

Chapter 152 Xander Shows Affection Again

"Is something wrong? Do you have a stomach ache? Where are you? I'll be there right away!" Isabel called out, waving to flag down a cab.

"No, my stomach's fine," Yvette replied, which made Isabel stop her attempt at hailing the cab.

Before Isabel could say anything else, Yvette burst out in frustration, "It's my mom! She's pushing me to go on those endless blind dates. I don't want to go, but she and my dad have me stuck at home, not letting me step outside."

"Your mom's setting you up on blind dates?" Isabel thought about Yvette's growing belly, which was nearly two months along. By next month, her pregnancy would likely be obvious, especially with triplets on the way.

"Yes! What should I do?" Yvette sighed, rubbing her temples as a headache set in.

After a moment of thought, Isabel suggested, "Why don't you just tell her you already have a boyfriend?"

"I did! But she doesn't believe me. She wants me to bring him over," Yvette groaned.

"Well, why not get someone to pretend to be your boyfriend?" Isabel proposed, suddenly thinking of Max. "What about Max? I don't have his contact info, but Xander does. I'll ask him."

The mention of Max's name brought a flush to Yvette's cheeks, and she scowled. "I'd never ask him for help. Even if he were the last man on earth, I'd find another way."

With a raised eyebrow, Isabel offered, "What about my brother then?"

In truth, Isabel had once hoped that Yvette and her brother might connect romantically, but no spark had ever ignited between them. Besides, now that Yvette was carrying Max's children, any chance of a match was even more unlikely.

"Reggie? No way. He's like a big brother to me. I'd feel way too awkward pretending he's my boyfriend."

"You've ruled out Max, and now Reggie too? Well, I'm out of ideas then." Isabel shrugged.

"Don't give up on me! I think I'm getting stupid when I'm pregnant," Yvette pleaded desperately.

"You were pretty clueless before you got pregnant too," Isabel teased.

"Excuse me? What did you just say?" Yvette raised her voice in mock annoyance.

Isabel chuckled. "Nothing! Just checking if you're sure about Max. If you change your mind, I can reach out to him, but if not, I don't have many other choices. And even if you were willing, he might not agree."

The truth was that Isabel was nudging Yvette toward Max on purpose. She knew plenty of people who could play a temporary boyfriend such as Beowulf and Raoul, but she had a good feeling about Max. From what she'd seen, he seemed to genuinely care about Yvette.

After all, he was the father of her children, and more interactions between them might stir real feelings, which could be good for all of them.

Deep down, Isabel knew the impact of not having a complete family—it created a silent yearning for love.

That was how she was.

"If you stay quiet, I'll hang up," Isabel teased.

"Wait—don't hang up!" Yvette exclaimed, rubbing her temples as the headache persisted.

"Listen, you're probably getting morning sickness by now, and your parents have no idea you're pregnant. If they find out while you're still at home, I won't be able to help you," Isabel reminded her.

"Alright, alright, reach out to him!" Yvette sighed, visibly worried.

She hadn't planned to hide things from her parents, but with their conservative views, she couldn't imagine the stress it might cause. Both had bad health, and a shock like this could affect their health.

After hanging up, Isabel immediately dialed Xander. When she thought he might be busy, he picked up almost instantly and caught her off guard.

"Is something up?" Xander's deep voice came over the line, his tone warm.

Isabel couldn't help but feel a bit enchanted whenever she heard his voice.

His voice had an irresistible warmth. Any girl who appreciated a good voice, if she suddenly heard his voice behind her, would turn around, entranced, to take a look. She'd soon be drawn in by his charm, completely smitten, and maybe even dreaming of a future together.

Xander, as it happened, was swamped with work. Normally, he wouldn't have answered a call so quickly—or perhaps not at all—if it had been anyone else. But Isabel was an exception.

She hardly ever called him first; it was usually him reaching out to her.

So, seeing caller ID "Honey" light up filled him with excitement he couldn't hide.

He picked up immediately, ignoring the amused side-eye from Leo, who stood beside him.

Really? All this fuss for a call from her? He's going to end up with zero authority at home if he keeps acting this way, Leo thought, rolling his eyes.

If his fiancée called, Leo was sure he'd handle it with a lot more calmness.

When Isabel spoke, her request was simple, "I just want Max's contact information."

Leo then watched Xander's face drop, his expression cooling instantly as if a cloud had come over him. An icy silence hung in the air.

What's going on?

Just moments ago, he had been practically glowing. What was with the sudden change?

Suspicious, Leo couldn't help but wonder what Isabel had asked for that caused such a reaction.

"Why do you need Max's contact?" Xander's tone had gone steely.

Upon hearing that, Leo suddenly understood and hid a knowing smirk.

Isabel explained briefly, "It's for Yvette Sullivan. Her family ... "

After listening, Xander's mood brightened up again, visibly relieved. Thankfully, it wasn't what he'd feared.

"Forget about his contact details," Xander said. "I'll handle it myself. I've got some time now, so I'll reach out to him for you."

Leo smirked, glancing at the towering pile of work on Xander's desk.

Having free time was a lie. It was clear that his boss didn't want to hand Max's number over.

After hanging up, Leo couldn't resist commenting, "Boss, not to be critical, but you're a little too cautious. She only wanted Mr. Max's contact info. It's hardly a big deal."

With a serious look, Xander replied, "It's not about being cautious. She's one of a kind. I'm just scared someone else might steal her away."

Leo was speechless.

He should've kept to himself, but he'd practically asked to be a spectator to this love story. Hadn't he been through enough already?

Shortly after, Max received Xander's call.

"Wait, what? Pretend to be Yvette's boyfriend? Why would I help her? I barely know her."

"Alright, got it. I'll let her know you declined and that she should ask someone else. I've got other things to do, so—" Just as Xander was about to end the call, Max's hurried voice interrupted him.