

Chapter 141 Isabel Gives Eva Another Lesson

Eva was with Kaleb.

"Would you believe me if I said it was just a coincidence?" Isabel asked, arching an eyebrow at Kaleb.

Kaleb frowned deeper, his expression clearly showing skepticism.

Isabel pursed her lips. "If you don't believe me, why ask? Isn't that just wasting your breath?"

She then turned away, ignoring Kaleb.

Kaleb felt a knot in his chest, unsure of why he felt so unsettled whenever Isabel was around lately. Her words, her expressions, even her every move seemed to make him more irritable and on edge.

"Did you come here by yourself?" Kaleb asked Isabel once more.

This time, Isabel acted as though she hadn't heard him. She pulled out her phone and began absentmindedly scrolling through it.

Kaleb's face darkened. "Why do you always treat me like this? There's no need for things to be this way between us. Are you still holding onto the past? It's over, isn't it? So why be so petty?"

Isabel had planned to keep her silence, but Kaleb's words were simply too much to ignore.

Isabel set her phone down and chuckled. Her smile was more mocking than sincere. "Over? As if the wound wasn't yours. It's easy for you to say that because you didn't feel the pain. If I slapped you right here, right now, and then smiled and told you, 'It's over; don't hold a grudge,' and you gave me a sour look, would that mean you're the one still holding on to the past? You'd be the petty one, right?"

Kaleb opened his mouth, but he couldn't find a single word to counter her. After a while, he remained silent, unsure of what to say.

Then, the soft sound of Eva's sobs broke the silence.

"Kal, I'm sorry. It's my fault. If it weren't for me, things wouldn't have turned out like this ... " Her voice trembled as tears started to fall.

She cried pitifully, her face as delicate as a flower in the rain, evoking Kaleb's sympathy.

Kaleb gently wiped away Eva's tears gently. "How could this be your fault? I know you genuinely care about me. There's nothing wrong with that."

"Yes," Isabel cut in with a pointed smile. "There's nothing wrong with loving someone. But interfering in someone else's relationship? That makes you a mistress."

Kaleb's face turned grim as he took a deep breath. Glaring at Isabel, he warned her, "Isabel, will you stop it? Eva is in this state, and you don't have any sympathy?"

"What? You expect me to feel sorry for the other woman? Do I look like a saint to you? Sorry, but I'm not, and I've got a perfectly working brain," Isabel replied with a shrug.

To Kaleb, her mocking expression felt like a slap in the face.

Just then, Eva stepped forward, positioning herself directly in front of Isabel.

"Isabel, I know you hate me, but this has nothing to do with Kal. If you want to hate someone, then hate me!" Eva said, her back to Kaleb. Though her words sounded remorseful, her expression was smug, and her gaze held the confidence of someone claiming victory.

Isabel regarded her with a smirk. Recently, it had been Eva taking the first shots, but today Isabel was in a good mood—it was her turn to make the first move.

"You two are cut from the same cloth, fake and hypocritical. People like you aren't worth the energy to hate. You're only worthy of my cruelty."

As Isabel spoke, she stepped forward, walking right past Eva. As she did, she purposefully bumped Eva's shoulder and, at that moment, jabbed her fingers quickly into Eva's side near her waist, catching her off guard.

"Hiss! Ah ... " Eva gasped, clutching her stomach.

"Eva!" Kaleb rushed to her side, steadying her. "Are you okay?"

Eva tightened her grip on her abdomen, her face contorted with pain. She pressed her pale lips together, trying to mask the discomfort as she forced a weak smile. "I-I'm fine."

But was it just her imagination? Somehow, that jab felt strangely familiar, in a way she couldn't quite place.

Kaleb's fists tightened, the bones in his hands cracking under the pressure.

He spun around, eyes burning as he glared at Isabel. "If you've got an issue, take it up with me. Eva's not in good health. If anything happens to her, I swear—"

Before he could finish, Xander strode forward, stepping directly in front of Isabel, blocking Kaleb's view.

It was him.

Isabel came with this man. What are they going to do in a place like this? To make love in a hot spring?

The thought of another man doing that with a woman he had never touched stirred a deep sense of unease in Kaleb.

"What will happen?" Isabel stepped out from behind Xander.

"Will you kill me? Do you think I'm afraid? I barely touched her. You saw it—just a brush of the shoulder, and she's acting like she's dying. Is it really that dramatic? So if I were the one on the ground right now, who would be in worse shape?"

As Kaleb listened to Isabel, he replayed the events in his mind. It did seem like she had a point. Isabel had only brushed against Eva with her arm, yet Eva had acted as though it was more than she could bear.

Could it really be that Eva was faking it, just like Isabel said?

"Kaleb, Kaleb," Isabel sighed dramatically, shaking her head. "If I'd known you were this shallow, with such poor judgment, I would've pretended to be sick or even dying in front of you, just like Eva did."

Kaleb frowned, glancing from Isabel to Eva, lost in thought.

"Hiss, ah, it hurts ... " Eva clutched her abdomen, her face pale, sweat dotting her forehead in tiny beads.

Kaleb snapped out of his thoughts, his gaze turning back to Eva. Seeing the genuine agony on her face, there was no sign of pretense. She wasn't faking it.

Isabel was trying to mislead him. Eva was nothing like Isabel, and she wasn't cruel. Eva wasn't faking it, and she was genuinely in pain.

Isabel leaned in close to Xander, speaking in a low voice only he could hear. "Hold your breath in a moment."

Xander looked at her, confused.

Isabel raised an eyebrow, then gave him a sly wink.

Seeing the mischievous glint in Isabel's eyes, Xander could already guess that someone was about to get into trouble.

"Mm." Xander nodded and held his breath.

"Ah, it hurts so much ... My stomach really hurts!" Eva's pain intensified, and a strange sense of déjà vu settled over her.

"Isabel, tell me the truth. Did you do something just now?" Kaleb questioned Isabel with bloodshot eyes.

Isabel studied Eva intently, tapping her chin as she gave a deliberate analysis.

"From what I can see, her face is pale. She's clutching her stomach ... It looks like—looks like she's just got an upset stomach."

An upset stomach?

Kaleb couldn't help but twitch his lips.

Did she really think he'd buy that? Just as he was about to call her out, there was a sudden loud noise from Eva's lower back.