

Chapter 97 Then Die

"Screw you, Kaleb!" Isabel snapped, throwing out a crude remark.

She couldn't help it. Kaleb's words were beyond infuriating. If he had been standing in front of her, she wouldn't have stopped at words. She would've punched him.

"Isabel, how did you become so vulgar?" Kaleb frowned, his face turning pale with disgust.

"It's the animal special, as in this is reserved for beasts," Isabel shot back, raising her eyebrows.

"You—" Kaleb took a deep breath, struggling to control his temper. He wasn't here to argue. He needed to resolve the issue.

"Do you and your brother know Raoul?"

"Yep," Isabel admitted without hesitation.

I knew it, Kaleb thought.

"Fine. Let me ask you this: Did your company intentionally develop a product to compete with us?"

"Mm-hmm, that's right." Isabel's answer was partly true. On one hand, she had heard about Johnson Group's "medical beauty" concept. On the other, she was the Miracle Healer herself—this was her expertise!

If she wanted her company to gain recognition, of course she'd shine in her field.

"Isabel!" Kaleb growled, gritting his teeth. "You can't deny it now. This is all because of your feelings for me. You're trying to get revenge, but deep down, you still care about me!"

Isabel rolled her eyes dramatically at the ceiling. "Kaleb, you're like a big, fat durian—you reek, and you are full of yourself! I definitely hate you, but love? No way."

There was silence on the other end of the line for several seconds before Kaleb's voice came through again.

"Call off your deal with Raoul. Name your price, and I'll meet it."

He paused, then quickly added, "Except breaking up with Eva."

Isabel was ready to hang up, tired of wasting her breath. But then, she smirked, eyebrows lifting as she replied, "Alright, I won't make you break up. I'll settle for her paying me back. I donated blood to her 98 times. She can give it all back, and I'll drop the deal with Raoul."

Kaleb's eyes widened, fury flaring in them.

"She was sick, Isabel! You gave her blood because of that, and now you want her to repay you? You're perfectly healthy! You don't—"

Before Kaleb could finish, Isabel interrupted.

"My health is really bad right now," Isabel said, calmly stretching into a yoga pose. "If you don't believe me, I can get the hospital to prove it. I need blood, Kaleb. You know how rare Eva's blood type is, and mine too."

Her tone stayed even as she continued. "Ninety-eight times. Not one drop less."

Kaleb's fists clenched so hard that his knuckles cracked. "You've got a heart of stone, Isabel. Ninety-eight times? Are you trying to kill her?"

Isabel couldn't help but laugh, a bitter, mocking sound.

"Kaleb, I've come to realize something. You're not just blind—you're a true sc*mbag. I was your fiancée, and Eva ... I thought she was just your friend. Yet, you had me give blood to your mistress over and over again. Why didn't you worry that one of those times might kill me? Is her life worth more than mine?"

Her voice shook with anger as she spoke, each word filled with the frustration she'd been holding in for too long.

Kaleb stood speechless, struggling to find a response. After a long pause, he finally managed to speak.

"Don't forget," he spat out, "every time Eva needed blood, it was because of you. You pushed her. You bullied her. You hurt her. It's your fault!"

"Did you see it with your own eyes?" Isabel challenged.

"I don't need to see it! You can keep denying it, but I'm done listening. I won't make Eva give you her blood. Name something else." Kaleb rubbed his temples, his voice growing cold.

"Well, then you can go to hell."

With that, Isabel ended the call, hanging up without another word.

Kaleb's face turned a series of colors—red, orange, yellow, blue—like a flashing light. His anger twisted his features until he barely looked like himself. After a few seconds, he tried calling her again.

A robotic voice answered: "The number you have dialed is currently unavailable."

She'd blocked him.

The silence in the meeting room was suffocating.

No one dared make eye contact with Kaleb, every executive keeping their heads low. In a fit of rage, Kaleb threw his phone, smashing it against the wall.

"Boss, I don't think we need to worry too much," the head of sales said carefully. "Their whole 'one-week miracle' claim is going to blow up in their faces. It's just setting themselves up to fail."

"Exactly," other department heads chimed in, eager to agree.

"We'll just wait patiently for a week," one of the executives said confidently. "When their plan fails, we can hire trolls to stir things up."

Kaleb frowned slightly. "But what if it really works?"

The executive waved it off. "Even if it does, it's just one week. How good can the results really be? If the changes aren't dramatic, it won't matter. And the worst-case scenario, if there are obvious improvements, we can still hire trolls to claim that the product has side effects or causes a rebound effect. We'll say it makes the acne come back even worse."

Kaleb thought for a moment, then nodded. "Alright, let's do that."

At 8 PM, Raoul's livestream kicked off. At first, many of the viewers, mostly people with acne-prone skin, watched without much expectation. Some even thought it was just another sales pitch.

But by the next day, people started noticing something different. Their faces seemed less swollen, and the redness had decreased. Word spread quickly, and soon, people were calling their friends to watch the show.

Marketing accounts seized the moment, promoting the livestream everywhere.

By the third and fourth days, the improvements were undeniable.

"Wait, am I imagining things?" one viewer wrote. "Wasn't that woman about to have two or three big pimples on her chin? Now they're practically gone!"

"That's nothing," someone else chimed in. "Look at the guy! On day one, his acne scars were so dark that they looked black, and his whole face was messed up. Now it looks like he's using a filter or something!"

"Did you see the girl? Her face was covered in pimples. It looked like she had pimples growing on top of pimples! But now, it's clearing up, and the swelling is going down."

As the days passed, the viewership of Raoul's livestream skyrocketed. Marketing accounts flooded social media, spreading the news far and wide. By the fifth day, it had even made it to Twitter's trending topics.

Raoul quickly called Isabel, his excitement spilling through the phone.

"Boss, this is insane! I know you're the Miracle Healer, but this is unbelievable!"

Isabel sat calmly on her balcony, enjoying the sun, her voice steady. "Pause the livestream for the next two days."

Hearing Isabel's words, Raoul immediately understood her plan.

She wanted to leave the viewers hanging, creating suspense for everyone following the results.

Seeing the effects day by day wasn't that dramatic. But if they skipped two days, it would be a completely different story.

That gap made people curious, building anticipation for the final reveal on the seventh day.

Finally, the seventh day arrived.

Raoul's livestream started promptly at 8 PM.

As soon as the results were shown, the viewers all had the same thought.

I gotta buy this!

"Drop the link! Hurry, give us the link!"

"Oh, my God, I've been waiting for a product like this forever!"

"How do I use it? Once a day?"

The comments flooded in.

That same evening, the Johnson Group had been working overtime, all of them glued to Raoul's livestream.

Kaleb watched with gritted teeth. To be honest, he hated what he was seeing, but he couldn't deny it—he was shocked by the results of I.Z. Corporation's new product.

The product was way beyond what their company could compete with.

The marketing director glanced at Kaleb. "Boss, we've already sent in the trolls to stir things up."

Kaleb snapped out of his thoughts and turned back to the screen.

Comments started popping up: "How can the results be this good? Did they add a ton of steroids?"

"I checked the ingredient list. I'm a skincare formulator, and I can tell you this product definitely has side effects."

"I'm a dermatologist, and I believe this product only works temporarily. It's bound to cause severe rebound effects later."

As the trolls began their attack, the once-excited viewers who had been eager to buy the product now hesitated.

"Is it really going to cause a rebound?"

"I want to know too."

"Hey, doctor guy, are you really a dermatologist?"

"My Twitter handle is Russo_Derma. Follow me."

"Whoa, I checked! He really is! He works at Solaria's top-tier hospital. If he's saying this, we can't just ignore it!"

"There's also that skincare formulator. I know his account, and he's got a verified certification in the field."

"Oh, my God! These greedy companies! They're willing to ruin our skin just to make money! How disgusting!"

The livestream chat exploded with outrage, filled with accusations and curses.

Raoul sent Isabel a message.

"Boss, can we start now?"