

## Chapter 59 Crashing the Wedding (Part One)

Lincoln Meyer, the top assistant at D'Meria Group!

"Hi, I'm Lincoln." He extended his business card to Reggie.

Reggie stood there for a moment, slightly dazed and caught off guard.

"Uh, hello."

His voice came out hesitantly as he turned to Isabel, his eyes filled with surprise. Is this really him?

Isabel confirmed with a nod. Yes, it's him.

Reggie took a deep breath. Once Lincoln was out of sight, he exclaimed, "Isa, how on earth did you manage this? He's the top assistant at D'Meria Group!"

"Don't you remember who my mentor is?" Isabel reminded him, a playful smirk dancing on her lips.

Reggie's surprise quickly faded as he absorbed this information.

Of course, nothing could overshadow the reputation of Isabel's mentor.

"Just concentrate on launching your business. I believe in you, and I know you'll succeed," Isabel encouraged him.

Truthfully, with her skills, she could easily acquire a company and hand the reins over to Reggie. Yet, she understood his character—though he appeared gentle and unassuming, he had a strong desire to leave his mark and create something meaningful. Unfortunately, he had never had the chance to do so.

"Yeah, don't worry. I won't let you down!" Reggie replied, feeling invigorated and optimistic about the future.

Before they knew it, the 18th had arrived.

That morning, Isabel slipped into a chic, trendy dress and applied her makeup flawlessly.

Her natural beauty was striking; even without any cosmetics, she could turn heads. After getting ready, she looked absolutely stunning.

As soon as Isabel emerged from her room, both Xander and Samuel turned to her, their expressions filled with disbelief.

Isabel smiled as she walked down the stairs. "So, what do you think? Do I look good?"

Xander pressed his lips into a thin line, his expression darkening.

"Are you really going?"

Her attire made it evident that she intended to catch Kaleb's attention.

The thought only deepened the clouds of frustration already hovering over Xander's face.

"Absolutely. I need to go." With that, Isabel grabbed her bag and headed for the door.

But she had barely taken two steps when Xander blocked her path.

"Not so fast."

"Move out of the way." Isabel's voice turned icy.

She had vowed to avenge her past self, and this was her chance—how could she not take it?

"Absolutely not!" Xander's voice dropped, tinged with barely controlled fury.

The tension in the living room thickened, ready to explode at any moment.

Samuel's anxious gaze darted back and forth between Isabel and Xander. Although he had always wished for their relationship to falter, witnessing this standoff left him feeling strangely conflicted.

After a long, heavy silence, Isabel made the first move, stepping forward in an attempt to go around Xander.

"Do you really like him that much? After everything he put you through, you still can't let go? Is he truly that amazing?" Xander's voice strained as he struggled to contain his emotions, his fists clenched tightly.

Isabel halted and turned to face him. "You think I'm going there to steal him away from Eva?"

"Isn't that the plan?"

"Absolutely not! That jerk is blind and heartless! He killed me—Ahem, I mean, he almost got me killed. If I still liked him, then I'd be the one who was blind and foolish," Isabel explained.

Xander's eyes remained fixed on Isabel as he examined her closely, searching for any indication that she might be deceiving him. Yet, he found nothing that suggested she was being dishonest.

However, that didn't guarantee she was being completely transparent.

"Why are you going, then?" he inquired, furrowing his brow in concern.

"Obviously, to ruin the wedding!" Isabel responded, her tone suggesting that she viewed her plan as entirely justified. "That scheming woman sabotaged my wedding, and I refuse to let that go unpunished. I believe in an eye for an eye, and I'm determined to make her wedding a disaster. It's as simple as that."

Her bold declaration took Xander by surprise, and Samuel wore a similar expression of astonishment.

"That's all?" Xander pressed, seeking further clarification.

"Yep, that's the plan," Isabel replied with a casual shrug.

The atmosphere in the room grew heavy with unspoken thoughts, enveloping them in silence.

Isabel checked her phone and noted the time. "It's getting late. The wedding is about to start. I should head out."

With that, she pivoted toward the door, but before she could reach it, Xander's voice interrupted her.

"I'm coming with you."

Isabel froze, her steps stalling as she turned back to him, confusion flickering in her eyes.

Twenty minutes later, they arrived at the opulent hotel hosting the wedding.

"Maybe you shouldn't go inside," Isabel suggested, her concern evident as she looked at Xander.

She had orchestrated everything down to the finest detail, and if Xander barged in, it could unravel her entire plan.

"Thirty minutes," Xander declared with resolve. "If you're not back by then, I'm going in."

Isabel opened her mouth to argue, but before she could speak, her phone rang.

"Boss, the wedding has started! Where are you?" Beowulf's voice crackled through the receiver.

"I'm here," Isabel said as she unclipped her seatbelt and swung the car door open, stepping out.

At the hotel entrance, she paused, a wave of memories washing over her from a month ago when she had stood in that very spot, marrying Kaleb. She had thought she was about to unite with her true love, only to realize that it had turned into the darkest day of her life—the day everything spiraled out of control.

Inside the car, Xander observed Isabel, noting the lonely aura that surrounded her. He could see the sadness and despair etched into her features.

In that moment, his heart held no anger; instead, it was filled with profound empathy.

The intensity of her emotions almost compelled him to leap from the car, wrap her in his arms, and offer her the comfort she desperately needed.

Though he yearned to do just that, he restrained himself, knowing she likely didn't want his consolation at that moment. No matter his intentions, it would feel out of place.

Taking a deep breath, Isabel steeled herself and walked purposefully toward the hotel.

The wedding venue buzzed with excitement, as guests mingled and chatted, creating a lively atmosphere.

Kaleb stood at the altar, his face aglow with happiness as he watched his stunning bride make her way toward him, her smile illuminating the room.

Eva mirrored his joy, her grin so wide it seemed to reach the sky.

Together, they stood side by side, basking in the well-wishes of their guests.

"Now, the bride and groom will exchange rings," the officiant announced, handing over the rings.

Kaleb picked up the ring, gently lifting Eva's hand, ready to slide it onto her finger.

At that moment, a melodic voice pierced through the ceremony.

"Hold on a second."