

Chapter 79 I'll Chase Her After You Get Divorced

The moment Max finished speaking, he turned his head and saw Xander's face, which was now clouded with a hint of danger.

"What's with that look?" Max patted his chest, a little unnerved by the intense expression.

"You can't go after her."

"Why not?" Max asked, genuinely confused.

"Do you even know who she is?"

"Who? It doesn't matter. Whoever she is, I'm not afraid to chase her. With my status as the eldest son of the Hunts, I'd go after her even if she were a princess from a neighboring country."

Xander's dark eyes remained cold as he spoke, his tone indifferent. "She's my wife."

Max's pupils dilated in shock. He glanced at Xander, then looked back at Isabel.

"She ... she's the girl you married?"

Max had heard about Xander's marriage when he was abroad. He had been busy handling some affairs for his family's company and had only returned to the country that morning. That was why he hadn't had the chance to meet Xander's wife until now.

"I wouldn't have guessed! With her medical skills, I assumed she'd be much older than you! She is probably a middle-aged woman in her forties or fifties. But I never imagined she'd be so young, and on top of that, so striking!"

Max was still staring at Isabel, taking in her refined features, stunning figure, and undeniable charm.

"Well, considering she's legally your wife right now, it wouldn't be appropriate for me to pursue her. But I'll chase her after you get divorced."

In Max's mind, Xander had never shown any interest in women. He figured Xander had only agreed to marry Isabel because of Samuel's condition.

Once Samuel fully recovered, Isabel's usefulness would be over, and they'd probably give her a large sum of money to send her on her way.

"You didn't hear me? I said you can't go after her," Xander repeated coldly, his gaze icy as he looked at Max.

If it had been anyone else making such comments, Xander would have cut ties with them immediately. But because it was Max, he was being patient—for now.

Max sensed something was off. He studied Xander carefully, a hint of curiosity in his voice. "What do you mean by that? Don't tell me you actually consider her your wife? That doesn't sound like you. Plenty of beautiful women have tried to get close to you before, and you've never shown them an ounce of affection. You even had some of them thrown out on more than one occasion. How is she different? Did her looks finally get to you? No way, that's not possible. You're not shallow like I am."

Xander gave Max a silent, exasperated look. He didn't have time to explain. Isabel was meeting with Eva, and he was worried things might get messy.

Inside the cafe ...

Eva sat with her arms crossed, glaring daggers at Isabel.

"You really are something, Isabel. Not only did you manage to restore that video, but you also ruined my wedding with Kal."

Isabel raised an eyebrow, her face expressionless. "And you really went all out—resorting to faking a suicide to turn things around."

"Hmph! Your little tricks mean nothing to me. Do you know why?" Eva sneered. "Because Kai loves me!"

"Well, I can tell. You two are a perfect match; you both are trash together," Isabel replied calmly, sipping her coffee without a hint of emotion.

"Keep pretending! Go on, act like you don't care. Others may not see it, but I know the truth. You're still in love with Kal. Everything you've done was just to steal him away from me!"

Eva looked at Isabel with a smug, knowing expression. "Let me tell you something! Mark your calendar, Isabel. On the eighth of next month, your birthday, Kal and I will be having our wedding, for real this time. Hurts, doesn't it? Go ahead, cry if you want. I'll enjoy watching you break down."

Isabel scooted her chair away slightly, looking at Eva with disgust. "Could you maybe stop spitting everywhere when you talk?"

Her voice wasn't particularly loud, but it was loud enough for the nearby tables to hear.

Several customers turned to give Eva disapproving looks.

"You did that on purpose, didn't you?!" Eva stood up, seething with rage, and shouted at Isabel.

A waiter approached, asking, "Miss, is there something I can help you with?"

Eva's face flushed red as everyone stared at her. Embarrassed, she sat back down. "No, nothing."

The waiter shot Eva a strange look before walking away, shaking his head slightly.

Eva was furious but had no good way to release her anger!

"Did you ask me here just to spit on me and vent your frustration?" Isabel leaned back lazily in her chair, crossing one leg over the other.

Seeing Isabel's calm, almost bored posture made Eva even angrier. She felt like she was going to explode.

Eva glanced at the time. It was about that moment—Kaleb should be arriving any second now.

She looked toward the entrance, and she saw Kaleb getting out of his car just as she turned.

Isabel had been watching Eva's every move, so she followed her gaze and also saw Kaleb approaching the cafe.

I knew it. Eva didn't ask me here just to argue. She had something bigger in mind.

Just as that thought crossed Isabel's mind, Eva grabbed her coffee and threw it all over herself.

"Ah! Stop it!" Eva screamed.

Kaleb stepped into the cafe right at that moment, just in time to see Eva drenched in coffee, with Isabel sitting calmly across from her.

His fury ignited instantly. He rushed over to Eva, wrapping her in his arms protectively, then turned on Isabel with a roar. "Isabel! What the hell is wrong with you?! If you're angry, take it out on me! Eva just got out of the hospital!"

"Kaleb ... Kaleb, don't ... don't be mad," Eva whimpered through fake tears, shivering in Kaleb's embrace. "The coffee ... I spilled it on myself. It has nothing to do with Isabel."

But the more Eva acted like this, the more protective and angry Kaleb became. His eyes were blazing with fury as he glared at Isabel.

"Even now, you're defending her. She's the one who pushed you to the point of suicide to prove your innocence, and now she does this to you?"

"I'm fine, really. Kaleb, my face just hurts a little. I'm not feeling well. Could you take me home?" Eva said softly, still nestled in his arms.

Hearing her words, Kaleb quickly looked at Eva's face. The area where the coffee had splashed her was slightly reddened.

He noticed the same on her neck and arms—faint red marks from the hot liquid.

His fists clenched, the knuckles cracking as he ground his teeth.

"Isabel, don't even try to tell me you didn't do this!" Kaleb snarled, his bloodshot eyes fixed on Isabel.

"Well, I didn't do it," Isabel replied coolly, her tone neither defensive nor apologetic.

Kaleb shut his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to calm down, but when he opened them again, his gaze was sharp and full of malice.

In the next second, he grabbed the coffee cup from the table and flung its contents directly at Isabel's face.