

Chapter 183 A Blow to Kaleb's Ego

Isabel's eyes narrowed with a chilling, dangerous glimmer. Just as she was preparing to fight back, her wrist was suddenly seized.

The touch ...

It felt oddly familiar to Isabel.

In moments of danger, Xander would always appear from nowhere, grabbing her and pulling her close.

Is it him?

Before Isabel could even process the thought, the force of the man's grip yanked her toward him.

No, it's not him!

When they came face to face, the panic that had clouded Isabel's expression instantly faded, replaced by an emotionless, frosty stare.

Then, a voice filled her ear, one that instantly set her on edge.

"Mr. Kemp, you've got the wrong person. She's my friend."

Kaleb!

It's him!

Isabel's teeth clenched, and she tried with all her might to yank her hand from his hold.

Kaleb looked at her, brow furrowed. "Stop making a scene."

"Ha!" Isabel scoffed. "Who do you think you are, telling me to stop making a scene? This man was the one causing trouble in the first place. Don't you have eyes?"

Kaleb's face darkened.

Ignoring him, Isabel continued, "I remember about a year ago, a man tried hitting on me. You were ready to step in, but when you found out he was some big shot, not only did you not help me, but you actually teamed up with him.

"I was your fiancée then, and yet for your own gain, you did something like that. Kaleb, you're the worst kind of scum! Eva stealing you from me was the best thing that ever happened."

With every word, Kaleb's anger grew, his expression darkening. "I didn't upload those photos."

Kaleb assumed Isabel was referring to the viral photos on Twitter from yesterday.

"You didn't upload them? Then who did? The person who blackmailed you with those photos—didn't you pay them off to keep quiet? That means you were the one with them," Isabel shot back, her frustration bubbling over.

She'd already figured Kaleb wasn't behind the photos. In fact, her suspicions had led to a confrontation with Xander. Bringing this up now was almost a way to release some of her pent-up anger.

It wasn't me! I told you, I'm not that type of person! Kaleb said firmly.

"If it wasn't you, then it must've been Eva. She probably sent the photos to ruin my name," Isabel retorted, unwilling to back down.

Kaleb frowned, visibly irritated that she was blaming Eva. "Isabel, can you stop blaming everything on Eva? You didn't even see it happen. How do you know it was her?"

"Ha!" Isabel scoffed again. "It doesn't matter if I saw it or not. I could always release the video of Eva pushing your mother into the pool. You and your mother still believe I did that? Well, I'm done. I'm not wasting any more time on you."

With a sharp motion, Isabel yanked her hand free from Kaleb's grasp.

Looking at her hand in disgust, she sneered, "Disgusting!"

Kaleb clenched his jaw, humiliated by her public insult in front of so many influential people.

"Isabel, let's talk outside," he said, reaching for her hand once more.

"Get lost!" Isabel lost all composure and slapped Kaleb across the face.

The slap echoed loudly, silencing the room.

The men watching the scene frozen in shock. No one had expected Isabel to act so boldly.

Kaleb was equally stunned. He never imagined she would slap him, especially not in front of so many people.

When he came to his senses, his face burned with humiliation, unsure whether it was the sting of the slap or the embarrassment of being so publicly degraded.

He had never felt such a deep insult.

Fuming with rage, Kaleb's anger boiled over. Nearby, one of the other bosses stood up to intervene.

"Ms. Zimmerman, I understand you have your issues with Mr. Johnson, but these things are best handled privately. You should show him some respect in public. We'll pretend we didn't see anything, and you two should step outside and sort this out."

The other men, now piecing things together, realized that Isabel had once been engaged to Kaleb.

"Hah, how funny. Who do you think you are, trying to tell me what to do? I don't owe Kaleb anything anymore. I'm not his wife, so why should I give him any respect?" Isabel shot back, glaring at both the man and Kaleb.

Kaleb stood there, stunned, struggling to find words.

He realized something: Back when they were engaged, he could easily boss Isabel around, scolding her whenever she made a mistake.

But now that they were no longer together, he had no right to control her.

"Birds of a feather, huh? You're just a bunch of rotten men," Isabel sneered, glancing around the room with contempt before she turned and marched out the door.

If she hadn't been so drunk, she might have enjoyed beating both Kaleb and the man who had flirted with her earlier.

"Ahem ... " One of the bosses cleared his throat, glancing at the fuming Kaleb. "Mr. Johnson, don't take it too hard. You're young and inexperienced. Women are like that. My wife's the same way. She often makes things hard for me in public, and now I'm too embarrassed to even take her anywhere."

Other bosses chimed in with their own observations.

"Yeah, my wife's even worse than Ms. Zimmerman."

"I think Ms. Zimmerman's just tough on the outside but soft on the inside. She probably still cares about you. The more she loves you, the harder she hits you. She probably drank too much, which is why she got so aggressive. You should go after her. She's beautiful, and if someone with bad intentions finds her, she could be in danger."

Listening to this, Kaleb stopped caring about the slap.

"Sorry, everyone. Please excuse me. I'll be back shortly."

"Go ahead, no problem. If you don't come back, it's fine," they said, encouraging him.

The bosses were thinking, since Isabel had gotten drunk and Kaleb was going after her, the two would find themselves tangled up in the bedroom in no time.

"Exactly! It's okay if you don't come back. Women, you know, need to be controlled by a man's strength. Once you've got them under your thumb, they'll follow your lead without a word."

"Haha—true wisdom, true wisdom! Mr. Johnson, maybe you should try it yourself," they laughed.

Kaleb felt a mix of temptation and discomfort at their comments, but his mind quickly shifted to Eva. He knew he couldn't cheat on her. If he did, he'd be no better than the kind of man Isabel had called him—the one who took advantage of women.

Regardless of everything, Isabel was clearly too drunk, and Kaleb's main concern was making sure she was okay. He had to check on her.

"I'll be right back," he said.

Without wasting any time, he opened the door and hurried in the direction Isabel had gone.

After only a few steps, he spotted her, one hand resting on the wall, the other tugging at her shirt collar. Her voice sounded strained as she whispered, "It's so hot ... "