

Chapter 182 Running Into Kaleb While Drunk

Seff's eyes were locked on Isabel's neck, captivated by the smoothness of her fair skin and the elegant curve of her throat. The flush of alcohol on her face only added to her allure, making her seem even more enchanting.

Every part of her seemed to make Seff's thirst grow stronger. He grabbed a drink and gulped it down, the cold liquid sliding down his throat.

As the drink settled, his mind flashed back to a time when Isabel had been drunk before. She had started to undress, and though she only removed her jacket to reveal a simple t-shirt beneath, the sight had set his heart racing.

Even now, thinking about it, he felt a warmth spreading across his face and his pulse quickening.

"Boss, when are you planning to divorce Xander?" Seff asked urgently, his voice tinged with frustration. "I heard from Beowulf that you already got the emerald guardian angel pendant, right?"

He couldn't help but feel impatient. The woman he had feelings for was married to another man—not just married, but living with him.

Worse still, that man seemed to care for Isabel too, and Seff couldn't bear it.

At the mention of "Xander," Isabel instinctively furrowed her brows, the memory of the previous day flooding back.

In the past, Xander would occasionally take advantage of her when she wasn't paying attention. It would irritate her for a moment, but she'd forget about it quickly.

But yesterday was different—his forceful manner had felt like he was trying to break her. The discomfort it caused her was profound, and it pushed her to put distance between them.

"I signed a contract with him. After a year, I'll divorce him," Isabel replied.

"You're going to wait a whole year?" Seff couldn't accept that. "Why sign a contract with him in the first place?"

Isabel took out the emerald guardian angel pendant from under her shirt and showed it to him. "This was the condition," she said flatly.

"Boss, please, promise me you won't let him sweep you off your feet before that year is up!" Seff nearly shouted, his anxiety palpable.

"You're overthinking it. I—" Isabel paused, her voice catching slightly. "I'll never have a future with him."

She was a strong-willed woman, and Xander shared the same dominating nature. From the start, their personalities had never meshed.

She believed a man like Xander, who dealt with the weight of the world, needed a soft and virtuous woman by his side to care for him.

She was not that woman.

As she thought about it, the dizziness in her head grew stronger.

She glanced at the beer bottle on the table. Is it the frustration that's making the alcohol hit me harder tonight?

No, I can't let this go on. I don't want to embarrass myself again.

"I'm going to the bathroom," she muttered, standing up.

"I'll go with you," Seff said quickly, concern in his voice.

Go with me? Is he out of his mind?

"No, I can handle it," Isabel forced a smile, trying to look sober despite the dizzying feeling in her head.

"Boss, I really think I should come with you," Seff insisted, still not convinced.

At that moment, Beowulf chimed in, "Boss has only had a little to drink. She's fine. Besides, she's going to the ladies' room. You won't be able to go in there anyway. Come on, let's have another drink."

"Go on, go!" Isabel waved Seff off and quickly left the room.

Once outside, she no longer had to pretend to be sober. She staggered toward the bathroom, her steps unsteady as she felt the ground shift beneath her.

With each step, the world around her seemed to blur, the walls and ceiling becoming a dizzying swirl of colors.

After what felt like forever, she finally reached the bathroom. She splashed cold water on her face and, for a moment, felt a slight relief.

But as she stepped out, the coldness faded and was replaced by a warm, almost burning sensation as the alcohol began to take full effect. Her vision blurred again.

It hit her then—she was truly drunk. She needed to get back to the room and let Beowulf and the others help her home before she embarrassed herself any further.

She reached the door to the private room and pushed it open.

"Beowulf, you guys—"

She froze mid-sentence, her eyes widening.

The room was filled with men in suits lounging on couches. Some had beer bellies and were holding girls in their arms.

Have I walked into the wrong room?

This is definitely not our private room.

What shocked Isabel even more was the sight of Kaleb sitting among them.

"Sorry, I must have walked into the wrong room," she quickly apologized, starting to turn around.

Before she could leave, a middle-aged man stepped in front of her, blocking her path.

"You didn't walk into the wrong room. I had them send you," he said with an almost predatory look as he scanned Isabel's body from head to toe, his gaze making her feel exposed.

"You've misunderstood. I'm not a call girl. Please move aside," Isabel said sharply, her voice cold as she glared at him.

Another man approached and stood in her way as well.

"Miss, it doesn't matter who you are. Now that you're here, why not stay and sing with us?" He asked, pulling out 2,000 dollars in cash.

The girls in the room, who had noticed the money, looked at Isabel with envy, jealousy, and resentment.

They were used to the bosses giving them only a few hundred at a time, but here was this unknown girl being treated so lavishly. It made them bitter.

Kaleb, seated across the room, frowned, his eyes never leaving Isabel. His expression grew more intense, his thoughts becoming a swirl of confusion.

Kaleb was growing more confused by Isabel with each passing moment. Initially, he had assumed her distant attitude was just a way of teasing him, a tactic to make him chase her. But as her behavior became more unpredictable, it was clear that this wasn't some simple flirtation. Now, she was standing in front of him again, and his emotions were all over the place, constantly shifting in ways he couldn't even begin to understand.

The karaoke lounge was enormous, filled with countless private rooms, yet Isabel had somehow walked into his. Was that really just a coincidence? He didn't believe in that kind of luck.

Is it possible ... that she's doing this on purpose? Is she deliberately trying to make me question her motives, slowly embedding herself into my thoughts?

The idea suddenly struck him, and it made him see Isabel in an entirely new way.

He was beginning to think he had figured it out. Maybe Isabel had hired someone to craft a plan tailored just for him, a strategy designed to deeply affect him.

This wasn't some harmless game anymore; this was much more complicated. If it were just about playing hard to get, someone as sharp as him would have figured it out in no time, and it wouldn't have had nearly the same impact.

But now? Now, Isabel was weaving a much more complex web—drawing him in with her confusing mix of distance and affection, leaving him uncertain and questioning everything. Just when he thought she had moved on, she would come back around, throwing him off balance.

Isabel ... Isabel! You sure know how to play the game!

Just as he thought he had her figured out, Isabel's sharp, detached voice broke through his thoughts.

"You're bothering me! Move!" she snapped.

With a quick motion, she slapped the money from the man's hand, sending the bills scattering across the floor.

The action sent the man into a rage.

"Where did you come from, you b*tch, thinking you can act so high and mighty!" he yelled, reaching out without hesitation, trying to grab at Isabel.