

Chapter 153 Isabel's Back in the Headlines

"Hey, wait! Let me reconsider this."

"Sure, take your time. I'll hang up for now."

"Can't you hold on just a bit longer—"

Beep! The call was cut off.

Right after ending the call, Xander dialed Isabel for some casual conversation. Meanwhile, Max mumbled to himself.

"Why do I even have to help her? Who does she think she is? She asked me to pose as her boyfriend, and I'm supposed to just go along with it, huh?

"But if I refuse, she'll just find someone else ... "

Max grew irritated, picturing Yvette cozying up to some other guy in front of her parents.

"Well, I'm bored anyway, so maybe it'll be a good distraction," he reasoned. Having made up his mind, Max called Xander back.

"Sorry, the person you're trying to reach is currently on another call. Please try again later ... "

Who is he talking to? Why isn't he answering me?

Five minutes later, Max tried calling again, only to hear the same automated message.

"Still on the call? Since when does he talk this much?" Max wondered.

Normally, Xander was a man of few words. If he could respond in one word, he'd never bother using three. If he was still talking after five minutes, Max could bet it was Isabel on the other line.

Max clicked his tongue. "I'm so jealous!"

After 20 minutes, he finally got through.

"Oh wow, Xander! I mean, you're the CEO of Bennett Group, known for being brief and to the point. Yet here you are, on the phone for over 20 minutes! That's a record! If people knew, they'd be talking about it online, like 'Bennett Group's CEO breaks a record for a phone call!'"

Xander frowned slightly, looking somewhat unsatisfied. "She had something else to do."

"Huh?" Max looked confused.

"I had to hang up early because she had something to attend to," Xander explained.

Max's jaw dropped. So, if Isabel hadn't been busy, would they still be talking now?

He was dying to know what they'd talked about for so long, considering Xander was never one for long conversations.

"Have you made up your mind?" Xander's question snapped Max back.

"Yes, I have. Anyway, I've got nothing else to do, so I'll go along with her."

"Alright, I'll call Isabel and let her know."

Max smirked, teasing, "So that's why you wanted my answer so quickly—you just needed another excuse to talk to Isabel!"

"You don't have to say it out loud. You're just stimulating yourself." Xander chuckled.

Max was speechless.

"Xander, you've changed. You're getting playful—guess love does that to people!"

"I don't have time for this; I'm hanging up."

"Wait! Don't hang up yet!" Max suddenly remembered something.

"What else?" Xander asked impatiently, ready to call Isabel back.

"Your woman, Isabel, is trending right now. Something happened—you'll want to check for yourself." Max's tone was unusually serious, void of his usual joking.

Upon hearing Max's words, Xander also grew serious.

They were childhood friends who knew each other well. Though Max often seemed lighthearted and playful, he was much more grounded than he appeared.

If Max were as incompetent as most other second-generation heirs, Xander wouldn't even consider him a friend.

Max's serious tone while mentioning the trending topic hinted that something significant had happened.

Xander usually paid little attention to big events, but when it involved Isabel, he couldn't afford to look the other way.

He quickly opened Twitter. As expected, he saw Isabel's name trending.

Headlines accused Isabel, heiress of the Zimmerman Group Isabel, of a late-night hit-and-run, along with photos.

A 40-year-old farmer had been struck and rushed to the hospital, his condition critical. His family was impoverished, with a young son who had a heart condition needing costly surgery—a truly tragic situation.

Posts condemning Isabel flooded in one after another, filled with insults and curses.

"Oh my god! How can someone be so heartless?"

"Don't be so surprised. Those rich second-generation have no regard for us at all!"

"What a despicable woman! The police should arrest her and throw her in jail! Better yet, execute her!"

"Did anyone see that blogger who went to visit the hospital? The scene was heartbreaking."

"Which blogger?"

"I've sent the link."

Xander clicked the link, leading to a video showing the aftermath.

The victim lay in bed, an oxygen mask over his face. Beside him, a middle-aged woman sat sobbing, while two boys looked on in tears.

Facing the camera, the woman pleaded, "Please help us get justice. My husband is our family's support. If he doesn't make it, how will we survive?"

She then broke down, crying even louder.

Xander watched intently, with Isabel watching as well. She sighed. "Colin is truly ruthless in forcing me to take the fall for Lillian."

Isabel stared at the photo, noting that the person's back looked a bit like hers. However, if anyone took a closer look, they would realize it was Lillian in the photo, not her.

Just as she was thinking, Xander called.

"Come back first. Don't go out for now."

Isabel immediately guessed that he must have learned about the incident.

"Do you think the person in the photo is me?"

"I'm not blind."

His brief response made Isabel feel a warmth she couldn't fully explain. It was such a comforting feeling to know someone believed in her.

"It's just a back shot. How could you tell it wasn't me?" she asked, intrigued.

"She doesn't have a waist as slim as yours."

"What?" Isabel was stunned.

It wasn't that she was slow to react, but the seriousness in Xander's voice paired with his somewhat crude comment left her stunned. He had no filter when it came to his words.

Before she could respond, what he said next made her jaw drop even further.