

Chapter 150 Asking Isabel to Take the Blame for Lillian

What exactly is it? Samuel thought.

Just as he took the item out, ready to examine it, a hand suddenly reached over, blocking his view and snatching it from him.

Isabel held the pills behind her back, facing Samuel directly.

"Well, I never would've guessed that the esteemed second son of the Bennett Group had a habit of digging through trash."

That was close!

Isabel exhaled quietly in relief. Back in the villa, she had noticed Samuel sneaking out after Diana, and she'd immediately guessed his intention.

Luckily, she got here just in time. If she'd been one second later and Samuel had seen her taking birth control pills, who knows what he would have thought?

If Samuel had caught her, he would've told Xander no matter how she tried to stop him.

And even though Xander didn't remember what happened that night, he was sharp enough to put two and two together. If he learned about the birth control pills, he'd probably figure out that something significant had happened that night—a truth Isabel wasn't ready to reveal. "Oh, you're the one with the trash-digging habit," Samuel retorted, trying to peer around Isabel to see what she was hiding.

She saw his curiosity and deliberately kept the item out of his sight.

"What are you hiding? Why so secretive?"

"I already told your brother."

"Huh? Did you tell Xander? About what?"

If she'd told Xavier, then why couldn't I see it too?

"If you want to know, ask Xander." With that, Isabel took a few steps back, keeping a safe distance from Samuel, and then quickly turned and walked away.

Samuel's mind was buzzing with curiosity, like a cat scratching at the walls.

Finally, unable to hold back any longer, he went to find Xander.

"Xander, what is Isabel hiding? She said she told you."

"Mhm," Xander responded nonchalantly.

"Mhm"? That's it?"

He hadn't come here just to hear Xander say, "Mhm." He wanted answers!

Nobody would have cared if no one knew, but now that Xander knew something he didn't, it was driving him crazy.

Xander glanced over at him, a slight smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. "Matters concerning my wife are also matters concerning me. Do you really want to know?"

Uh—

Samuel's jaw dropped so far you could fit an egg in his mouth.

Fine, if he wanted to keep it a secret, then keep it to himself—no need to rub it in like that.

But now he had a guess.

It had to be a pregnancy test or something similar ... something she didn't want him to know about.

After Samuel left, Xander continued consulting a top specialist from a prestigious hospital on his phone.

"My wife has pelvic inflammation. What precautions should we take?"

Dr. Levis, the specialist, advised, "It's important to stay warm and avoid very spicy foods. Also, if you are sexually active, prioritize hygiene to prevent reinfection. In severe cases, it's best to abstain from sexual activity altogether."

Xander's expression grew serious as he read that last part.

Abstain?

This was a big problem. I would need to take it very seriously!

Meanwhile, Isabel sneezed suddenly.

She kept sneezing—this was the tenth time already. Who was going on and on about me?

On her way to the upscale Lilac Heights, a car suddenly pulled up in front of her, blocking her path.

She instantly recognized it as one of the Zimmermans' cars—Colin's favorite.

Colin got out of the car, looking at Isabel with a stern expression.

"Get in the car. I need to talk to you."

"I have nothing to discuss with you," Isabel replied coolly.

No wonder she'd been sneezing so much. Now it was clear—it had been Colin thinking about her.

It was strange, really. Colin never bothered to reach out unless there was something important. Ever since he'd kicked her and her brother out of the house, he'd had nothing to do with them.

But judging by the seriousness and slight anxiety in his expression, he seemed to actually need something this time.

What did that have to do with me?

"Isabel! Don't be childish! I came to you because it's a serious matter for the Zimmerman family. Get in the car now, or I'll go find Reggie."

"You're using my brother to force me to cooperate?" Isabel's temper flared.

She hated it when people used her family or friends as leverage against her. If it were anyone else, she would've already hit them by now.

But this wasn't just anyone—it was her biological father. That made things more complicated.

To be honest, anyone who tried to manipulate her with her loved ones was touching a nerve she didn't tolerate. But Colin wasn't just her father; he was also Reggie's father.

If she really did confront Colin, Reggie might not blame her, but he'd definitely feel torn. After all, it would be a choice between his biological father and the sister he cherished most.

With this in mind, Isabel resisted the urge to retaliate.

"If that's how you see it, I won't bother explaining. Just get in the car—this isn't the place to talk." Colin got back into the car after saying his piece.

Curiosity gnawed at Isabel. What could be so important that Colin would come to me specifically?

She opened the car door, got in, and faced him. "Speak quickly. I'm on a tight schedule."

Her attitude clearly irritated Colin, but for the sake of the issue at hand, he forced himself to keep calm.

"Lillian was driving home last night after a few drinks and accidentally hit someone."

Isabel raised an eyebrow. "Did she kill them?"

"No, they're still in the hospital. I had someone look into it—the surgery's over, but the victim's condition is unstable, and their chances of survival aren't high."

"And? Why are you telling me this? Wait ... " Isabel suddenly pieced something together.

"Lillian fled the scene, didn't she?"

Of course she had—otherwise, given that the accident happened last night, the news would be all over the internet by now. Lillian wasn't an A-list celebrity, but she was at least a solid B-lister. If something this serious had happened, it would've been exposed already.

But the fact that everything was quiet online meant only one thing: Lillian had fled the scene, and nobody knew it was her.

"She did," Colin admitted.

"She's unbelievable. If she hadn't fled and had instead taken the victim to the hospital right away, they wouldn't have missed the critical treatment window."

Hearing Isabel criticize Lillian, Colin's face showed his displeasure.

"Fine, Lillian fled the scene. So why are you telling me this?"

Did he somehow find out that she was the apprentice of the renowned Miracle Healer? Was he hoping she'd go to the hospital and save the victim?

That didn't seem likely.

If Colin really knew she was the disciple of the miracle healer, he'd probably be treating her like a goddess right now, not talking to her with this tone.

"Someone got a picture of Lillian's car, and witnesses saw it pull into the Zimmerman family estate. The photos have already been sent to us as a threat," Colin explained with a frown.

"And?" Isabel still didn't understand why Colin was involving her.

Colin looked at her seriously, took a deep breath, and said, "No one saw who was driving. I came to ask you to take the blame for Lillian."