

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 171

Frankie, who was following behind, didn't know what had happened when they killed the crocodile. He glanced at the still-dazed Jacob and his group and asked, "Mr. Chavez, Ms. Zeller, what's wrong with them? Why are they all standing there like that

Jeremiah didn't respond. Instead, he turned his head and took Yvette's hand, which was still as cool as before. His eyes flickered slightly, and in a hoarse voice, he said, "Let's go."

Yvette, as composed and distant as ever, nodded and allowed Jeremiah to hold her hand, completely ignoring Frankie and the others.

At that moment, Jacob and the rest finally snapped out of their daze. They wanted to say something but couldn't find the words. They could only exchange glances, their eyes wide with realization. 'Maybe Yvette is right, this rainforest might indeed hold the legendary cannibals, they thought.

With the crocodiles dead, the only way to cross the river was to dive through it. Emmett, Bruce, Chris, Frankie, and the ten soldiers under Jeremiah all looked at Yvette. Even the men felt disgusted by the filthy river, so they expected Yvette wouldn't dive in.

Seeing them hesitate at the riverbank, Yvette furrowed her brows slightly, her gaze calm, and her tone remarkably composed. "Why aren't you jumping in? What are you waiting for?"

Jeremiah squeezed her delicate fingers, staring directly at her profile. Rubbing his temples with a hint of helplessness, he chuckled softly. "They're afraid you'll find this river water disgusting."

Hearing Jeremiah's words, Yvette paused for a moment. When she looked up again, her gaze was icy, and she smiled with a hint of challenge. "Want to race to see who gets to the other side first?" The wild energy in her seemed ready to explode, radiating arrogance and defiance. Without waiting for a response, Yvette released Jeremiah's hand, and leaped into the river without hesitation. Her bold move left the men standing by the river completely stunned and thoroughly impressed.

Jeremiah glanced down at his now empty palm, squinting his eyes slightly. Well, he might as well follow her lead. Without hesitation, he leaped into the river after her.

Emmett and the others didn't waste any time either. With both of the bosses already in the water, what were they still hesitating for? They followed suit and jumped in. One after another, the ten men Jeremiah brought along also dove in.

Yvette swam ahead for a while, but suddenly, the water beside her began to churn violently, forming a swirling vortex. From it emerged something dark and massive. With

a quick glance, Yvette realized there was still another crocodile-this one twice as large as the ones they had faced earlier. As the crocodile's head surfaced, the first thing it spotted was Yvette.

Behind her, Jeremiah saw the crocodile heading straight for Yvette. His eyes narrowed, and a surge of killing intent radiated

from him.

The men behind him, including Jacob and the others, also witnessed the scene. Their hearts leaped to their throats, unable to bear watching any further. Given the distance between Yvette, Jeremiah, and themselves, unless they could somehow teleport instantly to Yvette's side, there was little chance of saving her. No one wanted to see such a tragedy unfold, but it seemed Yvette might lose her life here this time.

Emmett and the others, who were swimming in the middle, were unfazed. They were momentarily surprised by the appearance of the crocodile, but once they saw it heading for Yvette, they had no further reaction. Just another foolish beast. Apparently, it has chosen the wrong target, they thought.

With a loud "boom," the crocodile twisted its massive head, opening its gaping maw, revealing rows of sharp, white teeth. It lunged fiercely toward Yvette, exuding an aura of sheer brutality. Its black armored skin, reflecting the rippling water, appeared particularly sinister, while its iron-black form sued forward with a destructive force, as if ready to obliterate everything in its path.

Yvette moved swiftly, effortlessly dodging the attack. A cold smile curled on her lips, her eyes gleaming with a deadly red

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glow, Cruelty flickered across her face. What should I do with this disobedient little cutie the mused.

With a swift motion, Yvette dove under the crocodile. She drove her dagger hard into its lower neck. With a twist of her wrist, blood gushed out instantly. The crocodile, now in agonizing pain, went into a frenzy, attempting a desperate struggle before its impending death.

The crocodile's tail swept toward Yvette, but she agilely spun out of the way. With a resounding bang, she delivered a powerful kick to the crocodile's belly, sending it tumbling into the muddy riverbed, half-dead. Yvette gave it no chance to recover. She swiftly swam downstream toward the crocodile, her dagger slicing through the water like lightning. In an instant, the crocodile's lower jaw was completely severed, and blood

quickly spread through the water around her. Using the lifeless crocodile's back as leverage, Yvette propelled herself out of the water and onto the riverbank

After Yvette reached the shore. Jeremiah surfaced from the water as well. His body was drenched, and his chiseled eight-pack abs were faintly visible through his soaked black shirt.

Jeremiah's face was cold, his eyes dark. He strode toward Yvette, carefully inspecting her from head to toe. Once he was sure she wasn't hurt, his tense

expression relaxed. He began wiping her hair dry with one hand while saying, "Next time you encounter a situation like this, dodge it. Otherwise, what's the point of having me around?"

Seeing the concern in Jeremiah's eyes, Yvette reached out and teasingly hooked her arm around his waist, causing him to shiver involuntarily, his body trembling under her touch. His gaze instantly deepened as he lowered his head and said in a low voice. "Don't try to brush this off. Promise me."

Yvette raised her head slightly, her deep eyes gleaming with a piercing intensity. She smiled and spoke slowly, probably not going to happen. "I'll never entrust my life to anyone else."

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Jeremiah felt a pang in his chest. As he stared at Yvette's nonchalant expression, a deep sense of heartache surged within him. His first thought wasn't disappointment in her refusal to trust him, but rather how much hardship Yvette must have endured to develop such formidable skills and a mindset so different from others.

Jeremiah gently tied Yvette's hair into a neat bun. His voice was low and soothing, almost as if he were speaking to a child. "Alright, just once, could you give me a chance to show off a little? Let me be impressive in front of my girlfriend."

Yvette lifted her head, leaning forward slightly, her voice lazy. "Fine, I'll let you show off next time. But killing crocodiles isn't that impressive. Maybe you can show off tonight."

Jeremiah's dark eyes deepened at her words. 'What does she mean by 'tonight?' he wondered, then replied, "You're still young. Some things can wait until after you graduate."

Yvette shot him a glance, pausing for a moment. "I only want him to cook dinner tonight. Do I have to wait until after I graduate?" she thought

Emmett, Chris, Frankie, Bruce, and the ten soldiers Jeremiah had brought along all emerged from the water one after another. The moment they surfaced, they saw the two standing by the riverbank, locked in a gaze.

Emmett and Bruce exchanged a glance. 'Why does Mr. Chavez's expression look so... strange? Is he hungry? they wondered.

As Jacob led his group ashore, they all turned to look at Yvette in unison. The sight of her taking down the crocodile had left even these battle-hardened soldiers shaken. Was she really killing a crocodile? How had she made it look as easy as killing a chicken? Every move had been quick, lethal, and precise, each strike landing perfectly. This wasn't something an ordinary girl could pull off As Yvette stepped on the crocodile's body and climbed up the riverbank, the air around her seemed heavy with a suffocating killing intent. Where did Mr. Chavez find this goddess of death as a girlfriend? they wondered.

Emmett walked up to Jacob and noticed the group still staring at Yvette, clearly stunned by what they had just witnessed. With a slight tilt of his head, he patted Jacob on the shoulder and said, "Trust me, bro, you'll get used to it"

Jacob stiffly turned his head to look at Emmell, swallowingard Suddenly, he recalled the words "an easy win" Emmett had mentioned when they first met. Now he finally understood what it meant.

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The group got ready and set off once again to search for the cannibal tribe. This time, aside from Yvette and Jeremiah, everyone else changed into combat camouflage.

Yvette walked leisurely ahead with one hand in her pocket, strolling casually, while Jeremiah followed beside her. The two of them seemed as if they were on a relaxing vacation.

The group walked for another half hour or so when Yvette suddenly stopped in her tracks. The aura around her turned cold, and she gazed intently at a large clearing behind the bushes ahead. Her eyes were bloodshot.

Everyone followed Yvette's gaze and saw houses made of banana leaves about 200 meters ahead, along with a few towering that also had houses built on them. Each house was adorned with several strings of human skulls. In the clearing, there was a pile of unlit firewood, with a large frame propped up in the middle. S\*\*ed all around were skeletal remains. The wind carried a strong, thick scent of blood, but the place was eerily deserted, with no one in sight.

Yvette swiftly darted into the bushes, and the others followed, finding nearby hiding spots and crouching around her. "The cannibals are just ahead" she whispered. "At this time, they're likely preparing their food. They'll be back in no more than ten minutes"

Jeremiah turned his head slightly, his pupils narrowing. How could she know the daily routine of the cannibal tribe so well? he wondered.

Emmett and the people behind him looked visibly more serious, while anger filled Frankie's sharp eyes. "Ms. Zeller, when you say 'food, do you mean... humans?"

Yvette's expression remained cold as she lifted her eyelids slightly, raising an eyebrow. She turned to glance at Frankie, her eyes half-closed, and her voice chilling. "Yes, and even children. They survive by consuming children.

As soon as Yvette finished speaking, the sound of gasps came from behind her. Even Jeremiah's expression shifted slightly. Yvette lowered her head, recalling how, back in the day, she had almost become a meal for this cannibal tribe herself.

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Jacob pounded the ground hard, his entire body shaking with rage. Everyone else felt the same. In Clusia, children protected as the nation's future and hope. But here, they became prey for others. It was truly terrifying.

Bruce's eyes turned sharp as he realized something. The cannibals liked to eat children, but where would they find so many? Unless... Bruce looked at Yvette in disbelief and asked\*\*ly, "Yve, the children they eat are.

Bruce didn't finish his sentence, but everyone understood what he was implying. A shared realization dawned on them, and their faces turned pale in unison.

Yvette nodded calmly, her eyes dark and deep. Her voice was slightly h\*\*\*se as she said, "They are all their own children. They only eat girls, believing that girls are born unlucky. If a girl is born with any deformities, the cannibals will not hesitate to turn her into food. The cannibal tribe is a filthy, chaotic, and extremely bloodthirsty group."

Everyone gasped in shock. In Clusia, there was a saying that even a tiger wouldn't harm its own cubs, but here in the rainforest, there was a tribe that ate its own children.

Jeremiah frowned deeply upon hearing this, his gaze turning fierce. Whether or not this cannibal tribe was connected to the Tiger Head gang no longer mattered. Such a group had no reason to exist any longer.

As the group seethed with anger, distant footsteps and voices suddenly reached their ears. Among the chatter, they could make out some broken Uprian.

In the bushes. Jeremiah and Yvette exchanged a quick glance, while the others behind them kept a close watch on the distant figures. Cannibals didn't speak Uprian, so if someone was making it, it could only mean that Tiger Head was indeed connected to the cannibal tribe. But why? How could Tiger Head gang use the cannibals to produce drugs? The truth would only be revealed once they captured someone from the Tiger Head gang

In the distance, a group of thirty to forty cannibals approached. There were young and old, men and women, and even a few young boys among them. They were all dressed uniformly in clothes made from banana leaves, holding crude spears fashioned from thick tree branches. The stronger, younger male cannibals carried a makeshift stretcher, and on it lay their "prepared food—two adult men who appeared to be already dead.

Behind the group of cannibals followed five or six men dressed in modern clothing. Leading them was a man in his forties, with sharp, hawk-like eyes and a long beard. His face radiated an air of insidiousness, and he wore a sinister smile as he glanced at the black box being carried behind him.

Emmett, who had personally investigated the Tiger Head gang, immediately recognized the man as Eban Latouche, the gang's second-in-command. "Mr. Chavez, it's Eban," he whispered. "It seems your guess was right. The Tiger Head gang is indeed using the cannibals in this remote jungle to produce drugs. That black box likely contains the new type of meth that's been flowing into Clusia."

Jeremiah stared coldly at Eban, who wore a smug grin. A cold gleam flashed in Jeremiah's eyes, and his voice turned icy. "Kill them all."

Yvette glanced sideways, her expression unreadable.

Eban watched with excitement as the bodies were about to be placed on the roasting rack. The first time he tasted "human meat" was by chance, but he quickly discovered its unparalleled flavor and became addicted. Over the past year, they had been regularly delivering people to the cannibals, and over time, Eban himself developed a twisted love for the act of eating humans.

Just as Eban was about to speak, a bullet whizzed through the air, striking him squarely in the lower body with deadly precision. The sharp crack echoed in his mind as the horrifying realization hit—his manhood was gone. Eban let out a scream, clutching his groin as he crumpled to the ground, blood pouring uncontrollably.

The men who came with Eban hurriedly reached for their guns upon seeing him fall. But before they could even load their weapons, they collapsed to the ground, lifeless, with a single red dot between their brows. In the blink of an eye, only Eban and the stunned cannibals remained. The cannibals, not knowing what a gun was, saw people dropping one by one and assumed some wild beast was responsible. They grabbed their spears, surrounding Eban in a protective circle, letting out guttural roars.

Yvette slowly stepped out of the bushes, one hand casually tucked into her pocket, exuding an air of calm confidence. Her expression was as cold and cool as ever. Jeremiah stood up leisurely as well..

Emmett, Bruce, Chris, Frankie, and Jacob followed behind them, emerging from the bushes.

Emmett and the others glanced at Eban, who lay on the ground, clutching his lower body and staring at them. Then at Yvette's expressionless face. A chill ran down their spines. Yve is so ruthless. Hitting a target from a hundred paces away is impressive enough, but how could she shoot Eban's c\*\*h? Eban probably never imagined that before dying, he'd suffer like this, they thought.

At the back of the group, Jacob turned to the other soldiers with a determined expression. "When we get out of this jungle, if Mc Zeller decides to kill me, I'm counting on you guys to step in and hold her back. If that doesn't work, at least beg her to give me a quick death and leave my body intact. Guys, remember, I want to be buried whole, not missing any parts."

The others looked at Jacob with sympathy. After witnessing Yvette's shot just now, they felt his request would be hard to meet

Yvette stepped into the clearing, her eyes scanning the fallen Eban and the cannibals surrounding him. Her gaze finally settled on an elderly man among them, and she narrowed her eyes. "He looks familiar," she thought.

The old cannibal also spotted Yvette, staring at her with his cloudy eyes for a long moment before suddenly becoming agitated. He started shouting incoherently at the cannibals around him, though no one could understand what he was saying.

Eban, ignoring his pain, questioned Yvette and her group, "Who are you? How did you make it here? It's impossible to reach this place without a guide from the cannibals!"

Eban knew well how dangerous the jungle was. Without the cannibals leading the way, they would have died long ago,

Yvette's delicate eyebrows slightly raised, her eyes cold and her face expressionless. "You talk too much."