

Chapter 178 Fury!

It was bad enough that she kept bringing up Kaleb's name, but now she was even defending him!

Xander shot to his feet, his entire being igniting with a furious intensity, anger boiling within him!

Isabel looked at him, puzzled, not understanding why he was reacting so strongly.

"You ... " Just as Isabel began to speak, he trapped her against the sofa.

"What is going on with you?" she asked, bewildered.

Xander took a deep breath, pressing his lips together.

"Call me Xan!"

"Huh?" Isabel blinked, shocked.

Why should I feel so mortified to call him that?

The words simply wouldn't come out.

"I'm not going to," Isabel replied, reaching out to push his shoulder.

She assumed he'd back off easily, but instead, he caught her hand, held it at his side, and leaned down, capturing her lips in a deep, fervent kiss.

The intense kiss made her head spin as if a mighty sledgehammer was smashing through her world, turning everything upside down!

By the end, the sharp smell of blood still lingered in the air.

But this was only the start. The man wasn't done; his hands aggressively explored her body, like a raging fire consuming everything in its way.

Isabel despised the sensation, overwhelmed with a deep sense of injustice.

She hated being controlled by others and handled so harshly, but she couldn't escape.

For the first time, Isabel felt like crying.

Her tears weren't from feeling weak but from the overwhelming sense of unfairness and confusion. She couldn't understand why the man had suddenly become so harsh with her, showing no gentleness whatsoever.

It was completely different from before. The man back then, though inexperienced, had been rough but still showed some gentleness, taking her feelings into account.

But now, the way the man treated her made it feel as if he wasn't interacting with a person, but rather coldly using an emotionless object.

As her emotions flared, Isabel angrily bit down on his lip.

"Ugh ... " Xander flinched from the pain and loosened his hold.

In that brief moment, jealousy overwhelmed Xander, and all he could think about was making Isabel's attention solely his.

To make her his, he took drastic actions, determined that, at least in her eyes and heart, she would be his alone throughout this.

This desire fueled his actions, pushing him to become more forceful.

Isabel winced in pain, and for reasons she couldn't explain, tears began to flow freely down her cheeks.

One tear landed right on the man's sharp, thin lips.

Xander froze, his actions halting as he stared at the girl's tearful face. The sight pierced him like a knife, flooding him with guilt and heartache.

Carefully, he lifted his hand, his cool fingers brushing away the tears on her face.

Isabel, seething with anger, shoved his hand aside and turned her head, refusing to speak to him at that moment.

The tension in the living room was thick and overwhelming.

After a short silence, Xander rose to his feet, pulling the hand Isabel had shoved away behind him. His fingers curled into a fist, so tight it seemed they might turn pale. His nails pressed into his palm, leaving red marks.

Neither said a word, only locking eyes—each determined not to look at the other.

When Samuel came back inside, he was met with an incredibly awkward sight. He was so taken aback that he nearly tripped, stepping into the room before quickly backing out.

Samuel first glanced at his older brother.

Huh? Why is Xander's lip bleeding?

He then noticed Isabel's lips, swollen and covered in blood.

It looked like they had just kissed.

If he was right, the two of them had just shared an intense moment in the hall.

Samuel breathed a sigh of relief, thankful he hadn't arrived earlier, or he might have interrupted something more intense.

But that wasn't what concerned him. What mattered was the strange tension between the two of them. The air felt off.

"Cough ... " Samuel cleared his throat, shifting his gaze between Isabel and Xander before finally asking, "What's going on here? Are you two arguing?"

Isabel furrowed her brows, remaining silent. After a deep breath, she stood up and headed towards the stairs, deliberately avoiding eye contact with Xander.

Xander didn't glance at her either. After a brief pause, he turned and headed for the door.

"Xander, where are you going? Dinner will be ready soon."

When Samuel called out to her, Isabel halted but didn't face him. A wave of frustration settled in her chest.

Just then, Xander's low, icy voice echoed from behind her.

"You all can have dinner, I won't be returning tonight."

Isabel's frustration only grew stronger.

Fine, if he's not coming back, it's no big deal!

Isabel stormed up the stairs and slammed her door shut as soon as she entered her room.

Xander paused for a moment, his brow furrowed, but he fought the urge to turn around and glance back. With a deep sigh, he walked away from the villa, his stride confident and unapproachable.

That left only Samuel in the living room.

Samuel rubbed the back of his neck and mumbled.

"What's happening here? We've always been fine, even showing affection in front of me. Why is there suddenly tension and all this drama?"

What should I do now?

As Samuel rubbed his temples, trying to ease the headache forming, Max finally arrived.

Before the man even stepped into the room, his voice could be heard calling out.

"Xander? Xander? Are you home?" Max appeared, holding a big red gift box in his hands.

"Hey, where's Xander?" Max glanced around, asking the question.

"He left," Samuel replied.

"Left? I called him earlier, and he was at home just now, wasn't he?" Max asked, looking confused.

Samuel glanced up toward Isabel's room on the second floor, his brow furrowing.

Noticing Samuel's look, Max thought for a moment and then suggested, "Are they having some kind of argument?"

Samuel was surprised. "How did you know?"

Max casually filled a glass with water and replied, "It's not a big deal. Couples fight sometimes. They'll be fine—arguments happen, but they always make up. It's not like the fairy tale happy endings all the time. Don't worry, everything will settle down."

Even though Samuel had never been in love, he found Max's advice surprisingly sensible.

"What's that you're holding?"

Samuel had noticed the package Max was carrying as soon as he walked in, but with everything going on with Isabel and Xander, he hadn't had the chance to really focus on it until now.

Max grinned and opened the gift box. "Oh, this? Candies and eggs. My wife's pregnant with triplets, and I'm so excited that I thought I'd share the good news with you early." His smile was wide as he spoke.

Samuel couldn't resist rolling his eyes.

Share joy? You're really just showing off, aren't you?

Despite his sarcastic thoughts, Samuel's anxiety only grew stronger.

Xander was off the market now, and even Max, the infamous playboy, had settled down and was expecting triplets.

That left him as the last one without a partner.

However, he knew rushing into a relationship wasn't the right approach.

Just as Samuel was starting to feel stressed, a sound from upstairs broke his thoughts.

Samuel and Max glanced up at the same time, spotting Isabel walking out of the room with a bag in hand.

"Where are you headed?" Samuel quickly asked.