

Chapter 130 Showing Isabel His Treasure

Shouldn't there be posts insulting me everywhere? Why is it so silent?

Isabel swiped through her screen a few times.

One post stood out to her.

A report from the Solaria police stated that fans of Lillian who had been spreading slander and rumors had been arrested and taken into custody.

A photo was also included, showing two girls who looked quite average.

"Could these two be ... the ones?"

Isabel recognized these two from the time they had been in front of the maternity store, and although she had some doubts then, they had vanished shortly after.

Could it be that they were taken by the police back then?

Is that why the internet is so calm now?

It's a relief they were caught. People who act without caring about others' emotions should have been arrested a long time ago.

At that moment, the door opened, signaling someone's arrival.

Could it be Xander returning?

Isabel glanced at her phone, frowning her brows as she turned her attention to Xander walking through the door.

"Uhm ... did you do this?"

Before Xander could respond, Samuel's voice echoed from upstairs.

"If it's not Xander, who else could it be?"

Samuel quickly answered, fearing that Xander might deny it.

Xander had quietly done something for the other person, who couldn't see his efforts. If it were him, he would have spoken up immediately after doing something like that. Perhaps, with a little emotional appeal, the other person might have been so moved that they'd fall into his arms.

As expected, it was him.

Isabel pressed her lips together and said, "Thank you."

At that moment, if she claimed she wasn't at all touched, it would have been untrue.

Xander walked over, lifted his hand, and straightened the rolled-up collar of her casual clothes.

"After dinner, come to my room, and I'll show you my treasure."

"Cough, cough!" Samuel coughed, his face flushing with embarrassment.

"I'm still here, you know? Is it really okay to speak so openly like this?"

At first, Isabel hadn't thought much of Xander's words, but now, hearing Samuel mention it so openly, her ears immediately turned bright red.

At the same time, she started to feel uneasy.

Could it be?

Is he asking me to see 'that'?

Isabel wanted to say she didn't want to go.

But how could she turn him down?

He had helped her again today.

And so, she felt uneasy all the way through dinner.

"Let's go," Xander said, stepping ahead.

Isabel felt the urge to escape.

Noticing that Isabel wasn't following, Xander turned to glance at her.

When he saw the blush on her face and remembered what Samuel had said earlier, he chuckled.

She was definitely overthinking it.

However ...

She looked adorable when she was overthinking.

Suddenly, he felt like teasing her a little.

"Quickly, don't worry. I'm not Sam, my mind isn't that dirty."

Samuel was speechless.

Who's the one with the dirty thoughts? You were the one who brought it up, not me!

Seeing Xander's serious expression, Isabel eased her concerns.

After all, he was a gentleman, or else, when she was drugged before, he would've taken advantage of her.

With that in mind, she calmed down and followed Xander up the stairs.

Unaware of what was about to happen, as soon as she walked into the room, Xander slammed her against the wall.

"D*mn!" Samuel was caught off guard by the unexpected action and glanced over at Xander's door on the second floor.

"You call me dirty, but you're the one with those thoughts, causing such a scene."

Samuel said this before grabbing a grape from the plate and popping it into his mouth.

"Wow! My teeth, that's so sour!"

Inside the room, Isabel was entirely enveloped by Xander, who looked at her with an intense, captivating stare. He even took her hand and said, "Let me show you my treasure."

D*mn!

Isabel cursed inwardly, finding his words utterly shocking.

Has he finally lost control?

Xander partially closed his eyes, smiling at Isabel as he watched her reaction of surprise, shock, and embarrassment, which he found especially endearing.

"Well, I ... I'm not really interested in seeing treasures, Haa!" Isabel pretended to yawn lazily, pulling her hand away from his grip and trying to break free from his hold.

She then placed her hand on the doorknob, opened the door, and was about to step out.

Xander calmly reached out and shut the door with a soft "click".

Downstairs, Samuel stood with his mouth open, staring upward without blinking.

Inside the room, Isabel stood frozen, staring at the closed door, a bit dazed.

"Come with me." His deep, mesmerizing voice, like it was drawn from the strings of a cello, was so soothing it almost made her feel like she was floating.

For a few seconds, Isabel felt herself tempted. In those moments, Xander's large hand once again wrapped around hers.

She looked down at his hand, realizing just how big it was. She had already noticed this the last time she had come to find the emerald guardian angel pendant, when he had easily pinned both of her hands with just one of his. It felt like being trapped in handcuffs, with no chance of escaping.

Xander took her hand and guided her to the edge of the bed, gently pushing her to sit down.

Isabel lifted her gaze to the man standing before her, who remained silent, doing nothing but standing tall and composed, exuding an air of quiet authority that was strangely captivating.

At that moment, she was overwhelmed with nervousness.

In the tense and quiet atmosphere, she felt as though she were sitting on a hot stove, not a soft mattress.

No, she couldn't just give in like this without any explanation. It wasn't in her nature.

"Um, I really don't think I can do this right now ... " Before she could finish her words, the man flashed her a smile, leaned down, and drew closer to her, his eyes locked onto hers, making her feel a strange, almost suffocating sensation.

"You can. Just wait for me, I'll be right back." The man's voice, already low, dropped even further, becoming dangerously smooth.

As Isabel heard it, she instinctively gripped the bedsheet tighter.

She thought to herself. This is too tempting, it's driving me crazy!

If this keeps going, she might not be able to stop herself from giving in.

As Isabel was lost in thought, Xander slowly lifted his hand, removed his suit, and draped it over the side.

Is this really happening?

Why didn't he ask if I was okay with this?

Isabel stood up gently from the bed.

Xander noticed her movement, gave her a quick glance, and smiled. "Don't rush, I'll be right back."

Who's the one rushing? It almost seems like I'm the one who can't wait.

"Uhm, you ... I'm really tired right now, I don't want to see any treasures. Really!"

Isabel thought her words were pretty tactful.

"Really?" A low voice, thick with irresistible allure.

Xander loosened his tie and began to walk toward Isabel, his long, muscular legs exuding raw masculinity.

Confronted by his aggressiveness, Isabel instinctively took a step back.

But she forgot the bed was behind her. As she moved, her knee collided with the edge, sending a sharp jolt of pain through her. Her legs buckled, and she ended up sitting on the bed.

By then, Xander was already right in front of her, closing in on her safe space.

He slowly raised his hand, reaching toward Isabel.

What was he planning to do? Take my clothes off?

Isabel widened her eyes, her gaze fixed on the man's hand.

Noticing her reaction, Xander's heart softened at the sight of her innocence.

He had only recently realized that beneath her intelligent and composed exterior, there was a side to her that was unexpectedly adorable, sparking his curiosity even more.

Xander's lips curled into a faint smile, his eyes gleaming with deep interest.

"Give it to me." His voice was low, laced with a tempting and lingering allure.