

Chapter 169 She Bleeds

The zipper slid open with a sharp snick.

"Help ... please, someone help!" Yvette cried out, her voice breaking, the desperation clear. She tried to fight back, to kick or shove, but her limbs refused to obey her. Her body was too weak.

"Go ahead, scream," Christian taunted with a twisted grin. "I love it when women cry. It makes everything more thrilling." He pulled off his shirt, holding a lit candle in his hand, the flickering light casting shadows on her face as he moved it close.

"Stay away! Don't come any closer!" Yvette gasped, her eyes wide with terror.

She had to survive. She wasn't alone. There were three babies inside her. She couldn't let this happen.

"Help! Somebody help!" she screamed again, her voice full of panic.

Christian laughed, the sound dark and mocking. "This is my house. You're in my bed. Who's going to save you now?" He let out a deep, cruel laugh.

Then, the door slammed open with a loud bang.

What?

Christian spun around, his eyes landing on Isabel, who had stormed into the room.

"You?" he asked, surprise in his voice. "How did you get in here?"

Isabel's gaze was fixed on the scene. Christian stood by the bed holding the candle, and Yvette lay there, pale, her face wet with tears, frozen beneath him.

"Yve!" Isabel's voice cut through the air.

The sound of Isabel's voice broke something inside Yvette. She could barely hold it together anymore.

"Isabel! Help! Get this monster off me!"

Christian glanced between Isabel and Yvette, his brow furrowed. "You know each other?"

Before anyone could answer, a loud thud echoed through the room, and a figure crashed through the door, slamming into the frame.

A guard hit the floor, groaning in pain.

There's another? Who is it?

Don't tell me it's Xander!

Christian was startled by his own thoughts. But when Max entered the room, his face turned pale.

"Mr. Max? What are you—"

Before he could finish his sentence, Max moved fast. His eyes were cold, his expression hard. He walked straight toward Christian, grabbed him by the shirt, and shoved him against the wall. Without a word, he raised his fist and struck Christian's face with a hard punch.

Christian cried out, covering his face in a panic.

But Max wasn't done. He punched Christian in the stomach, each blow harder than the last. He struck him again and again, twelve hits in quick succession.

Christian groaned in pain, his voice high and frantic.

"Please, Mr. Max! It's a mistake! Just a mistake!" he begged, struggling to breathe.

Meanwhile, Isabel helped Yvette sit up. She checked her pulse and whispered, "Stay quiet."

Max's foot hit Christian's mouth with a sickening thud. "Shut your mouth."

Christian tried to speak, but all he managed was a mouthful of blood.

His teeth had been knocked out, and his hands pressed against his mouth in desperation. Christian's mind boiled with rage, but he knew better than to make a move. Max was from the Hunts, one of the most powerful names around. Christian, on the other hand, was from a lesser branch—the Bennetts.

His hatred burned stronger. He stared at Max's back with a deadly glare.

Just wait. Once his father took over from Xander, the Bennetts would break from the Hunts. Then he'd have his chance at revenge.

"Isabel, it hurts ... " Yvette whispered, clutching her stomach. Her face was pale, her forehead covered in sweat. Her body trembled, and she looked like she could barely stay upright.

Max, frantic with worry, stared at Yvette's abdomen. Her constant cries of pain made him fear the worst—had Christian done something even worse before they arrived?

Then he saw the stain on Yvette's pants.

Blood.

So much blood.

Max spun around to face Christian, his rage boiling over. His eyes locked onto Christian, burning with the desire for revenge. He wanted to rip him apart for what he had done to Yvette.

Christian saw the fury in Max's eyes and realized something. Max was more than just angry. He felt a deeper connection to Yvette than he had previously realized.

Don't tell me ... she's his woman?

That thought spooked Christian.

He cursed the b*stard who gave him the woman. If he knew who they were, he'd rip their throats out.

"There's blood ... it hurts so much! Isabel, am I going to die?" Yvette's voice trembled as she looked at her belly, swollen with life inside her.

Even though she hadn't carried the babies for long, she already felt a connection to them. She had spent quiet moments talking to them, touching her belly, imagining their lives before they even had a chance to begin.

She had lived over 20 years in this world, but these babies hadn't seen a single sunrise.

"Don't worry. You won't die," Isabel reassured her, her voice soft but firm. "Let me stop the bleeding first."

Carefully, Isabel helped Yvette lie back down. She placed her hands gently on her abdomen, pressing on pressure points to slow the bleeding.

Max stood off to the side, his face tight with worry. He watched Yvette's pale face, unsure of what to do, his mind racing for answers.

After a few long moments, Isabel looked up. "The bleeding stopped. Max, pick her up. Be careful with her."

Yvette pouted at Isabel's words, her lips sticking out like a child.

"Yve, stop being stubborn," Isabel said, noticing Yvette's resistance.

"Okay ... I'll be good," Yvette replied softly, settling back down and letting Max lift her gently.

Max's hands were incredibly careful, like he was holding something fragile. He moved slowly, like he was afraid even the smallest movement might break her.

Christian would get his punishment later. Right now, getting Yvette to the hospital is the only thing that matters.

Yvette's condition was serious. Despite Isabel's healing abilities, the absence of modern medicine did not guarantee the survival of both her and the babies.

They made it to the hospital without any further problems, relief washing over them.

Then, Isabel's phone buzzed, breaking the heavy silence in the room.

Max answered the phone as Xander's call came in. "Yvette's okay now," Xander said. "Are you here? Come to room 506. We're in the VIP section."

Inside, Isabel was sitting with Yvette, trying to comfort her.

"Isabel, are the babies really alright?" Yvette's voice trembled as she spoke.

Isabel wore a calm, professional expression. She wanted to ease Yvette's mind.

"I treated you myself. Do you still doubt me? Remember, I'm the Miracle Healer's apprentice," she replied, her voice steady.

Yvette smiled faintly, teasing. "You're just the apprentice, not the real Miracle Healer." Despite her words, Yvette trusted Isabel.

Isabel heard the playful edge in Yvette's voice and smiled. "Rest now. I'll get you some medicine to keep the pregnancy stable."

Isabel stood up and walked toward the door.

At the same time, Max and Xander were approaching the room.

Max opened the door just a crack and heard Yvette's voice from inside.

"Isabel, you didn't tell Max I'm pregnant, did you?"