

Chapter 105 One Shot, and It's Done?

The moment Isabel spoke, the atmosphere in the living room shifted, plunging into an unsettling silence.

Everyone, except Max who already knew the truth, stared at Isabel and Xander with a mix of shock and disbelief.

Isabel's attention was immediately drawn to Reggie, and she nervously called out, "Reg?"

Reggie let out a slow breath, his eyes locking on Isabel as his brows furrowed in confusion. "Isa, are you ... serious?"

Isabel struggled to find the right words. She wasn't serious about her decision; she had just been trying to find something that connected to her past—the emerald guardian angel pendant.

"I see," Reggie said, rising to his feet.

To him, Isabel's hesitation was the confirmation he needed.

"Reg, I—" Isabel began, but was cut off by his voice.

"Isa, when did this happen?"

"Just ... recently," Isabel replied, not daring to mention it was on the day she was supposed to marry Kaleb. She feared Reggie might think she had married someone on a whim to spite Kaleb.

Reggie glanced briefly at Xander before asking, "What does he do?"

Reggie wasn't judging; he just wanted to understand what kind of man was involved in his sister's life.

"He works for Bennett Group ... " Isabel hesitated.

She wasn't outright lying—Xander's true identity was far more complex.

If Reggie knew Xander was the CEO of Bennett Group, he might jump to conclusions and assume Isabel was Xander's sugar baby.

Even if that wasn't the case, someone like Xander was far above her, and Isabel feared things could end badly and she would be chased out some day.

But since she had no romantic feelings for him and planned to divorce him once everything settled, Isabel didn't see the point in revealing too much.

Xander seemed to pick up on her thoughts.

His dark eyes narrowed slightly, a subtle but determined look in them.

"Bennett Group? Didn't you just introduce him as a Bennett? Is he really from the Bennetts?" Reggie asked, now visibly concerned about any possible ties Xander might have to the powerful family.

If Xander was indeed a member of the Bennetts, he wouldn't be just another employee.

Reggie feared that Xander could be another Kaleb—a rich heir manipulating his sister.

Yvette, who had been quietly listening, now shifted her attention toward Xander, curiosity lighting up her eyes.

If Xander is connected to the Bennetts, Yvette reasoned, it would at least provide Isabel with some protection.

Not that she expected him to be an heir—maybe a cousin, or someone from a side branch of the family. That would suffice.

"No, he just happens to have the last name Bennett."

Isabel felt a pang of guilt. Lying was never easy, but when you care for someone, sometimes telling the whole truth seems impossible.

She only wanted to protect Reggie, to reassure him that she was making the right decisions. Everything else, she would handle herself.

That was what she genuinely thought.

Sorry, Reg ... Isabel secretly murmured, hoping he would understand.

Reggie, in truth, felt a sense of relief. If Xander had been part of the Bennetts, he feared Isabel's future would be far more complicated. The Bennetts were far more influential than Kaleb, and one Kaleb had already nearly destroyed her life.

If someone more powerful came into the picture, Isabel might find herself trapped in a situation beyond either of their control.

It's good that she's with someone ordinary, Reggie thought.

Shifting his focus, Reggie turned to Xander. "Mind stepping outside for a cigarette?"

It was clear to everyone that Reggie's request wasn't really about smoking.

"Sure." Xander nodded, standing up.

Isabel quickly grabbed his arm, giving him a silent, urgent look, saying, Don't say anything, and don't slip up.

"Isa, are you worried I'm going to hurt him?" Reggie asked, his smile tinged with helplessness.

He felt that he shouldn't control his sister's life, or she'd end up resenting him.

"No," Isabel replied, shaking her head, though her gaze still communicated her concerns to Xander.

After Xander stepped outside, Yvette couldn't resist teasing. "Tsk, tsk ... I didn't expect that from you, Isabel. You told me he was just a friend, but clearly, things are more complicated. Ugh!"

She faked a dramatic dry heave, clutching her chest as if she were about to faint.

Max put away the glass he was about to drink and glanced sideways at Yvette, his gaze lingering on her.

"What's wrong? Not feeling well? Let me check your pulse." Isabel placed her fingers on Yvette's wrist.

"Check my pulse? When did you learn medicine?" Yvette's eyes widened in surprise.

"Would you believe me if I said I'm a student of the Miracle Healer?" Isabel said with a chuckle.

Hearing that, Yvette was momentarily too stunned to register her discomfort.

Would I believe her? If she hadn't told me that Reggie and her company created the Yumera skincare line, I would've thought she had lost her mind, saying she's the Miracle Healer's disciple. But now I possess that knowledge, coupled with the fact that Yumera was created by the Miracle Healer, who must've taken this task on for the sake of my best friend, Isabel ...

It makes sense that she's the Miracle Healer's student!

Gosh, I'm so proud!

As Isabel checked Yvette's pulse, Max's eyes remained focused on her, narrowing as he noted the faint paleness in her complexion. Is something wrong?

Max quickly dismissed the thought.

I barely know this woman—why should I care?

"Isabel, how's my stomach? Is it okay?" Yvette asked, when she actually meant to ask about the triplets. She didn't want Isabel to accidentally let slip.

She could not let Max suspect she was pregnant with his child.

She figured they were her babies and had nothing to do with Max.

She didn't want to live with a man she barely knew just because she was pregnant with his babies.

"It's looking fine. You just need to watch your diet. No more drinking, and don't overeat. Smaller meals throughout the day would be better. I'll send you a list of suggestions later."

Isabel's eyes dropped to Yvette's shoes, her voice taking on a more practical tone. "And no more heels that high. You could trip."

Max, now even more confused, watched Isabel.

It's just a stomach issue, isn't it? That happens to anyone. Surely there can't be so many things to look out for.

When Yvette saw Max staring at her belly, she thought he had suspected something and quickly jumped to her feet.

"I need to go to the restroom," Yvette said quickly.

"I'll go with you," Isabel said, concerned. She figured Yvette might go throw up in the toilet.

"No, no need. It's just a stomach issue. It's not like I'm pregnant! Relax. I'm fine!" Yvette insisted.

Pregnant?

The word froze Max in place. His eyes shifted to Yvette's lower abdomen.

Could it be?

She got pregnant after that one time?

No, that can't be.

Even if I'm that powerful, Yvette isn't foolish. She'd definitely have taken the morning-after pill.

"What's with that look?" Yvette snapped, giving Max an angry glare before storming toward the door.

Max set his wine glass down slowly, his mind racing.

After a moment of deep thought, he rose from his seat and quietly walked out of the room.

Isabel remained in the private room, deep in thought.

"This doesn't add up," she muttered to herself.

Her sharp instincts told her something was off. There were secrets between Yvette and Max that they weren't sharing.

Feeling that staying in the room alone was pointless, Isabel decided to follow them.

Yvette practically ran to the bathroom, clearly trying to distance herself from the tension.

She exhaled in relief, muttering, "That was close. He almost found out."

But just as she finished speaking, a man's voice came from behind her.

"Almost found out what?"