

Chapter 106 Yvette's Distress

Yvette gasped, startled as she instinctively took a step back. Her eyes darted to the mirror, and she saw Max standing behind her.

"Why did you follow me?" she demanded, narrowing her eyes at him, her voice laced with suspicion.

Max, hands casually tucked into his pockets, raised an eyebrow and motioned toward the men's restroom nearby. "What's this? Are you getting a habit of hanging around the men's room? Planning to go in?"

It was only then that Yvette realized she was standing right next to the men's sink.

"You're the one with the bad habits!" she shot back defensively. "I'm just washing my hands! There's no rule saying women can't stand here, right?"

As Isabel caught up, she overheard their bickering, the kind of playful argument you'd expect between schoolmates.

Isabel couldn't help but be intrigued. Max's background was just as impressive as Xander's.

He was the heir to the Hunts fortune, the sole successor to their empire, and his father's media giant, EastRise Media Solutions, controlled a significant portion of the entertainment industry.

In contrast, Yvette came from a humble middle-class family. It was strange that the two of them were even speaking to each other.

Isabel and Xander's relationship, though, was born out of Isabel's thick skin—and perhaps her medical skills—which had brought their once separate lives together.

"Stay away from me!" Yvette snapped, panic creeping into her voice. The thought of Max finding out about her pregnancy terrified her. What if he made her terminate it, or worse, took the babies from her?

"Oh? Now you want me to stay away? Just a few days ago, you couldn't get enough of me, clinging to me like glue. I couldn't shake you off," Max teased, his eyes glinting with mischief.

So it was him that night! Isabel's gaze shifted to Yvette's midsection, concern clouding her expression.

Yvette's face turned crimson. "You think I wanted that? If I hadn't been drugged, do you really think I'd throw myself at you? I'm not blind!"

Max clicked his tongue, feigning amusement.

Isabel raised an eyebrow, surprised by the revelation, though she couldn't help but wonder—she never expected Max to be the one involved that night.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Max narrowed his eyes, irritation flashing across his face. "Are you saying I'm ugly?"

"Exactly. You're ugly!" Yvette retorted, hands on her hips, refusing to back down.

Max took a step closer, his imposing presence forcing Yvette to step back.

"W-what are you doing?" Yvette felt the pressure building as her back hit the wall.

Max extended his arm, trapping her against it.

Her heart pounded, eyes wide with shock, her breath catching in her chest.

Max gently pinched her chin, his smile predatory. "What was that? Want to repeat yourself?"

Yvette's eyes widened further as she met his gaze. There was something dark and magnetic in his eyes, sending a chill through her. His face was undeniably handsome, but there was a danger to it that made her feel a strange pull.

Isabel, watching from the sidelines, was ready to intervene when she saw Yvette pinned against the wall. But when she noticed the dazed, almost mesmerized look in Yvette's eyes, she decided it was better to stand back for now.

"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue? Can't resist my handsome face, huh? Because I seem to remember you enjoying yourself that night," Max teased, his voice low, almost playful.

Yvette was indeed mesmerized by his looks, but after hearing his teasing, she was overwhelmed by fury.

"You were the one who enjoyed it! You couldn't resist me! With those pathetic skills? You were like a nerd trying to plow a field—soft, unskilled, and weak."

A nerd trying to plow a field?

Max's chest tightened in frustration, his grip on her chin increasing slightly.

"Oh, really? You think I'm a nerd? Well, today I'll show you whether I'm a nerd or a jock," Max growled.

With that, he leaned in, moving to kiss her.

Yvette's first instinct was to push him away, but just then, a sharp pain shot through her lower abdomen.

"Ow ... ugh!" Yvette winced, clutching her stomach as her body slumped against the wall.

Max froze, looking down at her crouched form, his confusion mounting.

"Stop pretending—"

"Yvette!" Isabel rushed over, worry etched on her face as she helped steady her.

Yvette's head spun, her vision blurred, her face pale.

Now Max wasn't so sure Yvette was faking it.

"Stop standing there! Help me hold her up. I need to check her pulse," Isabel commanded, her voice calm but urgent.

Max hesitated but then moved swiftly, wrapping an arm around Yvette's waist to support her, her head resting against his chest.

Though Yvette was still conscious, her body felt weak, fragile. If she had any choice, she wouldn't be relying on Max for support.

Isabel checked Yvette's pulse quickly, her fingers moving with purpose.

"How is she? Is she alright?" Max asked, concern creeping into his voice.

"It's just a mild—um, she probably drank something cold earlier that upset her stomach. You need to get her back to the lounge. I'll treat her there," Isabel explained.

Max nodded, securing his hold on Yvette and pulling her closer as he began walking toward the exit.

"Ugh, it hurts ... " Yvette winced, clutching her stomach.

Max glanced at her, assuming it was just her stomach bothering her and not thinking much of it.

"I'm a gentleman, so I'll let the past go, considering you're not feeling well," Max said, his lips curling into a playful smirk.

"Ugh!" Yvette suddenly gagged, a mix of real and feigned discomfort.

Max shot her a tired look. "Real mature, Yvette."

He bent down, sliding his arms under her knees, lifting her with ease.

"Hey, put me down! I can walk on my own!" Yvette protested, embarrassed. This was the first time since childhood when her father had carried her horizontally that another man had lifted her.

"If you want to make your stomach hurt more, go ahead and try to walk," Max said, his tone light and teasing.

Yvette looked at her stomach, her mind racing. If it were just stomach pain, she could handle it, but the fact was, she was carrying three babies. She could be careless with herself, but not with them.

Finally, Yvette fell silent, the gravity of the situation settling in.

Max, noticing her quieting down, adjusted his hold so she could rest more comfortably in his arms. She closed her eyes, visibly relaxing.

There was something unexpectedly endearing about Yvette when she was calm like this.

He hadn't noticed it before, but as he held her, he realized that while Yvette wasn't the kind of woman to stun people at first sight like Isabel, she had a quiet, enduring beauty. Especially her eyes—those large, expressive eyes that always seemed to be searching.

Before long, Max carried Yvette back to the lounge.

Isabel immediately began her treatment, lifting Yvette's shirt to prepare.

"It's going to hurt a little, but bear with me, it'll be over soon," Isabel warned, giving her some time to mentally prepare.

"I'm fine, just a little pain. I'm not some pampered rich girl. Bring it on," Yvette said bravely.

But just ten seconds later, the pain hit, and she couldn't hold back a scream.

"Ow! Isabel, be gentler. It hurts, it really hurts! Sob ... " Yvette cried out, tears welling up in her eyes.

Max's face hardened as Yvette kept going with the treatment. For some reason, hearing her cry out felt like a knife to his heart.

"Sob ... Hmm ... "

Max couldn't stand it anymore and turned to Isabel. "You need to ease up. She's crying now."