

Chapter 54 The Best Brother One Could Hope For

Kaleb stood frozen, his heart racing at the sight of Isabel lying on the ground. He instinctively lifted his foot, ready to rush to her side, but Reggie was faster, swooping down to lift her from the pavement.

"Isa! Isa!" Reggie called out, his voice laced with concern.

"Reggie?" Kaleb blinked, surprised by Reggie's fully recovered face. Yet, just as quickly, his attention snapped back to Isabel.

Her complexion was ghostly, a thin layer of sweat glistening on her forehead. She weakly opened her eyes at the sound of Reggie's voice, murmuring, "Reggie ... don't worry, I'm ... I'm fine."

"Fine? You look awful! I'm taking you to the hospital!" Reggie exclaimed, genuine worry etched on his features.

"Reggie!" Isabel grasped the fabric of Reggie's shirt, shooting him a subtle, pleading look.

"What?" Reggie gazed at Isabel in bewilderment. Before he could fully comprehend the situation, he noticed her hand discreetly squeezing her waist.

Understanding her silent cue, Reggie quickly realized what she was trying to convey.

"I really am okay. I probably just ... lost too much blood back then, and my body is ... a bit drained ... It's nothing serious; the doctor said I just need some time to recover. It might take ... seven or eight years, but I'll be fine," Isabel said, casting a deliberate glance at Eva, her eyes tinged with sadness.

Kaleb caught that look, and her words echoed relentlessly in his mind.

Her body was severely weakened; the doctor had warned her about blood loss and the need for years of recovery.

All because of Eva ...

And because of him ...

No matter how hard he tried to appear indifferent, even a heart of stone has its vulnerabilities. The deep memories he shared with Isabel were impossible to ignore.

At that moment, Kaleb felt a pang of empathy, even a hint of pain, as he took a step closer to Isabel.

Just as he was about to reach her, Isabel looked up at Reggie. "Reggie, take me home. I want to rest."

Kaleb instinctively frowned, his gaze fixed on her pale face.

The longer he stared, the deeper his frown became.

"Okay, I'll take you home," Reggie said, gently lifting Isabel and turning toward Villa No. 7.

He opened the door and stepped inside.

Villa No. 7?

Kaleb stood in shock, and Eva mirrored his astonishment.

They both knew how much they had spent on Villa 91; it was an outrageous sum.

And Villa 8 was the crown jewel of Lilac Heights!

Not only was it strategically located, but it also offered the finest views and location in the entire region!

Isabel actually lives here?

"Kal, do you think ... Isabel might really have someone supporting her?" Eva asked, her surprise evident, yet unable to resist fueling the gossip.

"Probably not," Kaleb replied thoughtfully. "Only a select few people in Solaria could afford to buy this villa."

Kaleb's mind immediately raced to the wealthiest families in Solaria.

"Then why is Isabel living here?" Eva glared enviously at Villa No. 7, wishing she could flaunt to Isabel that she and Kaleb would soon reside in Lilac Heights too. She wanted Isabel to feel a pang of jealousy and understand who truly mattered to Kaleb.

Before she could indulge in her schemes, the revelation that Isabel was living in Villa No. 7 completely soured her mood and made her oozing with envy.

"I'm not sure about that either," Kaleb admitted, perplexed as to why Isabel was in Villa No. 7.

Inside the villa, Isabel slid down from Reggie's arms.

"Reggie, do you think I come across as manipulative?" Isabel asked, knowing Reggie despised people who played mind games, and her recent actions fell right into that category.

As she worried about his reaction, Reggie reached out and gently ruffled her hair, his expression warm and affectionate.

"Isa, I'm glad you've grown up and learned to protect yourself."

Reggie felt a profound sense of pride swell within him. In the past, he had always acted as Isabel's shield, knowing her to be a trusting soul who always saw the good in people and situations. Even during moments when she faced bullying, she often convinced herself it was merely a misunderstanding.

Now, witnessing his sister finally gain the strength to defend herself brought him both comfort and sorrow.

How could his innocent little sister acquire such wisdom without facing her own share of hardships and heartaches?

Isabel was deeply moved by Reggie's words.

To her, he was the best brother one could hope for.

She knew she needed to protect him in return.

After sharing a few more moments with Reggie, Isabel stepped outside again.

Eva was keenly focused on the news about Isabel residing in Villa No. 7. To keep track of her, she had arranged for someone to discreetly follow Isabel to the local farmers' market.

"Did you say she's at the farmers' market?" Eva sneered into her phone.

Just then, Kaleb walked in, intrigued. "Who went to the market?"

Eva hung up the call and turned her attention to Kaleb. "It's my friend, Julia. She just spotted Isabel at the market. Now it makes sense—Isabel is working as a maid at Villa No. 7."

Initially, Eva had assumed that Isabel was being supported by the villa's owner, but it turned out she was just a servant.

How absurd!

As she chuckled to herself, Eva discreetly observed Kaleb.

His expression was less than pleasant; concern was etched across his brow.

Feeling a surge of anxiety, she nervously squeezed the fabric of her skirt, took a deep breath, and adopted a concerned look as she approached Kaleb. She wrapped her arms around his neck and effortlessly settled onto his lap.

"Kal, Isabel's really pitiful. She lost you and got thrown out by her family. Poor Isabel! Why don't you bring her back home?" As she spoke, Eva fluttered her lashes, her eyes shimmering with feigned sorrow as she bit her lower lip until it turned pale.

Kaleb looked at Eva's sympathetic and gentle demeanor, memories of Isabel's outbursts toward Eva flooding back to him. His heart hardened once more, the rare softness in his expression disappearing entirely.

"Eva, what are you talking about? We're getting married; this is our home. How could I bring Isabel here? You might be kind enough to tolerate her, but I can't allow Isabel to bully you like before. You're already so fragile. What would I do if something happened to you?"

Eva's eyes filled with tears, touched by his concern. "Kal, you're so good to me. I want to grow old with you. It's just that my health ... "

Her voice quivered with emotion as she spoke.

"Silly girl, don't say things like that. As long as I'm here, you'll have a long life," Kaleb replied, his heart aching at her vulnerability.

"Yeah, I believe you, Kal." Eva raised her chin shyly, leaning in to give him a kiss.

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When Xander returned to the villa and changed his shoes, he noticed Isabel's slippers by the front door.

She isn't home?

"Xander, you're back?" Samuel called out as he stepped out of the elevator.

"Where is she?"

Here we go again.

Samuel mentally rolled his eyes; every time Xander came home, his first question was always the same, making Samuel feel like he was unnecessary.

"She went out. She even said she wouldn't be back for dinner, so don't wait for her."

At this, Xander stopped in his tracks and turned to Samuel, his voice sharp. "Where did she go?"