

Chapter 176 Rachel's Retribution

Isabel stood at the bedside. Her sharp gaze was narrowing slightly. In her hand, a slender silver needle gleamed. She drove it directly into Rachel's arm without any hesitation.

"Ahhh!" Rachel jolted awake, screaming in pain. She barely risen when Isabel's swift hand delivered a chopping blow to the back of her neck, knocking her unconscious.

Isabel hoisted the limp Rachel easily and carried her to Christian's confinement quarters.

Ever since that incident, Christian has been sentenced to stay locked away in this place. He wasn't allowed outside, nor did he receive any proper meals. Instead, they sent in raw vegetables and meats. He was left to fend for himself in the kitchen.

Despite not being as privileged as Xander, Christian was still the eldest son of the Bennetts branch. He was used to a life where every meal was served, and he'd never so much as lifted a finger in the kitchen. So, this punishment was proving especially excruciating for him.

To make things worse, his phone had been confiscated and the television removed. All that remained in the massive villa was basic furniture.

Bang! A chair went flying across the room as Christian kicked it furiously.

"D*mn it! Xander, you just wait!" he spat. "When my father takes over the family, I'll make you pay for this humiliation tenfold! I'll make you wish you were never born!"

Isabel arrived just in time to hear the angry shouting echo from inside the villa.

She raised an eyebrow, surprised to realize the ambition of Christian and his father.

Wait a moment.

An idea flashed through her mind. Could it be that Christian and his father were behind the recent attack on Samuel?

Isabel thought it through carefully, sensing the possibility.

If something had happened to Samuel, it would've thrown Xander off balance, giving those two the opening they needed.

Besides, as far as she knew, Christian's father held a substantial number of shares in the family business, even though he wasn't part of the main lineage.

Still, it was only a hunch. She had no solid proof. She decided she'd take care of Rachel first. Then she'd have someone look into the Christian father-and-son duo in more detail.

If her suspicions proved true, she'd make sure Xander found out.

Inside the villa, Christian had just finished choking down some barely cooked food. Muttering curses under his breath, he stormed up the stairs, a dark scowl shadowing his face.

In the room, Rachel had finally regained consciousness. Though her eyes were open, her mind was engulfed in a haze, a fiery heat consuming her from within.

It was all thanks to that single needle Isabel had plunged into Rachel's arm, which was quenched with homemade poison. This poison is not like the usual kind of medicine.

The poison specially developed by Isabel Zimmerman had no antidote and could only be cured by a man.

When Christian pushed open the door, he was instantly pulled into Rachel's embrace.

Stunned at first, he quickly recovered, a grin spreading across his face as he scooped up Rachel, who wore no clothes, and carried her over to the bed, indulging in her as if he were starving.

After all, he'd been locked up for days without a decent meal, let alone a woman. In his hunger and desperation, Christian didn't stop to wonder why Rachel was even there, much less why she was undressed.

He had long desired her, and tonight he had no intention of holding back.

The next morning, Rachel awoke to a nightmare. Her body felt bruised and battered, like she'd been through every torment imaginable.

She was horrified. She had heard stories about Christian's brutish way with women. That's why she had even sent Yvette to his bed to avoid him herself.

Yet fate had dealt her a cruel hand; Yvette was spared, and she had become his toy instead.

"Ms. Lawson, how was the night?" Christian sneered, his gaze slithering over her as he reveled in her misery.

Rage burned in Rachel's eyes as she glared at him, her gaze filled with bloodshot anger. "Christian, how dare you abduct me and ... do this to me! Are you out of your mind?"

Christian slid out of bed, shamelessly pouring himself a glass of water without a stitch of clothing.

Rachel turned her face away, stomach churning at the sight of him. The thought of having been helpless under someone so repulsive made her feel sick.

"Ms. Lawson, don't go slinging accusations," he said with a twisted grin. "I've been locked up here for days with guards watching my every move. Do you think I could have brought you here? You give me too much credit."

His words caught her off guard, and she realized he was right. He wouldn't have had the means to bring her here.

Then why am I here? last night ...

"Last night," Christian drawled, smirking, "you're the one who clung to me, begging me to love you. Don't you remember?"

"You—!" Rachel's face twisted with fury, her cheeks flushing from shame. If looks could kill, Christian would have been sliced into a thousand pieces by now.

All this time, she'd kept herself pure for Xander, the man she truly loved, hoping to give her first time to him alone. Yet here she was, having been defiled by this loathsome beast!

"Ms. Lawson, there's no need for such hostility. It's not like I brought you here. Maybe you angered the wrong person?" Christian shrugged, unconcerned by the mystery of how she'd ended up in his cell. He'd gotten what he wanted, and that was enough for him.

Angered the wrong person ...

Rachel racked her brain, piecing the puzzle together, and suddenly a name flashed across her mind. Isabel.

Isabel? Could it be her?

Could she have done this to avenge Yvette? An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?

How could Isabel have known that I was the person behind that incident? She had been so meticulous, hiring low-life gangsters to handle the job, ensuring they disappeared from Solaria right after.

She'd gone to such lengths because she knew Xander would investigate if he got the slightest hint. Solaria was Xander's territory. If something happened there, he could grasp the culprit in no time. Unfortunately, once they left, it would be nearly impossible for him to track them down.

There was no way Isabel could have traced it back to her.

Unless ... maybe Isabel didn't actually know and was just guessing, assuming it was her. Either way, by sending her to Christian, Isabel had nothing to lose. If Rachel was guilty, she got her punishment; if she wasn't, she'd suffer anyway.

Fury simmered inside Rachel. Her fingers tightened around the bed sheets as she imagined wringing the life out of Isabel.

After taking a slow, bitter breath, Rachel looked sharply at Christian.

"You will tell no one about this!" she warned, eyes blazing. "If you dare speak a word of this, I'll have someone kill you!"

Christian's expression darkened, his tone dropping to a chilling coldness. "Do you want to kill me? Ms. Lawson, I'm afraid that's a bit beyond your reach."

"You're locked up here now," she sneered, lifting her chin in defiance. "If I hired a couple of hitmen, do you think you'd escape?"

This secret couldn't get out. If anyone found out, especially Xander, and realized she was "tainted," any chance with him would vanish.

Christian's eyes narrowed with a dangerous gleam, an unsettling smirk tugging at his lips.

"You can try, but I'd still suggest against it," he replied, his voice laced with venom. "Because I recorded everything that happened last night. If anything happens to me, I'll make sure Xander and the whole world see just how ... good you were, Ms. Lawson."

His words hit her like a punch to the gut, taking her breath away.

"You ... you—" Rachel stammered, unable to form a coherent sentence, panic and rage twisting across her face.

Christian chuckled, moving closer until he could grip her chin in his hand, his smug grin making her skin crawl.

"If you want me to keep my mouth shut, there's only one way. For the next month, you'll come here every day. Play your part, and after a month, I'll delete the video."