

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 161

Yvette lifted her chin slightly, showing a laid-back expression on her refined face. Her eyes looked like a clear and chill lake, which was full of calm, showing no emotion. She didn't seem to be in a hurry at all.

Seeing that, everyone there felt a little uneasy. They thought. Mr. Chavez's fate is uncertain in the jungle, and how can she be completely unworried?

Bruce and the others couldn't understand what on earth did Yvette think. They thought, If Yvette wasn't in a hurry, she would not fly from home to Mysonna in less than five hours, even not wasting a minute. However, now her attitude seems like she doesn't care about Mr. Chavez's life at all."

Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly, giving them a long and serious look, and said to everyone in there in a calm voice, "Get these things ready, and we leave early tomorrow morning."

Bruce shook his head and rejected her idea, whose attitude was somewhat firm. He claimed, "No way, we can't afford any more delay. Ms. Zeller, We know you're concerned about Mr. Chavez, but it's too dangerous for a woman to come with us to the rainforest. If something happens, we may not be able to protect you. If anything happens to you, the three of us cannot explain it to Mr. Chavez. So Mr. Chavez, please stay at the hotel. We'll set off once we are ready." Hearing that, Frankie and Chris nodded, while Emmett sat quietly on the side, not saying a word. However, Yvette showed no expression on her face and didn't respond to Bruce's words,

Bruce thought she agreed with what he said, so he got up to leave without giving it much thought.

Yvette curled her legs up and rhythmically tapped the armrest of the sofa with one hand. Suddenly, a cold glint appeared in her eyes. Her brown and shiny eyes were unfathomable. Anyone who knew Yvette could tell she was in a mood right now. She said suddenly, "Let's have a fight. If I win, the three of you listen to me. If I lose, I'll listen to you and stay in the hotel."

Frankie let out a laugh and looked at Yvette with a cheeky grin, and he said, "Ms. Zeller, do you really know what the guys standing in front of you do? Let me introduce you. Bruce is a three-time free sparring champion of Mysonna. Chris is a master of ancient combat artist, having trained with Mr. Chavez in the military for five or six years. As for me, even though I'm a newbie here, I've been learning taekwondo with my master since I was a kid. If we get into a fight and you, with those small arms and legs, end up getting hurt, Mr. Chavez will have to kill us when he finds out. So, Let's just forget about it

Bruce also nodded earnestly.

Although Frankie usually had a laid-back attitude, he was spot on with that. The three of them knew that Yvette was the first woman Mr. Chavez had shown interest in for the last thirty years. From what they understood, Yvette might even be the future matriarch of the Chavez family. Regardless of her status or any reason, none of them could lay a finger on Yvette. Besides, they all agreed that it was very inappropriate for three grown men to fight a woman. If the news got out, they'd be a laughingstock.

However, just as the three were about to refuse, a blurred figure flashed by. They found that Yvette was already standing in front of them. Being an ancient combat artist, Chris instinctively stepped back two paces, and then Bruce and Frankie quickly followed by moving back a few steps. Yvette didn't give them any extra time. She moved forward swiftly, swinging her one leg out in a fierce sweep, cutting through the air. The three of them were forced to step back a few more steps.

Yvette's skillful move made the three of them take it seriously. Bruce looked surprised. Frankie was eager to jump in and spar with Yvette, rubbing his hands in excitement. However, as soon as he took a step forward, Chris pulled him back. Frankie scratched his head, feeling confused.

He asked, "Chris, why are you stopping me? Don't worry, I promise I won't harm Ms. Zeller."

You cant Me Zeller, just stay put

Chris gave him a sideways glance and replied, be

ring this, Frankie was stunned, because he knew that Chris never joked around.

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Chris stared at Yvette. His expression grew more serious than before, furrowing his brows

"Are you an ancient combat artist?" Chris asked Yvette.

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Hearing those words, Frankie turned to look at Yvette in disbelief. He thought, An ancient combat artist? How could that be?

Even Bruce, who had been always calm and composed, became shocked. He thought, "The term "ancient combat artist" isn't used lightly. Since Chris said she was, it must be true"

Yvette's pretty eyes were half-closed, with a chill gaze. She hummed with her thin lips slightly parting, "Yes"

Chris turned around and asked Bruce and Frankie to step aside. People all knew that the ancient combat artists were no longer people like them who could go up against. They didn't know what level Yvette had reached. However, judging by the skill she had just shown, they thought she must have considerable skill.

Following Chris's instruction, Bruce and Frankie readily moved aside. They were well aware of the power of an ancient combat artist's battle, so they clearly knew that now was not the time to be reckless.

Chris performed a traditional fist-salute and said, "Ms. Zeller, please, and then his eyes instantly burned with a strong determination. Yvette didn't waste any words and made the first move, and Chris didn't dare to be careless and used his best skills to counter. The two of them went back and forth vigorously

Bruce and Frankie were dazzled by the fast movements and could not see them clearly.

Five minutes later, they heard a cracking sound suddenly and saw Chris being kicked to the ground by Yvette, gasping for breath. Instead, Yvette stood where she had been, which was exactly the same as the one she just stood in, and there was even no a single wrinkle in her clothes.

An eerie silence fell over the scene. Frankie rubbed his eyes and couldn't believe that Chris was defeated just like that. He asked himself in mind, 'Chris has been my idol for many years, and how could he lose so easily? However, no matter how much Frankie didn't want to accept it, the truth unfolded right before his eyes.

Frankie looked at Yvette with shining eyes. He silently announced to himself that from today on, he had a new idol Chris, lying on the ground, didn't even realize that his fan had dismissed him so quickly. Bruce stared at Yvette, deep in thought His earlier concerns seemed to fade with the display of her skills.

Emmett was the only person who showed no surprise throughout the entire process, because from the moment Yvette made her first move, Emmett recognized her as an ancient combat artist with advanced skills. However, he was also surprised by her hidden depth.

Chris jumped up from the ground, looking at Yvette with admiration in his eyes. "I admit defeat, Ms. Zeller, completely and utterly," he said. He thought, 'Mr. Chavez really knows how to spot talent. How can someone in her twenties have such deep power

in ancient martial arts? Where did Mr. Chavez find this treasure? I'm thoroughly impressed.

Yvette raised her delicate eyebrows and asked calmly, 'Any objections? If not, go prepare the gear. We'll leave at six tomorrow morning"

The three of them nodded at once, with a completely different attitude from before, and replied, “No objections.” Emmett nodded in agreement and said to Yvette, “Don’t worry, I’ll prepare everything on the list as soon as possible. There will be no problem setting off early tomorrow morning.” Hearing that, Yvette nodded slightly, and then she casually picked up the backpack from the couch, walked past them, and headed for the door.

Once noticing she was leaving, Emmett quickly spoke up, “Ms. Zeller, you should take this suite. We’ll go out and find another hotel nearby.” Emmett suggested this because he knew the rooms in the Regal Tower had already been all booked at this hour, leaving no choice but for Yvette to stay while they looked elsewhere. The other three people also thought the same way, but they didn’t speak up because they weren’t so familiar with Yvette yet.

Yvette paused in her steps and responded, “There’s no need. I’ve already reserved a room at 520. I’ll meet you all downstairs in the morning.”

After the door clicked shut, Emmett started to think about roort something was ofl.

He turned around and asked the other three, with a stiff voice, “520 is the top presidential suite.”

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The rainforest was located at the eastern edge of Mysonna. It was the second–largest tropical rainforest in the world, which was also known as the “Death Rainforest. There were continuous undulations in the area, spanning thousands of miles. The area was rarely visited by people and stayed dark and mysterio all year long.

To this day, the government of Mysonna hadn’t developed this resource–rich rainforest because it was too dangerous. In the early years, the Mysonna government frequently attempted to send people in to explore, but they never returned. Eventually, they had to abandon attempts to explore the rainforest

Yvette, Emmett, Chris, Bruce, and Frankie set out from Regal Tower, and it took them a full seven hours to reach the rainforest’s entrance. The entrance of the rainforest looked like the fierce jaws of a beast, which was eerie and frightening

They checked their gear to make sure everything was fine. They felt a brief discomfort upon seeing the two conspicuous boxes of self–heating steak in Frankie’s backpack but chose to stay silent.

Strength was always the best way to silence doubts.

Yvette was dressed in waterproof and scratch–resistant gear specially prepared by Emmett. She stared at the distant rainforest entrance. There was filled with a chill in her eyes. This was a place she knew well. Now, she came back again. She thought, Seven

years have passed. Are the great beasts of this rainforest still alive? Probably, they haven't died.

The other four were also wearing clothes made of the same material as Yvette's. The rainforest was full of dangers, so they were fully prepared. Among them, except for Frankie, who didn't have much experience with such adventures, Emmett, Chris, and Bruce, though had never directly entered a rainforest had encountered plenty of dangerous situations. They all knew how risky this operation was, and it was possible they might not return.

Emmett walked over to Yvette's side and sighed. He still hesitated about whether it was really the right decision to have Yvette go in with them. After all, the rainforest was definitely not a joke, even though Yvette was an ancient combat artist.

Emmett said to her, "Ms. Zeller, we've checked all the equipment. We're bringing the latest weapons with great firepower. and all the medications have been verified. We're ready to go."

As they were talking, Chris and the other two approached them

Yvette slightly tilted her head and raised an eyebrow with a blank look. She glanced at the group with her brown eyes filling with chilling and said coldly. "Before entering the rainforest, there's something I need to make clear. Listen carefully. From the moment we enter the rainforest, you must follow orders without question. If you can't do it, we'll part ways here. You find your people, I'll find mine, and we won't interfere with each other. Think it over now. Yvette knew the dangers of this rainforest better than anyone else, which was why she needed absolute compliance.

The first one to speak was Frankie. He was aware of his own abilities compared to others. Besides, given Yvette's great combat skills, he thought it made perfect sense for the strongest person to be in charge. Therefore, he responded, "No problem. I will follow orders. Whatever you decide is fine with me."

Bruce pursed his lips, with a serious expression. He stayed quiet. He wondered, 'What does absolute obedience mean? It means that once we enter the rainforest, we must follow any decision Yvette makes without question But is she deserving of such trust?'

As for Chris, he accepted Yvette as one of their own. Since his own life was saved by Mr. Chavez, he decided that even if Mr. Chavez's chosen woman made a decision that ended his life, he would accept it without complaint.

Emmett and Chris both nodded in agreement, leaving only Bruce to join them. They all looked at Bruce, who managed a wry smile. Therefore, he changed his mind. He thought, 'There is no point in arguing. I'll face the challenges with them together "No problem. Bruce responded. The group came to an agreement.

At midday. Yvette led the four of them into the rainforest, and they followed the trail ahead.

Gradually, the entrance they had used was no longer visible. Everywhere they looked, towering trees rose up high, blocking

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out the sky and sun.

A chilling aura surrounded the five of them. Although it was midday, there was a creepy atmosphere everywhere. The landscape was a tangled mess of trees and vines, with unusual and colorful flowers lining each side. The ground was carpeted with layers of leaves that emitted a musty smell. A dark path among them, growing stronger as they

lingered, ventured deeper, which was mingled with the scent of decaying earth.

Yvette walked at the front with a cold expression, and Emmett and the others closely followed her. Before they realized it, the group had been walking for almost two hours. Throughout the entire trek, aside from the unrecognizable plants and trees, they didn't find any sign of wolves, tigers, or any large predators, which made them feel really strange.

Tall trees and low shrubs were interwoven, creating a dark and dense atmosphere. The ground was becoming wetter, and the colors of the bright flowers were growing more vivid.

Yvette dashed swiftly through the jungle. Emmett and the others couldn't afford to slow down, because even a small lapse in focus might leave them far behind.

The cold aura around Yvette grew heavier. 'We're almost there; She thought, "We have to deal with it before night falls, or else it will rule the night when darkness arrives!"

Finally, after two hours of non-stop travel, Yvette suddenly stopped, gesturing for the others to take a break right where they

were

They came to a halt in an open area with only a few low bushes standing chaotically around them. Any movement would be noticed by all of them immediately, so they all agreed that it was a perfect place to rest. The group of five finally had a chance to rest.

Frankie plopped onto the ground, breathing heavily. It was his first time running for so long. It wasn't walking but three continuous hours of running.

Bruce was also exhausted, not bothering to maintain his usual polished demeanor. He pulled out a waterproof mat from his backpack, set it up, and sat down next to Frankie, also breathing heavily. Even Emmett and Chris, as ancient combat artists, were physically at their limits.

As soon as they got Yvette's signal, they all sat on the ground. They weren't as out of breath as the other two but were still breathing irregularly. Their faces became slightly pale.

Of the five people present, only Yvette remained standing to one side of the clearing. Her eyes were downcast, fulling with cold, and her delicate brows knitted.

Even in this jungle where everyone else looked disheveled, Yvette was the exception. There wasn't even a leaf on her. She breathed steadily, with a rosy complexion. She seemed to be completely unfazed.

"Let's rest here for an hour. Re-energize, and we'll continue in an hour." She ordered.

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris exchanged glances. They noticed that since entering the jungle, Yvette had moved forward without any hesitation, as if she knew the place like the back of her hand. She hadn't even used the compass they brought. It had been almost four hours since they came in. They did not encounter any danger. Yvette seemed to know exactly where the danger was and led them to avoid it precisely. This made them doubt whether Yvette had actually been to this place before. However, they also doubted whether it could be possible.

Frankie was totally carefree. He took out some energy bars and took a big sip of water. When noticing that everyone else was quiet, just looking at each other, he asked, "Hey, why aren't you guys talking? The jungle is already depressing enough. Let's chat while we have this break."

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Emmett and the others remained silent, just watching Yvette

Bruce raised an eyebrow and asked Yvette, "Ms. Zeller, have you ever been on a rainforest expedition? Why do you seem so familiar with this place?"

Yvette pursed her lips and looked up expressionlessly. She replied with a low voice, "I saw it in a documentary"

Frankie had just taken a sip of water, which all came spewing out and landed right on Bruce's face, with two drops trickling down his temple. Bruce wiped the water off his face, looked up, and gave Frankie a gentle smile. However, that smile was completely terrifying to Frankie, because he knew that even if he escaped this jungle, he might not avoid death. After all, he had provoked a man who was both a clean freak and stingy.

An hour slipped by without notice. The group set out again, with Yvette leading in front.

Frankie couldn't help but wonder what sort of documentary Yvette had watched. He thought that he definitely needed to look into it once they were back.

As they set off again this time, Yvette slowed her pace, unlike the quick pace she had set before.

As they passed through a patch of flowers, Frankie seemed to be momentarily captivated. His eyes dazed, and then he inexplicably reached out to touch a colorful bloom. Just as he was about to touch it, a silver needle shot from Yvette's direction, hitting the center of the flower.

The petals scattered, revealing a small and brightly patterned snake. Its fangs dripped with foul and clear liquids that were clearly poisonous. The snake swiftly lunged at Frankie. Although Chris, Bruce, and Emmett reacted quickly, it was already too late to save Frankie.

In a flash, Yvette's second and third silver needles directly hit their mark, striking the snake's head and its critical spot. The snake's head and body separated instantly.

Frankie was so terrified that he fell to the ground. He had been scared of reptiles since he was a child, especially snakes, those cold-blooded creatures. The sight of the snake lunging at him with its mouth wide open had a huge impact on him.

Frankie ran to the side and vomited several times before he could settle down a bit. After feeling a little better, he scampered over to Yvette, grinning like a kid. She said to Yvette, "I declare that from today on, you're my idol. No...no, idol is too shallow. Anyway, I've decided to call you Ms. Zeller from now on to show my respect."

Yvette was rarely at a loss for words.

She gave a slight smirk, with upturned eyes carrying a hint of indifference and a playful and audacious flair. She glanced at Chris and the others, who seemed unfazed by it all.

Bruce and the others knew Frankie's whimsical nature very well.

Emmett and the others weren't as carefree as Frankie. Just moments ago, Frankie almost became a dead man. If Yvette had been even a moment later, he'd probably be in heaven right now. Emmett had seen everything clearly just now. Yvette's silver needles were launched all at once, which meant that at that moment, Yvette reacted in an instant. Releasing three needles simultaneously while controlling their timing and order showcased incredible precision. Emmett admitted that it was truly amazing.

Yvette stared at the dead viper on the ground for a while, and then she said, her tone turning serious, "We're almost there. The rest of them didn't know what Yvette meant,

so they asked, feeling puzzled, "Where exactly are we going?" Yvette's eyes were brown and bright. She looked past them into the distance, with a chilly expression of her delicate face

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She said to them, "In less than half an hour, we should encounter a giant python, the ruler of this rainforest. It's several tens of feet longer than any python discovered so far and has been residing here for an unknown period. The appearance of these little snakes is a sign we're close, so from now on, we must remain on high alert. Emmett, take out the prepared sulfur extract and sprinkle it on yourself, which should temporarily keep these small snakes away

At this point, Yvette reached into her black backpack and pulled out a small porcelain vial, pouring out four small beads resembling candy. She handed them to Emmett, who distributed them among the group.

There was full of coldness in Yvette's eyes. She looked ruthless. An air of unapproachability surrounded her.

She ordered, with an undeniable tone, "Eat it. This will keep you safe from the toxic atmosphere for two hours. Earlier, Frankie was misled by the scent in the air. The medicine is just part of it, but staying strong and focused is crucial to avoid falling into traps."

The gravity of Yvette's words made their hearts tighten. They wondered, 'How massive is the python she mentioned?

They had many questions, like how Yvette knew about the massive python, and where she got this kind of poison that they had never heard of or seen on the market.

Yvette didn't allow them a moment for questions. After watching them swallow their pills, she turned to lead the way. Seeing this, they held back their questions and closely followed her.

After walking for another ten or so minutes, Yvette stopped, crouched down, and picked up a handful of dirt. She sifted it gently between her fingers and brought it to her nose to sniff

Yvette knew that the smell was a mix of decaying animal bodies and blood and they had reached the lair of the giant snake. Yvette's eyes sharpened immediately. She stood facing the wind, exuding an aura of deadly intent.

"It's here," she said. As soon as Yvette finished speaking, there was the sound of rustling swept through the surrounding bushes. The noise grew from distant to nearby, which sent chills down their spines.

Emmett, along with Chris, Bruce, and Frankie, immediately pulled out heavy machine guns from their bags.

Frankie, holding his gun, whistled confidently and said, "Ah, the age of firearms is great. No matter how big the snake is, r definitely blow its head off with one shot. However, the others remained silent. They thought, The firepower of our guns should be enough to kill a snake, although a larger one might take a little more effort.

Yvette stared ahead. Upon hearing Frankie's words, her expression remained indifferent, and her eyes were still cold.

Suddenly, Yvette's demeanor became serious. She said, "Get ready. It's coming. The snake's venom is extremely toxic, so be sure not to get bitten. Not even the gods could save you if that happens."

The rustling sound came closer. Finally, a few minutes later, they saw the giant snake that Yvette had talked about. At that moment, they all stared blankly at the enormous snake hovering above them. Its large mouth was wide open, flickering its forked tongue. Two massive fangs dripped with venom as its keen eyes emitted an eerle green glow. The giant python had jet black scales embellished with deep crimson patterns. They shimmered in the sunlight, and its massive body coiled into a large circle, seemingly at least a hundred feet long by eye-

Frankie looked down at the gun in his hand, then at the towering creature before him. He thought in shock, 'Could I take back what I just said? Is this really a python? It looks more like a prehistoric creature that has come back to life'

Emmett, Chris, and Bruce were somewhat prepared. However, they were still unexpected after seeing the giant python up closely. They thought surprisingly, 'It this the giant python? They realized that if one moved wrongly, they'd become its dinner, which was hardly enough to get stuck between its teeth. The python focused its eyes on the intruders of its territory, or more precisely, on Yvette, who was standing at the front. It might feel a familiar smell,

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The python didn't give them time to think. It lunged at Yvette with its mouth wide open.

Its enormous body blocked out the sky.

Yvette sneered, dodged swiftly, and pulled out a dagger from her waist.

The dagger was sharp

Seeing Yvette dodge its attack, the python got furious and viciously swung its tail toward Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie who stood at a distance.

Yvette stopped and ran in the direction the python came from. She disappeared in an instant.

Not taking any chances, Emmett and the others aimed at the python's head, pulled the triggers, and fired a barrage of bullets.

The huge python, having lived for so many years, had developed some cunning. It wouldn't stay there and wait for bullets. It swayed its head back and forth to avoid the bullets. Because of its large size, a few bullets managed to hit its body. Seeing the python get shot, Chris and the others felt hopeful and thought it was nearly defeated. They didn't expect that the bullets only left a few small holes, with a bit of blood seeping out, which was negligible for the python.

The python got hurt and became more agitated. It fixed its large eyes on them, flickered its red tongue, and launched another attack.

They were forced to retreat by the relentless python.

Frankie accidentally got struck by the python's tail and was thrown heavily into the bushes. It knocked him unconscious. Seeing Frankie injured, Emmett gave Chris a signal, which Chris understood immediately.

Emmett wanted them to work together: One would aim for the python's head, while the other would target its weak point. The python was so huge. It was hard to find its weak point.

All they could do was evade the python's strikes and try to find its weakness for a perfect hit.

Bruce understood what they meant and knew that his job was to support them.

Bruce took advantage of every opportunity.

When the python was distracted, Bruce dealt it some damage to buy more time.

Gradually, they were exhausted. On the contrary, the python grew increasingly fierce and showed no signs of exhaustion.

The python sensed that they were reaching their limits. It attacked them by its tail with even greater force.

Bruce and Chris were seriously injured and collapsed on the ground. Only Emmett was left to continue fighting the python. Bruce and Chris on the ground saw Emmett's injuries and knew he wouldn't hold out much longer.

Bruce and Chris exchanged a glance, perfectly in sync, determined to take down the foul python, even if it cost them their

lives.

Chris took out the explosives he had saved for a last-ditch effort and prepared for mutual destruction.

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Seeing Emmett being knocked to the ground by the python's tail, Chris gritted his teeth.

They didn't wish to be born on the same day, but they hoped to die together. It would be a meaningful end.

Chris's expression was determined.

Before Chris lit the explosives, they heard a chilling shout from afar.

Yvette shouted, "Stop"

Chris stopped.

Chris looked at Yvette, who was rushing toward them. It was surprising. They all thought Yvette had left them to fend for herself, but she came back.

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Bruce also saw Yvette returning from afar and felt much relieved. Even if she had run away, he could understand. However, such a person couldn't be Jeremiah's girlfriend, nor could she be their partner.

With Yvette's return, Bruce finally accepted her as one of them.

Yvette glanced at them lying on the ground.

Her gaze became sharp. She leapt at the giant python, jumped mid-air, and found the python's weak spot that they didn't find.

The python was aware of its weakness. It squirmed desperately and tried to shake Yvette off its body.

Yvette put some strength into her wrist, pulled out the prepared dagger, precisely found the weak spot on the python's body and stabbed it in with all her might.

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was a scale that even bullets couldn't pierce was punctured by the dagger.

Yvette fiercely twisted the dagger.

With its weak spot injured, the python lost most of its strength, struggled, and shook its head wildly,

Taking the chance, Yvette jumped up, climbed onto the python's head, pulled out her gun, and aimed at the python's eyes. Using both hands, she fired bullets into the python's eyes.

Taking advantage of its blindness, Yvette pulled out the dagger from her waist and forcefully sliced off the python's head from the side.

Frankie woke up and heard a thunderous crash that shook the entire rainforest.

Frankie crawled out of the underbrush.

On this very day, Frankie, Bruce, Emmett, and Chris witnessed the most unforgettable scene of their lives.

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They would remember it until their dying day.

Yvette dressed in black, stood atop the giant python's head and held a bloodstained dagger. Although she was stained with the blood, she looked confident.

She stood proudly amidst the perilous rainforest like a queen.

Her face was expressionless. A slight smile flashed through her eyes. Her face looked exquisite. She had an aura that she was able to destroy the world.

The dazzling declining sun gave her a golden glow as if a goddess had descended from the heavens.

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Seeing them lost in thought, Yvette frowned, like a stone tossed into a calm sea, creating ripples.

When they saw her frown, they came to their senses.

They looked at Yvette with a complicated gaze.

Yvette jumped down from the python's head, walked to them, took out four pieces of vanilla toffee from her pocket, and

tossed them over.

Emmett, Chris, and Bruce caught the vanilla toffee resignedly.

They were not kids and didn't enjoy eating candy.

However, after they witnessed Yvette's capability, they chose to quietly eat it without saying a word,

A wise person knew when to give in.

The way Yvette killed the giant python was a huge shock to them, Slaying a python was a piece of cake for her. Defeating them would be as easy as swatting a few chickens.

Chris's eyes sparkled as he looked at Yvette. Now that Frankie respected Yvette so much, it wouldn't be strange that Chris took her as his mentor. Once they got out of the rainforest, Chris was determined to make it official.

Yvette was amazing.

Chris didn't respect many people. He used to only admire Jeremiah, but now he also respected Yvette.

Seeing them eat the vanilla toffee, Yvette assumed they should be all right. She turned towards the giant python.

Reaching a part of the python's body, she twisted her dagger, thrust it in, deftly extracted the python's gallbladder, placed it into a bag, and tucked it into her backpack.

Her methods were swift and precise.

The bloody gallbladder emitted a strong fishy smell. Chris, who was accustomed to seeing corpses, must admit his admiration. This wasn't something an ordinary person could do.

Yvette was indeed extraordinary.

Yvette deserved admiration.

They widened their eyes in surprise and were too scared to say a word. All they could manage was to call her a “legend” Seeing Yvette take out the gallbladder calmly, they understood what it meant to be “fearless”.

Today’s scene of Yvette killing the python and extracting its gallbladder surprised them and shattered the stereotype that pretty girls were eye candy.

In over twenty years, it was the first time they’d met a girl like Yvette. They finally understood why Jeremiah liked her.

Both were “extraordinary” in their way.

It was getting dark.

Yvette slung her black backpack over her shoulder without delay and simply said, “Keep up.” Then she headed deeper into

the rainforest.

Yvette led Emmen and the others for another hour.

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The sun was setting. The rainforest became more dangerous at

Yvette found a cave.

They had no choice but to set up camp here for the night.

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Inside the cave, Yvette sat in front of the firewood and skillfully started a fire. The damp and dark cave became warm and inviting

The other four had various external injuries. They sat to the side and applied medicine.

Chris took out some anesthetic from his backpack and looked at his shoulder. Then he looked at Yvette, who lowered her head and sat by the fire. He wanted to say something but hesitated.

Just an hour ago, Chris’s wound was bleeding uncontrollably. After he ate the vanilla toffee Yvette gave, the wound stopped bleeding within five minutes. That vanilla toffee was amazing.

Compared to Chris, Emmett and Bruce weren’t hurt badly. They applied some medicine to each other and leaned against the cave wall to rest.

After the fierce battle with the giant python and trekking through the rainforest for over an hour, by the end of the day, everyone was so exhausted that they didn't even want to talk.

Of the four, Frankie was the least injured.

Frankie had been knocked out by the python at the very beginning. When he woke up, Yvette had dealt with the giant python.

The cave was eerily silent.

The only sound was the crackling of the fire.

Emmett and Bruce had rested enough. They gathered around the fire and took out their packs of compressed biscuits to eat.

Frankie watched Yvette curiously as he ate.

Frankie had a million questions swirling in his mind but didn't know where to start.

Bruce took a bite of his biscuit, stayed quiet for a few seconds, looked up at Yvette, and asked the question everyone had been dying to ask, "Yve, you've visited this rainforest before, haven't you?" Bruce's tone was confident.

Bruce was certain that Yvette had been here, based on her familiarity with the rainforest and the giant python she mentioned. It couldn't have been described so accurately without seeing it herself.

Emmett, Chris, and Frankie all turned their attention to Yvette as well.

They also wanted to know why Yvette was so acquainted with this deadly rainforest.

They overlooked how Bruce called Yvette. In other words, they had accepted her in their hearts. Thus, they wouldn't call her Ms. Zeller anymore. It sounded alienated.

Yvette looked up.

She moved her gaze from the fire to them.

She narrowed her eyes slowly.

The outline of her face appeared blurred and mysterious in the flickering firelight.

Her striking eyes were wild and rebellious. She smiled mischievously.

She said in a fierce voice, "You're right. I came here once ten years ago and found it amusing. I stayed for three months."

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The biscuit in Emmett's hand dropped to the ground with a snap

Bruce's face was filled with disbelief.

Chris stared blankly.

The most unusual was Frankie, who looked at Yvette with excitement.

Frankie thought, 'What is Yve's background? She said that she came here for fun. It's mind-blowing

From now on, if anyone says beautiful women are just eye candy, I won't agree.

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris thought of one question.

How old was Yvette ten years ago?

A teenager stayed in the world's most dangerous rainforest for three months.

Was that even possible for a human?

Chris swallowed and looked at Yvette with admiration.

Chris said. "Yve, how old were you back then?"

Yvette lifted her chin slightly. Her gaze was deep, cold, and full of mischief.

She curled her lips.

She said calmly, "Twelve."

As soon as she said so, the cave became silent again. They were speechless.

Who was this incredible person sitting in front of them?

She could survive alone in this rainforest at twelve years old. Who would believe it?

This was the world-famous “Rainforest of Death.”

If a hundred people entered and two managed to come back, that was considered fortunate. Countless explorers had met their end here and left no trace. If people heard about it, it would be jaw-dropping,

Frankie couldn't hold back his curiosity and interrupted just as Emmett was about to speak.

Frankie said, “Ms. Zeller, when you were here, were you super amazing? I bet you were invincible, right? Did you fight the giant python back then?”

Frankie's imagination was running wild.

All he could picture was Yvette wielding a dagger and slashing beasts.

Yvette turned her head to glance at the excited Frankie.

She smirked ostentatiously and evilly

She picked up a stick with her slender fingers and poked at the fire.

She said mischievously, “I met it a few times.”

Yvette didn't remember how many beasts she had killed in the rainforest.

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All she remembered from those three months were piles of beas corpses and the persistent blood stench she could never wash away.

The endless killing made her excited.

Yvette said that she met the python a few times.

Her tone was so casual that they felt like the giant python from the battle was a small python.

The next day, after a night of rest, everyone was refreshed and set off again. The encounter with the python offered them a deeper understanding of the rainforest's danger, but it strangely gave them a sense of reassurance.

After all, they had nothing to fear when they had Yvette with them who ventured into the rainforest alone at twelve and survived for three months.

Along the way, Emmett and the others came across things they had never seen before, like huge carnivorous plants, swarms of giant hornets, masses of flesh-eating ants, and enormous crocodiles lurking in deep pools.

Whenever they faced non-lethal threats, Yvette offered tactical guidance and helped Emmett and the others hone their skills through practical experience.

Thanks to Yvette's accurate predictions, they managed to get through the challenges. They were a bit battered but unscathed. Everyone showed significant improvements in their abilities. Even Frankie, who was the weakest physically, had become noticeably stronger.

Emmett and Chris, as ancient combat artists, took any opportunity to consult with Yvette without disturbing her rest.

Under Yvette's guidance, their internal energy grew steadily stronger.

After spending a few days together, Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie were genuinely impressed by Yvette.

The distance between them had gradually diminished.

From the initial awkwardness, they had become familiar with each other. Even the aloof Bruce would sometimes joke with

Yvette.

They regarded Yvette as their leader.

If Yvette said to go left, Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie wouldn't consider going right.

They had spent five days in the deadly rainforest.

From their initial discomfort to being adept, everyone even competed to fight when they met dangerous beasts. After each encounter, Yvette gave them one or two insightful comments to point out where they fell short. Her feedback was always sharp and concise.

On the night of the fifth day, inside the cave, Bruce, Chris, Emmett, and Frankie all looked mournfully at the compressed biscuits in their hands while they envied Yvette's steaming self-heating steak.

They couldn't help but swallow hard.

At first, it was okay for them to eat compressed biscuits. However, after five days of biscuits and water, no one could stand it anymore.

They finally realized why Yvette brought the self-heating steak.

Too bad they figured it out too late.

Frankie kept trying to convince himself when he stared at his compressed biscuits. He muttered, "This isn't a compressed biscuit. It's duck confit, stewed pork, and a big drumstick..."

It was hard for Yvette to ignore their pitiful looks. She raised her head.

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Yvette asked. "Want some?"

Frankie nodded enthusiastically, and Bruce let out an awkward chuckle..

Emmett thought. Dignity? What's that? Not important, as long as I can get some food

Chris lowered his head and took a bite of the compressed biscuits. He thought it tasted good. He'd eaten bugs on military campaigns before; compressed biscuits were good enough. Everso, he kept staring at the steak sandwich Yvette was holding, he involuntarily swallowed.

Seeing their expressions, Yvette was amused.

She chuckled, and she gave a mischievous smirk. "Wait," she said, then got up and headed for the cave's entrance.

The others, bewildered, wanted to stop her, but by the time Yvette had already vanished into the night.

They had no clue what Yvette was up to in the dark. Although they were aware of her capabilities, they couldn't help but

worry.

Yvette had told them to wait, so Emmett, Bruce, Frankie, and Chris exchanged uneasy glances, not daring to move.

In the past few days, whatever Yvette said was like the law to them. They had gotten used to following her instructions, so when she told them to wait, they had no choice but to obey.

It was a strange turn of events, considering they'd never imagined being led by a woman in her twenties, yet here they were, not only willing but even thinking it was fitting

About ten minutes later, as their anxiety grew, Emmett and the others were fidgeting.

Frankie stood up, dusting off his clothes, his face etched with concern. "Where did Ms. Zeller run off to? It's been ten minutes. Let's go check on her."

Bruce looked worried too, fearing something might have happened to Yvette.

He wanted to go out and look for her, but Yvette had told them to wait. If they left and she came back, what would happen then?

Chris was getting anxious too. "Let's go, we've waited enough, let's go find Yvette."

Emmett's expression darkened as he took in the restless group, and he said in a comforting tone, "Let's wait a little longer. Yvette's reliable. None of us could match her, and don't forget that she survived alone in the rainforest at the age of twelve for three months. If she told us to wait, then we wait"

Bruce nodded in agreement with Emmett. He concurred that Yvette was definitely not one to act on impulse. But what could she possibly be doing! It was indeed hard to predict.

As they debated whether to go look for Yvette or not, she was already at the cave's entrance with a hare in hand

She could hear the voices of the group inside the cave before she got closer.

Frankie was just

about to

step out when he ran into Yvette with the hare.

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris only breathed a sigh of relief when they saw Yvette safe and sound, and seeing the hare in her hand left them momentarily stunned.

Yvette, carrying the hare, strolled over to the fire and skillfully prepared it with a knife. She then skewered it and placed it

over the fire

She glanced at the still-dumbfounded group, furrowed her brows slightly, lifted her chin, and said in a cool voice, "How long are you planning to just stand there? Get over here and roast it yourselves."

Emmett and the others came back to their senses, looking at the hare now being roasted over the fire. For the first time, an indescribable sense of touching welled up in their hearts..

Without Yvette these past few days, they'd probably be killed by some wild beast by now. Although she rarely took action, she was always there to lend a hand when they were in danger, and to toughen them up when they weren't.

Bruce, Chris, and Frankie initially underestimated Yvette, thinking she was just a beautiful woman. They were polite to her only because she was Jeremiah's girlfriend.

After spending a few days together, they were impressed by Yvette's abilities. Now, they were in awe of her personality. Bruce, Emmett, Chris, and even the usually joking Frankie were unusually silent for a while, not saying a word.

In the midst of this touching atmosphere, Frankie suddenly rushed towards Yvette.

Yvette instinctively stuck a leg out and kicked Frankie into the corner.

Frankie looked bewildered. He thought, "I just want to give her a hug and express my heartfelt gratitude, but why did I end up being kicked so far away?"

Yvette rubbed her temple, looking at the pitiful Frankie in the corner, his face full of grievances. She cleared her throat, her gaze very serious "Next time, don't approach me suddenly, or you might get kicked to death."

Frankie felt even more wronged. He thought, "Oh my goodness, there's a risk of getting kicked to death? I dare not anymore."

Frankie squatted in the corner, nodding his head with a grievance. Emmett and the others, seeing Frankie's clowning, felt much better.

Bruce took the initiative to sit by the bonfire roasting the meat, and as he passed Yvette, he quietly said, "Thank you."

Emmett looked at Yvette and suddenly had a strange thought.

At this moment, he finally understood why some people like to be kept. Those people didn't have to worry about food and clothing, and they had money to spend. What was the difference from their current situation?

If it were before, Emmett would definitely sneer, but now he thought it was wonderful.

Yvette had no expression, as always indifferent, and lazily walked to a place not far from the bonfire with her hands in her pockets.

Emmett and Chris also hurried

over and sat next to Bruce

roast the meal

Yvette lazily leaned against the wall, and closed her eyes, her expression indifferent.

Her extremely beautiful face had a fierceness that didn't belong to her age.

Her slender, pretty fingers casually rested on her bent knee.

Chris, seeing her sleeping posture, was slightly stunned. These past few days, Yvette had been sleeping like this.

She

was in an absolute defensive posture, ready to react in a counterattack in any unexpected situation.

Such a posture while sleeping definitely wasn't formed overnight. Maybe it took five years, ten years, or even longer. Of

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course, a girl who could venture into this rainforest alone at the age of twelve couldn't be ordinary

On the 6th day. Yvette led Bruce, Emmett, Chris, and Frankie forward, continuing their journey.

So far, they hadn't caught a glimpse of Jeremiah

They all began to doubt whether they were on the right path and had mentioned their concerns once.

But when Yvette heard their doubts, she just shook her head and calmly said, "It's not wrong. I know him well. If I were I'd definitely choose this path."

Bruce and the others were speechless. They followed Yvette behind obediently. They thought, "Why do we ask this question?"

They arrived at a swamp area, and Yvette suddenly stopped in her tracks.

The other four immediately went on high alert, staring at the swamp with sharp eyes.

Seeing Yvette like this, they feared some strange creature might suddenly burst out from the swamp.

Yvette's gaze went beyond the swamp to the distant woods, her eyes becoming a bit more profound, her pure eyes full of spirit

She slightly lowered her head and smiled.

The person she was looking for was not far away.

Yvette turned to Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie, who were all tense, and with a low, hoarse voice that carried a hint of tenderness, she said, "Jeremiah is just ahead."

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As soon as Yvette finished speaking, Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie didn't have time to be happy before they heard the sound of gunfire in the distance.

They wondered, "Who's there?"

Combining what Yvette had just said, they thought it must be Jeremiah and his group in the woods ahead.

Without a second thought, Emmett and the others rushed straight toward the woods.

On the contrary, Yvette followed leisurely, not seeming to be in a hurry at all.

In the woods, Jeremiah and the ten elite soldiers he brought were all there, with only minor injuries on them, nothing

serious

Jeremiah's men had originally planned to hunt a wild boar for lunch, but the scout who went ahead was too eager to notice that it wasn't one wild boar in the cave, but hundreds, thousands of pounds of wild boars. Thus, they had disturbed the boar's nest and were chased relentlessly by the boars.

Of the eleven people, everyone except Jeremiah was in a very disheveled state.

Jeremiah held a heavy machine gun, hit the target every time without a miss, and the wild boars fell one by one, When only a dozen boars were left, the bullets that Jeremiah and his men brought were also used up.

Their weapons were all in a cave not far away. If they hadn't misjudged the number of wild boars, they wouldn't have brought out so few bullets.

Everyone was bracing themselves for a hand-to-hand fight. Each of them was an elite from the military, and fistfights were just the basics. But these wild boars were notoriously strong; taking down a dozen of these thousand-pound boars wouldn't be easy.

Jeremiah was in a black suit and wore a long black coat, his figure tall and straight, his legs long and slender.

Showing a fighting spirit, he narrowed his cold eyes with a fierce and determined gaze.

His murderous aura was palpable as he stared at the boars that had been following them from a distance.

One of the soldiers glanced at the approaching boars and told Jeremiah to go first.

Jeremiah didn't move, and his intentions were clear.

The remaining soldiers stopped persuading Jeremiah and got into their fighting stances, ready to face the danger.

At that moment, Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie arrived at the edge of the woods, spotting Jeremiah surrounded by his men and the herd of wild boars closing in.

Frankie excitedly shouted to Jeremiah, "Mr. Chavez, we're here!"

Emmett and the others picked up the pace and opened fire on the charging wild boars,

Before the boars could even get close, Bruce and Chris had already taken them all down.

Upon hearing the noise, Jeremiah turned around to see Epimet, Bruce, Frankie, Chris, and the one person he had been thinking about day and night.

Jeremiah's eyes narrowed, and a huge surprise flashed through his cold eyes.

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The next second, he strode straight towards the direction of Frankie.

The soldiers around Jeremiah could feel his urgency, not just urgent but also subtly excited.

The soldiers who had come with Jeremiah didn't expect anyone else to find them here.

They knew all too well how dangerous the journey had been, without Jeremiah leading the way, they might have been killed.

Frankie saw the faint smile on Jeremiah's face and thought Jeremiah was moved by him, so he quickly picked up his pace, wanting to give Jeremiah a hug

Frankie thought, "What a beautiful and grand love we have!

He opened his arms, excited to embrace Jeremiah who was walking towards him.

The soldiers behind also thought Jeremiah was going to hug Frankie, and they all widened their eyes in surprise.

But to everyone's surprise, Jeremiah just glanced at Frankie and walked right past Frankie, reaching out to hug Yvette who was casually following behind Frankie.

His rough fingertips touched Yvette's cold skin, bringing a sense of warmth, and both of them felt a tingling sensation. Jeremiah rested his head on Yvette's shoulder, rubbing it like a kitten purring for affection.

Yvette's body was slightly stiff and wondered. When did this man learn this trick?"

With a mischievous smile, Yvette thought, "What should I do?"

The unique minty scent of Jeremiah directly came into Yvette's nose, forcefully and domineeringly entering her personal space. Jeremiah's voice was low, husky, and magnetic. "Are you tired?"

Yvette thought, "This man really is my type

If Jeremiah had asked her why she came, she probably would have turned around and left.

Yvette narrowed her eyes and said in a casual tone. "Not tired. I'm used to it"

Jeremiah's heart was burning with warmth; the girl he had his eye on was the one and only in the whole world.

Jeremiah looked up and helped her tidy her hair. After a pause, he took out a small headrope from his pocket and skillfully coiled up Yvette's slightly disheveled hair.

Looking down at Yvette's deep gaze, he tightened his fingers, and quickly explained, "I learned from a video, it took me half an our to learn. As for the headrope, I saw online that men who have girlfriends should wear it on their hands. They say it's

a man should do,"

Jeremiah never knew that learning to tie hair was such a difficult thing; he, a top graduate from Betrico University, was stumped by this task.

He had practiced several times, and even fearing that he might hurt Yvette in the future when braiding her hair, he disregarded Andrew's desperate resistance and practiced several times with Andrew's hair until he could do it decently.

Jeremiah coughed unnaturally, not daring to look at Yvette.

Yvette stretched her slender finger and tapped on his chest, causing Jeremiah's body to tense up.

"This wasn't just a tap on his chest; it felt like sh

was touching his heartstrings.

Frankie, who had been left out, turned to look at the affectionate scene between Jeremiah and Yvette.

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He thought. Where is the friendship that is supposed to be greater than the heavens and the earth! Jeremiah's preference for a girlfriend over friendship is now confirmed. But thinking it was Yvette, Frankie felt balanced. In his opinion, Yvette was worth it. If it had been any other woman, Frankie would have disagreed, causing a scene and making a fuss until he spoiled

Those soldiers who stood in front of Frankie were stunned.

When Yvette first appeared, they all thought a fairy had descended among them. Now, seeing Jeremiah embrace her and braid her hair, they immediately understood. Yvette wasn't a fairy; she was clearly the future Jeremiah's wife. No wonder they had never heard of any scandals about Jeremiah all these years.

In the same troop, those who were the same age as Jeremiah had already married and had children, yet only Jeremiah remained single.

Now they finally understood and thought, "Who wouldn't want to keep such a beautiful girlfriend hidden? Emmett, Chris, and Bruce stood at a distance, with Frankie pouting and walking over to join them.

Chris glanced at his watch and asked, "How long have they been lovey-dovey?"

Bruce answered without thinking. Ten minutes."

Emmett, with a straight face, said, "Should we interrupt them?"

Frankie was speechless.

Bruce was speechless.

Chris was speechless.

They thought, 'Emmett really isn't afraid of death.

The soldiers who came with Jeremiah also gathered around them.

Most of them recognized Emmett. As Jeremiah's assistant, Emmett spent more time in the troop than the average soldier.

u seem fine.

uys must have suffered a lot on the way here, but looking at you all now, you One soldier said, "Emmett, you guys Without Mr. Jeremiah Chavez, we might have lost our lives already."

One of the burly soldiers echoed. "Yeah, you guys are amazing. Not only are you all safe and sound, but you also brought Mr. Jeremiah Chavez's girlfriend over here unharmed. I admire you."

The other soldiers looked at Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie with admiration.

Emmett gave a wry smile and exchanged glances with Bruce and the others. They realized they didn't deserve such praise. "You're giving us too much credit. We didn't make it here on our own, just like you, we benefited from having strong support.

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The soldiers glanced at each other, thinking Emmett was just being humble.

Emmett saw the looks on their faces and knew they didn't believe him. He was about to explain further when Jeremiah and Yvette walked over side by side. "Mr. Chavez, they greeted.

Jeremiah nodded, his usually stern features softening a bit.

Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie were all trained by him personally, so their presence here was no surprise.

"Good job. Jeremiah said.

The three exchanged glances and thought, Jeremiah is indeed a double standard. He treats Yvette differently just now. Where is his caring attitude?"

Frankie put on a pitiful face. "Mr. Chavez, where are we going? Ms. Zeller said she'd hunt hares for us today."

Jeremiah's eyes narrowed, his brows furrowed, and his gaze deepened. He wondered, Why does Frankie suddenly call Yvette Ms. Zeller?

Jeremiah tilted his head, walking towards the cave entrance while asking Frankie in a low voice, "Who is Ms. Zeller and why?"

Frankie casually blurted out, "Yvette, she is my mentor."

Jeremiah paused, staring at Frankie, who was animatedly telling the soldiers about their journey. "Very well," Jeremiah said. Emmett and the others behind felt that Jeremiah's "Very well" might not be so good for Frankie.

Yvette, with one hand in her pocket, strolled leisurely. Seeing Jeremiah's glance, she raised an eyebrow. "It's my first time being someone's mentor. But I accept it."

Jeremiah chuckled and thought, 'She is young but she won their respect.

Inside the cave, sitting next to the fire, Yvette closed her eyes and lazily leaned against the wall.

Her hand casually rested on her leg, revealing her delicate wrists,

Jeremiah cut a piece of wild boar meat and handed it to her.

Yvette raised her chin, with arrogance, the coldness in her eyes dissipating a bit when facing Jeremiah. "I don't want to eat."

Hearing this, Jeremiah didn't get angry. He smiled, his voice gent and patient. "Be good girl, eat a little. It's cold at night, the wild boar meat will keep you warm and has the effect of keeping out the cold."

Yvette raised her eyebrows slightly, and she stared at Jeremiah with clear and pure eyes, making him feel his heart skip a

beat.

of concealed at all.

The mischievousness in her eyes was not

Jeremiah tilted his head, his tone somewhat helpless, but his voice was incredibly gentle. "Really don't want to eat?"

Yvette shook her head without hesitation. "Don't want to eat."

Emmett, Chris, Bruce, and Frankie led the soldiers to sit the other side of the cave.

It was just a cave, how far could they really be?

Every word of their conversation reached the ears of Emmett and the soldiers Jeremiah brought, who were sitting a short distance away, roasting wild boar meat.

Bruce and Chris were witnessing the interaction between Jeremiah and Yvette for the first time.

They had been in shock since the beginning.

Bruce held the wild boar meat in his hand and had no appetite for food.

Chris took a bite of the wild boar meat. The love was in the air, He thought, The person coaxing Yvette in a soft voice. couldn't be Jeremiah, definitely not our wise and ruthless Jeremiah.'

Emmett turned to look at Bruce and Chris, their expressions were the same as his when he first saw Jeremiah fawning over Yvette...

He thought, Fair enough, now I felt balanced."

The other soldiers, being in a superior-subordinate relationship with Jeremiah, didn't dare to say anything, no matter how shocked they were inside.

It turned out that Jeremiah wasn't averse to women: he was just averse to women other than Yvette.

Seeing that Yvette really didn't want to eat, Jeremiah was about to put down the wild boar meat in his hand.

However, he glanced at Frankie on the opposite side, who was staring at them with a look of disgust. Jeremiah seemed to think of something and crooked his finger at Frankie.

Frankie was gnawing on the wild boar meat. The display of affection between Jeremiah and Yvette was too sweet to watch. Frankie saw Jeremiah crooking his finger at him, hesitated for a moment, but walked over obediently, although he didn't know the reason.

Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and the others also noticed Jeremiah's action, looking confused.

They thought, At this moment, why does Jeremiah call Frankie over?"

Frankie walked up to the two of them and politely said, "Ms. Zeller, Mr. Chavez."

Jeremiah's eyes deepened inadvertently, his look meaningful. It seemed quite a few interesting things had happened in the days he was away.

He knew how proud Frankie and the other three men were, each one of them a prominent figure.

He wondered, 'Why are they all so obedient in front of Yvette?

He had noticed right away that even Bruce, who usually disliked women the most, showed genuine respect for Yvette, and that couldn't be faked.

Frankie scratched the back of his head. "Ms. Zeller, Mr. Chavez, how can I help you?"

Yvette sat up a bit straighter, her eyebrows slightly raised, her voice cool and clear. "Not me."

Frankie then looked at Jeremiah, asking cautiously, "Mr. Chavez, what do you want?"

Jeremiah smiled, a smile and tenderness on his face that Frankie had never seen before. Jeremiah placed the wild boar meat in a lotus leaf and handed it to Frankie.

Frankie stiffly took the lotus leaf, and looked at the wild boar meat on it, his eyes

Jy vacant

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After a while, Frankie turned to look at Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and the others, as if he wanted to say something, but in the end, he let out a loud cry. "Help! Mr. Chavez wants to poison mer

Frankie's outburst startled everyone, and they all stopped eating the wild boar meat to look at him.

Yvette lowered her eyes, slowly reached out, and tugged at Jerentiah, her voice very serious. "I have poison, it won't hurt too much, do you need it?"

Jeremiah looked down and saw the mischief in her eyes, knowing she was teasing Frankie.

So he played along, nodding solemnly with a serious voice. "Yeah, alright."

Frankie felt a chill down his spine. He thought, "Why are these two discussing poisoning me so openly, is there no law?"

Yvette thought, I am the law!

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris came over, looking at Frankie, and couldn't help but smile helplessly.

Bruce sat down next to Jeremiah, knowing that Jeremiah didn't like people too close, so he automatically kept a distance.

He wasn't like Yvette, who had the privilege to get close to Jeremiah. Yvette and Jeremiah were almost clinging together. "Mr."

two should stop scaring Frankie." Chavez, and Ms. Zeller, you

Emmett and Chris also sat by the fire, with Frankie following suit

Frankie looked at Jeremiah, who seemed to be smiling but wasn't, and then at the wild boar meat in his hand. Frankie thought, Jeremiah's sudden concern scared me. Could it be that Jeremiah, after falling in love, became a real human? He asked, "Mr. Chavez, you specifically called me over just to give me wild boar meat?"

Jeremiah nodded lightly as if it was nothing.

He didn't even glance at Frankie, who was curious, and Emmett, Bruce, and Chris, who were gossiping.

He only stared at Yvette, his eyes were gentle, and he slowly said in a low voice, "If I want to be your mentor's husband, I have to be nice to you."

Jeremiah's words made Frankie stunned.

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris exchanged glances, and they couldn't help but laugh at Frankie's dazed expression.

They thought, Jeremiah was indeed brilliant, killing two birds with one stone."

Yvette raised her head, her delicate face full of charm, and lazily yawned. She was sleepy.

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Jeremiah's gaze remained fixed on Yvette. Seeing her yawn, he immediately took off his black jacket and draped it over her shoulders.

Seeing the situation, Emmett and the others immediately stood up and moved to the other side.

Jeremiah shifted his body slightly to block the wind coming in through the entrance. After completing this series of actions, he lowered his head.

Yvette lifted her head, a faint smile tugging at her lips as her eyes sparkled. She let out a soft chuckle. I'm not that fragile. A little gust won't hurt me.

Jeremiah squeezed her slightly cool hand, then tucked both her hands into the pockets of his coat.

Yvette was mostly enveloped in Jeremiah's arms. This feeling was unfamiliar to her, but she didn't resist.

Yvette's delicate neck caught his attention, and Jeremiah's gaze grew more intense. His fingers tightened slightly as he gently tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear, his breath warm and close. In a low, soft voice, he said, "Get some rest. You must be exhausted. Keeping up with those guys must've taken a lot out of you."

Yvette's heart stirred slightly. "He seems to know everything. Am I tired? Actually, I have no idea what it really feels like to be tired. Yvette thought, closing her eyes and unconsciously leaning closer into Jeremiah's embrace.

As dawn broke, the others were still asleep. Outside the cave, faint footsteps could be heard, so soft they were almost inaudible. Yvette's eyes snapped open instantly, filled with a fierce, cold glare tinged with bloodlust. A deadly aura surrounded her, exuding an intense chill and ruthlessness.

At the same moment, Jeremiah opened his eyes as well. There was no trace of drowsiness in either of their gazes. They exchanged a quick glance. Someone is coming? they wondered. In the next second, both stood up and moved towards the cave entrance. Their movement alerted the others in the cave.

Emmett, Chris, and Bruce also opened their eyes, and the people Jeremiah had brought along began to wake up as well. After all, in an environment like this, no one could truly sleep soundly.

Expressions on their faces, they knew something was. Emmett and the others walked over to Jeremiah and Yvette. Seeing the happening outside. Emmett lowered his body slightly and asked, "Mr. Chavez, Yve, what's going on outside? The footsteps sound chaotic. Is someone coming?"

In the bushes outside the cave, faint shadows of large figures could be seen darting back and forth. Chris, Bruce, and the others behind them immediately pulled out their guns, cocking them in readiness for defense.

Visitors at this time were definitely not a good sign. Jeremiah frowned and spoke in a low voice to Yvette, "After we entered the rainforest with the Tiger Head members, about a dozen people mysteriously disappeared while passing through a thicket. I suspect someone in the rainforest is aiding them."

Yvette's eyes were cold and deadly, a chilling aura radiating from her. She tilted her head slightly, her delicate features exuding an air of danger. Narrowing her eyes, her voice was calm yet sharp. "Your suspicions are correct. There's a primitive tribe living in the rainforest."

Jeremiah paused for a moment. How does Yvette know about the primitive tribe here? he wondered. Glancing at Emmett and the others, he found they didn't seem surprised at all.

Frankie shrugged his shoulders and the tension he had been feeling suddenly eased. "A primitive tribe? Well, that's a relief."

When Jeremiah's soldiers heard it was just a primitive tribe their tension eased as well. With guns in hand, they felt no fear of a few primitive people.

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But Emmett had a nagging feeling that it wasn't that simple. "Why would a primitive tribe help the Tiger Head gang produce drugs? It doesn't make any sense, he thought.

Yvette's face remained expressionless, her eyes half-closed as she stared at the now-relaxed group. There was a flicker of bloodlust in her gaze, a mix of righteousness and danger. "I forgot to mention they're cannibals"

At this point, among the dozen or so people present, only Jeremiah didn't visibly react to Yvette's words. He simply frowned. Cannibals, as the name implies, are a tribe that feeds on living humans. Such tribes were known to be the most savage of all primitive tribes,

Emmett, Bruce, Frankie, and Chris believed Yvette's words, but the soldiers Jeremiah brought along weren't so easily convinced. One of the soldiers named Jacob, raised his doubts, "Ms. Zeller, I apologize, but as a soldier, we can't blindly believe you. What you're saying is too far-fetched. Even if there were cannibals, how would they have contacted the Tiger Head gang to assist them in drug production? This sounds like a fantasy."

Jeremiah's expression darkened, his gaze sharp and cold. He knew Yvette wasn't someone who would lie or speak without

reason

Just as Jeremiah was about to speak. Yvette reached out and tickled his palm. Jeremiah froze, then softly asked, "What is it?" Yvette lifted her chin slightly, her exquisitely beautiful face as arrogant as ever. Her eyes were icily cold, and her tone was calm. "Your soldiers have every reason to be skeptical. Only fools would believe whatever someone says without question."

Jeremiah gently turned his hand and grasped Yvette's in return. Only she can have such a strong mindset, completely unfazed by the doubts of others, he thought.

Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie, however, couldn't stand by and watch Yvette be questioned. Emmett spoke up firmly, "If Yve says they exist, then they do. Instead of doubting her, why aren't you focusing on how to deal with the cannibals?"

"I can vouch for that. If it weren't for Yve, we'd probably be dead somewhere along the way by now," Emmett said, looking at the ten soldiers who still wore stubborn, doubtful expressions. He stepped forward, his voice resolute. "We trust Yve."

The group tactfully didn't mention that Yvette had once survived alone in the rainforest for three months at the age of twelve. For one, they didn't think anyone would believe it, and second, what if someone with bad intentions got wind of it and used it against her? So, for various reasons, they chose to remain silent on the matter.

Yvette watched the two groups arguing with an indifferent expression, her eyes distant. "Let's go. Don't you want to find out whether there are cannibals here or not?"

Jacob, the soldier who had raised doubts, glanced at Yvette and then at Jeremiah beside her. His earlier bravado quickly faded. He hadn't intended to target Yvette, but she wasn't his major general, so he couldn't trust her with absolute certainty, Jacob sincerely said to Yvette, "Ms. Zeller, if we really do encounter cannibals. I'm at your disposal. You could even skin me alive, and I wouldn't have a single complaint. But if we don't encounter any, then let's just pretend none of this ever happened"

Jacob was stubborn, and Emmett couldn't do anything about it. After all, he was one of the top-ranked soldiers in the military, which was why Jeremiah had chosen him for this mission. But his stubbornness and rigid mindset could be infuriating.

Yvette casually slid one hand into her pocket, then smiled slightly as she spoke, her tone light but firm. "No need. Whatever happens to you will happen to me."

Hearing Yvette's words, Jacob and the soldiers beside him gained a newfound respect for her. As the future wife of their Major General, her sense of responsibility and leadership mattered more than anything.

Yvette and Jeremiah walked ahead, occasionally exchanging a few words. The large group followed behind them, unable to hear what the two were saying, but they could tell that the usually stern and serious Jeremiah could barely hide the tenderness in his eyes.

Jacob hurriedly caught up with Emmett and the others. After he being a straightforward person who didn't understand all the innuendo, "Emmett, if we don't run into the cannibals later and Ms. Zeller

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Emmett glanced at Jacob, whose expression was conflicted, and sighed expressionlessly. "You're overthinking it

Jacob nodded sheepishly. "Not too much, right? Forget it, we'll talk about it later

Hearing this, Chris approached with an indescribable look on his face and patted Jacob on the shoulder. "Bro, you're really overthinking this"

Jacob turned his head to look at Bruce, who appeared calm, and Frankie, who appeared casual and carefree. So, what exactly am I overthinking? he wondered.

Yvette led a dozen people along the footprints and traces left by the figures earlier, walking for about half an hour before arriving at a dense forest. Yvette's gaze was deep and sharp. She turned to the people behind her, her voice cold, low, and deep. "Once we pass through this forest, there will be a river. Beyond that river lies the cannibals territory. In this river, there are at least twenty or thirty giant crocodiles. The only way to cross the river is to kill them all."

Yvette lowered her gaze, her eyes indifferent, with a slight raise of her delicate brows. Ah, it's been a while since I've last seen these little cuties, she thought.

Jeremiah's gaze was deep as he looked at everyone, his voice cold. The aura around him grew even more imposing. "Be prepared, and don't let your guard down."

Everyone nodded. Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie all wore serious expressions. They knew well that the giant crocodiles Yvette mentioned likely had similar destructive power to the massive python they encountered on the first day. Otherwise, she wouldn't have specifically warned them. However, they were no longer the same as they were six days ago. Without a doubt, another bloody battle awaited them soon.

Compared to Emmett and the others, Jeremiah's soldiers, despite having faced the dangers of the rainforest, were still skeptical of Yvette's claims. How could she know there's a river without crossing the forest? And how would she know about the giant crocodiles in it? Or that beyond the river lies cannibal territory? It all seemed too far-fetched to believe, they thought

The soldiers' duty was to obey orders. So, even though Jacob and the others didn't believe Yvette, they still dutifully followed Jeremiah's instructions, preparing for battle and donning their waterproof gear. After making all the necessary preparations, the group continued forward. Sure enough, after passing through the dense forest, they saw the river Yvette had mentioned. The river rushed like a wild stallion, its waters muddy and filled with a nauseating stench.

Jacob exchanged glances with the soldiers, all of them staring in disbelief at the river ahead. "Jacob, there's really a river. Ms. Zeller is incredible. She was spot on about everything

One of the soldiers pointed at the river with a shocked expression. "Look! What's that?"

Yvette fixed her gaze on the mass of crocodiles swimming toward them from the river. She carrying a hint of danger. "Here come the cuties."

t on a wicked smile, her voice

Beside her, Jeremiah squinted slightly, tilting his head as he spoke in a low, raspy voice, "Hmm, quite cute indeed"

Emmett, Bruce, Frankie, and Chris all turned their heads simultaneously, their expressions sour. How could they really find these giant creatures adorable? Mr. Chavez spoils Yve too much, they thought. Looking at the ugly, massive crocodiles with gaping mouths, they couldn't understand how Yvette could call them cuties."

Chris cleared his throat and looked respectfully at Yvette, speaking in a deferential tone, "Yve, these crocodiles are known for their tough skin. Bullets are unlikely to penetrate them. Looks like we'll have to rely on close combat again this time"

Emmett, Bruce, and Frankie nodded in agreement. They encountered crocodiles before, though not as large as these, Back then, they had already found out that bullets were ineffective, and now, with these giant crocodiles before them, it was unlikely the bullets would have much effect either.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, her expression cold and ruthless. Her voice was soft and slow. "Alright go ahead"

As soon as Yvette gave the command, Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie grabbed their daggers from their packs and rushed. toward the crocodiles in the river, like they were clearing out a sale at the mall. Jacob and his men were about to follow when Yvette tilted her head slightly, a knowing smile playing on her lips. Her expression was cold and detached, with a hint of arrogance and defiance in her eyes. She stood tall and proud as alark mass of crocodiles loomed behind her. "We don't need you" she said.

Jeremiah knew Yvette wouldn't have said that unless she was confident that they could handle the crocodiles in the water. He always trusted her unconditionally. Pressing his lips, he gave a succinct order to those behind him, "Stand by." Without another word, he looked into the distance where Emmett and the others were about to confront the crocodiles, his gaze deepening

Seeing that Emmett and the others were about to engage in battle with the crocodiles, Jacob anxiously shouted to Jeremiah, "Major General, there are only four of them, but there are dozens of crocodiles in the river. Let us go down and help them! Every extra person increases our chances of winning."

The soldiers behind him echoed his plea. "Yes, Mr. Chavez, let us go down. We can't just stand here and watch Emmett and the others fight for us!"

"Exactly, we're soldiers! We can't sit here and do nothing. Mr. Chavez, another soldier added.

The noise around her was beginning to get on Yvette's nerves. She turned to face Jacob and his group, barely lifting her eyelids. There was a dangerous edge in her eyes as she said coldly. "Shut up"

Jacob and his group of ten froze in place like statues. He couldn't understand why Yvette's aura felt even stronger than Jeremiah's just now. In the next moment, they were dumbstruck as they watched what unfolded before them. Contrary their expectations of a tough battle, Emmett and the others killed the crocodiles with ease—three strikes and the beasts were dead.

Bruce, Emmett, Frankie, and Chris charged straight at the crocodiles, their daggers expertly targeting the weak points—the eyes, the belly, and the nose. Each strike was lethal. Their precision was not only due to their combat experience over the past few days but also because Yvette had told them that the crocodiles' weak points were not only the eyes but also the belly and the nose.

In less than ten minutes, two-thirds of the dozens of crocodiles had already been killed. Only three to five remained, and it was only a matter of time before they, too, were taken down. Over the past few days of battling together in the rainforest. Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie had developed such a strong combat synergy that a single glance was enough for them to understand each other's thoughts and intentions during the fight.

Under the astonished gazes of Jacob and his group, the battle was drawing to a close. Yvette's eyes flickered slightly as she stood lazily by the riverbank, watching as the group finished off the last crocodile and returned, soaked from head to toe. Jeremiah shifted slightly, his cold eyes showing a hint of satisfaction.

Emmett and Chris's internal energy from their ancient combat arts had noticeably grown stronger, while Bruce and Frankie had experienced a clear improvement in their physical abilities. This was likely all due to Yvette's guidance. As Jeremiah and the others came ashore, they approached Yvette. Over the past few days, it had become routine-they wouldn't feel at ease until Yvette pointed out the weaknesses in their latest battle.

Bruce shook off the mud from his body and spoke naturally, "Yve, what do you think? Any areas we need to improve on?"

Jeremiah stood quietly to the side, while everyone's gaze turned toward the nonchalant Yvette. Her striking beauty against the blood-stained river behind her created a chillingly beautiful scene.

Yvette glanced at them, her voice lazy. "Not bad."

Emmett and the others visibly brightened. Yvette's approval was all that mattered to them.