

Chapter 44 Did You Really Fall for Isabel?

"It's okay now, everything's fine." Xander gently patted Isabel's back, his large hand moving softly as his voice softened with care.

Isabel, still wrapped in his embrace, was completely bewildered. She had no idea what was going on with him.

However, that wasn't the primary problem.

The real problem? They were still in the farmer's market! Xander didn't seem to care about their surroundings, holding her tightly as if they were alone. Was he unaware that everyone around them was staring at them?

Every pair of eyes burned with curiosity, some even pulling out their phones to take pictures or record videos.

These older folks at the market were no less gossipy than any young people Isabel had ever met.

Isabel could already envision the headlines that would appear on social media. "Morals are declining! Young couple getting cozy in public at the farmer's market."

Shaking off that terrifying thought, Isabel quickly pulled away from Xander's arms. She grabbed his hand and briskly led him out of the market.

Once back in the car, Isabel shot Xander an odd look. "Why did you suddenly hug me back there?"

"What do you mean? You're my wife. Can't I hug you?" Xander countered with a straight face.

"I ... " Isabel hesitated.

Sure, they were married, but it was in name only! They both knew the real reason she had married him and moved into his house—it was all for the sake of finding that thing.

Now that it seemed like Xander had completely let his guard down, it was the perfect time for her to make her move.

Isabel made up her mind—she would act within the next few days. Once she got what she needed, she would disappear for good.

"Never mind. Let's go home," Isabel said.

Xander noticed she hadn't argued further. He couldn't help but smirk.

It looked like the recording had been right—Isabel did have ulterior motives from the start. She even expressed her desire to have a child with him.

The more he thought about it, the better his mood became, and his expression seemed more cheerful.

Back at the house, Isabel dove straight into the kitchen. She closed the door behind her and forbade anyone to see what she was doing.

Samuel couldn't stop glancing at the closed kitchen door. He asked, "Xan, you sent all the maids away. Are you sure about Isabel? What if she makes something inedible? We won't have dinner tonight."

"Don't think so. She said she used to cook before," Xander replied, his eyes still fixed on the kitchen door.

"Xan, why do you trust her so much? She says she can cook, and you just believe her? She's a rich girl, after all. How many heiresses do you know that actually cook?"

Xander finally tore his gaze away from the door and looked at Samuel. "I don't think she'll disappoint me. If you don't believe it, how about a bet?"

"A bet? What kind of bet?"

"I'll bet her cooking's pretty good. You bet that she can't cook."

"And what happens if I win?" Samuel asked, intrigued.

"If you win, you can set any condition you like," Xander replied.

That proposal certainly piqued Samuel's interest.

He already knew what he wanted. If he won, once Isabel healed his leg, he'd make Xander divorce her immediately.

"And if you win? Can you set any condition as well?"

Samuel narrowed his eyes slightly, pausing for a couple of seconds before continuing, "If I win, you'll call her sister-in-law."

"What?!" Samuel's eyes widened in disbelief.

It took Samuel some time for his brain to catch up, and then he stared at Xander with burning intensity.

"You—you're not seriously falling for Isabel, are you?"