

Chapter 37 Sleep with Isabel Again

The room fell eerily silent.

She was astounded.

Rachel's eyes widened in disbelief. After a brief moment of stunned stillness, she quickly looked inside the room and immediately spotted someone lying on the bed.

It was Isabel?!

Samuel heard a girl's voice coming from his brother's room. He wheeled himself over. But before he could see what was going on inside, Xander blocked his view with his body.

"Don't disturb me. I'll handle the Perkins situation myself."

With that, Xander closed the door.

Outside, Rachel and Samuel stood frozen, completely dumbfounded.

Xander returned to the bed and looked at Isabel, who was wrapped tightly in the blanket. She's taken all the covers. Didn't she even consider how I'm supposed to sleep?

After a brief pause, Xander reached over, grabbed the pillow covering Isabel's head, and put it back where it belonged. Then he lay down, trying to pull some of the blanket back from Isabel.

He tugged. It didn't move.

Wrapped so tightly?

Xander pulled harder.

Irritated by the disturbance, Isabel frowned. Her morning temper flared as she felt the blanket slowly pull off her.

Without thinking, she turned and kicked.

Thud—Xander, blanket and all, was knocked to the floor.

Outside, Rachel and Samuel heard the commotion and exchanged confused glances. The two wondered what on earth was happening inside.

Not only were they startled, but even Isabel was surprised by the noise. She immediately sat up, clutching her pillow. Looking down, she saw Xander rubbing the back of his head. She suddenly realized what—or rather, who—she had just kicked off the bed.

She accused, "It's not my fault! Last night, you were the one who clung to me and used me as a body pillow. I couldn't get free, so I had no choice but to stay. And why are you pulling the blanket off me so early in the morning? Aren't I supposed to be cold? You're so selfish!"

Xander stopped rubbing his head and gave Isabel a look that was a mix of confusion and something else she couldn't quite place.

Why is he staring at me with such intensity? Isabel wondered, puzzled. Before she could ask, Xander spoke first.

"Selfish? Me? I took the blanket? Do you even realize how you sleep? Who's the one who always hogs the covers? Hmm?"

Oh well ...

With that reminder, Isabel suddenly remembered her terrible sleeping habit—she loved wrapping herself up tightly in blankets, like a human burrito.

"Still, it's not my fault! It was you who refused to let go of me. You understand the consequences of treating me like a body pillow during your sleep, don't you?"

The consequence? Xander had indeed experienced it—that is, he had slept like a baby.

For as long as he could remember, he'd had terrible insomnia. He had seen countless doctors and taken all kinds of sleep aids, but nothing seemed to work.

But last night, he slept soundly, through the night, and without any dreams.

Was it because he was so worn out from the effects of the medication? Or was there something about Isabel?

Xander stroked his chin, thoughtfully savoring the memory of holding Isabel while he slept. His gut told him it had something to do with her.

He couldn't be sure, but he'd find out. He decided that he would find an opportunity to sleep with Isabel again. Then he'd have his answer.

A knock on the door interrupted Xander's reverie.

Isabel quickly hopped out of bed.

"I'll get it!"

Though she made it sound casual, the truth was she was trying to make a swift exit.

After all, she had just kicked Xander pretty hard. The sound of him hitting the floor had been enough proof of that.

If she hadn't escaped now, Xander might come to his senses and held her accountable later. What would she do then?

Isabel opened the door to find Rachel and Samuel standing there.

An idea popped into her head instantly.

"Ahem—" Isabel cleared her throat and looked at Samuel. "You don't have to worry. I got up earlier and checked on Xander. Your brother's fine now."

Samuel blinked in confusion. That's it? Did they not spend the night together?

He believed her, but Rachel wasn't buying a word of it. "You're still trying to lie? I saw you in his bed just now!"

"You were seeing things." Isabel lied without so much as a blush.

"No, you're the one seeing things! I clearly—"

"Clearly what? Did you really see me in his bed? Did you really see my face?" Isabel fired back.

"I ... " Rachel thought back to the scene. In truth, she had only seen a person-shaped lump under the blankets and hadn't gotten a clear look at their face.

"You what? Didn't see? I told you, you were seeing things. You didn't believe me. I'm not going to argue with you. I came to take care of a patient first thing in the morning, barely slept, and now I need to catch up on my rest."

With a calm expression, Isabel headed back to her own room.

As Rachel watched her leave, doubt crept into her mind. Could it be that she had imagined the whole thing?

As Rachel continued to ponder, Xander emerged from the room.

"Xan, are you really okay?" Rachel asked, her voice uncertain.

Xander's eyes darkened. If Rachel hadn't interrupted earlier, he could've slept a little longer with Isabel.

Rachel felt a sudden chill under Xander's intense gaze.

"Leo, get the car. We're going to the Perkins residence," Xander instructed his driver.

"Yes, boss." Leo responded immediately and proceeded to prepare.

Rachel watched in frustration as Xander walked downstairs without a word to her. Panicking, she hurried after him.

"Xan, I don't think the Perkins are behind this. They're a mid-level family. How could they dare do something like this to you? I think Isabel's behind it. She must have dragged you in secret and pinned all the blame on them."

Rachel described it animatedly, saying, "It's terrifying if you think about it." That woman is not only manipulative but also incredibly vicious. She's willing to sacrifice an entire family for her own gain!"

Xander stopped walking and turned to Rachel, his expression icy. His lips curled into a cold, thin line.

He asked, "You're describing things in such detail. Did you see it happen with your own eyes?"

"I didn't see it, but I'm sure that's what happened," Rachel answered with complete confidence.

"So, you're just guessing?" Xander's eyes narrowed, growing darker.

Rachel opened her mouth but didn't know how to respond.

"Accusing her of being vicious based on nothing but guesswork? If there's anyone here who is malicious, it's you."

Rachel was stunned by Xander's sharp words. She couldn't believe he was doubting her, his childhood friend, for some outsider.

And this wasn't the first time. Last time, when she had slapped herself to frame Isabel, Xander hadn't believed her either.

Rage boiled inside Rachel as she clenched her fists at her sides, her teeth grinding in frustration. She cursed Isabel internally.

But she still had a Trump card.

"Xan, I have a recording to play for you. Once you hear it, you'll understand."

Rachel pulled out her phone and played an audio clip. Isabel's voice came through.

"I'm after Xander's wealth and intend to become the mistress of this house. Beyond that, I plan to drug him, strip him of everything, and ensure that I have his child, leaving him with no choice but to be bound to me forever."