

## Chapter 107 Hit with a Sudden Dose of Love

Isabel turned to Max, her expression puzzled as she examined him closely.

Even Yvette had stopped her complaints about the pain and was now staring at Max with an odd look, her eyes wide in surprise.

It wasn't until Max sensed their intense gazes that he realized his earlier words had come out all wrong.

"I mean ... you were being so rough, and her scream was so loud, it really killed my appetite," he muttered, clearly embarrassed.

Yvette ground her teeth in fury. That jerk!

At that moment, her mind flashed to a video she had once seen, discussing the unfairness of childbirth and how much more painful it was for women compared to men. The toll on women was always so much worse.

"Okay," Isabel finally said after making sure Yvette was fine, her gaze moving over her face which now had a healthy glow. "You're feeling better, right?"

Yvette gently touched her stomach, a smile lighting up her face. "It really doesn't hurt anymore! Isabel, you're incredible! How did you meet the Miracle Healer? When did you become her disciple? I'm dying to know—you're such a good secret keeper."

Before Isabel could make up an answer, Xander and Reggie walked back into the room.

Isabel's eyes flicked between Xander and Reggie, wondering what the two of them had been talking about during their absence.

"Reg, you're done ... talking?" she asked.

Reggie walked over to Isabel and lightly ruffled her hair, his voice soft but sincere. "I'm happy for you. I hope you have a happy marriage."

Wait, what? Isabel blinked in confusion, her gaze swinging between Reggie and Xander, unsure of what just happened.

Xander remained stoic as ever, his face unchanged, giving no indication of what had just been discussed.

Now Isabel was even more curious. What happened during those few minutes? Had Reg actually agreed to our relationship so quickly? And even wishes us well?

"Uh, thanks, Reg ... " Isabel stammered, her tone awkward, her heart even more so.

She resolved to ask Xander about it when they were alone later that night.

"By the way, Isa, are you staying with him now?" Reggie asked, glancing at her with a knowing look.

With everything out in the open, Isabel didn't see a reason to lie anymore.

"Yeah," she replied honestly.

Reggie had already suspected as much, noticing how Isabel hadn't been at Lilac Heights much recently.

"Where are you staying?"

"Up in the northern suburbs," Isabel answered, carefully avoiding mentioning Sandalwood Villas. Those villas were much more luxurious than Lilac Heights, and if Reggie found out that Xander owned properties there—multiple ones, no less—he wouldn't buy that Xander was just a regular worker at Bennett Group.

"That's a bit far," Reggie mumbled, then turned to Isabel. "Why don't you come back to Lilac Heights with me tonight? Tomorrow is Mom's anniversary, and we're visiting her early in the morning."

"Okay—" Isabel began to say, but was interrupted by Xander's voice.

"You're not going tonight. I'll drive you there in the morning."

If she left tonight, he wouldn't be able to sleep without her by his side.

Max clicked his tongue secretly.

Is Xander really that attached to Isabel? Can't even get through one night without her? Reggie isn't even keeping Isabel around for no reason—especially since tomorrow is their mother's anniversary.

"You work too hard every day, I don't want to trouble you. Plus, I don't want to wake up that early tomorrow," Isabel said.

Once she said that, Xander backed off, but it was clear he'd be restless without her tonight.

After dinner, Isabel and Yvette climbed into Reggie's car.

Xander stood at the restaurant entrance, watching them leave, his eyes following the car as it drove away. Max walked over, glancing at the car's rear end before speaking. "They've left. What else are you looking at?" Max asked, raising an eyebrow.

Xander didn't respond, his gaze still fixed on the road Isabel's car had taken.

Isabel looked out of the car window, her eyes lingering on the figure of Xander standing alone under the streetlamp. There was something undeniably lonely about the way he stood, bathed in the dim light.

It's late, and he's still out there, dressed so lightly. Isn't he cold?

Isabel frowned, her gaze not leaving him.

As the car drove farther away, Isabel felt an inexplicable tug at her heart.

"Still looking at him? Isabel, where did you find such a handsome and loyal guy? Finding a man like him is rarer than striking gold," Yvette teased, sticking her head out the window to glance at Xander before her eyes shifted to Max.

That annoying man!

"Reg, stop the car," Isabel suddenly commanded.

Reggie hit the brakes, glancing at her. "What are you doing?"

"I think I'll come over early tomorrow instead," Isabel replied, unbuckling her seatbelt and pushing open the door.

Xander raised an eyebrow when he saw her getting out the car. Has she forgotten something at the restaurant?

Max had the same thought.

Isabel hurried over to Xander, a smile crossing her face. "Come on. We're going home."

Happiness swept over him unexpectedly. Xander stood frozen for a moment, then smiled warmly, reaching out to take her hand. "Okay, let's go home."

"Tell me, what exactly did you and my brother talk about?" Isabel asked, not pulling her hand away.

"You want to know?" Xander gave her a playful, mysterious look.

"Of course. Why else would I ask?"

"It's a secret. I can't tell you."

"Please!" Isabel rolled her eyes at him.

"Why did you come back?" Now it was Xander's turn to ask.

Isabel raised an eyebrow. "It's a secret. I can't tell you."

She wasn't entirely sure herself—probably because of the task at hand, but maybe there was more to it than that.

Xander gave a helpless yet affectionate smile as he heard her response.

Max, watching the two of them walk off hand in hand, couldn't believe what he was seeing.

It was like being hit with a sudden dose of love—he almost couldn't breathe.

"I hate it when people flaunt their love in front of me! It's like making me feel like I'll never find someone—it's just cruel to poor, single me."

I just have to wait—after all, I'm so amazing. I'll be off the market soon enough.

With that thought, Max turned away, looking at Reggie's car as it disappeared. His mind wandered back to earlier, when he had shoved Yvette against the wall.

And then ...

The events that happened that night at the bar ... with Yvette ...

What the hell am I thinking? Max shook his head. He'd rather die than end up with Yvette.

That shameless woman!

"Achoo!" Yvette sneezed. Who's thinking about me?

She glanced down at her belly. Is it my babies?

"Achoo!" Came another sneeze.

One sneeze meant someone was thinking about her. Two sneezes meant someone was cursing her.

Yvette thought about Max's charming, roguish face.

It has to be that jerk!