

Chapter 188 The Sweetest Moment

Isabel's heart raced with shock as her eyes widened.

So he really took advantage of me!

"Last night, you were determined to undress, and I had no choice but to hold you tightly to stop you. Even then, you still struggled to get free. Maybe it was all that squirming that left you sore," Xander explained, careful to leave out some details.

He knew Isabel would react badly if he told her the whole truth. From their past experiences, he could already predict what would happen if he was too honest.

He remembered how she had avoided confronting their intimate moments before, keeping her feelings hidden—likely because she wasn't ready for something more serious.

"Is that all?" Isabel asked, tilting her head, not sure if she was being toyed with.

"What were you expecting?" Xander responded with a teasing smile.

Her face turned red with embarrassment.

"Forget it. I'm ... hungry. Where's the truffle bisque? And the caviar?" Isabel quickly changed the topic.

She felt mortified. I knew he's a good guy. He'd never do such a thing to me.

Even when they were caught in the rain and he had a fever, angry and exhausted, he had done nothing to her. He only acted after she gave her consent.

She felt like burrying herself in a hole somewhere.

Xander felt a wave of relief as Isabel walked downstairs, holding her stomach. At least the awkwardness had passed.

But there was one thing he still needed to do.

"Isabel."

"Hm?" She turned back, curious.

Xander took a deep breath, his face serious. "I'm sorry."

Isabel froze, her mind racing as she struggled to find the right words. Before she could respond, Xander spoke again.

"I shouldn't have been jealous. I trust you now ... I see that you've truly moved on from Kaleb."

Last night, Isabel had left Kaleb humiliated on the floor and spoken harshly to him, words fueled by anger and frustration. She wasn't just annoyed with him; she was disgusted.

Isabel smiled at him, her heart lifting. "It's okay. I forgive you."

Only she knew how relieved she was to hear him say that. She felt an immense weight lift off her chest.

Xander exhaled deeply, his tension easing. With a quick motion, he strode down the stairs, his long legs eating up the space between them. Without saying a word, he scooped Isabel up into his arms.

He held her high, lifting her effortlessly.

Isabel's eyes went wide in surprise.

She had never been held like this before, let alone lifted so high in the air.

Unseen by Isabel, Xander gazed up at her with admiration in his eyes, his look full of longing. She was his everything, his world, his sun.

He loved her with his heart and soul.

Just then, Samuel opened the door and immediately frozen, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Oh, my god! My eyes are burning from this massive display of affection!

Just like Max had predicted, when a couple argues, they always make up. And as an outsider, Samuel had only ended up with this torture.

As Samuel stood there, unable to look away, Isabel noticed him too.

"Xander, what are you doing? Put me down. Your brother is watching!" she exclaimed.

Xander glanced at Samuel, who gave him a thumbs-up, and then quickly turned back to his room, closing the door behind him.

Isabel was left speechless.

"Put me down! I'm not a child."

Xander loved holding Isabel like this. He loved the feeling of having her in his arms, so close and safe.

"If you want to come down, you'll have to say my name first. Call me Xan," he teased.

Isabel's eyes widened in shock. Not again. That name ... she couldn't say it.

"Just like last night. Call me the way you did then, with that sweet tone. It was so perfect." Xander's voice softened as he remembered how Isabel had said his name so tenderly and so enticingly the night before.

It had been that sweet sound that had caused him to lose control and give in to his desires.

"What?" Isabel's eyes were full of disbelief. "I-I called you that last night? Like ... like that?"

"Yes."

"Are you lying?" she asked, her suspicion rising. Could he really be trying to trick me?

"No, I'm not lying."

Xander's voice was so convincing and earnest that Isabel began to picture the scene.

She imagined her voice from the night before, soft and almost pleading as she said his name. Her face immediately turned bright red.

"Did ... did anyone hear?"

"No," Xander assured her with a smirk. "It was just you and me. In the car."

Both times, they hadn't even been in bed. Xander couldn't help but wonder if they would end up in one next time.

Suddenly, his thoughts were consumed with the idea of getting in bed with her. The absence of one felt like a mistake, a regret he couldn't shake.

"Well, that's a relief." Isabel sighed, feeling a little better.

It was embarrassing, but as long as no one else had seen ...

"Now you can call me that. No one's around," Xander said with a grin, looking up at the girl he was holding in his arms.

Isabel sighed in frustration. "If I don't call you that, are you just going to keep holding me up here?"

Before Xander could answer, Diana walked into the room with the truffle bisque.

She stopped, her eyes going wide with surprise, before she covered her mouth to stifle a laugh and quickly retreated back to the kitchen.

Isabel's face turned even redder.

"Put me down," she demanded.

"Call me first," Xander said, his voice teasing.

"I—" Isabel couldn't finish her sentence. Just then, Leo walked in, carrying a stack of papers. The moment he saw what was happening, he quickly turned around and left.

Isabel was utterly mortified.

Then, from upstairs, she noticed Samuel pecking through the door.

He was watching, pretending like he hadn't been caught.

Isabel's mind raced. If any of the servants saw her like this, held up like a child, she would lose all her dignity.

She felt that she had no choice now.

"Xan!"

She said it quickly, almost too fast for her brain to catch up.

Despite her hesitation, Xander was clearly overjoyed.

"I didn't hear you. Say it again."

"Don't push your luck. If you don't put me down right now, I-I'll ... "

"Just one more time, please?" His voice was soft, coaxing, completely different from his usual serious tone.

And that gentle, soothing tone made Isabel's heart flutter uncontrollably.

Unable to resist, Isabel finally gave in, her voice barely above a whisper as she called his name again.