

Chapter 147 Isabel Blushed

Xander's eyes brightened as he turned toward the door, seeing the girl walk in carrying breakfast, a smile on her face.

The scene was so beautiful, so surreal, that Xander almost thought he was dreaming.

Was I not fully awake?

Xander prepared to pinch himself under the blanket to ensure he wasn't dreaming. However, Isabel approached the bed and checked his forehead, perhaps for a fever or to see if he was awake.

The touch on his forehead was warm and soft, making Xander feel comfortable and at the same time letting him know one thing.

He wasn't dreaming—this was real. She hadn't left. On the contrary, she'd stayed by his side, caring for him all night.

He saw the telltale signs of a sleepless night etched on her face—the dark circles under her eyes and the undeniable weariness in her gaze.

"It's gone down," Isabel said, lowering her hand and checking his pulse.

"It seems the medicine worked on you after all. Guess my all-nighter wasn't in vain." As she spoke, a wave of exhaustion washed over her, and she couldn't help but yawn.

"I'm fine now. You should get some sleep," Xander said, his brows creased with concern.

Isabel raised both arms, stretched, and forced herself to stay awake as she stood up. "No rush. First, I'll draw some blood to test it, to see how effective the injection from yesterday was."

Xander thought for a moment before asking, "Do you know someone at this hospital?"

Otherwise, how would the hospital allow Isabel to come and draw samples for testing?

"My friend is the director of this hospital." Isabel felt a surge of gratitude that her good friend Merle was the hospital's director.

Isabel's response surprised Xander.

"Your friend is the hospital director?"

"Exactly."

"You really do have a wide range of friends," Xander said, half-closing his eyes.

Isabel chuckled sheepishly, "Can't help it. I just got such good character."

Xander just looked at Isabel without saying a word.

"Ahem—" Isabel cleared her throat. "I'll just get that blood sample now."

After drawing his blood, Isabel suddenly felt a sharp pain in her abdomen. Her face turned pale, and she clutched the fabric over her lower stomach.

"What's wrong? Are you not feeling well?" Xander's gaze moved to Isabel's lower abdomen.

Not feeling well?

Why would she be hurting there?

Could it be menstrual cramps?

But he quickly dismissed the idea, remembering her cycle wasn't due.

Hearing Xander's question, Isabel's mind instantly replayed what had happened in the rain last night.

They'd been going at it for over two hours. It was her first time, and the inexperience showed on both sides. He was rough, almost frantic in his dominance, possessing her with a desperate intensity that left no room for tenderness. After two hours of such forceful passion, it was no wonder her body ached.

It was only thanks to her physical fitness, which is stronger than most women's, that she wasn't bedridden right now. She was certain that any ordinary woman would be lying in a hospital bed by now, hooked up to an IV, and wouldn't be able to get up for two or three days.

The thought brought an involuntary blush to Isabel's cheeks. Even though she was supposedly in her "safe" period, she knew it wasn't a foolproof guarantee against pregnancy.

Someone like Yvette, with her unique constitution, couldn't even rely on birth control pills.

Better safe than sorry. She'd have to remember to take some birth control pills as soon as she had a moment.

Lost in thought, Isabel didn't notice Xander's large hand reaching out to touch her lower stomach.

"Does it hurt?" His deep, warm voice was full of concern, making her heart tremble.

Isabel's eyes widened as she felt his firm hand on her stomach. Remembering what he'd done to her last night, her face flushed a deep red.

She quickly brushed his hand away and took a step back, putting some distance between them.

"It doesn't. I'm fine now."

Her heart thumped wildly in her chest, like a drumbeat.

She was keeping her distance from Xander because she was afraid he'd hear her heart pounding like a battle drum.

So embarrassing!

"I need to go run these tests now. I'm exhausted and will need a nap afterward."

With that, Isabel quickly exited the room, almost fleeing.

Xander watched Isabel leave, then looked down at his hand, his brows furrowing in confusion.

Did she dislike being touched by him that much?

He let out a long sigh, thinking back to what had happened last night. The image of Isabel with Kaleb flashed in his mind, and the two of them were standing so close, almost intimate. Just the memory made his blood boil again.

Maybe the fever had clouded his judgment, making him ignore Isabel's explanation and drive her away.

But now, thinking about it—Isabel was his woman. From the moment she'd come into his life, she was destined to be his. He wouldn't let her run away!

With this thought in mind, Xander seemed to come to a decision. He looked back toward the door.

She'd been limping slightly as she left. Was she really okay?

After a brief moment of quiet, Xander got out of bed and left the room, heading outside. He hadn't gone far when, to his surprise, he saw Isabel and Kaleb together again.

Were they meeting up again?

What were they talking about?

Xander moved closer, hiding to watch them from a distance.

Isabel looked at Kaleb, who'd blocked her path, feeling exasperated.

Why was she running into this guy again?

"So you really have been secretly following me?" Kaleb said, his tone complicated—irritated, but with a hint of smug satisfaction.

Isabel rolled her eyes dramatically at the empty air.

"I don't want to talk to someone so self-absorbed."

With that, Isabel lifted her foot to leave, but as soon as she took a step, Kaleb blocked her again.

"Why won't you admit it? You still have feelings for me, don't you?"

"Oh, Mr. Johnson, you are truly narcissistic personified. Let me make this very clear—I am not interested in you, Kaleb. Not even a little bit!"

Isabel's tone was as serious and firm as it could be, leaving no room for doubt.

Kaleb's face was a mask of fury. He clenched his fists, his lips pressed into a thin, white line—the picture of frustrated anger. It seemed as if he wanted to unleash a torrent of rage upon her.

Isabel raised a teasing eyebrow, then reached out to push Kaleb aside.

"Are you blind? You're blocking the way."

"Isabel!" Kaleb gritted his teeth, his molars grinding audibly.

Isabel looked back at him with an expression of utter disdain. "Don't say my name. It sounds awful from your mouth."

Kaleb's face went from purple to green in rage. "Isabel, you've changed. You've become so much worse. I never thought that the sweet, gentle girl I once knew would turn into someone so heartless!"

Already a few steps away, Isabel paused at his words and turned back, her expression cold and distant.

"Well, Mr. Johnson, I've changed. I'm no longer your fiancée. So from what position are you lecturing me? Do you have any right to judge me?"

Her words left Kaleb gaping, speechless.

Yes. Isabel was no longer my fiancée; she had nothing to do with me. I had no right or position to judge her character. Whether she was good or bad was no longer any of my business.

With this realization, Kaleb felt a wave of inexplicable sadness along with a strange sense of frustration.

Just then, Isabel spoke again.

"Oh, that reminds me. No wonder you're here at the hospital—Eva's condition must be so bad she had no choice, huh?"

Isabel couldn't suppress a smirk, her amusement at someone else's misfortune evident.

At that moment, in Kaleb's eyes, Isabel looked like the classic villain—someone who had turned bitter from unrequited love.

"Did Eva tell you her condition was my fault?" Isabel asked, watching Kaleb's brows knit together.

"So I guessed right?" Kaleb let out a frustrated breath. "I'm not blind or stupid. I know this wasn't your doing."

"Well, I'm impressed." Isabel clicked her tongue, shaking her head in mock amazement. "And here I thought you were blind and clueless, never once seeing things clearly."

"You—" Kaleb had barely opened his mouth when Isabel cut him off.

"Oh, Kaleb ... You've got it wrong again. Eva's little 'condition'? I was absolutely behind that."