

Chapter 139 Rachel Rushed Out of Xander's Study in a Panic

Isabel could see that Xander was doing it on purpose, just trying to drive Beowulf crazy.

In fact, Beowulf was so angry he was about to explode.

Before Beowulf completely lost it, she had to put an end to it.

"Take care of them first," Isabel said, pulling her hand away from the man's large grip as she looked at Beowulf.

Beowulf could tell what she meant right away—she was clearly signaling for him to stay out of it.

You have been taken advantage of so much, yet you still let me hold it in. Aren't you afraid that I will get sick?

If it had been Seff, he'd be crying his eyes out by now.

After returning to their respective places, Beowulf called Isabel.

"Boss, you've already got what you wanted, right? Why are you still at the Bennetts'? Hurry up and divorce Xander!"

"Not yet."

Hearing this, Beowulf grew anxious.

"Don't tell me you've developed feelings for Xander? He's not a good guy. He may look all polished on the outside, but he's ruthless and cunning. Otherwise, how could he possibly have risen to become the head of the Bennetts?"

"He's not ruthless; he's just using whatever means he can to protect himself. Reaching the top is the only way he can secure his safety—and that of his family."

"Boss, are you defending him now?"

Beowulf couldn't help but think to himself. Boss is actually defending Xander now. What does that mean?

"I'm not defending him, just stating the facts. The truth is, I can't leave just yet."

Isabel then carefully detailed the entire process of signing the contract with Xander, leaving no part out.

"What? A year? Xander is really something! Boss, you've walked right into a trap. He probably added a '0' right after the '1'!"

"You think he's you, someone who would play dirty?"

What Beowulf suggested had crossed Isabel's mind when she first signed the contract, but given Xander's upright and distinguished image, she hadn't believed he was the type to do something like that.

In fact, as Isabel had suspected, Xander didn't add a "0" after the "1"—he'd added "00" instead.

"He literally held your hand and kissed it right in front of me! If that's not being a scoundrel, what is? He's got nothing to do with being an upright gentleman," Beowulf said, frustrated.

"Alright, let's leave it at that for now. You know I'm a person of my word. I promised Xander that I'd honor the agreement and fulfill the terms of the contract. It's only a year. It'll pass quickly."

With Isabel saying this, Beowulf was still worried, but he knew there was nothing he could do.

"By the way, boss, how do you plan to handle the alliance mission? Are you just going to hand over the emerald guardian angel pendant and trace it back to the person who issued the mission?"

"Let's not rush. I have a feeling there's something hidden in this emerald guardian angel pendant, but I haven't figured it out yet. I'll keep studying it for a while longer. If I can't find any leads, then I'll hand it over with the mission."

"Alright, I'll keep this quiet for you."

"Thanks."

After hanging up, Isabel lay on the bed, carefully removing the emerald guardian angel pendant from around her neck. She held it up to the light, looking at it closely.

Since receiving the pendant, she had tried soaking it in water, heating it, and even refrigerating it, hoping to uncover its secret, but so far, nothing had worked.

Her intuition told her that the emerald guardian angel pendant must hold a secret.

But what secret could it be?

Isabel pondered deeply.

Lost in thought, she unknowingly drifted off to sleep.

That night, Isabel had a dream.

In the dream, she saw a little girl sitting in a car seat, holding the emerald guardian angel pendant in her hands.

She looked at the woman sitting in the front seat and asked, "Mommy, can I give the emerald guardian angel pendant to someone else?"

The woman turned around, smiling gently, and said, "You want to give it to him, don't you?"

"Mm-hmm!" The little girl nodded softly. "Today is Valentine's Day, and you and Daddy have gifts for each other. I want to give a gift to him too. After thinking about it, I decided to give him my favorite emerald guardian angel pendant. But this was a gift from you, Mommy, so ... "

"It's okay. I gave this to you, so it's yours. You can choose who to give it to."

The little girl beamed with happiness upon hearing this.

The scene quickly shifted. She spotted her beloved boy, smiling sweetly as she climbed onto his lap with ease and placed the emerald guardian angel pendant around his neck.

This is my treasure, the little girl said, holding up the pendant. "Today is Valentine's Day, and I'm giving it to you. From now on, I'm your wife. When we grow up, don't forget to marry me!"

Both sets of parents laughed.

"Our Leslie is still young and doesn't understand things, so don't mind her."

"Not at all. I think Leslie is very thoughtful. She's already planning to find a husband at her age. Perhaps we should go ahead and arrange their marriage!"

...

The dream ended there, and Isabel woke up.

Rubbing her aching temples, she softly muttered a name that felt unfamiliar yet familiar.

"Leslie ... "

Was this the original owner of the emerald guardian angel pendant?

Isabel tried hard to recall, the events of the dream still clear in her mind, but the faces in the dream had always remained blurry, never fully clear.

Whether it was the soft-spoken woman or the boy who seemed so close to Leslie, their faces were both unclear.

"Wait!"

Isabel suddenly had a thought.

The emerald guardian angel pendant was with Xander now. If her dream was true, did that mean the boy in the dream was Xander?

As Isabel kept analyzing, she grew more tangled in her thoughts, reaching a dead end.

The real question was whether the dream was true. If it was, how did she know about it? Was she the little girl, or had she been there too?

She continued to focus on the dream, and vaguely, she recalled that there seemed to be someone else sitting next to the little girl.

It seemed like another child.

But whether it was a boy or a girl was too unclear to tell.

Perhaps she was the child sitting next to the little girl?

Isabel thought about it for a long while, but the headache that followed made her stop.

She glanced down at the emerald guardian angel pendant around her neck, feeling reassured that her previous decision had been right.

Isabel decided not to hand over the emerald guardian angel pendant to the alliance just yet. She would wear it for a while longer, hoping to uncover any new clues.

Bringing her thoughts back to the present, she looked to the side.

When she had been half asleep yesterday, she had felt he come in and, as usual, lie down beside her.

To be honest, she had gotten used to it, so it didn't bother her. She just slept as usual.

Now that he wasn't there, he must have gone to the study.

After a quick wash-up, Isabel stepped outside and was met with the sight of Rachel, looking flustered and disheveled, walking out of Xander's study, looking like she just did it.