

## Taming A Billionaire

### #Chapter 751 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-one: No Coming Back - Read Taming A Billionaire Chapter 751 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-one: No Coming Back

*Chapter 751 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-one: No Coming Back*

The third point of view:

Isabella and Pedro were in one of the rooms in the manor. They were due to come out and welcome the guests in attendance, however, both couples were seated in front of the dresser and didn't say a word to one another.

Isabella dyed her hair platinum blonde again since the previous ones had faded exposing her brown root. Her hair was then blown dried before it was slicked back with the help of a gell. A shine serum was then added over the top and sides to calm flyaways and create mirrorlike shine. She wore a metallic faux spaghetti strap evening gown that showed off quite a cleavage.

Isabella looked cool and chic on the outside, but on the inside, she was as scared as a chicken. It was better for him to see what was on the surface than the inside. On the outside, she was bold, happy and powerful and that was what people needed to see. No one should see her demons.

She was startled when someone touched her hand and she glanced up to see that it was no one but Pedro. A sigh escaped her lips and she took his hand in hers.

He looked equally cool and sharp in a brown blazer and black dress pants while his blonde hair was in neat and striking undercut Pampadour. The couples looked glamorous and as one would term them, 'a match made in heaven', sadly, there was currently trouble in heaven already.

"Today was supposed to be our happy day," Isabella said after a while of silence, a wry smile on her lips, "Maybe this is karma,"

Pedro tightened his grip around her hand, looking into her tired gaze, "You don't have to do this you know?" he said to her, "This is all my fault and I should bear the consequences alone. You don't deserve to go through this, perhaps, you deserve someone better than me,"

He winced at his last comment. What if Isabella took his words to heart and found someone better? The thought of it hurt him but he deserved it - Isabella deserved better.

"And leave you for who? Her?" Isabella snorted a laugh, "Sorry darling, but you're stuck with me forever. It's for better, for worse, love," she reminded him of their pending vow.

Pedro laughed, tears of gratitude filling his eyes.

"Seriously, don't cry else people might think I threatened you into this marriage. It's not enough they wonder how the white witch bewitched you and now she's about to pull you down into the deep waters of marriage. Why am I imagined as a character from a horror movie?" Isabella found it a bit irritating even though it aided her scary reputation.

Pedro smiled then pulled her closer to his side, "Don't mind them, they're all jealous. But don't worry, even if indeed a witch, like a lamb to the slaughter, I'll still fall for you," He professed to her.

Isabella was stunned, that was so cheesy yet it made her heart miss a beat. And then as Pedro continued to shower her with his smiling expression, she came to a startling revelation, she couldn't do without this man.

"I love you," It didn't just come out of her mouth. Isabella meant it and she needed him to know it.

Pedro gulped, he didn't see that one coming. Wasn't he supposed to be the proactive one in the relationship? Gosh, he was blushing.

Isabella went on, "Even if you get a thousand women pregnant, I'll still love you after I get rid of all of them in our way,"

And she had to ruin this romantic moment with that comment, Pedro mentally facepalmed. Thankfully, Isabella wasn't a male else no woman would want to date him because of her crude bluntness. However before he could respond to her love confession, she beat him to it.

"You said I deserve someone better," Isabella held his gaze, "I'm telling you the same now," She threw closer to him from across her seat as if to make her words, "Pedro, you better find someone else because once you're mine, you're mine forever. No going back, no separation,"

"That doesn't seem like a bad idea," Pedro accepted her terms without hesitation, "There's no looking back now," He cupped her face, his gaze flickering down to her lips and he threw closer with the intention to claim her lips.

Isabella tilted her head positioning herself for the kiss and their nose touched, renaming for their lips to fuse when the door suddenly snapped open and a vexed Anabelle came in.

"Christ Jesus! Don't tell me you both have been lovey-dovey in here all this while leaving the people outside stranded?!" She exclaimed, shocked.

Anabelle didn't give them chance as she continued, "I can't believe I have to take care of Julie and the both of you as well. Gosh, I ain't your mamas!" She complained yet her eyes shone when Isabella stood up.

"Oh my gosh! You look beautiful!" Anabelle cupped her mouth, the tears a minute away from falling down the cheek, "You're the most beautiful bride I've ever seen,"

Isabella was touched by her statement and was just about to comment sweetly like a normal human being for once when Julie came in and said, "She's not more beautiful than you,"

Anabelle turned to him, surprised, "Aww, that's so sweet," she tossed an air kiss to him.

At once, Isabella jutted out her chin and swallowed the compliment that almost left her lips. Thank God, she didn't say that.

"Thank you so much my dear Fiancé for standing by your fiancée but right now, I need to gush over my COUSIN!" Anabelle went back to admiring her dress and that gesture brought a smirk of satisfaction to Isabella's face while Julie shook his head with a sigh.

Anabelle was really hopeless.

"You know what would be so satisfying if you announcing your pregnancy on a special night like this," Anabelle wished.

"Don't worry, I'd do that after our honeymoon, so please keep your mouth shut till down," Isabella said, her gaze intent on Anabelle with a warning.

"Of course, your secret is safe with me this time, I promise. You don't have to be scared this time," Anabelle gestured locking her mouth and throwing the lock.

But even with that, Isabella was more than scared.

*Chapter 752 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-two: It Can't Be A Coincidence*

The third point of view:

Isabella and Pedro created quite a buzz when they arrived. Both couples were good-looking hence they were quite a refreshing sight to the audience. Since it was a private event, no reporters were allowed on the ground yet it didn't stop friends and families from taking pictures.

The scene was picturesque and at the decorated platform, there was a projection screen that showed off pictures of Isabella and Pedro together. The pictures featured their relationship from when they were kids, occasionally showing some family members together with them however, it was more of Isabella and Pedro - with Julie and Anabelle since they literally grew up together.

Isabella had a smile on her face which was a rare sight, however, this was her rehearsal dinner and the least she could do was not to scare her guest.

Everyone was here to congratulate her and that was when her mother appeared with her long-awaited guest.

"Isabella, my daughter!" Reina arrived at her side with Deborah.

"Mother," Isabella embraced her, giving her an expression that was far more sincere than the ones she had given her guests. She then noticed the woman beside her who smiled politely at her, Isabella pulled away.

"Deborah?" her brows were raised questioning.

"Yes, I'm Deborah," The woman acknowledged her name before stretching her hand for a handshake.

"Isabella," The white witch answered, accepting her hand in a firm handshake.

"Have we met somewhere?" Isabella asked, still involved in the handshake while scrutinizing Deborah. She could almost swear that she had seen her face somewhere.

"I don't think so, however, the world is a small place and we must have passed each other without realizing it," Was Deborah's answer.

"Yes, that could be the case," Isabella said, finally releasing her hand. But as calm as Isabella looked, her mind was working one thousand miles per minute.

Isabella had a photogenic memory hence she was good at remembering, so there must be a reason why this Deborah woman looks familiar to her. The both of them had met, Isabella was definitely sure of that. She just couldn't place where they had met? How? And when? Her instincts were tingling about this woman and she wished she wasn't in a dress so she could start her investigation immediately.

"You're that Deborah that my aunt Reina wouldn't stop talking about?" Anabelle butted in immediately, staring her over, "You're not what I expected,"

"Well, sorry that I'm not as slim and glamorous as the rest of you," Deborah misunderstood her comment thinking that Anabelle was hinting at her body shape.

"Of course, not! That is not what I mean silly!" Anabelle rebuked her, rolling her eyes, "I'm just saying that you're much more beautiful than I thought and you should have more confidence in yourself," She slightly scolded her.

Anabelle added, "By the way, I'm Anabelle and this is my fiancé Julie and as you know, Isabella's one and only man, Pedro," she did the favor of introducing the rest of them.

"I'm Deborah," She exchanged handshakes with the rest of them making sure she didn't linger too much when it came to Pedro since Isabella watching her like a hawk.

Deborah knew how overprotective Isabella was of Pedro. No, she knew about them all and all she had to do was to say less and remain inconspicuous till the time was right. She couldn't afford to ruin anything, tonight.

Anabelle then looked between the both of them - Isabella and Deborah - with a narrowed gaze, "Plus the fact you both look so identical I could almost mistake you both as sisters," She made a careless statement yet Isabella's brows quirked, and somehow connected with Julie as she wondered if he launched the investigation she asked him to.

"What nonsense!" Isabella rejected her words without a second thought, maintaining her neutral expression, "If she looks like me because of the eyes, that means every amber-eyed person out there must be a Spencer,"

"No, it's not only the eyes..." Anabelle refused to give up and then took Deborah by the shoulder and pulled her closer to Isabella and faced Reina, "Auntie, don't you see some trace of resemblance between the both of them,"

Reina looked the both of them over, "Well, now I look at them, they do look alike, however, it's only because Isabella's dyed her hair blonde and almost matching Deborah's natural blonde ones with their amber eyes, nothing serious," she intentionally closed the case so Deborah doesn't feel uncomfortable.

She knew Anabelle didn't mean any harm by comparing the both of them but the girl can be naive to a fault. So she saved the situation by saying, "But don't worry, I'm sure that Isabella wouldn't mind her being her friend - Deborah's quite younger," Reina wanted Isabella to treat her well.

Isabella didn't say anything to the matter of the both of them being words, "Thank you for saving my mother, I really appreciate it,"

"It was nothing," Deborah smiled at her.

"It's alright. Have a nice stay at the rehearsal dinner tonight and you're invited to my wedding ceremony tomorrow, I'll have someone get you a card - it's by invitation only,"

Isabella extended her first invitation at friendship to Deborah, others saw it that way. However, unknown to them, Isabella was only keeping her enemies closer.

"Thank you, I appreciate it" Deborah boomed a smile at her before Isabella urged Pedro and they left. But then, as soon as Isabella passed Deborah, a certain memory came to her head.

It was years back and she saw a young girl, Just like Deborah handing a letter to her father's secretary then. Isabella halted in her footsteps at once and that alerted Deborah.

"What?" The girl asked innocently.

"You're really beautiful, you should know that," Isabella told her with a warm smile. Deborah smiled back at her.

Isabella then took her leave, to go speak with the other guests in attendance, but the smile on her face had fallen and her expression was more serious than it had ever been.

She didn't believe in coincidence and it can't be fate that a nobody from years back that sent a suspicious letter to her father's office she didn't read out of respect suddenly appears in their life once again.. That kind of fate only appears in novels and this was reality.

*Chapter 753 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-three: Find Me, Natasha*

The third point of view:

"Tell me all you know about that girl?" Isabella cornered Julie after she managed to escape from Pedro and the never-ending guests that wanted to have a word or one with her.

Currently, Reina and Cecil were on the stage entertaining guests with tales of the great relationship between both families. It was enough to take the attention off her until she got what she wanted.

"Thought you were never going to ask," Julie smirked at her, pulling out his cellphone and opening the pdf document.

Isabella received the phone from him and began to go through the report even as Julie said to her, "She has quite a lot of properties that she inherited from her late husband, and her record's sparkling clean,"

"You can't have such an amount of wealth without dirtying your hands...." She scrolled further and came to a startling discovery, "She got married at the age of eighteen to an eighty-eight-year-old man? Sounds like a gold digger to me"

Julie sighed, "You can't exactly call her a gold digger, she's just trying to survive,"

Isabella arched her brow at him, "By reaping where you didn't sow?"

"You said it yourself, Isabella. Life is a survival of the fittest. You were born with a silver spoon and would never understand the plight of the common?"

"And you were?" She hinted he wasn't born a commoner either.

"I'm just saying you shouldn't judge her, " he said.

"I'm not judging her. You would have to be interested in one's life to judge them?" she muttered, eyes glued on the screen as she scrolled further down.

"If you're not interested in her, then why ask me to investigate her? She saved your mother, you should be thanking her, not suspecting her," he told her.

"You're right, I should thank you," Isabella acquiesced yet added, "However, I just found out that we've met years back in my father's office in a suspicious manner. If it wasn't for the fact that her father seems to have no idea about her, I would have thought there was some sort of connection between them....."

Isabella suddenly stopped," or maybe there's indeed a connection between us... ``There was a calculative look in her eyes as her mind got busy once again.

"What is it?" Julie was concerned when he saw the speed at which Isabella used to skim over the pages she had already read.

"I need to go know more about her mother," Isabella hasn't given much thought to that aspect of the report and must have skipped it in a haste to know more about her - Deborah's - personal life.

"Why?" Julie was curious. As much as he found Isabella annoying, the way her mind works awes him.

Isabella glanced up at him, "Because?moments ago, your annoying fiancée Anabelle made a comment I thought stood about Deborah and I looking similar,"

"And?"

"And I suddenly have this disturbing feeling in the pit of my stomach,"

Julie snorted, shaking his head in disbelief. Isabella was really a strange person, "How do you having a strange feeling in the pit of your stomach have to do with -"

"Her mother was once a model?" Isabella came to that paragraph?and groaned, rubbing her head, "You gotta be kidding me?"

"Why? What's wrong?" Julie was a bit lost here and then peeped at the phone's screen, reading the report from where Isabella stopped, "Deborah's mother was once a model who worked at Spencer's....." He trailed off as he digested the information he just received.

"She's a Spencer," It dawned on Isabella, "That's where she got the amber eyes - my father's eyes. Deborah is a Spencer by blood,"

"Uncle Niklaus is a legend," Julie didn't even know whether he was being sarcastic or not.

"I need to speak to her. She must have a reason for showing up now. ," Isabella said, coming out from the shadows.

"What if she doesn't want to talk about it," Julie said after her with no intention of stopping her. He would be a fool to stop a determined Isabella.

"She has no choice either," Isabella replied to him and then added under breath, "Because I have a disturbing feeling she came bearing a grudge,"

Isabella walked with a stride and was busy searching for a trace of Deborah when she heard a collective shocked gasp from the crowd and she frowned.

Call it instincts but Isabella sensed something was wrong when she saw the way some women cupped their mouths and the few who saw her had sympathetic gazes while the men had disapproving looks in their eyes. What was going on?

Since all of them were facing forward, Isabella turned around and her gaze rested on the projection screen.

Unfortunately, the screen that had once been displaying she and Pedro's moments together had changed, and instead, the slide show displayed a pregnancy scan report; screenshotted conversation of Pedro and Natasha where he asked her to abort the baby; photoshoots of Pedro and Natasha that night at the hotel room where she brought him to his room and in the morning when she left the room with only the sheets wrapped around her chest to cover her nudity since Pedro chased her out.

There had been an eerie silence for a moment, seeming as if time had frozen. To Isabella, it might have been a trip back in time because she suddenly saw herself as that ten-year-old girl once again whose grandparents came to announce the demise of



her mother. At that announcement, it seemed as if the colors of the works vanished and the world seemed in black and white.

It was the same case with Isabella right now as she stared at the screen. The scan photos of the child in the womb were the last thing she saw before the time freeze collapsed and then she could hear sounds once again. There was a great murmuring and she saw some people taking pictures - those were paparazzi she suspected came with the disguise as friends.

Security details approached them to stop them from taking pictures but Isabella swiftly turned around and at the same time made a call, "This is your last chance, find me, Natasha,"

*Chapter 754 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-four: Being Killed By Niklaus*

The third point of view:

"Thank you for coming," Niklaus welcomed Sakuzi, however his gaze couldn't help but scan the number of security guards he came with. If they weren't family members, he would have thought Sakuzi was here for vengeance or something.

But Sakuzi smiled at him, "Don't mind them, I'm just trying to ensure that no one gets kidnapped,"

"Kidnapped?" Niklaus' body language changed at that comment.

"We didn't have time to speak but just a few days ago, I had a snitch amongst my people and for some reason, I can't help thinking that we have a new enemy in town. According to investigations, I wasn't the target but we had a bit of loss on our side and if our target had escaped, you might have shared on the loss by now, " He hinted at Reina since most of their enemies tend to go after their loved ones when they fail.

Sakuzi went on, "Investigation is still ongoing to find out who that snitch was working for. Although there might be no evidence to support what I said, there's always a need to be careful especially on big events like this one,"

Niklaus was disturbed by that news, Sakuzi was a man who thought things thoroughly before making a move. If he thought something was wrong, something must be wrong.

"Thank you for your help. I'll ask my men to keep an eye out as well,"

"It's nothing," Sakuzi shrugged, "That rascal might not be my biological daughter but she's rubbed off on me already and I'll do everything to protect her as I would my own. Moreover, Reina loves her as her child, which makes her one of us,"

"Fine," Niklaus was still in the middle of thanking him when a collective gasp came from the crowd and he turned with a frown. What's going on?

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"You must be happy," Emerald said from behind, nearly startling Pedro that barely had a breathing space from a group of well-wishers that had milked every detail of his history with Isabella. The fact alone that they dated for twelve years amazed people the more, it was hard to see such a lasting relationship now.

"Yes, I am. It's even more unrealistic that we tie the knot tomorrow," Pedro breathed.

"That's the feeling, son," Pedro agreed, "You're even much better than I am. If I had a rehearsal dinner during my time with your mother, I'm sure I would have died from nervousness," the both of them laughed at the joke.

"I'm no better. The thought that Isabella would skin me alive if I mess up is what's keeping me going," He confessed to Emerald who nodded.

"Isabella loves you, you love her and you've both proven that you can live together without tearing each other apart. So I wish you both good luck," Emerald blessed him.

"Thank you so much," Pedro added with a smile, "Father,"

Emerald smiled back when he suddenly remembered, "Also the only advice I have for you is to never argue with women, that is if you want peace. They're always right," He winked at him.

"Of course," Pedro laughed, winking back.

"And now I have to go snatch your mother off the stage before she forgets it's not her rehearsal dinner," Emerald said, causing a chuckle to escape from his lips. His mother tends to overdo things especially when it comes to her children just like how she wants them to give her six kids - which was an impossible dream with Isabella.

However, on the bright side, she'd be over the moon when she hears of Isabella's pregnancy. And speaking about Isabella, where was she? She was just beside him moments ago.

Pedro was about to go look for her when the projection screen suddenly went blank, drawing people's attention because they thought it was a technical error. However, once it functioned once again, it was different photos that went on display and one that showed too much information.

"Oh no," Pedro's blood ran cold. That was impossible. How was that possible?

On the screen were photos of conversations between him and Natasha that Isabella didn't even see because he deleted them. How...? Shit, just because deleted his doesn't mean Natasha deleted them.

Why would she do this? Could it be that Natasha planned this to ruin his marriage to Isabella? Was she asking for a death sentence? Doesn't she know how destructive Isabella was when provoked?

Shit, where was Isabella?

Pedro's heart began to pound in his throat and he made no effort to even stop the leaked photos because he intended to catch Isabella before she did something stupid. He has lived long enough to know what Isabella would be thinking at a time like this and it was to destroy whoever stood in the way of her happiness.

"Pedro, what is the meaning of this?" His mother stomped over to him, fuming with great anger, "I know I never trained you to be a bastard!"

However, Pedro simply sidestepped her and went in search of Isabella. He would bear her wrath later but he had to stop a greater calamity.

He successfully left the garden and the cover of the night helped him to escape the people who had so many questions for him. He made it to the lawn where his car was parked and reached it only for a sucker punch to meet his face.

Pedro fell back to the ground with a look of disbelief on his face. He wiped the blood on his lips with his sleeve and glanced up only to Niklaus who stepped out of the shadow and to the reflection of the light.

"All I told you was to take care of my daughter!" Niklaus was raving mad.

Oh boy, he's so dead.

Pedro's eyes widened and he hardly had time to brace himself when he was hurled to his feet once again and a blow landed on his face.

"Niklaus!" Pedro heard a voice from behind and recognized it as Emerald's.

Well, on the bright side, someone was about to save him from being killed by Niklaus.

*Chapter 755 - Seven Hundred And Forty-five: Jump Off The Roof, Natasha*

The third point of view:

"Niklaus, stop it!" Emerald had to reach him before he beat Pedro to a pulp. However, even with that giant restraining him, Niklaus was pretty much strong and still threw as

many blows as he could while Pedro made no effort to stop him. He must be feeling quite guilty to have allowed Niklaus to beat him up like this.

Emerald didn't give up and tried his best to restrain him but Niklaus shrugged him off and was about to continue when two more guards joined him and they were finally able to subdue him.

Pedro's face was bruised, one of his eyes had swollen badly already and he laid on the floor tired, with no effort to stand up. Or perhaps, he just wanted to lay on the floor because that's where he belongs. A scumbag, he was.

"How could you do that to her?!" Niklaus roared like a wounded lion, struggling fiercely even as two men and a giant held him down.

"Don't you know how much? Isabella suffered? She was finally happy, albeit because of you, yet you ripped that feeling away from her just as you gave it. How could you do that?!"

At that statement, Pedro began to pull himself off the ground, "I didn't mean to!" He defended himself, "It was a mistake yet I didn't mean for all of this to happen,"

"Of course, you didn't," Niklaus sneered at him. He didn't believe a word Pedro said. Even if he did, he was too angry to care. Isabella was his precious daughter and yet he hurt her, he had to pay.

"Well, I don't need to do much anyway since Isabella's on it," He hinted that his mistress, Natasha, was in trouble.

"Oh no," Pedro's face lost all color. This was exactly what he feared.

And then, without second thoughts, without noticing the tiredness that was seeping into his bone, Pedro leaped to his feet and rushed to his car, fumbling with the key in the process because of nerves.

Niklaus laughed evilly, "I hope you're too late,"

Pedro ignored Niklaus's taunting laughter and finally got into the car. He inserted the key and started the car immediately, there was no time to waste. Each second wasted brought closer the time Isabella commits murder.

Isabella wouldn't even blink an eye doing so - that was the darkness inside her eyes that had remained tamed inside of her all these years. The darkness Kay had implanted in her kid from a young age, teaching her nothing but violence and cruelty.

What frightened Pedro the most was the fact that Isabella wouldn't go to prison even if she killed Natasha. Her death would be covered up because she's a nobody and

Isabella would walk around free but with another demon added to the ones she has already while he - Pedro - would have to keep the injustice of Natasha's death a secret as long as he lived. Pedro knew he could never turn on Isabella. He had to hurry up before this nightmare came to fulfillment.

Meanwhile.....

Natasha was very unsettled; she was no longer comfortable. This wasn't just instinct, it was common sense. Miss. D has been protecting her all this while, then all of a sudden, she's returned to her house - a place where Pedro could easily find her and abort the baby.

She couldn't predict her intention. Does she no longer want the child because once Pedro gets his hand on her, it's game over? What has changed? Natasha felt like a lamb to the slaughter.

She peered out through the window once again and closed the shutters with a groan. She couldn't escape either, they were keeping a close watch on her after being ordered not to leave the place. Why? Why was it so important that she didn't leave her apartment?

Natasha must have been thinking for too long because the sound of a knock made her nearly jump out of her skin. The knocking on her door was nothing but a bang and her heart pounded in her throat. What now?

Swallowing a lump down her throat, Natasha slowly walked over to the door and then looked out through the peephole only to jump back with an audible gasp. Oh God, no. If she was in deep waters previously, she was dead meat now. How was this possible? Isabella never bothered her until now, unless she knows about the pregnancy.

Natasha's lips trembled and her mind began to race in all directions. Does she know Isabella? The question should be, who doesn't know Isabella? The crazy first daughter of Niklaus Spencer. When the name Isabella is brought up, the first thing that comes to mind is rebellion and danger.

No, she can't come in!

Natasha attempted to hold the door from being broken down but before she could do so, the door had been kicked open, the force causing her to fall back down.

"Going somewhere, are we?" Isabella said with a smile that made insects crawl on her skin. If anyone could be called mad, Natasha was staring at one like now.

"No, no!" Natasha crawled back on her feet twice before scurrying away from her.

However, Isabella was not moved by her attempt at running from her, if anything Natasha looked like nothing but a trapped animal to her. However, trapped animals also fought desperately for life.

So when Natasha attempted to hit her with the throw pillow to make her escape, Isabella caught it and backhanded her so hard Natasha saw stars.

She moved away from Isabella the way a small animal would when it sees a larger predator. She then climbed up the stairs but Isabella followed steadily and at her pace knowing she had the upper hand here.

Natasha went into her room, Isabella followed suit. She threw as many kinds of stuff she could get her hands on at Isabella, some of them so sharp that they inflicted cuts at her but Isabella didn't flinch nor even mind. It almost felt like she couldn't even feel pain anymore.

Seeing that Isabella wasn't close to stopping, Natasha went through the balcony and then accessed the little stairs that directly led her to the terrace. Yet Isabella didn't spare her little haven and followed her to the rooftop.

This time, Natasha was tired of running, she was panting and slightly out of breath. Besides, for how long was she going to run? They were on the rooftop now, where was she going to run to?

"Please, I can't do this anymore," Natasha went on her knees immediately, rubbing her hands together in a pleading motion.

"So, we're tired now?" there was a sadistic glint in her eyes. Isabella was enjoying seeing her this helpless and desperate.

"Isabella, have mercy," Natasha begged her.

"Isabella, have mercy," Izzy mimicked her tone mockingly, then laughed, "Did you think of me when you slept with Pedro?"

Natasha shook her head, "I didn't exactly have a choice, I was -"

"We have choices!" She roared with an intensity that shut Natasha up immediately.

"We all have choices," Isabella said in a whisper, and went on, "Just as I have a choice of letting you live, however, I'm going to do the opposite. The earth is too small for the both of us, one of us has to leave for the other to survive,"

"No, no! Isabella!" Natasha told her immediately, "I'll abort the baby if that's what you want!"

But Isabella changed her mind already, "Sorry, but the moment I wanted that option was gone the instant you ruined my rehearsal dinner,"

At once Natasha's eyes widened, "No, I did no such thing! How can I ruin your rehearsal dinner?! Reason it thoroughly, please Isabella," She begged desperately, snots running down her nose, "I can ruin your dinner and make it back on time,"

Isabella smirked, "Not if you hired people to do so,"

"I would never do that Isabella, I'm not suicidal enough! Please trust me, Isabella! I'm begging you!"

Natasha could tell Isabella the truth of how she's been manipulated by Mrs.D, however, they had specifically warned her that her sister would be killed once she does so. And Natasha doesn't doubt their threat. They've kidnapped her sister before, what's the chances they don't have her sister once more and waiting for the moment she slips.

"It doesn't change anything at all. As long as you remain alive, you'd always be a thorn at my side. A liability my enemies would use against me, so you have to go," Isabella had reasoned everything thoroughly.

Isabella took a step forward causing Natasha to hurriedly get to her feet, stepping backward.

"Falling off the roof seems much than a suicide than murder. A better death don't you think?" Isabella suggested to her causing all color to drain from her face.

Natasha looked down, the height wasn't much and she would get a break or two depending on how she lands except her head lands first. The risk was great nonetheless.

"Jump off the roof, Natasha," Isabella suggested.

*Chapter 756 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-six: The Monster She Created*

The third point of view:

"Jump off the roof, Natasha," Came Isabella's order that made her blood chill. She must be joking right?

"W-what?" Natasha could only stutter.

"From that height, you'd probably break a leg once you land with your leg, however, otherwise you bleed to death after your skull cracks open," Isabella summed out the scenario for her.

The fact alone that Isabella presented her fate before her emotionlessly scared her the most. What kind of monster was this?

"Don't call me a monster, " Isabella said, causing Natasha's eyes to widen. How had she known? Could she read her mind as well?

"It's not hard to figure that out when it's written all over your face. But you should know this...."Isabella took a step closer, Natasha took a step back,"You were the one who roused the monster in me,"

A cherry smile returned to Isabella's face as she ordered her, "Now, up you go,"

Natasha didn't have a choice, Isabella didn't give her one. She wanted to run, but to where? Moreover, Isabella was faster and stronger. Hence like the weak prey she was, Natasha began to step until her foot hit the side of the rooftop's ledge.

"So?" Isabella's brows raised arrogantly when she stopped moving, "What are you waiting for? Jump off the roof or do you want me to give you a hand? Only that your death wouldn't be tagged a suicide but murder I would easily get away with,"

Tears ran down Natasha's face, she could see her end as she climbed on top of the ledge. She didn't want to die in an unjust way, so as much as she detested Isabella, she atleast wanted to strike a deal with her to keep her sister safe in exchange for the truth. She would only trust that Isabella's people work faster at rescuing her sister before they kills her.

But as soon as Isabella said, "What are you waiting for? Jump off," Natasha changed her mind. For dying unfairly, she wanted Isabella to suffer a bit before she knew what hit her. She was a victim here as much as she was, why couldn't she give her a chance?

Natasha looked down and all she saw was nothing - an empty darkness that would swallow her once she jumped off. She spotted Mrs. D people, they were parked at a distant watching without doing anything.

Her brows creased, why were they doing nothing? Just weeks ago, they put their lives on the line just to rescue her and now, they were doing nothing? It didn't make sense unless.... It dawned on Natasha, they wanted Isabella to end her? Oh no.

It didn't make sense at all, but the more Natasha thought over it, it began to make sense. Why Mrs. D forcibly had her come back to her place today where they could find her easily after provoking her. But why? It's not like Isabella could go to prison, her parents had enough power and resources to prevent that unless.... Mrs.D had a way to make that happen. Natasha turned around, was she on camera right now?



"What is this show for? I said jump off now or I would lend a helping hand!" Isabella was beginning to get impatient and as a matter of fact, strode towards her with purpose. She wanted to push her down.

Natasha's eyes widened and she began to panic. She was at a disadvantage being on top of the ledge already and was ready to say her last prayer as Isabella neared her just as a voice shouted, "Isabella, no!"

The both of them turned around to see that it was no other than Pedro who was panting as if he had run all the way here. Although this man wanted to abort the baby, Natasha saw him as her savior right now because he was the only one that could save her from Isabella.

"Isabella, don't please," Pedro said cautiously, his hand stretched as if wanting to grab her. But he couldn't move carelessly as Isabella was closer to Natasha than he was.

"Oh, the prince in shining armor has finally come to save you?" There was a taunt in Isabella's voice.

"Isabella -"

"Don't Isabella me!" She growled at him while Natasha was stuck with indecisiveness on top of the roof. Her life was on the line here.

"If you think for one moment that just because you're here that I'm going to change my mind, then you're in for a huge loss," Isabella had made up her mind already that even Pedro can't change it.

"So you won't mind taking a life?"

"I'm simply eliminating competition, that's all,"

"Fine," Pedro said to her surprise.

"What?"

"Do it then?" He told her, finally bringing his hand down as he finally lowered his defenses.

There was a trace of panic on Natasha's face, Pedro can't give up yet. He had to convince Isabella otherwise she's doomed.

"You think I won't do it? Push her to her death?" Isabella thought he was only daring her.

"No, I know you can do it and get away with the murder. And then when our kid grows up and one day asks why we are not together, I'd simply tell him or her that you pushed a pregnant woman off the roof because you were provoked," Pedro said and that comment alone rid all emotions off Isabella's face.

She hadn't thought of the consequences of her action on the unborn child. Isabella knew for sure that her relationship with Pedro would be over once Natasha falls off the roof. She pushed the mother of his whorson off the roof, no man in this world would continue a relationship with her after that reality.

They wouldn't fight for the child's custody right, she would give him that - her fight isn't with Pedro but the choice she made ruined their relationship. Although he did first by getting Natasha pregnant in the first place. Cecil would fight for the child but no one can really stand against the Spencers especially when Niklaus's involved - he can go to lengths for his child.

Her child would be feared and revered because of her; because of her reputation - because of what she could do.. And then she would either end turning her child to the monster she was or her child would be trapped in the nightmare she created.

*Chapter 757 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-seven: Hello Sister*

The third point of view:

Isabella recovered from her thoughts with a startling gasp as if she went through an epiphany. Now she thought over it, she didn't want that kind of life - a life without Pedro. She was just so angry she couldn't think straight. All she wanted was revenge, but now, it was clear to her. She didn't care anymore, all that mattered was her happiness - she couldn't live such a miserable life.

"Pedro!" Her gaze fell on him and then without as much thought, ran over to him and threw herself on him, hugging him tight as if they were estranged lovers seeing each other for the first time in a long time.

"Oh, thank God," Pedro was more than relieved as he held her in his arms, breathing into her hair and inhaling her lovely scent. He had been so scared thinking that he was too late and lost her forever.

Truth be told, even if Isabella had committed murder, he would not break up with her over it. But he knew Isabella, she was too proud and would think he was with her out of guilt - for being the cause of the whole thing- and would push him away by all possible means.

Natasha came down from the roof, finally releasing the breath she had been holding in all this while. So this is what it feels like to die - she had seen her very life flash before her eyes.

"I'm so sorry," Isabella began to apologize but Pedro hushed her by pressing his thumb over her lips, caressing it.

"No, I should be the one apologizing. If it wasn't for me, all this wouldn't have happened. I should be the one being held accountable for this disaster," Pedro took the blame instead.

"No, you're not to be blamed. Someone has been orchestrating this all along," Isabella finally saw the plot.

"What?" Pedro was stunned. Did someone plan everything that happened to him so far? How was that possible? And who?

As if sensing Pedro's question, Isabella turned to Natasha, "Perhaps you would like to enlighten us more since you're her puppet all along?"

"Her puppet all along?" Natasha thought over her words and her eyes widened. Could it be that Isabella finally knew?

"How did you know?"

"I've been having my suspicions but the picture didn't come together until I discovered I had a half-sister tonight. Then me coming over here confirmed the rest," She turned to Natasha, "What does she hold over you? Your sister? That's your closest relative here,"

Tears filled Natasha's eyes and she nodded, "Yeah, you're right! She would kill my sister if I didn't comply with her wishes. I really didn't mean to sleep with Pedro nor have his baby. I really didn't have any choice," she cried out.

Isabella was not moved by Natasha's tears, rather her mind was deep in thought, "Deborah wants revenge against my family for reasons best known to her. But I guess it's out of abandonment - she thinks Niklaus didn't care for her existence, just that he didn't know,"

"What if he knew?" Pedro asked her, "What if your father intentionally chose to abandon Deborah to save his family?" he hinted at their condition where he had already promised to make Natasha abort the baby.

"No, if that was the case, he would make sure Reina and Decorah never meet

"However, what I don't understand is why she ruined my rehearsal dinner and planted you here. She has been hiding you quite well until now," Isabella thought over it and was unable to understand the motive for that.

"Because she wants you to kill me," Natasha revealed.

"Oh, really?" Isabella laughed, finding it extremely funny, "She wanted me to kill you? Does she even know I'd get away with it,"

"That's the problem, she knows everything about you, plus the fact you'd get away with murder. That's why she provoked you and waited for the moment you killed me so she could broadcast it," Natasha finally revealed the truth.

"She wanted to send me to prison using the power of the netizens knowing my family had the power to get me out," Isabella muttered to herself, "The only way to do that is to catch that online...."

Isabella's eyes widened and she screamed to Natasha, "Get out of there now!"

However, it was too late.

Isabella watched as the bullet went straight into Natasha's head and she fell right off the roof. That same roof she had been ordering her to jump off all this while, and she finally did. Just that this time, it wasn't of her - Isabella - order but an order from her enemies to shut her up.

She had tried to reach Natasha but the woman fell so quickly that it might as well have been a dream. Isabella didn't know why she was devastated, the fact that the woman was bearing her fiancé's child or the shame Natasha was shot right under her nose.

But Isabella didn't have time to be emotional because whoever shot Natasha was probably around and she didn't know who was the next target. At once, she began to think like Deborah, if she wanted revenge against the family, who would be her target right after shutting off the witness' mouth forever.

All breath left Isabella's lungs as she realized the next target, Pedro! She - Isabella - would be saved for the last. At once, she pushed Pedro to the floor, "Duck!"

As soon as they both fell to the ground, a bullet whizzed past the spot Pedro was previously standing. She was right, Deborah wanted her to feel the pain of losing a spouse. Unfortunately, Deborah would feel more than pain once she gets her hands on her.

The bullet didn't stop coming nor was Isabella planning on trying out her luck either. The sniper must be close by and she could only hope Jean got to him on time. But then, if Jean left to catch the sniper, she would be left unprotected. Well, when did she ever need protection?

She at once ordered Pedro, "Crawl on your belly. We have to get out of here, we don't know how many are out there,"

Pedro nodded at her, hardly recovering from the shock of seeing Natasha being killed right in front of him.

They began to crawl towards the entrance and thankfully the ledge provided enough cover from the bullets until they stopped. Isabella knew at that moment that Jean must have taken out the sniper and so, the both of them hurried to the entrance.

The both of them pushed the door open only to meet guns pointed at them and a woman came out of the middle to announce, "Hello sister,"

*Chapter 758 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-eight: Allen Dropped Hints*

The third point of view:

An awkward silence reigned over Ailee and Neon and they couldn't exactly stay away from each other because they held the triplets who didn't like to stay away from each other especially Elsa and Ella.

"About that -"

"You should -"

The both of them said at the same time to their surprise. None of them could stand the silence anymore and have spoken out to reduce the pressure.

"You should go first," Ailee suggested.

"No, you first," Allen said instead.

"No, you go," Ailee refused.

"No-"

"Stop it!" Elsa, the bolder triplet said to them and that reminded them they were in the presence of the kids.

"You're making me dizzy with your argument," Ella supported her sister.

"We can't have this conversation with the twins present," Ailee said. The last thing she needed was her parents, especially her mother knowing what transpired between her and Neon. It was an abomination - her mother took Neon as her son. She took him as a brother for Christ's sake.

"You're right, but we can't let them go else they cause havoc as well," Neon reminded her why Reina wanted them to take care of them in the first place.

"Not if he gave them a watchman," Ailee said and then called over, Cecil's son and Pedro's half-brother, Dash.

"Keep your eyes on the kids for me and I'll grant any wish you want," Ailee started a business deal with him and the boy was willing to take it on causing the triplets - especially Elsa and Ella - to groan in disappointment.

In their language, Dash was a party pooper nor was he easy to deceive like Diego. In fact, he was smart, tall, and strong like his father, Emerald. The triplets couldn't win against him even if they combined their abilities.

With the children gone, Ailee turned to Neon with a serious expression and body language, "You can talk now,"

"I love you," Neon said without hesitation.

Ailee's heart skipped a beat and she was taken aback by the confession. She was expecting an explanation and closure to whatever craziness was going on between the both of them, not a further declaration of affection.

"Neon -" Ailee started but he interrupted her.

"You might not realize what you feel for me now but I'm willing to give you space and time -"

"Neon!" Ailee stopped him from speaking further, "You're my brother," she wondered if she would need to imprint that fact in his head.

"I believe we both know that I'm not," Neon stood his ground. He stared into her eyes, saying, "Would I need to kiss you again to establish that fact?"

Ailee really tried not to be flustered but the memory of that kiss was seared in her head and her cheeks became red like flames. So she said fiercely, "You might not be my brother but you've lived as one and the whole world knows you as that,"

"Then all the world needs is a public conference and we'd clear everything," Neon had an idea to rid the claim of him being her brother.

"For Christ's sake, our relationship is forbidden!" Ailee spoke through gritted teeth.

"Forbidden? How so? Is it against the law to fall in love with someone who isn't your biological sibling nor adopted? How is it forbidden?" he asked her, yet Ailee was far away because she came to another startling realization.

"This is why you didn't want to be adopted because you didn't want to be my brother," Ailee finally figured it out.

"Does it matter now?"

"It does matter," Ailee insisted, "Our relationship is against social norms. It isn't normal,"

"Really?" Neon had a sneer on his face, "Since when do you care about social norms?"

"What?"

"If you really cared about social norms, you wouldn't have become a smoker, Ailee,"

Ailee was offended by that revelation, "This is the twenty-first century and women have the right to do whatever they want. Moreover, I quit smoking," there was anger in her tone as she said that. She trusted him with her secret, how could he use that against her?

"Or maybe you're just afraid of what your parents and society would think when they discover that Ailee the good, innocent girl isn't as virtuous as they thought," Neon taunted her.

"Easy there," Ailee warned him, stepping closer till their bodies were almost touching as she spoke through gritted teeth, "Don't push my button, Neon,"

"Then tell me..." Neon drew closer as well as they stared into each other's eyes, "What are you so scared of? The fact that you have feelings for me or the fact you don't want your parents to find out?"

Ailee felt her head throb? Who said Neon wasn't a parasite? He was really making her life miserable right now. She was just about to make her feelings clear, "I don't feel anything - " when she was interrupted.

"What have we here?"

They both turned. It was Allen. With the Donovan twins by his side. Wonderful.

"Why are my both siblings speaking in a hushed tone like some lovers trying not to get caught," Allen said with a teasing smile but the result wasn't funny.

Neon's fist was clenched by the side and he glared at Allen who still had a smug expression - he was satisfied with the hint he dropped. His gaze then moved to Theodore who had a calculating look on his face. It seems Allen wouldn't be the only one knowing his secret at the end of the day.

Ailee narrowed her gaze at her brother, Allen. Why does it seem like Allen knows what was going on? The thought of it made her scared because her brother had a sadistic personality and would threaten her with it - if not, Neon.

However, her gaze moved to Eve and her fears turned to disappointment as she remembered her best friend's confession over the phone call.

Eve was the only one who didn't understand the hint dropped and was more engrossed with trying to convince her friend, Ailee, that she was still with her when a loud gasp tore from the crowd.

And they all turned to the source of the commotion and their faces fell.. Oh no.

*Chapter 759 - Seven Hundred And Fifty-Nine: The Men With The Weapons*

The third point of view :

For a moment, nothing reigned but silence as the situation dawned on them.

"Did Pedro cheat on Isabella?" Ailee was the first to ask, shocked to the marrow. If there was a man that Ailee could bet would never cheat on Isabella, that was Pedro. The both of them were so sweet with each other and let's face reality, who in their right mind would cheat on Isabella unless they wanted death.

"And like I said, love's nothing but hormones that fades with time," Allen was much happier that his theory was proven.

He turned and at the corner of his eyes saw Isabella stealthily leaving the arena. He alerted the others, "I don't think our sister is quite happy about it. She looks like she's about to go murder somebody,"

That comment made everybody turn and they happened to catch a glimpse of Isabella before she finally disappeared.

"Isabella is vengeful so she must be going after the woman then," Neon figured out.

"How can you say that?" Eve didn't believe him.

"Because Pedro's still there," He pointed to the man who still stood frozen in shock, "And I know Isabella better than you know her," Neon said.

"Moreover, people can go to any length to do anything for the people they love," Neon said, his gaze falling on Ailee who looked away and Theodore noticed the whole interaction with a frown on his face.

"We have to go after her before she does something stupid," Ailee declared.

"I'm in," Allen said to Ailee's surprise. Was he suddenly becoming responsible? But that admiration lasted until Allen added, "The fight would be interesting,"



"Let's go then, what are we waiting for?" Theodore said earning looks from Ailee and Neon.

"You're going?" Ailee was surprised.

"Yes. Why?" he raised an eyebrow at her.

"This is our family business," Neon explained.

"Are you family then?" Theodore wanted to retort but he could already see the fight he would rouse with that comment and said instead, "Who knows, you might need much help than you thought you needed?"

Theodore had his suspicion about Ailee and Neon ever since he found out they weren't related by blood. Now, he confirmed his fears, he was salty. He wished he and Neon could fight it one on one for her affection. But this was not the time nor place.

"I'm in," Eve volunteered.

"Fine, everybody's in. Let's go before the others discover what we're up to. A bunch of idiotic teenagers hoping to be superheroes," Ailee said but Neon reminded her.

"What about the kids? What if they ruin the dinner?"

Ailee sighed, "This event is ruined already, what more havoc can they cause?"

"You'd be surprised," Neon hinted that they should not be underestimated.

"Well, I'm sure they are safe in Dash's hands, let's go," She grabbed his arm intending to pull him away when she remembered the problem they were facing and pulled free.

"Come on," She said instead and took her leave first. The tension between the both of them was noticeable and Neon's gaze collided with Theodore's having sensed his glare on him.

There was a bit of conflict on which car they would leave with, however, they ended up with the usual SUV they drove to school with.

Surprisingly, Theodore offered to drive and they left him after another brief argument. Allen ended up sitting in the front with him while Eve sat in between Ailee and Neon. It was better anyway for Ailee since she was free to look at the window, instead of at Neon with her conflicting emotions.

Thanks to the time they spent arguing, they lost Isabella and couldn't track her down. They had almost contemplated going back when Allen told them to stay put. According

to him, if Isabella was going to kill that woman, then Pedro must know about that as well - he knows Isabella best - and would surely go after her.

So they pulled up at the side of the road anyone leaving Kay's manor would pass through and wait. At first, it seemed like nothing would happen until Pedro's headlight came into view and he drove past them.

Theodore started the car and drove after him immediately. It wasn't hard to follow Pedro since the man was in a hurry and didn't give much thought to his environment.

By the time they arrived at their destination, Pedro had already gotten out of the car and must be inside the house to stop Isabella - that is if she hasn't killed her already. They parked outside the apartment and waited.

"So what now?" Eve asked when there was no more activity in the car.

"We assess the situation first," Neon suggested.

"After the victim is dead?" Allen mocked him, "I say we go in now,"

And so while Allen and Neon were arguing, as usual, Ailee lowered the window and looked out, that was when she saw it.

"Guys, look out!"

At that announcement, everyone rushed to that side of the window and a gasp rose from them.

Standing on top of the ledge was the woman they supposed Pedro cheated with and then, there was Isabella kind of threatening her to jump - they could surmise from the situation. But then, Pedro came in immediately.

"I was right, this is interesting," Allen found it entertaining and received a glare from his sister.

"What?" He was annoyed by her look.

"A human life's on the line here,"

"Well, Pedro's here so our lovely sister won't kill anymore," He was so sure of himself.

"How are you sure? We should be calling the authorities right now," Neon said.

"And then, if Isabella does push her off the roof, the authorities apprehend her because you told on her. You're no different from your mother," Allen provoked Neon in the twinkle of an eye.

"Don't compare me to that - !" Neon acted upon his provocation and lunged at Allen but Ailee and Eve held him immediately back.

"Oh, she's down," Theodore called out and everyone's attention shifted to the window once again. They breathed a sigh of relief and went back to dealing with their issues.

At first, nobody talked to one another until Eve decided to be the first to break the silence.

"Alright, it's obvious that everyone here has a problem with - ahh!" Eve was still speaking when a bullet rented the quiet air and they watched as a human body dropped from the sky as if it was nothing but a human pot.

"Ahh!" Eve still screamed even after Natasha plummeted to her death, nor did it stop as more bullets tore through the air.

By the time the pandemonium finally stopped, everyone was shaken - including Allen. What the hell just happened?

"Oh my God, Isabella!" Ailee realized those shots had been aimed at the roof where Isabella and Pedro previously stood. She had to get to them.

However, before any of the kids could make a move, four armed men surrounded their car and all they could do was to raise their hands.

"Get down!" They ordered with their weapons pointed at them and poised to strike if they made a wrong move.

Allen and Ailee's gaze connected through the mirror and the fear was there, those men with the weapons were not familiar to them at all.

*Chapter 760 - Seven Hundred And Sixty: God Was On Her Side*

The third point of view:

"You do know what you're doing is pretty useless," Isabella said to Deborah pointedly as her men glued her and Pedro to the seat with duct tape.

Deborah could have used a rope on them however Isabella was skilled and incredibly smart and would loosen it while keeping her distracted.

Isabella and Pedro sat apart from each other, only their back touching as they wrapped them together with the tape around the chest. This way, Isabella can't undo the tape without releasing Pedro and as well, alerting the others.

"Niklaus would come for you and then all your plans would come to nothing," Isabella was confident of leaving here alive.

"Not if I rig the entrance with a bomb, buying myself enough time to deal with you," Deborah smirked, confident as well.

"You would not make it out alive," Isabella promised her. Daughter or not Niklaus would rip out her heart himself.

"Who said I wanted to live," Deborah announced, all smiles draining from Isabella's face. It was dangerous with someone who has nothing to live for.

"You see that?" Deborah pointed to the portion of the room where a camera was being set up, "I'm setting up a big parade for your father where he would watch as I lacerate you from the inside out till there's nothing left for even your father to pick after I'm done with you. I might not live to see what happens afterward but I'll die fulfilled knowing I caused him irreversible pain, "

"Why are you doing this?" Pedro groaned, struggling to free himself all to no avail.

"Oh, you don't know?" Deborah was honestly surprised, "You look into my eyes and you still can't figure it out?" she laughed hysterically.

"She's my vengeful bitchy half-sister," Isabella did the honors.

"What?" Pedro was so shocked that his jaw dropped open. How was this possible? He thought. And then it hit him, "Don't tell me you were the one who put Natasha up to sleep with me. She said she didn't mean to do ...." it finally made sense to him, "You are the one trying to split us up, aren't you?"

"Aww, poor Pedro, couldn't even figure out he was nothing but a pawn in my plan and Natasha was just a catalyst," Deborah pouted her lips yet there was no trace of sympathy in her gaze,"

Pedro lunged at her yet he couldn't make any move, he was restricted real bad. All he could do was to glare and snarl at Deborah who laughed at his futile attempt, "You made her pregnant for me and then you killed her. How could you?! You killed my child!" He felt like ripping her apart.

"Oh, it's your child now? Weren't you so keen on aborting the child because of your lovely Isabella?" Deborah found it funny.

For sure, Pedro wanted to abort the child but only because he thought Natasha was a gold digger and intentionally targeted him. However, now he knew the girl had no choice but to sleep with him, the loss of his child finally dawned on him and he was beginning to mourn for a child he lost before it even came.

"But honestly, my heartfelt condolences on your loss, Pedro," Deborah said, her hand on her chest as if expressing her sympathy.

Pedro was filled with disbelief at that gesture, she was really crazy. Deborah was a psychopath.

"The truth is that my war wasn't with you, Pedro. My vengeance was with the Spencers, however, Isabella is an unfeeling bitch. Hence, the only way I could hurt her real bad was through her family or you. But then, you became the better option, since Niklaus' and his family's hard to penetrate. Moreover, she wanted a happy future with you, I didn't like that, so I stopped it!" Deborah confessed.

"You have no right messing with people's lives," Pedro told her, seething with anger.

"Of course, I don't," Deborah surprisingly agreed with him. She leaned closer till she and Pedro were on the same eye level saying, "Just the same way I shouldn't have been born in this world. However, Niklaus decided to mess around with my fate and knocked up my mother resulting in me. However, as if that wasn't enough, he let his beau monde girlfriend mess with my mother's future, and then I became nothing but bad luck. He brought me into this world against my wishes and made it hell for me. I'm just returning the favor, " her words dripped with deep hatred.

"Trust me, revenge would never give you the peace you want," Isabella informed her, "It has never done,"

"No, it wouldn't give me peace but it would give me satisfaction!" Deborah said, ordering her men to finish up quickly. Time was running out and she needed to get everything done before she was interrupted.

"Now, I know why you posted the pictures at my rehearsal dinner," Isabella now knew, "You intentionally provoked me so I could kill Natasha and go to prison. You had the cameras set up to capture the minute I caused my death and then you would show the video for the whole to see after my father covered it up. That way, you would not only bring me down but the Spencer group - Niklaus who covered his daughter's death.

"Unfortunately, that didn't happen and you know I would come after you next. So you decided on Plan B which was to end everything here and now,"

"Bravo!" Deborah clapped for her, "You don't fail my expectation at all. You really are what the rumors say - a genius from birth. It's nice to know my sister is a worthy opponent, that way I won't feel guilty I killed a weakling,"

"Exactly, you'd feel better because a weakling like you got to finish me off," Isabella taunted her and her nose flared with anger nor was Isabella close to stopping.

"Let's face it..." Isabella lifted her head proudly, "You know that I'm the better sibling here and I would have done much better if I was the one that had this plan of yours,"

Isabella's arrogance irked Deborah so much that she felt like clawing out her face. Why was she so haughty? Who made her so superior to her? How dare she?

So she lifted her hand to slap her when there was a sudden noise and she saw her men drag in five nuisance brats.

"We found them lingering outside,"

"Well, well," Deborah mused at the turn of events, "What have we here?"

God was on her side today.