

Chapter 95 He Calls Her 'Master'

What is he trying to do? Has he figured out my deceitful plans and is ready to kick me out?

Isabel instinctively backed away, but this time, a sharp pain shot through her waist.

"Hiss—"

It seemed she twisted her waist.

That was bad. She couldn't even move because of the pain, let alone get up and run away.

Like the old saying, trouble came when least expected, and now the once-proud Lone Wolf was trapped. She had no choice but to accept her fate.

Closing her eyes, Isabel gritted her teeth, waiting for Xander's fury.

But to her surprise, instead of getting angry, he picked her up and cradled her in his arms.

Isabel's eyes flew open in shock. What was he doing?

Xander gently carried her to the couch.

Ouch, my waist!

Isabel held her waist, not daring to make a sound and silently staring at him in confusion.

His eyes landed on her waist, and he frowned deeply. "Did you hurt your waist?"

Stunned, Isabel couldn't believe it. She'd shown him her true self, yet he was still concerned about her. Her face turned pale, and sweat began to gather on her forehead.

Seeing she didn't answer, Xander assumed she was in too much pain to speak.

"Go get the medicine. Quickly," he ordered Leo.

"Yes, Sir."

Leo returned a few minutes later with a bottle of bruise-healing ointment.

Xander paused before reaching for her waist, glancing at Leo, who immediately understood and left the room.

With Leo gone, Xander lifted Isabel's shirt.

She instinctively pulled it down, but the movement worsened her injury, making her cry out.

"Ouch!"

"Don't move." His voice wavered slightly, filled with concern as he looked at her pained expression.

"Give me the medicine. I'll apply it myself," Isabel said, her cheeks flushing with embarrassment.

She couldn't even meet his eyes, not just because of the awkwardness but because of what had happened earlier. Even though they hadn't talked about it, the moment couldn't just be brushed off.

"Apply it yourself? You can't even move your arm without wincing. How are you going to do it?"

Even now, she didn't want him to touch her. Was there such a wide gap between them?

"I'll manage," Isabel insisted.

Xander sighed, tension clear on his face. "Fine, go ahead."

He handed her the medicine and stepped back to watch.

After unscrewing the bottle cap, Isabel looked at Xander. "Can you turn around?"

Without hesitation, he turned to face the mirror. Whether he turned around or not, it hardly made a difference.

Isabel tried to apply the ointment herself, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't reach the spot on her back. Her efforts only made the pain worse.

"Ugh!" she groaned.

Xander pursed his lips and watched for a moment before he finally turned around. He snatched the bottle from her hand, pouring some ointment onto his palm.

"No, you don't need to!" Isabel quickly stopped him.

Ignoring her words, Xander pressed his hand firmly against her waist.

"Hiss—"

A mix of coolness and heat spread through her skin.

"Does it hurt too much?" Xander frowned. "Should I be gentle?"

"No need. This level of pressure is fine. Move a little lower. Yes, right there. Press down and push a little harder," Isabel felt his hand on her waist and instructed him.

A doctor couldn't heal oneself, especially when she was injured in the waist.

Her waist's current condition was like a paralyzed eel, unable to get up.

Moving even slightly was a struggle.

Following her guidance, Xander's hands massaged the right spots on her waist.

"Hiss—"

"Still hurting?"

"It's painful, but it feels good. Keep going," Isabel said, surprisingly relieved by the pressure.

While she was starting to feel better, Xander was having a tough time keeping his composure. Her soft voice had an unexpected effect on him.

He couldn't deny it—his mind was beginning to wander.

Meanwhile, in the conference room nearby, the senior executives were doing their best to stay focused. Despite the soundproof walls, faint noises from the office filtered through.

All of them kept their heads down, intently staring at their shoes as if their shoes were the most fascinating thing in the world.

When Leo re-entered the room, he caught on immediately.

"Ahem, Boss is busy right now. Let's take a break from the meeting," he announced.

Knowing looks were exchanged among the senior executives. They all understood. None of them expected their normally stoic boss to have such private moments.

An hour passed.

"You should stop now. You won't be able to take it if you keep going," Isabel spoke up.

"It's fine," Xander replied, confident in his strength.

She glanced at him. He looked as strong as ever, not even slightly out of breath.

His stamina was impressive.

She was thankful he had held back when she'd been drugged last time. She didn't dare to think about the consequences if he hadn't.

"It's okay. I need to rest now. I'm feeling a bit sore."

With that, Xander finally stopped.

"Feeling better?"

"Much better. I didn't expect you to have such a talent for healing. I don't normally take on students, but I'd consider it for you."

Xander raised an eyebrow. "If you're willing to teach, I'd like to learn."

"Are you serious?" Isabel asked, surprised that he took her words to heart.

"Not really," he replied honestly.

"Then why do you want to learn from me?"

His gaze dropped to her waist. "I can help if you're hurt again."

Her heart skipped a beat. That wasn't the answer she expected.

"Oh." Isabel turned away, her heart racing for reasons she couldn't explain.

"Starting tonight, I'll make time for lessons."

Xander smiled. "Yes, Master."

Isabel blinked as she turned to look at him with wide eyes.

"W-what did you just call me?" she stammered.

"Master," Xander repeated, his voice low and enticing as he smiled at her.