

Chapter 40 Isabel's Date (Part Two)

Listening to the cold tone of the voice on the phone, Samuel could almost picture Xander's expression right now.

It was dark, filled with gloom.

He could feel it—Xander was angry.

The thought startled him.

Seriously? Did Xander actually fall for Isabel?

Looking back, Xander had been acting quite differently around her lately.

Not to mention his usual OCD. Xander had always hated getting close to women, but with Isabel ... it seemed like they had crossed all kinds of lines already.

Samuel remembered an incident where Isabel had served him food. He had been so disgusted, ready to throw it away, but Xander had taken it from him, saying it would be wasteful to toss it out and eat it himself.

The more Samuel thought about it, the more uneasy he felt.

No way. As soon as Isabel healed his leg, he would have to send her away. What if Xander's feelings turned out to be real?

While Samuel was worried, Xander's face had turned as dark as a brewing storm.

That woman. She had really gone through with the blind date. Even though they were already married, she had the audacity to brazenly cheat on him.

The Perkins were kneeling before him, begging for mercy. Just as they were pleading for their lives, they noticed Xander's expression turned darker. The temperature in the room seemed to drop several degrees in an instant.

It terrified them.

"Mr. Bennett, please spare us! For your grandmother's sake, we swear never to cross you again!"

Xander put down his phone and looked coldly at the Perkins. He questioned, "If it weren't for my grandmother, do you think you'd still have the chance to speak to me right now?"

The Perkins went pale as sheets, almost ready to bow and grovel.

Xander stood up, his mind fully preoccupied with Isabel's date. He had no time to waste on the Perkins.

"I don't want to see any of you in Solaria by tomorrow."

One sentence marked the end for the Perkins.

Tiffany crawled over to Xander, grabbing at the hem of his pants, begging desperately. "Xan, I was wrong. I really know I was wrong. Just for the sake of our old engagement, please forgive me this once. I'll serve you however you want. I don't even want a title; just let me stay by your side."

Leo watched this unfold and smirked.

Tiffany really have a death wish, didn't she? Didn't she know his boss had an extreme dislike of dirt? She actually dared to touch his pants. Did she think she is Isabel or something?

If she is Isabel, forget pulling at his pants—Leo figured she could pull them down entirely, hug his legs, and still be perfectly safe.

Just as Leo was thinking this, Xander lifted his leg and kicked Tiffany away.

Leo smirked again. I knew it. I had seen it all before—no woman who tried to seduce boss ever had a good end.

Xander narrowed his dark eyes at Tiffany. "Since you like serving people so much, fine. I'll help you."

Hearing this, Tiffany's head shot up, her eyes lighting up with hope.

"Leo, take her to the club and let her do some real work," Xander said without a trace of emotion.

Tiffany's eyes widened in shock, her mouth dropping open as if she were trying to swallow an egg. No—a goose egg.

"No! I don't want to serve others. I want to serve only you!" Tiffany scrambled to her feet and threw herself at Xander.