

Chapter 110 Xander Takes Action

"M-Mr. Xander?!"

Did he overhear us?

The two maids, frozen in fear, couldn't even look up. Their hearts raced, their breaths shallow, as panic gripped them.

Xander stood there, unmoving, his face an impassive mask. Yet his dark, penetrating gaze seemed to glow with a dangerous edge.

"I'm aware of what happened in the kitchen," he declared.

His words cut through the air, a chilling statement that sent waves of fear through the women.

They trembled uncontrollably, their faces ashen, their mouths quivering in silent terror. They couldn't even find their voices to respond.

Unlike Samuel, whose presence alone caused unease, Xander roused a different kind of fear. His power wasn't just intimidating—it was instinctively overwhelming, a fear that went deep to the bone.

"Are you denying it?" he asked, his voice as cold as steel.

The words froze them in place, and before they knew it, they found themselves groveling before Xander.

"Please, Mr. Xander, have mercy! We made a terrible mistake!" they begged, their faces close to the ground. They didn't care about the humiliation; all they could think of was how to avoid his wrath.

Xander's cold, unfeeling eyes bore into them, as distant as if he were observing lifeless objects.

"I'll make this clear. In this lifetime, I have one and only one wife—Isabel. She is my perfect match, and no one will ever take her place."

The statement stunned the maids. But as realization set in, a deep wave of regret hit them.

If only they could turn back time, they would never have conspired against Isabel. They would've treated her like royalty, not an enemy.

"Please, Mr. Xander, we've learned our lesson! Just one more chance, please!" they sobbed.

Xander's gaze shifted to Leo, who stood by. "Throw them into the pigpen. Let them eat the leftovers the pigs didn't finish. Keep them there for a month before letting them out."

"Sure, Boss."

Leo's reply was firm, without a trace of mercy. He then turned to the women, who were now completely undone, their sobs growing louder.

Did Leo pity them?

Not at all.

They were getting what they deserved. Disregarding the fact that they had targeted Isabel, anyone who dared to tamper with food had no right to sympathy.

If they couldn't act with decency, they'd be treated like animals, living with pigs in the pen.

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At Rachel's side, the news hit, and her face darkened in fury.

"Isabel must've known those two maids were loyal to me. That's why she did everything she could to get rid of them."

She seethed with anger.

"Isabel, you clearly want to take me down! You want my position as Mrs. Bennett, don't you? Fine. Let's see how this plays out!"

Rachel grabbed her phone and dialed Ivana's number.

"Ivana, Sam's already standing, and it won't be long before he's fully recovered. We can get rid of Isabel soon."

Ivana hesitated, her voice cautious. "But ... she did help Sam recover. Sending her away right after that doesn't seem fair."

"Ivana! Don't be so indecisive! Isabel deliberately got close to Xan, and she's got an agenda."

"I know she's using my son to get back at her ex-fiancé," Ivana admitted.

"It's more than that!" Rachel snapped. She had come up with a solution to get rid of Isabel.

"What do you mean?"

Rachel explained, "Ivana, truth be told, I've been keeping tabs on Isabel. She's no longer interested in her ex. At first, I thought she married Xan just to get back at him, but now it's clear—she's moved on from her ex and is now obsessed with Xan.

"Don't you find it strange that Isabel just 'happened' to run into Xan at City Hall? Or could it have been planned?"

Ivana felt her pulse quicken.

"Planned? But why would she do that? To climb the social ladder by getting close to my son?"

"If it were just that, I could understand. But there's more," Rachel continued, her tone colder now. "When Sam was almost killed, Isabel just happened to be there. And miraculously, she saved him.

"They were skilled assassins, yet Isabel fought them off without so much as a weapon until Xan got there. Don't you think that doesn't make sense?"

The weight of Rachel's words sank in, causing Ivana's face to darken.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt that there was more to it than meets the eye.

"Are you suggesting that Isabel was involved with them? That she was planted in our family to harm Sam and Xan?"

"I don't have proof, but it sounds the most plausible," Rachel said grimly.

Ivana's spine stiffened, thinking Rachel made sense. Whether it was true or not, she couldn't afford to leave such a danger so close to her sons.

She quickly typed a message to Xander, asking him to take Isabel and Samuel to her place this weekend. She needed to resolve this once and for all.

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The next day, Isabel arrived at the set and received a call from Seff.

"Boss, are you here yet?"

"I just got here."

"I'm backstage getting a touch-up. I've informed security. You can come in now."

"Got it."

Isabel stepped into the set, glancing around casually as she took in the surroundings.

"Isabel? What are you doing here?" Lillian asked in surprise.

Isabel turned to face Lillian, who was dressed in an elegant fringed gown, her hair styled in an intricate updo.

Isabel already knew that Lillian played the third female lead, so her presence here wasn't a shock.

"Hey, I'm talking to you. Are you deaf?" Lillian snapped.

"I'm not your mother. Why do you care that I'm here?" Isabel shot back.

"Say that again!" Lillian pointed at her, eyes blazing with fury.

"I remember your character is supposed to be a graceful, intelligent princess. But look at you now—twisting and snarling. You don't look like a loving princess who's in love with the supporting male lead. You look like a villain."

Isabel knew Lillian played a princess because Seff was playing the supporting male lead. She even knew a little about the drama around the second male lead.

The second lead's love life was filled with complications, with feelings being tangled and betrayed. The second lead loved the female lead, who loved the male lead, and the second female lead was obsessed with him. Yet, the second male lead never reciprocated. In the end, he was moved by the second female lead and promised to marry her before heading off to war, but tragically, he never returned.

"What did you say? I dare you to say it again! Who's ugly? Who's the villain?" Lillian's hands shook with rage.

"Ugh, how repulsive. It's lucky Seff 'died' on the battlefield. If not, you would've forced a romance with him. That would've been disgusting." Isabel shook her head with disdain.

Lillian's face turned crimson with embarrassment. "Isabel, why don't you just die?!"

"Lillian, big shot Ms. Lillian, you shouldn't raise your voice like that. You're a public figure, a goddess to many fans. We're in a public place. What if someone hears and posts this online? You wouldn't want that, would you? After all, you don't look that appealing right now."

Lillian seethed in fury.

"Just you wait. You'll regret this!" she spat.

"Oh, we'll see about that. For now, just listen quietly to whatever I have to say. Don't cause a scene," Isabel replied, her voice cool and steady.

She had always had a sharp tongue.

Lillian's chest heaved with anger, struggling to contain herself.

Suddenly, an idea crossed her mind. With a dramatic gesture, she threw the script to the floor, tears streaming down her face as she gazed at Isabel with a look of deep hurt.

"Isabel, I know you hate me because I'm your stepmother's daughter. But this script—it was given to me by Mr. Simmons. You can hit me and scold me however you want, but how could you throw it on the floor?"