

Chapter 162 Isabel Fixing Xander's Pants

"What are you doing?"

The voice was low, laced with a chilling edge.

Samuel was startled, his pores exploding with sweat, instinctively wanting to pull back his hand.

"Don't move!" Isabel grabbed Samuel's sleeve, rolling her eyes. "It's just the final stitch—you almost tore it out."

Xander walked over and finally understood that the two of them were actually doing something innocent.

Even so, it did not look great.

"In broad daylight, sitting so close in the living room—aren't you worried people will get the wrong idea?"

Hearing this, both Isabel and Samuel muttered silently.

Others won't think the wrong things, only you will.

"So, what you're saying is, we should hide in a room so no one can see us?" Isabel looked at Xander, deliberately provoking him.

Xander narrowed his eyes slightly; in that case, it was better they stayed in the living room.

"Okay, it's done," Isabel said, cutting the thread and admiring her work on Samuel's sleeve.

"Wow! Your skills are really good; you can't even see a trace! Amazing!" Samuel flipped his sleeve back and forth, genuinely impressed.

It was not as perfect as Samuel claimed; if you looked closely, you could still see a faint trace. However, who has time to check for mended stitches?

"You can mend clothes too?" Xander realized yet another new skill Isabel possessed.

She seemed like an onion: peeling off one layer revealed another, making her a constant mystery, tempting him to keep unraveling who she truly was.

"I had nothing to do before, so I learned to fix things myself," Isabel replied, putting her needle and thread into the sewing kit.

Xander raised his hand, placing it casually on his waist.

What is Xan doing? Samuel noticed Xander's subtle movements and wondered what he would do next. Then he saw Xander suddenly pulling off the button from his pants.

"Can you help me fix this too?"

Samuel was speechless.

A bead of sweat rolled down his forehead, and he struggled to find the right words for his feelings at that moment.

Leo glanced inside, clicking his tongue in disapproval before walking away.

Reaching the door, he looked back at Samuel with a smirk, thinking to himself, Still in there, Mr. Samuel? Enjoying the show?

Isabel looked at the tear in Xander's pants, puzzled. "How did it rip here?"

"Must've gotten scraped on something," Xander said, sitting down next to her.

Isabel tilted her head, focusing on the tear. "Scraped here? Really?"

Amazing.

"Well, take them off."

After all, if she was already mending one thing, might as well fix two.

Yet, Xander glanced over at Samuel and shook his head. "He didn't take his shirt off, so I won't either. Just fix it as is."

Wait—what?

Isabel was dumbfounded, and Samuel was just as shocked.

The tear in Xander's pants was definitely not like the one in Samuel's sleeve.

How should I fix this?

It would be awkward if anyone walked in on this—it would look all kinds of wrong.

"Maybe you should take them off," Isabel suggested. "If I don't have a good grip, I might accidentally sew them shut." She did not want to mend it like this.

How embarrassing!

"It's fine, I trust your skills," he said, spreading his legs a little and resting an arm on the back of the couch. "Go ahead."

Isabel blinked, thrown off by Xander's confident stance. Getting close enough to sew up the tear would mean stepping into his space, right between his legs—his territory. She suddenly felt like she would be walking right into a trap.

Samuel, who had been watching this unfold, finally could not handle it any longer.

"If you're not going to take them off, just forget it," Isabel muttered, pulling back. The thought of kneeling in front of him felt absurd, like a scene out of an R-rated movie.

"Fine, I'll take them off," Xander said calmly.

The soft sound of a zipper sliding down and a button popping open echoed through the room.

Complete silence filled the room, so quiet that even a pin drop could be heard.

Isabel, along with Samuel, who had not quite left yet, both stared as Xander nonchalantly stripped off his pants and handed them to her without a second thought.

"So, can you fix this?"

Isabel gaped, momentarily speechless. She meant for him to hand them over, not ... not like this!

Couldn't he have gone upstairs and changed first?

Luckily Samuel was there.

While Isabel was feeling grateful, Samuel gave up entirely and headed upstairs, muttering under his breath.

Now it was just Isabel and Xander in the living room. She held the pants in her hands, still trying to process what had just happened.

Okay, no point overthinking it. She decided to get started.

Xander settled onto the couch, leaning back with his chin in his hand as he watched her.

And as Isabel focused on stitching, he found himself struck by an unexpected warmth.

As Xander watched, his gaze landed on the scissors Isabel had used to trim the thread after mending Samuel's shirt.

His eyes narrowed thoughtfully, and after a brief pause, he reached over, grabbed an orange from the plate, and discreetly hid the scissors behind his back.

With the button almost sewn, Isabel spoke to Xander, "Almost done."

She glanced around the table.

"Wait, where did the scissors go?" She had left them there just moments before.

"Did they fall on the floor?" she muttered, looking around the legs of the table but finding nothing.

"Did you happen to see the scissors?" she asked.

Xander, looking around with feigned innocence, responded calmly, "Nope."

Confused, Isabel scratched her head. "Strange. I left them right here. Did Samuel take them upstairs?"

"If you can't find the scissors, just use your teeth to cut the thread," Xander suggested, eyes fixed on her lips.

"What?" Her teeth?

Isabel blinked. It was an option ...

However, it felt strange—especially given where she would need to cut.

"Come on," Xander urged. "It's cold in here, and I'm not exactly layered up."

She glanced down at his strong legs, feeling her face heat up.

After a moment's hesitation, Isabel took a deep breath, leaned forward, and opened her mouth, her teeth catching the thread with a touch of embarrassment.