

## Chapter 170 The Triplets

Max paused halfway through, pushing the door open.

Xander shot him a glance, looking a bit dumbfounded.

He could relate; if Isabel had been pregnant and hadn't told him, he wouldn't have reacted any better.

"Don't worry, I haven't said anything. I promised to help you take care of all three babies," Isabel said as she moved to open the door. But as she reached for the handle, she realized the door was already open, a crack from the outside.

Before she could pull it open, Max stepped inside.

Isabel's mouth opened, words catching in her throat. After a few seconds, she turned and gave Yvette a look that practically said, "Good luck dealing with this yourself."

Yvette, at a loss for words, gave her a puzzled look. "Why are you looking at me like that—"

But before she could finish, she saw Max in the doorway.

Her eyes went wide, and her jaw nearly hit the floor.

Max slid his hands into his pockets and walked over to the bedside, his gaze landing on Yvette's belly.

No wonder Yvette had been putting on a bit of weight lately. That once-flat plain had turned into a little hill. So, she was pregnant—and if he'd heard right earlier, with triplets!

"What're you looking at? None of this has anything to do with you!" Yvette snapped, clutching the blanket over her belly, looking at Max as if he might try to snatch her babies.

Max raised an eyebrow at her stomach. "They're mine."

"They are not!" Yvette denied it immediately.

"Then whose are they?" Max was certain those babies were his.

Caught off guard, Yvette glanced over at Isabel.

A drop of sweat trickled down Isabel's forehead as she thought, I'd love to help you out here, but come on, I'm a woman—there's no way he'd believe they're mine!

"Anyway, they're not yours!" Yvette insisted.

Max laughed, looking infuriatingly cheerful.

Yvette's face darkened at his grin. "What're you laughing at? I said it has nothing to do with you!"

Perched on the windowsill, Max looked back at her, still smiling. "In the Hunts, triplets are kind of a tradition. If you don't believe me, you can ask Xander."

Xander nodded at Isabel, who looked back at him, utterly bewildered. She thought Max asked her something. Why are you nodding at me?

Before she could process any of it, Max spoke again.

"It's not just the Hunts. The Bennets have it, too, since our families share the same ancestry. The triplet gene runs in both families, though the Bennets haven't had any in generations. The Hunts, though—we get triplets every other generation, sometimes skipping one. My great-grandfather was a triplet."

Yvette was stunned, silent.

Isabel finally understood—no wonder Xander had nodded at her earlier. She'd even caught him sneaking a quick glance at her stomach.

Before hearing Max's comment, she'd been completely clueless. Now, she just felt utterly speechless.

Yvette looked at Max, then down at her belly.

"Fine, I admit it! So what? They're my kids—no one will take them from me!"

"Who said anything about taking them?"

Hearing Max's words, Yvette's heart soared a little, and she found him a bit easier to look at.

"Good, as long as you're not trying to take them—"

"They're our kids. I'm their dad, so they're mine already. Why would I need to 'take' them?" Max said, moving close to her and gently rubbing her belly. "Hey, little ones, miss your dad yet?"

Oh, for the love of—

Yvette's eye twitched, and she yelled, "Hands off!"

"You can't get angry right now," Isabel said as she stepped forward. She glanced at Yvette before turning to Max.

"Leave for now. She's just stabilized the pregnancy and needs to rest. If there's anything, wait until she's better, and you can sort it out then."

Max looked at her pale face, withdrew his hand, and shoved it back in his pocket.

"The doctor's orders—we'll listen. You get some rest. I'll be back later."

He had some words for Christian anyway; that womanizing jerk had nearly cost him his chance at fatherhood.

Isabel was thinking the same thing, and she couldn't shake the feeling that there were a lot of unanswered questions.

After leaving the hospital room, Isabel turned to Xander and asked, "I heard that while Christian might be known for his indulgent ways, he's not the type to go around kidnapping people in broad daylight, right?"

After all, Christian was still a Bennett, and the Bennets had their own rules. If Christian played around outside, the family wouldn't interfere.

But if he went so far as to kidnap someone in broad daylight and it got out, it would bring serious negative attention to the Bennets.

So, Xander figured Christian wouldn't dare cross that line.

"I had Leo take him to the villa already. Let's go back," Xander replied.

Xander also sensed something was off. As the head of the Bennet family, he couldn't allow any illegal activities under his watch. Of course, if the younger generation wanted to go out and have some fun, that wasn't his business. Even their fathers couldn't control what their sons did behind closed doors.

When Isabel followed Xander back to the villa, they found Christian on the floor, trembling, his mouth full of blood.

Without hesitation, Max charged forward and kicked Christian to the ground.

"Let me vent first! If my wife and kids had been hurt, I'd make sure you paid with your life!"

Hearing this, Isabel felt a twinge of frustration. She couldn't help but think that if Yvette had been here, hearing Max say that would've surely set her off.

Christian, still on the floor, was about to let out a pitiful scream when Max's words froze him in his tracks. He quickly swallowed the scream, stunned by what he had just heard.

Wife?

Kids?

"I—I didn't know! I swear I didn't know she was your wife!"

Christian gulped nervously, his face filled with fear as he stared at Max.

Being the only heir of the Hunts, Max was their treasure. If something happened to his wife, Xander would probably hand him over to the Hunts without a second thought.

Max's dad and grandpa both had fiery tempers, but it was his mom who was truly terrifying—a well-known 'tiger mom' in the industry and a wrestling champion to boot.

Just thinking about it, Christian broke into a cold sweat, his legs shaking uncontrollably.

"Hmph! Do you think ignorance makes you innocent? That's all nonsense! An eye for an eye, a debt for a debt—this is an unbreakable rule. If I'd been even a minute late, my wife and three kids would've had their lives taken by you!"

Three kids?

Christian's mouth fell open.

Now wasn't the time for surprise, though; he had to find a way out of this.

"Mr. Max, let me explain! I really had no idea. I'd just returned from an event and was told a woman had been brought to my place. I'd had a bit too much to drink, so I thought a friend had sent her, and then—look, I swear I'm innocent!"

From Christian's reaction, Isabel thought he seemed sincere, which aligned with their suspicions that someone else might be behind this setup.

"Do you have any idea who left her at your place?" she asked.

"I asked the housekeeper, and he said the guys who dropped her off were completely covered up. They left right away without a word."

As soon as Isabel and the others left, Christian immediately ordered his butler to investigate. He was determined to find and expose the bastard who had brought Yvette here! But they'd turned up nothing.

Two days later, Isabel sat on the swing in the yard, thinking about everything that had happened.

Neither Beowulf nor Xander had found any leads.

She suspected someone well-connected had orchestrated this without leaving any traces, and given Rachel's background, it wouldn't be hard for her.

After all, there'd been tension between Rachel and Yvette, and Isabel had noticed Rachel seemed unusually evasive when asked about it. Her intuition told her Rachel was hiding something.

She had considered hypnotizing Rachel, but hypnosis required mutual cooperation. With Rachel's guarded personality buried so deeply, successful hypnosis would be difficult.

However, there were exceptions. When someone was physically exhausted to the brink of collapse or mentally shattered by a severe blow, they were much easier to hypnotize. Just like the last time with those assassins Xander captured—she'd hypnotized them under those exact conditions.

Isabel raised a hand to rub her temple, trying to ease the exhaustion.

There was still one thing on her mind. She pulled out the emerald guardian angel pendant from her chest. She had been wearing it for a while now, yet she still hadn't uncovered the connection between it and herself.

As Isabel got lost in thought, a sharp, piercing scream suddenly rang out behind her.

"Emerald guardian angel pendant!"