

Chapter 142 Xander Insists on Sharing the Hot Spring with Isabel

Silence.

The sound, as loud as a firecracker, shocked Kaleb into an extreme, tense silence.

Xander glanced at Isabel, barely holding back his laughter, his eyes filled with endless affection.

As expected, this little troublemaker was up to something.

Eva frozen in place, completely stunned.

No wonder she'd had a strange sense of déjà vu—so this was why!

She didn't even need to look up to know that everyone around her was staring at her with weird looks.

But that wasn't the most humiliating part. The worst thing was that Kaleb, who was holding onto her, was right there to witness it all.

What was she supposed to do now? She'd made a complete fool of herself in front of Kaleb! How could she ever face him again?

Just as Eva was panicking, her stomach gave an ominous twist.

Oh no!

Before Eva could brace herself, before she could even think of "closing the gates," something came pouring out like water gushing from a broken dam.

"Splat, splat, splat—!"

Isabel tugged Xander away, trying to stifle her laughter.

Kaleb's nose was assaulted by an unbearable stench as he looked down at the back of Eva's white dress, where there was now a noticeable ... stain.

He almost gagged.

He'd been through a lot in his life, but nothing like this.

And what really left Kaleb dumbfounded was that, since he'd been hugging her from behind, his pants were now ... contaminated too.

What could he even say about this?

One thing was for sure: he probably wouldn't have much of an appetite for a while, nor would he be interested in doing anything with Eva for some time.

One of the hotel staff, struggling to hold their breath, walked over. "Uh, miss, are you okay? Do you need me to call an ambulance?"

Eva just wanted to dig a hole right there and disappear into it.

She was fighting with all her might to hold herself together; if she lost control, things would turn into a full-on disaster, just like at that coffee shop incident last time.

"No, no, I'm fine. I just need a moment to rest," she forced out, barely keeping it together.

Kaleb, swallowing his discomfort, helped her to her feet. "I'll take you back to the room."

"Mm-hmm." Eva was on the verge of tears but didn't dare let them fall, terrified that if she did, her "gates" might open again, unleashing another mortifying flood.

Once Eva and Kaleb left, the crowd quickly dispersed. This place is practically uninhabitable now.

The cleaning lady assigned to this area cursed Eva under her breath.

Was the cleaning crew not human too? Wasn't this just abuse of the cleaning staff? It smelled so awful, so disgusting—who could even stand it?

As soon as Eva got back to the room, she sneezed—hard—and lost control.

"Splat, splat, splat—" Clutching her stomach, Eva ran for the bathroom.

Kaleb quickly opened a window and stepped out onto the balcony, breathing in big gulps of fresh air.

It took him a good few minutes to recover.

He glanced back toward the bathroom.

"Ugh—splat, splat, splat—ugh—"

The sounds painted a vivid picture, and Kaleb felt his stomach twist with nausea all over again.

His gaze drifted across the private hot spring courtyard. He and Eva had come here to enjoy a few days of sweet, intimate time together, to relax and live like gods in this secluded paradise.

But now? This was not how he'd imagined it. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't disappointed.

Somehow, as he stood there, Isabel's graceful, striking face popped into his mind.

Even though Isabel's personality had changed a lot from before, he couldn't seem to look away from her whenever she was around. Just her presence always managed to pull his attention.

As he thought about her, another face surfaced in his mind—a cold, handsome one.

That man, Xander. Right now, wasn't he probably in the hot spring with Isabel, maybe even doing that kind of ...

Kaleb let out a heavy sigh, then turned and walked out the door.

He made his way to the front desk. "Excuse me, could you tell me which room Isabel Zimmerman is staying in?"

The receptionist looked at Kaleb with puzzled expression. "And what is your relationship with Ms. Zimmerman?"

"We're good friends," Kaleb replied.

The receptionist took in Kaleb's stylish attire and good looks. He didn't seem like the type to just make something up.

"All right, sir. Please hold on while I check."

The scene shifted.

Isabel dropped her bags and sprawled out on the king-size bed, arms and legs spread wide.

"Ahhh, so comfy! It's been ages since I've been here."

"You've been here before?" Xander walked over and sat down naturally on the edge of the bed.

"Mm-hmm, I have." In her past life, anyway. In this one, the original "her" barely had any money to her name—she'd never have been able to afford a place like this.

"Huh?" Isabel glanced around the room. "Why is there only one bed?"

"This bed's big enough for the both of us." Xander stood up as he spoke, shrugging off his suit jacket and hanging it up.

"Why didn't you book a room with two beds?"

They'd shared a bed plenty of times before, but doing it openly like this felt a bit different. There was still that invisible line they hadn't quite crossed.

Xander turned back to her, looking completely serious. "Two-bed rooms are more expensive."

The answer made Isabel's mouth fall open in shock, her eyes widening.

Expensive?

She might believe it if someone else said that, but him? Expensive? Yeah, right.

"Is it still possible to change rooms? I'll pay the difference."

Did she really hate the idea of sharing a bed with me that much? Xander glanced over at the sofa. "If it's that big of a deal, I'll sleep on the couch."

Isabel noticed the couch was actually quite spacious. "Alright, you sleep on the couch, then."

Xander fell silent.

Didn't Isabel feel the slightest bit bad for him?

Wasn't she supposed to say something like, "Oh, it's no trouble. Don't worry about it"?

Clearly, she was completely heartless.

Isabel climbed off the bed. "At least there are two hot spring pools. One for each of us. You go ahead and pick first."

"Ladies first."

"Alright then, I won't hold back."

Both hot spring pools had lovely surroundings, but Isabel chose the one that matched her mood best, slipping off her clothes and easing herself into the warm water.

"Ahhh ... heaven."

What's the point of living if you can't enjoy yourself once in a while? Otherwise, it'd all be a waste.

Just as Isabel was closing her eyes, relishing the warmth, she heard footsteps approaching.

Her eyes snapped open, and when she saw Xander walking over in his bathrobe, her pupils dilated.

"You—you're coming over here? This one's mine! Go to the other one."

Xander stood by the edge of her pool, clearly in no hurry to leave.

"I don't like the other one."

Isabel's mouth twitched in exasperation. "I let you pick first. You said 'ladies first.'"

Xander didn't respond. He just stood there, staring straight at her.

Instinctively, Isabel sank a little lower into the pool, letting the water rise above her neck. "If you don't like the other one, fine, I'll give you this one."

"Alright." Xander agreed, but his gaze never left her face.

Wrapped in the warmth of the water, Isabel knew he couldn't see anything below her neck, yet his intense stare still made her feel completely exposed.

"Ahem—turn around, please. If you don't turn around, how am I supposed to get out?"

Xander stayed exactly where he was.

Isabel was speechless. "You—"

"No need to bother. The pool's big enough for both of us. Let's just share." Before Isabel could say anything else, Xander lifted his hand and tugged at the belt tied around his waist.

The silk belt slid open with the slightest pull.