

Chapter 131 The Password is Actually This

What did he say?

Isabel's pupils instantly widened, locking onto the man's deep, ocean-dark eyes, and she felt herself falling into them.

That "okay" and "I agree" were just about to slip out of her mouth.

Just as Isabel was about to lose control, the man suddenly smiled and said, "The key."

Isabel froze for a second. "What?"

Isn't he about to? Why is he suddenly asking her for a key?

What key does he want?

Could it be?

Isabel's face flushed in an instant. An indescribable embarrassment filled her as she looked at Xander.

Could he really be that boring?

Before Isabel could finish her thoughts, his voice sounded softly beside her ear.

"The safe key."

Hearing this, Isabel's expression turned bewildered.

Looks like she'd let her imagination run a bit too wild.

"Wait a second." Isabel pulled the key from her pocket and handed it to him.

She knew that Xander had given her the safe key earlier, just to put on a show in front of Clive. She never thought he'd actually intend for her to use it.

Besides, what she needed wasn't the key—it was the password.

Taking the key, Xander walked over to the wardrobe and started moving things around.

What on earth is he doing?!

Isabel knew there was a safe hidden behind the wardrobe, but why was he moving it in front of her? What was he up to?

Wait!

Isabel suddenly recalled what he had just said—to show her his "treasure."

So the treasure he meant wasn't what she'd thought at all!

Before Isabel could fully process her surprise, he had already moved the wardrobe aside, revealing the safe behind it.

Exactly as she'd suspected!

He was going to show her this.

Suppressing a surge of excitement, Isabel kept a calm facade as she moved beside Xander.

"What's this?"

Xander glanced sideways at her, noticing the curiosity on her face. She was good at pretending.

He had been wondering all along what Isabel's real motive was for marrying him. Unsurprisingly, what she wanted was in his safe.

He was genuinely curious. What did she want?

He had to get to the bottom of this. Only then could he ensure she'd stay by his side for good.

"It's a safe. It holds all the treasures I've collected," Xander replied, his tone steady and controlled.

"Isn't it a bit inappropriate for you to show me?" Isabel asked, deliberately probing.

"It's fine. You're my wife. You can see my treasures," Xander said, slipping the key into the lock.

He turned to Isabel and added, "Go ahead and enter the password."

Isabel tilted her head slightly. "P-Password?"

"Yes, our wedding anniversary."

What?

Isabel blinked, clearly caught off guard, her mind struggling to process what Xander had just said.

Noticing her hesitation, Xander raised an eyebrow.

"What's wrong? Did you forget?"

"N-no," Isabel murmured, her heart racing with a mix of unease and confusion as she stepped forward and entered their wedding date into the safe.

With a soft click, the safe opened.

It ... just opened?

Isabel stood there, mouth slightly agape, her eyes wide as she stared at the slowly opening safe in disbelief.

How could she even describe what she was feeling? It was like she was in a dream.

It all seemed so unreal.

Am I dreaming?

Quietly, Isabel reached down and pinched her thigh.

Ouch, ouch, ouch!

Xander's dark eyes flicked down to the side, catching a glimpse of Isabel's subtle movement before he turned his gaze away.

"Is there anything you like? I can give it to you."

What?

At that moment, Isabel was tempted to abandon all pretense and just pick her ears clean.

He wants to give it to her?

Did that mean all her efforts these past days had been in vain?

The safe door was fully opened, and its contents were on display for Isabel to see.

"I'm just looking. I don't want any treasures," Isabel said, but her eyes, sharp as a scanner, meticulously scanned every inch of the safe.

Xander slowly stood up and took a step back. He narrowed his eyes, watching Isabel intently without blinking.

Isabel carefully scanned the contents of the safe, but she didn't spot the emerald guardian angel pendant.

Most of the items inside were stored in sealed boxes, requiring her to open them to see what was inside.

"Um, can I open them to take a look?"

"Do as you wish," Xander replied, his voice as calm and indifferent as usual.

Isabel's focus was entirely on the treasures, leaving no room to pay attention to Xander. Even if she were to glance at him now, it would be hard to read anything from his expression.

She picked up a small box and opened it.

Not it.

"Cough. Wow, this bracelet is made of icy jade!"

She recognized it at a glance?

Xander raised an eyebrow. He didn't think most people would have that kind of eye for detail.

To be able to instantly recognize icy jade, one must be, at the very least, an enthusiast of antiques and jade, if not a professional.

According to the information, Isabel had never had any exposure to antiques or jade in the Zimmermans.

"You like it? I'll give it to you," Xander said.

"No, it's fine. I'm just looking," Isabel replied, closing the box and setting it aside before picking up another one.

"An inkwell from the Renaissance period? You have this kind of treasure?" Isabel remarked, genuinely surprised as she carefully examined the piece.

Xander's eyes narrowed slightly as he continued to watch Isabel, watching her every move with growing interest.

It was already surprising enough that Isabel had recognized the icy jade bracelet, but now she was identifying the origin of the inkwell as well.

Back then, even he wasn't sure it was from the Renaissance period. He had to consult an antiques expert to confirm that it was the work of a master inkwell in that era.

And yet, Isabel recognized it instantly.

The Zimmermans—just a small, mid-tier family—could a child raised in such an environment truly possess this kind of knowledge and skill?

"Do you want it?" Xander asked tentatively.

"I'm just looking," Isabel replied, carefully placing the item down and continuing to search. As she did, she maintained her delicate act of admiring the treasures.

Not this one either? Xander wasn't in a hurry. He stood by, quietly observing, curious to see what she was really after.

Five minutes passed.

Isabel started to feel anxious. She worried that Xander might lose patience and tell her she'd have to wait to look again.

Where is it?

I have to find it quickly!

Xander noticed the faint sweat starting to bead on Isabel's forehead. Though she hid it well, his sharp eyes saw the anxiety in her.

Take your time, he said smoothly. "There are plenty more treasures. No need to hurry."

Hearing his words, Isabel let out a quiet sigh of relief. Now she could take her time.

"Alright, I haven't looked enough. I'll admire them a little longer."

With a sweet smile, she glanced at Xander, then picked up another box. As she opened it, her eyes suddenly widened in surprise.

She'd found it!

It was here, just like she thought!

Has she found it?

Curious, Xander stepped closer, eager to see what it was that had caught her interest.

As he leaned in to look at the contents of the box, his eyes fell on the emerald guardian angel pendant, and a look of disbelief crossed his face.

She wants this?

Why this, of all things?