

Chapter 101 Xander Plays the Drunk Act

Thump, thump, thump ...

Isabel's heart raced wildly as if it had a life of its own. A warm sensation spread through her body, especially when she caught the glint in the man's eyes.

His gaze was intense, like it could pierce through her soul, deep and mysterious, shimmering with an almost celestial glow.

With a look like that, with a presence so magnetic, no woman could resist falling under his spell.

Yet, the more he stared at her, the guiltier Isabel felt.

She had come to Xander with a singular goal: the emerald guardian angel pendant. The pendant held secrets that could unravel the truth about her origins.

That was why, in her past life, she had agreed to take on the mission.

She believed that finding the pendant would lead her to the employer who had hired her. From there, she would uncover the trail of those behind her past and maybe find some answers about her real identity.

But time had clouded her memories. After suffering from a serious illness, her childhood recollections were faint at best.

Still, some fragments lingered—she remembered a loving family, parents, grandparents, a warm, happy life ...

Then, in an instant, it was all gone. Why had everything vanished? Why had she ended up in an orphanage with no memory of her past? She had to uncover the truth, no matter what.

As these thoughts swirled in her mind, Isabel quickly collected herself and forced a sheepish smile toward Xander.

"I was just talking nonsense," she said, her voice light. "You know what I'm really after. We talked about this when we got married. That jerk, Kaleb, hurt me, so I'm just getting back at him."

Xander's eyes didn't leave her as he listened, his expression unreadable but filled with something she couldn't quite pinpoint.

"Let's eat. The food is getting cold."

He picked up his knife and fork and began cutting the steak, each piece neatly placed in front of Isabel.

Though he looked calm on the outside, his thoughts were swirling with the image of Isabel deep in thought.

Seeing that she was reluctant to talk about it, he decided to let it go.

Whatever her true intentions were, one thing was certain—Isabel's reason for marrying him was clearly more complicated than she let on.

But he didn't care about her reasons. Now that she was here, there was no easy way out.

Just then, Isabel's phone buzzed.

It was Beowulf.

"Boss, it's almost ten. When will you be here?"

"I'm on my ... " Isabel began to reply, but before she could finish, she saw Xander suddenly slump forward onto the table, his head hitting it with a dull thud.

Is he drunk?

"Boss? Are you okay? What—"

"Hold on," she muttered as she stood up and walked to Xander's side. "Hey? Can you hear me?"

She poked him again and again, but there was no response.

Looks like he is drunk after all.

"I'm not coming tonight."

"What?! You're not coming? Then what's the celebration for?"

"He passed out from drinking. I can't just leave him here."

"He's faking it! He's pretending to be drunk! Boss, don't let him fool you!" Beowulf's voice was full of conviction.

Isabel was speechless for a while before replying, "Do you really think he's like you, always scheming?"

Beowulf's frustration grew. "Boss, listen to me! I know men. Trust me, he's pretending! If he's not faking it, I'll swear off women forever!"

"You always wanted to stay single anyway," Isabel quipped, rolling her eyes. "Enough talking. I need to go take care of him."

With that, she ended the call.

"H-hello? Oh, sh*! Our boss has been fooled!" Back at the villa, Beowulf plopped down onto the couch, still fuming.

"Why isn't anyone worried?" he demanded, glancing around at Raoul and the others.

"Why should we be?"

"Hey, are you all really not worried about our boss?"

Raoul replied casually, humming a tune, "Boss is sharp. There's no way she'd fall for that. She probably wanted to have some fun with him tonight and spiked his drink on purpose."

"Well, that makes sense. No, hold on a minute! You almost got me there. Even if Boss had an ulterior motive, shouldn't we do anything we can to stop her from taking things too far?" Beowulf protested. "Besides, what about Seff? He's always had feelings for her, and we didn't tell him about what happened to her recently. What's going to happen when he comes back from his mission in Archenland and finds out she's married? He might go crazy!"

Raoul shrugged, nonchalantly picking up a microphone and starting to sing a dramatic tune. "We'll cross that bridge when we get there."

His singing left much to be desired.

Beowulf, now more agitated, pulled out his phone again and tried calling Isabel, but she didn't answer.

Isabel, meanwhile, helped Xander into a room. Seeing him sprawled out on the bed, seemingly unconscious, she muttered to him, as if he could hear her, "Sleep well. I won't disturb you. I'm exhausted too. I'm going to crash in the next room."

She yawned, turned, and began to leave.

But before she could take a step, Xander's hand shot out, grabbing her wrist and pulling her effortlessly into his arms, pressing her onto the bed with a fluid motion.

The entire sequence was over in a blink.

For a moment, Isabel simply stared, her gaze fixed on his sharp jawline, then slowly drifted upward to meet his strikingly handsome face.

As she lay there, gazing at him, her mind wandered to Raoul.

Raoul had made a name for himself in the world of live-stream sales—not just because of his smooth talking, but because of his charm.

Isabel couldn't help but imagine, if Xander ever left the company to do live-streaming, he wouldn't need to speak a word. His mere presence in front of the camera would be enough to draw crowds.

Perhaps he just needed to say, "Buy this," and the viewers would be eager to buy.

The thought made her chuckle under her breath.

Xander frowned slightly, sensing her amusement, though he remained still. He was curious about what was so funny.

Before he could respond, Isabel shifted her position, adjusting herself more comfortably in his embrace.

"Xander ... " she murmured softly.

Xander kept his eyes closed, pretending to be asleep.

"If you ever find out my true motives, do you think you'd still look at me the same way?"

Yes!

Xander's grip subtly tightened , as if reassuring her that his feelings wouldn't change.

Meanwhile, Kaleb and his group were deep in conversation, their faces dark with frustration.

At the villa, Laurel's temper finally broke.

"Why did the cruise sink? It was fine earlier! Our wedding was supposed to be perfect, and now we can't even hold it!"

Eva, deeply hurt, couldn't hide her disappointment. Her hopes of marrying Kaleb had once again been dashed.

"It's Isabel. It's all because of Isabel!"

Isabel?

Kaleb looked confused, trying to make sense of how Isabel fit into the situation.

Before he could ask, Laurel snapped, "Ever since Isabel showed up, it's been nothing but chaos in this family."

Kaleb, though wanting to argue, realized it wouldn't do any good with Laurel so upset.

Then, as if on cue, he remembered the earlier fireworks, especially the message that had appeared. 'Happy Birthday, Isabel.' It had stuck with him.

Someone had made sure to celebrate Isabel's birthday—and they made sure Kaleb and Laurel saw it.

Isabel, what exactly did you do to him?

"Kal," Eva called out while tugging at his sleeve, concern written all over her face. "Don't worry. Don't think too much about it," she said gently.

Kaleb snapped back to reality and, feeling a pang of guilt, glanced at Eva's skinny figure.

She must be heartbroken that the wedding's ruined. I have to focus on her, not Isabel.

"Don't worry, Eva. I'll make sure you get the wedding you deserve."

"Thank you, Kal," Eva replied, her eyes soft with gratitude.

Just then, Bobby entered the room, his face clouded with uncertainty.

"Did you find out what happened with the cruise?" Kaleb asked.

"Boss ... there was no accident with the cruise ship," Bobby reported.