

## Chapter 117 Do You Like It?

What on earth is he up to?

Isabel's eyes grew wide as she watched Xander slowly undress, revealing his toned, muscular chest.

It was clear that, although Xander was a businessman, he had a physique that outmatched many in their circle. Years of working with powerful figures had given him an aura of refined confidence, making him even more magnetic.

Simply put, not only was he physically attractive, but his presence was so captivating that women couldn't help but be drawn to him.

Isabel, though not romantically interested in Xander, found herself taken aback by his imposing figure. His appearance could only be described as "majestic."

Xander noticed her gaze and grinned, clearly pleased by her reaction.

"Do you like it?" he asked with a teasing tone.

Isabel's face flushed, and her heart skipped a beat.

She couldn't help it—his deep, smooth voice was irresistible, pulling her in like a siren's call.

"W-what? Like what?" she stammered, embarrassed by her reaction.

"Why are you stripping? There are so many mosquitoes around here! Don't you think they'll carry you off?" Isabel quickly tried to change the subject to regain her composure.

Just as she spoke, a mosquito landed on Xander's chest.

Without thinking, Isabel swatted at it.

Smack! The sound rang out.

Her hand made contact with Xander's chest.

She hadn't meant to do that and only acted out of instinct, but now that her hand was resting on his firm skin, she realized how awkward the situation was.

The mosquito had chosen an ... interesting spot to land. She figured it must be a female mosquito.

Great. This is definitely not ideal.

Unable to meet his eyes, Isabel quickly mumbled, "What a big mosquito!"

She lifted her hand, noticing the red marks and faint impressions her fingers had left on his chest.

Xander glanced down at the spot where her hand had been, then back at Isabel. A small, amused smirk appeared on his face as a glint of mischief shone in his eyes.

"Yeah, it's pretty big," he said, his voice low and rich, like a cello's deep notes.

Isabel's ears grew even hotter. She didn't know how to reply to him.

"Y-you should put your shirt back on," she suggested, almost pleading. "Or the mosquitoes will feast on you."

"I'm doing it on purpose," Xander responded calmly.

"Huh?"

Isabel looked up at him, suspicious.

"By doing this, the mosquitoes are more likely to go after me instead of you," he explained, his tone matter-of-fact.

Isabel's eyes widened in disbelief, her body trembling slightly in surprise.

She hadn't expected him to go to such lengths for her.

"Are you out of your mind?" she asked while quickly turning away, feeling an unexpected whirlwind of emotions stirring inside her.

She'd always had people who took care of her, like Reggie, who had always looked out for her—because they shared a blood bond.

But Xander?

He had only known her for less than two months, yet he was doing something like this for her.

As she processed this, Xander spoke again. "Out of my mind? But I guess my actions don't exactly match my usual style."

Isabel turned back to him, her curiosity piqued.

Xander gazed out at the city lights, then continued. "I've heard that when people fall in love, they lose their sense of reason. Back then, I didn't believe it, but now that I've experienced it firsthand, I get it."

Isabel didn't know how to react.

She had no idea what to say.

Her thoughts drifted to Seff.

Rejecting him was easy, but with Xander, things were different. She couldn't just treat him like she did Seff.

Maybe it was because of the mission. That was her honest thought.

Lost in her thoughts, Isabel saw another mosquito land on Xander.

She quickly grabbed his shirt and draped it over him. "There are too many mosquitoes. Let's go home."

But Xander wasn't in a hurry to leave. "This place is nice. It's peaceful, and the view is incredible. I want to stay a little longer."

To Xander, the view wasn't the main appeal—it was the fact that they were alone together.

"Alright." Isabel agreed, settling back down. "But you should still put your shirt on."

They stayed there until 2 AM before heading back.

At breakfast the next morning, Samuel's gaze kept shifting between Isabel and Xander. He wasn't just being nosy—he was trying to figure out the cause of the marks on their necks.

Have they been involved in some sort of fight last night?

From the looks of it, it was an intense one. They both look battered.

Xander turned to Isabel. "Do you have plans for tomorrow night?"

"No, nothing special. Why? Is something happening?" Isabel asked, her curiosity piqued.

"My mom wants us to have dinner together."

"Sure."

Isabel agreed without hesitation, lowering her head to focus on her breakfast, but her thoughts were elsewhere, focused on the upcoming dinner.

She had been looking for the emerald guardian angel pendant for a while now. She'd searched everywhere—through the villa and Xander's office—but hadn't found it.

Lately, she wondered if it might be at the Bennett residence.

Ivana was staying there, and tomorrow night seemed like the perfect opportunity to sneak around and look for it.

That evening, after work, Xander took Isabel and Samuel to the Bennett residence.

The mansion, perched on a mountain, was surrounded by land that belonged to the Bennetts.

Samuel was walking better now. Despite being a tad slow, he didn't seem different than a normal person.

He greeted Ivana with a wide grin.

"Sam, looks like your legs are almost fully healed!" Ivana exclaimed, her voice full of joy.

"Yeah, Isabel says if I keep up with my recovery, I might even run a marathon someday," Samuel said, his face lighting up with excitement.

He had finally recovered enough that he no longer needed a wheelchair.

It felt incredible to be back on his feet.

As he thought this, Samuel looked at Isabel with a silent look of gratitude.

"You've made great progress," Ivana said, fighting back tears. "Your father would be so proud of you."

Just then, Rachel appeared at the doorway. "Ivana, dinner's ready. We can start now."

Rachel gave Ivana a discreet look as she spoke.

Ivana followed Rachel's gaze and saw Isabel standing next to Xander. She narrowed her eyes and gave Rachel a nod.

The two shared an unspoken understanding.

Though subtle, the exchange between Rachel and Ivana didn't escape Isabel's notice.

Her instincts told her they might be up to something, and she knew she had to prepare a plan to counter them in advance.

As Isabel had anticipated, once she sat down at the dinner table, Ivana handed her an envelope. "Ms. Zimmerman, Sam's recovery is incredible. Thank you for everything. Here's a check for 10 million dollars. I also need you to accompany Xan to city hall tomorrow to finalize your divorce."