

Chapter 187 So, Last Night, You

How did I end up back at the Bennett villa, in my own room? Wasn't I at the karaoke bar with Beowulf and the others, singing and enjoying the night?

"Am I dreaming?" Isabel wondered aloud, almost reaching for her phone to check the time.

But before she could, the phone suddenly rang.

She glanced at the screen, and it showed Beowulf's name.

If this was a dream, it was incredibly lifelike.

This can't be a dream.

"Hello?"

"Boss, how are you feeling? Better?" Beowulf's voice came through, laced with concern.

"I'm alright. I just had a bit too much to drink. My head's still a little heavy. But how did I end up here at the Bennetts' house? Wasn't I with you guys last night?"

Beowulf immediately understood what had happened.

"Boss, you passed out again! You can't handle alcohol like you used to!" he laughed lightly before getting to the point. "We were a bit lost when you went to the bathroom and didn't come back. Seff called you, but then ... "

"Then what?" Isabel asked, still confused about what had transpired.

"Then we heard the Bennett guy answering. He said ... "

"Mm?" Isabel lifted an eyebrow. "What did he say?"

"He mentioned that you were already asleep and asked us not to disturb his wife while she was resting. After that, Seff just ended up getting himself drunk," Beowulf said.

Isabel fell silent for a moment, her face unreadable.

She massaged her temples, her mind trying to recall the details.

Gradually, bits and pieces of the previous night started to resurface.

It appeared that, because of her sour mood, a few drinks had made her feel lightheaded and unsteady. She had then come up with an excuse to head to the bathroom, hoping to wash her face and clear her mind.

But after that ...

Kaleb!

The memory of Kaleb's face immediately flooded her thoughts, and a wave of disgust washed over her.

"I remember now!" Isabel exclaimed.

She had mistakenly entered the wrong room after the bathroom, probably due to the spinning in her head. It was where Kaleb had been. After some back and forth, she'd apparently lost her temper and struck him.

But then the details blurred again, and her memory grew hazy.

She recalled vaguely that Xander had shown up, and then ...

Her mind drifted as she tried to recall more, but it slipped away.

Looking around the room, she quickly realized that Xander must have been the one to bring her here.

She wasn't sure how exactly he had managed it, but since he had, she figured he had forgiven her.

As Isabel sat in thought, Beowulf's voice suddenly cut through her reverie.

"Boss, please tell me that guy from the Bennetts didn't take advantage of you!"

Isabel quickly responded, her tone firm. "Xander is not like that."

In the past, when she had been drugged, Xander had always been professional and respectful. She couldn't imagine he'd do anything out of line now.

"I'm not sure about him, but Boss, your habit of getting undressed when you drink ... " Beowulf's words trailed off with an implication she didn't want to hear.

Isabel's heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively checked her clothes, pulling off the covers. Everything seemed intact.

She knew, deep down, that Xander wasn't the type to take advantage of her.

"Nothing happened last night. Don't worry about it," Isabel reassured him.

"Good to hear. I'll let Seff know so he won't overthink it."

After the call ended, Isabel put her phone aside and got out of bed.

"Ugh ... "

She froze as a sharp ache shot through her back.

She winced, rubbing her sore back, confused. What is going on?

Her back wasn't the only part of her body hurting—her legs felt numb, and her stomach wasn't quite right either.

That discomfort felt ... familiar.

She moved toward the door and stepped out, but as soon as her feet hit the floor, she froze.

It was no wonder this felt so familiar. The same pain in her back, the same strange sensation in her stomach—just like after that night in the rain.

Could it be that Xander ... took advantage of me?

Before she could sort through her thoughts, a deep and soothing voice interrupted.

"You're awake? I had the kitchen prepare truffle bisque for you. Want me to bring it up?"

Isabel froze. After a brief moment of hesitation, she turned to face the man.

He was dressed in a simple, loose-fitting navy blue loungewear set with matching slippers. The simplicity of his outfit only made him more striking.

Xander's beauty was almost otherworldly—the kind of face that could stop time, captivating anyone who laid eyes on him.

It had only been a day, but seeing him now made it feel like ages had passed.

She stood there, unsure of what to say.

Xander, noticing her silence, furrowed his brow and walked closer. "Not feeling well?"

His voice, deep and smooth, sounded almost intoxicating in the quiet room.

Isabel opened her mouth, barely able to form a coherent response. "No."

Xander didn't seem satisfied with the answer. He reached out to touch her forehead. When he found she had no fever, he let his hand fall away.

Isabel's gaze followed the movement of his hand, and a warmth spread through her chest. It even left her a little teary-eyed.

"Are you hungry? Have you washed up yet? You should eat. I've had the kitchen prepare truffle bisque and caviar to fill you up. Diana's waiting to cook for you too."

His words were gentle, almost as if she were something fragile he needed to protect from harm. It was clear he would be devastated if anything happened to her.

"About last night ... "

The mention of the previous evening caused Xander's expression to shift instantly.

Does she remember? He had tried to keep things brief, wrapping things up quickly to avoid stressing her out. But now, it seemed she was still thinking about what had happened.

Xander kept his calm outwardly, but inside, he felt a spike of anxiety.

"You drank too much. Same as last time, you started undressing when you were drunk. Luckily, I caught on before things got out of hand, or you could've ended up with Kaleb," he explained.

Isabel blinked. Was that all? Nothing else?

She rubbed her aching back. It really was sore.

"Is your back hurting?" Xander asked, pretending not to notice as he glanced at her back.

Isabel hesitated. Should I ask him directly?

Should I ask if he's taken advantage of me?

Wouldn't that seem like I'm accusing him?

"Uh, yeah. It's a little uncomfortable. My legs too, and ... my stomach feels off," Isabel murmured, trying to avoid saying too much.

She watched Xander closely, hoping to see some kind of reaction.

But to her dismay, his expression stayed still, with no ripple of emotion.

Have I just imagined it all?

But how do I explain the soreness in my back and legs?

"It's my fault," Xander suddenly said, his voice thick with regret.

"Huh?" Isabel was confused. What does he mean? Is he admitting what he did?

She spoke up, "So, last night, you—"

"Yeah," he interrupted softly.