

Chapter 186 Xander Remembers That Rainy Night

Isabel's frustration boiled over as she tore herself from Xander's grasp. Ignoring the buttons, she wrenched at her clothes, pulling with all her strength.

Rip! The buttons popped off and scattered in all directions.

"Hiss ... " Max inhaled sharply, swiftly lowering the car's back seat partition.

Drip, drip, drip ... The gentle rain began tapping on the roof and windshield.

What started as a soft shower quickly escalated into a heavy downpour.

Splash, splash, crash, crash ... The rain grew louder and more intense.

Max let out a sigh of relief as the noise from behind helped drown out some of the sounds.

Thankfully, the villa was just ahead.

Max slammed the car into the driveway and rushed out into the rain, heading for the house.

"Where's Xan?" Samuel asked, noticing the car parked in the yard.

"Don't worry about him. He's inside," Max replied, wiping the rain off his forehead.

Samuel, still confused, asked, "Then why is he not coming out? I'll grab an umbrella and go get him."

"Hold on, hold on!" Max grabbed Samuel's arm. "Where are you going? To watch a live show?"

Samuel stopped, turned to Max, and stared at him for a moment. Then his eyes widened, and he quickly turned to look at the car again.

"Is Isabel ... in there too?"

"Yeah." Max shrugged.

Samuel opened his mouth, then silently set the umbrella down and went back to the living room, deciding to watch TV instead.

Inside the car, Xander's large hand tightened around Isabel's restless one. Frustrated, Isabel shifted in his arms.

Xander's breath synced with hers, his chest rising and falling in rhythm with hers as the temperature in the car grew warmer.

Rumble ... A deep rumble of thunder shook the air.

Xander's attention momentarily wavered as he glanced out the window.

The sky blazed with lightning as rain pounded the car, and the scene outside stirred a strange yet familiar feeling within him.

Rumble ... Crash ... Whoosh ... Thunder, rain, and wind filled the air, intensifying the atmosphere.

The sense of familiarity grew stronger with each passing moment.

Suddenly, a series of vivid, jumbled images flashed through his mind.

That stormy night in his dreams when the girl had whispered that she was willing, a choice that had driven him to madness and recklessness. In sync with the storm outside, he had consumed the girl, just as the thunder and rain consumed everything around them.

The scene felt more tangible now, more real, especially as Isabel, in her disheveled state, displayed her most perfect features, vulnerable and unashamed.

Dreams and reality collided, leaving Xander unsure whether that night had truly happened or if it had only been a dream.

As Xander reflected, his gaze caught sight of a small red mole a couple of inches below Isabel's navel.

"This mole ... "

It's the same as the one in my dreams!

Was it just a dream?

No dream would feel that real!

So ...

Xander's pupils dilated as a low chuckle escaped his lips.

"So it was all real."

His gaze softened as he looked at Isabel, still lying in his arms, his brow furrowing. Despite the anger, there was an undeniable pleasure in his tone.

"You've been hiding this from me all along?"

Why hadn't she told him? He could guess why.

That night, the circumstances had been rushed and chaotic, leading Isabel to make an impulsive decision.

Afterward, when she regained her clarity, she realized she didn't have genuine feelings for him. She didn't want to risk opening up to him over a fleeting, one-night encounter.

As Xander pondered, Isabel began to squirm again in his embrace.

"Let me go. I'm dying from the heat!"

When Isabel got drunk, she often shed her clothes and wrapped herself in a soft blanket, settling into a comfortable sleep.

She struggled to break free, but Xander held her firmly in his grasp.

"Stop moving!" His voice lowered dangerously. "If you keep this up ... "

His words hung in the air. Xander had reached his limit, and the memories of that rainy night were stirring his most primal desires. He was ready to claim her once more.

Isabel, still struggling, opened her bleary eyes. She furrowed her brows slightly, pouted her lips, and called out to him softly.

"Xan ... "

The sound of her voice nearly shattered his composure.

His body tensed, his eyes locking onto her, completely entranced.

Had she been sober, Isabel would have noticed the slight tremor in his pupils.

Xander exhaled deeply and lowered himself closer to her, looking directly into her eyes.

"What did you just call me?"

Though Isabel was heavily intoxicated, a part of her subconscious urged her to soften her tone in hopes of getting what she wanted.

So, Isabel tilted her head and leaned toward his ear, speaking in a seductive whisper, "Xan, will you let go of my hand?"

Xander could no longer resist.

"Alright, Isabel, you're the one tempting me. Don't blame me now."

With that, he released her hand.

Isabel seized her freedom, quickly shedding her clothes to return to her natural state.

Ah, that's much better ...

"Goodnight."

Isabel closed her eyes as she spoke.

But just as she was about to drift off, Xander's weight pressed down on her.

Max stood by the door, glancing out at the car. "Ugh, poor car. I wonder if it'll even start tomorrow."

Samuel gave Max an irritated look, then noticed the car shaking violently, as though caught in an earthquake. His lips twitched in disbelief.

"You're really bored, huh? Stop staring at the car and close the door."

Max grinned and turned to Samuel. "I get it. You're single, right?"

Samuel winced at the jab. "You are too, aren't you? Don't think I don't see what's going on. Sure, Isabel's friend, Yvette, is pregnant with your kid, but she clearly doesn't want anything to do with you."

"Oh, correction," Max smirked. "She's not just carrying my kid. She's carrying three." Max proudly placed three oranges on his stomach, showcasing them like trophies.

Samuel clenched his teeth and snatched the oranges from Max's stomach.

"Don't touch my kids!"

Samuel peeled an orange and shoved it into his mouth, his cheeks puffing as he mumbled through the food. "These are from my family's orchard."

Max raised an eyebrow and grabbed another orange, placing it on his stomach. The trio was complete—after all, a family should stay together.

Samuel quickly finished his orange, now sourer than before.

Max checked the time and glanced outside.

"Only half an hour has gone by, and with Xander's stamina, he's probably just getting started."

Max yawned, then added, "I'm heading upstairs to call my wife. You can enjoy the live show down here."

Samuel tossed an orange at Max, who caught it effortlessly.

"Thanks!" Max called out with a smirk before heading upstairs to call Yvette.

Samuel was left alone in the living room, glaring at the stairs, then at the window, muttering in frustration.

"Single people get no respect!"

The next morning, Isabel awoke in a daze.