

Chapter 138 Does It Hurt?

Having worked as an agent for many years, she could tell at a glance that Xander was referring to these people.

"Yve, stay close to me."

"Huh?" Yvette looked at Isabel in confusion. "What's going on?"

At that moment, Isabel had a stern expression on her face, which made Yvette feel somewhat unfamiliar.

She had never seen Isabel look so serious, with an aura of murderous intent.

Filled with confusion, Yvette followed Isabel's gaze and spotted several masked figures heading straight for them.

Her heart skipped a beat. As an ordinary person, when had she ever been in a situation like this?

"I-Isabel, who are they? What do they want?"

"They're Clive's men. They're here for me."

At those words, Yvette's heart raced in panic.

"C-Call the police?"

"It's too late. Stay close to me," Isabel said. She had briefly considered letting Yvette run on her own, but she didn't think Yvette could escape. These people were seasoned professionals, and they wouldn't leave someone like Yvette, an innocent bystander, alone.

Keeping Yvette by her side was the safer option.

Just as Isabel was thinking this, a familiar voice suddenly called out.

"Boss, what a coincidence!"

The voice ...

Beowulf!

Isabel turned her head, and the moment she saw Beowulf, a wave of relief flooded over her.

As soon as Isabel spotted him, the kidnappers noticed Beowulf as well.

"Move quickly, before things get out of hand."

"What about the man?"

"Take him too."

"Understood."

With their plan set, the kidnappers wasted no more time and rushed toward Isabel without hesitation.

Isabel took a step forward and took the initiative to attack, punching the kidnapper in the side. When the other party bent over in pain, she grabbed him with her bare hands and threw him away with an over-the-shoulder throw.

"Whoa!" Yvette gasped, her eyes wide in astonishment.

Is this really Isabel?

My best friend, Isabel?

Is she that strong?

How did I never know this?

"Boss, not bad! You're recovering well!" Beowulf called out, throwing punches as he spoke.

But compared to the boss from the past, there was still a noticeable gap.

Of course, that version of the boss had been through grueling, inhuman training—climbing snow-covered mountains, crossing endless grasslands, and surviving harsh wilderness. That's how she built the kind of strength she had.

As he thought about it, Beowulf couldn't help but feel sorry for Isabel. The hardships she had endured in the past were unimaginable. She had to rely on herself for everything.

Although Isabel's strength wasn't what it once was, Beowulf thought she was doing just fine. Being too strong and always relying on herself had made life too hard. It was better if she could depend on her brothers now and then.

"Ouch!" Isabel hissed in pain, stepping back a couple of paces.

Hearing this, Beowulf turned to see her wrist, where a bright red mark had appeared.

The boss now seemed almost fragile, with a touch more femininity than before.

"Boss, just stay back and protect your friend. Leave the rest to me."

Isabel had initially planned to keep fighting. After all, in her mind, the bruise on her arm was nothing compared to the life-threatening injuries she had endured in the past.

Beowulf's words made sense. Protecting Yvette was the priority. What if there were more kidnappers lurking nearby, ready to ambush them at any moment?

In just five minutes, Beowulf had easily taken care of the kidnappers.

"Boss, how do you plan to deal with them?"

"They seem experienced, like this isn't their first time doing something like this. Let's take them to the police and make sure they spend the rest of their lives behind bars," Isabel said, narrowing her eyes.

"Alright."

Yvette pulled Isabel aside, giving Beowulf a quick look before quietly asking, "Isabel, who is he? Why does he call you 'boss'? You two seem pretty close."

"He's an old friend of mine."

"An old friend? A friend this handsome? How come I've never heard you mention him?"

"Don't you have friends I don't know either?"

Isabel's words left Yvette speechless.

"No, that's not what I meant."

"What do you mean, then?" Isabel raised an eyebrow, clearly confused.

Yvette shot another glance at Beowulf, noting how his looks could easily stop any passerby in their tracks.

"Isabel, be honest, are you cheating?"

Isabel nearly choked on her own spit at Yvette's words.

Isabel rolled her eyes in disbelief. "Your imagination is wild. Maybe you should try writing novels. Me, cheating? Does it look like I'm that kind of person? If I were really that open-minded, do you think I'd still be stuck on Kaleb all these years?"

"Maybe it's because of Kaleb that you gave up on yourself, so your personality changed drastically and you tortured yourself," Yvette said, convinced her reasoning made perfect sense.

Isabel stared at Yvette in silence.

"Not wasting my breath on you," Isabel muttered, turning to look at Beowulf.

"What are you doing here?"

Beowulf pointed toward a nearby shopping mall. "You know my store's over there. I was bored, so I came by to check on it. Never thought I'd run into you here."

He glanced at the unconscious bodies scattered across the ground.

"Boss, do you know who they are?"

"Yes, they're Clive's men," Isabel replied.

"Clive? That old pervert! I always said someone like him should never be allowed to exist. If I'd dealt with him earlier, none of this would've happened," Beowulf grumbled, kicking the nearest kidnapper in frustration.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got.

"I'm going to Hicks Group right now to get revenge for you, Boss."

Just as Beowulf finished speaking, a familiar voice interrupted.

"Too late. You don't need to go. I've already handled it."

Beowulf lost his temper the moment he recognized the voice.

He lifted his chin and looked at Xander as he approached. "You're too late as well. I've already taken care of them. The situation was critical earlier. If I hadn't shown up in time, she could've been in danger. You, the so-called 'guardian angel,' clearly didn't do your job. From now on, leave this thing to me."

Xander ignored Beowulf's pointed remark and walked directly to Isabel's side.

"You're here—"

Before Isabel could finish, he gently took her wrist in his hand.

His eyes lingered on the bruise, and a deep frown formed on his face, the concern in his expression nearly overflowing.

"Does it hurt?"

The deep, tender tone of his voice made Isabel's heart skip a beat. As she gazed into his dark, intense eyes, it felt as though he was looking at her as if she were the center of his world.

What woman could possibly resist that kind of gaze?

"Hey, hey, hey! What do you think you're doing? Keep your hands off my boss!" Beowulf wanted to stomp in frustration.

Xander's dark eyes flickered at Beowulf before he turned his attention to Isabel. Grabbing her wrist, he gently pressed and kissed the bruise.