

Chapter 86 The Wedding Photo Beside the Bed

Xander was caught off guard as well, though he knew it was a coincidence. Still, he was pleased.

Kaleb, who was supposed to be seated, immediately stood up when he saw Isabel kiss Xander. Even though he'd witnessed it more than once, it didn't make the strange feeling in his chest any easier to bear.

Meanwhile, Beowulf rushed over agitatedly.

"Hey! Can you two stop with the kissing?" He shot Xander with a sharp look.

Realizing the situation, Isabel quickly pulled back. Despite the makeup on her face, a faint blush was visible.

She cleared her throat awkwardly, her gaze shifting away from Xander. "It was an accident. I didn't mean to."

"Hmm," he responded, smiling slightly.

Behind the glass, Rachel was nearly grinding her teeth in frustration. If gazes could kill, Isabel would have been in pieces by now.

Eva, glaring as well, had been staring at Kaleb. However, Kaleb's eyes were fixed on Isabel.

That made Eva's blood boil. She couldn't forget what Isabel had once said, thanking her for taking away the sc*mbag and warning that from then on, Eva would be the one left crying.

So what if it was true? She would rather weep in luxury than laugh in poverty.

It's all Isabel's fault! If only she would disappear! Eva cursed resentfully.

"Achoo—" Isabel sneezed.

Is someone thinking about me? she wondered.

"Achoo—" She sneezed again.

Maybe someone is cursing me.

After the wedding photo shoot, Isabel returned to the villa. Out of habit, she went for a walk after dinner.

It was odd, though—Xander usually went for a walk after meals, too. But he didn't come out today.

After finishing another lap, Isabel decided to head back to her room upstairs.

Just as she reached for the doorknob, the door opened from the inside, revealing Xander standing in her room.

Isabel froze, confused. Why had Xander come into her room when she wasn't there? It seemed like he had been in there for a while.

"You ... "

"Finished your walk?" Xander's eyes swept over her.

Isabel, having just exercised, was covered in a light sheen of sweat. Her damp hair framed her flushed face. Something about her appearance made Xander feel an unexpected pull toward her.

"Yeah, just finished," she replied, unaware of the intensity of his gaze. Instead, her thoughts were racing, wondering why he was in her room.

Had he figured something out about her? Was he searching for evidence to uncover her secrets?

"Still running?" Xander's question pulled her out of her thoughts.

"I'm about done. I'm heading for a shower."

At her words, a brief look of disappointment flickered in Xander's eyes.

"Go ahead, then."

"Hmm."

Isabel slipped back into her room. The first thing she did was scan the area for anything out of place.

A glance made her freeze. There, hanging above the bed, was the wedding photo from earlier that day.

It was the shot where she had accidentally kissed Xander!

"D*mn!" Isabel muttered under her breath, suddenly realizing why Xander had been in her room. He had hung that photo on the wall!

Climbing onto the bed, she took the photo down, irritation bubbling up inside her.

She wouldn't have minded if Xander had hung a wedding photo, but she couldn't accept the one he chose.

She quickly hid the photo under the bed, grabbed her pajamas, and went to take a shower.

After 20 minutes of enjoying the soothing water, she stepped out of the bathroom, towel-drying her hair.

But when her eyes drifted toward the bed, she froze.

The photo was back on the headboard.

Isabel's heart skipped a beat. She blinked, thinking she must have imagined it, but the photo was still there.

Had Xander snuck back in while she was in the shower and put it up again? How did he know she had hidden it under the bed?

Was there some kind of surveillance?

For a moment, panic rose in her, but she quickly dismissed the idea.

When she first arrived, she had thoroughly checked the room. There had been no cameras.

She hadn't missed anything like that. If she had, she wouldn't have been trusted with a mission.

Isabel climbed back onto the bed, removed the photo again, and tucked it under the bed once more.

What happened next completely shocked her.