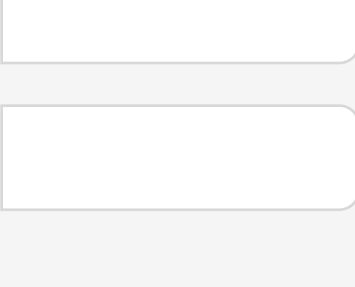


Chapter 184 Xander Hears Isabel's Voice



Seeing Isabel in such a fragile state, Kaleb felt a rush of relief that he had followed her. If someone else had approached with less noble intentions, she could have been in serious danger.

Kaleb's gaze lingered on the small opening of Isabel's blouse, where a button had come undone. It revealed a glimpse of her collarbone and the soft, pale skin of her neck.

Even though the outfit was modest and not overtly provocative, it didn't stop him from feeling an intense pull of attraction.

He hadn't noticed before, but today, her skin seemed so much lighter than he remembered. Eva's complexion was pale, but Isabel's was far more delicate, almost ethereal, like porcelain or the first tender leaves of a lotus flower breaking through a pond's surface after a rainstorm. It glowed softly, so pure it made one almost ache just to gaze at it.

Her breath came in uneven gasps, her chest rising and falling with each one. Her pulse was visible beneath the surface of her skin, as though the steady rhythm of her body was a mountain range in motion—peaks and valleys, alive with energy.

Compared to Eva, Isabel wasn't just a small hill; she was a towering mountain, strong and undeniable.

Why have I never noticed this before?

Kaleb frowned, his mind drifting to Isabel's past.

It seemed that she had changed her style of clothing.

She used to dress conservatively, always in loose clothes that hid her shape, never bothering with makeup or style. She had seemed plain, unremarkable, even old-fashioned.

Back then, she was always compliant, never resisting him, always doing whatever he asked, except when it came to physical touch. She was someone who easily faded into the background.

Unmemorable.

Eva, on the other hand, was a woman who knew when to be soft, when to take control, and when to wear something so irresistible it left no room for anything else but her.

It was no wonder Kaleb had eventually fallen for Eva's charms.

However, when Isabel became a more assertive and even cruel individual, causing harm to his mother and tormenting Eva, everything that had previously been manageable began to unravel. He had abandoned her without a second thought.

"Puff ... puff ... " Isabel's breath was shallow, her lips slightly parted, her face flushed, as though she were cooked red with fever.

"You alright? Let me take you somewhere private to rest," Kaleb said, reaching out to support her.

"Get off me! Who gave you permission?" Isabel shoved his hand away, her voice harsh.

Her mind was slipping, her vision was swimming, but she was still aware enough to recognize Kaleb.

She couldn't stand him. She couldn't stand the thought of his touch.

"Isabel, stop being difficult. You're drunk, and I have to get you out of here. What if something happens to you?" Kaleb's voice took on a tone of frustration mixed with concern.

"It's none of your business! You're the worst! A villain!" Isabel spat, her eyes blazing with fury.

Her glare was sharper than any blade. Her beautiful eyes narrowed to dangerous slits that only enticed him further.

Kaleb swallowed hard, uneasy under the intensity of her gaze.

She was extremely sexy when she was mad, impossible to ignore.

Could it be true what the other bosses said? Is she acting this way because of her feelings for me?

Kaleb thought he understood now. It had to be that—she was trying to tempt him, to make him notice her.

She had come here drunk, deliberately creating a situation where they could be alone, and now she was throwing herself at him.

Upon that thought, his eyes drifted down to her open collar again.

Everything, all these little signs, pointed to one conclusion.

She was seducing him.

"Isabel, I know you're angry and still have feelings for me. To be honest ... I've thought about whether we could go back to what we were. But I'm with Eva now, and she needs me. I can't leave her. But if you want, I can stay with you tonight. I'll give you what you want. After that, though, please don't come to me again."

Isabel felt like something was buzzing in her ear, an irritating sound that she couldn't escape.

"Kaleb, are you out of your mind?"

Just as Xander stepped out of the private room, he heard her voice.

Max, who was with him, watched as Xander stopped in his tracks. "What's wrong? Did you drink too much?"

Xander's brow furrowed, and for a moment, he didn't respond. Then, his voice was quiet. "I think I just heard her voice."

"Her? Who?" Max asked but then realized. "Isabel?"

Max glanced around, but other than a passing waiter, the room was empty.

"Xander, you're imagining things. Isabel left already. She went back to her brother's place, remember?"

At Max's words, Xander's expression darkened.

It seemed like he had indeed been mistaken.

But just as Xander was beginning to question himself, he heard the unmistakable voice again, full of fury.

"You think every woman in the world should be after you? Look at yourself! You can't even stop thinking about Eva when you were with me, and now you're still trying to bother me after getting together with her. Pretending to be some noble, lovesick hero—how disgusting!"

Max's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wait ... that's really her ... Isabel's voice!"

Before Max could finish, Xander had already started walking, and Max quickly followed.

Turning a corner, they found her—Isabel, standing beside Kaleb.

What's going on here?

Max hesitated, unsure whether to approach. He stayed close to Xander, observing quietly.

Kaleb's face was cold as stone as he glared at Isabel. After a deep breath, he spoke again. "You curse at me, but look at you. You barged into my private room, and now you're accusing me of bothering you? Isabel, don't let your pride blind you."

Max's mouth dropped open. Isabel has been bothering Kaleb?

A chill ran through him as he looked at Xander, who was frozen, his face stricken with horror.

Gee.

That expression—it was terrifying.

Isabel was beyond furious, to the point where it seemed like she might explode.

Without warning, she kicked Kaleb where it hurt most.

Kaleb grunted and dropped to the floor, clutching himself in pain.

But Isabel wasn't done. She elbowed him hard in the back, sending him tumble to the ground with another grunt.

Stabilizing herself with one hand on the wall, Isabel kicked him again and again, not holding back at all.