

Chapter 160 Anyone Who Mistreats Isabel Never Meets a Good End (Part Two)

The so-called "decisive measures" involved forcibly restraining Lillian and pressing her into the police car.

"Ow! You're hurting me!" she cried out as her hands were forced behind her back, treated just like a criminal.

At that moment, Lillian, dressed like the elegant princess from her drama, looked utterly humiliated.

The entire set watched the scene unfold, whispering amongst themselves—none of it complimentary.

At Lilac Heights ...

Eva frowned as she scrolled through a post showing Lillian being taken away by the police.

She muttered to herself, disappointed, "Why couldn't it have been Isabel?"

"What about Isabel?" Kaleb overheard as he entered the room.

Eva instantly regretted her words and bit her lip. She had just blurted that out without thinking.

"What happened?" Kaleb asked, puzzled, unaware that Lillian had been taken in.

Reluctantly, Eva filled him in.

"Lillian was arrested," she said, knowing he would find out soon enough, anyway.

"What? Lillian? How did this even happen?" Kaleb asked, looking surprised as he walked over to her.

"It wasn't Isabel ... " Eva explained the situation, revealing the truth.

Kaleb felt conflicted and even guilty—he had assumed Isabel was responsible, seeing it as proof of her arrogance. Now he realized he had misjudged her.

Watching Kaleb lost in thought, Eva bit her lip and clutched her skirt, feeling a pang of regret herself.

Her fiancé, Kaleb, might still have lingering feelings for Isabel, but Eva did not care.

They had already made their plans; her future mother-in-law had even selected an auspicious day for their wedding—the first day of spring, tomorrow.

She could not believe anything would get in the way now.

Just then, the doors to the operating room opened, and Xander's eyes immediately found Isabel.

He noticed the wound on her forehead, which had already started to scab but still looked painful, bruised, and swollen. The sight made his heart ache.

"Does it hurt?"

"It's fine, just a bit swollen, nothing major," Isabel replied.

The area where Isabel was struck had swelled up to the size of a small egg, bruised in shades of blue and purple. Claiming it did not hurt would be unrealistic—unless the pain had already left her completely numb.

Isabel, however, was more focused on Kiara, who was standing nearby with tears in her eyes. "The surgery went well," Isabel reassured her, "your husband is going to be okay."

Upon hearing this, Kiara collapsed in gratitude. "Thank you, Ms. Zimmerman! Thank you!"

She collapsed before Isabel, her voice choked with tears. "I'm sorry, Ms. Zimmerman, I misunderstood you ... Thank you."

Kiara's gratitude was laced with guilt, her emotions a jumble, making her words hard to follow.

"Misunderstood?" Isabel looked confused and turned to Xander.

In response, Xander pulled out his phone and showed her a video.

Isabel quickly understood that Beowulf had uncovered the evidence needed.

Just as Isabel was processing this, her phone rang—it was Beowulf.

"Boss, someone beat me to it!"

Hmm?

Surprised, Isabel looked back at Xander. "Was it you?"

Isabel had thought Beowulf was behind it.

"Sorry it took me this long to find out—I've caused you so much trouble," Xander said, his eyes filled with concern as he looked at the wound on Isabel's forehead.

Why is he apologizing? He'd clearly helped me!

Isabel felt something warm stir in her chest.

"Thank you, Xander," she said softly.

Xander met her gaze, his hands resting gently on her shoulders. "Just call me Xan—it sounds less formal," he murmured.

The way he looked at her made her heart skip a beat. Was he doing this on purpose?

Before she could figure it out, Xander took her wrist, guiding her gently. "Let's get that wound treated."

"Okay," Isabel replied, knowing she could not ignore the injury, even if it was not serious.

Meanwhile, across town, the fans who had fiercely defended Lillian gathered together, discussing what to do next.

"I can't believe it was actually Lillian."

"No way! I don't believe it! Lily isn't like that—the video must have been faked by Isabel. And even if it's real, it could just be a coincidence. We're Lily's loyal fans, and after all this time, we know her best. If even we don't believe in her, who will?"

"Yes, we need to believe in her unconditionally. She may be at the police station now, but I'm sure the truth will come out soon!"

These few fans were not the only ones waiting for the final verdict; countless others were also holding their breath, eager to see how things would unfold for Lillian.

However, soon, the truth hit like a shockwave: the hit-and-run driver that night was confirmed to be Lillian.

The news spread quickly, topping the headlines, and sending fans into shock and disappointment.

"I can't believe this is who I supported. How did I become a fan of someone with such a corrupt character?"

"I'm unfollowing her! After posting this, I'm uninstalling Twitter and staying away from celebrities for good."

"Lillian's father is a piece of work, too. To cover for his stepdaughter, he even framed his own daughter. If I had a father like that, I'd be devastated."

The fans who had taken things too far looked around at each other, shocked and silent.

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

"Is it the delivery guy?"

One fan went to open the door, only to freeze in fear when they saw law enforcement officers standing there.

"We have a report that you assaulted someone this morning, which falls under intentional harm. The evidence is clear, and you're all under arrest."

At these words, their faces turned pale with regret

They had just wanted to give Isabel a taste of "justice," only intending to stand up for their idol.

Yet, they had not expected their actions would lead them straight to the police station.

Was it unfair?

Still, the fact remained—they had physically harmed someone.

Now, they were coming to terms with the reality that, in their attempt to defend Lillian, they had crossed the line into criminal behavior.

Even as they waited in custody, some still clung to the belief that Lillian was innocent.

However, when they reached the station, the truth struck hard: Lillian had been the culprit all along, and she had even conspired with Colin to pin the blame on Isabel.

Yet, what good was regret now? There are many kinds of remedies, but none for regret.

Outside the police station, Leo finished a call with Xander.

"Boss, it's all been taken care of."

"Good. Let it go public."

Following Xander's orders, Leo moved to the next step without delay.

That night, fans of Lillian were trending on social media, apologizing for the harm they had caused Isabel.

Kaleb had also been keeping up with the fallout.

"She got hurt?"

After a moment's pause, he pulled out his phone and dialed Isabel's number.

Isabel had just picked up when she heard Samuel's voice behind her.

"Kaleb? Why's your ex-fiancé calling?"

Turning to Samuel, she replied, "How do you walk so quietly?"

Samuel smirked. "Maybe because someone got so flustered seeing Kaleb's name that they didn't notice?"

Before she could respond, he added with a serious note, "Look, Isabel, I'm grateful you helped me with my leg. But if you even think of leaving me for that jerk, I'll be the first to hold you accountable."

"Seriously? Even though you just called him a jerk, you think I'd be dumb enough to go back?"

"Hey, you never know. In real life—and on TV—plenty of people run back to jerks they can't seem to let go of."

Isabel raised an eyebrow. "You sure know how to charm."

As her phone kept ringing, Samuel gave her a sidelong glance.

"Well, aren't you going to answer?"