

Chapter 168 The Rage of Max

Rachel's heart skipped when Max emerged from behind Isabel.

"Mr. Max?!"

Her eyes went wide. The surprise was impossible to hide.

She expected to see Xander with Isabel tonight, but Max? That was something else entirely.

And judging by the way Max had spoken, it sounded like he knew Yvette.

Max knew Yvette?

How was that possible?

Max wasn't just anyone. He was the heir to the Hunts fortune and the future leader of EastRise Media Solutions.

Few could match his wealth, and his family's name was well-known worldwide.

And Yvette? She was just an ordinary girl, a nobody by comparison. What possible connection could there be between them?

Max's gaze didn't waver. He looked straight at Rachel. "I'm asking you again," Max said, his voice calm but hard. "Where is Yvette?"

Isabel's anger boiled over. Her fists clenched so tightly that her fingers went white, her nails digging into her palms.

She had to hold herself back. Her instinct was to lash out at Rachel right there.

"Yvette?" Rachel replied, pretending to be surprised. "I saw her at the bar. We had a little argument. Afterward, she left, and I left. That's all. What's this about? Did something happen to her?"

Rachel's act was perfect, but Isabel wasn't fooled. She studied Rachel closely, her eyes sharp as ice. "You're telling me Yvette's disappearance has nothing to do with you?"

"It really has nothing to do with me," Rachel insisted, her voice firm. "We argued, that's all. I'm not the type to go after someone just for that."

She sounded convincing, but Isabel wasn't buying it.

"Fine," Isabel said, narrowing her eyes. "Swear it. I'll believe you."

But Isabel's gut told her something wasn't right. Too many things pointed to Rachel, and the odds of it all being a coincidence were slim.

"Fine, I swear, I—"

Rachel's words were cut off as Isabel spoke, her voice sharp and unyielding. "If you're lying, you'll never be Xander's partner for as long as you live," Isabel warned, her gaze hard as she watched Rachel's every move.

Rachel's eyes grew wide with shock. She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

"Rachel! So it's really you?" Max's voice was filled with fury. His fist tightened, his whole body ready to explode.

Upon seeing the fist, Rachel panicked and stepped back, stumbling as she attempted to escape.

"No, no, I didn't do it," she stammered, her voice full of fear.

"Don't lie!" Isabel snapped. "Your reaction says it all." Before Rachel could defend herself, Isabel grabbed her by the collar, pulling her forward with a force that made her gasp.

The noise of the struggle echoed through the house, and soon Rachel's parents came rushing down the stairs.

"What's happening here? Let go of my daughter!" Her father, Jonathan Lawson, shouted, his face flushed with anger.

Isabel didn't back down. She met Jonathan's glare with cold eyes, standing firm, unshaken by his presence.

"Rachel," Isabel said, her voice icy. "Where did you take Yvette?"

The tight grip on her collar made Rachel's breath shallow. Her heart pounded as she struggled for air, but still, she refused to admit anything.

"I ... Isabel, I know you're angry, but I didn't do it. When you asked me to swear earlier, I didn't want to. I didn't want to swear on Xan's behalf. I love him too much. I can't bring him into this."

Rachel spoke calmly, her words carefully chosen. She denied everything, trying to make it seem like Xander's feelings mattered more than anything.

She was sure that when Xander learned the truth, he'd understand she was the one who truly cared for him.

Her plan was clever. But it was wrong.

Xander had only ever cared about Isabel. No matter what Rachel thought, Xander's heart belonged to her. It was Isabel's opinion that mattered to him, not hers.

"Nice try," Isabel said, her voice dripping with disdain. She knew exactly what Rachel was doing.

Xander would find out the truth, but Isabel wasn't fooled. She knew Rachel's feelings for him were genuine.

But that didn't change a thing.

People might do anything for love, but using others for selfish gain, hurting those around them in the process, was something Isabel couldn't forgive.

"It wasn't me ... "

Rachel's voice was firm, though her eyes betrayed her. No matter how much Isabel pressed, she wouldn't admit anything.

The tension was thick in the air when the phone rang.

Isabel quickly let go of Rachel and pulled out her phone. It was Beowulf calling.

"Did you get any information?"

"We found her," Beowulf replied. "She's at Christian's place."

"What?!" Isabel's breath caught.

Max, watching Isabel's reaction, felt a cold rush of panic. His heart clenched in his chest. "What's wrong?" he asked, his voice a mix of fear and confusion.

Isabel hung up the phone and turned to Max, her expression grim. "Yvette's at Christian's place."

The news hit Max like a slap in the face.

Christian? The name alone sent a chill through him. His brutal nature and ruthless treatment of women made him a feared figure in their world. Anyone he took didn't leave unharmed, if they left at all.

"Sh*t!" Max cursed under his breath. His fists clenched, and he was already moving toward the door, his thoughts only on getting to Yvette.

Isabel followed him, already dialing Xander's number as she ran.

Xander, busy with business, glanced at his phone when it rang. Seeing Isabel's name on the screen, a small smile tugged at his lips.

Had she been thinking of him?

He quickly answered, curiosity rising.

The moment he picked up, Isabel's voice came through, frantic and urgent.

"Xander! Yve's in trouble! Christian has her! You have to help me reach him!"

"Understood," Xander said, his tone instantly serious. He immediately dialed Christian's number.

The phone rang, but no one picked up.

"Leo," Xander said sharply, turning to his assistant. "Contact Christian now. Get to him as fast as you can."

"On it," Leo replied, moving quickly to carry out the order.

Yvette woke up in a haze, her mind clearing slowly, but her body was still heavy and weak.

The drug still had a hold on her, making it hard to focus.

She glanced around the room, but everything was blurry.

Nothing was clear.

She tried to move, but her limbs felt like they were made of stone. Escape wasn't possible.

As she lay there, her fear growing with each passing second, the sound of the door creaking open sliced through her thoughts.

Her heart thudded in her chest, each beat loud and fast. She grabbed the blanket, her hands shaking.

"Who ... who are you?" she whispered, her voice breaking with fear.

Christian stepped inside. His tie had already loosened.

"A different one this time," he said in a casual yet cold tone. "The previous girls were all curvy and seductive. But you ... you're more innocent-looking."

He came closer, sitting on the edge of the bed. His eyes studied her like a predator sizing up prey. "You seem nervous. You're not used to this, are you? You might feel some pain later."

Yvette's eyes filled with tears as she heard the cruel edge in his voice.

"Don't ... don't touch me. If you do, I'll ... I'll make sure you regret it."

Christian smirked, his gaze dark and cruel. "A virgin ... you're even more interesting now. Tonight, you'll know what it's like to feel both the most pleasure and the most pain a person can experience."

Before Yvette could protest, he reached for the zipper of her jacket.