

## Chapter 90 Don't Move

Christian was taken aback when Xander appeared out of nowhere, staring at him with wide eyes in disbelief.

Rachel, who had been quietly observing, was equally shocked. She had been expecting Isabel to be taken away by Christian without any interference.

But now, Xander's arrival threw a wrench into her plans.

Isabel, dazed, bumped her forehead against Xander's chest, wincing from the pain as she rubbed the spot.

"It's so hard, like hitting a rock. That hurt."

Though she wasn't fully sober, she instantly recognized the familiar warmth of Xander's embrace. How could she forget? He was daydreaming and hugged her every day.

So, when he pulled her into his arms, she knew it was him.

"Where does it hurt? Let me check," Xander said softly, gently moving her hand away to reveal a faint red mark on her forehead—she must've knocked against one of his buttons.

"Here, let me massage it," he said as he carefully rubbed her forehead with the softest part of his palm.

His tender gesture left everyone, including Christian, stunned.

Rachel gritted her teeth in frustration, shooting Isabel an evil glare, wishing she could erase her from existence.

"Feeling better?" Xander's gentle voice caressed Isabel's ears, which only further clouded her already intoxicated state. She was losing her grip on consciousness.

Xander could see it too. Isabel's flushed cheeks and heavy breathing were telltale signs that she was far more drunk than she realized.

"Hot ... " Isabel mumbled, her eyes half-closed as she gazed up at Xander with a dazed expression, causing him to tense up. The tension within him flared, a fire igniting inside that he had to fight to control.

He drew in a deep breath, holding her waist firmly. He needed to get her out of there quickly.

But just as Xander began to move, Isabel's fingers found the zipper of her dress. "Too hot," she whispered as she pulled it down, revealing her perfect figure.

Xander suddenly found it hard to breathe.

Xander's heart raced as he found it hard to breathe. He wasn't usually one to be swayed by such things—he had seen many women try to seduce him before, but he always remained unaffected.

Isabel, however, was different. She was the only one who had ever made his heart skip a beat. And now, she was undressing right in his arms, staring up at him with those intoxicating eyes.

Quickly realizing the situation, Xander zipped her dress back up, holding her close while scanning the room with sharp, protective eyes. Fortunately, he had been holding her in his arms just now. If anyone else had seen her undress, it would've been a disaster.

His gaze lingered on Christian for a few moments, cold and dangerous. Christian, drenched in sweat, instinctively backed away.

"It's so hot; I can't stand it," Isabel complained, struggling against Xander's hold as she tried to unzip her dress again.

Not again!

After stopping Isabel from unzipping her dress, Xander quickly removed his jacket and wrapped it tightly around her to cover her up.

D\*mn it, Isabel! How could you be so shameless, trying to undress in public to lure Xan?

Rachel wished she could pull Isabel out of Xander's arms and undress her.

Since Isabel seemed so eager to undress, Rachel was tempted to help her!

Isabel glanced down at herself and complained, "I'm so hot, and you're making me wear more clothes."

With that, she started to raise her hand to undress.

"Don't move!" Xander barked.

"No, I want to undress," Isabel retorted defiantly, unhappy with Xander's tone. Why should she listen to him?

"Isabel!" Xander hissed through gritted teeth. "If you take your clothes off again, I swear I'll wrap you in a blanket."

Upon hearing that, Isabel finally stopped.

Seeing her calm down, Xander let out a sigh of relief and turned to Max. "I'll take her back now."

"Go ahead. Don't worry about coming back." Max grinned and raised an eyebrow at Xander, leaning in close and whispering, "Make sure to take your chance."

Xander glanced at Max speechlessly but didn't reply. Instead, he focused on helping Isabel out of the bar, keeping a close eye on her to make sure she didn't try to undress again.

As Xander left, Max turned his attention to Christian, who stood nearby, looking stunned.

"I heard you're quite the player," Max said.

Christian swallowed nervously. "What do you mean, Mr. Max?"

"Let's not play dumb. We both know the game. Just be careful, alright? There are some people you shouldn't mess with, or you'll end up getting into trouble," Max warned, his tone shifting from playful to cold.

It was the first time Christian had seen Max look so serious. He instantly understood the message, recalling Xander's protective attitude toward Isabel earlier.

Their relationship wasn't just about a marriage certificate!

Rachel! You've caused me a lot of trouble!

After cautioning Christian, Max made his way to the restroom. Upon entering, he saw a girl in overalls washing her hands at the sink.

Hmm? Did I walk into the wrong restroom?

"Hey! Are you a pervert? What are you doing in the women's restroom?" Yvette glared at Max.

"My bad, I made a mistake," Max apologized.

"Hmph! Do you expect me to believe that? You pervert! A creep!" she spat back.

A creep? A pervert? Me?

Max looked at Yvette, who didn't have a sexy figure. If not for her long hair, he might have mistaken her for a guy.

"What are you staring at? I'll call the police if you keep looking!" Yvette crossed her arms over her chest.

Although Max was speechless, he decided not to argue since he was technically at fault. He apologized again and left.

But once he stepped outside, he realized something was off. He glanced up and saw the blue sign indicating it was the men's restroom.

"Hey!" Max shouted, stepping back in.

"What are you doing? Stay away, or I'll call for help!" Yvette looked at him warily.

He pointed behind her, and she turned to see a urinal.

"Huh? Why is there a urinal here?" She blinked in confusion.

"Looks like you're the one who wandered into the wrong place." Max walked in with a smile.

Yvette, now embarrassed and flustered, shot him an angry look.

Just then, a man entered the restroom and froze upon seeing her. He quickly stepped back and checked the sign.

Yes, it was indeed the men's restroom.

He thought he was too drunk and stumbled into the wrong restroom earlier.

Leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, Max watched Yvette with amusement.

You were so quick to curse me. Let's see how you handle this.

Seeing Max's mocking expression, Yvette gritted her teeth in anger but suddenly had an idea. With a smirk, she shyly approached him.

"Darling, it's all your fault! You insisted we come here, and now someone's caught us!" she said, covering her blushing face with her hands.

Max stared at Yvette in disbelief, shocked at how bold she was.

A man at the door cleared his throat, giving Max a strange look.

Max felt wronged.

"I don't even know you. You're the one who's in the wrong place. Don't blame me for it."

As the man's eyes lingered on Yvette again, she felt embarrassed and frustrated. Making up her mind, she wrapped her arms around Max's neck, tiptoed, and kissed him.