

Chapter 159 Anyone Who Mistreats Isabel Never Meets a Good End (Part One)

Not Isabel?

Kiara was stunned, staring blankly for a few seconds before glancing at the operating room door. She could not believe it—after all the insults she had thrown at Isabel, and even encouraging Lillian's fans to do the same, here Isabel was, saving her husband's life.

Kiara felt ashamed and even wanted to slap herself.

Leo opened his phone and handed it to Xander.

On the screen were several surveillance videos. The night before last, they showed Lillian drinking at a bar and later getting into the Zimmermans' private car. The times aligned perfectly with the incident, clearly pointing to Lillian as the culprit.

"Post these videos online," Xander said coldly.

"Yes, Boss."

Just then, Xander got a call from his mom, Ivana.

"Mom."

"Xan, have you seen the news about Isabel? Are you aware of what's happening?" she asked anxiously, with Rachel murmuring her own opinions in the background.

"I know. And Isabel didn't do it," Xander replied firmly.

Ivana sighed deeply, "I know you feel differently about Isabel, but the evidence is clear—the hit-and-run from the other night was her. You really need to stop defending her. Rachel has a point; Isabel's character seems questionable, or her family wouldn't have cut ties with her. She's only acting sweet and innocent in front of you. Xan, please listen to me—be a bit more careful around her."

"I already told you, Mom, she didn't do it. I know her, and I've found solid evidence. Just wait for the updates," he said, ending the call.

Rachel, who had been listening in, quickly asked, "Ivana, did he listen to you?"

Ivana frowned. "Xan's insisting it wasn't her."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Obviously, he's covering for her. When this case wraps up, his alibi for Isabel will be exposed, and he'll get dragged into it, too."

"Actually," Ivana replied, scrolling through her phone, "Xan said he has proof it wasn't Isabel. He told me to keep an eye out for updates."

Rachel scoffed, "Not her? That's hard to believe. Her own father said online it was Isabel, so how could ... "

She fell silent when she saw Ivana's expression change, eyes widening as she stared at her phone.

What is she looking at?

Rachel leaned in curiously to peek at Ivana's phone.

On screen, a video showed Lillian leaving a bar, visibly drunk, then getting into her car and heading toward the scene of the incident.

The timestamp aligned closely with the accident two nights ago.

"Could it really not have been Isabel?" Rachel gasped.

Ivana turned her gaze toward Rachel, her expression suddenly more complex.

Rachel felt a surge of guilt under Ivana's scrutinizing look, knowing she had been fueling Ivana's suspicions about Isabel since yesterday, piling on accusations and casting doubt.

Now, with the truth revealing itself and no evidence against Isabel, Ivana's look held an unreadable judgment.

Rachel felt a wave of panic and an urgent need to salvage her position.

Losing Ivana's trust would mean losing her best chance at getting closer to Xander.

Thinking fast, Rachel shifted the blame.

"Who could've guessed Isabel's own father would be so biased toward his stepdaughter? Parents aren't all selfless, but Colin's behavior is appalling."

Placing the blame squarely on Colin, Rachel justified herself.

Ivana sighed, "The world is truly strange. Colin's behavior is indeed deplorable."

Rachel took the opportunity to look contrite, "I can't believe I was misled by him, saying all those things about Isabel. I owe her an apology."

Ivana looked at her, a bit relieved, convinced she had judged Rachel's character correctly, seeing her as genuinely well-meaning.

"Don't be too hard on yourself. You only spoke up because you care about Xan."

"Still," Rachel said, her voice remorseful but her mind seething, "I'll go to their house tomorrow to apologize to Isabel."

Meanwhile, the internet erupted with the news.

Lillian's fans quickly fell silent.

"I knew it! That figure definitely looked more like Lillian, but her fans went overboard, attacking me relentlessly. They even grouped up to insult me—it was insane! I was so shaken I uninstalled Twitter. My friend just told me it was confirmed to be Lillian, so I reinstalled it. I just had to see those overly confident, clueless fans."

"Same here! I also thought it resembled her but was too scared to speak up. Her fans are vicious."

"Did you see how her fans went after Isabel? I heard she ended up in the hospital because of it."

"Tsk, it's absurd. Can fans just run wild like this? I wonder how all those supporters of Lillian feel now."

"We don't know exactly what those fans are like, but one thing's for sure—Lillian's in serious trouble."

As it happened, about 20 minutes earlier, while Lillian was running lines on set, the police showed up and took her into custody.

"It wasn't me! Someone must have doctored that video!" Lillian exclaimed, nearly in tears.

She could not remember a time she had felt more embarrassed. As a public figure with so many eyes on her, this was mortifying.

Now the entire crew was watching her, and she wished she could just vanish into thin air.

"Please come with us," the officer stated firmly.

"It wasn't me, I swear! I didn't do it—it was Isabel! She must've set up that video! I didn't go to the bar, didn't drink, I swear ... " Lillian's plea was sharply cut off by the officer's firm words.

The officer cut her off sharply. "If you won't cooperate, we'll use more decisive measures."