

Chapter 69 The Persistent Ex-Fiance

Samuel quickly moved to the window, pulled back the curtains, and looked down.

"Hmm? Where is she?"

He had clearly seen a figure that looked a lot like Isabel pass by just a moment ago, but now it was gone.

Samuel scanned the surroundings again at night, but still saw nothing.

"Could I have been mistaken?"

Samuel rubbed his eyes. It must be from staring at the screen while gaming too long.

He closed the curtains and turned off the lights to go to sleep.

Isabel stepped out from behind a large tree and glanced toward Samuel's room.

"What a night owl, staying up so late," she thought before continuing on her way.

Before long, she arrived at the old villa in the back.

The driver responsible for the accident and the assassins from over a decade ago were all confined here.

They were kept in separate rooms, so it made her task easier.

Isabel first approached the driver's room, retrieved her pre-prepared hypnotic tools, and gave him a light kick.

"Wake up."

The driver, lost in a deep sleep, blinked groggily as he was jolted awake.

This was the ideal time for hypnosis, so Isabel immediately set to work.

Thirty minutes later, feeling exhausted, Isabel stepped out of the old villa.

I'm so tired. Time to get some rest.

The following day, as they were having breakfast, Leo rushed in, phone in hand.

"Boss, I just got an anonymous email."

"What's the email about?" Xander asked, curious about what could be so urgent that Leo burst in like that.

Isabel remained unfazed, calmly enjoying her breakfast.

Though Samuel was intrigued, he didn't lean in to see. He assumed it was related to company business. Unlike his brother, he wasn't particularly adept at business matters and had little interest in what was happening.

Xander started the video, revealing the driver sitting on the bed. His eyes were lifeless as he mumbled, "Back then, I did receive some money to run someone over."

At this revelation, both Xander and Samuel froze in shock.

Samuel set his utensils down and stepped behind Xander.

Isabel glanced at the milk in her hand, contemplating whether she should go over to take a look. Would it be too abrupt if she showed even a hint of interest?

With that thought, Isabel grabbed her milk and approached Xander, feigning curiosity.

"Who instructed you to do this?" she asked in a disguised voice that sounded distinctly masculine.

The driver confessed, "A stranger approached me out of the blue. I was in a tight spot financially, and he assured me that I wouldn't be in any danger, so I reluctantly agreed."

Isabel pressed on, "Do you know what the person's name was?"

"I don't know," the driver replied blankly.

"Have you seen what he looks like?" Isabel continued.

"The person was well covered. I couldn't see his face."

"Think carefully. Did he have any distinctive features?" Isabel asked again.

After a pause of several seconds, the driver finally spoke up, "I remember now. When he extended his hand to say 'pleasure to work with you,' I noticed that his hand was missing a finger."

The video was nearing its end.

Xander then clicked on other videos showing the hypnosis sessions with the assassins, revealing responses similar to those of the driver.

The person behind Samuel was meticulous in their methods, leaving no room for error.

If the driver hadn't inadvertently noticed the missing finger, they likely wouldn't have had even that slim piece of evidence.

Though the clue was weak, Isabel believed that after years of investigation, Xander would be able to draw some conclusions.

"Did you find out where it was sent from?" Xander turned to Leo and asked.

Leo looked uneasy, hesitating for two seconds before replying, "Azenia."

As soon as he spoke, a heavy silence fell over the living room.

How could it be Azenia? It had to be a deliberate misdirection on their part.

"Who could be secretly helping us?" Samuel muttered to himself before a thought suddenly struck him. He turned wide-eyed toward Isabel.

He recalled what she had said yesterday—that Xander's aggressive approach wouldn't work and that hypnosis would be more effective. Looking at the people in the videos, it was clear they had been hypnotized.

He also remembered the shadowy figure from last night.

Was it a hallucination?

Was it just a coincidence?

Or was it ... Isabel?

Thoughts swirling in his mind, Samuel couldn't help but ask, "Did you go out last night?"

Isabel maintained her composure as she met his gaze. "Last night? I was completely buried under a pillow and couldn't move at all."

Hearing this, Samuel at Xander. His eyes twitched, and then continued to stare at Isabel, trying to find some clues from her face.

"What's the matter? Is there something on my face? Is it because I didn't wash off the eye boogers?" Isabel deliberately changed the subject.

Samuel fell silent.

At that moment, a hand reached toward Isabel's face.

Instinctively, she leaned back as Xander's hand approached.

"Don't move."

Isabel hesitated, I was just joking with Samuel just now. Are there really eye boogers on my face?

Just as this thought crossed her mind, Xander's hand approached her face. He gently wiped the milk from the corner of her mouth.

Isabel was completely entranced by Xander's fingers, and Samuel's reaction wasn't far off. It felt like someone was forcing him to watch the excessive displays of affection.

At least he wasn't the only one feeling this way. With that thought, Samuel glanced up at Leo. The same look of disbelief on Leo's face was a comforting sight for him.

"Enjoy your meal," Xander told Isabel, wiping his fingers on a napkin. He paused, rubbing them thoughtfully, and glanced down at his hands.

Isabel blinked rapidly, locking her gaze onto Xander's eyes.

She felt like she was being hit on, but his refined and distinguished air made it difficult to believe he would be so brazen.

Feeling strangely unsettled, Isabel noticed that the sandwich in her mouth had lost its flavor.

At that moment, Xander's deep, melodious voice suddenly broke through her thoughts.

"Let's watch a movie together this weekend."

Isabel froze for a moment, turning to look at him.

A movie?

A date?

Is he trying to pursue me?

"I might not—" The words of refusal hadn't even fully left her lips before he interrupted her.

"Last time I helped you, so this time you can treat me to a movie as a way to repay the favor."

With Xander putting it that way, Isabel found it impossible to refuse.

"Alright then."

As she agreed, she couldn't help but admire his ability to silence her with just a few words. It was no wonder he was the head of the Bennetts.

Beep! A message notification popped up.

Isabel took out her phone and checked the message.

Kaleb: "I need to see you."

Isabel frowned. They were done. What could he possibly want to see her for now?

"I'm busy."

Upon receiving her reply, Kaleb's expression darkened.

Reflecting on their past, he realized that it was almost always Isabel who reached out to invite him out, while he often responded that he was busy.

So, was she trying to get back at him?

"I need to talk to you."

Isabel was irritated and replied: "You want me to go just because you want to talk? We're done, remember?"

Beep! Kaleb sent another message.

"Isabel, I know you're upset, but are you going to cut me off completely? Are you really going to ignore me?"

"Yes," Isabel replied decisively, without a moment's hesitation.

Kaleb's face darkened, and he grew visibly agitated.

"Come out. I need to see you."

This guy was really annoying! Just as Isabel was about to type a response, a familiar large hand reached over and took her phone away.

"Eating while staring at your phone isn't good for digestion."

Samuel rolled his eyes and focused on his meal, feeling both stuffed from PDA and was going to puke.

After lunch, only Xander and Samuel remained in the living room.

"Xander, I sent you something. Check it out."

"What is it?" Xander asked, puzzled as he opened the message.

"Dating Guide: Movie Edition."

After a brief moment of surprise, Xander turned to Samuel.

"You're helping me? I thought you couldn't stand her."