

Chapter 144 Misunderstandings and a Jealous Outburst in the Rain

That voice!

Xander's face instantly darkened like a storm rolling in, his expression so grim it was practically dripping with rage.

"You're with Kaleb?"

Isabel felt a mix of shock and frustration, throwing a glare at Kaleb.

"Yes, he came to find me. Said he wanted to talk."

At this point, Isabel had no choice but to tell the truth.

Xander's lips pressed into a thin, hard line, his face as cold as ice. The air around him seemed to drop several degrees, an intense chill radiating from him.

She didn't want him to touch her, but she'd run off to meet Kaleb in private—and then lie about it to him.

Just like Kaleb said—was she afraid that he would interrupt their little "alone time"?

The thought gnawed at Xander, filling him with an overwhelming frustration that was close to boiling over.

"Wait until I get back, and I'll explain," Isabel said before quickly hanging up.

Xander gripped his phone tightly, his knuckles turning white from the pressure.

After a deep, heavy breath, he threw on his clothes, pulled open the door, and strode out with long, determined steps.

Meanwhile, Isabel shot an exasperated glare at Kaleb.

"Happy now? Satisfied? Seeing me in trouble really makes your day, doesn't it?"

She regretted it—she shouldn't have gone out with Kaleb in the first place.

"Isabel, why do you always treat me like this?" Kaleb asked, frowning.

"Ha!" Isabel let out a bitter laugh.

"Why? Do you seriously have no clue why?"

Kaleb's face hardened. "You never used to talk like this."

"And you never used to cheat on me," Isabel snapped back, unfiltered.

Kaleb took a deep breath. "Can't we just have a calm conversation?"

"You think this isn't calm? The fact that I haven't punched you yet is already pretty generous."

Isabel clenched her fist, giving him a look that clearly said she was ready to swing if he pushed her any further.

Honestly, she really wanted to knock him around.

Kaleb glanced at her small, soft-looking fist, and for some reason, his heart softened a little.

"You and that other man ... are you serious about him?"

"None of your business!"

"Isabel!" Kaleb grabbed her wrist, stepping closer, his face inches from hers. "I know I hurt you. I know I drove you to this. But can't you have a little self-respect? Just any man will do? You'd go so far as to ... get with a lowlife who's been with God knows how many women? You can stomach that?"

The more he spoke, the angrier he got. When Isabel had opened the door for him earlier, he'd noticed the flush on her face, just like Eva looked after ... well, after certain things.

He couldn't bear the thought of Isabel being with someone else in such a situation.

She was supposed to be his, but now ... now she was someone else's.

"Kaleb, you're the one who's been with everyone. You couldn't keep it in your pants. You were engaged to me, and you still went and cheated with Eva! You're the dirty one—don't project that onto other people. Xander's nothing like you. He's actually clean!"

Right then, Isabel wanted to smack Kaleb straight across the mouth. How could he be so vile?

"Oh, so now you're defending him? You think he's 'clean'? Ha! What a joke! Isabel, you really are too stupid to save," Kaleb spat, unable to hold back his anger.

"Yeah, you're right—I was stupid beyond help back then. Otherwise, I'd never have been stuck on you, the king of cheaters." Isabel yanked her hand out of his grip.

"I don't have time to waste my breath on you, you dog!" With that, she turned and started walking away.

"You're rushing back to him, aren't you? So you can explain yourself?" Kaleb called after her.

Isabel turned and shot him a scornful smile. "Ha!"

The mocking laugh stung like a slap to his face.

Kaleb felt a sharp pang in his chest. "So this is how low you've sunk—throwing yourself at him, rolling around in bed with that man?"

Isabel looked back again, expressionless, and gave him the same mocking laugh.

"Ha!"

Kaleb's blood boiled, anger surging straight to his head. He was on the verge of exploding.

He couldn't hold it back any longer. He took a few swift steps toward Isabel, grabbing her wrist and slamming her against the wall.

"Fine, Isabel. I never thought you'd turn into this. If you love being played by men so much, then tonight, I'll oblige!"

As Kaleb pressed closer, Isabel felt a wave of disgust. She lifted her knee, aiming straight for his "weak spot."

Just as her knee was about to connect, a cold, furious voice cut through the rain.

"What do you think you're doing?!"

Isabel froze, realizing how close her knee was to Kaleb's most vulnerable spot.

He was still pinning her hands against the wall, leaning in as if he was about to kiss her.

The position—they looked unmistakably intimate to anyone watching.

And there, standing in the pouring rain, was Xander. His entire body was taut with rage, his fists clenched as icy raindrops pelted down on him. He didn't move. He just stood there, letting the rain drench him while his fury seemed to crackle in the stormy air around him.

The downpour grew heavier, lightning flashing and thunder booming overhead.

Isabel snapped out of her daze and shoved Kaleb aside with all her strength.

Kaleb stumbled back, nearly falling, and crashed into a utility pole, clutching his side in pain.

Isabel turned to face Xander, who stood there radiating a cold, deadly energy. She felt a headache brewing.

"If I said this was a misunderstanding, would you believe me?" she asked hesitantly.

Xander's dark, stormy eyes narrowed as he looked at her, his thin, icy lips pressed into a hard, unforgiving line.

"So you really were just using me."

He'd known it all along, but he'd pushed the thought away, refusing to believe it.

He'd been so naïve, thinking that if he just treated her well enough, if he gave her everything he had, maybe she'd finally look at him the way he wanted.

But now, all of that seemed like a cruel joke.

"I ... " Isabel opened her mouth, but his words had left her speechless.

Because he wasn't wrong. In the beginning, she had used him—everything had been for the emerald guardian angel pendant.

Her hesitation only confirmed Xander's suspicions. The rain poured down harder, drenching them both, creating a nearly impenetrable curtain of water between them.

Boom! Thunder cracked through the night sky, as if trying to tear it apart, making the chill in the air even more biting.

"It really is a misunderstanding. Kaleb and I—"

Before Isabel could finish, Xander had already turned and started walking away.

She lifted her hand, fingers brushing over the emerald guardian angel pendant hanging around her neck. She'd wanted to end things with Xander eventually, but not like this. Not in this way.

"Xander, please, listen to me!" Isabel broke into a run, chasing after him.

But after only two steps, Kaleb blocked her path.

"It's pouring rain. You'll catch a cold. Come back with me—I wasn't finished talking to you."

"Finish talking, my ass!" Isabel snapped, landing a solid punch right on Kaleb's eye. He stumbled back, instantly sporting a black eye.

Finish talking? Like hell! Fuming, she kicked Kaleb hard, then turned and dashed after Xander.

"Isabel! Get back here! Isabel!" Kaleb, clutching his eye and his bruised pride, shouted after her as she vanished into the rain.

But Isabel didn't look back. She acted like she hadn't heard a thing, sprinting off in the direction Xander had gone.

"Isabel!" Kaleb's voice was tight with anger, practically grinding her name out through his teeth.

After nearly five minutes of running, Isabel finally spotted Xander.

In a narrow alley, he was leaning against a streetlamp, allowing the rain to pour down on him, soaking him completely. He looked so alone—so lost.

Isabel approached him slowly. Xander didn't acknowledge her. His gaze lowered, lost in thought.

The air between them was thick with tension.

"Ahem." Isabel cleared her throat. "The rain's too heavy. You still have a cold—if you get a fever, that'll be even worse. Let's go back."

She reached out to take his hand.

His skin was ice-cold, like holding a block of ice. The chill made her heart ache.

But just then, Xander yanked his hand away.

"Go." His voice was cold, utterly devoid of warmth.