

Chapter 71 The Ex-Fiancé Tried to Buy Her Off

Kaleb was completely unprepared, stumbling backward from Isabel's shove and crashing into a flower stand.

Holding his lower back, Kaleb looked at Isabel in shock.

Before he could utter a word, Isabel's angry voice cut through the air.

"Kaleb! Did I owe you something in a past life? Why can't you just leave me alone? If you have a problem, come to me directly! But coming here, dragging my brother into this, are you trying to use him to threaten me?"

Reggie was Isabel's bottom line, someone untouchable. That's why she was so furious.

"You've got it all wrong. I never meant to do anything to your brother. You've been avoiding me, refusing to see me, so this was the only way I could find you," Kaleb explained.

"You think I'll believe that? You didn't mean to harm my brother? Then tell me, who had his ribs broken? Who's responsible for making him suffer in the hospital all this time?" Isabel stepped closer to Kaleb with every word.

Kaleb looked at Isabel who was full of anger, and thought about Reggie, feeling a little guilty.

"I'm truly sorry about your brother, but it wasn't me who gave the order to break his ribs. It was the bodyguards."

"Kaleb, Kaleb." Isabel's voice dripped with scorn as she glared at him, her eyes filled with disgust. "You do love shifting the blame onto everyone else."

"Are you seriously going to deny that you ordered the bodyguards to keep my brother out? I'm his only sister—did you really think he'd just stand by and watch me get hurt? Of course, he was going to fight his way in. And those bodyguards, working for you, were simply carrying out your orders."

Kaleb's expression darkened further. It was Isabel's contemptuous gaze that he found even harder to bear than her words.

Isabel wasn't finished speaking.

"And it's the same thing as before. You were the one who cheated, yet you had the audacity to shift all the blame onto me, insisting that I was the one who changed. You claimed I had become the problem, making it unbearable, so you cheated.

"It's funny. You've given every cheating scumbag a perfect excuse. Now, anyone wanting to cheat can do so with a clear conscience, placing all the blame on their partner and claiming they've changed. It's utterly disgusting!"

"You—" Kaleb struggled to find the words, unable to say anything more.

He had sensed Isabel's transformation ever since that day at the hospital when she had her blood drawn. She had become sharp-tongued, aggressive, and defensive.

"I'm not here to fight with you." Kaleb sighed.

Isabel settled onto the couch, crossing her legs and leaning back, giving Kaleb a sidelong glance.

"Are you asking me to get Miracle Healer to treat your mom? Oh, and Eva too?"

Reggie glanced at Isabel, then shot a look of hatred at Kaleb.

How could this man, who had hurt his sister so deeply, now expect her to help him? How selfish could he be?

"That's exactly why I'm here," Kaleb replied, pulling out a bank card. "Here's two million. If you can get Miracle Healer to treat my mom and Eva, I'll give another three million."

A total of five million—an undeniably substantial sum for Isabel and Reggie, who had been thrown out. Kaleb assumed that this offer would prompt Isabel to agree without hesitation, but didn't go as smoothly as he hoped.

"Take it away. I won't agree," Isabel said flatly, staring at Kaleb without emotion.

"Why not?"

"Because Eva's illness is faked. Miracle Healer may be highly skilled, but they can't treat someone who's deliberately pretending to be sick."

The living room fell silent as Kaleb and Isabel locked eyes.

After a long while, Kaleb finally spoke up.

"At our wedding last time, Eva did play some tricks. But I can assure you, she's really unwell."

"Is that so?" Isabel raised her delicate eyebrows, her expression defiant. "Then go ask Eva right now. If I really get Miracle Healer to come, would she dare to let them check her pulse?"

"Does she dare or not?!"

Kaleb began to have doubts when he saw how confident Isabel was.

It was not that he didn't believe Eva, but as the "truth" was revealed again and again, he couldn't help but start to question Eva.

At that moment, he suddenly remembered Laurel's words.

"Don't trust Isabel. This is all part of her plan. It's a cruel psychological tactic!"

"And your mom, she's foul-mouthed and spiteful. Even if I saved her, she wouldn't show me any gratitude. I'm not some kind of savior trying to save everyone, so why should I help?" Isabel believed Laurel and Eva were cut from the same cloth, both were malicious they deserved to tear each other apart as mother-in-law and daughter-in-law.

"I'm not asking you to help. Five million isn't enough, then ten million!" Kaleb said through gritted teeth.

Ten million! That was no small amount. If the siblings invested in a business, with the right direction and proper management, they could achieve great success.

"On top of that, I'll use my connections to help you get started." A spark of confidence lit up Kaleb's eyes. With that offer, he was sure Isabel would agree without hesitation.

As Kaleb was lost in thought, he saw Isabel reach for the card on the table.

Upon seeing this, a knowing expression crossed his face.

"It's a deal—"

"I don't want it!" Isabel threw the card at Kaleb.

Ten million is impressive?

Connections?

Could your connections even compare to mine?

Kaleb's eyes widened as anger surged within him, staring at Isabel in disbelief.

"What the heck do you want?"

"Do you expect me to break up with Eva? Do you think you have to marry me to get what you want?"

Kaleb felt a surge of frustration rising in his chest.

"I don't want anything. I just don't want to get involved," Isabel replied coolly.

That was just her nature, just like Miracle Healer. For those she wanted to save, she would act without hesitation; for those she didn't care about, no amount of money could make her lift a finger.

Frustrated, Kaleb charged toward Isabel.