

Chapter 181 Isabel Is Drunk

It turned out that the call wasn't from Xander at all.

The caller ID showed it was Seff.

Isabel lowered her gaze, a trace of gloom appearing in her eyes.

What was she hoping for?

She clearly didn't have that kind of feeling for Xander yet.

She analyzed it carefully and thought that maybe, after being with him for so long, suddenly being apart felt a bit unsettling.

Indeed, it was frightening how quickly one could grow accustomed to something.

The caller ID had already been flashing on the screen for over a minute, so Isabel decided to answer.

"Boss, are you free for a karaoke session tomorrow? You didn't show up for your birthday celebration last time, so we were thinking of celebrating it for you tomorrow."

Isabel pursed her lips slightly. After a brief silence, she said, "I'm free. Then let's set it for tomorrow night."

She had initially planned to return to the Bennett residence the next day. However, the thought of going back so soon made her nervous—things might still be awkward between her and Xander.

So, she decided to stay out a few more days. Time would take care of everything, and perhaps in a couple of days, today's events would be forgotten.

After ending the call, Isabel flicked her finger across the screen and stopped when she reached Xander's contact.

She paused for a moment, then opened his WhatsApp, but there were no new messages from him.

Forget it! It's time for bed. I have food to eat and a bed to sleep in. Who cares if the world falls apart?

Isabel muttered to herself as she closed her eyes and prepared to sleep.

Meanwhile, Xander was holding his phone, staring at the contact entry labeled "Honey." His finger hovered over the "Dial" button, unsure whether to press it.

After what he'd done to her during the day, she was probably still angry.

He checked the time. It was already 11:59 PM.

She was probably asleep by now, so he decided not to disturb her.

After a moment of hesitation, Xander called Samuel instead.

As soon as the phone connected, Samuel's yawns echoed through the speaker.

"Xander, what's up? It's the middle of the night ... What's going on?"

"Is she still angry?"

Upon hearing this, Samuel stopped yawning and rolled his eyes in exasperation.

You want to know if she's angry? Then call her! Why are you asking me at this hour?

Despite Samuel's internal frustration, he held back his true thoughts and opted for a more tactful reply.

"I'm not sure. Why don't you give her a call?"

Xander ran a hand over his thick brows. "Never mind. She's probably asleep by now. I won't bother her."

Samuel's jaw nearly dropped at those words.

So Isabel needs her sleep at this hour, but I don't? You're worried about disturbing her sleep, but not me?

Fine, I get it. We're real brothers, all right!

"I'm hanging up."

"Wait! Xander! There's something I haven't told you." Samuel stopped Xander just before he ended the call. "Isabel's returned to Lilac Heights."

Wait, she left?

Is she really that mad?

With a noticeable rise and fall of his chest, Xander let out a deep sigh.

"Got it."

After he finished his words, Xander ended the call.

Samuel's words only made it harder for him to sleep.

When Max saw the dark circles under Xander's eyes the next morning, he didn't even need to ask to know he hadn't slept a wink.

"Xander, how about some karaoke tonight to pass the time?"

Xander frowned. "I'm not in the mood."

"That's exactly why you should come. I'll invite others, and we'll make it fun. You can't back out. If you don't go, I'll drag you there myself."

That evening, Xander was forcibly taken to the KTV, surrounded by Max and a few other spoiled young heirs.

"Xander, stop looking at your phone! Drink up!"

Max walked over with his beer and saw that Xander was still staring at his phone.

"What are you looking at? Do you have anything interesting on your phone? Maybe some American Dollars?"

Max curiously sat down beside Xander and leaned over to peek at his phone.

When he saw what was on the screen, Max felt an overwhelming sense of speechlessness.

Well, there was nothing interesting, nor were there any American Dollars—just a picture of his wife.

"Xander, you don't really have to act this way. It's normal for women to get angry, isn't it? Just look at Yvette. Every time I go to the hospital to visit her, she practically hurls a pillow at me. Plus, she glares at me as if she could smash me to pieces."

Xander put down his phone, looking at Max with a speechless expression.

"Don't look at me like that; I can't stand it," Max said, sensing the hint of disdain in Xander's gaze.

After a brief silence, Xander spoke up. "You know that Yvette doesn't have those kinds of feelings for you right now, don't you?"

Xander asked this because his situation was quite similar to Max's—both were experiencing one-sided crushes.

"I know," Max replied casually.

He then took a sip of his beer and exclaimed, "Ah! This tastes so good. It's so refreshing!"

"You don't mind?" Xander asked, sounding puzzled.

"What's there to mind? Girls are meant to be pursued slowly; that's what makes them feel valued. Besides, I like a good challenge. The harder they are to get, the more I want them."

Max's words resonated with Xander because he shared the same mindset. He just hadn't realized it, being so caught up in his own situation.

"I'm definitely going to get her," Xander said, his deep, obsidian eyes half-closed, his tone resolute.

He had already decided that Isabel would be his wife. After all, she was the first woman to flirt with him on the day they met!

So you think you can flirt with me and just walk away? No way!

"You've figured it out, huh? Alright, cheers." Max handed the beer to Xander and lightly clinked his glass against Xander's.

In the next room, as Seff set the microphone down, he sat next to Isabel and stared at her, completely mesmerized.

"Boss, why aren't you singing? You're drinking too much."

"This beer is amazing." With that, Isabel tipped her head back and finished the beer in one go.

Beowulf glanced over at Isabel and warned, "Boss, take it easy. You know how you get when you're drunk—you might start stripping again."

Beowulf vividly remembered Isabel's drunken antics.

It was a clear, starry night—the first and only time they had seen Isabel drunk.

When she got drunk, Isabel would complain about feeling hot and start taking off her clothes.

Naturally, they couldn't just stand by and watch their Boss undress, so they stepped in to stop her.

But in the end, each one of them was beaten to a pulp.

After all, none of them was a match for her martial prowess.

Fortunately, Isabel eventually tired herself out from hitting them and fell asleep. If it had gone on any longer, they wouldn't have known what to do.

"I can hold my liquor just fine now," Isabel said, pouring herself another glass of beer and downing it in one gulp.

Right after finishing the glass, she suddenly felt a wave of dizziness, and her vision began to blur and twist.

No way! Am I actually getting drunk already?