

Chapter 128 Kidnapping Isabel's Plan

What was his name? Xander?

As soon as that question crossed his mind, Clive instantly thought of the "Bennett Group".

He was shocked by his own assumption and quickly dismissed it.

No way!

This can't be true!

If Isabel is actually involved with someone from the Bennett Group, how could Colin have set him up on a blind date with Isabel?

He also recalled the rumors about the Bennett Group's conglomerate heir, described as ghostly, with a repulsive face. But the man he had just seen was incredibly handsome. There was no way they could be the same person.

After considering this, Clive let out a breath of relief.

From his perspective, the man he had seen was likely just Max's penniless friend.

Ah! What a shame!

He gazed at Isabel's breathtakingly beautiful face with a hint of regret. Out of respect for Max, he didn't want to pursue Isabel unless she chose him on her own, at which point Max wouldn't be able to stop it.

I need to come up with a plan. If nothing else works, I might have to drug her to make her fall for me.

Women, after all, were creatures who could be conquered with skill. Once pregnant, they'd be unable to escape.

"Mr. Hicks ... " Jessica purred at Clive.

Even though she despised him, she had grown accustomed to a life of luxury. If she lost him as her sugar daddy, she'd have to return to living more modestly.

She didn't want that!

Clive gave her a disapproving look, paused for a second, then stretched out his arm and pulled her close.

"Alright, I'll take you to buy a new bag. Didn't you want that one last time?"

Jessica's eyes sparkled when she heard this. "Really?"

"Of course, let's go," Clive said as he reached out and pinched her waist.

"Ugh, that's gross," Yvette grimaced, crossing her arms.

Isabel turned to Jessica and whispered, "Jessica, let me share a secret with you. Clive's three ex-wives didn't die from sickness. Can you guess how they really died?"

At these words, Jessica's heart raced, and her face went pale instantly.

Jessica was aware that Clive had three ex-wives, all of whom had passed away. There were whispers that he was ruthless and responsible for their deaths.

Despite these rumors, Clive denied the accusations, and the police found no evidence to support them.

Noticing Jessica's trembling, Clive fixed his gaze on Isabel and sternly warned, "Ms. Zimmerman, I suggest you stop spreading rumors. If you continue, I won't let it slide. Even if you're friends with Mr. Max, I won't show any mercy."

Isabel remained unfazed by his threats and spoke calmly, "His three wives all died by suicide, and while Clive has alibis, what people don't know is that he sought thrills by forcefully injecting drugs into them, using them for his pleasure, pushing them to the brink of madness, and treating them cruelly until they took their own lives."

As she spoke, Jessica's face turned even paler.

The mention of the word "injected" sent a chill through Jessica, leaving her heart racing.

In recent days, Clive had also injected something into her, claiming it would make her feel comfortable. She hadn't thought much of it at the time, but now, after hearing Isabel's words, a wave of fear washed over her.

She feared she might end up like Clive's three wives.

"Isabel! What are you saying? Do you think I won't call the police and have you arrested right now?" Clive yelled at Isabel, his face filled with anger.

Isabel slightly raised her eyebrows and spoke with calm assurance, "If you think about calling the police, I'll make sure to reveal all your hidden secrets. We'll see who ends up behind jails."

Clive, sensing her confidence, began to feel uneasy. "Do you have any proof? Why would you say something like that?"

Isabel gave a chilling smile, sending a shiver down his spine.

"Honestly, if it weren't for the fact that your three wives are all terrible people, I would have exposed you a long time ago."

Isabel had looked into this situation a while ago, and in fact, it was Beowulf who had uncovered it out of sheer boredom. Rumor had it that Clive's three wives were far from innocent—one was a notorious villain, another had killed someone, and the last one was a married woman who abandoned her family for the allure of wealth.

The consequences these three women faced were the result of their own actions, so Isabel saw no need to get involved.

Clive clenched his fists tightly, glaring at Isabel with intense fury. However, the confidence radiating from her made him feel increasingly uncomfortable.

Though he believed that these matters would remain private, the mere hint of doubt made him anxious and restless, unable to ignore the situation.

An evil thought suddenly crossed his mind. He began to entertain the idea of secretly kidnapping Isabel, taking her to an undisclosed location, and tormenting her to death, all without anyone finding out.

As he imagined the situation, a sense of relief washed over him.

"Jessica, don't listen to her nonsense. I'm a legitimate businessman. There's no way I'd do something like that. The substance I gave you is a proper and legitimate product. If you don't trust me, feel free to take it to the hospital for testing. Don't worry, I promise to treat you well. I care about you too much, so why would I harm you?"

Hearing his words, Jessica felt a bit more at ease.

Just then, Isabel's voice cut through the air again.

"Jessica, let me make this clear. Clive will never marry you, so stop dreaming about marrying into a rich family."

"Are you jealous of me?" Jessica shot back angrily.

Isabel glanced at her as though she were foolish. "If I'm not mistaken, he only promised to take responsibility for you, but he never said anything about marrying you, did he?"

How does she know? Jessica stared at her, eyes wide in shock.

Seeing Jessica's reaction, Isabel was certain she had hit the mark.

"Isabel, shut your mouth!" Clive yelled, stepping toward her.

Max immediately moved in front of him, glaring coldly.

"Let her finish."

"But she's just making things up!" Clive protested, growing agitated.

Max responded, "Is she? If you're so sure she's lying, then why are you so worried? Are you feeling guilty?"

His words left Clive at a loss for words.

After a quick glance at Clive, Isabel turned her attention back to Jessica.

"Do you know why? Because Clive looks down on you due to your humble background. He'll never see you as anything more than his mistress. And everything I just said is true. Believe it or not. Just don't end up like the women who overdid it with drugs and lost their sanity. Tsk, ts, ts! Dying young, so pitiful."

Jessica was visibly shaking in fear.

"Why should I trust you? What makes you think you're speaking out of kindness? I don't believe you care about me. You're just upset that I might be happy. You can't stand to see me marry into a rich family. You're just jealous!"

Isabel couldn't help but laugh at her words. "Jessica, you really amuse me. Jealous of you? Let me tell you something. Just recently, my family set up a blind date for me with Clive. And guess what? I rejected him on the date. Do I really look like I'm jealous of you?"