

Chapter 104 Revealing Xander as Her Husband

The moment Yvette heard the words, she looked up, her gaze meeting the man's face. Instantly, memories from that night flooded her thoughts—the moment she had pinned him down.

She could barely recall how he muttered curses under his breath, but in the end, it was clear she had the upper hand.

"I-it's you!"

How could this be?

The one who's been calling Isabel non-stop is him!

Wait, does that mean this man is in love with Isabel? Have I unknowingly betrayed my closest friend?

As the realization sank in, Yvette instinctively placed a hand on her stomach, overwhelmed by confusion and inner turmoil.

Though she wasn't ready to give up on the three little lives growing inside her, she couldn't ignore the thought that if Isabel and this man ended up together, her friendship with Isabel would never be the same.

What should I do?

Why did it have to be him?

Isabel looked between Max and Yvette, her curiosity piqued. "Do you two know each other?"

Yvette, afraid of Isabel misunderstanding, shook her head frantically.

"No, no, no, we don't know each other!"

Isabel narrowed her eyes, skeptical. She wasn't easily fooled—based on their exchange, it was clear they knew each other.

But she was perplexed as to why Yvette wouldn't just admit it. Is there something Yvette is hiding from me?

As she tried to make sense of things, Yvette hurriedly added, "Isabel, I really don't know him. By the way ... is he your boyfriend?"

Before Isabel or Max could answer, Xander emerged from the room. He walked straight up to Isabel, gently gazing into her eyes. "You're here."

"Hey." Isabel nodded in reply.

"Come on in," Xander said softly, taking her bag off her shoulder without a second thought.

In that instant, Yvette realized her mistake.

A sigh of relief escaped her. Thank goodness it wasn't him—the father of her children. If it had been, she wasn't sure how she could have faced Isabel after everything.

She glanced at Max before following Isabel into the room, taking a seat beside her.

Before she could settle in, Reggie arrived.

Recalling what Isabel had mentioned earlier, Yvette immediately moved to sit next to Reggie. She smiled warmly and poured him a glass of wine.

"Reggie, let's toast to your success."

"Thanks." Reggie, ever the gentleman, raised his glass, clinking it against hers.

Max rolled his eyes, his irritation evident. He couldn't believe how shameless Yvette was. Just days ago, she had clung to him at the bar, kissing and touching him. The next morning, she handed him 33 dollars with a casual comment, calling it just compensation for her actions.

Though time had passed, Max still remembered the sound of the coins scattering as Yvette threw them at him. The memory would haunt him forever.

But there was one thing he couldn't figure out: How could she have that many coins on her?

Shaking off the thoughts, he looked back at Yvette. Her sweet, flirtatious laugh as she smiled at Reggie was enough to stir a strange irritation inside him.

She really has no shame!

"Yve," Isabel interrupted, seeing Yvette reach for another drink. "You shouldn't be drinking in your condition."

"What's wrong? Are you feeling ill?" Reggie asked with genuine concern.

Yvette and Isabel were close friends, often going out together. To Reggie, Yvette was like a little sister.

"Um ... my stomach's been bothering me," Yvette replied awkwardly, setting her glass down.

Although she loved to drink, she was now a mother—soon to be the mother of three—and she knew she couldn't risk the health of her babies.

"Stomach problems? Probably from all the time you spend at bars, irregular sleep, and the chaotic lifestyle you're living." Max, holding his own glass, took a sip with a condescending air.

Yvette wasn't having it.

"Who's life is chaotic? You're the one who's a mess!" she snapped, clearly annoyed.

Isabel's gaze shifted between the two, her curiosity growing as she silently observed.

Her suspicions were confirmed—they knew each other.

But before Isabel could further analyze the situation, the focus shifted back to her.

Xander, with surprising tenderness, peeled a shrimp and dipped it in sauce before placing it into Isabel's plate. He continued to peel more, adding each one with care.

Isabel stared at the shrimp, her mind distant as her gaze locked onto the plate. It was as if she was looking into an abyss, lost in thought.

A few seconds passed.

Reggie glanced at Isabel, his brows furrowed in confusion. "Isa, are you and he really just 'ordinary friends?'"

Yvette, hearing the new gossip, immediately turned her attention back to Isabel and Xander, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

Isabel's eyes widened. She looked like she was trying to convince herself that the wider she opened her eyes, the more convincing her words would be.

"Yes ... we're just ordinary friends," she said, finally managing to respond.

At that moment, Xander reached out and gently wiped the corner of Isabel's mouth with his thumb.

"You got something there," he said, showing her the oil stain on his thumb, then grabbed a wet napkin to clean it.

The room fell silent.

You could hear a pin drop.

Isabel stood frozen, her expression one of disbelief and confusion.

Clink! Yvette dropped her utensils.

Isabel, flushed with anger, glared at Xander, while Xander met her gaze coldly, his eyes dark with intent.

He had done it on purpose. He couldn't stand how Isabel had avoided introducing him to her friends and family.

Now, he wanted to see if she would continue with her lies or finally reveal the truth about their relationship.

The tension between them was thick, the silence heavy with unspoken words.

Reggie exhaled sharply and looked at Isabel with a serious expression. "Isa, you've never lied to me before."

That was all it took. Isabel knew she could no longer keep up the charade.

"Isabel," Yvette said, feigning hurt, "How could you lie to me? You've always told me everything, even the most personal things, but you didn't even tell me you had a boyfriend!"

Yvette placed a hand dramatically over her heart as if deeply wounded.

Isabel glanced between Yvette and Reggie, realizing she couldn't hide it anymore. She sighed, finally giving in.

"I didn't lie to you," she said, her voice quiet. "He's not my boyfriend."

"Why are you still—" Yvette opened her mouth to respond, but Isabel quickly cut in.

"He's my husband. We got married at the city hall."