

Chapter 84 Xander Replaces Beowulf to Take Wedding Photos with Isabel

Leo was startled by Xander's sudden reaction.

What on earth was going on?

Curious, Leo tilted his head to sneak a glance at Xander's phone.

One look, and Leo was shocked.

What the heck? Why was Isabel in a wedding dress taking photos with Beowulf?!

Xander's face was a mask of cold fury as he quickly typed a message and sent it.

"Location."

Rachel, who received the message, was thrilled. Xander was coming over! Now Isabel was really in trouble.

Meanwhile, Xander made his way to the bridal shop with a stormy expression, while Isabel—completely unaware—was still striking various poses with Beowulf for the photos.

"Ugh," Isabel muttered, rubbing her right eyelid.

"What's wrong, Boss?" Beowulf asked, noticing her discomfort.

"My right eye suddenly started twitching like crazy," Isabel replied. Just as she finished speaking, she saw the door of the bridal shop swing open, and Xander stormed in, heading straight toward her.

Isabel's eyes went wide with shock, and the bouquet in her hands dropped to the floor.

Outside, Rachel was practically buzzing with excitement, while Eva's face lit up with a wicked grin.

In Eva's mind, there was no doubt—Isabel had been caught two-timing, and now Xander was here to witness it himself.

Haha! Isabel, you're finally getting what you deserve!

Eva laughed internally, shooting a quick glance at Kaleb to see his reaction. Surely this would make Kaleb completely give up on Isabel. And as for Isabel, she was about to lose everything—exactly what she deserved.

With any luck, both men would slap her in the face and leave her humiliated!

"You ... Why are you here?" Isabel stammered, unable to keep the nervousness out of her voice.

She hadn't expected Xander to show up at a time like this. Even though she and Beowulf were only taking a few promotional photos for the bridal shop, the sight of Xander now made her feel a strong pang of guilt.

Xander's lips were pressed into a thin, icy line, his gaze piercing as he stared at her, as if he wanted to strip away every layer of her defenses.

"Why am I here? Am I interrupting you two?" He practically growled the words through clenched teeth.

Isabel opened her mouth to explain, but before she could get a word out, Beowulf suddenly grabbed her wrist and pulled her behind him.

"Yeah, you are interrupting. If you have any sense, you should leave right now," Beowulf said defiantly.

Xander's dark, midnight eyes narrowed, his face like a frozen glacier as he locked eyes with Beowulf.

Who's afraid of who?

Beowulf widened his eyes, glaring fiercely back at Xander.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the bridal shop grew tense, with the air between Xander and Beowulf practically crackling as they squared off, one wrong move away from a fight.

Eva was thrilled, practically cheering for them to come to blows so things would fall apart for Isabel once and for all!

She kept glancing up at Kaleb, hoping he was paying attention. See, Kal? This is the woman you used to like—such a shameless player! She's the real villain here. Now you can finally see that I'm a thousand times better than Isabel!

Eva's excitement was palpable as she watched the tension build in the shop, while Rachel, standing outside, could hardly contain her own glee.

Rachel's face was filled with anticipation, and she could barely wait to see Xander drag Isabel to city hall to file for divorce.

At that moment, Isabel stepped forward.

She pushed Beowulf aside and gave him an exasperated look.

Didn't he know when to stop? Didn't he realize I had a mission and couldn't leave the Bennetts just yet?

After giving Beowulf a quick glare, Isabel turned to Xander and hurriedly explained, "You're misunderstanding. There's nothing going on between us."

"Keep talking." Xander's face was unreadable, his expression completely calm.

Seeing Xander like this, Isabel felt a twinge of exasperation.

She'd known Xander long enough to understand him pretty well.

The calmer he appeared on the surface, the angrier he really was. He was like a volcano just waiting for that critical point before he erupted.

She needed to explain quickly, before he reached that tipping point.

"I invited him to help me take promotional photos for the bridal shop."

Xander looked at her skeptically. "Promotional photos? And they chose you?"

Isabel rubbed her forehead. "Fine, I'll be honest. This bridal shop was just opened by my brother Reg. I'm here to help out."

Her words left everyone in the shop stunned, especially Eva and Kaleb.

After a brief moment of surprise, a wave of shock washed over them.

They'd thought that ever since Isabel and Reggie had been kicked out of the Zimmermans, they were living as servants for someone else in Villa 8 at Lilac Heights. And now they'd gone and opened a bridal shop?

Could it be ... ?

Both Eva and Kaleb looked over at Beowulf. Was he the one helping Isabel and Reggie?

Or was it possible that Beowulf was actually the owner of Villa 8?

It didn't seem impossible, but the same question lingered—how on earth did Isabel know Beowulf?

"If you don't believe me, you can ask Reg. He cares about me more than anyone; he wouldn't marry me off so easily. Or, if you still don't believe me, you can ask the staff here," Isabel continued, turning to the salesperson.

The store manager approached and, following Isabel's cue, explained the situation to Xander. "It's true. Ms. Zimmerman is the owner's sister, and because we didn't have a suitable model, Ms. Zimmerman came in to help us out."

Xander continued to scrutinize Isabel, trying to detect any hint of a lie on her face. But he saw none.

And from the store manager's expression, he could tell she was telling the truth, too.

Still, the fire in his chest hadn't completely subsided.

Xander shot a glare at Beowulf before looking back at Isabel. "If that's the case, why didn't you ask me? Do you think I'm uglier than him?"

"Ha! Well, obviously! At least you're self-aware!" Beowulf started, but Isabel's voice drowned him out.

"No way! You're way better looking than him!" she said quickly.

Beowulf's eyes went wide as he looked at Isabel in shock.

Meanwhile, Xander's expression noticeably softened, and the tension in his chest eased.

"Wait, Boss, what are you—"

"Shut up!" Isabel snapped, giving Beowulf a sharp look before turning back to Xander with a warm smile. "Honestly, you're the most handsome man I've ever seen! I swear I'm not lying. If I am, may lightning strike me down!"

Xander's brows relaxed, and a faint smile started to tug at the corners of his lips.

Kaleb clenched his fists, his mind replaying Isabel's words over and over.

You're the most handsome man I've ever seen ... You're the most handsome man I've ever seen ... You're the most handsome man I've ever seen ...

So, she was saying he didn't even measure up?

Fine! Isabel! He would remember this.

Meanwhile, Isabel kept watching Xander with wide eyes, wondering if her flattery had done the trick. Surely he wasn't still mad? Surely he wouldn't drag me off to city hall for a divorce in a fit of rage?

She hadn't found the item she was looking for yet. Her mission wasn't complete, and the emerald guardian angel pendant was too important for her to abandon now.

But if Xander insisted on divorcing her, she'd have no choice but to figure out a new plan.

Just as Isabel was fretting, Xander's voice suddenly broke her thoughts.

"For today's wedding photos ... I'll be your partner. Are you willing?"

He's not mad anymore? Isabel's face lit up as she eagerly hugged his arm, her eyes sparkling as she looked at him. "Willing! Absolutely willing!"

Xander felt quite satisfied with her reaction.

What's happening? Rachel, watching from outside, was completely confused.

This wasn't the scene she'd expected at all!

Xander's gaze shifted to Beowulf. "Take off that suit. I'll wear the one you have on."

Isabel looked surprised.

She hadn't expected Xander to show a childish side—it was actually kind of cute.

"I'm not taking it off! You can wear something else!" Beowulf responded stubbornly, crossing his arms.

Isabel turned to look at Beowulf, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm not taking it off! Staring at me won't change my mind!" Beowulf insisted, determined.

Isabel couldn't understand why these two grown men were so fixated on a single suit.

Aren't they being a bit childish? A bit ridiculous?

Ignoring their argument, Isabel picked up a pink suit and held it up in front of Xander.

"I've noticed that your wardrobe is all black, white, and gray. I think you should try some other colors once in a while. How about this pink?"

Xander looked down at the pastel pink suit in her hands, feeling a muscle in his forehead twitch. He'd never worn such a bright color in his life.

"You think ... this suits me?" he asked, his eyebrows knitting together in doubt.

"I think it would look great! Come on, just try it," Isabel urged him, her big eyes sparkling with curiosity.

In truth, she just wanted to see Xander in something totally out of character. She was genuinely curious to see how this usually serious man would look in such a bright and lively color.

Seeing Isabel's eager expression, Xander couldn't bring himself to refuse her, even though he felt a strong reluctance. In the end, he took the suit and, with a resigned sigh, headed into the fitting room.

He's actually going to try it on?

Rachel couldn't believe her eyes.

She had known Xander since childhood and knew his tastes and style inside out. Just a moment ago, she'd been mentally laughing at Isabel, convinced that Xander would never wear it. But here he was, actually going along with it!

A few minutes later, the fitting room door opened.

Isabel's gaze immediately landed on Xander as he stepped out.