

Chapter 36 Isabel's Inescapable Captivity

My goodness! What the heck is going on?

Isabel had always been confident in her medical skills. She had already treated him, and there shouldn't be any more effects left.

Just as Isabel was about to struggle out of the man's arms, a low, husky voice suddenly whispered in her ear.

"Don't move."

Isabel froze, her eyes blinking rapidly.

Ten seconds passed.

Thirty seconds.

A minute.

Despite this, the man remained motionless, maintaining his firm grip on her.

Isabel began to mentally analyze the situation. Her treatment had suppressed the drug in Xander's system, but it appeared he was merely using her as a body pillow.

He held her so tightly, the force of his embrace made her uncomfortable.

She tried to wriggle free from his arms. After a while, the effort had reddened her face, but she still hadn't succeeded.

How could this guy still have so much strength left after everything?

Poking the man's muscular arm with her fingers, she realized it was as hard as a rock. No wonder he could hold on so tight.

"Hah—" Isabel yawned widely, feeling both exhausted and sleepy. Her eyes were beginning to droop.

In a fit of frustration, she pounded lightly on his chest. Muttering to herself, she grumbled, "Don't you have nothing better to do? What's the point of getting so muscular?"

After that, the room fell silent again, with only the sound of the man's slightly heavy breathing.

"You sure sleep soundly."

How am I supposed to sleep?

Isabel stared at the ceiling for a while. Well, if I'm stuck in this situation, I might as well make the most of it.

With that, she began to wriggle around, much like a cat, until she found the most comfortable sleeping position in his arms.

"This is the most comfortable way to sleep," Isabel mumbled as she finally settled in, closing her eyes and drifting into a peaceful sleep.

She slept soundly through the night.

As the first rays of morning sunlight filtered through the windows, they illuminated the large bed, where the two of them were still fast asleep.

However, a commotion outside soon interrupted the peaceful morning.

It was Rachel. As soon as she heard about what had happened the night before, she rushed over, worried that Isabel and Xander might have shared the bed.

"Why are you here so early?" Samuel asked as he came down the stairs, spotting Rachel rushing in.

"Where's your brother?" Rachel asked anxiously.

Samuel immediately guessed the reason for her early visit when he heard her question.

"Xan is still asleep."

"And her?" Rachel asked again.

Without needing any more clarification, Samuel knew exactly who she meant.

"You mean Isabel? She should be in her own room."

Upon hearing this, Rachel exhaled with a sense of relief.

"I heard Xander was drugged last night. Was it Isabel's doing?"

"No, it was the Perkins," Samuel said. He had already heard Leo's explanation from the previous night.

"It was definitely her. Do you remember what she said yesterday? The Perkins? Please. Isabel just used the Perkins to secretly drug Xander without them realizing!" Rachel spat, her voice filled with anger.

Samuel frowned. He had suspected the same thing at first, but after seeing Xander covered in needles last night, he had dismissed the thought. Then again, could it all have been a clever act on Isabel's part?

Everything was so confusing. He was at a loss for what to believe.

"I'm going to find Xan and make him kick Isabel out of this house," Rachel declared, storming off toward the stairs.

She reached Xander's door and knocked loudly.

"Bang bang bang—bang bang bang bang—"

"Who is it? So noisy!" Isabel groaned, irritated. She tugged the blanket over her head, trying to block out the noise.

I'm going to ignore it; the noise will quiet down.

Xander furrowed his brow and glanced down at himself. The blanket had been completely stolen by the girl. Not a shred left for him.

"Bang! Bang! Bang—" The knocking persisted, relentless.

"Annoying!" Isabel reached out and yanked the pillow from under Xander's head, pulling it over her own.

Sighing, Xander had no choice but to get up and open the door.

"What are you doing here?" He asked.

"I'm sorry, Xan. I didn't mean to wake you. I heard about what happened last night, and I got worried, so I came to check on you," Rachel explained, her eyes scanning him up and down.

"Seen enough? You can go now," Xander replied flatly, moving to close the door.

"Xan!" Rachel pushed against the door to stop him. "Are you okay? Do you need me to call a doctor for—"

Before she could finish, Isabel's impatient voice interrupted.

"You're so noisy! Are you ever going to stop?"