

Chapter 32 Xander Lost His Mind in Anger

"Dig in!" Albert enthusiastically urged.

Xander's mind was filled with the image of Isabel and Beowulf together just moments ago. He had no appetite for food at all.

Pulling out his phone, he quickly typed a message to Isabel.

"Where are you?"

"Huh?" Isabel murmured in confusion as she paused in her steps.

Why is he asking me this out of the blue?

"Boss, what's up?" Beowulf asked, stopping as well.

"Hang on, let me reply to this message," Isabel said as she typed her response back to Xander.

"Outside."

"Are you alone?" Xander sent back almost immediately.

Isabel's eyes darted around suspiciously. The way Xander was asking made her feel like he was somewhere nearby, watching her.

After looking around and not seeing him, she concluded that she was likely overanalyzing the situation.

"With friends."

Xander pressed, "Male or female?"

What? Isabel blinked, momentarily at a loss. What is up with him today? Why is he being so interested in my affairs?

She glanced over at Beowulf standing beside her. At first, she intended to be honest with him. However, she quickly realized that, despite Xander's lack of romantic interest in her, she was still technically his wife. She had no intention of creating needless conflict for herself.

Besides, Xander wasn't present, so he couldn't have known.

With that thought, Isabel deleted the message she had typed and wrote a new one.

"Female."

The moment Xander saw Isabel's response, his face darkened instantly.

He thought he wouldn't be upset if Isabel told the truth—their relationship would be honest. But now that she had lied, it made him think something was definitely going on between them.

The more he thought about it, the darker Xander's expression became, and the angrier he felt. His forehead even started to bead with sweat from the intensity of his fury.

Seeing the change in Xander's expression, Albert and the others exchanged glances. It looked like the drug in the wine was starting to take effect.

Tiffany stood up and walked over to Xander with her wine glass.

"Xan, I'm really sorry; I didn't mean for that to happen—" Before she could finish, Xander suddenly stood up and strode toward the door.

Oh no, he's leaving!

Albert quickly stood up, leaning on his cane, and called out to him, "Mr. Bennett, where are you going?"

Xander was seething with rage. He had lost all interest in the Perkins family. He yanked open the door and stormed out.

As he took his first step out, he almost ran straight into Isabel, who happened to be walking by. Before he could knock her over, he swiftly reached out and grabbed her waist, pulling her into his arms.

Isabel's eyes widened in shock. Xander is here? And of all times, I just happened to bump into him?

"Hey! Xander, let go of her! Her waist isn't for you to grab!" Beowulf yelled and hurried over to pull Isabel from Xander's arms.

Xander sidestepped Beowulf's hands, holding Isabel firmly in his arms.

"Xander, what's wrong with you? You're the one who barged out and almost knocked my boss over. What? You're going to look for trouble with her? I'm warning you, let her go right now, or I'm going to fight you!" Beowulf roared, taking off his suit and preparing to throw down.

Xander's cold gaze shifted from Beowulf back to the girl in his arms. "Are you sure this is a girl?"

Isabel found the situation tricky.

"Um, I've always thought of him as one of my girlfriends. Does that explanation work?"

Xander gritted his teeth. I want to kill someone—does that count as working?

Beowulf glanced between Isabel and Xander, sensing something.

"Boss, do you know him?"

Isabel wriggled out of Xander's arms. She explained, "Ahem, actually, I'm married to him."

"What?!" Beowulf stared at her in shock. After a few seconds, he dramatically cleaned out his ear. "Boss, say that again; I think I just heard you wrong."

Isabel had no words.

Before Isabel could repeat herself, Xander spoke up, "She's mine now, so stay away from her from now on."

Beowulf's disbelief consumed his entire being, causing his eyes to widen even more. He looked at Isabel, who didn't deny it. So, this guy is telling the truth?

"Boss, why would you marry him? He's not a good guy! Don't be fooled by his looks. No, you're not that shallow, are you? Have you suddenly decided to just marry someone? If that's the case, you could've chosen anyone but him!"

Isabel's eyelid twitched in annoyance. What is this about?

Beowulf wasn't done. He continued, "If you really want to get married, I'll sacrifice myself. I'll marry you! If not me, there's Merle, Raoul, and Vesper—they're all good options! Or even Seff! He's had a crush on you since he was ten, and now he's about to hit the legal marriage age! Divorce him now and get engaged to Seff. In a couple of years, you can marry him!"

Xander's face had already turned grim. Is this Beowulf guy out to get me? This is the first time we met and he's already trying to convince Isabel to divorce me. We are fine; why would we need a divorce? Now, he is showing interest in my wife and intends to introduce her to other men. And who the heck is Seff? How could he have had his eyes on my wife for ten years already?

Besides, Isabel had been the one who approached me. Did she think I'm someone she could just walk away from whenever she want?

No way!

As Xander was contemplating this, Isabel interrupted him, asking, "Are you done talking? What kind of nonsense is this? Xander and I only got married temporarily. In a little while, we'll go our separate ways."

Temporary marriage!!!

Those words deeply triggered Xander, causing his internal anger to boil over. The fury nearly consumed all his rationality.

Without thinking, he grabbed Isabel's wrist and pinned her against the wall with a sudden force.

"Hiss!" Isabel gasped as pain shot through her back from the impact.

What's gotten into him now?

"What are you—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Xander's lips crashed onto hers.