

Chapter 85 He Looks Amazing in Pink

Isabel's eyes instantly brightened.

She had expected a man in a pink suit to look odd. However, despite Xander's serious demeanor, the pink suit suited him well. It made him appear more youthful and several years younger.

"Do I seem strange?" Xander asked, frowning.

"Stop frowning! You look youthful in that suit. You should smile more. It'll make you even more attractive!" Isabel's tone was sincere without any exaggeration.

She truly found him striking in this outfit. While he looked great in his usual black and white clothes, this style offered a fresh perspective.

To Isabel, Xander now seemed exceptionally handsome, almost radiant.

As she continued to compliment him, it felt as if a warm spring breeze was touching him, causing his heart to flutter and a smile to appear on his lips.

He smiled!

Isabel was taken aback by his unexpected smile, feeling as if her heart was captured.

Noticing Isabel's gaze fixed on Xander, Kaleb experienced a familiar pang in his heart. Not long ago, she had looked at him with that same adoring expression, but now it was directed at someone else.

His fists clenched tightly, turning his knuckles pale and trembling slightly.

Rachel's jaw dropped wide enough to fit a goose egg. She rubbed her eyes multiple times in disbelief. What had she just witnessed?

Did Xander smile?

He smiled at Isabel, something he had never done for Rachel.

At that moment, jealousy surged within Rachel, making her glare at Isabel with growing hostility.

I need to find a way to send Isabel off to Christian's bed quickly! Once she's involved with him, she'll be trapped!

"Cough!" Beowulf suddenly interrupted, inserting himself between Isabel and Xander. He then pulled Isabel aside and whispered so only they could hear.

"Boss, are you falling for his charm?"

"Do you think I'm that type?" Isabel managed to regain her composure.

"Are you sure you weren't enchanted by his looks? You were practically drooling just now," Beowulf replied.

"Really?" Isabel quickly wiped the corner of her mouth. "I wasn't!"

Beowulf was left speechless. She had wiped it, meaning she had been affected by Xander's appearance.

"Boss, you have to keep your emotions in check. Remember, you married him for the mission! Not for personal reasons."

Before Beowulf could finish, Xander reached out, taking Isabel's wrist and pulling her closer.

"Let's start the photoshoot."

She shrugged, remaining indifferent to his advance.

Soon, Isabel and Xander began posing.

"Move closer together," the photographer instructed, holding up his camera.

"Why do they need to be so close? This distance seems fine," Beowulf said impatiently.

The photographer felt a bit pressured.

Isabel looked at Beowulf speechlessly, then turned to the photographer. "Don't mind him. You're the expert, so do what you think is best."

"Okay," the photographer replied, relieved.

"Get even closer."

As soon as the photographer said so, Xander leaned down and kissed Isabel's forehead.

Beowulf jumped up in surprise, only to be glared back into his seat by Isabel.

Meanwhile, Kaleb was also capturing photos, but he lost focus upon witnessing the moment between Isabel and Xander.

"Mr. Johnson, please direct your attention to Ms. Shepherd," the photographer reminded.

Eva flushed with anger as she gripped her wedding dress tightly, wishing she could rip it apart.

"Sorry, I got distracted for a moment," Kaleb apologized before slowly redirecting his gaze.

The photographer next to Isabel reminded her, "Ms. Zimmerman, you need to be a bit more engaged."

He stressed the word 'a bit,' aware that he couldn't ask too much of Isabel, considering her status as the boss's sister.

Be more engaged? How should I approach this? Isabel pondered. Should she wrap her arms around Xander's neck? What if he rejected her?

Maybe she should discuss it with him.

"We—" Isabel turned her head, accidentally brushing against Xander's lips, causing her pupils to widen in surprise.