

Chapter 151 Something Serious Has Happened

Isabel looked stunned and stared at Colin, struggling to believe what she'd just heard.

Noticing her lack of reaction, Colin frowned in irritation. "I'm talking to you! Did you hear me?"

"Yes, I did." Isabel nodded slowly, disbelief still clear on her face. "It sounds like a father is asking his daughter to take the fall and go to jail—for his stepdaughter, who isn't even his flesh and blood."

She exaggeratedly rubbed her ear, fixing him with a wide-eyed stare.

Colin could see that Isabel did it deliberately to mock him.

He flushed in anger.

"Isabel, this isn't a minor issue. Your sister is a big star now, and even a small scandal could end her acting career and damage her reputation severely. But you? You're unemployed, you sit around doing nothing, so a stint in jail wouldn't hurt you."

Isabel found herself wondering how he could say something so heartless.

She shook her head, thinking that the original Isabel would have been crushed by such betrayal from her own family. If she hadn't already passed away, even if Kaleb and Eva hadn't destroyed her, her own father's coldness surely would have.

"What are you saying? You expect me to take the blame for Lillian, and you insult me at the same time? Is this your idea of asking for help?"

Isabel couldn't believe the audacity of Colin's words.

Her words irked Colin.

"This isn't a request, Isabel. You're her sister, so you're obligated to do this for her."

"Obligated? Is there a law that says that?" Isabel looked at him, feigning innocence. "I may be a poor student and a 'waste', as you say, but even I know there's no law saying I have to cover for my sister if she's in a hit-and-run. You can't seriously expect me to believe that's my duty as a citizen."

"Isabel!" Colin spat, his face red with fury.

"Go ahead." Though she remained calm, it only made him angrier.

Colin fought to keep his anger in check. Honestly, if he could, he might have wanted to strangle Isabel right then and there. After three minutes of calming himself, he finally managed to regain some control.

"Isabel, I know you hold a grudge against me. You think I'm unfair, and it's been eating at you for years. When you're out of prison, come back home. As long as you turn yourself in, I'll bring you two back. YLife must've been tough for you two out there."

Isabel leaned casually against the car, her lips curling in a faint smile. "You're wrong. Reg and I built our own business, and he's the boss now. We're living comfortably in the crown villa in Lilac Heights. We can buy whatever we want and eat whatever we like. It's a hundred, no, a thousand times better than the Zimmermans' life."

She was being honest, but Colin found it hard to believe.

It wasn't easy to start a business, not to mention to live in Lilac Heights, the most luxurious villa area in Solaria.

The area was exclusive, and if one didn't have the right connections, entry was impossible.

Colin had once gone there with a wealthy client and admired the luxurious environment, but after learning the price, he could only dream.

The crown villa was even unreachable.

"Isabel, I'm not negotiating with you. I've already made my decision," Colin stated firmly.

Isabel chuckled, amused. "Your decisions mean nothing to me. Even if I don't take the fall for Lillian, what will you do? Drag me to the police? That won't work. I'd just tell them I was forced into it, that I wasn't drunk, and that it was Lillian who caused the accident."

Colin's expression darkened as he asked coldly, "Are you sure you won't cover for her?"

Isabel stepped out of the car, unfazed. "You're the one being irrational here, not me."

His chest rose and fell with anger, his narrowed eyes fixed on Isabel as he warned, "You'll regret this."

"No, you're the one who'll regret it," Isabel replied calmly, meeting his furious glare without a hint of fear.

After a tense silence, she grew tired of the exchange, slammed the door with a loud bang, and walked off.

"You br*t!" Colin shouted, his gaze fixed on her with rage, as though he wished he could shoot her.

"Hmph! Do you think you'll escape this? You'll take the fall!" He rolled down the car window as his assistant approached.

"What's your command, Boss?"

"Spread the word that witnesses saw the hit-and-run driver's car at the Zimmermans yesterday—and that Isabel was seen stepping out of it." Colin handed his assistant a photo from his phone.

The photo had been sent to him anonymously last night, as blackmail—pay up or risk Lillian's reputation.

Hmph! Threatening me? Does he think I'm stupid?

Colin had long prepared to handle it his way. He planned to go public first, asserting that the person in the photo was Isabel since the face was hard to distinguish.

Besides, from the back, Isabel and Lillian looked alike. That would create doubt if anyone later claimed it was Lillian.

"Yes, Boss. I'll do it right away."

Meanwhile, Isabel had no idea about Colin's schemes. She was parked in front of a pharmacy, worried it had been over 72 hours, making the birth control pills less effective.

Thankfully, she'd been in her safe period recently, unlike her friend Yvette, who easily became pregnant.

Even if she ended up pregnant, she was a doctor and could easily prescribe the necessary medication for an abortion. Still, as she thought about it, she felt uncertain.

Isabel lowered her gaze, resting a hand on her stomach. If she were pregnant, it would be her closest family—maybe letting go wouldn't be so easy.

Just as she was lost in thought, her phone rang. It was Yvette.

The moment Isabel picked up, she heard Yvette's frantic voice.

"Isabel! Help! Something serious has happened!"