

Chapter 52 Reggie's Face Is Finally Healed

"Wait, what?" Samuel blinked in surprise at Isabel's declaration.

She is planning to crash the wedding?

Does this mean she still has feelings for Kaleb?

It seemed like Xander's initial assessment was spot on—Isabel had married Xander as a way to get back at her former fiancé.

After giving it some thought, it all started to make sense. Isabel and Kaleb had grown up side by side; their connection ran deep. How could she just move on so easily?

Well, as long as Isabel wasn't going to keep pursuing Xander, that was all that really mattered.

"Please don't mention this to Xander," he requested.

If Xander learned about Isabel's intention to stir up trouble at the wedding, he would likely attempt to intervene.

"Got it. I won't breathe a word."

Isabel could see Samuel's concern. After all, she was now legally married to Xander. If Xander found out, it would look like she was being unfaithful in some way.

"I'm finished eating. I'm stepping out for a bit. I probably won't be back tonight, so let Xander know," Isabel announced as she set her utensils aside.

"Are you going to look for Kaleb now?" Samuel couldn't help but ask, even though he usually preferred to stay out of other people's affairs.

"Why would I be searching for him? It's not the 18th yet. I'm heading to the hospital to handle Xander's discharge and find a place for him to settle. Tonight, I want to prepare dinner for him and catch up," Isabel replied, walking toward the entrance to change her shoes.

"I see." Samuel averted his gaze from Isabel, reminding himself that her affairs were really none of his business. Even if she was going to see Kaleb, it didn't concern him.

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

Isabel gazed at Reggie's face, her eyes shining with delight.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Reggie asked, perplexed.

"It's because I have such a ridiculously handsome brother!"

Reggie's face had fully healed; even upon closer inspection, there was no sign of the burn marks.

His skin was pale, his features striking, exuding the presence of a refined gentleman.

No wonder he had been the heartthrob from elementary school through college!

"Seriously, stop saying such silly things. There are other people around," Reggie replied, glancing at a nearby nurse.

Isabel turned her gaze toward the nurse as well. "Hey, Miss, do you think Xander is good-looking?"

The nurse's cheeks turned pink at the question, and she quickly stole a glance at Reggie, her face turning even redder.

"I-I have other tasks to attend to, so I have to go ..." The nurse stammered, practically hurrying away.

Isabel raised an eyebrow at Reggie. "See? That's how charming you are."

In that moment, Isabel thought about Reggie's ex-girlfriend, Jessica.

If Jessica were to see Reggie's healed face, she wondered how she would react.

But that wasn't enough. Jessica was more interested in the Zimmermans's residence, where he was staying, than in his appearance.

To make that power-hungry woman regret her decisions, Isabel needed to ensure Reggie had a background even stronger than the Zimmermans.

"Reggie, now that you're back to normal, let's launch our business!"

"Sure." Reggie clenched his fists, a rare look of determination flickering across his usually gentle expression.

"But before that, we need to check out some houses."

After that, Isabel and Reggie began exploring various properties, but none quite met their expectations. It wasn't that the houses were bad; it was just that the ones they liked were too expensive, while the more affordable options felt inadequate for Isabel.

"Ugh!" Isabel slapped her forehead in frustration.

How could I have overlooked the house in Lilac Heights?

"I have a house—well, actually, it belongs to my mentor, and it's been vacant for quite some time. I have the key," Isabel explained.

"Where is it?" Reggie asked, intrigued.

"Come with me, and you'll find out."

Before long, they exited the cab, and Reggie stood awestruck in front of the grand entrance of Lilac Heights. He was rendered speechless.

"Isa ... are you really sure this is the place?" Reggie stuttered, struggling to form coherent words.

Lilac Heights was the most opulent and exclusive neighborhood in Solaria, reserved for the wealthy and influential.

It was a place their family could never have even imagined affording.

"Come on. Let's go inside," Isabel urged with a smile. Little did Reggie know that not only did she own a house in Lilac Heights, but she also had residences in the most prestigious neighborhoods across all major cities.

Some of these homes were bought simply because she liked them, while others were gifts from friends who insisted on presenting them to her.

She had accumulated so many properties that she had lost track.

Upon reaching house number 7, Reggie halted again.

Number 7 was always a prized digit, especially in upscale neighborhoods like this, where it symbolized luck.

The Miracle Healer is impressive indeed!

As this thought crossed Reggie's mind, he watched Isabel approach the entrance. She walked up to the high-tech security system, and with a quick facial scan, the door to the villa emitted a soft beep and unlocked.

Reggie's eyes widened in astonishment. Isabel can unlock the door using facial recognition? It gave him a surreal feeling that Isabel might actually be the owner of this house.

But that can't be right. The Miracle Healer must have brought Isabel here before and registered her in the system.

"Hey, Reggie, you'll need to register your face later too," Isabel said, casually pushing the door open as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world.

Inside, the villa was bright and spacious, adorned with sleek, minimalist furnishings. The décor was top-notch, and the smart home system ensured everything was operating flawlessly. The entire space was immaculate, with not a speck of dust in sight.

It was clear that Beowulf must have hired people to clean regularly. There was no other way it could be this pristine.

"So, what do you think of this place?" Isabel asked, flopping down comfortably on the couch.

In stark contrast, Reggie felt significantly more uptight. He couldn't relax in such an extravagant environment.

"Isa, this place is far too nice. If we accidentally break or damage something, we'd be in trouble," Reggie replied, his voice a little strained with anxiety.

Isabel stood up, took his hand, and gently pulled him toward the couch, encouraging him to sit.

"Relax. Just think of this as your own home. My mentor owns so many houses scattered around that she can't even keep track of them all. She's a bit of a recluse who prefers fishing and living in the countryside. Most of these city homes were gifts from friends. Honestly, if I asked her for this place, she wouldn't even flinch."

"Isa, I don't think that's a good idea."

"I know, I know. I was just saying." Isabel waved him off.

After all, this was technically her house anyway, so the idea of needing to ask for it was ridiculous.

"Just settle in and unwind. Besides, I'm not used to living in tiny apartments," she added, deliberately saying this to distract Reggie from the thought of renting somewhere else.

Her words had the desired effect. After a moment of contemplation, Reggie nodded in agreement.

"Alright, Reggie, go pick a room and unpack. I'll head out to get some groceries. Tonight, I'll whip up a big dinner for us," Isabel said, already reaching for her purse.

"Sounds great."

With that, the two siblings parted ways—Reggie carrying his suitcase upstairs, while Isabel set out to buy food for dinner.

However, just as Isabel was about to step out of the villa, she suddenly spotted Kaleb and Eva approaching the front door, clearly ready to enter.