

Chapter 45 Let's Hear It

Xander's expression froze for a moment, his face showing a trace of trance. He looked up and glanced towards the kitchen door.

Observing Xander's reaction, Samuel's face instantly filled with disbelief.

Xander actually likes Isabel?

"Xan, she's not that simple!" Samuel warned.

Xander nodded slightly and said, "I know. If she were too simple, I wouldn't be interested."

Samuel was speechless.

"But what if she has ulterior motives with you?" Samuel pressed on.

"Oh," Xander responded indifferently.

Just an 'oh'? That's it? Samuel blinked in confusion, staring at his brother in disbelief.

"What if she's after your money?" Samuel questioned it further.

"Then I'll give it to her. Do you think I can't support her?" Xander replied casually.

Samuel's mouth dropped open. "But ... what if she tries to kill you?"

"Who wants to kill your brother?" Isabel emerged from the kitchen, holding a dish.

Samuel looked up at her and answered bluntly, "You."

Xander frowned, his face darkening with displeasure.

"Me?" Isabel chuckled and glanced at the food she made. "You really underestimate me. Do you think my cooking is so bad it could poison you both? Don't worry, it's definitely edible."

"That's not what I meant," Samuel mumbled under his breath.

"Don't believe me? Want to bet on it?" Isabel raised an eyebrow playfully.

"A bet?" Samuel blinked, turning his head towards Xander. Why did everyone want to bet with me? It almost felt like they planned this ahead of time.

"And how do you propose we bet?" Samuel asked curiously, wondering what conditions Isabel would set.

Xander was curious too, his eyes gleaming with interest as he focused on Isabel.

Without hesitation, Isabel said, "If you win, name your terms."

Hearing the familiar words, Samuel was once again deeply suspicious that Xander and Isabel had secretly conspired together. But logically, there was no need for them to do so.

So it seemed unlikely.

If that was the case, then how could the two of them say almost the exact same thing?

What does this imply? Are they telepathic?

Samuel shook off the thought immediately.

Telepathic my foot? No way. His proud, aloof brother was no bound to be with this scheming woman.

"Alright, I accept the bet. If I win, you'll divorce Xander right away, and you'll continue treating my leg," Samuel said.

No sooner had the words left Samuel's mouth than Xander's face visibly darkened, his body radiating an icy aura.

Samuel could sense that Xander was angry, but he had to do this. His instincts told him that Isabel had ulterior motives and that she would eventually harm Xander.

"What if she wins?" Samuel shifted his attention to Isabel.

Isabel's gaze flickered briefly to Xander before settling back on Samuel, her eyes narrowing into a mischievous smile.

Samuel felt a chill run down his spine as he watched the smile spread across her face.

"Just say it already."

"If I win ... you'll have to call me sister-in-law," Isabel said with a deliberately wicked grin.

Samuel was completely stunned now. From start to finish, Xander and Isabel had said the exact same thing!

It was just way too much of a coincidence!

Samuel was shocked, but Xander's eyes twinkled with amusement.

He hadn't expected this woman to be so in tune with him.

It seemed like the perfect time to find an opportunity for the two of them to be honest with each other and confess their feelings.

Afterward, Isabel carried the six dishes and soup she had made to the table.

There was pork shank ragu, fried gizzards, poached fish, eggplant parmesan, cajun blackened tofu, garlic butter mushrooms, and clam chowder. Each dish looked vibrant, aromatic, and incredibly appetizing.

Samuel instinctively swallowed, mentally convincing himself that even though they looked good, they were bound to taste terrible.

But just as Samuel was thinking that, he saw Xander take the first bite of fish. Xander's face instantly lit up with delight as he savored the flavor.

Could it really be that good?

Or was it simply love that blinded him?

Or was he pretending?

"Why aren't you eating? Are you afraid it's so good you'll lose the bet?" Isabel teased with a smile.

"You're the one afraid to lose!" Samuel grumbled as he grabbed a piece of gizzard and popped it into his mouth. The next second, his eyes lit up in surprise.