

Chapter 38 Isabel's Fury

"Is this what Isabel said?"

A sense of joy surged in Xander's heart, growing stronger and stronger, almost overflowing from his eyes. His lips couldn't help but curve slightly, but the smile faded as quickly as it came.

"Huh?" Rachel blinked in surprise, staring wide-eyed at Xander. Was it just her imagination, or did she really see Xander smile?

Impossible. In a situation like this, Xander should be furious.

She must have seen it wrong!

"Send it to me." Xander said, looking at Rachel's phone.

"Oh, okay." Rachel was overjoyed, thankful for her cleverness in secretly recording the conversation yesterday. Isabel, let's see if you can stay here now!

After receiving the recording, Xander turned and headed upstairs.

Rachel could barely contain her excitement. She couldn't wait to witness Isabel being thrown out.

Xander reached Isabel's door, raising his hand to knock but then hesitated and lowered it.

Last night, she had exhausted herself trying to suppress the effects of the drug. She must be utterly worn out. She had mentioned earlier she needed to catch up on sleep. Since that was the case, he decided not to disturb her for now. He would handle the Perkins issue first.

"Huh?" Rachel was absolutely baffled. Why didn't Xander go in? Not only did he not go in, but he even came back downstairs. What's going on? Isn't he supposed to storm into Isabel's room, yell at her, and throw her out?

"Xan, why are you—"

Xander glanced at Leo, who was standing by the door. He instructed, "Let's go."

They are going to the Perkins' place? Not dealing with Isabel? Rachel blinked, her brain straining to stay up to speed.

A full minute passed before realization dawned on her. She turned to look at Samuel, who sat in his wheelchair.

Now she understood. Xander was focusing on treating Samuel's leg for now, which meant Isabel wouldn't be in trouble yet. However, once Samuel's leg healed, Isabel would undoubtedly face expulsion from the villa.

Rachel smirked smugly at this thought, glancing upstairs towards Isabel's room with a sly grin.

Just wait!

It won't be long before you're kicked out!

Isabel slept until late morning, only to be awakened by a call from an unknown number.

"Hello? Who's this?"

No sooner had Isabel spoken than a loud, furious voice erupted from the other end.

"Isabel! Have you been ignoring me? I set up a date for you with Mr. Hicks, and why didn't you show up?!"

Colin?

Isabel checked the caller ID—it wasn't Colin's number. She had blocked him some time ago. He must be calling from someone else's phone.

"Didn't I tell you already? I'm not going," she said, her tone indifferent.

Colin was livid.

"You're getting more and more disrespectful! I've already arranged everything with Mr. Hicks! How could you just not show up? And besides, Mr. Hicks's only 52, not old at all—he's in his prime! And most importantly, his company is bigger than ours. If you marry him, you'll be a bona fide lady of status!"

Isabel retorted, "Fifty two? He's older than you, and you still call him 'not old'? Also, I have no interest in becoming some lady of status," Isabel replied lazily.

"You have to go!" Colin ordered. "We can't afford to offend the Hicks! Unless you show up today, we'll lose the chance to work with the Hicks and offend them!"

"Oh, I see. So, you're just using me as a bargaining chip? Sorry, but I'm not going. Since Amelia arranged this, why don't you send her precious daughter instead?"

Colin was infuriated by Isabel's words. Marry Lillian off to an old man? Is she joking? My precious daughter is skilled in every art—music, chess, calligraphy, and painting—and a well-known talent in our social circles. Many wealthy young men are pursuing her. I would never force Lillian into the arms of a man who has outlived his prime! Though I'm not Lillian's biological father, I would never agree to something like that.

"What will it take for you to agree to the blind date?"

By now, Colin's tone had softened slightly.

He had no choice—if he wanted Isabel to agree to the blind date, he had to suppress his anger.

"You're so annoying!" Isabel huffed, ready to hang up.

Just as she was about to press the button, Colin's voice rang out again.

"I figured you might refuse, so I had your brother brought to the restaurant."

Hearing this, Isabel immediately flew into a rage.