

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 173

Eban's men had all been shot, leaving him like a toothless tiger. Eban knew very well that with just a few dozen Cannibals, there was no way he could fight against the people in front of him. Enduring the pain in his lower body, he said. "You must be explorers who stumbled here by accident. If you let me go now, I'll have the Cannibals escort you out of the rainforest. How does that sound?" Eban had nothing to rely on except to use the Cannibals as leverage.

Emmett and the others snorted coldly. 'Eban is still dreaming that he can get away with it, they thought. Just then, the elderly cannibal who had seemed agitated to see Yvette earlier grabbed a spear and rushed at her without saying a word. But before he could get close, a gunshot rang out, and the bullet shattered his leg, sending him crashing to the ground. Seeing this, the other cannibals grabbed their weapons and rushed forward as well.

Jeremiah's face grew colder. He gestured to Emmett and the others, who, without hesitation, pulled out their guns and shot the charging cannibals. Within minutes, all the adult cannibals lay dead on the ground, leaving only a few women and children huddling off to the side.

Eban trembled with fear as he looked at the bodies of the cannibals around him.

Under Eban's terrified gaze, Yvette walked over slowly. Standing in front of him, she looked down at him with a slight, mischievous smirk. Her cold eyes glanced at Eban with a hint of disdain.

Jeremiah walked up to Yvette's side, his eyes icy and intimidating. "So, how did you get the cannibals to produce drugs for you?"

Eban's last shred of hope vanished completely. As expected, this group had come specifically for him. Realizing there was no way he'd escape today, he decided to take the secret to his grave. Eban stiffened his neck, suddenly showing a hint of defiance. "You think I'll tell you anything? You won't get a word from me!"

Jeremiah gave him such an intense look that it sent chills down his spine. The man is terrifying!' Eban thought.

Jeremiah slowly pulled a handgun from his coat, taking his time as he leisurely loaded the weapon. Something that would normally take less than thirty seconds took him a full five minutes. During those five minutes, Eban's mind was tormented. Though he had claimed not to fear death, in his heart, he was terrified. Every deliberate movement Jeremiah made was pure agony for him.

Jeremiah pressed the gun against Eban's forehead, a faint smile playing on his lips, but his eyes were ominous.

Emmett, Bruce, Frankie, Chris, and Jacob had finished clearing the battlefield and walked over. Frankie felt disgusted at the thought that Eban had eaten “human flesh” just like the cannibals. This monster, who not only trafficked drugs but also indulged in cannibalism, deserved a fate worse than death. “Mr. Chavez, are we just going to kill him like this? That’s way too easy on him. I think we should tear him apart and throw him into the rainforest to feed the wild beasts”

Jeremiah lowered his gaze, deep in thought, as if seriously considering Frankie’s suggestion.

Yvette walked up, crouching in front of Eban. Her eyes narrowed slightly as she smirked. In a soft voice, she asked, “Are you really not going to talk?”

Eban’s face froze, and a terrifying feeling crept over him-this girl might be even more ruthless than the men. Despite his growing fear, he tried to maintain his composure, though his voice trembled. “I won’t talk! You’d better just kill me quickly.”

Yvette responded with an indifferent “Alright,” before casually pulling a dagger from her boot. Without even looking, she thrust it backward straight into Eban’s thigh artery. In the next second, blood gushed from Eban’s leg in a stream.

Before Eban could even scream in pain, Yvette twisted the dagger, plunging it into his kneecap. The sound of bones cracking echoed in the air as his knee shattered. Eban stared at Yvette, his face drained of color. ‘Demon... she’s an absolute demon he thought.

Yvette slowly pulled the dagger out, her eyes lowered, exuding a dark, suffocating aura. She pressed her lips together, her voice light and emotionless. “Well, still don’t want to talk?”

Unable to bear the paltrany longer, Eban frantically nodded. Terrified of another cut from Yvette, he quickly spilled everything about how they had used the cannibals to produce drugs.

“Our gang came here looking for raw materials for new drugs. The jungle was too dangerous, and we lost several groups of men. The last group, by sheer luck, encountered the cannibals. They were about to be eaten, but the flashlights they carried were seen by the cannibals as some kind of divine sign, and they were spared. The cannibals even helped them out of the jungle. My brother and I realized the opportunity, and we used modern tricks to stage more ‘miracles for the cannibals They believed everything. In return, we provided them with human sacrifices and taught them how to produce drugs for us. It’s been over a year, and we’ve hidden it well... until now, Eban said.

Emmelt chuckled bitterly, gritting his teeth. They had spent a week searching without finding any clues, never imagining that Tiger Head would use the cannibals to produce

drugs. If Jeremiah hadn't noticed something was off, they'd still be focusing all their efforts on Mysonna

After Eban finished speaking, afraid that Yvette wouldn't believe him, he repeated, "I'm not lying to you, that's the whole truth. The drug lab is on a clearing not far from here. If you don't believe me, you can go check it out. Eban was truly terrified at this point, confessing everything without any further resistance. He knew he was doomed, and his only wish was to suffer less.

Yvette stood up and turned her head, asking, "Do you have anything else to ask?"

The ten men that Jeremiah had brought with him had been left speechless by Yvette's actions. When they heard her question, they all shook their heads in perfect unison.

Jeremiah stepped forward and gently took Yvette's cold hand, wiping off the blood with a rough piece of paper from his pocket. "Let's go," he said. "Emmett can take care of the rest."

Yvette nodded obediently, her eyes downcast.

Jeremiah turned and gave Emmett a silent signal before leading Yvette to a secluded corner. His gaze was focused, serious, and tinged with a hint of tenderness as he carefully and gently wiped the blood from her hands.

Emmett stepped forward and swiftly ended Eban's life with a single gunshot. Then, he and Bruce found the drug lab Eban had mentioned and burned it to the ground.

After Jacob and the others cleaned up the bodies, they found themselves at a loss when faced with the remaining cannibal women and children. As they hesitated, Yvette approached, her voice calm and indifferent. "Don't worry about them," she said. "In this rainforest, their survival skills are better than yours.

Jacob nodded respectfully, then, full of admiration, bowed deeply to Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, you are right. There are really cannibals. Now, you can beat me and scold me. It's all up to you!

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Yvette gave a casual glance at Jacobs, whose body was stiff. She pursed her lips and smiled, 'Just make sure to protect my man from now on.'

Jacob nodded awkwardly and looked at Yvette's man, who was grinning smugly.

Jacob thought. Does Jeremiah even need protection? Ms. Zeller frally thinks a lot of me!

In the bustling airport, Jeremiah wore a white shirt and black dress pants, showing a bit of his collarbone, giving off a restrained charm. He also looked intimidating and others kept their distance from him.

He gently squeezed Wette's hand. In his dark eyes, only her reflection was visible. Lowering his voice, he asked. "You won't come home with me?"

Casually lifting her head and tilting it slightly, Yvette looked at Jeremiah seriously.

They stood very close and could feel each other's breath, looking intimate. "Yeah, I still have things to deal with here," Yvette said

At this moment. Jeremiah looked a bit pitiful.

Yvette broke into a smile, "Stop acting. You are not a good actor.

Jeremiah didn't know what to say, then gave a helpless smile. Playing the pitiful card wasn't going to work for Yvette. Im not pretending. I am sad. Do you know how hard it is to get a girlfriend for the first time at thirty?"

At that moment, Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie pretended not to hear that. They thought, 'Mr. Chavez is so cunning that he even learns to act in front of Yvette. Why does it feel a bit weird?"

Yvette squeezed Jeremiah's wrist, a playful look in her eyes. "Take care. Goodbye."

The four of them behind almost started clapping their hands. They thought, It doesn't work on Yve."

After Jeremiah left, Emmett drove the car. Yvette sat in the front seat, and Frankie along with others was in the back.

Yvette curled up on the seat, her hat covering most of her face, leaving only her chin visible. She was playing a game on her phone, and soon the sound of winning played.

Frankie glanced over but couldn't see what game Yvette was playing; all he could see was the words "FastPulse Technologies"

on the screen.

"Ms. Zeller, what game are you playing? I've never seen it before. Is it something new from FastPulse Technologies?" Frankie asked

Yvette turned off her phone and put it back in her pocket, resting her hand on the car window. She replied, "Yeah, but it's not available yet. It'll be released later this year."

Frankie scratched his head. “FastPulse Technologies is releasing a new online game later this year? How come I didn’t know about this? I’m a gamer and haven’t seen any announcement from them. Maybe I’ve been too busy to notice. But Ms. Zeller, how did you get access to the beta test? Usually, FastPulse does internal testing and doesn’t let outsiders participate.”

Chris, who usually spent most of his time training, didn’t pay much attention to games. Hearing what Frankie said, he chimed in. “What’s so strange about that? Maybe Yve is just really good at games, so FastPulse Technologies thought she was a good fit for the beta test and sent it to her.”

Frankie couldn’t think of a better explanation. He figured Chris was right; otherwise, he really couldn’t understand why the world’s biggest game company would be connected with Ms. Zeller.

While driving, Emmett looked serious as if he had something on his mind.

Bruce immediately noticed that Emmett seemed in a bad mood so he asked, “What’s wrong? Ever since we left the airport, you’ve seemed preoccupied

Emmett thought for a moment and then shared his worries. “I’m afraid it won’t be long before we have a confrontation with the Goodman family”

Everyone in the car knew exactly who Emmett was talking about—the Goodman family, who had controlled Mysonna’s underground mafia group for nearly two decades. They were unilaterally the top mafia family.

Family vacation packages

Bruce fell into silence.

Frankie blurted out. “What’s the big deal? If Mr. Chavez uses his people, how will the Goodman family deal with them? It’s not certain who would win.”

The car fell into silence after Frankie just finished speaking.

Bruce, Chris, and Emmett all stared at him with disapproving looks. They thought, This fool. Mr. Chavez clearly isn’t ready to reveal his hidden power to Yve, and now it is being blurted out so openly!

Yvette rested her wrist on the car window, casually tapping her fingers. She closed her eyes as if she didn’t hear Frankie’s words.

Everyone else kept silent and thought, ‘Some things are better left for Mr. Chavez to discuss with Yve himself!

The atmosphere in the car became increasingly awkward. Frankie realized he had said something inappropriate and tried to lighten the mood. "Why are you staying in Mysonna, Ms. Zeller?"

Yvette opened her eyes. Her expression changed as she took out a piece of vanilla toffee, unwrapped it, and put it in her mouth. Her face looked both captivating and rebellious. "To kill someone," she said.

Frankie dramatically exclaimed, "Come on, Ms. Zeller. Stop joking. Do you really have any enemies here?"

Bruce and Chris also looked at Yvette ahead.

After spending these days in the rain forest, they had come to see Yvette as one of their own. Her enemies were theirs too, and if she ever had any, they'd help without hesitation.

Yvette stared out the car window with a blank expression. She moved her fingers slightly. "No enemies," she replied. After saying that, she closed her eyes, clearly not wanting to say more. The others took the hint and stayed quiet.

They really don't need to worry much. Yve's way of dealing with Eban proved her ability and cruelty.

There was a place in the eastern of Mysonna that everyone knew to avoid at all costs—the Goodman family's private estate. This place was home to the Goodman family, the leading underground mafia family in Mysonna, and was known by many as a death trap.

Rumor had it that countless bodies were carried out of here every day. Many bodies were completely unrecognizable and had missing limbs. Their deaths were extremely brutal. But it was also a place that many people in the underworld dream of reaching—

Anyone who got involved with the Goodman family was set for a life of privilege and luxury. The lure of fame, status, and power was so strong that many rushed in, only to find themselves in ruin.

In recent years, the underground operations of the Goodman family had been led by Braydon, the second son of the Goodman family. Braydon was a man feared by all in Mysonna's criminal world.

Five years ago, when Braydon took over the Goodman family, the first thing he did was lead his crew to eliminate all the old officers his father left behind in one night; most of them opposed his rise, and some even attempted to assassinate him, but none succeeded.

Braydon, with swift and decisive action, executed all his opponents and spent the next six months consolidating all of the Goodman family's underground power under his control.

Rumors said Braydon was a ruthless killer. Braydon's ruthless methods made him famous across Mysonna, and he was also well-known for his lack of interest in women.

Even before Braydon took over the Goodman family, people constantly sent women his way. The fate of those who brought women to him, and the women themselves, was often tragic. After Braydon took charge of the Goodman family, some people still foolishly tried to offer him women. However, by the next day, the person vanished in Mysonna, leaving no trace behind, not even his body.

Over time, no one in Mysonna's underworld dared to do it again because nobody wanted to mysteriously disappear.

Rumors once circulated from the servants at the Goodman family villa. Braydon often stared at an empty photo frame late at night, as though lost in thought. The whole thing was incredibly bizarre. But in the last two years, no one dared to send women to Braydon anymore; some even speculated that he might prefer men.

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In the private estate of the Goodman family, a middle-aged man stood trembling in front of the desk, not daring to lift his head as cold sweat ran down his temples.

"Mr. Goodman, we've checked. The person you've been searching for appeared at the airport with some men. One of them seems to be quite close to her," the man said,

As he reached this point, the middle-aged man's voice stopped suddenly. "The man sitting in the chair behind the desk slowly turned around to face the middle-aged man. With a cigarette between his slender fingers, his stunning face was captivating even through the light smoke.

His expression was indifferent, his eyes carrying a sense of danger as he stared at the middle-aged man speaking. He looked intimidating and smiled, "Oh? How close are they? Go on."

The middle-aged man was so frightened that he fell to his knees wiping sweat off his hands, but couldn't get them dry. "Mr. Goodman, they are not close. I didn't see it clearly. I didn't see it clearly, he stammered

Braydon pushed the cigarette butt into the ashtray with force, his eyes squinting. After a moment, with a faint smile, his fingers gently brushed the corner of the photo, which showed Yette and Jeremiah at the airport today. "They are not close?" he asked.

The middle-aged man quickly chimed in obsequiously. "Mr. Goodman, they are not close. There's definitely nothing between them. It seemed he was afraid Braydon wouldn't believe him, so he repeated it twice more.

After he finished speaking, Braydon's expression softened a bit. But just as the man was about to breathe a sigh of relief. Braydon looked up and glanced at him. His red eyes were filled with menace.

For a moment, the middle-aged man felt like he was being stared down by a beast. He stood rigid, his head bowed, not daring to breathe loudly,

"Lying without a blink? Who taught you that?" After saying this, Braydon turned back to the window and lit another cigar "Kill him," he ordered.

Hearing this, the middle-aged man tried to bolt, but it was too late, in the darkness, a gun was already aimed at his heart. All that was heard was a loud bang

Clutching his heart in disbelief, the middle-aged man turned to look at a spot in the room. For so long, he hadn't even realized there was another person in the study.

Less than five seconds after the gunshot, the door opened and two men in black came in quickly to carry the middle-aged man's body away.

The entire process took less than a minute, as if nothing had happened.

Braydon stared at the photo in his hand. His eyes carried a dangerous intensity, yet deep inside them lay a profound longing. He thought, What a dazzling smile.

Braydon extended his slender fingers, pressing a half-burned cigar against the man's face in the photo. Seeing the man's face in the photo was completely disfigured by the burn, he smiled with satisfaction. His voice was hoarse. "Jess, why do you think Yvette never smiles at me?"

In the darkness, a woman's voice emerged, chillingly cold and slightly hoarse. "Mr. Goodman, I don't know."

Braydon's eyes were red. His eyes were like a deep ocean, impossible to fathom. His expression grew colder, terrifyingly so. "Yeah, I understand. If I don't know, how could you?"

Braydon touched the spot between his eyebrows, where a small scar ran across his brow. The scar didn't take away from

Braydon's handsome look; instead, it gave his face a mysterious feeling. He had a smile on his face, intimidating and crazy,



He thought. Yvette must have liked me; otherwise, why did she leave me with a scar like this? It's clear proof. But now she's been captivated by another man. That's alright. Once that man is dead, Yvette will surely come back to me!

Braydon gazed at the woman in the darkness. His voice was calm. "Jess, I'm upset. What do you think I should do?"

The woman in the darkness dropped to her knees without hesitation, which caused a loud noise. "Mr. Goodman, tell me what can I do for you."

Braydon looked down, her eyes growing redder. His eyelashes fluttered slightly, hiding the madness in his eyes.

"Go kill that man. Break every bone in his body, and it'd be best if you could peel off his meat piece by piece. Take a picture for me: I want to enjoy it with Yvette. I'm sure she'll love it, don't you think? Braydon said.

In the darkness, the woman came out. She was dressed in a black leather jacket and pants, wearing a mask that only revealed a pair of cold, gleaming eyes, like those of a beast. "Yes, Mr. Goodman, Jess will follow your command."

After she had left, Braydon sat in the chair and pulled a small box from the drawer to his left. Inside the box was a small silver knife with the word "Yvette" engraved on its handle.

Braydon gently caressed the handle, then held it in his hand, whispering something. The next moment, he slashed his arm with the knife.

Blood slowly oozed out, but Braydon seemed oblivious to the pain, stared where the blood seeped and smiled contentedly. He thought, It feels great. The feeling of Yvette's dagger slicing into my skin reminds me I am alive."

The next day, the group had been staying at Jeremiah's private villa ever since they returned from Mysonna

Yvette was having breakfast with Emmett, Chris, Frankie, and Bruce. Sienna sent her a text message. [Mr. Zeller, help me.] Yvette paused, then went upstairs to her room to make a call. The phone rang twice and Sienna picked up on the other end, Sienna's voice came through the phone, loud and clear, with a hint of urgency and anger.

"Mr. Zeller, help me! That jerk Nathan wants to lock me up just because I want to break up with him. He crazily says if we die, we'll die together. And his brother, Braydon, is even more insane. He called Nathan and said if I don't listen, he should chop off my hands and feet and keep me like a pet. The whole Goodman family is crazy! I'm not weak either. I gave Nathan some sleeping pills and escaped. Now he's got me trapped with nowhere to go, Sienna said.

Sienna paused for a moment before continuing. “Ms. Zeller, is there a way to get me out of Mysonna for a while? I could hide out for three to five years. Once Nathan has found another woman, he probably won’t bother me anymore.”

Sienna had run out of options and couldn’t find anyone to help her, so she thought about asking Yvette for help. There was always something mysterious about Yvette and Sienna believed that she could make things happen.

Yvette lounged lazily on the couch, her cold eyes narrowing slightly. After hearing Sienna’s words, she looked calm and her tone was indifferent and slow. “Send me your location. I’ll come pick you up.”

Sienna was stunned on the other end of the line, taking a while to understand what Yvette meant. She let out a surprised shout. Seeing others staring at her, she quickly lowered her voice.

“Ms. Zeller, you’re in Mysonna? Wow, you’re truly a lifesaver, like an angel! I must have done something really good in my past life to meet such an amazing boss like you!” Sienna said.

Yvette rubbed her temples and asked, “Address?” Yvette thought, Sienna’s attempts at flattery have backfired more than once.

Sienna didn’t dare say anything else. She quickly gave the address to Yvette and then waited at a nearby pizza place for someone to pick her up.

Sienna reached into her pocket and there was empty, She had rushed out so fast without bringing a single penny. Starving all day, she could only stare longingly at the pizza.

In the distance, someone in a black SUV was staring at her.

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Half an hour later, a heavy motorcycle stopped at the curb.

Yvette swung her long legs off the motorcycle and removed her helmet.

The onlookers around her gasped in awe.

Yvette stood casually on the sidewalk, her elegant features carrying a hint of coldness.

She took a piece of vanilla toffee from her pocket, unwrapped it slowly, and popped it into her mouth.

Sienna immediately spotted Yvette in the crowd, and dashed over, reaching out to hug her.

Just as she was about to reach Yvette, Yvette slowly extended a finger and tapped Sienna's forehead. Her expression was indifferent. She slightly narrowed her eyes with a playful smile.

Sienna took two steps back and said regretfully, "It's so challenging to take advantage of you"

Yvette turned around and tossed the helmet from the motorcycle to Sienna, her voice cold and indifferent. "Put it on."

Sienna obediently took the helmet, put it on, and got on the motorcycle.

Two stunning women on a heavy motorcycle. It was as cool as it could be.

People on the street couldn't help but throw furtive glances at them

Even as Yvette drove off with Sienna, some people regretted not stepping forward to ask for their contacts.

Yvette sped the motorcycle to over a hundred miles per hour, maintaining that speed all the way.

Under the helmet, Yvette glanced at the rearview mirror, her eyes deepening slightly. A mischievous smile played on her lips.

Someone was following them.

The next moment, as they reached a crossroads, Yvette suddenly accelerated, leaving the black sedan behind,

The black sedan was already at its top speed, but it was still left for behind in just a traffic light's time, not even able to catch a glimpse of the motorcycle's tailpipe.

Inside the sedan, the man's face changed as he watched the motorcycle disappear. His eyes were dark and inscrutable. Nathan thought, 'She actually knows Sienna. Her presence means that even if I find Sienna today, if Sienna doesn't give in, there is no way I can bring her back.'

Nathan felt really troubled. He never expected that Sienna would have such strong support.

In the villa, Bruce was in his study, eyes glued to the computer, not budging, with the latest Mysonna stock market updates flashing on the screen.

Bruce frowned.

Lately, the Mysonna stock market had been very volatile. Several stocks with potential that Bruce was optimistic about have continuously hit their price limits for several days. He sensed something unusual.

Hopefully, he was just overthinking.

Emmett and Chris went out to handle some tasks.

In the villa, besides Bruce, who was upstairs checking stocks, to their was only Frankie withd

Frankie had been sitting on the sofa playing games all morning, to engrossed that he even skipped lunch.

Just as Yvette was leading Sienna inside, Frankie had just finished a game level.

Yvette and Sienna stood at the doorway, watching Frankie, who was so thrilled that he was waving his arms around. Neither of them moved.

Sienna tugged on Yvette's sleeve and whispered, "Boss, is your friend a shaman or is there something off with his mind? He seems pretty out of it."

Yvette glanced sideways at Sienna.

She didn't bother to lower her voice. "He's quite normal."

Frankie was startled by Yvette's voice and blurted out reflexively, "Who? Who's not normal?"

Sienna looked at Frankie, who was quiet now.

No matter how she looked, he seemed just like an immature teenager.

Yvette walked straight to the sofa, sat down, and crossed her legs casually, propping her arm on the armrest

Frankie quickly went to the bar to pour Yvette a glass of warm water, handing it over with both hands.

The whole process was smooth.

Sienna was left speechless by what she saw.

She thought, “Could it be that Yvette likes this kind of vibe? A powerful woman and her loyal young boyfriend?”

The scene was so embarrassing that Sienna couldn't bring herself to think about it anymore

She still thought that the man she saw at the banquet in Seacurity was more suitable for Yvette.

The person in front of her obviously didn't seem very smart.

After completing this series of actions, Frankie looked at Sienna and curiously asked, “Yve, is this your friend?”

Yvette took a sip of warm water, and her brows relaxed a bit, making her eyes look less cold.

Her voice remained as calm and gentle as ever. “Yeah, she'll be staying here for a while, and I'll take care of everything for

her.”

Frankie was surprised, thinking. “This person really holds a special place in Yvette's heart.

Sienna thought that making a good impression at their first meeting was crucial, especially since she would be staying here for a while. So, she flashed her signature sweet smile at Frankie. Hello, I'm Sienna

Frankie dropped his casual demeanor and formally introduced himself to Sienna. “Hello, I'm Frankie. Yvette has already told me, so feel at home here. Besides Yvette, it's all men here. Two are away on business, and another is always upstairs busy with stock trading. You'll meet everyone at dinner. Sienna, if you need anything, just let me know and I'll have it arranged for you. Don't hesitate to ask.”

Since returning from the rainforest, all of them agreed on a consistent way to address Yvette

Under Jeremiah's gentle suggestion, now all four of them called Yvette by her name. Jeremiah said this felt more friendly

Sienna gave a shy smile.

Frankie stared at her bright smile, momentarily stunned. He thought, ‘How come Yvette's friend is also so attractive? y stunned. He thought, How come Yverie's friend is also so attractive?’

Frankie chatted with the two for a while.

Most of the talking was between Sienna and Frankie, while Yvette silently listened with her eyes downcast

After chatting for a bit, the two hit it off, and they were joking about becoming best friends forever.

Yvette glanced up at the two carefree people and rested her chin on her hand.

She let out a soft chuckle and casually said, "Mind if I join you?"

Without a second thought, Sienna and Frankie answered in unison, eager to respond quickly, "No way!"

Yvette lowered her gaze, wondering, 'Why am I being rejected like this? This feels a bit pathetic

Frankie and Sienna enthusiastically chatted away.

During the conversation, Frankie learned that Sienna wanted to break up with her boyfriend, who disagreed and even considered confining her. This annoyed Frankie so much that he cursed the guy for being a jerk.

Of course, he didn't know that Sienna's boyfriend was Nathan, the heir to the foremost mafia family, the Goodman family.

Later, Frankie found it out.

He thought if he had known earlier that Sienna's boyfriend was Nathan, he would have cursed even more intensely. Three years ago, Nathan had set him up and he lost billions. It was something he would remember forever.

Frankie said, "I'm telling you, Sienna. Don't go soft on him. Your boyfriend is such a jerk for trying to lock you up. You did, the right thing by drugging him. If I were you, I'd poison him and let him die. You're too soft-hearted. A woman can't stand strong without a tough heart, you know? This is something you've got to learn, and there's a lot to it, so you're just getting started.

Sienna's eyes brightened when she heard Frankie's words.

She nodded vigorously, completely agreeing with everything he said.

"You're absolutely right. I really want to poison that jerk too, but his brother is nuts. If I get caught, it's game over for me," said Sienna

Sienna remembered something Nathan had told her.

The 108 methods his brother supposedly had for punishing people might be real. Just hearing about them kept her up days.

Frankie was about to say something else when Yvette's phone suddenly rang

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Yvette lightly touched her phone to answer the call.

The voice on the other end was concise and direct.

"This is Nathan. I'm outside the villa. Can you let me in to see her? There's a misunderstanding with Sienna, and I want to clarify things face-to-face," said Nathan.

Yvette raised an eyebrow with a slight smirk, partially lowered her gaze, and glanced at her watch. She said dowly, "I don't have time.

Outside the villa, Nathan's face fell as he stared at the distant villa with a conflicted expression.

The owner of this villa was someone the Goodman family couldn't track down.

Family vacation packages

Even in Mysonna, the Goodman family couldn't find information on someone.

It meant that the power and background of this person was truly intimidating.

Nathan paused for a moment. Just as he was about to say another word, Yvette ended the call.

Nathan was taken aback.

Yvette was always as wild as ever and never knew how to hold back.

In the villa, Yvette sat slouched on the couch, crossing her legs while casually swinging her phone.

She lazily glanced at Sienna. "Nathan called. He's outside and wants to see you.

Sienna hesitated for a moment.

Her face was conflicted. She realized avoiding him wasn't a solution. It was better to talk it out face to face.

Sienna looked at Yvette with determination. "Yve, sooner or later I have to face Nathan. It's perfect that he's here now. I'll clear things up with him. I can't keep hiding under your wings forever. Let him in."

Yvette shifted into a more comfortable position, her gaze calm as she looked up at Sienna.

"Have you made up your mind?" she asked.

Sienna nodded seriously once again. "I'm sure about this, Yve. Let him come in."

Yvette casually agreed, "Okay," Then she dialed Nathan's number

Nathan was standing outside the villa.

He thought, 'Barging in? I won't dare. With Yvette's personality, I will be lucky to make it out alive. But to just leave like that? I am worried Sienna may be hidden by Yvette. What if Yvette really hides Sienna? Then I may never find her.'

As Nathan got into his car and thought about it, his phone began to ring Nathan looked at the phone screen. He was overjoyed.

He quickly answered, "Hello, L... But before he could say another word, Yvette cut him off. "Come in." And with that, she ended the call.

Inside the villa, Frankie turned his head stiffly to look at Yvette and Sienna, his face full of disbelief.

"Nathan? That name sounds familiar. Could it be the Nathan from the Goodman family?" asked Frankie.

Sienna tilted her head, not sensing anything off about Frankie's reaction, and nodded. "Yeah, it's him. Why? Do you know him?"

Frankie gritted his teeth, trying to smile, but it came out more like a grimace.

He gritted his teeth. "I don't know him. How could I possibly know a man who's so selfish, insidious, and adept in scheming and trickery?"

Sienna adjusted her clothes a bit tighter around herself. She felt a chill down her spine.

Frankie claimed not to know Nathan, but judging by his expression, he probably wished more than anything for Nathan to disappear.

Yvette glanced over at Frankie, who had a look of hatred on his face.



Her refined eyebrows hinted at a laid-back, carefree attitude.

As soon as Nathan walked in, he saw Yvette lazily sprawled on the couch, with Sienna sitting next to her.

There was so a trendy man who eyed him suspiciously.

Nathan frowned, wondering, 'Have I offended this guy before? I can't quite remember Sienna didn't even look at him. She was entirely focused on Yvette, attentively peeling an apple for Yvette.

Nathan felt a pang of envy.

He had been with Sienna for so long, and she never peeled an apple for him.

Nathan imagined countless scenarios but never expected his rival in love to be Yvette..

Nathan walked into the living room and sat down without a word

Clearing his throat, he gazed at Sienna, as if he had a thousand things to say, but he turned to greet Yvette first.

"Yvette, it's been a while, he smiled.

Yvette glanced up from her game with a brief look. Her expression was cold and distant.

Her deep eyes were bright. She remained silent and she lowered her head back to her game.

Nathan was completely ignored.

Frankie, sitting at the side, almost clapped in delight. He thought. Yvette is really amazing. Who cares about the Goodman family? They mean nothing at all'

Sienna nervously pressed her lips together.

Nobody understood Nathan's bad temper better than Sienna. Worried Yvette's attitude might anger Nathan, Sienna quickly sat beside Yvette, blocking Nathan's view.

She had a guarded expression. It was as if Nathan were an enemy.

Seeing Sienna so wary of him, Nathan gave a bitter smile.

Sienna was overthinking. Even the head of the Goodman family wouldn't dare put on airs in front of Yvette, let alone Nathan.

“Sienna, it’s not what it seems. My fiancée was chosen by my grandpa, and I’m not in agreement. I’ll find a way to break off the engagement and marry you instead. I understand your concerns, and I promise I won’t get involved in the Goodmant family’s secret dealings. My grandpa already divided the duties Between Braydon and me five years ago. I’m responsible for the legitimate business, and Braydon handles the covert operations. What you saw last time was an accident, and it truly won’t happen again. I swear. Even if you don’t think of me, shouldn’t you think of the baby in your belly? Do you want him to be born without a father?” Nathan pleaded sincerely, hope filling his eyes.

Hearing Nathan suddenly bring up her pregnancy, Sienna momentarily froze.

She glanced secretly at Yvette, who was engrossed in a mobile game, her head bent in focus. She felt a little guilty.

Yvette’s fingers hesitated slightly, her eyes lowered, but she continued playing as if nothing had happened.

When he heard this, Frankie silently cursed Nathan for being shameless, using the baby to keep a woman by his side. That was so despicable.

Nathan’s ability to brainwash was truly impressive. Sienna’s expression wavered slightly before she glanced up at Nathan after a moment of doubt.

“Nathan, the reason I asked you in is to make things clear. I am serious about breaking up with you and hope we can part on good terms. As for the baby, I’ll have it. After all, your genes are decent. Don’t worry. The child and I won’t appear in your life, and whoever you want to marry is none of my business. Likewise, I hope you don’t appear in front of me and the child. Let’s go our separate ways and live well, okay? And if you don’t mind, I might even send you a wedding invitation when I get married in the future,” said Sienna.

At this point, Sienna’s voice became much softer as she realized she had inadvertently revealed her true feelings,

Nathan’s face fell. His eyes were touched with a hint of anger. He was furious enough to want to kill someone.

He thought, ‘What kind of nonsense is this woman talking about? She plans to marry someone else? Find another father for my child? I wonder who in Mysonna will dare to marry my woman and the mother of my child!’

Frankie, sitting on the side, wanted to clap and cheer for Sienna. She really deserved the title of his loyal friend. It was best that Sienna could drive Nathan crazy.

Even Nathan could sense the mischievous satisfaction coming from Frankie.

Nathan's anger was getting stronger, but he managed to hold it back.

After a while, Nathan finally calmed down and said to Sienna, "Sienna, stop being so stubborn. What you're saying doesn't make any sense. In Mysonna, who would dare to take my woman

As he said this, Nathan glanced at Yvette, who was busy with her phone. He was really worried she might undermine him. Sienna just shook her head. She had already made up her mind and was determined not to turn back.

"If you insist on doing this, I can just stay single and not get married. It's no big deal. You know Vibe has a third of its shares under my name. I'm rich and good-looking, Raising a kid on my own is no problem. In fact, if I wanted to marry someone willing to live with me, I'd have a line stretching from Mysonna to Clusia. So you can't stop me," said Sienna.

Frankie jumped up from the couch.

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 178**

Frankie approached Nathan in three quick steps, sizing him up with disdain...

He coldly grunted, "Listen, Nathan, Sienna said she wants to break up, and that's final. You threatening her with a child is pathetic. It's embarrassing for a man. As for the child in Sienna's belly. I'll take responsibility for that, so don't worry. What era do you live in? You think you're some domineering CEO, alle to control a woman just because she's pregnant?"

Sitting on the sofa, Nathan's expression darkened with each word from Frankie.

Yvette glanced up from her phone, noting Nathan's barely contained rage.

Her cold demeanor and the gentle tapping of her slender fingers on the armrest made Nathan feel like a deflated balloon. He didn't dare move and just clenched his fists tightly.

Right now, he wanted nothing more than to kill Frankle standing before him.

But with Yvette present, he didn't dare to do anything. Otherwise, he might end up being carried out today.

He didn't doubt it for a second.

After all, he had seen someone carried out right in front of him before, and Yvette's craziness was still fresh in his memory

It testified to her ruthless nature.

She fiercely protected her own, and her stance made it clear that Nathan was an insignificant outsider.

Frankie was pleased to see Nathan, who was furious enough to explode but didn't dare say anything.

He saw the devious Nathan was too intimidated to act after Yvette's warning glance.

With her by his side, he felt empowered to bully Nathan,

He was thrilled at the thought of leveraging Yvette's strength against the villain.

Nathan, however, ignored Frankie's taunts and focused on Sienna, suppressing his anger as he pleaded, "Sienna, please come home with me. We need to talk."

This was the first time Sienna had seen Nathan like this, so different from the paranoid and gloomy figure he had been the day before.

But it was too late. The past was the past.

She didn't want to return to the past.

Sienna shook her head, her expression showing immovable, and Nathan's patience finally wore thin.

He revealed his true colors, ignoring Yvette, who remained seated on the sofa, and reached for Sienna's hand.

But before he could touch her, a bullet struck his wrist.

Nathan gritted his teeth against the pain, his eyes wide as he turned to Yvette.

He realized this warning shot was her way of saying that further rash actions would have serious consequences.

Sienna gasped, spotting the elegant silver pistol in Yvette's hand and the wound on Nathan's wrist, leaving her speechless.

Next to her, Frankie was taken aback as well.

He thought, "Wow, Yvette is ruthless. Nathan is the heir of the Goodman family, and she shoots him like that. She's really something. I have to admit that was a damn impressive shot."

Nathan clutched his wound, blood seeping onto the expensive carpet, staining it.

Nathan pursed his lips, his face pale, looking pitiful.

Despite his pale face, the other three chose to ignore him.

Nathan never imagined that even Sienna would be so ruthless and completely uncaring about him.

At that moment, he finally got anxious.

He had hoped that by humbling himself, Sienna would surely soften and return to him. But now, her behavior made it clear their relationship was truly over.

Understanding he wouldn't achieve anything by staying, he took a step back.

He said, "Sienna, I hope you'll think about what I've said. I won't give up on you"

With that, he turned to leave.

As he passed Yvette, he leaned slightly toward her, whispering. After all these years, you're still so ruthless. Braydon knows about your return to Mysonna

Yvette understood his intentions and looked at him dismissively her usual lethargy replaced by cold disdain.

Feeling the weight of her gaze, Nathan's wrist hurt even more from anger.

He thought, 'Damn it! Nobody else in the world could be as arrogant and brash as Yvette.

Yvette smiled at Nathan, her expression sending a shiver down his spine as if he felt Death's scythe poised above him.

She stared at his pale face, her eyes dark and still.

In a low, hoarse voice, she threatened, "If you don't want anyone to inherit the Goodman family's secret business, I won't mind personally helping your family deal with Braydon."

That was a very harsh thing to say.

Nathan's face was tense, his anger boiling beneath the surface, and his eyes were red.

Determined not to show weakness, he gritted his teeth and confronted Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, you're so ruthless Braydon still has the scar on his face."

Taking a deep breath, he forced a sarcastic smile, adding, "You managed to kill Braydon five years ago. Surely you can now. But he's different now. He controls the entire Goodman family's underworld, so I expect he'll be here soon."

After saying that, he turned to observe Yvette's reaction, but she remained indifferent, which only intensified his frustration.

He couldn't afford to delay.

With Yvette's marksmanship, he feared he might lose his arm if he lingered too long,

After speaking, Nathan stormed out, but just before he reached the door, he heard Frankie's voice behind him. "Hey, this carpet I got from the auction is worth at least 1 million dollars. Pay up. As the Goodman family's elder son, you won't deny it, will you?"

The sarcasm stung.

Nathan paused, his face darkening as his wrist throbbed painfully.

Yvette's shot seemed to have hit the bone.

He pulled out a check, gritting his teeth against the pain, and wrote 1.5 million dollars on it.

With a cold grunt, he tossed the check on the ground and left without looking back.

The three remaining in the room watched him go in silence.

Yvette was expressionless. Sienna felt a sense of relief, and Frankie was in high spirits.

Once outside, Nathan jumped into his car and instructed the driver to rush him to the Goodman family hospital. Seeing Nathan injured, the driver knew something must have happened and sped toward the hospital.

He thought. Who dare lay a hand on Mr. Goodman? Since when did Mysonna have such a powerful person?

As Nathan's car sped down the mountain, Emmett and Chris were returning to the villa after finishing their errands.

Their cars passed by each other.

Spotting the speeding car with a Goodman family license plate. Emmett frowned.

He thought. "The Goodman family's car went down the direction where Mr. Chavez bought that piece of land. Now, they only have a villa, have the Goodman family members gone to the villa?"

Thinking about this, Emmett briefly shared his suspicions with Chris.

Alarmed, Chris urged the car to speed up, eager to get back.

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 179**

Inside the villa, Sienna looked at Yvette, guilt etched on her face as she instinctively shrank back, "Yve, I didn't mean to hide my pregnancy. Nathan tampered with the condoms, she stammered.

Yvette sniffed and raised an eyebrow, her expression completely unreadable, causing Sienna to lower her gaze. She muttered softly, "Blame me for coveting appearance a little absolutely not much, and he has no more."

Frankie discreetly grabbed a cup of water, distancing himself from the two women.

His experience told him to stay out of women's disputes to avoid the fallout.

Yvette raised an eyebrow with a striking jawline, her voice calm and measured. "It's your choice whether to keep the child. No one can take responsibility for your life.

Sienna felt a pang of sadness at these words. She thought, Does Ms. Zeller blame me?"

Yvette crossed her legs, frowning and not knowing why Sienna was feeling down.

She added, "Don't worry about the child. It should be easy to raise him. I raised myself just fine."

Frankie spat out his water in surprise and gave Yvette a thumbs-up, exclaiming exaggeratedly, "Yvette, you raised yourself? What do you mean?"

Yvette shot Frankie a look, her eyes clearly saying, "Are you an idiot?"

After a brief silence, she continued, her dark gaze lingering. "I cook for myself, dress myself, study, and earn a living. Does that confuse you?"

Yvette didn't say that since she was a child, anything that interested her was basically self-taught, and she had never understood what it was like to struggle in others' eyes.

Frankie stared at her, pondering the unfairness of life.

He thought, "What did God deny Yvette? Beauty? No, she was stunning. Talent? Clearly not. She was Cyanbird, an international artist whose painting once fetched 160 million dollars at auction.

Frankie stared at her for a long time, and finally, he had to concede that life was unjust and Yvette was flawless.

Sienna looked at Yvette sheepishly. "Yve, you're not mad at me, are you?"

Yvette replied with a simple "Hmm.

Sienna's relief was palpable.

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Meanwhile, Emmett and Chris managed to make it back to the villa in just ten minutes.

Yvette, Frankie, are you two okay?" they called as they approached.

Frankie, Sienna, and Yvette turned to the door, where Emmett and Chris entered at a brisk pace.

Emmett noticed a strange woman in the living room and frowned, assuming she was another of Frankie's girlfriends and was about to reprimand him.

Frankie noticed Emmett's look at the door and immediately realized he had the wrong idea. He explain. "This is Sienna, a good friend of Yvette. She'll be staying here for a while.

After hearing this, Emmett's demeanor relaxed significantly.

Emmett and Chris both became much more courteous,

Emmett greeted, "Hello, I'm Emmett, Yvette's friend is also our hend, so feel at home here"

Chris, less experienced with women, simply nodded and added, I'm Chris."

Vickly jumped in to Sienna nodded politely. "Hello, I'm Sienna. I apologize for the trouble. I'll move out as soon as things are settled."

After Emmett and Chris greeted her, they anxiously turned to Yvette and Frankie, asking worriedly, "Yvette, Frankie, was there a man here just now? Did you see him?"

Emmett didn't mention Nathan's name directly.



Frankie first nodded, then shook his head, leaving Emmett and Chris confused.

Emmett glanced at Yvette, sitting on the sofa, absorbed in her phone.

“Yvette, did a man with flashy looks come by just now?” he asked carefully.

Yvette glanced down at a text message that had just arrived on her phone. The message re judge position for you for this year’s International Piano Competition.]

[Hey Dulcem, we’ve reserved a

This was the third year in a row that the International Piano Competition had invited Yvette to be a judge.

Yvette replied flatly: [No need.]

After sending the message, she looked at the others and said. “Yes, he came and just left.”

Sienna quietly asked, “Was that man with a flashy look Nathan?”

Emmett and Chris stared at her, surprised she knew about Nathan.

Nervously, Sienna stepped back toward Yvette, feeling safer near her.

She thought, “How many enemies had my ex-boyfriend made?”

Frankie quickly explained, “No, don’t scare her. That scumbag is why Sienna is hiding here. To put it simply, he’s her ex- boyfriend. Sienna wanted to break up, but Nathan refused and chased after her. Yvette brought her here out of fear he would hurt her.

Everyone knew that Frankie had suffered over a billion dollars because of Nathan three years ago.

Later, the Goodman family faced consequences too. Jeremiah led a group to intercept arms from them, costing them billions and leaving Nathan empty-handed.

Emmett and Chris heard Frankie’s explanation but weren’t interested in Sienna and Nathan’s issues.

But they were concerned that since Sienna was staying here, Nathan’s knowledge of her whereabouts complicated things. Emmett asked, “Ms. Sterling, are you sure you want to break up with Nathan?”

Sienna’s expression was resolute. “Yes, I truly want to break up, but I don’t want to involve anyone else. If this is inconvenient for you...

Emmett cut her off.

The Goodman family might rule Mysonna, but they were just kings of this territory.

There were others out there.

They were not afraid of the Goodman family.

He said. "Ms. Sterling, you're overthinking it. You're good friends with Yvette, so you're ours too. Nathan is vindictive and has a notorious reputation. Leaving him was the right choice. Just feel free to stay here."

Emmett uncontrollably made a jab at Nathan again

Yvette stood up, holding his phone, a nasal tone in his voice. "It's just Nathan. There's no need to be nervous. If he becomes a hassle, just kill him."

Emmett thought Yvette was ruthless, as did Chris.

Frankie observed their expressions and wanted to tell them to calm down.

After all, Yvette had already shot Nathan decisively, and he had fled in humiliation.

Emmett felt compelled to remind Yvette that dealing with Nathan differed from handling a python. The Goodman family was not to be trifled with.

Chris hesitated before saying. "Yvette, the Goodman family has significant power. They're not easy to confront

Yvette smirked. "Neither am I."

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 180**

During dinner, Bruce knew Sienna and, upon learning about her connection to Nathan, merely nodded coldly without speaking

No matter how strong the Goodman family was, they weren't afraid either, and the person Yvette wanted to protect would be safeguarded

At the Goodman family's hospital, Nathan's exclusive doctor carefully bandaged his wounds, taking an hour to complete a task that should have taken 20 minutes, fearful of causing further harm to him.

Nathan's expression darkened as he reflected on the day's events

The doctor, sensing the oppressive aura surrounding Nathan, struggled to maintain steady hands.

After the bandaging, Nathan returned to the Goodman residence.

Exiting the car, he spotted Braydon on the lawn, playing with Odin.

It was ironic that his brother treated the dog better than he did.

ift from Yvette.

Odin was a casual gift

Over the years, Braydon spent his free time playing with Odin, besides dealing with gang matters.

How ironic!

Nathan stepped over.

Tyson, next to Braydon, kept a stern look as he watched Nathan walking from afar, shocked to see the white bandage wrapped around his wrist.

He thought, "Who dared to hurt him?"

With a deep bow, Tyson said, "Mr. Braydon Goodman, Mr. Nathan Goodman has arrived."

Upon hearing this, Braydon didn't even look up, continuing to entertain Odin with a toy in his hand.

Nathan approached, and Odin barked at him, ready to attack if not restrained by Braydon.

Nathan shot a disgusted look at the grinning Odin, just like its owner, not likable at all.

Nathan exposed the bandages on his wrist,

Braydon's gaze shifted from Odin to Nathan's injury, and he paused before asking coldly. "Who hurt you?"

Feeling a flicker of concern from Braydon, Nathan's heart softened, but he hesitated.

He contemplated whether to inform Braydon about Yvette's return to Mysonna

He initially didn't want to let Yvette get off easy, but now he was hesitant and worried about revealing her whereabouts.

Given Braydon's obsession with Yvette, if he found out her location, he'd probably rush there immediately.

But he worried about Braydon's safety if he went to see Yvette, who had shown no mercy in the past.

Ultimately, Nathan decided to keep this information hidden.

If that dangerous woman truly intended to harm Braydon, no one could stop her.

Forcing a smile to deflect Braydon's scrutiny. Nathan replied, "It's nothing. I just hurt myself accidentally."

Braydon stared at Nathan's hand with an unclear expression.

Nathan's body stiffened for a moment until Braydon finally looked away and he relaxed.

"You're quite careless. Did that woman hurt you? Why keep something that disobeys?" Braydon remarked.

The mention of Sienna made Nathan's fingers tighten in anger. "You're saying I'll do anything for Sienna? Aren't you also obsessed with Yvette?"

Realizing his mistake as he saw Braydon's expression shift, Nathan regretted his words.

The atmosphere on the lawn turned icy.

Tyson internally scolded Nathan for his lack of judgment.

Mentioning Yvette was taboo for Braydon, and few dared to speak her name, knowing the danger it posed.

Braydon's demonic eyes glowed like a black wolf in the night. His cold gaze was sharp enough to penetrate Nathan's bones, instilling fear in those around him.

His voice was chilling. "What is Sienna? How can she compare to Yvette? If I hear such words again, I'll make Sienna disappear for good."

Nathan's expression darkened. Braydon was a lunatic, saying and doing whatever he wanted.

Knowing Braydon's temperament, he knew he couldn't oppose him and had to soften his attitude.

With a slight tremor in his icy voice, he said, “Braydon, I’m sorry for my words. You can’t touch Sienna. She’s pregnant with my child. If anything happens to her, it’s two lives lost. I’ll handle my affairs. You don’t need to worry. Just visit Grandpa when you can.”

Braydon glanced at him sideways, his tone dripping with disdain. “I’ll see him when he dies.

Nathan was taken aback.

He thought, “Damian had drugged Braydon to make him miss Yvette’s whereabouts for two months. Is it what he harbored such hatred for so long?

Yvette is a threat that needs to be eliminated. Otherwise, she could destroy the Goodman family at any moment.

Later that night, after everyone had settled in, Yvette donned a black sweatshirt, tied her hair back, and wore a cap that concealed her face, revealing only her chin.

She left the villa and headed to a bar called “Raindrop in the western district of Mysonna

The bar was lively, filled with men and women dancing as the DJ pumped up the atmosphere.

Yvette casually found herself a seat in a corner booth.

Since her cap kept her face hidden, no one seemed to notice her

Only a couple of patrons caught a glimpse of her profile and speculated that she must be beautiful.

Raindrop Bar was known for its attractive clientele, so they quickly looked away.

Yvette sat in the booth with her legs crossed.

Her eyes were half-closed, and her delicate brows arched, exuding a rebellious arrogance.

She ordered a cup of hot milk, a cozy choice that felt out of place in the noisy bar, drawing puzzled looks from those nearby.

They thought, Drinking milk in a bar? Is she crazy?

Then Yvette removed her cap, stunning everyone with her beauty.

Ignoring the stares. Yvette continued sipping her milk, appearing completely innocent

Half an hour later, two men with bleached hair exchanged glances and eyed Yvette in the booth with malicious intentions.

They specialized in finding “clients” in the Raindrop Bar.

They were low-level members of the Tiger Head Gang, scouting for vulnerable girls to lure into drug use.

If the girls couldn't pay, they would eventually use the addiction to control those who got hooked and force them into prostitution to make money.

They had been doing this for over a year now. Initially, they were afraid of being caught by their superiors.

The Blaze Hall had prohibited drug manufacturing and sales, so they always operated in secret.

-The Tiger Head Gang used to be a minor faction under the Blaze Hall, just scraping by in the underworld without much attention from the higher-ups.

About a year ago, their boss somehow got hold of a new type of drug and made a fortune from it. They even started selling it overseas, especially making big money in Clusia, which allowed the gang to expand and grow into the largest faction under Blaze Hall.

Now, the Blaze Hall turned a blind eye to their drug trafficking, sometimes even facilitating their operations, particularly at Raindrop Bar, where they recruited new members.