

Chapter 155 I Come To Pick Up My Wife

Isabel froze at the sound of a familiar voice.

Why is Xander here?

She turned around and saw him, his face serious and a bit dusty. As she stared at him, he looked straight back, striding toward her.

"M-Mr. Bennett?" The officer stood up in surprise.

Although Xander rarely showed up at the station, his visits related to Samuel's case had made him somewhat familiar to the staff.

"What brings you here?" the officer asked with curiosity.

Xander walked right up to Isabel, placing a hand on her shoulder. "I'm here to take my wife home."

"Your wife?"

The officer's eyes widened as he glanced between Isabel and Xander, astonished.

Earlier, Xander had claimed he could provide proof. Now the officer prompted him, "Mr. Bennett, you said you had evidence. Please tell the truth."

Despite Xander's status as Solaria's wealthiest man, the officer still had to handle this matter officially.

"Of course," Xander replied. "She was with me all of last night."

Then, he added, "In my arms."

Isabel was speechless. That last detail wasn't exactly necessary.

The officer cleared his throat. "Mr. Bennett, the incident happened around 1 AM. If you were asleep, how can you be sure she didn't leave without you knowing?"

"That's impossible," Xander replied confidently.

Isabel and the officer both looked at him, perplexed by his certainty.

She secretly agreed with the officer's skepticism. If she'd gone out without him knowing, Xander might have a hard time being her alibi.

"Because ... well, I need a private word with you," Xander told the officer.

Private?

The officer guessed it might involve something personal. Could it be ... a couple's matter?

Feeling slightly awkward, the officer followed Xander aside, where he heard Xander say seriously, "I suffer from severe insomnia. No medication has helped so far. I can provide medical reports."

The officer, understanding Xander had no reason to lie, nodded. "So you were awake all night and can give Ms. Zimmerman an alibi?"

If that was the case, then the incident had nothing to do with Isabel.

Xander shook his head, surprising the officer. "Actually, I slept very soundly last night."

"Huh?" The police officer was baffled.

What does that mean? If he was sleeping so soundly, how could he be an alibi for Isabel? Also, didn't he mention struggling with severe insomnia?

Before the officer could question further, Xander spoke up.

"The truth is, I can only fall asleep if I'm holding her. Otherwise, I'll wake up," he said.

The officers were dumbfounded, staring at Xander in surprise.

Honestly, if Xander wasn't the wealthiest man in Solaria, he might have thought Xander was making fun of them.

Finally, Xander was able to take Isabel with him, mainly because the station had no clear proof that the person in the image was Isabel.

Once outside, Isabel's curiosity got the best of her. "What did you say to him privately?" she asked.

Opening the car door for her, Xander responded, "If it was private, it wouldn't be something I'd tell everyone."

His answer only piqued Isabel's curiosity further. On the drive, she kept pressing him for details, which he found charming rather than annoying. He loved the cheerful conversations, thinking how wonderful the moments felt.

Shortly after Xander and Isabel left, Reggie arrived at the police station, visibly unsettled.

"How may I assist you?" an officer asked him.

Reggie arrived in a hurry, looking frazzled and anxious.

"I'm Isabel Zimmerman's brother!"

"You're Ms. Zimmerman's brother?"

"Yes," Reggie replied, showing his ID.

The officer took it, glancing at the information, and then handed it back.

"Where's my sister? Has she been locked up?"

Reggie scanned the room but saw no sign of Isabel, starting to wonder if she'd been detained. His worry intensified, making him feel as nervous as a cat on hot bricks.

"Your sister left with Bennett Group's CEO," the officer informed him.

"Who's he? Why did he take my sister away?" Reggie asked in confusion.

The officer eyed Reggie with a puzzled expression. Was he too worked up to think clearly?

"It's your brother-in-law."

"Oh!" Reggie immediately understood—it was Xander.

But he couldn't help wondering why the officer had referred to Xander as Bennett Group's CEO.

Meanwhile, Isabel's phone chimed with a new message. When she opened it, she saw it was from Beowulf.

Could he have found something? Isabel thought, opening the message eagerly.

"Boss, you've got to check Twitter!" Beowulf had written, adding a playful smirk emoji.

Twitter? What could be happening there?

Isabel opened Twitter, and her eyes lit up.

Curious, Isabel opened Twitter, her eyes brightening as she saw the latest posts. Instead of trouble, it looked like Beowulf had stirred things up, claiming the person in the photo was Lillian.

He'd even paid to trend the post, pushing down any mention of Isabel.

Scrolling through the comments, she saw an uproar. Many of Lillian's fans were furious, defending their idol.

"Lily would never do something like this! It's a set-up by her stepsister!"

"I agree! It has nothing to do with Lily!"

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It was clear that those were comments from Lillian's fans.

A few level-headed users had different opinions.

"Honestly, the person in the photo looks a lot like Lillian," someone wrote.

This comment sparked an immediate backlash from Lillian's fans.

"If you have an eye problem, get your eyes checked! Lillian isn't like that!" someone shot back.

"Exactly! We've followed Lillian for years and know her character. Who are you, just a random stranger, to spread rumors? Lillian would never drink and drive, let alone commit a hit-and-run!"

"This guy's probably a troll Isabel hired. Let's all report him!"

"Wait, why am I suddenly a troll hired by Isabel? Can't I just be a regular person speaking the truth? Fine, here are some side-by-side photos for comparison. By the way, Lillian's die-hard fans won't even need to look. You won't believe that's your idol anyway."

As soon as the image was posted, more reasonable users began siding with Isabel.

"Honestly, it does resemble Lillian more," one commented.

"No way! It's Isabel!" argued another.

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The comments only grew more intense.

Just then, Beowulf messaged again with a sly smile emoji, "Boss, I've got a surprise for you!"

"What did you do?" Isabel asked, confused but intrigued.