

Chapter 66 Isabel's Desperate Fight

Both of them crashed to the ground along with the wheelchair.

Dazed from the fall, Samuel pushed himself up, wincing from the pain.

"Are you okay?"

At the sound of Isabel's voice, he quickly looked up to see her pale face, a swirl of complicated emotions rising within him.

He sniffed the air and caught the metallic scent of blood.

Samuel looked Isabel up and down, and when he noticed the injury on her arm, his eyes widened in shock.

She was hurt!

She had been injured while trying to save him!

Why would she risk her life for him? She could have chosen not to save him.

As his thoughts spiraled, five or six masked figures stepped out of the van, menacingly surrounding them.

Both Isabel and Samuel realized that the crash had not been an accident. Someone had orchestrated this.

Wait!

Samuel suddenly recalled something and glanced down at his legs.

Both incidents involved a car crash targeting him. Could it be that the same person was behind both attacks?

If that were true, he might be in serious danger today!

With this thought racing through his mind, Samuel quickly turned to Isabel. "They're after me! You need to get out of here and call my brother!"

Isabel moved closer to Samuel, her expression tense as she kept her eyes on the approaching masked men.

"Mr. Samuel, you're being a bit naive. As a witness, do you really think they'd let me walk away alive?"

Samuel gritted his teeth. "Then find a way to escape!"

Isabel glanced back at Samuel. Despite his usual disdain for her, he had a kind heart. His protective attitude was merely a way to look out for his brother.

"What are you waiting for? Run!" Samuel shouted anxiously, wondering if Isabel was so frightened by the scene that she couldn't move.

Seeing Isabel standing still, Samuel thought to himself that she was likely paralyzed by fear.

Just as that thought crossed his mind, Isabel suddenly charged forward, sprinting straight at the nearest masked man. Without hesitation, she punched his face, then grabbed his collar and executed a swift shoulder throw, sending him crashing to the ground. The entire sequence was smooth and decisive, without any sign of hesitation.

Samuel stood there, speechless, utterly astonished by what he had just seen.

What impressive skills!

That shoulder throw was flawless!

She can actually fight!

None of this was mentioned in the files ...

The other masked men were momentarily taken aback as well, but only for a couple of seconds. Then, they lunged at Isabel, ready to strike back.

With her injured arm and the need to protect Samuel, she quickly found herself at a disadvantage.

After taking a punch, Isabel staggered back to Samuel's side, her face pale and her breath unsteady.

D*mn it! If this were my previous life, with my exceptional physical abilities, these people wouldn't even be able to touch a single hair on my head!

As Samuel watched Isabel bravely stand before him, fiercely protecting him, he felt a mix of emotions—gratitude intertwined with shame.

He had always treated her harshly, often speaking sharply and rarely showing any kindness. Yet, she repaid his grievances with goodwill, even putting her life on the line to protect him.

With her skills, she could have easily escaped, but she chose not to.

"Isabel, forget about me! You need to get out of here. If you stay, neither of us will make it."

Isabel turned around and frowned at Samuel, "Cut the chatter! No one can stop me from protecting the people I want to protect!"

Seeing Isabel's fierce demeanor, Samuel was not only shocked but also deeply moved.

The leader of the masked men glanced at his companions and said, "If we delay any longer, things might get out of hand. Everyone, attack together!"

"Yes, sir!"

The masked assailants brandished gleaming knives, closing in on them.

Samuel gripped the armrests of his wheelchair, a sinking realization washing over him: today, he was surely doomed.

Isabel was highly focused. In her previous life, she was the top agent of the alliance. The name of Lone Wolf was not obtained out of thin air, but accumulated through one mission after another. So even though her physical fitness was inferior to that of the past, her calmness in the face of danger was engraved in her bones.

Samuel watched Isabel with wide eyes, shocked by her demeanor.

There was no trace of fear on her face—was she genuinely unafraid?

Before Samuel could fully process his surprise, the masked attackers charged forward, knives aimed at Isabel.

"Watch out!" he shouted in alarm. But Isabel merely tilted her head to evade the strike, swiftly seizing the assailant's wrist and twisting it with force.

"Argh!" The masked man let out a pained scream as his wrist went numb, and the knife fell to the ground.

Isabel was quick to catch the knife and then kicked the killer away. She stood in front of Samuel and looked around with a murderous look.

"Why aren't you coming at me?" Isabel taunted, deliberately showcasing her skills as she twirled the knife effortlessly in her palm. It moved with such grace that it seemed almost as agile as her own fingers.

After seeing this scene, the killers did not dare to rush forward.

Isabel was aiming for this reaction. Her body was nearing its breaking point; blood seeped from her wounded arm, and the pain from multiple blows was nearly unbearable. Without her unwavering determination, she would have collapsed by now.

Isabel was anxious. Although calling Xander for help now would anger the killers, the situation would only get worse if she delayed any further.

After giving it considerable thought, Isabel finally said, "Call for help."

"But—"

"No buts. If your brother is here, that gives us a chance to survive." Isabel interrupted Samuel.

Samuel gritted his teeth, acknowledging that Isabel was right. While calling for help might provoke their attackers, they had no other options.

Without wasting another moment, he quickly pulled out his phone and dialed Xander's number.

Seeing this, the masked men knew that something was wrong, exchanged worried glances, and decided to end this fight quickly.

Just a few seconds after the fight began, Isabel's arm was in so much pain that she couldn't lift it.

"She can't hold on much longer! Let's finish this quickly!" shouted the leader of the masked men.

"Isabel!" Samuel screamed, feeling like a frantic ant on a hot pan.

Suddenly, the phone connected.

Xander frowned upon hearing the urgency in Samuel's voice. "Hello?"

"Don't worry about me! If this goes on, you'll die! They're after me! Run!"