

Chapter 33 Isabel Protects Her Husband

Isabel's pupils widened in shock, her mind going completely blank as she struggled to comprehend the situation unfolding before her.

Before she could react, the man in front of her doubled down, forcefully invading her space with an unstoppable intensity, sending her mind into chaos.

"Holy—!" Beowulf's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine he'd witness the cool and fierce boss being kissed forcefully.

"Xander, let go of her!" Beowulf yelled, his fists tightening as he swung a punch at Xander.

Isabel quickly wrapped her arms around Xander's waist, spinning them both around to dodge Beowulf's fist.

Beowulf froze mid-punch, standing there dumbfounded. He watched as the two of them almost melded together, entwined in each other's arms.

What on earth is happening?

Did boss save Xander just now?

It's obvious that Xander is the one who attacked her, so why is she shielding him?

Xander frowned as soon as he lost contact with the girl's lips. He frowned, ready to lean forward, and she sealed her lips again.

But Isabel pressed a hand firmly over his mouth. She shot a quick glance at Beowulf and declared, "He's been drugged."

As she spoke, Isabel pulled out a silver needle and swiftly stuck it into Xander's body. She temporarily suppressed the rampaging fire in him, causing him to fall into a semi-conscious state.

"I don't care what he's on; he just—wait!" Beowulf suddenly snapped back to reality, regaining a bit of his sanity as he took a closer look at Xander. Based on his condition, it was clear what had happened.

No wonder Xander had kissed Boss—he had fallen into a trap.

"Even so, you can't let him off that easily! Hold him still so I can punch him once," Beowulf said, grabbing Xander by the collar, his fist ready to strike.

"Beo, stop it!" Isabel pulled Beowulf's hand away, still holding Xander protectively as if she were a mother hen shielding her chick.

Beowulf watched the scene, feeling as if the sky had fallen. His heart screamed. No! Boss is about to be taken by the goat!

Just then, the Perkins burst onto the scene. Tiffany, eyes blazing with fury, shouted at Isabel, "Put him down, right now!"

"So, it was you who drugged him. Quite the nerve you've got!" Isabel said coolly, seeing through their scheme with razor-sharp clarity. "Let me guess, you saw that the Bennetts were about to cut ties with your family and feared your family's decline. So, you believed that resorting to desperate measures—drugging Xander in the hopes of marrying into wealth—was the best way to save yourselves?"

Her words struck like arrows straight to the heart of their malicious plan.

"N-No! What are you talking about? What drugs? Don't you dare accuse me!" Tiffany stammered, denying it all.

"Still denying it? Then explain why he's like this," Isabel said, her sharp gaze boring into Tiffany's eyes.

"H-he just drank too much, that's all. He wasn't drugged! Now give him to me!" Tiffany stepped forward, reaching out to grab Xander.

Isabel kicked Tiffany hard without hesitation, causing her to tumble to the ground.

"You said he's drunk? If that's the case, shouldn't I be the one to take care of him? Who do you think you are? Why should I hand my husband over to you?" Isabel asked coldly.

Tiffany clutched her stomach, glaring at Isabel with hatred. "His wife? As if! I don't believe for a second that you two are married. He's just mad at me for ditching him at the city hall, so he paid you to make me regret it. Xan and I are meant to be together! Now give him back to me!"

"You've gone completely man-crazy." Isabel gave Tiffany a disdainful look before holding onto Xander as she prepared to leave.

As Isabel was about to take Xander away, Tiffany quickly turned to Morris and the others. "Dad, Grandpa, help!"

Albert, wasting no time, signaled for the bodyguards he'd arranged earlier. "Stop them!"

They had already committed to this desperate plan, and there was no room for failure. No matter what, they had to get Tiffany into Xander's bed tonight. If Xander regained his senses, the Perkins would be finished.

"Beo, hold them off," Isabel said calmly.

"On it!" Beowulf blocked their path. He cracked his knuckles and stretched his neck, eager for a fight. It had been too long since he'd gotten to stretch his muscles.

Isabel guided Xander out of the restaurant. As they reached the car, Leo, who had been waiting by it, rushed out.

"What happened to the boss? Did he drink too much?"

And why is Isabel here?

"He was set up by the Perkins," Isabel said as she helped Xander into the car.

"What?!" Leo gasped, looking over Xander's condition.

"It's not a big deal, just a bit of a drug in his system," Isabel said.

Leo quickly grasped the situation.

"There's a hospital just up ahead," he said as he slid into the driver's seat and started the engine.

But at that moment, Xander groggily woke up.

"No... no hospital," Xander mumbled, his voice strained.

"Boss, given your condition, shouldn't we consider taking you to the hospital?" Leo asked, turning to face him.

"Home. Take me home," Xander replied, struggling to fight the discomfort inside him.

"This..." Leo hesitated. As Xander's assistant, it was his job to follow orders, but could he trust Xander's judgment in this state? What if he wasn't thinking straight?

What if Xander was just speaking nonsense? If something happened because Leo didn't take him to the hospital, the responsibility would be on him.

"Do as he says. Take him home. I'll treat him there," Isabel instructed firmly.

Isabel's words lifted a huge weight off Leo's shoulders. "Yes, Madam," he responded gratefully.

Meanwhile, at home, Samuel was sitting in the living room, a bucket of popcorn in hand, watching an NBA game.

Just as the game started getting exciting, the front door swung open.

Xan has come home?

He called out without looking, "Xan, you're just in time; the game's just started! You—"

Samuel's words trailed off when he turned to see Isabel supporting Xander as they walked in together.

"Xan!" Samuel wheeled himself over quickly.

"Isabel, what's wrong with him?" Samuel asked, noticing Xander's flushed face, sweating brow, and uneven breathing.

It reminded him of that day when Isabel had been drugged.

"He was set up," Isabel said as she helped Xander along.

"It was you, wasn't it?! You drugged Xander, didn't you?" Samuel accused them, stepping in front of them.

"Can you stop blaming me for everything?" Isabel said, rolling her eyes.

"Blaming you? Of course I'm blaming you! This morning you told my mom that you wanted to be with Xander and even said you'd drug him if you had to. I thought you were just bluffing, but I can't believe you actually did it!"

Isabel covered her forehead in frustration. What she had said to Ivana earlier had been purely out of spite. How could she have known that Xander would actually end up being drugged?

"This has nothing to do with me," Isabel said.

"I don't believe you! Let go of Xander!" Samuel shouted, standing his ground and blocking their path upstairs.

"Move! I need to take him to his room and treat him," Isabel insisted.

"Treat him? Haha! There it is, your true motive! You just want to take advantage of him, don't you? Well, not while I'm here! You're not taking him anywhere!" Samuel barked, eyes blazing with anger.

Isabel turned to Leo and commanded, "Get him out of the way."

Leo was speechless.

Why was he always the unlucky one stuck in these situations?

"You wouldn't dare!" Samuel growled, glaring at Leo.

Leo wanted to cry. Life is tough! I hadn't even done anything!

Just as Leo was mulling over his terrible luck, Xander's condition suddenly worsened. His eyes locked onto Isabel's face, and as he took in her soft, pink lips, his throat tightened with desire.

Unable to hear what they were saying, only feeling the heat surging within, Xander could no longer restrain himself. He grabbed Isabel and pushed her down onto the couch.

Everyone froze, utterly shocked by what had just happened.