

Chapter 31 A Sudden Turn of Events

Samuel actually stood up!

Ivana and Rachel both stared in disbelief at what they just witnessed.

They were well aware of Samuel's condition. They knew all too well about Samuel's condition—his legs, once strong, had withered like old tree roots. They had sought the best doctors and tried every medicine available, but nothing had worked. Not even the slightest improvement.

"This is amazing! Truly amazing!" Tears welled up in Ivana's eyes, and her voice rolled down with joy. As her emotions surged, she suddenly recalled what Isabel had said earlier.

"Can you really have Sam walking in two weeks?" Ivana asked, her eyes filled with hope as she looked at Isabel.

Isabel shook her head gently and said, "Forget I said anything earlier."

What did she mean? Ivana was momentarily confused.

With a sigh, Isabel continued, "Didn't you tell me to leave? That the Bennetts didn't welcome me? I don't have thick skin. Since you've made it clear I'm unwelcome, I have my pride too. I'll pack my things and leave right away. I won't set foot in your house again."

Ivana panicked upon hearing this.

"It was just a misunderstanding! I didn't mean it, I swear!"

Rachel's eyes widened with panic. She quickly interjected, "Ivana, I think this is all just a coincidence. There's no way she could have—"

"Get out of my way!" Ivana snapped, pushing Rachel aside and moving closer to Isabel. Without a second thought, she took the emerald bracelet off her wrist and slipped it onto Isabel's hand.

"Sweetie, I spoke too harshly earlier. I was just anxious out of love for my children. Don't take it to heart, okay?"

Rachel, who had been pushed aside, stood there in shock, unable to comprehend what she was seeing. Her eyes bulged in disbelief.

Isabel glanced at the bracelet, the emerald shining brightly—it was the Rockefeller emerald, priceless and rare. Ivana truly was generous. But of course, it was no small matter; it concerned her youngest son's legs.

But Isabel knew when to stop. If she pushed too much, the situation could become irreparable, and it would be difficult to back down gracefully.

"Oh, don't worry," Isabel said with a slight smile. "We're all family; how could I hold a grudge?"

After that, everyone considered the issue resolved.

As they left the villa together, Rachel could no longer keep quiet. "Ivana, how can you let her stay and let her stay around Xan? She's not a good person!"

"I don't care if she's a good person or not," Ivana responded calmly. "As long as she can heal Sam's legs."

"But Ivana, didn't you hear her? She's planning to drug Xan and climbed into his bed! Someone as scheming as her, staying by Xan's side—who knows, one day she might really succeed in her plans!" Rachel's voice grew louder with urgency.

If that day ever came, what would happen to her? She was supposed to be Xander's wife! She couldn't bear the thought of anyone else lying next to him.

Ivana patted Rachel's hand reassuringly. "I know what you're worried about, and I understand your feelings for Xan. Honestly, you are my ideal choice for a daughter-in-law."

"Ivana ... "

"That girl can heal Sam's legs. If my son stands again, I can finally breathe easy after all these years of worry." Ivana sighed.

"And Xan? You're just going to sacrifice him?" Rachel asked, her eyes red with emotion.

"You really don't have much confidence in Xan, do you? He's always been calm and steady. He understands people well. Do you think Xan would fall for a scheme so easily? Or do you think Xan isn't wary of that woman at all?" Ivana's words were firm.

Rachel felt a bit more at ease after hearing Ivana's reasoning.

"Trust me, Xan's taste is exceptional. I'm sure he's keeping Isabel around only because she can heal Sam. Once Sam's better, Xan will make sure Isabel leaves," Ivana concluded.

"Alright, I trust you," Rachel agreed, though her mind was racing.

While she pretended to agree with Ivana, Rachel had secretly recorded their conversation on her phone earlier at the villa. She planned to play Isabel's words for Xander, so he could see for himself just how wicked Isabel really was.

"Achoo!" Isabel sneezed suddenly.

Right after, she heard some girls nearby gushing, "Wow, he's so handsome!"

"Yeah, he's hot, but his outfit is a little ... flashy."

Hearing this, Isabel figured the person she was waiting for had finally arrived.

She glanced up and spotted a young man in a pink suit leaning casually against a golden convertible.

It was Beowulf Lynch—Beo, the business owner of Five Wolves.

He glanced around but didn't see the familiar figure he was looking for.

Beowulf muttered, "Huh? Weird, Boss said we'd meet here, but where is she?"

Just as he was about to take out his phone, two giggling girls rushed up to him.

"Hey, handsome, can we get your numbers?" One of them asked. One of them asked.

Beowulf had become accustomed to this level of attention.

It wasn't his fault that he was both good-looking and wealthy.

"Sorry, I'm meeting someone," he said.

The girls pouted in disappointment but weren't ready to give up just yet.

"We don't mean anything by it; we just want to get to know you."

"I'm not interested in getting to know you," Beowulf replied. As he spoke, he spotted Isabel walking toward him.

What a beautiful girl! She could almost rival boss. But this girl is clearly here to flirt. I have high standards—no one ever caught my eye.

With that thought in mind, Beowulf looked at Isabel with a noticeable hint of disdain.

"Are you here for my number too?" he asked.

Isabel raised an eyebrow and asked, "Don't you recognize me?"

"Huh? What do you mean?" Beowulf took off his sunglasses, staring at her curiously.

"Nope, never seen you."

"Pff!" The girls burst out laughing and said, "Girl, your pickup line is so outdated!"

Isabel shot them a cold glance before turning her attention back to Beowulf. She said, "Beo, you're three minutes late."

Beowulf's eyes widened, and he asked, "B-boss? Is that you?!"

"Come on, I've already reserved a table inside," Isabel gestured toward a nearby restaurant.

"Wait, Boss, is this a disguise? It doesn't even look like you! There are no signs of a disguise at all. Or has your disguise technique improved?" Beowulf bombarded her with questions as he followed her inside.

From a window seat on the third floor, Xander had been watching everything unfold.

How did she know Beowulf? It appeared that they had a close relationship.

He could sense it. Isabel seemed more real, more at ease with Beowulf than she ever was with him.

The thought made Xander's grip on his glass tighten, his knuckles turning white.

"Mr. Bennett? Mr. Bennett?" Albert called out twice before Xander snapped back to reality.

Albert stood and raised his glass. "Mr. Bennett, it's true that my son and granddaughter were in the wrong. I failed to discipline them properly, and this glass of wine is my apology to you."

Xander had no intention of forgiving Morris and Tiffany, but Albert was an old family friend. He had been close to Xander's late grandmother. And now, as a grandfather figure, Albert was personally offering a toast. It would be rude to refuse.

With that thought, Xander stood up and said, "You're too kind, Albert. This matter doesn't involve you."

Then he raised his glass and downed the drink in one swift motion.

At that moment, everyone watched Xander's glass intently.

Success was within reach!