

Chapter 34 Take Off Your Shirt and Lie Down

Isabel reacted quickly. She pressed her hand over Xander's mouth while pushing against his chest with the other.

"Isabel, get off of him! You're still trying to take advantage of Xan before me?!" Samuel snapped, his anger flaring. If it weren't for his crippled legs, he would have jumped up immediately.

Isabel was speechless.

Seriously? These two brothers are too much! One is pinning me down, trying to take advantage of me, and the other was acting as if I'm the one doing something wrong.

"Are your eyes on your backside or something? Can't you see your brother is the one harassing me?" She retorted.

Samuel wasn't having it. "And who do you think put Xander in this state? It's all your fault!"

Isabel felt her eyes twitch in frustration. "Can you stop making useless comments and help? If you don't get over here soon, I'm going to stop resisting."

"Hey! You wouldn't dare—"

"Stop whining and knock him out!" Isabel cut him off.

What? Samuel froze. Did she just ask me to knock out Xan?

Samuel froze. His eyes darted to his brother's neck. This was his elder brother—someone he respected his whole life. Could he really hit him?

"What are you standing there for? Hurry up! He's a wild beast right now, and if I weren't so strong, he would've devoured me by now!" Isabel clenched her jaw, still fighting to keep Xander under control.

"No way. Samuel hesitated, unable to bring himself to hurt Xan.

Dammit!

Isabel couldn't help but curse internally.

Seriously? This was your idea, wasn't it? Last time, when you came up with a plan for your brother, you didn't seem too worried about whether it would hurt me or not!

There wasn't time to complain, though. Someone had to stop Xander quickly.

If Samuel couldn't do it, then it had to be Leo.

Both Isabel and Samuel turned to look at Leo at the same time.

Leo's legs practically buckled under the pressure.

"M-me?"

"Do it now!" Isabel and Samuel shouted in unison.

Sweating profusely, Leo clutched his stomach. "I think I need to go to the bathroom."

"No bathroom breaks!" Isabel shot him down without mercy.

Leo muttered under his breath.

"Hurry up!" Samuel urged.

Leo shuffled over, each step slower than the last, lifting his trembling hand into a knife-like posture. Beads of sweat rolled down his forehead.

"Do it!" Isabel shouted.

Leo trembled, bit his lip, and swung his hand down.

Whack! Suddenly, the world went quiet.

Leo stared at Xander, now slumped against Isabel, then glanced at his own hand. His face was blank, his eyes unfocused, as if frozen in disbelief at what he had just done.

Samuel also looked at Leo's hand, thinking that if it had been him, his state probably wouldn't have been much better than Leo's.

Isabel, however, had no time to worry about them. Xander was unconscious. His face was perfectly nestled between her chest, as if he were stuck.

A vein popped on Isabel's forehead. She shoved Xander off to the side with a firm push.

"Hey! Could you be a little more gentle?" Samuel grumbled.

Isabel ignored him, busy straightening her disheveled clothes.

"Is Xan okay now?" Samuel asked, worried.

"He's just temporarily unconscious. How could he be fine? If we don't get the drug out of his system, he's definitely going to have lasting issues."

"Lasting issues? Like what?" Samuel looked concerned.

Isabel glanced at Xander's prone body, then said slowly, "Infertility."

That word terrified Samuel. This was serious!

"Leo, go get a doctor!" Samuel ordered, his voice shaking.

Isabel raised an eyebrow and asked, "Am I just decoration here?"

"I don't trust you. If I let you take him back to his room, you'll definitely try something inappropriate!" Samuel accused, positioning himself between Isabel and Xander.

Just then, Xander stirred and opened his eyes slightly. The blow to his neck seemed to have brought him back to some level of awareness.

"L-let her treat me," Xander rasped.

Samuel's eyes widened. He strongly opposed the idea. "No way! She'll eat you alive!"

Panting, Xander struggled to sit up on the couch, his dark eyes shimmering as he glanced at Isabel.

He demanded, "Take me ... take me to my room."

"Alright." Isabel nodded.

Xander's condition was getting worse and she couldn't afford to wait. The Perkin was desperate to latch onto the Bennetts; they had drugged Xander with something unbelievably strong.

Truthfully, Isabel hadn't been entirely honest with Samuel. Given Xander's current condition, delaying treatment could potentially jeopardize his life.

She didn't reveal that earlier because Samuel already looked pale as a sheet. If she had told him the full truth, who knows how much more frightened he'd be?

Isabel helped Xander to his room, with Samuel trailing behind them, trying to push his way in.

"You can't come in," Isabel said, blocking his path.

"I knew it! You're planning to take advantage of Xander!" Samuel accused; his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"You'll get in the way of my treatment," Isabel replied seriously. What she didn't mention was that her treatment would involve some private areas, and having a third party present would be inappropriate.

"I don't care what you say! I'm going in!" Samuel insisted.

After laying Xander on the bed, Isabel wheeled Samuel back out the door.

"Let go! Isabel, what are you—" Samuel's protests were cut short as Isabel pushed him, wheelchair and all, out into the hallway.

Bang! With a loud bang, the door slammed shut.

Samuel turned and stared at the door in disbelief.

He started banging on it with his fists. "Open up! Open the door! Leo, go grab something to break it down!"

Samuel called out, but there was no answer. Turning around, he saw no sign of Leo.

"Where did he go? He was just here!"

Meanwhile, Leo was standing outside the house and patted his chest in relief.

Thankfully, he had run fast enough. Otherwise, he'd be in trouble again!

He had already given his boss a chop on the neck; no way was he going to risk breaking down the door. He could sense that his boss actually wanted Isabel to take care of him.

If Leo dared to interfere, he'd face a fate worse than delivering a hundred more chops to Xander's neck.

"Leo? Leo?" Samuel called out several times, confused as to where Leo had gone.

"Strange. He was just here a moment ago."

Samuel turned back to the door and resumed pounding.

"Thump, thump, thump—"

"Isabel, you—" Before he could finish, the door suddenly opened.

Isabel stood there, her face serious. "Do not disturb a doctor while they are treating a patient." Don't you understand that? Whether you trust me or not, you can't interrupt like this. I almost misplaced a needle because of you!"

It was the first time Samuel had heard Isabel speak to him with such stern authority. It didn't sit well with him.

"And another thing," she continued, "I didn't tell you earlier because I didn't want to scare you, but the Perkins added several times the normal dosage to his drink. If you delay the treatment any further, you might as well start planning his funeral."

Thunderstruck, Samuel's complexion instantly turned as pale as a sheet. He stared at Isabel's cold, detached expression—it was completely different from her usual playful demeanor. There wasn't even the slightest hint of her joking, and that terrified him.

"Isabel, please save Xander. Do whatever it takes. As long as he's safe, you can do whatever you want with him." With that, Samuel shut the door, leaving the two of them alone.

Isabel stared at the closed door. They were all adults. It was impossible not to catch the meaning behind Samuel's words.

Just as she thought that, she heard hurried footsteps behind her. Before she could turn around, Xander pinned her against the door.

"Bam!" The loud thud echoed in the room.

Samuel was just about to leave, startled by the noise.

That sound was even more intense than the last time Isabel had been drugged!

What would Isabel and Xan have taken turns and gotten involved in such things? It seemed like their family's luck had taken a strange turn. Samuel didn't believe in superstitions, but this was getting ridiculous.

He made a decision. As soon as this was over, he was going to have Leo arrange a spiritual cleansing for the house.

Back in the room, Isabel found herself trapped against the door by Xander, who was still somewhat conscious.

"Isabel, I'll ... I'll do whatever you want." Xander's voice was hoarse, his breath unsteady.

"No way! I was ignored and thrown into the bathtub the last time I attempted to negotiate with you. I'm not agreeing to anything." Isabel raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed.

Xander's brows furrowed in frustration. Is this woman still holding a grudge?

Before he could respond, Isabel ducked under his arm and walked over to the bed. She patted the mattress and beckoned him over with a playful smile. She instructed, "Take off your shirt, undo your belt, and lie down."