

## Chapter 93 Feeling Betrayed

What's going on?

The man turned his head in confusion and saw the person who had just tapped him.

He was strikingly handsome, and his commanding presence made it clear he wasn't an ordinary guy.

"Why are you here?" Isabel asked in confusion.

"I could ask you the same. What's my wife doing in a place like this?" Xander's voice was calm but gave nothing away, his sharp eyes fixed on her.

He quickly noticed people around them staring at him with strange expressions. Taking a deep breath, he turned gloomy in anger. After a moment of silence, his gaze fell on the room Isabel had just come from.

Following his eyes, Isabel spoke up, "That guy was harassing my friend. Even though he didn't get far, I had to teach him a lesson."

Remembering how she had lured the man earlier, Xander pressed his lips together. "If you encounter something like that again, just tell me. You don't have to handle it on your own."

"I can manage," Isabel replied. She was used to dealing with problems herself and rarely asked for help.

That was what she thought. But to Xander, it felt like she didn't fully trust him or see him as someone she could depend on.

"Are you hungry? Let me buy you something to eat." Isabel awkwardly changed the topic.

Xander nodded, but his eyes flicked back to the room she had come from. "Wait here."

He strode toward the door. Within seconds of entering, the sound of tortured screams filled the air.

The crowd winced at the noise, some even breaking into a cold sweat.

The man who had just approached Isabel was particularly shaken, his body trembling as he hurried out of the bar.

Minutes later, Xander stepped back out and ordered Leo, "Take him to the police station."

"Yes, Boss."

Before arriving at the bar, Xander had already asked Leo to investigate what had happened the previous night.

They discovered that Roger wasn't new to this. He had preyed on many women before.

What kept him from getting caught was his habit of taking compromising photos of himself with the girls, using the images as blackmail to keep them silent.

When Roger was dragged out, his face was swollen beyond recognition, and his legs were bent in unnatural ways.

Witnessing the brutal scene, everyone felt a chill run through them. Their eyes, now filled with fear, lingered on Xander.

After a late-night meal, Xander and Isabel returned to the villa. Noticing his continued bad mood, she tried to lighten the atmosphere.

"Uh, how about I bring you lunch tomorrow at work? Would you like that?"

Xander's serious expression softened, and his eyes brightened. "I'd love that. I'll be waiting."

"What do you want to eat? I'll go shopping early in the morning for the freshest ingredients."

Isabel wasn't just offering out of kindness. She had another reason. She suspected that the emerald guardian angel pendant she was searching for was hidden in Xander's office. Tomorrow would be the perfect opportunity to find it.

The next day at noon, Isabel prepared lunch and took a taxi to Bennett Group's building.

It was her first time there. As she approached the reception, ready to speak, the receptionist's impatient voice cut through the air.

"Leave the takeout here. Someone will collect it."

Isabel frowned and looked down at herself. Sure, she was dressed casually, but did she look like a delivery person?

"I'm not delivering takeout."

The receptionist glanced at the lunchbox she was holding. "Not a delivery person? Then what's that in your hand?"

"I'm here to bring lunch to your boss."

The receptionist sneered, giving Isabel a scornful look. She had seen plenty of women try to flirt with their boss, but never in such a direct way.

"Sorry, there's no notice from the main office. Our boss is very selective—he never orders takeout."

The receptionist's tone grew even more mocking with every word.

Isabel could hear the rude remarks. As it was Xander's company, she remained respectful. If it had been anyone else, she wouldn't have been so polite.

"I'm truly here to bring him lunch. If you don't believe me, I'll call him," Isabel said, pulling out her phone.

The receptionist stared at her with an amused expression.

After making the call, there was no answer.

"Why isn't he picking up? Is he in a meeting?" Isabel mumbled.

"Alright, enough with the charade. I don't have time for this nonsense. Leave now, or I'll get security to throw you out," the receptionist snapped, her patience gone.

Remaining composed despite the receptionist's attitude, Isabel coolly replied, her eyes cold.

"You shouldn't be working at the reception. You're ruining the company's image."

"What did you just say? Who's ruining the image? Go on, say that again!" the receptionist shouted at Isabel.

"I'm talking about you! You should take a good look in the mirror and see how disgraceful you're acting. As a receptionist, you shouldn't jump to conclusions without knowing the full story. Today, it's me you're dealing with, but if this were a business partner, your attitude could damage a potential deal," Isabel fired back sharply.

She wasn't exaggerating. In her brother's company, Isabel handpicked all the receptionists, ensuring they were both professional and presentable.

She wasn't questioning Xander's judgment, but as a CEO, it was hard to personally oversee everything.

The receptionist was furious. "Security! Get her out! She's causing trouble!"

The security guards rushed over immediately and took action.

Holding the lunch box close to her chest, Isabel backed away toward the elevator.

The receptionist quickly realized what she was trying to do.

"She's making a run for the elevator! Stop her!"

As soon as the warning was shouted, one of the guards blocked her path in front of the elevator.

Right then, the elevator doors opened.

"Ah—"

The guard was suddenly kicked aside by someone stepping out of the elevator.

Before anyone could react, Isabel was grabbed from behind.