

Chapter 114 Caught in the Act by Xander

Max inhaled sharply, the sound of his breath loud in the tense air.

Although he wasn't facing Xander, the oppressive coldness in the room made it clear just how angry Xander must be.

Isabel's eyes flicked from Seff to Xander, who stood rigid in the doorway, and her heart fell.

Seeing him there made her feel as though she had been caught in the act.

She quickly shook her head, trying to push away the overwhelming thoughts. That phrase didn't even come close to describing the situation.

Xander's expression was dark, almost as if he were about to explode with rage.

"ISABEL!" His voice was dangerously low, the words practically grinding out from between his teeth.

Isabel scrambled to her feet, her voice hurried as she tried to explain, "It's not what you think, I promise. We're just friends."

"Boss, who is this guy? Do you know him?" Seff asked, his brow furrowing with suspicion as he stood and eyed Xander.

The hostility was palpable, and Seff couldn't help but notice Xander's intimidating presence.

Also, the way Isabel had panicked just now, jumping to explain herself—something about their dynamic didn't sit right. They had to be more than just acquaintances.

Isabel pressed her fingers to her temple, her headache growing.

"H-he's—" Isabel stammered, but Xander cut her off.

"I'm your what?"

Xander advanced toward her, his every movement radiating hostility. His icy stare felt like it could freeze anything in its path. His expression was like a carved stone, unmoving as his eyes fixed on Isabel.

Under that gaze, Isabel could barely breathe.

"Hey! What are you staring at my Boss for? Back off!" Seff growled, his patience thinning, his hand reaching out to grab Isabel's wrist.

But before Seff could even get close, Xander moved faster. He grabbed Isabel's wrist and yanked her to him, pulling her firmly into his chest.

Seff's eyes widened in anger, practically burning with fury. "Let go of her!"

As soon as Seff shouted, he lunged forward, aiming to break them apart.

"Enough, Seff! Let me explain!" Isabel's voice cut through the tension, halting Seff in his tracks.

He froze, his outstretched hand still hanging in the air, a confused and hurt look on his face.

"Boss, what's going on? Who is he? What's going on between you two?" Seff's voice trembled, full of confusion.

Isabel sighed heavily, rubbing her forehead. "I'm ... I'm married to him."

Seff stared at her, stunned. It was like the ground had been pulled out from under him. His eyes, already wide with disbelief, grew even wider.

"I—I don't believe it! How is this possible?" Seff grabbed her arm, shaking his head in disbelief. "Boss, this is a joke, right? You're married? Why didn't anyone tell me about this?"

Xander's eyes narrowed, watching Seff's hand on Isabel's arm with growing anger.

After a brief, tense silence, he pressed his lips together and gave a cold order, "Let go of my wife."

Seff's anger flared when he heard Xander refer to Isabel as his "wife". He was ready to explode.

"You don't get to call her that! You're the one who should let go!" Seff pushed at Xander, but Xander easily blocked him, and the two men collided with force.

"Stop it!" Isabel's voice rang out, desperate, but neither man seemed to hear her.

In a panic, Isabel rushed between them.

Both men froze, pulling back their fists just in time to avoid hitting her.

"Boss, what are you doing? This is dangerous!"

Xander's face was dark as he realized how close he had come to striking Isabel.

"Enough! Stop fighting!" Isabel turned to Seff, her voice firm. "Go home. I'll explain everything later."

Seff's eyes welled with tears, his voice cracking. "Boss, you want me to leave?"

"I—"

"Boss, you've changed. You used to love me more than any of the others!" Seff's voice was full of anguish, tears threatening to spill.

Isabel's heart ached. She couldn't bear Seff's tears; it was all too much like a child throwing a tantrum.

Truthfully, she had always been the most protective of Seff—perhaps it was just that motherly instinct kicking in.

"Fine! Go ahead and leave, then! I'll go!" Seff wailed dramatically, his voice breaking as he stormed out of the room, casting a lingering glance back at Isabel, hoping she'd come after him.

Isabel caught the silent plea in Seff's eyes, but Xander ...

"Whoa, Boss, you've really changed! There's no point in me living anymore!" Seff's voice echoed as he ran away.

Isabel's heart twisted with guilt. She stepped forward to follow him, but just as she moved, Xander's hand shot out, blocking her path.

"Come back with me," Xander's voice was dark, full of restrained anger.

"No."

The tension in the room was thick—Isabel could feel it in the air, as though a storm was about to break.

"He's really upset, and I'm worried he might do something reckless. I have to explain things to him," Isabel explained.

Isabel saw Seff as her little brother.

She had known Seff for years. He was impulsive, and she feared what might happen if he were left to his own devices. He might get hit by a car.

"No. You're not going anywhere!" Xander's voice was final, and his gaze was a freezing fury.

Isabel could see he was close to losing his temper completely, but Seff's distressed face earlier made her decision clear.

"I'm sorry."

With that, Isabel turned and dashed out of the room, determined to catch up with Seff before anything else went wrong.

"Isabel!" Xander growled, but Isabel was long gone.

As the door slammed behind her, the coldness of the room seemed to grow even more intense, sending a chill through Max's bones. He rubbed his arms, a sense of dread creeping over him.

Max glanced from the door back to Xander, wishing he had never gotten involved.

He hadn't expected Isabel to leave Xander to chase after Seff.

Truth be told, he had known Xander for years, but he'd never seen him this furious.

"Xander, I think there's been a misunderstanding here. Isabel already explained herself. She—"

"Don't ever mention her to me again!" Xander's voice was sharp, each word like a freezing gust of wind. "If she's chosen to leave, she'd better not come back!"

With that, Xander stormed out of the room.

Meanwhile, Isabel finally caught up with Seff. "Seff, stop! Listen to me—"

"I won't listen! You're married now! You don't want me anymore!" Seff shouted, his hands pressed to his ears as he continued running.

A car horn blared in the distance.

Isabel turned just in time to see a taxi speeding straight toward Seff.

"Watch out!" she yelled.

Without thinking, Isabel flung herself at Seff, pushing him out of the way.

Seff's eyes snapped wide as he saw her lying on the ground when he turned around.

"Boss!" His voice was filled with terror, his heart leaping into his throat.

Isabel groaned as she tried to get up. Thankfully, her quick reflexes saved her, and the taxi barely missed her.

"Boss, are you okay? Let me take you to the hospital!" Seff's eyes were filled with panic and guilt.

Boss was right—I'm like a child who refuses to grow up. If I haven't been so reckless earlier, she wouldn't have had to put herself in danger to save me.

"I'm fine." Isabel winced, rubbing her hand behind her back where she'd scraped it.

"Really? You're okay?" Seff asked, still frantic, scanning her for injuries.

"I'm a Lone Wolf. Do you think I can't handle a little danger?" Isabel flashed a teasing smile.

"But your body's not as strong as it used to be," Seff muttered, still concerned.

"What's wrong with my body? It's still strong enough to beat you up." Isabel playfully raised her fist in front of him.

Seeing her in such high spirits, Seff finally relaxed.

The two found a bench to sit on, and Isabel began to explain everything about Xander.

After hearing her out, Seff's mood lightened just a bit.

He returned with two drinks from a vending machine, handing one to Isabel.

As she was about to open the bottle, Seff's voice interrupted, sounding a little dejected.

"Boss, I've been pursuing you for so long. Why didn't you just settle for me?"