

Chapter 62 Isabel, Marry Me

"Isabel, I'm here for you."

Isabel halted, momentarily taken aback as she turned to see the man who had just arrived at the hotel entrance.

Xander. How did he manage to get in?

It's him! Kaleb recognized Xander right away—the same man who had appeared at Albert's gala, the one whom Isabel had kissed so audaciously.

Murmurs erupted among the guests surrounding them, each speculating about Xander's unexpected appearance and the nature of his connection with Isabel.

Eva, too, was captivated by the strikingly handsome Xander, pondering whether he was Isabel's boyfriend. He was even more attractive than Kaleb!

"What brings you here?" Isabel couldn't restrain herself from asking.

He had mentioned he would arrive in thirty minutes; that time hadn't arrived yet.

Xander leaned in, his lips just a breath away from her ear, crafting an intimate atmosphere for those watching.

"I'm here to help you." The words floated softly against Isabel's ear, enveloped in warmth.

A shiver coursed through her, a reflexive response that tinted her cheeks with a faint blush.

Kaleb's face hardened with anger as he observed Isabel and Xander, his eyes blazing with jealousy. He felt like a cuck!

Yet this was merely the beginning; what unfolded next stunned everyone—Isabel included.

Isabel blinked in astonishment at the sight of the man kneeling before her, a ring delicately held in his hand. It felt as though her brain had momentarily short-circuited.

"Isabel, marry me," Xander proclaimed, his eyes shimmering with hope and affection. Though he appeared composed, inside he was a bundle of nerves.

His heart raced in his chest, fearful that Isabel might refuse him.

After a suspenseful pause, Isabel finally emerged from her state of shock.

Xander must have been joking, but she never anticipated him taking it this far.

Given all he had sacrificed to support her, how could she not say yes?

With that thought guiding her, Isabel extended her hand toward Xander. "Please, slip the ring on for me."

She said yes!

Joy surged through Xander; he felt on the verge of bursting with excitement, longing to sweep Isabel into his arms and twirl her around.

Taking her hand, he prepared to place the ring on her finger.

"Isabel!" a furious voice bellowed from behind.

Isabel turned to find Kaleb, his eyes locked on her, simmering with an anger that seemed to swell within him.

Xander cast a brief glance at Kaleb before resolutely sliding the ring onto Isabel's finger.

Kaleb's fists were clenched, his fury so intense it felt like he could explode at any moment.

Eva observed Kaleb, her gaze narrowing at Isabel, a deep-seated jealousy brewing within her.

Isabel shifted her focus back to Xander, grasping his hand as she stood on her tiptoes to plant a soft kiss on his lips. "Thank you, darling. I adore this ring."

Xander's lips curved into a delighted smile, relishing the taste of the kiss. A playful laugh escaped him, a grin spreading across his face.

With his devilishly handsome features, his smile seemed to illuminate their surroundings, making Isabel feel as though she were completely losing herself in the moment. If she didn't know better, she might think he had truly fallen for her.

His gaze was filled with such affection, as if she were the focal point of his universe.

"Let's go," Xander said, holding Isabel's hand firmly as he led her toward the exit.

Kaleb felt as though he might erupt with rage, and just then, Eva reached out to grab Kaleb's sleeve.

"Kal, what—"

"Isabel, hold on right there!" Kaleb yelled as he hurried outside.

Eva stood paralyzed, her hand still raised in shock, uncertain about what action to take.

By the time Kaleb burst out of the building, Isabel had already arrived at her car.

She placed her hand on the door, giving him a dispassionate, indifferent look.

"Kaleb, aren't you getting married? Is this really how you want to handle things? You're abandoning your bride to come after me?"

Get married? With everything that had just unfolded, how could he even think of going through with it? Moreover, he was still unsure if the footage they had seen on the big screen was authentic.

"Isabel, I need to know—did you actually push my mom?" Kaleb's gaze pierced through her, waiting for a response.

"I've answered that question countless times. You never believed me before, and now you're asking again? Fine, if you want to think I did it, I won't argue with you. It doesn't matter anyway; we're no longer connected."

With that, Isabel flung the car door open, poised to step inside.

"You're not leaving!" Kaleb advanced, reaching out to grab Isabel's wrist.