

## Chapter 116 Make Amends

The moment those words left her lips, the atmosphere seemed to freeze, a chill spreading through the room.

Isabel stood there while staring at Xander's cold expression, reflecting on her actions. She had left him at the restaurant to rush after Seff. Looking back, it was a thoughtless move.

"Uh, how can I make it up to you?"

Xander stayed silent, his eyes avoiding hers, the tension thick between them.

The room was heavy with stillness. Samuel, the third party caught in the middle, watched awkwardly, feeling more anxious than either of them.

After what felt like an eternity of silence, Isabel debated waiting until Xander calmed down before speaking again.

"I guess I'll just go then," she muttered.

She gave a quick wave toward him, her steps already leading her toward the door. The idea of trying to fix things tomorrow already weighed on her mind.

Xander's expression remained hard, but his gaze snapped to her, eyes narrowing with barely contained frustration.

Is she really going to leave without even trying to make amends?

"Stop!"

Isabel froze mid-step, then slowly turned back toward him, a flicker of hope igniting in her chest. Maybe it isn't as bad as I thought.

She hurried back over to him, relief mingling with her anxiety.

"I really didn't mean to leave you behind. You don't know Seff ... When he's in one of his moods, he just acts without thinking. I had to chase him, or he'd have run a red light! Something bad could have happened if I hadn't followed him!"

Isabel's words spilled out, a bit exaggerated, but there was no dishonesty in her tone.

"He proposed to you," Xander interrupted in a cold voice, his gaze steady on her. "On Valentine's Day of all days."

That was what really bothered him.

"I need to explain. First, I had no idea today was Valentine's Day. If I had known, I wouldn't have gone out with him. And second, I didn't expect him to suddenly confess like that. He does this all the time! He doesn't listen to me. I just told him I don't feel that way about him, but he said that's my problem, and he has his own ideas about it. What was I supposed to do?"

Isabel spoke from the heart, as honest as she could be, just as she had been before.

Xander's eyes narrowed slightly, a pause hanging in the air before he asked, "You didn't know today was Valentine's Day?"

"I didn't!" Isabel shrugged, nonchalant. "I never really celebrated it, so why would I remember?"

Xander studied her, his gaze skeptical. "You and Kaleb ... never celebrated it?"

Isabel's eyes widened, caught off guard. In her past life, she hadn't had a boyfriend to celebrate with, but the original owner of this body had, in fact, spent Valentine's Day with Kaleb.

Xander caught the shift in her expression.

"Ahem, let's not talk about him. It's a mood killer," Isabel quickly interjected, offering a bright smile. "You're not mad now, right?"

Xander raised an eyebrow and pressed his lips together.

Okay, he's still angry.

It seems like my backup plan will have to do.

"Close your eyes," she said.

What's this? Does she want to kiss me?

Does she think that will fix everything? Does she take me for a child?

"Close your eyes," she repeated, moving closer to cover his eyes with her hands.

Xander's hand shot up, stopping her. He gently removed her hands from his face, then leaned back and shut his eyes.

He was waiting.

If she wants to smooth things over with a kiss, fine. But it will need to last for at least half an hour—no, at least an hour, not just a quick peck.

From the stairs, Samuel watched the scene unfold, then let out a sigh of relief. He quickly made his way to the door, deciding it was best to avoid their display of affection.

As he reached for the door handle, he saw Isabel pull a chocolate bar from her pocket. She unwrapped it and shoved it into Xander's mouth.

"Are you still mad?" she asked, her tone playful.

Samuel and Xander were caught off guard.

Isn't she supposed to kiss him? Why is she changing things up?

"I didn't know it was Valentine's Day, but now I do. So this is my way of making it right," Isabel explained, recalling how she'd seen a couple buy chocolate earlier in the day and came up with the idea on the spot.

"How is it? Does it taste good?"

Xander wasn't a fan of sweets and only enjoyed the warmth from Isabel's embrace.

But as the chocolate melted in his mouth, he found himself able to accept it, especially since it was from her.

"Tonight, come to my room," Xander suddenly said.

"Huh?" Isabel blinked, confused.

Is he really asking me to spend the night with him?

The pendant's important, for sure, but if he wants me to sacrifice myself for the mission, I don't think I can do that.

But Xander's next words cleared her doubt. "I just want you to come and sleep in my bed. That's all."

Though Xander had often snuck into her bed, pretending to sleepwalk, this was different. If she went to his room willingly, it felt like something else.

"Just sleep? Nothing else?" Isabel asked, double-checking.

Xander smirked. "What? You want more? Fine, I can accommodate."

"No, no, just sleep is fine." Isabel quickly waved her hands and stepped back.

It was just sleep, after all. Even if she didn't go, Xander would likely show up sleepwalking anyway.

But why has he been sleepwalking to my room so often lately? Is it real, or is he pretending?

Isabel couldn't help but wonder, but Samuel later confirmed that Xander did have a history of sleepwalking.

Leo also said that Xander would sleepwalk due to exhaustion after exerting himself at work during the day.

Regardless of his motives, Xander had never done anything inappropriate—he'd only held her while she slept.

So for now, Isabel chose to let it slide.

Looking around the living room again, Isabel's gaze landed on the sea of red roses scattered around the room.

"All of these ... were they for me?" she asked.

Xander stood from the couch, his intense eyes meeting hers. "I planned to make this Valentine's Day unforgettable for you, but instead, it's a day I'll never forget."

Uh ...

Isabel blinked, realizing the Seff situation was still weighing heavily on him.

"Are you tired? I want to take you somewhere," Isabel suddenly spoke.

She was determined to make this Valentine's Day memorable for him.

"Where to?"

"Come on, you'll find out when we get there."

With that, Isabel grabbed Xander's hand, leading him swiftly out of the villa.

As soon as they were gone, Samuel stood alone in the room. Looking around at the sea of roses, he smirked and shook his head.

He quickly closed the door, deciding he didn't need to witness any more of their love affair. After all, a single man like him should be left to play video games.

Thirty minutes later, Isabel and Xander found themselves atop a mountain on the outskirts of the city.

From the summit, the neon lights of the city stretched out in all directions.

"Isn't it beautiful? I used to come here all the time when I was younger. It's so peaceful, and the view is incredible. Though—ow ..."

With a swat, Isabel tried to brush away a mosquito, wincing. "There are lots of mosquitoes here."

She scratched at herself, grumbling, "I forgot to put on repellent. Now I'm paying for it."

Before she could finish, she watched as Xander removed his jacket and began unbuttoning his shirt.