

Chapter 58 Xander Stays by Isabel's Side All Night

"Isabel!" Xander called out as he lifted her into his arms, carrying her toward the bedroom. When he reached the bed, he hesitated, glancing down at the drenched girl cradled in his hold.

I can't just lay her down like this, can I?

Setting aside decency, Xander quickly removed her wet clothes and wrapped her in a bath towel to dry her off before gently tucking her beneath the blankets.

He reached out, placing a hand on her forehead.

She was burning up!

"Whew ... whew ... " Isabel gasped, her breath ragged and labored. Gradually, she opened her weary eyes and focused on the man standing beside her bed.

"Can you ... help me get the syringe?" Isabel managed to whisper, her voice faint.

"Where is it?"

"I-in the drawer," she pointed weakly.

Xander swiftly opened the drawer, retrieved the syringe, and hurried back to her side. He instinctively lifted the covers, ready to assist her.

"I ... I can do it myself!" Isabel insisted, reaching for the syringe in his hand. However, her vision blurred, and it felt like she was seeing two or three syringes instead of one.

"How do you plan to give yourself the injection like this?" Xander frowned, concern evident in his voice.

"I don't need your help. I have my own methods!" Isabel stubbornly attempted to grab the syringe again.

This wasn't a situation to take lightly; he couldn't allow her to manage it alone. Without thinking twice, he rolled onto the bed, gently yet firmly pinning her beneath him and pulling back the covers. He prepared to administer the injection himself.

"Ouch!"

Isabel jolted at the sharp sting and clutched the sheets tightly.

Seeing her reaction made Xander's heart ache, and his brow furrowed with worry.

But considering her condition, he steeled himself and pushed the medication into her system.

Once the injection was done, he stood by the bed, watching as Isabel slipped into a deep sleep.

The room was eerily quiet, yet unease coursed through him, making his heart race.

Glancing at the mirror, Xander was taken aback by the look of panic reflected back at him.

He had always taken pride in his ability to remain calm, even in the most trying situations.

Yet Isabel had a knack for shattering his composure over and over again.

"Fuhh ... " He let out a long, shaky breath. Looking back at the sleeping girl, he removed his own drenched shirt and headed to the wardrobe to find something dry to wear. He pulled out a set of loose, comfortable pajamas to wear himself.

He also grabbed the pink lacey nightgown she had shown him and helped her into it.

God knows how torturous it was to be near such an alluring girl.

"I'm ... cold ... " Isabel murmured, her words barely clear. Instinctively, she snuggled closer to him, searching for warmth.

She had always enjoyed hugging her pillows while she slept. Although the one she clung to now was firm, it was also warm and comforting, enveloping her in a sense of security.

She slept soundly until dawn.

When Isabel finally awoke, she realized that Xander was already gone.

"Huh? Did I use the syringe myself?" She glanced at the used syringe in the trash, trying to piece together the events of the previous night.

Why can't I remember anything?

Was my fever so high that it caused me to black out?

Well, I was lucky. Even in that state, I somehow managed to inject myself without any issues.

Knock, knock, knock.

The rhythmic sound of knocking echoed through the house, accompanied by Reggie's voice calling out, "Isa, are you up? I made breakfast."

"Oh, okay! I'll be out in a second." Isabel slipped on her cozy slippers and headed for the door. Just as she was about to step outside, she suddenly froze.

In that moment, vivid memories of last night's injection rushed back to her.

Though some details eluded her, one fact stood out sharply: It hadn't been her who administered the shot; it had been Xander!

The realization filled Isabel with a mix of embarrassment and anxiety. What could I do now? He only stepped in to help me; there was no crossing of lines. Besides, I nearly caused his drowning last night.

Forget it. I'll just pretend it was all a dream, she thought to herself.

At the dining table.

As Reggie savored his breakfast, he slowed his pace, clearly wrestling with something he wanted to say.

Noticing the indecision on his face, Isabel asked, "What's going on, Reggie? Is there something you want to tell me?"

Setting down his fork, Reggie hesitated for a moment before finally speaking. "In two days, Kaleb is getting married. You ... must have heard about it by now, right?"

"Yeah," Isabel replied with a nod. "I knew already."

Reggie scrutinized her expression. She seemed unfazed, her calm demeanor suggesting that the news didn't affect her at all.

"Isa, have you truly moved on?"

Though he posed the question, Reggie found it hard to believe that Isabel could let go so easily.

After all, the old Isabel had been madly in love with Kaleb. No amount of persuasion could sway her; she had been hopelessly devoted to him.

"I guess I have," Isabel mumbled, her mouth full of food. "Once the 18th comes, I'll go to collect what they owe me and cut all ties with Kaleb for good."

"You're actually going to the wedding?" Reggie asked, frowning at the thought.

Isabel understood his concern. Lifting her gaze to meet his, she replied firmly, "You don't have to worry, Reggie. Now that I've made up my mind to move on, there's no turning back."

Her serious tone offered him some reassurance. Normally, he wouldn't doubt her resolve. However, this involved Kaleb, and emotions were unpredictable. He worried that, despite her intentions, seeing Kaleb at the wedding might shake her determination.

Deep down, he recognized that he couldn't stop her. Isabel was resolute in her decision to attend Kaleb and Eva's wedding, no matter what.

Reggie silently vowed that he would go on the 18th as well, keeping a protective eye on her. If Kaleb even thought about hurting Isabel, he would be there in a heartbeat to defend her.

"By the way, Reggie, let's set that aside for now. Didn't you mention you were starting your business today? I found someone to be your assistant. Any guesses on who it is?" Isabel asked, a playful smile dancing on her lips.

"Who?" Reggie inquired, intrigued. Could Isa have discovered a hidden gem from some company?

"Hehe, you'll find out this afternoon." Isabel maintained her playful air of mystery.

Not wanting to ruin the fun, Reggie refrained from pressing her for details; he would learn the truth later.

Around 2 PM, the doorbell chimed.

Isabel glanced at the clock. "That must be them! Reggie, go see who it is."

Reggie shot her a confused look before hurrying to the door. As he swung it open, his jaw dropped in disbelief.

How could it be him?!