

Chapter 103 Isabel's Surprising Revelation

Triplets!

After a long pause, Isabel gave Yvette a thumbs-up.

"Impressive!"

"Give me a break!" Yvette rolled her eyes, but suddenly her expression changed. She sank into a chair, pressing a hand to her forehead and staring at her belly.

Isabel sat down next to her, her eyes also fixed on Yvette's stomach.

"So, what's your plan now?"

"I have no idea!" Yvette laughed through her tears, her face a mix of disbelief and frustration.

If she had known things would take such a turn, she would have stayed home that day.

"Are you thinking about terminating it?" Isabel asked gently.

"I-I'm not sure that's a good idea." Yvette hesitated. "There are three lives involved, and their future is in my hands. It feels wrong to just end it."

"Yeah." Isabel agreed, nodding thoughtfully. She met Yvette's eyes with a serious expression. "You should keep them."

Yvette opened her mouth, brows furrowing in confusion.

"But I'm not ready for this."

Isabel placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "I'll help you raise them."

That simple promise gave Yvette the courage she needed. After a moment of thought, she made up her mind to go ahead with the pregnancy.

Once they were out of the hospital, Isabel remembered her dinner plans with Xander. But seeing Yvette's lost expression, she worried her friend might overthink things alone. So, she invited her to join.

"Yve, a friend of mine invited me to check out a new restaurant. I heard it has great local food and decor. Why don't you come along?"

"Won't I be a burden?" Yvette instinctively touched her stomach.

"No, not at all. Let's go. Tomorrow, we'll go together to shop for maternity clothes and supplements, like folic acid," Isabel said, already planning it out.

"Maybe we should wait until the end of the month," Yvette suggested. "I'd like to at least get my paycheck first. I can't have you pay for everything."

Though Isabel was happy to help, her recent fall from grace with the Zimmermans had left her with less money to spare. Yvette felt like handling things on her own as much as she could.

Isabel smiled, seeing the sincerity in her friend's concern. "I forgot to mention—Reggie started a company."

"What? He did?" Yvette blinked in surprise.

But even if he had started a business, surely it was just a small one. Running a company required a lot of capital, and Yvette figured the siblings must be buried in debt. Isabel even offered to help raise her children—how could she possibly accept that?

As Yvette mulled over this, Isabel spoke again, "Have you heard of I.Z. Corporation?"

When Yvette didn't seem to react, Isabel wasn't surprised. I.Z. Corporation was a new player on the market.

"You haven't heard of it? You must know about Yumera, the acne treatment product?"

Now, Yvette's interest was piqued.

"Of course! It's been everywhere lately. I've been watching Raoul's livestreams. The acne treatment is incredible, and the biggest shock was learning that the product's lead developer is the legendary Miracle Healer! It was all over the comments—it was mind-blowing!"

Yvette paused, a confused look crossing her face. "Why are you mentioning that? Don't tell me that's your company's product!"

She teased, thinking there was no way Reggie could be involved with something so big.

"Yes! The product is from our company. So, you're having three kids. You think I can't handle it?" Isabel grinned at Yvette.

"Isabel, you've really got a flair for exaggeration these days," Yvette replied, skeptical.

Isabel quickly pulled out her phone, searched something, and handed it to Yvette.

"Come on. Enough with your crazy story—"

What?!

Yvette snatched the phone from Isabel, her eyes wide with disbelief.

Yumera acne skincare brand, developed by Miracle Healer, in partnership with I.Z. Corporation ...

Holy crap!

Yvette's jaw dropped, completely stunned. "Isabel, is this for real? Your brother's company is actually called I.Z. Corporation?"

"Yep. Reggie's going to be at dinner tonight, too. Want to ask him yourself? He's not one for jokes."

Isabel's casual confirmation made it hard for Yvette to doubt her.

"My god! The whole drama I've been following, and the mastermind was right under my nose!"

Yvette was left reeling, caught up in the unbelievable turn of events.

"Calm down. You shouldn't get so worked up when you're pregnant," Isabel reminded her gently.

"Right, I'll calm down ... I'll calm down ... "

For the next few minutes, Yvette couldn't stop muttering to herself, still trying to process everything.

Later that evening, at the restaurant.

"Are you here?" Xander's voice came through on the phone.

"We're downstairs. I'll hang up now," Isabel said. As she ended the call, she noticed Yvette staring at her, a curious look on her face.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You've been getting a lot of calls lately, haven't you? Since we left the hospital, you've answered three or four. Normal friends don't do that. Come clean. Is it your boyfriend?" Yvette asked, sniffing out something unusual.

"He's not my boyfriend," Isabel replied. Technically, she wasn't lying.

He wasn't her boyfriend, but her husband.

"Seriously?" Yvette eyed her suspiciously, feeling like something was off.

Her instincts told her this situation wasn't as simple as Isabel was letting on.

"Why would I lie to you?" Isabel said with a wink.

She wasn't lying, and her tone made it clear she was being serious.

Yvette stared at her, still unsure. Could it really be true?

Have I misread things?

That can't be.

I usually have pretty good sixth sense. Has my pregnancy affected that already?

"We're here!" Isabel looked toward a private room.

Yvette's gaze fell on the door, thinking she was about to meet the man who had been calling Isabel so often. If he was that persistent, even if he wasn't her boyfriend, he had to be pursuing Isabel.

She had to see for herself what he was like—and if he was worthy of her friend.

"I'll head in first!" Yvette pushed the door open.

But as she took a step, she bumped into something solid.

What the heck?

Rubbing her forehead, she looked up and saw a muscular chest.

Why is it so firm? Is he worried someone might headbutt him?

Just as she was processing this, a familiar male voice sounded above her.

"What are you doing here?"