

Chapter 129 He Figured Out I'm Pregnant?

Wait, what's going on?

Jessica turned around quickly to glance at Clive, who wore a frown and said nothing, silently agreeing with her confusion.

Isabel hadn't finished her sentence.

"Jessica, hear me out. I'm not speaking up today for anyone else but for Reg. When you were with him before, even though your intentions weren't pure and you had hidden motives, you did care for him when he was ill. I'm doing this now to repay that favor on his behalf. That's all."

"Reggie ... " Jessica softly whispered Reggie's name. His handsome, gentle face filled her thoughts, his sweet words still echoing in her ears.

The truth is, she did have a hidden agenda when approaching Reggie, but when faced with such an exceptional man, it would be dishonest to say she wasn't at least a little touched.

But later, when Reggie was disfigured and cast out of the Zimmermans, Jessica's desire for wealth became too strong to resist, and she chose to abandon him.

What she never expected was for Reggie to build his own company from scratch and become successful.

The regret she felt was overwhelming, to the point where it seemed to tear her apart, but there was no remedy for regret in this world.

As she reflected on it, she realized that the one to blame for everything wasn't her—it was Isabel!

Jessica suddenly lifted her gaze to Isabel, her eyes burning with resentment.

"Isabel! This is all your fault! You must have spoken badly about me to Reggie, and that's why he's treating me like this! It's all because of you! I'm in this mess because of you!"

Isabel was left silent upon hearing this.

"Did I force you to use tricks to get Reg's attention?"

"I ... "

Isabel added, "Did I make you the one to end things with Reg?"

"I ... "

Isabel continued, "Did I make you pursue Clive for his wealth?"

She asked three hard-hitting questions, leaving Jessica speechless, her mouth agape and her eyes wide, frozen in place.

"Hmph!" Isabel sneered. "You have a corrupt nature, driven by greed, willing to sacrifice everything for money. And now, when you realize you've made a mistake, you blame me for it. Pathetic!"

Jessica's mouth dropped further, her eyes bulging even more as she wanted to argue back, but in the end, she just stood there, speechless and unsure of what to say.

"Isabel, don't bother with her. People like that will get what they deserve. Let's go inside," Yvette said, pulling Isabel into the maternity store.

Max gave Jessica a quick look, then shook his head before his attention shifted to Clive. Clive's eyes were locked on Isabel, a cruel gleam flashing in his narrowed gaze.

This man ... looks like he's planning something shady.

With that thought, Max quickly sent a message to Xander.

"You need to deal with Clive soon. He seems to have bad intentions towards Isabel."

Xander had just returned to the office when he received the message.

"Clive Hicks ... " The words were spoken coldly.

"Leo, make the arrangements. We're heading to Hicks Group tomorrow."

Leo responded, "Understood, Boss."

Inside the maternity store, Isabel and Yvette were picking out products for mothers and babies.

"Isabel, look at this adorable little outfit," Yvette said, bringing over a set of pink baby clothes.

"It's really cute, but the baby's not due for a while. Isn't it too soon to be buying baby clothes?" Isabel had just spoken when Max walked up.

"Weren't you saying earlier that your friend's baby was already born? So why is it still too early?"

Yvette noticed Max coming closer and instinctively stepped back, startled.

"What's it to you?"

Max observed Yvette staying away from him, his face showing a displeased expression as he thought how this woman was so opportunistic.

Whenever he needed her, she stuck to him like glue. But as soon as he didn't, she kept her distance.

While he watched her, Max's focus shifted to the front of Yvette.

Wait, was he imagining things? Why did her flat chest suddenly seem like a small mound?

Yvette sensed his gaze on her and became anxious.

Could he have figured it out?

Yvette anxiously glanced at her flat stomach, hoping he wouldn't notice. He shouldn't be able to tell, right?

Isabel observed Yvette, then Max, before shrugging and moving to the next shelf to pick out some things.

Ten seconds went by.

Still staring? Why was he still looking at me?

Yvette felt a chill run through her from Max's intense stare and urgently wanted to escape.

She quickly turned to leave, but as she did, a customer accidentally collided with her, causing her to lose her balance.

Just as she was about to fall, a hand shot out, grabbing the spot on her chest that had begun to change due to her pregnancy.

"Ah ... "

"Huh? Is this for real?" Max, as if he had stumbled upon something new, moved his fingers with curiosity.

"This sensation ... is it real or fake? Yvette, did you stuff something there? It feels pretty real," Max thought nothing of his actions, simply intrigued.

Yvette's face turned from red to purple, and then it seemed to burn with embarrassment.

"I ... are you finished yet?"

"Not yet, I want to check a bit more," Max continued his exploration.

Yvette clenched her fist, unable to take it any longer and bit down on Max's hand.

"Aw! Yvette, are you some kind of dog?!"

At the noise, Isabel glanced over but quickly turned away and went back to choosing items.

Fuming with anger, Yvette stomped on Max's foot.

"Ouch!" Max yelped, hopping around and clutching his foot.

"You're not a dog, you're a donkey, kicking me like that!"

Yvette straightened out her clothes, which had been tugged at, even fixing the hoodie that had gotten out of shape. This man really had no shame.

"You'd better keep your distance. If you provoke me again, I'll make sure your family line ends here!" she shot an angry glare at Max's leg, trying to warn him.

"If you think you can end my family line, you'll be disappointed. I've had my tarot card reading, and I'm destined for wealth and a long line of descendants," Max said, his tone full of pride.

Yvette blinked, unsure how to respond. The tarot card reading had been surprisingly spot on.

"I don't feel like dealing with you," Yvette said, turning to walk away.

Max watched her retreating figure, feeling an unexpected sense of satisfaction.

Isabel poked her head out again, watching as Max raised his hand to stroke his chin, his eyelids half-lowered, hiding the emotions in his eyes.

In the evening, when Isabel arrived back at the villa, Xander was still at work.

Normally, Xander didn't stay late, but it was mostly because Isabel's daytime affairs had caused a delay.

Feeling restless, Isabel lay down on the couch, took out her phone, opened Twitter, and scrolled through the day's updates.

Earlier that day, someone had been following her, and a photo of her with Clive had been taken and shared without care.

The situation had been building throughout the day, and she wasn't sure what the current state of things was.

She clicked to see the updates and was instantly left stunned.

"How could this happen?"