

## Chapter 89 When Drunk, Isabel May Remove Her Clothes

"Huh?" Isabel looked puzzled. "Why are you suddenly saying my name?"

It almost felt as if he was trying to seduce her.

Xander smiled softly, his deep eyes revealing a gentle warmth. "I like calling your name."

Isabel, still confused, slowly placed a hand over her chest. Her heart was beating strangely fast, making her feel uneasy.

Before she could fully regain her composure, Xander's smooth, almost musical voice whispered in her ear again.

"Could you call me by my name? Call me Xan."

"I-I have something I need to do. I have to go!" Isabel stammered, hanging up the phone in a hurry.

Her breathing quickened, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She touched her flushed face, trying to cool it with the back of her hand.

Call him Xan?

"It's so cheesy!" she muttered.

Xander stared at the disconnected phone call and murmured, "One day, you'll call me that."

Later that evening, Isabel went to the bar as planned. Yvette was persistent with her questions.

"Be honest, do you really have no feelings left for Kaleb?"

Isabel sighed, rubbing her temples. "How many times do I need to say it for you to believe me?"

Yvette moved closer, eyes wide with suspicion, trying to read Isabel's expression for any sign of a lie. Isabel, unfazed, just widened her eyes in return.

"Are you sure you're not hiding something from me?"

"Just drink," Isabel said, handing Yvette a glass of wine.

"I can't. My stomach's acting up. I need to use the restroom!" Yvette said, rushing off before Isabel could respond.

As soon as Yvette disappeared, Rachel and a few other girls entered the bar.

Hmm? Isn't that Isabel?

"Rachel, why are you standing still?" her companion asked in confusion.

"Oh, I have something to do. You guys go ahead to the booth. I'll be there in a while."

After saying that, Rachel quickly pulled out her phone to send a message to Christian.

"Isabel is at FY Bar alone. If you're looking for an opportunity, this is it."

Meanwhile, in one of the bar's private rooms, Christian was playing with a girl dressed provocatively.

"You're so naughty, Mr. Christian," the girl teased, but Christian's mood suddenly shifted.

"Get out!" he snapped. Startled, the girl left in a hurry, hiding her frustration.

Christian glanced at the photo Rachel had sent of Isabel sitting alone at the bar, her cheeks flushed with the effects of alcohol. He smirked, licking his lips.

"Now, this is the real beauty," he muttered, thinking how lucky he was to have stumbled upon her tonight.

Christian straightened his clothes, ran a hand through his hair, and checked himself in the mirror before heading out with what he thought was a charming smile.

In the same bar, Max noticed something. "Hey, Xander, I think I saw someone from your family's side branch."

Xander remained indifferent, sipping his drink. Max, surprised by his lack of reaction, was about to drop the subject when he spotted someone familiar.

"Wait, isn't that Isabel?"

Xander stopped mid-sip and turned to look. His eyes quickly found Isabel, sitting at the bar, looking a bit tipsy, her face flushed and her gaze hazy.

How did she end up here?

Before Xander could fully process the situation, he saw Christian making his way toward her.

"Why are you alone?" Christian asked, sitting down next to Isabel naturally.

Xander's eyes narrowed with a dangerous glint, and he started to get up, but Max grabbed his arm.

"Stay calm, Xander."

"Calm? You can be calm because she's not your woman," Xander replied coldly.

"Look, we're friends. Let me give you some advice—don't rush in just yet. See what Christian wants. Didn't you think your brother's injury might be tied to him and his father? Keep an eye on him first."

Reluctantly, Xander sat back down, his sharp gaze fixed on the unfolding scene.

Isabel rested her chin in her hand and glanced at Christian. "Who are you?"

"I'm Christian Bennett. We met at the family banquet last time," he said smoothly, his eyes lingering on Isabel as if sizing her up.

As he watched her, he couldn't help but swallow hard.

"Hiss—" Max shivered, glancing at Xander across from him. He silently clicked his tongue. Christian's intentions were too blatant. Even if Samuel's injury wasn't their doing, Christian would be in deep trouble.

"Christian?" Isabel frowned. "I don't know you."

"That's fine. You'll get to know me soon enough," Christian replied, continuing to look at her bluntly.

"I have no interest in knowing you." Isabel felt a sharp headache, and her mind started to fog as she realized she might be drunk.

How did she get this intoxicated? Her tolerance for alcohol wasn't usually this low. Was her body reacting differently?

Memories of her past rushed back—she remembered losing control and undressing when overly drunk.

She couldn't let that happen again. What if she blacked out and started doing something reckless?

Determined, Isabel tried to leave quickly. She stood up, supporting herself against the bar, her head spinning.

"Where are you going?" Christian called after her as she stumbled away.

"It's none of your business. Stay away," Isabel replied, her voice steady despite her blurred state. She could sense danger, even in her drunken haze.

Christian, clearly with ulterior motives, closed in on her, eyeing her like she was his prey. He was sure she wouldn't escape him tonight.

Just as he reached out to grab her wrist, someone appeared out of nowhere, pulling Isabel into his arms before Christian could touch her.