

Chapter 48 Ex-Fiancé Is Getting Married

"Would you believe me if I said I'm self-taught?" Isabel asked Xander, a mischievous smile playing on her lips.

She was being truthful; not only had she learned the piano on her own, but many of her other talents were also the result of her determination.

With an IQ soaring over 300, it was no surprise she could master new skills with ease.

"Forget it if you don't want to tell me," Xander replied, already suspecting that Isabel was far from the inept person Leo had described.

Before her stunning piano performance, he had witnessed her exceptional medical skills multiple times. He even entertained the thought that she might be connected to the renowned Miracle Healer.

At the same time, he recognized that if Isabel preferred to keep her past hidden, pressing her would be futile.

Isabel pouted slightly. "Well, I'm telling the truth; believe it or not."

Ten minutes later, they pulled into the driveway.

As Isabel opened the car door to step out, she noticed that Xander remained seated inside.

"Aren't you getting out?"

"I have something to handle; you go ahead."

"Oh, okay."

Once she was out, Xander turned to Leo and said, "Go inform Frank that the company is planning to expand its operations into Azenia. He's responsible for everything there. If anything goes awry, he'll have to answer for it."

"Got it, boss."

Leo clicked his tongue in annoyance, thinking that Frank was finally getting what was coming to him. After the way Frank had spoken about Isabel at the banquet, it was only a matter of time before he faced repercussions.

Meanwhile, Samuel sat in the car, listening to Xander and Leo's conversation and recalling Frank's cutting remarks. He had been close enough to hear everything clearly.

He hadn't anticipated that Xander would care so deeply about Isabel, supporting her quietly behind the scenes.

To be honest, Samuel had struggled to warm up to Isabel in the past. While he didn't harbor any romantic feelings for her, he had to admit that the piano piece she played at the banquet was remarkable!

Her medical abilities were impressive, too—she was an excellent cook. Someone as skilled as she was could be considered a good match for Xander.

But that wasn't the main concern; he always felt that Isabel's reasons for being around their family were more complicated than they appeared.

He looked down at his legs, lost in thought. Both he and his brother suspected that someone from the Bennetts was behind the troubles they faced.

He had wondered if a few of his uncles, who had previously vied against Xander for his position, were involved. After all, they had been defeated one by one by Xander.

These individuals likely still held grudges and were waiting for an opportunity to retaliate, hoping to reclaim the family head position from Xander.

He had been the first target in their revenge plot.

If it hadn't been for a kind stranger who rushed him to the hospital in time, he might not have survived.

His legs were already in dire condition; now he worried whether Isabel was one of the individuals his uncles had deliberately placed within their family.

Even if Xander investigated, the chances of uncovering the truth seemed slim, but for Samuel, there was no room for error.

He watched as Isabel made her way into the villa, his determination solidifying.

Just wait; I will uncover the truth!

...

In the days that followed, Rachel hadn't shown up at the villa, and Isabel suspected it was due to her frustration.

Just then, her phone buzzed with a call from her best friend, Yvette.

"Isabel, please don't cry!"

"Huh?" Isabel paused, confused. "Why would I cry?"

She felt genuinely happy; there was no reason to shed tears.

"That jerk, Kaleb, is the worst!" Yvette exclaimed, furious. "He dumped you at the wedding and then announced he's marrying Eva!"

"What? They're getting married?"

"You weren't aware?"

Isabel let out a light laugh. "Why should that matter to me? I have far more important things on my mind."

To Yvette, this remark sounded like a veil for Isabel's deeper emotions after a significant emotional setback.

Oh, my poor Isabel!

Before Yvette could gather her thoughts to console her friend, Isabel's voice interrupted again.

"Kaleb and Eva are actually tying the knot?"

Realizing Isabel was genuinely clueless about the situation, Yvette clarified, "On the 18th of this month, at ... the same venue where you held your wedding last time."

Yvette clenched her teeth as she spoke those words.

"Eva must have done this on purpose!"

Isabel nodded, recognizing that Eva's intentions were clearly aimed at shaming her.

"Isabel, let's just ignore her. On the 18th, I'll take you out to the bar to have some fun." Yvette was concerned that Isabel might do something extreme on that day.

Isabel glanced at the calendar. If her calculations were correct, Kaleb and Eva would be getting married in nine days.

Standing in front of the mirror, she tucked a few loose strands of hair behind her ear, a hint of a half-smile breaking across her cool demeanor.

"What are you talking about? Kaleb is my ex-fiancé. If he's marrying someone, I should wish him well."

Yvette's eyes widened in alarm.

"Isabel, please don't do anything rash! Kaleb might be a jerk, but he's tied to Johnson Group! Reggie is still recovering; if you crash the wedding, it could end badly for you!"

"Who said I was going to crash the wedding? I only said I'd go to offer them my blessings. Johnson Group may be unreasonable, but surely they wouldn't eject a guest who came to sincerely wish the couple well."

Isabel was firm in her resolve. Over the next few days, she planned to have Beowulf arrange a spectacular surprise for the couple.

"Isabel, you—"

"Don't worry; I won't do anything reckless," Isabel assured her, glancing at the clock. It was nearly time to set her plan in motion.

"It's late. I didn't sleep well last night. Let's talk next time."

It was already 10:30 PM. Xander was out attending an important dinner and wouldn't return until late.

Earlier, she had added a sleep aid to Samuel's medication, ensuring he would be fast asleep—just the perfect chance for her to act!

Isabel first made her way to Xander's study. Before touching anything, she carefully noted how everything was organized. After inspecting each item, she returned everything to its original position to avoid raising any suspicions.

After searching for a while, she still couldn't locate what she needed.

He's not in the study?

I'll check Xander's bedroom.

Isabel had been in Xander's room before and had quietly observed it, but she hadn't had the chance to search through it.

Once inside, she meticulously began her hunt for the safe's location.

After ten minutes, her eyes landed on the wardrobe. She opened it to discover an almost identical collection of black suits and white dress shirts.

How could a man wear nearly the same outfit every day without growing tired of it?

As she pondered this, a shirt slipped from her grasp and fell to the floor with a soft thud.

Oh, no! It's wrinkled!

Xander had a serious obsession with cleanliness, so all his clothes were perfectly ironed, with not a single crease visible.

If he found any wrinkles in his shirts, it would surely raise his suspicions.

Thinking quickly, Isabel snatched up the shirt and began to iron it by hand, tugging at the fabric to smooth it out.

Creak ... The door swung open, and a low voice cut through the silence.

"What are you doing?"