

Chapter 115 You Actually Came Back?

Isabel tilted her head back, taking a sip from her drink. After setting it down, she turned to Seff with a serious expression.

"My life isn't about settling for less. And when it comes to something as significant as marriage, I certainly won't settle. If I were to settle for you, it would be irresponsible of me."

Seff studied Isabel, his face twisting into a sarcastic smile.

"Then, Boss, why didn't you fall for me?"

Isabel furrowed her brows and rubbed her chin thoughtfully. After a brief pause, she met his gaze again.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth, or would you prefer a lie?"

Seff hesitated, his gaze locked onto her. After a moment, he answered, his voice steady.

"Give me the truth."

He braced himself, waiting for her response, his heart racing with anticipation.

"The truth is ... " Isabel paused, choosing her words carefully. "You're just not my type."

Her words felt like a sharp blow to Seff's chest. The sting was immediate, and he winced, desperately searching for some comfort.

"Boss, what about the lie?" he asked, his voice tinged with hope.

"Well, the lie is ... you're still not my type."

Seff's face dropped, and he dramatically pressed a hand to his heart as if wounded.

"Boss, you've really crushed me," he said, his voice exaggerated.

Isabel shrugged, patting him on the shoulder casually. "It's better to get it over with quickly than drag it out," she said, her tone light as if nothing unusual had happened.

Seff stared at her in disbelief before bursting into laughter.

"Ha! Boss, do you know what I like about you?"

Isabel raised an eyebrow, intrigued despite herself.

"I like that you never care about how other people feel. When they're upset, you just keep making jokes, making things worse. You've got this ruthless, carefree attitude that makes you both frustrating and oddly endearing. It's like a dish that's terrible and overpriced, yet you can't help but want to try it." Seff's words, though playful, carried an odd sincerity.

Isabel felt irritation bubble up inside her, a strong urge to punch him.

"Are you insulting me or complimenting me?" she asked, her voice tight with frustration.

"Of course, it's a compliment!" Seff blinked at her, his eyes wide with sincerity.

"Ha, thanks a lot!" Isabel muttered, rolling her eyes in exasperation.

After a brief silence, Isabel's expression became serious. She looked at Seff with a soft sigh. "Seff, let's leave it at that. I really only see you as a friend. Please don't—"

"No!" Seff interrupted, his voice sharp with emotion.

"Boss, you don't have to like me now, but you can't stop me from pursuing you! No matter how many times you reject me, I won't back down. I believe in persistence. So until you find someone you truly love, I'm not giving up!"

Isabel opened her mouth to protest, but the words seemed useless. She had said everything she could, and it wasn't making a difference.

Since it wasn't working, she decided to let it go for now.

Glancing at the clock, she noted it was nearly 11:00 PM.

"It's getting late. You should head back. I need to go, too."

"Where to?" Seff asked, his voice tinged with concern.

"Didn't I tell you? This mission has to be completed, not just for my reputation as a Lone Wolf but also because of my background. I suspect some of my relatives might still be alive." Isabel clenched her fist, her expression hardening.

Seff could see the determination in her eyes and knew there was no changing her mind.

"Boss, you're not seriously falling for that Bennetts guy, are you?" he asked, unable to hide the concern in his voice.

He thought his own looks might rival that of Xander, but Xander's height was definitely an advantage.

"That's the least of your concerns. I upset him while trying to run after you, and now I'm not even sure how to fix it."

Isabel rubbed her temples in frustration as she thought of Xander's gloomy expression, looking as if he would tear the world apart.

"Then don't bother fixing it," Seff suggested. "Isn't it just an emerald guardian angel pendant? I can help you find it."

"It's not that simple! If it were, I would have found it by now," Isabel said as she hailed a taxi. "I'm leaving."

Seff pouted, watching the taxi's tail lights disappear into the night. Just then, his phone buzzed, and he saw a message in a group chat on WhatsApp.

Raoul asked, "How's it going with Boss?"

Beowulf chimed in, "Same question."

"Same question here."

"I'm curious too."

Seff read the messages, his frustration mounting, and quickly typed a reply.

"Why didn't you guys tell me Boss got married for a mission?" He attached an angry emoji.

As soon as the message was sent, the chat went silent.

Raoul broke the silence first.

"We didn't want to upset you."

"Well, I'm upset now!" Seff shot back.

Raoul asked, "Did Boss tell you herself?"

"It's that Bennetts guy, he showed up!" Seff's anger flared as he recalled the scene.

Earlier, in the private room, he had seen Xander pulling Isabel into his arms.

Seff's gut told him that Xander's feelings for Isabel went beyond friendship.

The rest of the group reacted with surprise, gasping at the news.

Had they known, they would've followed them to watch the drama unfold. It would have been quite the show.

Raoul tagged Seff. "Don't worry too much. Boss is just doing this for the mission. She doesn't actually like that Bennetts guy." He attached a hugging emoji.

"Hmph!" Seff pouted, thinking that had better be the case.

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By the time Isabel arrived at the villa, it was already past midnight.

Xander is probably asleep by now, right?

She stood outside the ornate iron gates, staring at the villa in front of her.

The lights are out—he must be asleep.

She quietly opened the gate, pressing the button to activate the lights.

Click.

What she saw next took her completely by surprise: red roses arranged from the foyer all the way up to the second floor.

What is going on?

Before she could fully process it, she caught sight of Xander sitting on the sofa.

Without thinking, she turned her head to look at him.

He was sitting there, frozen like an ice sculpture, silent and with no expression on his face.

Upstairs, Samuel heard the noise and cracked open the door, peering down.

Max had told him about Isabel's situation with Xander.

Samuel glanced at the tense scene unfolding below, sensing the thick, uncomfortable atmosphere. He wasn't about to interfere.

Instead, he stayed in his room, deciding that what happened next was none of his concern.

Xander slowly raised his head, his cold, dark eyes meeting Isabel's. His voice was icy, sending a chill through the room.

"You actually came back?"

The moment those words left his lips, the temperature in the room seemed to drop even further.

Isabel scratched her neck, unsure of how to respond. "I—"

"Leave."