

Chapter 83 Furious! Xander Catches Isabel and Beowulf Taking Wedding Photos

Isabel?!

Eva couldn't believe how stunning Isabel looked.

She had seen Isabel in a wedding dress before, just recently at what was supposed to be Isabel and Kaleb's wedding.

But Isabel hadn't looked nearly as breathtaking as she did now.

Last time, Isabel's dress was simple and modest, in line with her usual plain style. Even her makeup and hairstyle had been minimal.

But the Isabel standing before her now was different—not only was her wedding dress beautiful, but her makeup was flawless, adding a new level of elegance to her look.

Eva noticed that Isabel had only become more attractive lately. Her skin looked radiant, and her entire aura seemed brighter, more confident, and refined.

In short, Isabel's whole vibe had changed.

This newfound inner glow made her beauty even more captivating.

Meanwhile, Kaleb was still staring at Isabel, completely transfixed.

"Kal, you—" Eva started to say, but before she could finish, Kaleb's legs seemed to move on their own as he walked toward Isabel.

Standing beside her and looking at their reflections in the mirror, Kaleb felt a strange illusion wash over him. It was as if they'd traveled back in time—back to when there was no Eva, just him and Isabel. Back to a time when they might have been choosing wedding dresses together, taking wedding photos.

Noticing Kaleb's approach, Isabel's lips parted, her tone cool and distant. "Do you need something?"

Her frosty words snapped Kaleb back to reality, shattering his daydream. He was suddenly reminded that he and Isabel were over, and his bride now was Eva.

"What are you doing here trying on wedding dresses alone?"

Before Isabel could answer, a man's voice came from the entrance.

"Who said she came alone?"

Kaleb and Eva both turned to look immediately.

When they saw who had arrived, both of their expressions shifted to shock.

Beowulf?!

The second son of D'Meria Group.

What was he doing here?

"You're here?" Isabel greeted him casually.

Beowulf was someone Isabel had specifically asked to join her for these wedding photos. She'd considered asking Xander, but since the photos would be displayed in the shop for all to see, she'd decided against it. Xander wasn't a fan of being in the spotlight and usually sent Leo to handle media appearances for him.

"Sorry, babe, traffic was a bit rough," Beowulf said, striding over to her with an exaggerated apology.

Babe?!

The term made Kaleb and Eva flinch again.

Isabel's gaze stayed calm as she looked away from Beowulf, knowing he'd called her that deliberately to provoke Kaleb and Eva.

Once Beowulf reached her side, he leaned in close and spoke in a low voice, so only she could hear. "Boss, I've caught those two traitors who tried to harm you. How would you like to handle them?"

Hearing this, Isabel's eyes narrowed, a cold glint flashing in her dark gaze.

"Have them do something useful with the rest of their lives. Send them to the mines—keep them down there digging coal. They're not to be released, no matter what."

"Understood, Boss. I'll get it done right away," Beowulf replied quietly.

He and Isabel were speaking in such low voices that Kaleb and Eva couldn't hear a word. From their perspective, it looked like Isabel and Beowulf were whispering intimately, making their relationship seem very close.

While Kaleb felt a pang of discomfort, Eva was filled with jealousy.

If Isabel had been with some random pretty-boy before, fine—but now, she was with the second son of D'Meria Group. That was something Eva couldn't stand.

"Isabel, is this a good friend of yours? Why didn't you bring your boyfriend to take wedding photos with you? Is he too busy?" She said this intentionally for Beowulf to hear, hoping he'd find out that Isabel had another boyfriend.

Beowulf immediately understood who Eva was talking about and could see that she was saying it on purpose.

"What are you talking about? I am her boyfriend," he said.

Eva's eyes lit up with excitement—clearly, Beowulf didn't know about Isabel's affair with another man. Perfect! This was going to ruin Isabel for sure.

"Then ... what about that other guy? Isabel even kissed him first!" Eva feigned shock and quickly covered her mouth, as if she'd accidentally let a secret slip.

Boss kissed Xander first?

Beowulf felt a surge of irritation and shot a look at Isabel, silently grumbling.

Come on, Boss, you could've asked me to play the role! I wouldn't even make you take responsibility for kissing me.

Isabel caught the meaning in Beowulf's look and rolled her eyes at him, mouthing, "I don't mess around at home."

Eva watched the two of them with a smug expression, expecting Beowulf to get mad and dump Isabel right there.

But Isabel was unfazed. "Stop standing around. Change into this suit so we can start the shoot," she said, handing Beowulf a tuxedo.

"Got it! Give me two minutes," Beowulf replied, happily taking the suit and hurrying into the dressing room.

That's it? Eva thought, shocked. Isn't he supposed to be furious, slap Isabel, and break up with her?

Or was Beowulf doubting her story?

"Isabel, how do you know Beowulf?" Kaleb asked, turning to her.

"Do I need to report that to you?" Isabel replied, her tone cool.

Kaleb took a deep breath, his expression darkening.

He had tolerated Isabel's sharp words before, but now things were different. She was taking wedding photos with Beowulf, of all people.

Beowulf was wealthier than Kaleb and just as good-looking, which only made Kaleb more uncomfortable.

This discomfort was far worse than anything he'd felt with that random pretty-boy Isabel used to be seen with. Back then, Kaleb thought the guy was just a small-time actor Isabel had paid to play along. He'd been annoyed, but he hadn't seen the guy as a real threat.

But Beowulf was different. Beowulf demanded his attention.

"You're not seriously thinking of marrying him, are you?"

"It's fake," Isabel replied, her smile barely there.

Kaleb's frustration flared instantly at her dismissive tone.

"Isabel, let me give you some advice: this thing with him won't end well for you. Do you even know who he is? He's the second son of D'Meria Group. His father's worth billions. Do you really think someone like that would approve of you dating his son?"

"Why wouldn't he approve?" Isabel raised an eyebrow, challenging him.

"You—don't you have any self-awareness? You and him, you're worlds apart! To put it bluntly, he's just toying with you. He's never going to actually marry you!"

Watching Kaleb act as if he were looking out for her, Isabel felt a wave of disgust.

"And why exactly would that be any of your business?"

"Isabel!" Kaleb growled, shouting her name in frustration.

"I suggest you focus on your own issues, Mr. Johnson. You're here to try on wedding dresses with your 'beloved,' yet you've left her standing there, completely ignored. Does that seem right to you?" Isabel replied coolly.

With Isabel's pointed remark, Kaleb finally remembered Eva's presence.

He turned to look at her, finding her staring back at him with red, tearful eyes, looking utterly heartbroken.

Seeing Eva like this, Kaleb was immediately flooded with guilt.

"Eva, how does it feel? This is the man you went through all that trouble to steal from me. Enjoy him," Isabel said, a smirk playing on her lips as she glanced at Eva.

"Isabel! Shut up!" Kaleb couldn't hold back anymore and shouted at her.

Just then, Beowulf stepped out of the fitting room, striding over with a serious expression. "The one who needs to shut up is you! Yell at her one more time, and see what happens."

Kaleb was fuming, but he held himself back, unable to find a way to retaliate.

"Don't worry about him, Beowulf. Let's get on with the photoshoot," Isabel said dismissively.

She gave Beowulf an appraising look. "You clean up pretty well."

Hearing Isabel's compliment, Beowulf ignored Kaleb, flashing her a cheeky grin. He adjusted his jacket with a flourish. "Of course! Handsome, dashing, and charming—that's me. Otherwise, you wouldn't have picked me, right?"

With a playful eyebrow wiggle, he gave Isabel a wink.

Outside the bridal shop, Rachel happened to walk by.

"Huh? Isn't that Isabel?" she muttered to herself, stopping in surprise.

And next to her ... was that Beowulf?

What were they doing?

Rachel pressed her face up against the glass, eyes wide as she took in the scene.

Isabel was trying on a wedding dress, and Beowulf was right beside her!

Well, well. Isabel had gone as far as to cozy up to Beowulf. Let's see how she manages to stay around Xan after this.

Rachel pulled out her phone, snapped a few pictures of Isabel and Beowulf together, and immediately sent them to Xander.

A notification pinged.

Xander's phone, lying on his desk, buzzed with a new message.

He glanced at it, saw it was from Rachel, and ignored it, getting back to work.

"Ping ... ping ... ping..."

Rachel kept sending more photos.

Xander still didn't bother to look.

Finally, Rachel sent one more message with just a single word, "Isabel."

"Ping."

Annoyed, Xander scowled and picked up his phone, intending to switch it to silent.

But then he caught sight of the name "Isabel" on the screen.

He paused, staring at it for a couple of seconds, then opened the chat with Rachel.

The next second, he shot to his feet.