

Chapter 56 Xander Was Jealous

What?

Outside?

Isabel hurried to the window, pulling back the curtain to take a look. There he was, standing right at her door.

He actually came?!

As she looked outside, Isabel noticed that it had started pouring while she was inside. The rain was coming down hard.

What could Xander possibly want?

Could something have happened to Samuel's leg?

With that thought racing through her mind, Isabel dashed down the stairs, trying to tread lightly so Reggie wouldn't hear her.

Luckily, the sound of the rain masked her movements, allowing her to remain unnoticed.

When she flung the door open, she was greeted by a sight: Xander stood there, completely soaked.

"You didn't bring an umbrella?" Isabel whispered.

"It wasn't raining when I left," he replied, his voice low and slightly raspy.

"Why are you here? Did something happen to Samuel's leg?" Isabel asked, her words tinged with concern.

Xander frowned, surprised that she seemed more worried about Samuel than the fact that he had trekked through the rain.

"He's fine."

Fine?

Isabel stared at Xander in confusion. "Then why did you—"

Before she could finish her thought, he pressed his large hand against her forehead. Her eyes widened in surprise, astonished by his sudden gesture.

"You're still a bit warm," Xander said, lowering his hand to meet her gaze.

Isabel's lips parted slightly, her expression frozen as she absorbed the sight of him.

So, he ventured out into the rain at this hour because he's concerned about my health?

That realization sparked a complex mix of feelings within her, akin to a seed breaking through the earth to sprout.

"I brought some medicine."

Only then did Isabel notice the large bag of medication Xander held.

"I'm a doctor."

"Doctors shouldn't treat themselves." Xander pressed the bag into Isabel's hands.

As their fingers brushed against each other during the exchange, a jolt of coolness ran through her.

His hand feels so cold.

Isabel examined Xander's hands—long, pale fingers with slightly white knuckles.

"You're completely soaked. You should come upstairs with me first."

"Okay."

Xander nodded and followed Isabel up the stairs.

"Be quiet." She turned to him, pointing toward Reggie's room.

Xander's expression shifted to one of annoyance.

So she won't allow anyone to see me?

After leading Xander into her room, Isabel rummaged through her things and handed him a set of her pajamas.

"This outfit is a bit loose; it should work for now."

Xander examined the pajamas in his hands—white, adorned with cheerful Mickey Mouse designs. He never imagined he'd find himself holding something so cute.

Isabel noticed Xander's expression. She had been in his room earlier, searching through his closet, which was packed with clothing in nothing but black, white, and gray—everything exuding a minimalist vibe.

"Don't you like it? I also have a pink lace set," she said, retrieving it from the shelf.

Xander glanced at the pink lace pajamas and couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth. He turned and headed toward the bathroom, still clutching the Mickey pajamas.

Isabel stifled a giggle and returned the pink lace set to the closet.

Her intention had merely been to tease him, and she found it amusing to see such an unexpected expression on his face.

Just then, her phone rang again.

Who could possibly be calling me at this hour?

Isabel picked up her phone and saw Kaleb's name flash on the screen. She wondered what he needed so late at night. Isn't he supposed to be snuggled up with his new girlfriend?

Could it be that my earlier performance struck a nerve, making him feel a hint of regret?

She pressed to answer.

"Hello?"

Xander had just pulled open the bathroom door, about to step out when he heard Isabel's voice on the line.

At this hour, aside from me, who else would be trying to reach her?

He squinted at the door, intrigued.

"Is something wrong?"

"Are you feeling any better?" Kaleb asked, his voice carrying an unusual tension.

Isabel raised an eyebrow, looking as if she had seen a ghost.

"You care about me? I thought you were only worried about the pick-me girl."

Xander's expression darkened at that. He had assumed Isabel had completely severed ties with Kaleb, but here they were, conversing late into the night.

The more he thought about it, the more tension filled his jaw.

"Isabel, could you please stop belittling Eva by calling her a 'pick-me girl!'" Kaleb said, clearly irritated.

"Fine, fine, she's not a pick-me girl; she's the queen of pick-me girls," Isabel shot back sarcastically.

"Why are you so ... " Kaleb nearly choked on his fury.

"I mean, Mr. Johnson, if you're calling me this late just to argue, you must be really bored. I don't have time for this. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

"Isabel!" Kaleb raised his voice, forcing down his frustration. "Don't hang up just yet. I need to talk to you."

Isabel fell silent, glaring at him, genuinely curious about why he had called.

After a deep breath, Kaleb said, "Did Miracle Healer manage to fix your brother's face?"

Isabel instantly grasped his meaning.

"Pretty much," she responded.

Kaleb's excitement grew. "So can you—"

"No." Isabel cut him off firmly.

Kaleb's expression shifted dramatically.

"Aren't you really hoping to convince me to bring Miracle Healer to treat your mom and maybe fix Eva while we're at it?"

Kaleb's face darkened, as though a winter chill had settled over him.

After a brief pause, he gritted his teeth. "Name your terms."

"Oh? Are you sure about that?"

"Except for breaking up with Eva."

Isabel had anticipated that answer.

"I just want you to end things with Eva. That's my only condition."

Xander clenched his fists at his sides, his knuckles turning white.

What's so special about that loser? Why can't she just let him go?

He had never felt jealous in his life; others envied him. Yet, at that moment, jealousy surged through him.

"Isabel! You know that's impossible! I love her! I'll never break up with her!" Kaleb declared, his voice filled with determination.

"Oh, you've said before that you loved only me and would take care of me, promising we'd grow old together. Look how that turned out," Isabel replied, her tone steady and her expression calm.

"That's only because you changed! You became spiteful, manipulative, and you kept hurting Eva over and over!" Kaleb's voice rose, fueled by anger.

"Tsk, tsk." Isabel clicked her tongue. "Kaleb, let me tell you, I can't stand people like you. You screw up but still manage to shift the blame onto others. Just wait; I'll soon reveal Eva's true nature."

Concern flickered across Kaleb's face at her words. "What are you planning to do to Eva? I warn you, don't do anything reckless, or else—"

"Haa ... " Isabel let out a long yawn. "It's late, and I need to sleep. If you want to talk, let's do it on the 18th at your wedding. I'll be at the ceremony."

With that, she hung up.

No sooner had she ended the call than a low voice pierced through the silence.

"Are you really planning to crash the wedding?"