

## Chapter 161 Xander Is Jealous of His Younger Brother

"Can't be bothered." Isabel tossed her phone aside.

Samuel raised an eyebrow. "Don't put on an act for me. I know you just want me to leave so you can chat with him alone."

She could tell Samuel was a little worried she would end up hurting Xander's feelings. So, she was in a dilemma right now.

Honestly, though, she did not mind Samuel watching over her—it even made her feel a little envious of the close bond between him and his brother. Unlike most wealthy families, where siblings often battle each other over property, these two truly cared about each other.

"Fine, I'll answer."

She picked up the phone and, just for Samuel's benefit, put it on speaker.

"You don't need to put it on speaker. I'm not interested in listening," Samuel muttered under his breath.

Isabel shot him a look as the call connected and Kaleb's voice came through.

"I heard you got hurt. Are you okay? Is it serious?"

Samuel's eyes instantly flickered with concern, searching Isabel's face for any reaction. However, what he heard was her cool, distant tone.

"What's with the tone? Are you thrilled about this or something? Honestly, Kaleb, don't you have anything better to do than call and pretend to care?"

Samuel stifled a grin, quite enjoying her bluntness.

Kaleb, on the other hand, was silent for a moment, clearly taken aback.

"Isabel, why are you so hostile toward me? I'm just trying to check on you."

"Oh—" Isabel drawled, relaxing as she leaned back on the couch. "So, you care about me, and I'm just supposed to be grateful? So when you're kind, it's charity, and when you're not, it's somehow my fault? Who do you think you are? You think I'm supposed to revolve around you, Kaleb? There are plenty of fish in the sea. Why should I be stuck on you?"

Kaleb's expression darkened.

"Why are you saying all this? I just wanted to check if you're ..." She cut him off abruptly, unbothered.

"Thanks, but no thanks. I don't have to accept your 'kindness,' and please don't bother contacting me again."

Isabel added with a parting shot, "You're really annoying!"

Then she hung up.

Beep!

The line went dead, and Kaleb clenched his phone so tightly that his knuckles went white, his jaw set in frustration.

Samuel picked up an orange from the table and handed it to Isabel with a grin. "Xan knows you like these, so he's been getting fresh ones brought in every day. They're all for you."

Catching the smile Samuel could not hide, Isabel raised an eyebrow. "If I'd been polite to Kaleb just now, would you have still offered me the oranges?"

Without a word, Samuel took the plate back, making it clear: if she had not been harsh with Kaleb, she would not be getting any oranges.

As she reached for one, Isabel noticed Samuel's sleeve was torn.

"Your sleeve is ripped."

He checked it out, spotting a thumb-length tear at the cuff.

"What a shame. This shirt's a couple of years old, but I like it. Too bad—I'd have to throw it out; even if I sew it, it'll still look obvious."

"Don't toss it; I can fix it so it's seamless," Isabel offered, looking at the tear.

"You?" Samuel looked surprised. "You know how to sew? I mean, you're from a well-off family, even if things were rocky with your father. Did you ever really have to sew your own clothes?"

Samuel found it hard to believe Isabel could sew. Who even sews clothes these days? You're from a wealthy family, and even most girls don't know how to do that kind of thing anymore, let alone someone like you.

The old Isabel had not, but she herself had picked up a lot of skills over the years. Isabel knew how to do almost anything, the type who could survive comfortably even in the wilderness.

"You underestimate the 'hardships' I went through with the Zimmermans. My mother passed away early, and my stepmother was tougher than Cinderella's. She barely gave me any allowance. I used to work on the side, but even then, my stepmother would confiscate the little I earned, so I had to learn all kinds of things."

"So rough, huh?" Samuel looked at Isabel with sympathy.

Isabel nodded. Even though the hardships she mentioned were real, the original Isabel did not actually sew much. Yet, that detail did not matter—Xander would not be able to verify something like this anyway.

She would simply say she was in her room mending clothes; there were no cameras in there, so no one could verify otherwise.

"Are you really sure you can sew?" Samuel asked, still a bit doubtful.

"Since you're about to throw it out anyway, why not let me try? Worst case, I mess up, and it's no big loss." Isabel shrugged.

Samuel thought about it and agreed, "Fine, give it a shot."

"Then take off the shirt."

"Uh ... Okay." He started unbuttoning but suddenly stopped.

"Actually ... I'm not wearing anything under this. If Xan walks in and sees, I'll be a dead man."

Isabel sighed.

"I've seen plenty of guys shirtless before. You're not a woman."

"Still, I'm not comfortable with it," Samuel muttered, buttoning back up.

"And no woman has seen me shirtless."

Isabel rolled her eyes. This guy was hopeless.

"Don't worry, I'm not interested in looking at you. If I wanted to, I'd just go find Xander—I'm sure his physique is better than yours," Isabel's comment hit a nerve with Samuel.

"And how do you know my physique isn't as good as Xan's? You haven't seen it," Samuel replied, looking a bit miffed.

Isabel raised an eyebrow, "Then take off your shirt and let me see."

"No way! I'm not falling for that," Samuel replied with a smug grin, standing his ground.

After a pause, Isabel suggested, "Fine, then just extend your arm. I'll sew like this."

"Fine," Samuel said, reaching out his arm.

Isabel borrowed some needles and thread from Diana and started sewing skillfully, stitching up the tear with ease.

"You're actually pretty good at this," Samuel admitted, finally convinced that she knew what she was doing.

Just then, Xander walked in. As soon as he entered, he saw Isabel holding Samuel's arm, their heads almost touching, focused on whatever she was doing.