

Chapter 35 Treating Xander

The moment Xander heard this, his body seemed to react instantly—his cells and blood rushing with intensity. His gaze at Isabel was now filled with a burning passion.

They say women often say one thing but mean another—denying with their words while secretly wanting it deeply. It seems true after all.

With a smirk, Xander quickly unbuttoned his shirt and unbuckled his belt. Lying down on the bed, his heart pounded so hard, it felt like it was about to leap out of his chest—thump-thump-thump.

This was the first time in his life that the head of the Bennetts felt so nervous.

Even when he represented his company at international conferences at the age of eighteen, he hadn't felt this anxious. It was safe to say that no matter what came his way, he could always remain calm and composed.

But now, under Xander's eager anticipation, Isabel finally made a move. She reached out and pulled his shirt open a little more.

Looking at his heaving chest, Isabel couldn't help but chuckle. "I'm not that bad at this; you don't need to be so tense."

Xander wasn't pleased by her comment.

"Oh? You're saying you're good at this?" But hadn't she said nothing had ever happened between her and Kaleb? Why would she say such a thing?

Isabel had initially planned to stay humble, but seeing how nervous Xander was, she decided to play along and brag a little.

"Don't be fooled by my age. I may only be in my twenties, but I have plenty of experience. You have nothing to worry about."

Right after she said that, she noticed Xander glaring at her, his gaze cold and filled with accusation—like she was being sentenced to most cruel punishment.

Why is he looking at me like that? Did he not believe me?

Well, I would prove it with action. Without further ado, she brought out her silver needles and swiftly, precisely, inserted them into the pressure points on his body.

"See? It doesn't hurt, does it? So, you can stop worrying. I've got plenty of experience."

Xander's eyes widened as he stared at the needles on his body. Oh, she meant she's adept with this kind of technique.

Not the other kind?

Isabel proceeded with her work, administering needles to the upper body. After finishing the first step, it was time for the next one.

Her gaze traveled downward over his body. After a moment of hesitation, she looked up at him and said, "This next point might hurt a little. You'll need to bear with it."

Xander pressed his lips into a thin line, his face serious—like he was handling a matter of national importance.

Isabel took in his reaction and couldn't help but tease, "Are you shy? I'm a doctor. I've treated countless patients before. In fact—"

"What do you mean by that?" Xander cut her off. "How many other men have you seen? How many?" The atmosphere in the room instantly dropped several degrees, his icy voice filling the space as though he wanted to freeze the very air.

Isabel was startled by his reaction. Was he really that much of a germaphobe? If she had seen other men, would that make her unworthy to look at him?

That was a bit extreme, wasn't it?

She couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Xander's future wife. Whoever fell for him was in for a real tough time.

As she mentally complained about Xander's quirks, Isabel lowered his pants slightly to gain access to the points she needed to treat.

And when she saw what was beneath, she couldn't help but draw in a sharp breath.

This man's shape is something else!

His chest, his abs ... They were sculpted to perfection.

Indeed, whoever ended up being his wife was going to have one heck of a life.

Isabel completed her task about twenty minutes later. She wiped the sweat from her forehead and glanced at the man on the bed. Xander was already fast asleep; his condition clearly stabilized.

Standing up, she stretched, feeling the ache in her lower back.

She had been so focused and bent over while performing the therapy that now her back was stiff and sore.

She opened the door, intending to step out for a stretch and take a break.

As soon as she exited the room, she spotted Samuel looking up at her—more specifically, at her waist.

This kid, that look in his eyes—it wasn't pure.

Isabel closed the door softly behind her and, with a sigh, touched her forehead in frustration.

"Don't get any weird ideas. Xander and I were perfectly innocent in there. I was just treating him."

However, Samuel persisted in staring at her with that peculiar expression, leaving her feeling frustrated.

Forget it. No point in explaining.

Isabel began heading downstairs, still rubbing her sore back, but she hadn't taken more than a few steps before Samuel's voice called out from behind her.

"Once my legs heal, you can name any condition you want—just as long as you stop bothering Xander."

Isabel turned back to look at Samuel. "Are you sure? Any condition?"

She was going to leave eventually anyway—that much was certain.

"As long as it's within reason and doesn't break any laws or ethics, I'll grant your request," Samuel said, willing to go to any length to get rid of her. In his mind, Isabel was too crafty and manipulative.

She'd been in the house for less than a month and had already managed to get into Xander's bed. If this kept up, wouldn't she soon become his sister-in-law for good?

"Alright, remember what you just said." Isabel had a feeling that someday, Samuel's offer might come in handy.

Once Isabel had left, Samuel turned back to the closed door. He couldn't shake off his worry.

After much hesitation, he decided to go inside and check things himself.

In his mind, the room was undoubtedly in a state of chaos. Xander would be ... well, utterly devastated.

After steeling himself, Samuel took a deep breath and pushed the door open. The next second, he was stunned.

What's going on? Why does Xander have a porcupine-like layer of needles covering him?

So, Isabel really hadn't taken advantage of him after all?

That didn't make sense!

With Xander's looks and status, any woman would have thrown herself at him in that situation.

Yet Isabel had been ... so professional?

Or was she just incredibly smart? Did she realize that even if she managed to get into his bed, Xander wouldn't love her and might even resent her more? Was that why she didn't make a move?

"That must be it," Samuel muttered to himself, thinking he'd figured out the truth.

That woman's scheming was deeper than anyone could imagine.

It had no limits.

He would have to be extra cautious around her in the future.

After a while, Isabel came back from her stroll. After checking the time, Isabel decided it was time to remove the needles, so she entered the room and carefully pulled all the needles out of Xander's body.

"Done," she said, habitually clapping her hands as she let out a fatigued yawn.

After all that effort, it was time for her to get some proper rest.

But just as she turned to leave, a hand suddenly grabbed hers. Before she could react, someone pulled her down onto the bed.

And that wasn't all—once she was there, the man dragged her into his arms, hugging her tightly. The whole sequence of actions happened so smoothly, there was no chance to resist.