

Chapter 87 The Villa Is Full of Wedding Photos

"What the hell!"

Isabel pulled out yet another wedding photo, the one of them kissing, from under the bed.

She stared at the photos in both her hands, her face twitching with disbelief.

It turned out that he didn't know she had hidden the wedding photo under the bed but had extras.

It was unbelievable!

Isabel quickly stashed the photos in the wardrobe and locked it. Let's see how you can hang them now!

At that moment, she heard Samuel's shocked voice from outside the door.

"What's going on!"

Huh? What's happening?

Confused, Isabel opened the door to find Samuel standing there, eyes wide in disbelief. She followed his gaze and gasped sharply.

Everywhere she looked—whether the living room or the staircase walls—was covered in wedding photos.

At that moment, Isabel couldn't even begin to describe how she felt. She shut her eyes, hoping that by not seeing them, she could forget about it.

"How is it? Looks good, right?" Xander walked out of the kitchen, still holding tools for hanging photos.

Isabel glanced toward the kitchen door, wondering if he'd even put photos up in there.

"Mr. Bennett, what were you thinking about?" she asked, reaching out to take down one of the photos nearby.

Xander watched her with a slight darkness in his gaze.

"We've been married for a while now, and yet we don't have any wedding photos up at home. I figured it didn't seem right."

His real goal, though, was to surround her with their wedding photos, making it harder for her to deny her role as his wife.

"But do you need this many? Don't you think it's a little overwhelming?" Isabel said as she removed another photo.

"Fine, let's just hang one, then."

"I—"

Isabel was speechless.

Honestly, she didn't want to hang any at all. But if she had to choose, one was better than filling the entire house with them. She finally had to compromise.

What she didn't realize was that Xander had planned this all along. He knew that she had no interest in him. With her strong and independent nature, she would never easily back down from something she disliked.

Forcing her to hang the photos would only cause resentment, so he'd cleverly created a scenario where she had to make a choice.

Should they cover the walls with photos or just hang one?

He'd made sure to give her that multiple-choice question.

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Isabel's birthday was coming up in a week.

Beowulf called her.

"Kaleb's such a jerk. He chose the 8th of next month for his wedding—obviously trying to spite you."

The more he talked, the angrier he became, until he suddenly got an idea.

"Boss, want me to ruin their big day?"

"Why would I? Let them go through with it. Kaleb will eventually see Eva's true colors. When he does, I'll be there to enjoy the drama."

Beowulf could guess what Isabel was thinking but still couldn't let it go.

"Are you sure you don't want to mess with them a little?"

"Didn't I already tell you to book all the luxury cruises on Solaria? Isn't that sabotage enough?" Isabel smirked, twirling a lock of her hair.

She recalled how Eva had bragged at the cafe about their wedding on the Princess Charm cruise ship.

Now that Isabel had reserved every high-end cruise in Solaria, she wondered how Eva planned to flaunt her wedding.

"Alright, fair enough. By the way, it's your birthday on the 8th. Shall we go celebrate?"

"I can't. Xander's got an important dinner that night, and he wants me to attend with him."

"What kind of dinner is more important than your birthday?" Beowulf grumbled.

"He said it was a business meeting that could shape his future. He needs to bring a female companion, so he asked me to join him."

Xander had told her about it days ago, and she still remembered how serious he had been.

Since he had been helping her a lot lately, Isabel felt it was only right to return the favor.

"Seems like you're putting him first in everything now," Beowulf muttered, sounding a bit of a complaint.

"Look, after dinner, if it's not too late, we'll go out. We can hit a karaoke lounge with Merle and the rest, and party all night."

Beowulf's mood instantly lifted at that.

"Deal! I'll go tell Merle. On the 8th, we'll start without you and wait for you to join us."

"Sounds good."

As Isabel arrived at I.Z. Corporation, she was ready for a big meeting. Today, they were discussing their business expansion strategy.

At the meeting, she handed out the materials she'd prepared.

"This is the 'Beauty Through Medicine' line, aimed at people with acne and scars. It'll show noticeable improvements in just one week."

Reggie had complete faith in Isabel's formula, especially since she'd trained under the Miracle Healer.

However, other senior shareholders weren't so easily convinced.

"Does this skincare formula work?"

"Where exactly did this formula come from?"

"Was it developed by a top-tier doctor?"

Facing everyone's doubts, Isabel showed a confident smile, her bright eyes full of assurance.

She answered with simple words that stunned them.