

### Chapter 137 Xander's Ruthless Methods!

After Clive shouted, he realized that the employees in his company were standing still, not moving at all. Not only that, but they were also giving him the same strange look.

"I told you to take action. Are you all deaf?" Clive roared again.

As soon as Clive finished speaking, he saw dozens of bodyguards in black rush in from outside.

What the hell is going on?

As a whirlwind of questions filled Clive's mind, his eyes landed on the emblem on the black-suited bodyguards.

It was the Bennetts!

The elite security detail of the Bennetts!

A sudden realization struck him. His eyes shot wide open in terror, and his neck jerked stiffly toward Xander. His mouth hung open in shock.

"Y-you're Mr. Bennett from the Bennett Group?!"

Xander stood beside Clive, looking down at him with an icy cold expression, as if his face were covered in an ancient layer of unmelting ice. His gaze toward Clive was cold and distant, like he was staring at a dead man.

Although Xander remained silent, Clive wasn't stupid. The situation made everything clear.

The man before him was the CEO of Bennett Group!

"I'm sorry!" Clive cried out in sheer panic, dropping to his knees. "I was blind and offended you. Please show some mercy and don't bother with an ant like me."

Clive wanted to poke his eyes out. He was so focused on venting his anger on Xander that he didn't notice Leo standing next to him.

He didn't recognize Xander because he never appeared in the media, but Leo was different. Leo frequently represented the CEO of Bennett Group at various business events.

Xander pulled out a photo of Isabel, his face as cold and expressionless as an ice sculpture.

"Do you know why I'm here?"

"Glup!" Clive swallowed hard, his throat dry as he stared at the photo, his eyes filled with dread.

At that moment, Clive's hatred for Colin surged. If it hadn't been for Colin introducing Isabel to him, he never would have offended Xander, the ruthless and bloodthirsty devil standing before him.

"Mr. Bennett, ignorance is not a crime!" Clive pleaded desperately. "I didn't know you were the CEO of Bennett Group. If I had, I never would have dared to go against you! I deserve to die! I deserve to be punished!"

Then Clive steeled himself, raising his hand and forcefully slapping his own face.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

The sound was deafening as he slapped himself, crying out, "I was wrong!" with each strike.

Xander watched calmly, completely unmoved.

After a while, Clive could no longer bring himself to slap any harder. Without a mirror, he knew his face must be swollen, looking like a pig's head.

"Mr. Bennett," Clive said cautiously, glancing up at Xander, "Are you ... still angry?"

Xander took a seat, his posture exuding an air of nobility. "Mr. Hicks, the reason I'm here today is to discuss a major business deal with you. And there's no need to stay on the ground anymore. Please, sit."

Is he really here for business?

Clive muttered inwardly as he slowly got to his feet, forcing a smile and looking at Xander with flattery.

"Mr. Bennett, what kind of business would you like to discuss with me?"

Xander glanced at Leo, who was standing beside him. Leo understood and took out the contract he had prepared in advance and put it on the table.

Clive picked up the contract, his confusion quickly turning to shock. As he read the terms, his face went pale, losing all color.

"Y-you want to acquire my company?!"

And at a price that was just a fraction—ten times below market value!

His company wasn't even in bankruptcy. What Xander was doing was nothing less than an outright takeover.

Clive collapsed to the ground again. His voice was desperate. "Mr. Bennett, I know I've wronged you. I swear, I'll never make a move on Ms. Zimmerman again!"

Having been in charge of his company for decades, Clive was a seasoned, cunning businessman. He immediately understood that Xander did this because of Isabel.

Xander stood up, his cold gaze locking onto Clive's. "I'll give you two choices."

"Okay, just say it!"

As long as there was a way out, he would do anything!

Clive looked up at Xander with pleading eyes, like a dog begging for mercy.

"Sign the contract, or I'll find a way to bankrupt you in three days, leaving you with nothing." Xander's cold words hit like a hammer, causing Clive to crumble. He sank to the floor, his face drained of life and hope.

Xander turned away, his long legs striding toward the door, indifferent and ruthless.

Just then, Clive's assistant received a phone call. Terrified, the assistant immediately collapsed to the ground, trembling as he glanced at Xander.

Xander's instincts kicked in, and he fixed his sharp, hawk-like gaze on Clive's assistant.

The assistant, unable to withstand the weight of Xander's terrifying aura, immediately crumbled, begging for mercy.

"Mr. Bennett, please spare me! This isn't my fault! It was him!" The assistant pointed at Clive. "It's him! He's the one who ordered the kidnapping of Ms. Zimmerman! It was all him!"

The words hit Xander like a thunderclap. In a single, swift motion, he strode over, grabbed the assistant by the collar, and lifted him off the ground.

"Speak! What's going on?"

The assistant was on the verge of wetting himself, trembling uncontrollably as he stammered, "M-Mr. Hicks, he's been obsessed with getting Ms. Zimmerman. Yesterday, she angered him again, so Mr. Hicks ordered me to hire some experienced kidnapers. He wanted them to take Ms. Zimmerman without anyone noticing and bring her to an abandoned house in the suburbs, where no one would hear her scream to torture her to death."

The assistant, desperate to save his own life, had no choice but to spill everything. He pointed to the open box on the table. "Those things ... Mr. Hicks had me prepare them."

Xander looked in the direction the assistant pointed. He had seen it before but didn't think too much about it. He didn't expect that these inhumane and cruel things were prepared by Clive for Isabel.

Fury surged through Xander. Without a second thought, he tossed the assistant aside. Then he stormed over to Clive, lifting his foot, and kicked him hard.

"Argh!" Clive screamed like a slaughtered pig. The fat pig that was kicked away hit the desk heavily, and the whole person and the box on the desk fell to the ground.

The room was in ruins, like hell on earth.

Xander took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down. He quickly grabbed his phone and dialed Isabel's number.

Thankfully, the call connected after just a few seconds.

"Hello?"

Isabel's soft, clear voice immediately eased Xander's restless mind.

"Are you alright?"

"Mm?" Isabel responded, a note of confusion in her voice. "What's going on?"

Xander then recounted the entire situation to her, explaining what had just happened.

After hearing Xander's words, Isabel's gaze swept the room warily. She instinctively grabbed Yvette's hand, her protective instincts kicking in.

Isabel wasn't too concerned for herself, but with Yvette carrying three babies, she couldn't afford any risk.

"Where are you right now? I'm coming over," Xander said, already moving toward the door.

He paused briefly at the door, casting a cold glance back at Clive, still on the floor in a mess. Xander's eyes burned with murderous intent.

"Use every single one of those tools on him."

Then Xander walked straight to the elevator, rushing toward Isabel.

Clive slumped to the floor, his face ashen. "It's over! I'm finished!"

Meanwhile, on the other end.

Isabel's call with Xander hadn't ended when she saw a silver van pull up at the side of the road. Moments later, five or six men stepped out of the car, looking very aggressive.