

Chapter 97

"Sir...Sir, I'm sorry.Please...please forgive me."

David was bruised all over, but he kept begging for mercy.

Suddenly, someone walked in and reported, "Mr.Xander, there's someone here claiming that he brought the money to ransom that brat."

"Bring him in."

"Okay."

Yoel was led into the basement by several of Xander's subordinates.He noticed David tied from the ceiling and bruised everywhere from getting a beating Immediately, his legs went weak, and he almost fell to the ground.

However, when he thought about getting Thea as his after getting David out, his courage immediately skyrocketed.

Moreover, there were plenty of rumors about Xander.

Yoel knew that he was someone loyal to his friends and would not cause trouble recklessly.He approached Xander who sitting on a chair, took out a cigarette, and handed it over.He bent over and smiled, "Hello, Mr.Xander.My name is Yoel from the Smiths.My father is York Smith.You've had dinner with him before."

Xander smiled and muttered, "Ha...So you're York's son.That's right.I did have a few meals with your dad before, and we're acquainted.However, this boy is very arrogant.He bumped into me and disrespected me.People will think I'm incompetent if word spreads that I didn't teach him a lesson."

"Mr.Xander, he should be taught a lesson, but this brat's sister is my woman.Seeing that my father is a friend and I personally came here, could you..."

Xander's face darkened, and he grabbed Yoel's hair.

"Your father? A friend? Who does your father think he is? Even if he came in person, I wouldn't be letting this brat go so easily. I already said it'll be eight million to redeem him."

The only reason Yoel dared to come alone was that he knew Xander stayed true to his word.

Otherwise, he would have never dared to come even if he had ten lives. He thought he would not have to pay the money if he gave his father's name.

In order to get Thea, he would have to spend some money.

"Mr. Xander, calm down. Of course I brought the money. I'll give you it, but... considering my dad's relationship with you, could we maybe negotiate the amount?" Yoel asked tentatively.

Xander immediately let go of Yoel "Fine, I'll give you a discount Five million."

The Smiths were a considerable household and had a certain amount of influence.

Although he was not afraid of them, he did not want to cause too much trouble, especially with the Blithe King's recent succession. He compromised and reduced the ransom from eight million to five million.

Yoel's heart was bleeding.

Although his family was rich and five million was just a drop in the bucket, the money was not rightfully his.

Five million was his pocket money for a month.

However, he was willing to sacrifice a bit for Thea. He nodded and said, "Alright, Mr. Xander. Five million it is. I'll transfer it directly to you, right?"

"Yes, make a direct transfer." Xander nodded, then pointed to a subordinate standing beside him.

"You, take him to make the transfer."

"Okay."

The subordinate nodded and led Yoel to make the transaction.

Soon, Yoel returned to the basement after making the transfer.

David was immediately released.

However, he lost consciousness after being detained and hung up after getting a beating.

"Mr.Xander... Suddenly, a subordinate hurriedly rushed over with a flustered expression.

"W-we have a problem! Someone charged in and beat up a lot of our men!"

"What?" Xander was furious.

This was the Prosperous Dynasty.

Everyone knew that this was his property.

Who dared to cause trouble in his territory?

"Who is it? "Me." A voice rang out.

As the voice spoke, some men with iron rods and machetes chased after him into the basement.

Xander turned and saw an unfamiliar face that had beaten up his subordinates.

Some subordinates kept retreating.

He was at the Prosperous Dynasty and had hundreds of men and security guards guarding the place, yet this person could fight his way here, He definitely was not someone easy to deal with.

Xander reached out and touched his weapon around his waist.

He was furious and said coldly.

"Who are you?"

He was extremely careful to get to where he was. He feared that he would offend an influential figure and accidentally ruin whatever he had fought for all his life.

"James." An indifferent voice echoed.

