

## Chapter 102 Yvette's Surprise Pregnancy

"What did you just say?!" Kaleb, Eva, and the others were left stunned, their eyes wide with disbelief.

"What do you mean, there was no accident? Didn't they say it was going to sink?"

Bobby was puzzled by the situation as well. "I had people investigate, but we found no trace of anything."

Kaleb's frustration boiled over as he leaped up, grabbing Bobby by the collar.

"Found nothing? You're telling me you found nothing?! Who exactly was it that said the ship was going down? How could you have missed something so important?!"

Bobby, looking clearly distressed, stammered, "B-Boss, I swear, I sent people to look for any leads, but it's as if the person just disappeared. There's no sign of them anywhere."

Kaleb's face flushed a deep shade of anger. If it had just been an accident, that would have been one thing, but clearly, something more complex was at play here.

Eva, her expression darkening, scowled deeply.

It must be Isabel! She's the only one who could be behind this. She can't stand seeing Kaleb and me together, can't accept us getting married. She must be the one causing all this chaos.

Though Eva was convinced, she couldn't directly point the finger at Isabel.

Instead, she subtly nudged the others toward the idea.

"Kal, don't be so upset. This might just be a prank. I doubt anyone's actually pulling the strings behind this."

Pulling the strings?

Both Laurel and Kaleb instantly thought of Isabel.

"Isabel! It has to be her!" Laurel shouted in anger, her face contorted with rage.

"That girl is nothing but trouble! What did our family do in our past life to deserve this? To be cursed with such a disaster!"

With every word, Laurel grew angrier. "No, I'm going to confront her about this!"

Without a moment's hesitation, she stormed out, heading straight toward Villa No. 7.

"Mom! Don't do anything rash!" Kaleb called after her, rushing to catch up.

"She might not be there, and have you forgotten that Villa No. 7—" Kaleb didn't get the chance to finish when two bodyguards suddenly appeared, one on each side of Laurel, blocking her path.

"Let go of me! What are you doing?! Son, help me!"

The scene mirrored one they had seen before.

Reggie, who had been working in his study, heard the commotion and walked to the window. He shook his head with a soft chuckle.

"So Isa really went ahead and hired bodyguards just for this," he mused.

"What's going on? Let my mom go!" Kaleb yelled, frustration bubbling in his voice.

The bodyguards ignored him, continuing to drag Laurel away with ease.

In a panic, Kaleb grabbed one of the guards by the shoulder, but his efforts were futile.

These were no ordinary bodyguards!

Helplessly, Kaleb watched as his mother was unceremoniously tossed outside.

"Ah! My back! It hurts so much!" Laurel screamed as she hit the ground, her voice full of pain and indignity.

"Mom, are you okay?" Kaleb rushed to help her up, clearly concerned.

"Do I look okay?" Laurel snapped, still seething. "That Isabel—how dare she treat me like this! And she hired bodyguards too!" She kept mumbling curses about Isabel, using almost all the vulgarities she knew.

Kaleb scowled and glanced toward Villa No. 7. "Those bodyguards must have been hired by whoever owns Villa No. 7."

At the mention of the villa, Laurel stopped cursing, her eyes widening.

Villa No. 7 was the crown villa in the area, its owner an elusive figure no one had ever been able to identify. No amount of money could buy it. They had been trying to guess who the owner was.

"Could it really be Beowulf?" Kaleb wondered aloud.

"Hmph! D'Meria Group may be impressive, but the Johnson Group is just as capable. Kaleb, if you put in the effort, you'll make our company bigger than D'Meria. And when that happens, I'll make the head of D'Meria apologize to me personally!"

Kaleb was momentarily taken aback by his mother's words.

Johnson Group was making a name for itself in Solaria, but it couldn't rival the long-established and influential D'Meria Group overnight.

"Mom, enough. Let's just go home. Isabel probably isn't even there." Kaleb tried to calm his mother, worried she might say something even more outrageous.

"Hmph!" Laurel glared at Villa No. 7 with burning anger.

You'll see. My son will rise above all of you, and then we'll see who gets to keep Villa No. 7.

A few days later, Isabel had planned to do some shopping and enjoy a nice meal out.

Feeling a little lonely, she decided to call Yvette.

Just as she was about to dial Yvette's number, the phone rang. It was Yvette calling her instead.

What a coincidence. Could we have both had the same idea?

"Hello? Yvette—"

"Isabel! You cursed me!"

What?

Isabel froze, startled by the fury in Yvette's voice. "What happened? Did I do something to upset you?"

"You jinxed me! Look what happened now—I'm pregnant!"

Isabel's heart skipped a beat as she processed the words.

"N-no way, are you serious? Didn't you take the pill?"

"You were the one who told me those pills were 99% effective! Well, guess what? I'm in the unlucky 1%! Argh! I can't believe this!"

Isabel rubbed her face in disbelief. She had only mentioned it briefly to Yvette, never expecting this outcome.

"So, what are you going to do?"

"What else can I do? I'm not about to have a baby right now! I'm still so young!" Yvette said with a bitter laugh.

"Then let me go with you to the hospital and get checked out."

Just as Isabel was about to offer support, her phone rang again. It was Xander.

"Where are you?"

"I'm at the hospital."

At the mention of the hospital, Xander's attention snapped away from his work.

"What happened? Are you okay? Why didn't you tell me?"

Isabel felt a pang of warmth in her chest at the genuine concern in his voice. She couldn't help but feel touched.

"I'm not here for myself," she quickly explained.

"You're lying!" Xander responded.

Isabel fell silent, but before she could explain further, a voice came through the other end of the line.

"Leo, take care of the rest. I'm heading to the hospital."

"Boss, are you sure? The next task is outside my scope ... " Leo said, sounding helpless.

"I'll authorize you for it."

There was a brief silence.

Isabel quickly spoke up.

"It's not me, it's my friend. I'm just going with her."

She sent a photo of the registration form.

The words, "Gynecology, Yvette Sullivan", were written on it

Xander let out a sigh of relief.

"When will you be done?"

"What's going on? Do you need something?"

"There's a new hotel opening on Sunstream Street. Leo sent someone to check it out—the chef's good, and the decor is spot on. I want you to come with me. Max is coming too. Would you mind?"

"Of course not! That sounds amazing. We're next in line, so I'll be done here in no time."

As they talked, Xander's fingers drummed lightly on the table.

"Anything else? If not, I'll hang up." Isabel glanced at the screen. Yvette was next.

"Does Reggie have time?" Xander's tone shifted slightly as he pursed his lips.

Isabel had never introduced him to Reggie, and it had always bothered him.

"I'll ask him later. We're up, I'll hang up now."

"Okay."

Not long after, the test results arrived.

Isabel and Yvette stared at the report in disbelief.

"T-there's three of them!"