

## Chapter 76 Losing His Ability to Carry on the Family Line

Click. The sound of a sudden power outage echoed, and the entire theater plunged into darkness.

What's going on?

Instantly, the room filled with the noise of murmurs and confused chatter.

Isabel stood up, glancing toward the theater exit.

"It's probably a technical issue with the equipment," Xander said, though his expression darkened.

Just a little bit more, and he would've successfully "fallen" into Isabel's arms.

"Well," Isabel mumbled, placing a hand over her stomach as she suddenly felt the need to rush. The coke was catching up with her.

"I need to use the restroom."

"I'll come with you."

"No need—" Isabel began, but her words were cut short as her foot caught on something unseen. She stumbled, her balance deserting her, and landed squarely in Xander's lap.

"Mm—" A muffled groan escaped Xander's lips.

Isabel's face instantly flushed red. She hadn't expected such a coincidental mishap.

"Sorry about that! I didn't mean to ... Are you alright? Does it hurt?"

Seeing her concerned expression, Xander couldn't help but chuckle, though he wore an expression of mock exasperation.

The retort "Why don't you try it yourself?" nearly slipped out of his mouth.

"Aren't you supposed to know some medicine? Why don't you check me out?"

Xander's deep, resonant voice came close to Isabel's ear, sending a pleasant tingle down her spine. The flirtatious tone in his words made her mind wander to more suggestive thoughts.

"You should find a male doctor to examine you instead."

"Does healing come with gender preferences? I don't mind if you check," Xander teased, a slight smirk tugging at his lips. Though the room was dark, and he couldn't see much, he still kept his gaze fixed on her, thoroughly enjoying himself.

Isabel could easily tell Xander was teasing her on purpose. "Since you're still joking around, it looks like nothing's seriously wrong. And even if there were ... no big deal. You've got a brother, don't you? If you can't carry on the family line, he can, right?"

"Achoo!" Samuel sneezed loudly.

"Who's talking about me?" Samuel muttered to himself.

Xander was on a movie date with Isabel, and Samuel couldn't help but wonder if anything had happened between them. Had they made any progress?

Samuel waited for a long time, but Isabel and Xander never came back. He finally gave up and went to bed. By the time he woke up the next morning, Xander had already left for work.

Isabel was out in the garden, running laps and exercising.

"You're up?" Isabel walked over to Samuel when she saw him, immediately taking his pulse as she reached his side.

"Your recovery is going really well. If you were from a regular family with less nutrition, it'd probably take another month to get to where you are now."

Then, she handed him a pair of crutches she had prepared beforehand. "Starting today, no more wheelchair."

"Fine." Samuel accepted the crutches and struggled to stand, finding his balance with effort.

"The first couple of days will be tough, but you'll get used to it soon," Isabel reassured him.

Samuel stared down at his legs, hesitating for a moment before asking, "Will my legs really recover fully? No lasting effects at all?"

Just being able to stand again was already a huge relief for Samuel. But if there was a chance for a full recovery, of course, he wanted that too.

"Don't worry, you'll be back to 100%—running, jumping, and yes, even passing down the family line," Isabel said with a playful grin.

Cough cough! Samuel choked on his own saliva, his face flushing red in embarrassment as he glanced at Isabel. "You ... you've got no shame."

Isabel casually peeled an orange, completely unfazed. "Oh, please. Have you met your brother? He's even worse. Last night, he almost—"

Isabel paused, realizing she was about to say something not exactly appropriate for all audiences.

But Samuel, already on edge, was desperate for the rest of the story. His curiosity was piqued.

"Tell me, what about my brother last night?"

Could it be that his brother had made some bold move with Isabel? Was he about to become an uncle?

"Nothing. Forget I said anything."

"Hey! Isabel, you can't just stop halfway! That's so rude! Now I won't be able to sleep tonight," Samuel whined, refusing to let it go.

After being pestered endlessly, Isabel sighed and gave in, half-joking, half-serious. "Fine. Last night, your brother almost lost his ability to carry on the family line."

Hiss—!

Samuel inhaled sharply, eyes wide in shock as he stared at Isabel. Did she really go that hard on Xander?

Recalling the time Isabel had saved him when she took on several attackers all by herself, he knew she definitely could be fierce.

Noticing the way Samuel was staring at her, Isabel felt a bit creeped out.

Why is he looking at me like that? He's giving me goosebumps.

In the days that followed, Isabel continued her secret search of the villa for the emerald guardian angel pendant. She had practically turned the entire place upside down, but still couldn't find it.

She'd even searched the old villa but had come up empty-handed.

The only place left was Xander's bedroom.

Based on her guess, there was likely a safe hidden in Xander's room, and the emerald guardian angel pendant was probably locked inside.

She'd have to find the right moment to check his room thoroughly.

Beep! Isabel received a message from Reggie.

"Do you have time to stop by today? You haven't even visited yet since the company started."

"Sure, let's grab dinner at Vermillion Maple Restaurant tonight."

"Sounds good, see you later."

Thirty minutes later, Isabel arrived at the entrance of I.Z. Corporation.

Reggie chose the company's name, which is a clear indication of just how much Isabel meant to him.

"Isabel? What are you doing here? Are you also applying for the position of secretary to the general manager?"

Hearing that voice, Isabel turned around.

"Jessica?"

She noticed Jessica was holding a resume in her hand.

Based on what she just said, was she applying to be my brother's secretary?

"Isabel, I've got my eye on the position of general manager's secretary. Don't you dare try to compete with me!" Jessica declared, looking at Isabel's stunning face with a mix of anxiety and jealousy.

Jessica had always considered herself attractive, but standing beside Isabel sparked a touch of envy. Isabel simply possessed a more striking beauty.

If Isabel decided to flaunt her charms and seduce the general manager of I.Z. Corporation, Jessica knew her chances would be slim.

Wait, was Jessica seriously here to apply for my brother's secretary? How amusing. Isabel couldn't help but wonder how Jessica would react once she found out her brother was the general manager.

"Ah, you're here, Isabel. Come on in," Reggie said, coming out to greet her.

"Reggie?" Jessica's eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at his face.

Had his face healed completely? Not even a trace of scarring remained. In fact, thanks to his improved skin, Reggie looked even more handsome than before.

Reggie had been so focused on Isabel, he hadn't noticed Jessica yet. "What are you doing here?"

Jessica ignored his question, far too preoccupied with her own. "How did your face heal? Wasn't it supposed to be untreatable? And why are you here?"