

## Chapter 149 Caught Taking Birth Control Pills by Xander

What the hell!

Isabel's eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at the man in front of her.

She was astounded by his audacity. Xander seemed to grow bolder each day, his behavior towards her becoming increasingly forward.

Just two nights ago, he had ... well, taken full advantage of me.

Thankfully, he'd forgotten what happened that night.

This was mainly due to the fact that he'd been feverish and delirious. If he'd been fully aware of what they'd done, she was sure it would be difficult to ever disentangle herself from him.

That afternoon, Isabel packed up with Xander and headed back to Solaria.

Later that night, she remembered she was approaching the 72-hour mark.

Emergency birth control pills need to be taken within 72 hours to be effective, and the sooner, the better.

Focused on caring for Xander, she'd delayed taking her birth control pill. The medication always brought on a painful period with excruciating cramps, and she couldn't afford to be incapacitated while he needed her care.

Isabel poured herself a glass of water, pulled a small box of pills from her bag, and was just about to take them when Xander's voice suddenly sounded from behind her.

"Are you not feeling well?"

The unexpected question startled Isabel so much she jumped up from the couch like she'd been shocked. She quickly hid her hand behind her back, gripping the pills tightly.

"Uh ... I'm fine."

Xander observed her wide-eyed, slightly panicked expression. His eyes narrowed as he tilted his head, trying to peer at what she was hiding.

Instinctively, Isabel took a step back.

Suspicious ...

Xander took a step forward. "What are you hiding from me?"

"It's nothing, just ... just garbage!"

She tossed the birth control pills into the trash can, then grabbed the trash bag and held it tightly in her hands.

"I'm going to take out the trash."

Samuel, back from his walk, was puzzled by the sight of Isabel clutching a trash bag. He eyed her curiously, wondering what she was doing.

"Diana, come take out the trash," Xander called toward the kitchen.

Hearing his order, Diana immediately came out of the kitchen, walked over to Isabel, and extended her hand. "Madam, I can take care of this for you."

Isabel clutched the trash bag to her chest. "Um ... I was just about to go for a walk, so I thought I'd take it out myself."

Diana glanced at Xander. She'd been with him for years, long enough to understand his expressions and know what she should or shouldn't do.

Blocking Isabel's way, Diana said with a kind smile, "Taking out the trash is part of my job, Madam. I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but if you take this task away, what would I be left to do here? This job means a lot to me, so please let me handle it."

Diana was no fool; she could tell that Isabel didn't want anyone to see what was in the trash bag.

Her words were intended to reassure Isabel, subtly promising that she wouldn't look inside.

A wave of sympathy washed over Isabel. She understood Diana was just following Xander's instructions and didn't want to make things difficult for her. After all, Diana had always treated her kindly.

"Fine, you take it then," Isabel said reluctantly, finally handing over the bag.

"Thank you, Madam. Don't worry, I'll go straight out and dispose of it." Diana smiled reassuringly, taking the bag and heading toward the door.

Isabel exhaled in relief. She trusted Diana to take care of things.

Samuel scratched his chin thoughtfully. He couldn't resist the urge to know what Isabel was so desperate to hide from Xander. With a quick glance back, he slipped out the door to follow Diana.

Xander watched Diana's retreat back, half-narrowing his eyes. After a few moments, he turned his gaze back to Isabel.

Although Isabel had hidden her panic well, he'd still caught a flash of anxiety in her eyes.

Usually, Isabel could lie without blinking, and even he often found it hard to see through her. But today, she hadn't managed to hide her emotions at all. It only made him more curious—what exactly had Isabel thrown in the trash?

Earlier, as he came down the stairs, he'd caught a glimpse of something in her hand.

It looked like medicine.

But if it was just medicine, why wouldn't she show it to him?

Could she have some kind of embarrassing health issue?

An embarrassing health issue?

The thought alarmed Xander, and he quickly looked her over, scrutinizing her from head to toe.

Isabel turned around and found him staring at her intensely, her heart racing with guilt.

Why was he looking at me like that? Was he suspicious?

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Isabel asked defensively.

"What kind of medicine was it?" Xander asked, unable to hold back.

Isabel bit her lip and scratched the back of her head. "Um ... it was ... medicine for, you know, women's issues."

It wasn't exactly a lie.

As soon as she said that, she noticed his gaze drifting down toward her lower abdomen.

That area was definitely not something a man should be staring at so openly. Isabel felt her lower stomach heat up under his gaze as if his eyes could bore right through her.

"Is it serious?" Xander asked, his brow furrowing as he reached out a hand toward her.

Reflexively, Isabel stepped back.

"N-no, it's just mild pelvic inflammation. Some medicine will clear it up."

Xander wasn't a doctor, but he was he a woman, so he didn't understand pelvic inflammation very well. He only knew that the area around a woman's lower abdomen was crucial for her health and should be carefully protected.

He felt it was his responsibility to make sure she stayed healthy, especially since that would one day be the cradle of his future happiness.

"Then why throw the medicine away? If you're sick, take the medicine. It's nothing to be embarrassed about," Xander said, puzzled.

Isabel's mind raced. "Well ... it's kind of like ... if you had a problem, you know, down there and needed medicine, would you really want me to know you had issues?"

After saying that, she mentally congratulated herself. Brilliant! This explanation should make him stop questioning me.

Hearing her reasoning, Xander suddenly understood.

If he had a problem in that area, even if it were something minor, as a man, he'd be reluctant to let anyone know. Especially the woman he liked!

"It's really not serious?" Xander asked, his worry evident as he looked down at her abdomen.

Seeing his anxious expression, Isabel couldn't help but guess his thoughts.

It wasn't hard to guess, actually, because his gaze toward her lower stomach was so possessive as if he already thought of it as his own personal domain, terrified that something might go wrong with it.

Realizing this, Isabel couldn't help but stifle a laugh.

"It's really not serious!" She ground out each word practically through clenched teeth.

Xander nodded, then pulled out his phone and began looking up information on pelvic inflammation. The more he read, the deeper his frown grew.

Outside the villa, Samuel caught up with Diana.

"Diana, hand over the trash bag," he demanded.

Diana looked hesitant. "I ... I don't think that's a good idea."

Isabel had entrusted the bag to her, and she had subtly assured Isabel that she wouldn't look inside or let anyone else do so.

"It's no big deal. I won't tell anyone, and you won't either, right?" Samuel extended his hand.

"Well ... "

"Stop hesitating. Just give it to me—I promise no one will know, and you won't get into any trouble."

Since Samuel insisted, Diana reluctantly handed over the trash bag.

"Now, go on and get back to cooking."

Once Diana left, Samuel hurriedly opened the bag and began sifting through it.

"Got it! This is what she was hiding!"