

Chapter 185 Xander's Dominance

"You're self-absorbed!

"You're a j*rk!

"You're blind and clueless!

"Is it only when I hit you that you'll finally wake up?

"This is all your fault! Xander won't even talk to me now! I told you to leave me alone, yet you keep showing up in front of me! This is what happens when you push me too far!"

Max slowly turned his gaze to Xander. "You're the one at fault here. You're too suspicious, and you've misunderstood Isabel."

Xander couldn't stop hearing the words, "Xander won't even talk to me now!"

A small, affectionate smile played on his lips as he watched Isabel kick at him. His eyes softened with warmth.

Just then, Isabel lost her balance and started to fall backward.

She expected a hard fall, but instead, just as she tipped over, she was caught by a familiar, comforting embrace.

She recognized the warmth instantly. It was Xander!

Looking up, his stunning face filled her vision.

Her heart stirred, and her eyes suddenly felt hot as emotions of frustration, anger, and resentment swirled within her.

She puffed out her cheeks and muttered, "I don't need you to save me."

Before she could say more, Xander's voice, lowered and calm, reached her ear.

"I'm sorry. I acted out of jealousy yesterday. I won't be so rough with you again."

His deep voice seemed to wrap around her, sending a shiver through her. She struggled to focus, her mind clouded by the sound of his smooth, alluring tone.

Any woman would be swept away by such a voice.

And so Isabel found herself forgiving him almost instantly.

"I—" Before she could finish, a wave of warmth from the alcohol hit her, and her body flushed with heat.

"I'm burning up ... " Isabel murmured, her hands reaching instinctively for her buttons.

She had already undone the first one, and now she was working on the second and third. In no time, her form was becoming more exposed.

Seeing this, Xander quickly shrugged off his jacket and wrapped it around her, holding her firmly to stop her from undressing any further.

Kaleb, who had been leaning against the wall, struggled to rise. When he saw his former fiancée in another man's arms, pressed so closely together, something snapped inside him. He had never been this close to her, even when they were engaged.

"Give her back to me!" Kaleb, still seething from Isabel's earlier slap, was now consumed by rage at the sight of her in Xander's arms.

Xander shot him a cold glance, his voice calm and firm. "She's mine."

Kaleb's teeth ground together in fury. "I'm her fiancé! Let go of her!"

Before he could finish, Xander tightened his hold on Isabel, pulling her closer.

Isabel let out a soft gasp, feeling their bodies press even more tightly together.

Kaleb, seeing this as a direct challenge, clenched his fists in anger. "I'll say it again: She's my fiancée, my woman. Let go of her!"

Xander's eyes narrowed dangerously. In a swift movement, he tilted Isabel's chin upward, forcing her face to meet his as he lowered his lips to kiss her.

Wow! Now this is the Xander everyone knows—the ruthless CEO of Bennett Group!

Max couldn't help but silently applaud him.

Kaleb's eyes nearly popped out of his head. "You b*stard! Let go of her!"

Max, furious, rushed toward Xander, swinging a punch.

Before Max could even get close, Xander swiftly tripped him with a quick sweep of his leg, sending Max crashing to the ground with a thud.

The loud noise caught the attention of the staff nearby.

"What's going on here?" one waiter asked, glancing at Kaleb's bruised face, clearly piecing together that a fight had broken out. But upon seeing their expensive clothes and refined behavior, he hesitated to intervene.

Xander's face was unreadable as he glanced at Kaleb, speaking with calm precision. "This man got drunk and tried to hit on my wife. I had to step in."

"That's a lie!" Kaleb spat blood, trying to get up, his once handsome face now twisted in embarrassment and anger.

"She's my fiancée! They have no connection!" Kaleb glared at Xander, fury building in his chest as he watched Xander hold Isabel close. Every time she tried to move away, Xander would pull her back.

Isabel's figure, her generous curves pressing against Xander's chest, was clearly visible, and it was clear who was benefiting from this intimate hold.

The more Kaleb thought about it, the angrier he became.

Just as he was about to explode, Xander pulled out a certificate from his pocket and showed it to the waiter.

"This is our marriage certificate."

Not again!

Kaleb recognized that certificate from earlier at the hospital.

"That's fake. This—"

Before Kaleb could finish, his eyes caught the date on the certificate.

"This ... this date ... "

Isn't this the exact day, just a few months ago, when Isabel and I were supposed to get married?

"How ... how is this possible? No, this can't be ... " Kaleb whispered in disbelief, his eyes flicking back and forth between Isabel and the certificate.

Could it really be true?

Did they actually get married that day, when Isabel, in a moment of despair, impulsively went to city hall with Xander?

The thought left Kaleb in shock.

He quickly looked up at Xander. "How did you two meet? This date ... It was the day we were supposed to get married. You—"

Before Kaleb could finish his question, Xander cut him off, speaking in a detached tone.

"I met her outside city hall. My fiancée stood me up, and her fiancé had been cheating on her. She asked if I wanted to pretend to be a couple, and we ended up getting married. Now, she's my wife. If you continue to cause trouble, don't say I didn't warn you."

So it's true!

Kaleb stumbled backward, his face going pale as he backed into the wall, shaken by the revelation.

Xander gave him one final cold glance before bending down to scoop Isabel up from the floor, holding her gently in his arms as he turned to leave.

Max, driving the car, glanced in the rearview mirror now and then.

"I'm so hot! Why won't you let me take off my clothes?" Isabel slurred, the alcohol still clouding her mind as she fumbled with her buttons.

"Tsk ... " Max clicked his tongue in frustration.

He regretted offering to drive them back.

"Don't move. If you take anything off, I won't be so nice." Xander's voice was low, strained with barely controlled desire.

Seeing Isabel in her disheveled state, with the black lace peeking through, was testing his limits.

"Hmph! I'm going to take them off no matter what you say!"