went back to sipping her coffee.

"What about Sakuzi? How do you intend to cut off their influence?" Jennifer intentionally brought up that herculean task.

Deborah smiled, she would have to give this woman applause. If they weren't allies right now, she would have nothing to do with this green snake. Even as allies, she had to be careful else Jennifer stabs her in the back.

"You can never divide a mob like the Falcon, that's like playing with fire. However, just like I said, I'm drafting my plot and the only thing I can do is to give them enough tasks to distract them. According to my intern, an interesting force arrived at the base this week and I think he might be an interesting ally. What do you think? "

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

*Chapter 712 - Seven Hundred And Twelve: Date Neon*

The third point of view:

"Hey," Eve felt someone tap her on the shoulder and turned around only to stare into a face that knocked the breath out of her. The golden yellow eyes on that handsome face reminded her of the fantastical wolves described in books. It was enthralling.

However, when she saw who those eyes belonged to, her face fell at once. Eve Donovan glared at Allen Spencer who still had that charming smile on his face.

Allen knew his look was damaging to the female species and used his charm to attract as many as he could into his bed. His blessed face had also saved him many times out of punishment and that was why he used that weapon on Eve and just as he expected, she was charmed. Unfortunately, his charm didn't last for long.

Eve glared at him and then banged her locker shut, intending to leave when Allen sneaked around her and blocked the path.

"What is your problem?!" She didn't bother to hide her displeasure. Eve hated the sight of Allen, how could such an animal even exist?

"I want to speak to you, but before then have this," He said and stretched the flower to her. Allen braced himself because he had an inkling she would hit with the flowers but to his surprise, she took it from him without hesitation.

"Aww, the roses are so good," She swooned, taking a whiff of the flower that smelled good.

Allen was stunned, that was not the reaction he expected from her, nonetheless, it's good. It seems Eve was already into him and had only been playing hard to get. Anyway, it made everything easy for him.

"I want to apologize," Allen began, rubbing his palm together, "I knew I was a jerk -"

"A big jerk," she interjected, causing him to grimace. Was he sure he was into him? No lady taken by him would retort in that manner. Well, she had an attitude from the very start, anyway.

"Yeah, I was a big Jerk," Allen admitted, "But then, I've realized how wrong I am and the fact that I'm a sore winner as you said," He acknowledged that as well to her surprise.

He went on, "And for that, I'm truly sorry. I know that you may need time to be able to forgive me -"

"I've forgiven you," Eve said so quickly that he was stunned.

She forgave him just like that, confusion filled Damon. Allen was expecting her to get back at him by giving him a hard time. But then, she has forgiven him? It sounded too easy to be real.

"Really?" Allen's gaze narrowed at her suspiciously, "You don't bear grudges against me anymore?"

"Do I need to say it twice or were you born with insecurity issues? Is that why you are the way you are?" She asked while staring him straight in the eyes.

Allen felt uncomfortable with the way she scrutinized him, so he tore his gaze away and put on his normal playboy smile, "Of course not, why would I have insecurity issues when I have the perfect perfect family and life?" he smirked.

Allen leaned closer, "So to apologize for my bad behavior, would you mind having dinner with me this evening?"

Unfortunately, it was at that moment when they were intimately close to each other that Ailee came to find her new best friend only to see her in such a compromising position with her brother.

Tears stung her eyes at once and her heart felt as if it was breaking into a thousand fragments. Ailee didn't want to watch them lock lips, but she had misunderstood Eve previously and the both of them being intimate with each other was proof that she had been fooled once more. As much as it would break her heart, she had to see it.

"Dinner?" Eve was interested in the sudden request and she didn't even bother to create some space between them. If Allen wanted to play, she was game.

"Yes," Allen was excited by the glint in her eyes, "It's my way of thanking you," His voice dropped to a whisper as he leaned more closer such that their noses were touching and would be a kiss if he tilted his head. Allen smirked, he never knew Eve was such a tease.

"And then what happens after dinner, Mr. player?" Eve asked all of a sudden, shattering the connection that rippled between them seconds ago.

"What?" Allen suffered a mental whiplash from the sudden change in her attitude. Her tone that had once been playful and seductive was suddenly cold and sharp.

"I guess after dinner, you have great plans of getting into my pants, isn't that so, Allen Spencer?" She smirked, having seen through his plan.

"Putting it that way is quite crude, lovemaking is heaven's gift to mankind," He defended himself.

"Yes, of course, it is. But then, it is called love-making, sadly, all that matters to you is sex," she corrected him.

"Is it so bad?"

"Huh?" she stared at that crazy guy.

"Having sex involves two parties who mutually agree for the sake of pleasure," Allen stepped a little too close for her liking which made her lean back.

"You would not regret a night with me," He enticed her the way the witch must have bewitched snow white while giving her the apple.

"Sorry," Eve rejected his offer without remorse, "But I'm not in search of penises and even if I wanted one, your white ass would be the last of them,"

Allen was supposed to feel insulted however at the mention of his white ass, a smile crossed his lips. He cocked a dark brow at her, "You still think about my white ass, huh?"

At that moment, an embarrassed blush crept up her face and if her eyes were bullets, Allen would have been dead because she glared at him intensely.

She at once shoved the flower at his chest, "Sorry, but I'm allergic to flowers," Eve then pushed past him and turned, only to see Ailee at the corner of the hallway staring at them.

Anger like no other filled Eve, Allen must have seen her and yet still played around with her. Without a word, she strode back to Allen and stomped on his feet so hard he yelped in pain.

"Better," Eve was relieved and walked over to Ailee cautiously, wondering if she would still take her back after what she saw.

"Hey," she said.

"Hey," Ailee replied, her expression unreadable.

"I swear to God, nothing happened between...." Eve didn't get to finish the rest of her statement because Ailee walked up to her and engulfed her in a hug.

"I know," Ailee rested her chin on her shoulder with a satisfied smile. She was so happy, this was the first time someone was able to resist the charms of her brother. She was so happy!

"Come on," She grabbed her hand excitedly, "Let's go to class," Ailee ignored her brother and went ahead with her loyal friend.

Although Allen was hopping around on one foot in pain, his gaze was clear and filled with determination. He was headstrong and had never for once backed out from a

challenge. Right now, he saw Eve as conquest and he would do everything in his power to get her.

In the end, victory would be his. Moreover, he knew how to pull the heartstrings of women and Eve was no different from the others. He would not give up on her.

"So you're going on a date with my brother? I'm so happy for you!" Eve was excited by the news.

"You could come along as well," Ailee extended an invitation to her, "Who knows?" She wriggled her brows suggestively, "Something might happen between you and my brother, Neon,"

They both laughed at her silly matchmaking skills. As much as Ailee didn't want any girls around Neon, Eve was her best friend and an exception. From the short time they've spent together, Ailee was sure she would make Neon happy.

"No, thanks," Eve rejected her offer without hesitation.

"What? Why?" Ailee feigned hurt, "Don't you like him? He's intelligent, considerate, loving and most of all, handsome. What more do you want?"

Eve nodded, "I agree that he's a good person but...."

"But what?" Ailee was eager to know why she rejected Neon. Who in their right mind doesn't want to be with Neon? Sure, Allen was the star boy of their school, but Neon was second in place. A lot of girls would kill if this offer was extended to them.

Eve stopped and said, "He's too quiet for my liking,"

"What?" Ailee could not understand her. She didn't like Neon because he was quiet? She laughed, "That doesn't make sense,"

"Don't you know the quiet ones are the most dangerous," Eve said, "I prefer the guys whose intentions are transparent and easy to deal with - Neon is a huge piece of work. Moreover, his eyes are set only on you, his sister, no one else. Such devotion is rare to find and also disturbing to his relationship with the opposite sex, "

Ailee could only laugh nervously.. At this rate, she would have to find a good girlfriend for her brother sooner than she thought.

*Chapter 713 - Seven Hundred And Thirteen: The Accident*

The third point of view:

Reina walked into the underground parking lot with her phone pressed to her ears because she was on call.

"You're still in the hospital?!" She sounded shocked, "Why are you still in the hospital when the doctor says you're completely fine and ready to be discharged?" Reina asked her step-daughter, Isabella. The girl was really a strange one.

"I just want to," Was Isabella's nonchalant answer that made her brow furrow.

Reina stopped walking in the middle of the parking lot and readjusted the phone on her ear to concentrate on the conversation with her daughter.

"Nobody in this world likes hospitals," Reina stated.

"I don't like it either but this is the best place I can concentrate on my thoughts with no distraction," Isabella said.

"Is Pedro there with you?" Reina asked knowing she would be able to communicate more with him than her stubborn ass of a daughter.

"No,"

"Where is he?"

"I sent him away?"

"Why?"

"I told you I need to concentrate on my thoughts,"

"Isabella," Reina called, her brows furrowed, "Is something wrong between you and Pedro?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I thought it was weird but now that I think about it, something seems off between the both of you," She pointed out.

However, Isabella didn't hesitate to answer, "As you said earlier, I developed cold feet about the wedding and now I think I need a little space to think about what I want,"

"Fine," Reina sighed, "Do whatever you want that makes you happy. Also, always remember that you have the choice here, and no one's forcing or pressuring you into getting married. If you think you still need more time, don't worry about us, just push back the wedding. Always remember that you're much more important to us than our would-be son-in-law and we would support every decision you make..... "



Reina was still engrossed with advising Isabella that she didn't notice the approaching car. No, she heard the car coming but then, this was a parking lot and she hadn't given it much thought until she somehow turned and saw the car moving towards her with great speed.

She didn't have the time to think nor move because the car flashed its headlights at her, blinding her. Moreover, her brain seemed to stop functioning at the sight of the speeding car. Reina watched her life flash before her eyes as she wondered if this was going to be how she died?

No, she didn't want to die. She still has her kids to train up, Elsa, Ella, and Diego were quite young. Ailee was too young to fill in the role of a mother?- she was the most responsible out of them all. She still had Isabella's wedding to attend. No, she was still on call with Isabella, would this experience traumatize her? First, it was her mother Kay that left her, now she as well?

She has promised to take care of Isabella. But it seems she would be leaving sooner than she thought. What about Niklaus? They agreed to go on a date today and that was the reason she had left work on time to meet up with the demands. Unfortunately, all of her plans would be gone with the wind.

While all these thoughts seemed like they lasted forever, it was merely seconds and there was no more time for Reina to dodge the car when something happened.

Seconds away from hitting her, another car came out from nowhere and rammed into the speeding car, intercepting its destination as it knocked into the large stone pillar by the side instead, the other car hitting its side.

Reina was stricken with fear and she didn't dare to move while her lips trembled. What just happened? She narrowly escaped death?

"Oh my God!" A relieved sob escaped from her throat and she cupped her mouth to prevent herself from crying aloud.

Unfortunately, her call was still connected and Isabella had heard the car tires screeching against the surface of the floor and the deafening sound of the crash. Hence her brows furrowed in concern because she had a terrible knot in her belly when she didn't hear Reina's voice anymore. It couldn't be that something happened, right? Oh no.

"Mother? What's wrong, mother?! Reina, talk to me!" Isabella was filled with anxiety.

However, the Reina she was worried about had not even a single bruise or injury on her body. She was only shocked.

Reina didn't need a prophet to tell her Red Chevrolet Malibu, the car that stepped in had saved her life. Her sight fell on the red car that collided into the other car on the side and had steam coming out from the bonnet.

Upon a closer look, Reina discovered that the airbag had inflated and shielded the driver who was a woman from the impact, and relief washed over her once more.

"Hello?" Isabella's voice roused her from her thought and she finally remembered that she had been on call before the incident.

"Hello, Isabella..." Reina finally picked up.

"Oh thank God!" Isabella was glad nothing happened, "What the hell is happening, I heard a crash -"

"Isabella, an accident just happened right in front of me and I'm okay. But then I need to help the injured, I'll see you later," Reina ended the call without a second thought and called 911 immediately.

Once she was done with the call, Reina went to help the young woman in the red car, however, her windows were rolled up with the car door locked. She couldn't get in.

She then walked over to the other car to see if the driver was badly injured. But to her shock, the car door was open and there was no sight of the driver and that made Reina's brows furrow.

If that was the case, the driver must have run off because he cared of the consequences of the incident, or whoever that was planned to kill her and took off when the plan failed.

*Chapter 714 - Seven Hundred And Fourteen: Someone Tried To Kill Her*

The third point of view:

Niklaus was in the middle of a meeting where one of his workers was presenting a business idea with a PowerPoint presentation when his phone rang. He would have ignored it if not for the fact that it was his private line and the line was reserved exclusively for his family members - it was always switched on no matter what.

His brows furrowed when he saw it was Isabella because this particular daughter of his never calls him unless something was up.

"Excuse me," He said to the workers and directors who all paused at the statement. However, he gestured to them to go on with the presentation and left the conference room.

"Hello?" Niklaus picked up as soon as he was out.

"We have a problem?" Isabella said as soon as he answered, without even a greeting.

Nonetheless, he asked, "What is it?"

"It's mother, I think she was involved in an accident,"

At the mention of Reina in an accident, Niklaus' soul flew out of his body. What did he just hear?

"What did you just say?" Niklaus' voice was filled with dread. His heart tightened and was pounding so hard that it wouldn't surprise him if he died of a heart attack right now.

Isabella then went into details of the accident she knew and although Niklaus breathed a sigh of relief at the end when he found out Reina was safe, it still didn't erase the fact that his wife might be injured.

"Thank you for informing me, Isabella, and stay safe," He said to his daughter and ended the call.

Without wasting time, he called his wife Reina but she didn't answer and that made him more anxious. He then dialed another number right away.

"Track down my wife's whereabouts and prepare the car downstairs, I need to find her," He ordered and entered the nearest elevator to come find her.

Meanwhile...

Reina was in the hospital, to be precise, in the ward where her savior was taken. Her savior was no less than a woman, no, a young woman. Reina doubted she was older than her daughter, Isabella, from her facial appearance. It was just that she was curvy and thus, looked older with her body shape, however, Reina was older and had enough experience to distinguish that.

She sat by her bedside and stared at her with gratitude. The young girl had a band-aid on her head with a small bruise across her cheek and from the doctor's report, there were chances that she might suffer a concussion.

Reina rubbed her temple, feeling a headache there. She had been so high on adrenaline and intent on saving the young girl's life that she hadn't thought about herself. Her hair was disheveled and her hand still shook, the incident was fresh in her memory. She doubted that she would be able to sleep properly tonight. The nightmare would surely haunt her.

Reina was still deep in thoughts when the cotton differentiating the beds in the wards was swiped open and lo and behold, there was her husband in all his glory.

"Niklaus?" She stood up abruptly, her heart skipping a beat. It was safe to assume that Niklaus had run over here judging from the way he was panting as if he had run out of oxygen.

"How did you..." Reina didn't get to finish the rest of her speech because Niklaus cupped her face and kissed the living hell out of her.

Reina stood still with her eyes almost popping out, she didn't expect that reaction from Niklaus. She had no choice but to close her eyes and reciprocate the gesture.

Niklaus' arm tightened around her in a possessive hold while he kissed her in a mad frenzy. Reina didn't get to breathe, no, she was robbed of all breath. He was suffocating her with his intense kiss, but then, who needed air when he was all she needed.

Reina was reminded of the fact that she almost lost him, no, he almost lost her. Niklaus must have heard the news already which explains his desperate need to claim her. But then, they couldn't do this in front of her savior.

She pulled away immediately much to Niklaus' displeasure however said immediately, "We can't do this in front of her. It's disrespectful,"

"Fine," Niklaus reluctantly let her go, "However, I can do this," He pulled Reina into a hug that left her with little or no space. Reina sighed, this man must think that she's a teddy bear.

"Why didn't you answer my call?" Niklaus asked, his chin resting on her shoulder as he tightened his grip, "I really thought something happened to you. I almost died when Isabella told me the news,"

"I'm sorry," Reina apologized, "I was so distracted by the incident that everything else came secondary to me,"

Niklaus sighed, "It's exhausting to have two first ladies in my life,"

"What?" Reina was confused.

"First, Isabella, now you. The both of you plan to kill me with worry," He complained.

"I'm sorry," Reina hugged him back this time, "Don't worry, you would never get to worry about me again,"

"I know," Niklaus conceded, "Death doesn't have the right to snatch away what's mine. I'll make sure of it,"

Reina snorted in amusement, this man. He was jealous of death as well.

"Is she the one?"

"Huh?"

Niklaus gestured with a tilt of his head and Reina had to pull away to see what he was talking about.

"Is she the one who hit you?" Niklaus inquired, animosity in his gaze. He looked ready to murder the young woman in her sleep.

"Of course not," Reina was quick to defend her, "On the contrary, she saved my life. She's the reason why I'm still alive and well,"

"Who hit you then?" Niklaus was more interested in that one and Reina could see why. That bloodlust he had always kept hidden over the years was out now. Nobody touches what was his and goes scot-free.

"I don't know, I couldn't find anyone when I searched the car,"

At that statement, Niklaus' eyes narrowed and she knew he had the answer to the question she had been deliberating upon.

Someone tried to kill her.

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

*Chapter 715 - Seven Hundred And Fifteen: Keeping Secrets From Her*

The third point of view:

"So how's the wedding preparation going?" Eden was the one to ask such questions since the children weren't interested in making conversation.

Anabelle and Julie had come to her parent's place for dinner and as well to receive their blessing. However, Julie discovered that for over a day that Anabelle has been giving him the silent treatment for reasons he doesn't know.

He wanted to confront her about it but knowing that it would lead to an argument, he kept shut hoping that she would come around. So he organized the dinner with her parents instead to show her his sincerity about their marriage thinking she must be pissed off about that. He had procrastinated settling down with her for a long time now and for that, he was truly sorry and planned on making it up to her.

However, how can he make it up to her when she wasn't talking to him at all and he doesn't even know the reason why, only that it happened after that meeting with Isabella.

"We are working on having the wedding as soon as possible," Julie was the one that answered since his bride-to-be wasn't in the mood for questions and answers.

"Although Anabelle would be the one making major decisions for the wedding, I would always be with her along the way, assisting and making sure her decisions are met with precision and timely fashion. Moreover, this is our wedding and two heads are better than one," He answered once again but this time while eyeing Anabelle.

Unfortunately, Allison, Anabelle's younger sister was on the table with them as well and she had been observing her sister's quiet mood which was unlike her. Her sister was always warm and exuberant unlike her lack of enthusiasm right now.

"What is wrong with sister Anabelle?" she asked with a dissatisfied pout.

Sadly, even Anabelle didn't know they were talking about her because she was lost in thought and was poking absentmindedly at her meal.

Julie laughed to cover up the awkward tension, "Who knows, she must be in her red days," He hinted at her being in her period.

"Nobody made you her spokesperson," said Camille who had been quiet and observant all this while, "That question was reserved for Anabelle,"

Camille then turned to Anabelle and called her firmly, "Anabelle!"

That finally worked as Anabelle was startled from her reverie and she looked up to see everyone staring at her as if she was a circus animal, thereby the center of attention.

"What is wrong with you, sweetheart?" Eden asked, his gaze boring into hers. He knew his daughter was bothered about something.

"Excuse me, I need to visit the restroom," Anabelle said and excused herself, heading to her room with everyone's gaze following her.

Not less than a minute after she left, Julie said as well, "Excuse me," and headed in the direction that Anabelle followed.

Eden and Camille's gaze connected but none of them said anything. It was common for young people to have quarrels and it was better they resolved it amongst themselves without interference from parents.

Anabelle leaned over the sink in her bathroom and began to splash her face with water, thereby cleaning up the little makeup she had applied on her way to meet her parents.

After that, she stared at her reflection in the mirror, the water dripping down her face as she didn't bother to wipe her face with a towel. She was fucking mad at Julie right now and it was taking her everything not to combust. To blow up at him.

After she had come to know of Pedro's shocking revelation, she had been expecting Julie to tell her as well as his partner and future wife but he remained mum. How could he keep that secret from her? Doesn't he trust her or what? Or does he think she's a blabbermouth like the rest of them think?

She could keep secrets, you know! The only reason he had come to know about Isabella having a baby was because she was comfortable with him. Unlike what people thought, people who saw Isabella for the first time would think she was a snob since she's unresponsive and detached at the first meeting. It wasn't until more encounters that one would realize she was fun to be with, unlike Isabella who was indifferent thoroughly - there was no filter when it comes to her.

In one word you would have to be on the same emotional level with Anabelle before she spills the beans, and it depends on who and how. Just like with Julie, she was sincere, and comfortable and did she forget to add that she was happy at the moment she told him. But now, she was contemplating on withdrawing that privilege from him. If he could hide a secret like this from her, who knows what else he's hiding from her?

Anabelle was staring intently at the mirror when a figure suddenly came into view and that ruined her peaceful moment. She sighed and straightened at once, turning to face him.

Julie didn't say a word, he just stared at his fiancée who stared back at him with an accusing look in her eyes.

"What is wrong with you?" He asked her, running his hand through his hair, "I'm really trying to understand you, Anabelle. Wasn't this marriage what you wanted or was it wrong of me to initiate dinner with your parents?"

"You're even far from the equation," Anabelle retorted under her breath.

"What?" Julie didn't hear her clearly.

Anabelle didn't answer him, rather proceeded to walk past him, however, Julie reached out and grabbed her arm. She glanced down at his arm and then back at his face saying through gritted teeth, "Trust me, you don't want to do this here,"

Then she pulled her arm out of his grip and he let her, Anabelle then walked out on him.

Julie sighed, left alone for him, he wouldn't leave her until she told him what he did wrong but like she said, this wasn't the place - it would be disrespectful to her parents to fight at their place.

*Chapter 716 - Seven Hundred And Sixteen: Feel The Heat Of Her Anger*

The third point of view:

"Sorry, Dad, mom, can we have this dinner another time?" Anabelle said to her stunned parents after she came back from her little break.

"S-sure sweetheart," Eden was flustered. They didn't resolve their quarrel?

"But then, are you planning on going somewhere?" Camille asked, noticing her gaze on the door.

Although Anabelle had her apartment somewhere else, she preferred staying back home with her parents or with Julie since she disliked staying alone unless she's on the job.

Camille thought she was trying to see Julie out but her fiancé was not by her side....oh, here he comes.

Julie wore an indifferent mask and the parents confirmed their theory, the kids haven't reconciled yet. Why were they fighting though? It was a mystery and it was even more puzzling since Anabelle was the peaceful one. What in the name of God was going on between them?

"I need to spend a night with Isabella. She's all alone in the hospital and would need company," Anabelle said.

"Oh, that's right," Eden finally remembered that, "Tell her that I'm sorry I haven't visited but I would surely make it up to her,"

"Sure," Anabelle smiled in understanding.

"Me too," Camille added, "She should come over for dinner at our place. We are not strangers but family, you know, she should stop keeping her distance,"

"Isabella just has so many things on her hands," Anabelle was quick to defend her.

Camille shook her head in pity, what does Anabelle see in that cousin of hers. She bet that little brat doesn't even know of the undying royalty her daughter has for her.

"Fine, whatever you say," Camille gave in and then looked at Julie, "You'd be driving her there, right?"



"W-what?" Julie did not expect the question.

"Mom, you don't have to -"

"Of course, I'm driving her," Julie interrupted Anabelle before she could ruin his chances of spending more time with her and probably, in the long run, figure out why she's mad at him.

Anabelle turned to him, "I don't need you to -"

"You don't want your fiancé to drive you to the hospital? Why? Do you have someone else reserved to drive you there," Julie said, earning her heated glare. If there was anything he learned about Anabelle, getting her flustered was the best way to draw the truth from her mouth.

"No," Anabelle gave him a fake smile having figured out what he was trying to do, "I just want to drive on my own. Moreover, I shouldn't bother my busy fiancé, or don't you have heads to blow off tonight?"

At that statement, Eden's grip on his spoon tightened. He loved his daughter so much that he shielded her from the dirty deeds of the Spencers in the dark and gave her the good life she deserved. Unfortunately, Julie was a Mafia boss and he had secretly agreed with him to keep his daughter out of the violent part of his business. Anabelle must preserve that innocent side of her and no harm must come to her.

That was the condition he gave Julie to marry his daughter. Hence, seeing Anabelle make a nonchalant joke about his work didn't exactly sit right with him.

Julie's left eye twitched, Anabelle was going to land him into trouble tonight or maybe, she wanted to. He simply smiled nervously, "What kind of fiancé would be if I can't make out time for the love of my life?" he attempted to do damage control.

Julie and Eden's eyes met after the exchange and he simply hinted at him that Anabelle was the only thing that mattered to him and that he would protect her.

He simply turned to Eden and bowed,

"I'm sorry for the dinner," Julie took on the blame even though Anabelle was the one who started it, and that made Eden's approval for him grow.

A man that could take the blame for his partner even when she was in the wrong just because he loved her? Eden was rest assured that his daughter was in safe hands. Moreover, they've been together for years, hence knowing Julie's character a bit. The devil he knew was better than the angel he hasn't seen, Eden believed that.

"Sure, we should do that. Aside from that, come for drinks whenever you're free," Eden requested.

"Sure, I'll do that," Julie was happy.

"Take care of her," Camille's voice held a warning that Julie understood.

"I would," He promised her.

On the other hand, Anabelle stood there dumbfounded, why does it look like her parents were handing her over to Julie? She was dumbfounded, they weren't even married yet.

"Also," Allison added to everyone's surprise, "Buy my sister, Anabelle, a yummy ice-cream, she likes to have that whenever she's angry,"

Anabelle's jaw almost dropped to the ground, even her sister was in this? Why was everyone doing this to her?

"Allison!" She cautioned her.

"What?" Allison said innocently, "You said that's the most romantic thing a guy would ever do for you,"

That's it, she's finished. Anabelle wished the ground would open at this moment and swallow her. People called her a loudmouth, have they met her younger sibling? That is it, she's never telling her any of her fantasies ever again.

At once Julie manipulated Anabelle's embarrassing moment to his favor, "That's it, sweetheart," His hand went to the small of her back, "Let's go so I can get you some ice cream before you visit Isabella,"

Anabelle gave him a death glare, he was enjoying this. He was supposed to feel the heat of her wrath, instead, he was seeing her embarrassment. It infuriated her greatly. So she slapped his hand away and left without a second look at her parents nor Allison. They have done a good job already - note the sarcasm.

"Thank you," Julie said precisely to his sister in law who had shown him a way to cool down Anabelle's great anger - without sex.

Allison winked at him in return.

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

*Chapter 717 - Seven Hundred And Seventeen: She's A Goner*

The third point of view:

The tension between Anabelle and her fiancé Julie was palpable. Julie had thought that the episode with her parents would calm her down a bit, but her anger reached a heightened level with the both of them alone.

He tried initiating a conversation with her but she simply gave him the silent treatment. In one word, Julie was simply baffled by the whole thing, this was the first time Anabelle was being this mad at him.

One should note that his fiancée was tender-hearted and worked hard on preventing them from fighting. Hence this new side of her surprised him and he did not doubt that Isabella had something to do with it - Isabella's character was beginning to rub off on her.

Julie contemplated driving her to the store to get an Ice Cream but in this current state, he had no doubt Anabelle would throw the Ice Cream to his face if he did that.

Anabelle turned her face the other way hence she was quick to notice the moment Julie did a turn and branched off to another road that didn't lead to her destination at all.

Finally, she spoke to him, with a glare, "What do you think you're doing?"

However, it was Julie's turn to give her a taste of the silent treatment because he didn't say a word and instead continued to drive through that quiet path.

It was late at night and the only presence was their car going through the dusty road surrounded by bushes on both sides.

At first, Anabelle had this stupid thought that he was about to kidnap her to God knows where, however, it hit her. Why would he do so? So she relaxed and watched what he was up to. Moreover, what could he do to her anyway?

Finally, Julie stopped at a spot that was enclosed with more of the bushes. It was a private location and would be hard for people to spot them - if indeed one manages to come across this lonely path.

Julie killed the engine and the light died since the few streetlights available were working and lit the environment clear enough. But then, a deafening silence surrounded them and it made Anabelle uncomfortable. She wanted to see Isabella, not to wallow in silence with him.

"Pedro got a woman pregnant," Julie said out of nowhere and it took Anabelle a second to comprehend that he just confessed the truth to her.

"Since you're not shocked, I'm guessing you knew the truth already," Julie said, finally recognizing the root of the problem.

He had his suspicion that Anabelle might have somehow gotten hold of the news and was mad at him for not telling her - she was the empathetic type - he just needed evidence. Now, he finally got what he wanted.

"How did you know because I'm sure as hell that Isabella is too proud to reveal that to you?" He was curious to know.

"You're right," Anabelle finally said, "Isabella didn't tell me, no, she didn't even let me in. But luckily for me, I overheard Pedro narrating everything to you. Satisfied?"

Julie took a deep breath, "So you became mad that I kept such a secret from you?"

Anabelle didn't say anything but her silence was all the answer he needed.

"Hey, I'm sorry," Julie said and tried to reach for her but she wriggled free.

"Sorry does not erase what you did, Julie! How could you not tell me?!" she said to him, her anger rising to the surface.

He arched a brow at him, "Even when Pedro told me not to?"

Anabelle threw her hands up, "For Christ's sake, Julie! We are a couple and if you can't trust me, who else are you going to trust? How would we be able to function as a couple?"

"How does Pedro and Isabella's secret concern the effectualness of our relationship as a couple?" Julie asked her with a straight face.

"We should be open with each other, Julie! For fuck sake, I even told you about Isabella's pregnancy when I wasn't supposed to!" Anabelle said with an outburst. How could he be so unfeeling towards her? They were supposed to be a team here!

"Actually, the news of her pregnancy slipped out of your mouth," Julie corrected her.

"God, why don't you just own up to your fault!" Anabelle was exasperated. All she needed was just for him to sincerely acknowledge his fault of keeping the secret.

"Apologize for what?" Julie stared her straight in the eyes, "For following up my client's wish of keeping his private matter confidential?"

"Julie!" Anabelle was close to exploding, "Pedro is family!"

"Yet at that moment, he came to me as a client. Moreover, Pedro wanted to keep that a secret, why should I expose that to you?"

"Because I will be your wife soon, that's what couples do!"

"And now you know the truth, does it change anything about our relationship? About your life? Does it change how you feel about me?" he retorted.

"Julie...." Anabelle was hurt by his words. He used to be so sweet to her, boohoo, tears stung her eyes.

"Anabelle, I admit the fact that couples aren't supposed to have no secrets between each other, but not secrets like this one. Can you boldly tell me that there's no secret you're keeping from me?" he asked her.

At once Anabelle looked away out of guilt.

"Answer me, Anabelle," He demanded a reply from her.

"Well," she gulped, fidgeting with her hands nervously, "there are a few that I haven't told you yet," Anabelle then added immediately, "But it's because the -"

"See," Julie said and then leaned closer, cupping her face with her palm and striking it tenderly as he said, "Just because we are a couple and about to get married doesn't mean we won't have our privacy,"

"But then," He went on, "I promise to never keep a secret that would harm our relationship and marriage in the future. When I'm having a problem at work, I'll talk it out with you and we'd work on a solution together. I would listen to you as well as you share your problems. That, I promise you, "

"This is a bribe!" Anabelle's mind boldly recognized that he was compromising her belief. But she was melting under his charm, not to mention the fact he was somehow right.

"Nonetheless, I'm sorry," he pecked her on the lips with his charming smile

Anabelle knew at once, she's a goner.

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*Chapter 718 - Seven Hundred And Eighteen: Show Me A Little Love*

The third point of view:

Anabelle's heart skipped a beat. This was so annoying, how could someone have the ability to make her so mad only to cool her like a freezer.

"Don't think that this is over," Anabelle told him with a stern look, pointing at him. She would just let it slide today because it was late already and she wanted to go meet Isabella.

"Of course, my princess," Julie grinned knowing inwardly that he won this battle.

"Now drive!" Anabelle growled at him, she didn't want to see his annoying face right now.

"Drive where?" he asked and that made her brows furrow. What was he talking about?

"To the hospital, of course, I need to go spend time with her," she told him.

"But we've already reconciled," He pouted, "Didn't you intentionally say that because you wanted to punish me for hiding the secret from you?"

Anabelle nodded her head, "I admit that was my intention at first but then I realize Isabella might be lonely and I need to take care of her in this critical situation,"

"Isabella is not a baby," He said and that earned a glare from her.

"How could you be so inconsiderate, Isabella is going through a tough time right now. I've been really holding back from calling Pedro over and giving him a piece of my mind. I just wanted to deal with you first,"

"Ouch," He feigned hurt, his hand on his chest, "I thought you loved me?"

Anabelle rolled her eyes, "Stop being so romantic and drive me or I would find another ride," she was already close to grabbing the car door when Julie pulled her towards him.

"Show me a little love then," He said.

"What?"

Before Anabelle could compliment what he meant by that, his hand went around her head and he pressed his lips to her with a force that stunned her.

Anabelle was falling and she couldn't even brace herself as she fell deeper and deeper into his enchantment. She reached out and grabbed his face while he pulled her closer as he probed her lips.

"Julie," She hardly had time to gather much air into her lungs after they pulled away only for her to be pulled into the deep water once again.

Anabelle moaned into his mouth as his hand slipped into her shirt and cupped her breast causing her nipples to harden and strain against her bra.

The sensation heightened and she fist her hand in his hair, pulling at his strands painfully. Julie grunted and his tongue thrust inside, exploring her mouth. He thrust his tongue inside her as if he was really fucking her and she could only moan against him, her hand winding through her hair.

"I don't have time for this," Anabelle managed to say into the kiss.

"Then, let's make it short," Julie said and then hoisted her on top of his lap so she stranded him.

Filled with need, Anabelle worked on his belt while his hands went to the zip of her gown, pushing her bodice down till it heaped around her hips and then tugged her bra down to expose her breast.

Without a second thought, he leaned down and captured her nipple in his mouth causing Anabelle to cry out. Her hand left his belt to grab his shoulder and her hand dug into his flesh as he continued to suckle her. God, he was killing her.

"Julie," Anabelle arched her back, mad with need. She was wet down there and needed a release like right now.

So she pushed him away and then finally set free his member that sprang out as if it had been waiting to be summoned for a while now.

He was hard and huge and her body tightened with anticipation. Anabelle let her hand run up and down his length with a bit of pressure, Julie moaned in response. He was loving this.

The thought of being on top of Julie filled Anabelle with a weird power as if she was high on drugs or something. Julie's arousal fueled her need and she grabbed his taunt head and rubbed it across her fold.

Anabelle gasped, her head lulling her back from the intense pleasure while his hands roamed her bare ass.

Her dress was like a canopy over his lap, covering their actions beneath yet it did not protect her from the intense sensations assaulting her body. Anabelle sucked in a deep breath as the pleasure grew and her body tensed as a climax rocked her.

Anabelle's breath came out deep and hurried, still reeling from what just happened. However, Julie was impatient and he lifted her hip, positioned his member at her entrance, and impaled her on it.

A throaty moan left Anabelle's lips as she felt him deep inside of her. His sheer size stretched her and the pleasure was maddening that she grabbed his neck tight because she was shaking.

"God," Julie grunted as she took him deeper till he was fully ingrained inside of her. A minute was all she needed and began to ride him.

A moan left her lips as she moved her hips forward and back, grinding him. Her hands were on his shoulder for support while his hands rested on her ass cheeks, facilitating her movements.

"You're God damn beautiful," Julie muttered while moving her hips. He loved her in this position because he could meet her eyes and right now, those blue orbs had darkened with so much desire - the desire for him. The thought of it aroused him the more and he went harder than he already was inside her.

Anabelle leaned backward, the wheel digging into her back as she rocked him. However, Julie pulled her forward and without warning, took her nipple into his mouth once more as she rode.

The two-edged stimulus of his member inside of her while he licked her nipple nearly drove Anabelle crazy and it didn't surprise her when she exploded in his arms with a loud cry.

*Chapter 719 - Seven Hundred And Nineteen: He Was Here The Whole Day*

The third point of view:

It was almost eleven in the night before Anabelle could get in the hospital and it was all because of a certain gangster named Julie. He had told her to show him some love and so she decided to do it with him once, but that asshole took advantage of everything and they went as far as three rounds! God, she was so sour!

"You forgot this," Julie thrust out a waterproof bag with one of his legs outside the car.

At once, Anabelle who had planned to leave without glancing at him had no choice but to turn back because she recognized what he was talking about.

With a frown, she stomped back and snatched the bag from his grip, still avoiding his gaze. Just because he bought her two jumbo size ice-cream doesn't mean that she forgave him.

"You should stop being angry, love, it doesn't fit you at all," Julie chuckled, "Moreover, didn't you enjoy it as well?"



At once Anabelle went red in the face and she turned to glare at Julie. That shameless man! How could he!

"Be prepared, I'm taking you home first thing tomorrow morning," His eyes held a naughty glint.

"Or maybe I won't have to wait long since there's a possibility of Isabella kicking you out tonight," Julie had everything planned out.

"Don't jinx my luck!" She warned, wagging her finger at him. Then with a huff, she turned dramatically and walked away.

"Yeah, baby, swig that ass for me!" Julie hollered after her, drawing stares from passersby.

Anabelle was embarrassed to death, Julie would be the death of her. She at once covered her face with her palm and went down the lobby.

Anabelle went into the elevator that took to the fifth floor and walked out when she reached it. However, her steps slowed down when she heard two nurses gossiping a few meters away from her. Their backs were turned to her and they were so engrossed in their conversation they didn't notice her.

"Poor man, I heard he's been here the whole day," one of them said which made Anabelle's brows furrow.

Who were they talking about? She wanted to lean over and look at who they were peeping at since it was the corner of the hallway, however, doing so would alert them and Anabelle wanted to hear the rest of their gossip. So she let them be.

"Really?" the other one said, "That's shocking. How could she do that to her fiancé?"

Fiancé?

Anabelle's brows furrowed the more, why does it feel like she knew who they were talking about?

The other nurse who seems to be a loudmouth went on, "She's way past discharge already but she insists on being in the room all alone.?Just because she has the money? Rich people are so annoying! I get that she fought with her fiancé, but why bring it here? How could she be so cruel to him?"

"Because it's obviously not your business,"

"Ahh!" Both nurses were startled when the voice came from behind.

It wasn't hard for Anabelle to figure out who and what they were talking about since Isabella's room was located on this floor. The "he" they were talking about could only be Pedro since he was the only one stupid enough to hover around an angry Isabella. Well, she must be stupid as well since she's planning a sleepover with an angry Isabella.

"You two," There was a sinister glint in Anabelle's gaze as she stared down at them.

Both nurses gulped down a lump in their throat fearfully. Anabelle was a famous figure and they all knew she was related to Isabella. In one word, they were finished.

Anabelle placed her hand on the wall beside her and leaned closer, saying, "You seem to have a lot of free time in your hand?"

"No ma'am," Both said in a chorus. They were shaking because they knew their future was in the hands of Anabelle right now because she had the power to get them fired.

Anabelle said in a low, cold tone, "If any weird rumors surface, I believe I'll hold you two responsible,"

"Of course not, ma'am," They were quick to say. Were they crazy? Why would they do that now they were caught?

"Let's hope it doesn't come to that," Anabelle then stood straight, "Vanish from my sight this instant!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Both of them didn't need a prophet to tell them twice as they quickly scurried away. That was close.

However, as soon as they left, Anabelle broke into a victory dance. God, she looked so cool saying that! But then she remembered what she was here for and quickly composed herself. She can't get carried away.

Anabelle cleared her throat and then stepped out into the open and didn't even get to take two steps when she halted in her tracks. What the hell?! The nurses were not kidding.

Pedro was on the floor beside Isabella's door and he was still in the same clothing from yesterday. His hair was disheveled as if he had run his hand through it a million times while his eyes were red and wild with thoughts. Pedro seems to be losing it.

At once, Anabelle was filled with sympathy for Pedro's condition. He was going through a tough time right now and knowing how stubborn Isabella was, Anabelle could safely say this was just the beginning of his sorrows.

As a child, Isabella was never empathetic having grown around a crazy mother who only filled her head with thoughts of revenge against her father. Isabella grew up selfish, manipulative, sarcastic, and distrustful.

But then it wasn't until Maya that Isabella began to feel emotions. She began to trust, but a few people and all of them, Isabella gave the most to Pedro. Sadly, the one she trusted most was the one who failed her rock bottom.

It would only take the grace of God for Isabella to look him in the face, not to talk of being with him. Anabelle groaned, did she forget the part where their rehearsal dinner was just three days away.

God, this was fucked up.

*Chapter 720 - Seven Hundred And Twenty: Draw Isabella Out*

The third point of view:

Anabelle walked over to Pedro and it wasn't until she squatted down in front of him that he recognized that someone was present.

"Anabelle," Pedro's voice was husky and he readjusted himself on the floor.

"Come on, let's take you home," Anabelle said and grabbed his hand, trying to pull him up but he wriggled out of it.

"No, let me go! I want Isabella!" Pedro said stubbornly and it was at that moment that his breath hit her and Anabelle winced.

"Eww, did you drink?" Anabelle pinched her nose while the other swatted at the polluted air.

In response, Pedro grinned sheepishly, "Yes, I did,"

"Oh my God," Anabelle was filled with dismay. Pedro never drinks, at least, since that day they mistakenly took one when they were kids or for work purposes. For Pedro to have taken this much, he was really heartbroken.

God, of all people he had to fall for, why was it her cold-blooded cousin, Isabella? Tsk Tsk, the saying that opposite attracts was really true. Isabella and Pedro don't match at all. They were just like fire and ice yet against all odds, they seem to find a neutral ground until now.

"Ugh!" Anabelle was really frustrated. Why were other people's relationship affecting her this much? She and Julie were just got in between and it was really annoying because they couldn't walk away.

"I always wondered why people are so interested in that bitter stuff but I guess it's because it makes one HAPPY!" Pedro shouted drunkenly to Anabelle's shock.

That's it, Anabelle decided she can't deal with this any longer. So she whipped out her phone right away and called Julie, hoping that he hasn't gone away as he promised.

"I need help," Anabelle said as soon as he picked up knowing Julie was smug now and must be thinking she was calling so he could take her home.

"Help?" Julie's tone turned serious at once, having thought that something happened to her.

"Pedro is dead ass drunk,"

"Okay - wait, what?" There was a trace of amusement in his tone, "That's new,"

"It's not funny," Anabelle told him, "You have a minute to appear here or I'm calling a handsome guy on my contact list to come to take me,"

"You won't dare-!"

Anabelle hung up on him with a smirk. She had done it to him on purpose to teach him a lesson. How could he still laugh when his friends were in this condition - well, not that he would acknowledge that Isabella was his friend. He and Isabella were more of Tom and Jerry.

"Isabella,"

"Huh?" Anabelle was startled when Pedro turned her face, cupping her cheeks with his palms.

"What?" Her speech turned out funny due to the way he was holding her face.

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Oh," Anabelle got it. Pedro was seeing her as Isabella. How was he so enchanted with Isabella? Also, he's never drinking - at least, not with her around.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean it! I never wanted to sleep with her! Can't you see how sorry I am already?!" He wailed.

Before Anabelle could even respond, Pedro drew her into a hug. It was really awkward because she was in a weird position and it was straining on her back.

"Hey, Pedro!" Anabelle tried to wriggle out of his embrace but he only tightened his grip around her.

"Why can't you forgive me? What should I do to make you see how sorry I am? Do you think it was easy hiding the truth from you? Each time you smiled at me only to remember what I'm hiding from you, I died inside. It was so suffocating, I couldn't breathe, Isabella! But then, what do you want me to do? I just didn't want you to get hurt," Pedro rested his hand on her shoulder and began to cry.

Anabelle was prepared to push him away but when his tears fell on her shoulder, her heart broke right away. Anabelle wore her heart on a sleeve hence it wasn't hard for tears to course down her cheeks.

"Isabella, how could you be so cold-hearted! Even I could feel his sincerity from here, not to talk of you. Aren't you supposed to be the one who knows him best?!" Anabelle shouted at the door while still in Pedro's embrace. The door wasn't soundproof and she knew Isabella could hear them and perhaps, has been following their conversation all along.

But then, just as she expected, there was no response from Isabella. Anabelle snorted, just as she expected, she was the legendary cold witch.

"I get you're angry but talk to him for fuck sake. If you don't want him anymore, then you let you go after telling him the secret you're keeping from him or I'll help you do the work," Anabelle threatened her but of course, Isabella didn't respond. She knew she was bluffing.

The scene of Pedro hugging Anabelle was what Julie saw and his jaw ticked as he strode over to them. While Isabella was extremely possessive of Pedro, Julie was extremely possessive of Anabelle.

He ripped Anabelle from him with a great force that shoved Pedro back to the ground.

"Did he do anything to you?" Julie checked her carefully, concern written all over his face.

"You didn't have to push him that roughly!" Anabelle complained and was just about to help the figure she thought was on the floor when Pedro threw himself on Julie.

"Isabella!" Pedro cupped Julie's face, "Why can't you forgive me?"

"Hey! Hey! Let go!" Julie found him as annoying as a bug however the persistent fly aka Pedro (in Julie's thought) held onto his face.

"What do you want me to do for you to forgive me? Should I rip out my heart and serve it to you in a platter?"

"Sure, do that. I'm sure Isabella would appreciate it," Julie retorted emotionlessly.

"Hey!" how could he say that? Anabelle was just about to scold her Fiance when she saw him wink at her and she understood his intentions immediately.

He was trying to draw Isabella out.

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