

Chapter 124 I Will Protect You

Xander walked confidently toward Isabel, extended his hand, and gently pulled her into his embrace, his palm resting on her back as a worried expression crossed his face.

Isabel blinked in surprise, frozen in her spot, her tears still falling, her mouth barely open, her mind going blank, unable to process what was happening.

"Don't worry, I'll protect you," he whispered softly in her ear, making her pause once more, a strange fluttering sensation rising in her chest.

She asked, "What's the matter with you?"

Xander let go of her, his hand gently brushing away the tears from her pale cheek with his thumb.

He then quickly turned to Leo and said, "Go, take down Lillian from all social media, and also remove the accounts that have targeted and insulted her. After that, arrange a press conference to announce Isabel is my wife!"

"Hold on, what's happening?"

Isabel grabbed his arm, asking confusedly, "What's come over you all of a sudden?"

Xander questioned, frustrated, "At this point, you're still hiding things from me? Why can't you trust me a little?"

"What do you mean, at this point?" Isabel only realized the reason behind his behavior after the words left her mouth. "Did you see Lillian and the others going after me? I've already responded to them, and honestly, I haven't even given it much thought."

"You're lying!" Xander snapped, not believing a word she said.

Isabel tried to explain, "I didn't, I swear ... "

"You're crying, and you're acting like it's nothing?" Xander glared at the tears on her face, his expression hardening.

"Huh? Is that what this is about? Pfft!"

After a moment of confusion, Isabel started laughing.

"You've got it wrong, I was just chopping onions earlier, and the fumes made me tear up. It has nothing to do with Lillian."

Xander was momentarily stunned upon hearing this.

After a brief pause, he glanced over at the cutting board, following Isabel's eyes, and saw that there were indeed onions.

The situation grew awkward.

He quickly looked away from the cutting board and back at Leo. "Carry out my instructions from before."

"Yes, Boss," Leo replied, then turned to get to work.

"Wait!" Isabel called out to Leo, who immediately stopped when he heard her voice.

He knew better than to ignore his boss' wife.

"What's the matter? Are you hesitating because Lillian is your step-sister?" Xander asked, confused.

"How could that be? I can't even stand my own dad, let alone this wicked step-sister," Isabel scoffed. She then added, "I've already dealt with her, and she's the second female lead in the TV series now. If she gets banned, it could mess up the entire show's release."

This was the issue that truly bothered Isabel.

She had invested so much effort into the drama and didn't want all of Seff's hard work to go to waste because of her personal problems.

"Is it meant for Seff?" Xander narrowed his deep, enigmatic gaze at Isabel.

Isabel lifted her eyebrows, her stunning eyes growing larger.

"I have a strong appreciation for the original story, and I'm curious to see how it will be turned into a movie or TV series."

Her eyes were wide, and her explanation made sense.

Xander kept his intense gaze fixed on her, hoping to make her uneasy and force her to reveal the truth.

To his surprise, Isabel stayed calm, meeting his stare without flinching.

The two stared at each other, completely absorbed, while Leo waited nearby, expecting orders.

Leo's expression was sour, silently lamenting that they seemed to be communicating just fine without him as a spectator.

In the end, it was no surprise that his boss was the one to lose.

However, the situation didn't stop there. Even though Lillian wasn't banned, numerous prominent influencers and hundreds of fake accounts were all taken down.

"What? They were all taken down?" Lillian's eyes widened in disbelief.

Even Jude was stunned by the news.

"Isabel must have been kept by someone!" Lillian muttered through clenched teeth, fuming with anger.

For someone to take down so many accounts at once, especially several influential ones, it seemed clear that whoever had kept Isabel wielded considerable power.

That vile Isabel, how dare she! This isn't finished between us!

Jude then had a thought, "Lillian, have an idea. You have a loyal fanbase that's been with you for years. Why not stir them up to get back at her?"

Lillian's eyes brightened at the suggestion.

"That's a brilliant idea, let's go for it."

Not long after, Lillian applied heavy, worn-out makeup to make herself look sickly and exhausted. She took a picture and posted it on Twitter, pretending to smile.

"Don't worry about me, it's all just a misunderstanding, I'm okay."

The moment the photo was shared, it was obvious to anyone who looked at it that Lillian was struggling to keep it together.

A bunch of loyal fans quickly began reacting in the group chat.

"Look at how exhausted Lillian looks! I can't believe this!"

"It must be her wicked step-sister making her suffer!"

"Exactly, and all those influencers who exposed the truth have been silenced. The accounts that were bashing Isabel have either been shut down or muted. There's no doubt about it, Isabel must really be being kept by some wealthy man!"

"That awful woman!"

Lillian glanced at the screen through a fake account, reading the hateful comments about Isabel, and felt a wave of relief.

"Let me start things off." Jude completed the editing and shared it in the group chat.

"Lily had no choice but to post a picture saying she's okay, which probably means she's being forced by the powerful person who's supporting Isabel. Since she can't act on her own, should we step in and show Isabel a lesson for her?"

"I'm on board!"

"I'm in!"

"Same here!"

While many were logical, there were still plenty of loyal fans eager to take action.

"But what's our plan? We can't use violence, right?"

"We can't do anything against the law. We could track down Isabel and find out who's behind her, then expose them. That way, the wife will step in, and we'll get to watch the drama unfold as she confronts Isabel."

"Excellent plan!"

The matter was settled.

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Meanwhile, on the busy street.

Isabel stood by Yvette's side, shielding her like a bodyguard.

"Isabel, aren't you being a little dramatic?"

Isabel glanced at Yvette's stomach and gave a serious warning. "You're carrying three children now. With so many people around, if something happens, it could mean the loss of four lives."

"Ugh, that's bad luck." Yvette placed a hand on her belly, which hadn't yet shown much, but she still felt a deep sense of pride.

"Isabel, are you serious? Am I really expecting three baby girls?"