

Chapter 167 Yvette Abducted

Isabel's heart raced at the sudden noise.

"Yve! Yve!"

A sharp thud echoed through the air—Yvette's phone had dropped to the floor.

Yvette's eyes went wide as she locked onto the phone, lying on the ground. One of the kidnappers leaned down, switched it off, and tossed it into a nearby trash bin.

The cloth over Yvette's mouth carried a powerful drug. As she was dragged to the car, she barely had time to fight back before everything started to blur. Soon, she was left in a dazed stupor, unable to do much else.

Back on the other end of the phone, Isabel's call had ended. She dialed again, but the line was dead.

Isabel whispered, "Yve, please, please be okay," as panic began to seep into her voice.

With a jolt of fear, Isabel slammed her foot down on the gas pedal, heading straight for the bar.

She quickly called Beowulf, asking him to investigate what was going on.

Five minutes later, Isabel pulled up to the bar and jumped out of the car, rushing inside.

"Did you see a girl? Around 20? Sitting here?" Isabel asked, voice tight with urgency.

The bartender paused, trying to recall. "There were a few girls here, ma'am. I'm not sure who you mean."

"She ... she had a juice!" Isabel added, suddenly remembering the key detail.

It wasn't common for people to order juice in a place like this.

"Ah, yes, her. I remember. She just left. A couple minutes ago." The bartender nodded.

A few minutes. What had happened in that time?

Wait a second.

Isabel froze, an idea striking her. She remembered what Yvette had said on the phone.

She said it was too rowdy in there, and there were people she didn't want to be around.

Isabel had been so focused on driving that she hadn't thought much of it at the time.

But now, as she replayed the moment in her mind, Yvette had gone there to unwind. And just minutes later, she left. The pieces were starting to fit together. If Isabel wasn't wrong ...

That could only mean one thing. Yvette ran into someone who got on her nerves. If she took it one step further, a fight wouldn't be out of the realm of imagination.

If her guess was accurate, those individuals she didn't want to be around were most likely responsible for Yvette's disappearance.

Isabel raised her gaze to the bartender and asked quickly, "Did my friend get into a fight with anyone here?"

The bartender nodded, his face reluctant. "Yes, there was a bit of a clash. Both sides were upset, but your friend paid and left."

A cold weight settled in Isabel's chest.

"My friend is in danger. I need to see the security footage."

The bartender paused, eyeing her with doubt. "Are you a police officer? Only authorized people can access the security room."

"Get your boss," Isabel snapped, her urgency rising. "I need to see it right now." Before the bartender could answer, a voice called out.

"Oh, hey, Xander's wife. What are you doing here? What happened?" Max appeared, walking toward them with a casual air.

Isabel didn't have time to deal with him. She turned back to the bartender. "Someone's life is in danger. Take me to your boss."

The bartender hesitated and glanced at Max. Isabel didn't understand why he was looking at him.

Before she could ask, Max was suddenly by her side, swirling a cocktail in his hand.

"I'm the owner here. What's this about a life being at risk?" he said, sounding amused.

"You're the—" Isabel's eyes widened for a second, but her surprise quickly turned into a hard, focused gaze. "Yve is in trouble."

Max froze. The cocktail stilled in his hand. His expression shifted instantly from relaxed to serious. "What did you say?" he asked, his voice sharp now.

Moments later, the two were standing in the security room, watching as the footage of Yvette appeared on the screen.

In the video, Yvette was alone, sipping her drink. She absentmindedly rubbed her stomach, lost in her thoughts.

Max's eyes followed her hand as it moved. He frowned. It wasn't the first time he had seen her do that.

Is she really so worried?

Is she thinking about her weight?

Yvette had definitely put on some weight lately, but Max thought she looked better with a little more to her.

Before, she was so thin it was almost unnatural. Her body felt rigid, like there was no softness to it at all.

Earlier that day, at Yvette's place, he had caught her off guard while she was washing dishes. He slipped behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

She wasn't as slim as she used to be, but her waist felt perfect against his hands.

It was a feeling he couldn't shake, one that made him want to go further.

Her parents were nearby, watching. Yvette had to endure it, though it clearly frustrated her. She couldn't show her anger, so Max ignored it, feeling only satisfaction.

Then, Isabel's voice cut through his thoughts. "It's her!" she said, her tone urgent.

Max snapped his attention back to the screen.

"Rachel?" he asked, confused. "What's she doing here? How does Yvette know her? She—"

He trailed off, a sudden thought striking him. He turned his head to look at Isabel.

Her lips were pressed together in a tight line, her eyes hard as she stared at Rachel on the screen.

Isabel watched Rachel closely, the weight of the moment pressing down on her. She knew the two women came from completely different worlds. There was no reason for them to ever interact. However, as she watched the unfolding video, she saw Rachel hand over the card, only to have Yvette angrily throw it back at her. Isabel's heart raced, a sharp knot forming in her chest.

It hit her like a cold slap. Rachel's actions were no coincidence—she had targeted Yvette because of her. Because of Isabel.

"Rachel," she muttered, her fists clenching.

If Rachel had anything to do with Yvette's disappearance, Isabel would make her pay, no matter what.

"Let's go," Max said. "We're heading to the Lawsons'."

He pulled his car keys from his pocket and made for the door.

The Lawson Residence.

At the same time, Rachel was lounging at home, chatting with her friend.

"Yvette should be with Christian by now. If she makes it through tonight, she'll be lucky if she doesn't leave with more than just bruises," Rachel's friend said, a cruel laugh in her voice.

"Good riddance. She deserved it. Who does she think she is, throwing a card at me? Trying to humiliate me like that?" She leaned back in her chair, satisfaction written all over her face.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Who could be here at this hour?

The doorbell's ringing went on incessantly.

Rachel sighed, clearly annoyed. Could it be Xan?

Her heart fluttered at the thought. She quickly straightened her clothes, then deliberately messed them up by tugging her collar to one side, revealing part of her shoulder.

"Coming," she said, a grin spreading across her face. She walked eagerly to the door. But when she opened it, her smile faltered. Standing there was Isabel.

"You?" Rachel hissed. "What are you doing here?" Her voice was sharp, her eyes narrowing in immediate hostility.

Rachel's anger boiled over, but then something in the back of her mind clicked. Isabel had probably gazed the footage. She'd seen the argument. She'd connected the dots.

Rachel had thought about destroying the security footage, but she hadn't. The cameras had been fine—except for that one clip.

The timing seemed too perfect, and if someone traced it back to her, she could just deny it.

After all, she was the daughter of the Lawsons. Without solid proof, no one would dare accuse her.

But just as Rachel was thinking this, a man's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Where is Yvette?"

The voice froze her.

It sounded like ...