

Chapter 96 His Fun

Hearing the word "Master" again made Isabel's skin crawl with embarrassment. A wave of shame washed over her, leaving her covered in goosebumps.

Seeing her wide-eyed, speechless reaction, Xander found her both amusing and endearing. He hadn't expected her to be so easy to tease.

Mr. Bennett had just discovered a new form of entertainment.

"Uh ... " Isabel's gaze swept across the floor, landing on the scattered boxes and papers. During the massage, she had come up with a flimsy excuse, one that might just get her through the situation.

"I saw a rat. I was trying to catch it, and it ran up there. That's how this happened."

Even she didn't believe the lie. Would he?

As Isabel's heart pounded with uncertainty, Xander spoke. "Next time you see something like that, call for help. Falling from up there ... You're lucky it's just your back that got hurt. If it had been your head, it could've been a lot worse."

He bought it? He actually believed that?

She couldn't even believe it herself.

Isabel's emotions were a mess, but since he had accepted her story, she didn't dare say anything more.

"Your meeting isn't over, is it?"

Xander glanced toward the conference room next door. "There are still a few important matters to discuss. You rest here for now."

"I'll nap for a bit," Isabel said, closing her eyes.

Xander gently placed his jacket over her before leaving the office.

As soon as the door clicked shut, Isabel's eyes flew open. She stared at the mess scattered across the floor, whispering to herself.

"Did he actually believe me?"

Leo followed Xander out.

"Boss, Ms. Zimmerman ... What was she doing in there? It looked like she was searching for something."

"Catching a rat," Xander replied with a frown.

"Huh?" Leo blinked in surprise. "Catching a rat? A rat in your office? That's impossible! You're the cleanest person I know. Every time I have the cleaning crew tidy up, I make sure they're extra thorough. There wouldn't even be a fly, let alone a rat!"

Xander stopped walking. He already knew something was off.

Leo noticed Xander's face darkening and quickly held his tongue.

After a brief silence, Xander turned to Leo. "Look into her. Find out who she was meeting with a month ago, right before and after her wedding to Kaleb. Any unusual behavior, anything suspicious— whatever."

"Understood, Boss." Leo found the request strange too. He had been the one tasked with investigating Isabel when she and Xander first got their marriage license.

Back then, she had seemed timid, easily frightened, and meek. In the Johnson family, it was always Reggie who protected her. Without him, who knew what her stepmother might've done to her?

But the Isabel he knew now was a different woman altogether. She was strong, fearless, and had a fierce determination. Anyone who dared cross her would regret it tenfold.

Not only that, but she was an excellent fighter. Samuel had told him that Isabel had single-handedly taken on five or six assassins, without any weapons.

And then, there was her incredible skill as a healer.

For years, the Bennetts had poured countless resources into trying to cure Samuel's leg injury, without any success.

Yet, Isabel had managed to get him on his feet in just over a month. He could even walk with a cane now.

It was nothing short of a miracle.

And Reggie's face—that was the most suspicious part of all. If Isabel had these skills, why hadn't she healed Reggie sooner? Why wait until now?

Leo had a bold theory.

He glanced at Xander.

If he had figured it out, surely Xander had too.

He just wasn't saying it out loud.

"Don't let her know," Xander said in a low voice.

"Yes, Boss."

The next few days, while Isabel rested in bed, she didn't let herself get bored.

She held her phone in her hands, chatting over video with a young man.

"Raoul, I'm counting on you this time. Everything depends on you."

The man Isabel called Raoul was currently the top live-stream seller in the business.

"Boss, don't worry when it comes to me! For you, I've turned down all the other companies. Losing a bit of money doesn't matter as long as you're satisfied!" Raoul said, his expression animated, words pouring out in a rush.

Luckily, he had the looks to pull off his antics. Otherwise, the way he flailed and exaggerated every word would be unbearable to watch.

Isabel shot an exasperated glance at the screen. "All I see is your mouth moving."

"Of course! I'm the number one live-streamer for a reason! This mouth is what keeps me fed," Raoul said, grinning with pride.

Isabel didn't feel like responding.

"Oh, right. Just now, Johnson Group approached me. They want me to promote their product on my stream." Raoul and a few others knew what had happened to Isabel, including the whole story of how she was wronged, her current situation, and her relationship with Kaleb.

Isabel had told them everything in their private group chat. She was Isabel—both the Isabel of the Zimmermans and the Lone Wolf Isabel. To Beowulf, Raoul, and the others, she was the same person.

Hearing Raoul's mention of Johnson Group, Isabel's expression shifted. She had expected this.

"Tonight, hype it up for me. I want the world to know just how amazing my new product is."

She was determined to drive Johnson Group's new launch out of the market with her own I.Z. Corporation's product.

"Absolutely, Boss! Besides, you're the Miracle Healer, able to bring the dead back to life! A simple acne and skincare product? That's nothing! I won't even need to hype it up. In a week, the viewers in my stream will see the miracle with their own eyes."

Raoul's words were dramatic, but his gestures were even more so.

"Enough. With all that sweet talk, you're not getting any candy," Isabel said, shaking her head with a smile.

Kaleb, let's see how you handle this.

Meanwhile, at Johnson Group ...

The meeting room was filled with a heavy, oppressive silence.

Kaleb's face was so dark it looked like it might start pouring at any second.

"How did this happen? Why did Raoul refuse to work with us? Didn't we have a good partnership with him before?"

When he asked, no one in the room dared to respond.

Just then, Bobby's phone rang.

"What? Raoul—he's partnered with I.Z. Corporation?"

Kaleb's eyes widened in shock. Not too long ago, after discovering that Reggie owned the bridal shop, he had looked into it further and found out that Reggie had started a company called I.Z. Corporation.

When Bobby hung up, he turned to Kaleb. "Boss, Raoul has struck a deal with I.Z. Corporation. They'll start streaming their products tonight. They're pushing a concept called Beauty Through Medicine, which happens to clash with our own marketing strategy. Plus, they've announced that they'll be doing live skincare treatments for people with severe acne. Raoul and I.Z. Corporation are claiming that in just one week, those with severe acne will show significant improvement."

The lines of Kaleb's frown were deep enough to crush a fly. He just couldn't understand it—why would Raoul turn down Johnson Group to work with a small, recently-established company like I.Z.?

What was even more puzzling was the fact that Raoul was putting his own livestream's reputation on the line for them.

There were countless acne treatment products on the market, but the ones that actually worked were few and far between. Even in medical clinics, the success rate was low.

For Raoul to gamble his booming stream on something like this—it made no sense at all.

Could it be that Isabel or Reggie had known Raoul from before?

But even if that were the case, why would someone as high-profile as Raoul go to such lengths?

After the meeting ended, Kaleb immediately called Isabel.

Isabel had just been about to head downstairs to stretch her back when her phone buzzed with Kaleb's call.

She didn't need to guess—he was definitely calling about the livestream.

The sun was shining brightly outside, and Isabel was in a good mood, so she pressed the answer button.

"Mr. Johnson, what a surprise! You're such a busy man. How do you have time to call me?"

"Isabel, you know exactly why I'm calling." Kaleb's voice was sharp, cutting straight to the point. "Tell me, did you do this on purpose? You knew we were developing a new product line, and you intentionally pushed the same concept to compete with us. Isabel, you've always claimed I was blind, that you didn't feel anything for me anymore. But your actions tell a different story. Isn't this just your way of getting my attention? You still love me, don't you?"