

Chapter 91 Isabel Gives Xander a Public Spanking

Whoa!

Max's eyes were about to pop out. He already knew Yvette was shameless, but this was beyond what he imagined!

"You're so bad!" Yvette glared at Max and blushed before darting out of the restroom.

After running for a bit, she touched her burning face.

Oh, my God! I really do that!

It must have been the alcohol's fault!

Yvette suddenly remembered Isabel's advice—drink less because it always led to embarrassing situations.

She touched her lips. "That was my first kiss!"

Isabel was right. She needed to cut back on drinking.

Back at the bar counter, Yvette waved to the bartender. "One cocktail, please."

"Coming right up," he replied.

Yvette glanced over at the restroom and soon spotted Max.

"Here's your drink, Miss," said the waiter, but she barely noticed as she locked eyes with Max.

Meanwhile, a guy named Roger saw an opportunity. While Yvette was distracted, he slipped a pill into her drink.

Max noticed and frowned, but Roger shot him a warning glance, silently hinting at him to stay out of it.

Max sipped his drink and ignored what had happened.

Once Max looked away, Yvette exhaled in relief and took a sip from her glass.

Moments later, she realized Isabel was nowhere to be found.

Where is she?

Did she go to the restroom?

Probably not. I just came back from there.

Could she have been targeted and taken away?

Yvette started to panic. She remembered hearing stories about people drugging drinks in bars. Isabel was beautiful, and it had taken her a while in the restroom. Could she have been taken?

She frantically dialed Isabel's number, but no one picked up.

"Could something bad have happened?"

Worry hit her hard, and she stood up to search for her friend. But as soon as her feet hit the ground, she felt lightheaded and weak.

Heat rushed through her, and she knew something was wrong.

Her blurry vision scanned the room. She saw Max still drinking, while Roger sat nearby, smirking.

Yvette's heart sank. Gosh, it's me who got drugged!

"Are you okay, Miss? Let me help you," Roger offered, reaching to support her.

Yvette felt a wave of disgust, wanting to shove him away, but she was too weak.

Roger dragged her out, while Max sat frowning into his drink. He was angry at Yvette earlier, so he hadn't interfered. But he couldn't just let this slide.

That wasn't his style.

After some thought, he stood up and followed them.

Yvette was thrown onto a bed in a private room. Her mind screamed that it was over for her.

Just as Roger approached, the door burst open with a loud bang.

Who could it be? Isabel?

As soon as her guess came to mind, Yvette denied it herself.

Isabel wasn't strong enough to kick down a door like that.

"Stay out of this!" Roger threatened as Max entered the room.

Max wasn't fazed. He grabbed Roger by the collar. "I hate creeps like you, and you even threaten me!"

With a flick of his wrist, Max tossed Roger across the room, sending him crashing into the door.

Roger winced, a mix of fear and anger spreading across his face. He realized Max wasn't someone to mess with and quickly scrambled out of the room, humiliated.

Max ran his hand through his hair but was suddenly knocked onto the bed by Yvette's half-conscious shove.

"Sh*t!"

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Meanwhile, Xander brought Isabel back to the villa.

When Samuel heard the noise, he came out of his room, clutching his cane.

"Hot!" Isabel was once again trying to strip off her clothes.

Samuel's eyes widened in shock, but Xander shot him a sharp glare, making him quickly avert his gaze.

He lowered his head, biting his lip with a hint of grievance.

Was it Isabel's bold action that shocked him? Why was Xander glaring at him like that? He wasn't going to grab her away.

"Hold still!" Xander gripped Isabel's hands, stopping her from moving.

"But I'm so hot!" Isabel complained, pouting, and gazed at him with a misty look, her face full of discontent.

Seeing her like that, Xander felt like he was standing in the middle of an erupting volcano.

He knew she wasn't thinking of him in that way. If he took advantage of the situation, she might blame him later.

He had already decided to wait until she was fully ready before doing anything.

Facing the stairs, Xander had originally planned to carry Isabel in his arms, but he worried she might get too clingy and start undressing. So, he swung her over his shoulder instead.

"Put me down. I'm getting dizzy," she complained.

Isabel felt a bit nauseous being carried like this.

"It'll be over soon, just hang in there," Xander muttered, frowning.

"No, seriously, I'm dizzy! Put me down!" Isabel insisted, squirming.

But Xander kept going, ignoring her demands.

"Are you going to put me down or not? If not, I'm not holding back!"

Ignoring Isabel's tough talk, Xander kept carrying her.

When he didn't respond, Isabel grew frustrated, raised her hand, and swatted his butt.

Xander froze mid-step, and Samuel, wide-eyed, gawked at his brother's butt getting slapped.

The living room fell silent.

"Put me down!" Isabel huffed, ready to strike again. With another firm slap, her hand landed on Xander's butt.

Xander tensed up, his serious expression showing signs of cracking. Samuel swallowed, staring straight ahead.

Even their parents had never dared spank Xander, yet here he was, getting smacked twice in quick succession.

"Hmph! I warned you. If you don't put me down, I'll keep doing it!" Isabel threatened with a hiccup.

With the light casting shadows on Xander's already dark face, he growled, "Do whatever you want."

Then, he resumed walking upstairs.

Isabel, furious at being ignored, raised both hands and began smacking his butt repeatedly.

The slapping noise echoed like a string of firecrackers, loud and fast.

Samuel's jaw dropped in disbelief, frozen in place. It wasn't until Xander carried Isabel into the room that he snapped out of it.

It seemed that his brother was really serious about Isabel, or he wouldn't have tolerated her behavior like that.

From now on, Samuel decided to treat Isabel as his true sister-in-law.

Inside the room, Xander tossed Isabel onto the bed. When she landed, she began undressing.

She slipped off his suit jacket first, then started unzipping as she continued.