

Chapter 57 Fell Into the Bathtub

As Xander emerged from the bathroom, Isabel looked up at him and nodded firmly. "Of course I'm going! I've always believed in a little give-and-take. Since Eva crashed my wedding and took my groom, I'll make sure to return the favor by showing up at her wedding uninvited!"

Xander's anger surged, and he pressed Isabel against the wall, his chest heaving with fury, his eyes burning with rage.

"What's your problem?" Isabel asked, utterly perplexed by his response.

Knock, knock. The sound of knocking resonated through the room.

"Isa, what's happening in there?" Reggie's anxious voice called from outside.

Isabel glanced at Xander, still holding her against the wall, and frowned. "Nothing's wrong! Just go back to sleep!"

"Open the door! I brought you some medicine." Reggie's worry intensified; he had heard the loud commotion and was concerned that Isabel might have fallen due to her fever.

The more he thought about it, the more anxious he became. He needed to see that Isabel was alright to feel reassured.

Isabel bit her lip in distress. With Xander in her room, she couldn't let Reggie catch sight of him.

In a panic, she shoved Xander toward the bathroom. "Get in there!"

Xander, still simmering with anger and feeling unworthy to face her family, stubbornly refused to move.

Knock, knock. The sound came again.

"Isa? Isa?"

Reggie's rising urgency only added to Isabel's headache as she glared at Xander and hissed, "Will you please just go inside?"

"You can't go on the 18th." Xander's voice was frigid.

"That's not happening. I've put too much effort into this—I'm definitely going." Isabel rejected his demand with determination.

Xander's lips pressed into a tight line, his expression as cold as ice.

"What do you think I am?" he asked, his frustration bubbling to the surface.

The knocking continued, and Isabel felt like a frantic ant on a hot stove.

"Can you stop being so unreasonable? Can't we just talk about this later?"

She thinks I'm being unreasonable? Xander's anger surged, his chest heaving as if he was about to explode.

Meanwhile, Reggie had found a spare key and opened the door.

"Oh, no!"

Isabel cursed under her breath. Summoning every ounce of strength, she shoved Xander into the bathroom. However, in the process, she lost her balance and slipped, crashing to the floor face-first!

Just as she braced for impact, Xander's reflexes kicked in, and he quickly caught her around the waist. In her panic, Isabel clung to him, grabbing onto anything within reach.

She grabbed onto him with every ounce of her strength

Their bodies toppled, and with a splash, they both fell into the bathtub.

As Reggie burst through the door, he was met with a massive splash from the bathroom.

"Isa!" he shouted, rushing in.

Sitting in the tub, Isabel turned to face Reggie and attempted to appear unfazed. "Hey, I was just taking a shower and didn't have time to open the door."

Reggie looked at her with a bewildered expression. "You're ... showering with your clothes on?"

Isabel glanced down at herself, momentarily at a loss for words.

Glub. A bubble broke the surface of the water.

Isabel's eyes widened in disbelief. Without hesitation, she thrust her hand into the bathtub, searching for the man who was submerged beneath the surface.

Reggie stepped closer and placed his hand gently on Isabel's forehead. "It seems your fever has worsened."

No wonder she climbed into the tub fully dressed. Reggie thought to himself that she must be out of it from the fever.

"I'm fine! Once I finish this hot bath, I'll take some medicine and sleep well," Isabel assured him, her mind racing with anxiety about the man below. She had to get Reggie out of there quickly; she feared Xander might not hold on much longer.

"Reggie, you should head out for now. It's not ideal for you to be here while I freshen up," she suggested.

Reggie frowned, caught between his worry for Isabel and the awkwardness of being in the bathroom with her. "Alright, but call me if you need anything."

"Yeah, just go. I'll be fine," Isabel insisted, waving him away.

As Reggie left, he cast one last glance at the bathtub, but it was just a fleeting look—he didn't linger.

Once the door clicked shut, Isabel let out a long sigh of relief and redirected her focus back to the bathtub. "You can come up now."

Silence filled the air; not a single ripple disturbed the water.

"Hey! Don't play dead! My brother is gone!" Isabel's complexion turned pale.

Oh, no!

Acting on impulse, Isabel quickly reached down to pull him up. But when she finally managed to lift Xander out, he was already unconscious.

A wave of guilt crashed over her, heavy and suffocating.

She lightly slapped his face.

"Hey! Xander! Wake up! You need to wake up!"

Isabel called out repeatedly, but he didn't respond.

Panic surged within her, and she knew she had to attempt mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Taking a deep breath, she pressed her lips to his and blew air into his mouth.

Xander's eyes fluttered open slightly. When he saw Isabel desperately trying to revive him, his pupils widened in surprise, but that brief moment of awareness vanished just as quickly, and he closed his eyes again.

"Why won't you wake up?" Isabel muttered to herself. Taking another deep breath, she tried again, blowing air into his mouth.

During this process, Xander instinctively moved his hands a few times, wanting to pull her close and change the situation to his advantage.

Yet he ultimately held back, aware that acting on that impulse might lead to losing even that opportunity.

Minutes ticked by, and Isabel finally pulled back from Xander's mouth.

"If you're still out cold, I suppose I'll have to use acupuncture."

Just as she reached for a silver needle, she noticed Xander slowly opening his eyes.

"You finally woke up!"

"Cough, cough—" Xander pretended to cough a couple of times.

"I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to do that," Isabel said, gently patting him on the back.

As she continued, she suddenly sensed something was off. Why is he staring at me like that?

Following his gaze, she looked down and realized her clothes were completely soaked, clinging to her body and accentuating her silhouette.

Isabel's face turned a deep shade of red.

"I must say, Mr. Bennett, I didn't expect you to be that kind of man."

Xander's eyes remained locked on her, unwavering. "I didn't expect you to hold me down like that, either. You nearly killed me."

His words only intensified Isabel's guilt.

Fine, I won't argue with him.

Isabel stood up, preparing to step out of the tub.

But just then, the room began to spin around her. Everything faded to darkness, and she felt herself tipping over again, heading toward the floor.