

Chapter 92 Caught in the Act

Xander was on the verge of losing control, so he quickly grabbed Isabel's hand to stop her.

"Let go of me!" she demanded, trying to yank her hand free, but no matter how hard she tried, it wouldn't budge. After struggling for a bit, she gave up, closed her eyes, and fell asleep almost instantly.

While she slept peacefully, Xander was drenched in sweat, exhausted from her torture.

Looking at her sleeping soundly in his arms, he sighed in helplessness.

Later, after showering and returning to bed, he gently pulled her back into his arms. Before falling asleep, he leaned down and placed a soft kiss on her forehead as a reward.

Isabel didn't wake up until 10:30 the next morning. When she did, she rubbed her temples, feeling the headache kick in.

"My body feels awful. I only had one drink last night ... " she mumbled, looking around in confusion.

She realized she was in her room.

"Huh? How did I get back here?"

Isabel strained her memory, faintly recalling seeing Xander at the bar. He must've been the one who brought her home.

Wait a minute! I was super drunk last night. Did I undress?

Looking down at herself, she breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing that her clothes were still intact.

As she relaxed, the image of Xander, ever the gentleman, crossed her mind.

He wasn't the kind of guy who'd take advantage of someone. If he was, she would've been in trouble that time she got drugged.

Just as Isabel let out a quiet breath of relief, her phone buzzed. It was Yvette calling.

"Isabel! Are you okay? Did anything happen to you?" Yvette asked, sounding worried.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I was so scared! I thought you'd run into trouble, just like me!"

Isabel's face grew serious.

"Wait, what? What happened to you? Did something happen?"

"Yeah ... I was drugged by a pervert last night!"

Isabel clenched her fists, guilt washing over her. "Where are you now? Are you safe?"

"Don't worry. I'm fine. Someone saved me before anything bad happened."

Isabel let out a sigh of relief. "That's good to hear."

"Good? Not really ... I blacked out after, and the person who rescued me ... well, you get it," Yvette said bitterly.

Isabel didn't need Yvette to explain further. She could already guess what had happened.

"Yve, I'm so sorry. I drank too much and didn't look out for you like I should have," Isabel apologized, full of guilt.

"What are you talking about? None of this was your fault. I was the one who dragged you to the bar in the first place. Plus, I told that guy it didn't mean anything. Honestly, the guy was handsome, fit, and had good skills. So, I didn't lose out," Yvette said, trying to make light of the situation.

Isabel could tell her friend was trying to brush it off, but she knew Yvette wasn't as carefree as she sounded.

Yvette had dated a few guys before, but things never went past holding hands.

"Anyway, I need to hurry back home. I think my mom bought some birth control pills a while ago. Looks like it's time to use them."

"Yeah, you wouldn't want any surprises." Isabel frowned. "Remember that the pill's only 99 percent effective. Want me to double-check?"

"Don't jinx it! Let's drop the subject. I'll just take the medicine. Wait, what? How do you want to check me?" Yvette asked, puzzled.

"I've been studying some alternative medicine recently. I can help you with needle therapy—" Isabel started, but Yvette cut her off.

"No, absolutely not! Needle therapy is way too painful. Besides, you've only just started studying. I'll stick to the pills. They're more reliable. I'm sure my odds are better than 1 percent."

"Alright, I'm hanging up."

Right after ending the call, Isabel dialed Beowulf's number.

"Beowulf, I need you to check something out for me. Last night, at FY Bar ... "

At the bar, Roger, who had tried something shady the night before, was once again searching for a new target.

"What bad luck!" he muttered.

Last night could've been great, but someone had messed it up for him.

As Roger was lost in thought, he noticed a girl waving at him out of the corner of his eye. Turning toward her, his breath caught. She was gorgeous, her looks and figure both perfect.

What made his heart race even more was the fact that she seemed to be flirting with him. Was this his lucky break?

When Isabel saw that her trap had worked, she smiled alluringly at Roger and then walked away. He was captivated, swallowed hard, and eagerly followed her out.

Watching the scene, those nearby were filled with envy, wondering why they didn't have such luck.

After following Isabel into a private room, Roger was so excited that he rubbed his hands.

She approached him, reached out, grabbed his tie, and yanked it hard.

"Ah—" His scream sounded like an animal being butchered.

The crowd outside once again looked on with envy.

"Ah—I'm sorry! Ah—"

The more Roger screamed, the more bitter the onlookers felt.

A few minutes later, the door opened, and Isabel calmly stepped out, looking refreshed and rosy.

That fast? Only five minutes?

The onlookers shook their heads, thinking Roger wasn't up to the task. Some of them considered approaching Isabel themselves—maybe she still wasn't fully satisfied, and they might get lucky, too.

Finally, a confident man stepped up and said, "Miss, may I have the pleasure of some time alone with you?"

Before he could finish, he felt a tap on his shoulder.

Who dares interrupt? How rude! Doesn't he know about waiting his turn?

"Miss, you—"

As the man continued, he noticed that Isabel's eyes had widened, her gaze fixed on something behind him.