

Chapter 166 Take Advantage

"No!" Yvette's voice cracked as she fumed, struggling to get the words out.

"No?" Isabel asked, narrowing her eyes. "Then what happened?"

Yvette let out an exasperated breath. "You don't get it! Max—he actually hugged me from behind, right in front of my parents, and—did stuff to me!" She was almost shouting now.

Isabel blinked. "He hugged you from behind and did ... what exactly?"

She couldn't help the images that flashed through her mind.

Isabel was confused about whether to laugh or be concerned, as Yvette seemed to be talking about something serious.

"He kissed me! On the ear! Can you believe that?!" Yvette threw her pillow down in frustration.

"Wait, so just the ear?" Isabel asked, a little puzzled, feeling a bit awkward. She'd expected something worse.

"Just the ear?" Yvette huffed. "That's crossing a line, Isabel! I could barely keep my cool!"

Just thinking about it filled her with righteous rage and embarrassment.

"Did you just let him do it?" Isabel asked, leaning in a little, curious.

"What was I supposed to do? My parents were right outside, watching us! If I pushed him away, they'd know something was up!"

Isabel nodded, realizing what was really going on. "Ah, so he was kind of helping you with the act."

"Helping? Not like that! He even put his hand on my stomach! I nearly had a heart attack. Then he had the nerve to say, I was getting fat!" Yvette's voice was full of disbelief.

There was something she didn't tell Isabel. Max did not just touch her stomach. He also measured her chest.

"Huh, nearly a B cup," he said.

"You were definitely smaller."

She almost bit him.

Isabel chuckled, though she could hear the tension in Yvette's voice. "Okay, okay, just breathe. You're a mom now. You can't be letting stuff like this get to you. And if you do, well, I'll have to have a little talk with you about my goddaughters!"

"Isabel!"

"Okay, okay! I'm serious here. You know you shouldn't be stressing out while you're pregnant. And remember, Max helped you before. Now, you're upset because of what happened? Let it go. Why don't we go somewhere quiet and talk? You need to unwind." Isabel's voice was calm, trying to reason with her.

"I just want to go to a bar!" Yvette snapped, her mood dark. The only thing she could think of to make her feel better was going to a bar. It was the only escape from the storm in her head.

"You're pregnant. You're not going to a bar. No way," Isabel answered, firm and resolute. "We'll find somewhere else."

"It's just this once! I won't drink, I promise. I'll just have a juice and sit at the bar for a bit," Yvette pleaded, her voice softening.

"No. The noise in those places is too much. You need calm. Quiet. Especially now," Isabel countered, still trying to steer her away from her plan.

The line went silent for a moment. Yvette's voice, when it returned, was tinged with defeat.

"Isabel, you've changed. You're not the same person who used to care about me."

Isabel sighed deeply, rubbing her temples. "Fine. But just for a little while. And after this, no more. Understand?"

Isabel knew Yvette too well. If she didn't go, Yvette would just head there on her own. At least if she went with her, she could keep an eye on things.

Yvette arrived at the bar first, settling herself at the counter. She ordered a juice, the cool glass a small comfort in her hands. The music blared in the background, and she watched the crowd moving on the dance floor. Slowly, the weight on her chest started to lift.

She rested her hand gently on her stomach. "Hang in there, little ones. Just a little while longer. This is the last time I'll come to this place. Promise."

Before she could settle into the moment, a well-dressed woman appeared before her.

"You're Yvette, right?" Rachel looked her up and down, her eyes full of judgment.

Yvette narrowed her eyes. "Who are you? What do you want? I don't know you."

Yvette was the kind of person who gave back whatever she got. If someone was friendly, she was friendly. If they were rude, she had no problem matching their attitude.

Rachel gave her a look full of scorn.

"Like attracts like. If Isabel's rude and trashy, I guess it makes sense she'd be friends with someone like you."

Yvette immediately understood. Rachel wasn't mad at her. She was mad at Isabel.

If Isabel was her enemy, so was Yvette.

Yvette stood up, her arms crossed tight. "Ha! The one calling others trashy is usually the worst one of all."

"What did you just say?" Rachel's face turned red with anger.

"What? Can't handle a little truth? What's the matter? Did I hurt your ears?" Yvette shot back. "I don't even know you, but you come at me like this. And you think you have good manners?"

Yvette had never backed down from a fight, always keeping her cool, never needing to throw out cheap insults.

"You—" Rachel sputtered, too angry to even speak.

A girl standing beside Rachel pulled on her arm. "Rachel, don't waste your breath. Just throw money at her. She'll shut up, and maybe she'll even beg for more."

Rachel nodded, pulling out a card. "Here. There's 75,000 on it."

To the Lawsons, 75,000 was nothing. Rachel had done her homework. Yvette's parents were just regular folks, earning barely 1,500 a month together. If they went without spending for a year, they might manage to save a little over a fifteen grand.

So, Rachel thought 75 grand was a small fortune for Yvette.

"What's this?" Yvette asked, eyeing the card suspiciously.

"It's a card," Rachel said, holding it out with a smirk. "You take it. You don't have to do anything except cut ties with Isabel. Tell Xan that Isabel's a manipulator. She only waited at the city hall to set him up. Everything was part of her plan. Do that, and I'll give you another 75 grand." Rachel smiled, sure Yvette would take the deal.

A hundred and fifty thousand. For most families, this would be a big windfall.

She was sure Yvette would take the offer.

Yvette snatched the card from Rachel's hand, her grip tight. Without a second thought, she tossed it at Rachel's chest. "You know, my parents always said that being poor isn't the worst thing, but losing your pride is. You think all poor people are just eager for money? You don't know a thing about us."

The card struck Rachel, sending a sharp throb through her chest. It wasn't the physical pain that stung, but the weight of the insult. It fueled the fire of her anger.

"Are you trying to humiliate me?" Rachel's voice was low, teeth clenched as she stared daggers at Yvette.

Yvette laughed, her amusement bitter. "You've got it all wrong. You, the rich girl, throw money at me to try and put me down. And now you're calling me the one insulting you? So, let me guess—just because you've got money, that means you get to control everything, huh? It's almost too funny."

Rachel's face twisted in fury, her words caught in her throat.

"Don't point at me!" Yvette swatted Rachel's hand away and turned on her heel, striding toward the door without a second glance.

"D*mn it! D*mn it all!" Rachel cursed, her feet pounding the floor in frustration.

A girl beside her watching Rachel's outburst leaned in with a sly grin.

"Rachel, don't waste your energy. I've got a way to make her pay."

"What's the plan?" Rachel snapped, still seething.

The girl whispered in her ear, voice low and secretive. "We'll have someone grab her. Just take her. Get her out of here."

Rachel's brow furrowed. "Isn't that a little extreme? What if they figure out we were behind it?"

The girl smiled wickedly. "No need to worry. We'll knock her out and take her straight to Christian. He'll think some other business owner sent her, and he won't hesitate to do whatever he wants."

Christian was a part of the Bennetts' wider circle, but Yvette was just an ordinary woman. She didn't have the power or means to strike back, no matter how much she wanted to.

"She could always ask Isabel for help," Rachel suggested.

"That's actually a better idea," the other girl replied. "If Isabel gets involved, Mr. Bennett can handle Christian. It'll be a way of getting back at him, and it'll also make things right for you."

Rachel's eyes brightened at the thought. Christian had caused her endless trouble before, and this plan felt like a gift. No matter what happened, it would work in her favor.

"Alright, we'll go with that," Rachel said, nodding.

Once Yvette left the club, she immediately called Isabel.

"I'm out. The noise was unbearable, and the place was full of people I didn't want to be around."

"I'll be there soon. There was an accident on the road, and everything's backed up. The tunnel's closed too. Just hang tight for a minute."

"Okay, I'll be here—ahhh!"

Before Yvette could say anything more, a cloth was pressed to her mouth, and her world went black.