

Chapter 39 Isabel's Blind Date (Part One)

Isabel erupted, "You old fool! What do you take Reggie and I are? Even if you don't like us, we're still your flesh and blood! Just look at what you've done! Forcing your own daughter to marry some creepy old man and using your own son to threaten her! If mom were still alive, imagine how heartbroken she'd be!"

Colin's complexion rapidly changed as he struggled to contain his rage, his lungs threatening to explode. Just when he was about to lose it, Amelia stepped forward, taking the phone from him. With a fake smile plastered on her face, she spoke softly, pretending to be calm.

"Isa, don't be mad with your old man. He's only looking out for you. You're still young, but once you're married, you'll see. Older men know how to treat a woman right. Mr. Hicks, the one I've arranged, is genuinely a great guy. Why don't you just come over and meet him? Maybe you'll like him. If you truly don't like him, we won't press the matter.

"Fine, I'll come," Isabel replied, her eyes gleaming coldly.

She knew exactly what they were doing—using her to further their own interests. She would ensure that they understood the consequences of playing with her.

Reggie's injuries were healing well, but it was still advisable for him to stay in the hospital unless absolutely necessary. She was sure the doctors had informed Colin when he came to get Reggie.

Colin didn't care whether his son lived or died because of his own selfish interests.

If their old man could be so heartless, then she had no reason to hold back either.

Isabel slipped into a red, off-the-shoulder dress. She applied a bold, sultry makeup look and grabbed her purse. Isabel was ready to leave the room.

Samuel noticed her outfit and glanced up in surprise. His eyes lit up at first, but then curiosity got the better of him.

"Where are you going all dressed up?"

"Going on a blind date," Isabel said casually as she slipped into her heels.

"What?" Samuel was stunned for a second. Then he remembered the phone call Isabel had received a few days ago from the Zimmermans. He distinctly recalled Colin saying he had arranged for her to meet a man in his fifties or sixties. Isabel had flat-out refused. Isabel even blocked her father's number after that incident.

"Didn't you say you weren't going? Why are you going now?"

After putting on her shoes, Isabel glanced over at Samuel and raised an eyebrow. "Aren't you happy? If this blind date goes well, I can divorce Xander, and then you won't have to worry about me having any ‘feelings’ for your brother."

"Well then, I wish you success," Samuel said, a strange mix of emotions bubbling inside him that he couldn't quite pinpoint.

What was this feeling? He couldn't understand it, and honestly, he didn't want to.

Good riddance!

"Thanks for the well wishes," Isabel replied, turning on her heel and walking out.

No sooner had Isabel left than Samuel's phone rang. It was Xander.

"Hey, Xan, what's up?" Samuel answered.

"Has she woken up yet?"

Xander's question made Samuel glance towards the door Isabel had just walked out of. He hesitated, wondering whether he should tell Xander.

"Huh?" Xander grunted, puzzled by the lack of response.

"Oh, uh, s-she left," Samuel finally said.

"Left? Didn't she say she was going to rest? Where did she go?"

"She said she's going to ... " Samuel trailed off, uncertain whether to say it or not.

"To where?" Xander, sensing something unusual in Samuel's tone, pressed him for an answer.

Say it, or don't say it—what difference does it make? After all, what she does has nothing to do with us. What's there to be afraid of?

With that thought, Samuel stopped hesitating and came clean. "She said she's going on a blind date."

"What did you say?"