

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 181

Sandor and Dee approached with milk in hand. It was their first time trying to strike up a conversation while holding milk.

They noticed the mocking looks of bystanders and felt embarrassed.

They thought, 'Why would a beautiful woman come to a bar and order milk?'

Some bar acquaintances recognized Sandor and Dee and understood their intentions but were too intimidated by the Tiger Head Gang to say anything.

Watching Yvette, they felt pity for her to be potentially ruined by men.

Dee spoke up first, "Pretty girl, are you alone? Mind if we join you?"

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, glancing at them before raising her gaze.

The men felt uneasy under her intense gaze.

Then Yvette smiled, stunning them both.

Her beauty was captivating, and her smile seemed to eclipse the world.

Dee's eyes lit up, and he whispered something to Sandor, who looked at Yvette with eager eyes,

Yvette caught every word the two whispered, though they seemed unaware that their lips had given them away.

Yvette's fingers lightly tapped the milk cup she held, a faint, knowing smile appearing on her lips.

She thought. 'Did these two want to hand me over to Burley?'

Interesting. They're the first to try to sell me out."

After their muttered conversation, the two men reappeared at Vette's booth

Dee attempted to sit closer, but Yvette's indifferent gaze stopped him. "Get lost," she said coldly.

Embarrassed by Yvette's dismissive remark, Dee wanted to break a glass to scare her.

Although thinking Yvette was unappreciative, Sandor quickly gave Dee a way out, smoothing things over to prevent any escalation and losing their opportunity to please their boss.

“Dee, how can you be rude to such a beautiful woman? I apologize on his behalf,” he said, giving Dee a pointed look. Reluctantly, Dee apologized to Yvette. “I’m sorry, miss. I got carried away. I hope you won’t take it to heart.”

Throughout their whole drama, Yvette barely looked up, not saying a word.

The atmosphere grew tense.

Onlookers were nervous about her attitude toward the two men, backed by the powerful Tiger Head Gang, affiliated with the infamous Blaze Hall, one of the 72 halls under the Goodman family.

Yvette rested her wrist on the table expressionlessly, glancing at the tiger insignia emblazoned on the cuffs of their shirts.

She took a sip of her milk, her emotions hidden beneath her calm exterior.

“Are you guys from the Tiger Head Gang?” she asked.

Sandor and Dee were taken aback. They didn’t expect her to know about the Tiger Head Gang and wondered if she might be someone not to be messed with.

Sandor’s demeanor shifted, curiosity piqued. “Do you know our gang?”

Yvette turned slightly, her voice low. I’ve heard of it

They assumed she meant she recognized their reputation and felt a sense of pride swell within them.

These days, wherever the Tiger Head Gang members went, they commanded respect from everyone.

Dee was practically on cloud nine.

He plopped down in a chair but kept his distance, making sure not to bother Yvette.

Brimming with confidence, Dee said, “Beauty, you’ve heard of the Tiger Head Gang? We’re the top gang under the Blaze Hall. Our Boss is highly regarded, and we are his trusted aides. Let’s be friends. If you’re ever in trouble, we’ll always have your back.”

Sandor sat on the sofa and nodded in agreement with Dee.

Seeing Yvette remain silent, Dee quickly pulled a transparent bag from his pocket.

The white powder looked especially tempting under the bar's dim lights.

They took it blatantly, visibility reflecting the area's lawlessness.

The people around weren't surprised at all.

This was in Mysonna, a chaotic political landscape where businessmen could become presidents, and money and power ruled the capitalist environment.

The people under the Goodman family's Blaze Hall were dealing drugs, but no one dared to speak up.

Dee waved a small bag of white powder in front of Yvette, pride evident in his tone. "Beauty, want to try this? It's new, and promise you'll crave more afterward. The first time's on me. What do you say?"

Sandor chimed in, "Yeah, don't be so cold! Let's be friends. If you're unsatisfied, we'll make it up to you."

Normally, when they talked like that, girls would let their guard down and try it. It was their usual trick, always successful, especially with those naive girls new to the bar scene.

Over the past year, they had scammed countless victims, and even those who resisted eventually succumbed.

Seeing Yvette's looks and figure, the two guys felt a surge of excitement.

Yvette, however, remained expressionless, her eyes sharp as her fingers tapped the armrest.

"Does Blaze Hall know you're dealing drugs?" she asked, feigning innocence.

The two men were stunned. They hadn't expected her to mention drugs directly, but they didn't think much of it afterward.

They thought, 'Had they misjudged her? Could this girl be a party-goer too?'

Dee quickly tried to defend himself. "Come on, it's not a drug, just something to make you feel good, not highly addictive. You can take it or leave it. Don't worry, we promise. Plus, it's not expensive. Don't you want to give it a try?"

These two were excellent liars. If it were an ordinary girl, she might have been tempted.

Meanwhile, some bystanders, still holding onto their morals, shook their heads at Yvette, silently urging her not to believe them.

Yvette stared at the bag for a moment before looking away.

A smirk formed on her lips as she pressed her cool fingers against the brim of her cap-

The soft glow illuminated her delicate features.

She fixed her gaze on the two men and coldly asked, "Do you know how Eban died?"

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Dee was shocked, staring at Yvette in disbelief, his eyes filled with fear.

He thought, 'How does she know about Eban's death?

Only insiders of the Tiger Head Gang are aware of it. Burley had been furious since Eban's demise, and we planned to send this woman to him to lift his spirits.

He asked, "How do you know about Eban's death?"

Yvette didn't care to lower her voice.

The crowds gasped at her words, thinking she was spouting nonsense, but Dee quickly confirmed it.

Whispers spread among the onlookers.

One said, "Did you hear? The Tiger Head Gang's Eban is dead. This could spell the end for the gang!"

Some, unaware of the situation, dismissed it, "Is it really that bad? The Tiger Head Gang is run by Burley, Eban's death shouldn't matter much."

Another man shook his head and said, "You don't understand. The Tiger Head Gang has always been led by Eban. His ruthlessness is what made it successful..

A new bartender muttered, "But the real question is, how does this girl know about Eban's death? Even the people in the underworld didn't know."

At this, the crowd fell silent.

They thought, 'Yeah, the bartender's right. How did this pretty girl know?'

Doubt filled everyone's minds.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, a slight smile forming on her lips as she calmly replied, "Because I killed him."

The moment she spoke, everyone around was dumbfounded. They thought, 'Is this girl crazy? How dare she claim she killed Eban? That's ridiculous.

Whispers spread through the bar, and even the DJ stopped.

The once lively atmosphere fell silent, with the sound of a pin dropping audible.

A bald man with business ties to Eban stared at Yvette's pretty face and laughed mockingly. "You really like to brag, don't you? Sure, you're pretty, but is something off in your head? Claiming you killed Eban? Why not just say you know the President of Mysonna?"

Yvette glanced at him, expressionless, and replied casually. "I do know him."

This statement solidified the crowd's belief that she was mentally unstable.

Sandor and Dee laughed, and their earlier panic vanished.

They thought, 'She's crazy. They were overthinking it. She probably just heard some gossip and came here to brag

The crowd began to taunt her again.

"Pretty girl, if you're mentally ill, go home for treatment. Don't embarrass yourself here."

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"Yeah, you say you know the President of Mysonna, and I claim he's my dad too!"

"Coincidentally, he's also my father!"

A few sympathetic onlookers warned Yvette. "Beauty, leave now. If the Tiger Head Gang shows up, you won't be able to

escape.

Throughout it all, Yvette only stared at her old black cell phone until it rang.

After answering, she heard the Eagle King say, "Boss, I've found out that Charles, the leader of Blaze Hall, is locked up by Braydon. We still need time to confirm the location.

Yvette hung up, her expression unreadable but exuding an aura that warned others to stay away.

Suddenly, she smirked devilishly.

Sandor and Dee couldn't wait any longer. They moved forward to grab Yvette, planning to take her away by force.

Dee reached for her, his eyes glinting with malicious intent.

In an instant. Yvette kicked him in the chest, the sound of breaking bones echoing through the bar.

Sandor's expression shifted as he pulled out a knife, lunging at her with deadly intent.

Yvette smiled a devilish grin that sent chills down his spine.

As he attacked, she sidestepped, grabbed his wrist, and twisted it, the sound of snapping bones following. A swift kick sent him crashing several meters away.

The onlookers watched in awe as the fallen man groaned in pain, relieved they had dodged his fate.

Dee attempted a sneak attack from behind, swinging a stick at Yvette.

Yvette turned, her eyes filled with menace, and without looking, snatched the stick from his hand.

Dee stumbled backward, terrified, begging for mercy, hoping Yvette would go easy on him.

Yvette lowered her eyes and asked slowly, "Want me to let you go?"

Sandor knelt, repeatedly bowing and crying. "Please, spare us."

The crowd wondered if she might show mercy. After all, she was a girl and might have a soft spot.

However, Sandor plotted to call his gang for backup.

Yvette glanced at him, who was barely conscious.

Her voice was low and filled with intensity.

"If you want to be spared, call your boss to come and save you," she said.

Sandor froze, staring at her in disbelief.

He thought. Is she insane? Does she truly give him a chance to call the boss over? Does she think she can escape once my boss arrives?"

The onlookers were collectively stunned.

They thought. Is this girl truly insane, or does she want to die, giving him a chance to call for backup?

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Even if she can defeat these two, what about the thousands in the Tiger Head Gang? And the Goodman family backing them? It won't be easy for anyone to challenge them in Mysonna

Fearing that Yvette was deceiving him, Sandor boldly asked again, "Are you sure you want me to call our boss?"

Yvette let out a light, lazy laugh. "Go ahead. Do you need me to find you a phone?"

She spoke as if it wasn't her who nearly beat the two of them to death moments ago.

Her friendliness was unnerving.

Sandor quickly shook his head, worried that Yvette might change her mind. He fumbled for his phone to make the call.

"Hold on a second, Yvette interrupted.

He realized she was playing with him.

Though he wanted to be angry, after seeing Yvette's look, he held back.

He knew anger would only hasten his demise.

Everyone thought Yvette had come to her senses and wanted to back out, which was understandable.

Sandor hesitated and asked, "You don't want to back out, do you?"

Yvette, hands in her pockets and a slight smile on her lips, replied coldly. "Go get me that chair over there."

The crowd watched in silence.

Sandor dared not protest. He dragged the body Yvette had kicked, wincing in pain, and retrieved a chair for her.

With each step, agony coursed through him.

Onlookers suddenly understood it was how she punished him.

Even Sandor thought the same, harboring resentment toward Yvette.

If Eagle King were present, he would have told them, "You're overthinking it. She's just lazy."

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After moving the chairs, Sandor, looking uneasy, asked, "Can I make a phone call?"

Yvette sat calmly in her chair, sipping warm milk with her elegant fingers. She looked at Sandor with a challenging gaze, as if to say. "Why haven't you called yet?"

Frustrated, Sandor clenched his teeth and quickly dialed the number.

Once the call connected, Sandor felt a boost of confidence and raised his voice, saying, "Dorion, Dee and I are at Raindrop Bar. A woman has boldly claimed she killed Eban and wants Burley to come here."

Experienced in these situations, Sandor cleverly left out his own role in provoking Yvette, making it seem like Yvette was the one challenging Tiger Head Sandor knew that if it was just a fight between them, Burley probably wouldn't come. But by framing it as an attack on Tiger Head, with Yvette's admission of guilt in the murder of Eban, Burley would feel he had to respond.

The people watching looked at Sandor's exaggerated claims with disdain, knowing he had started the trouble. However, no one spoke up. The arrival of Tiger Head could lead to serious trouble. The thought of a beautiful woman facing violence made the crowd uneasy.

When Dorion heard about a woman challenging Tiger Head and claiming to have killed Eban, he quickly told Sandor to keep her under control, promising that he and Burley would be there soon.

After hanging up, Sandor acted tough, taunting Yvette as if he hadn't just been begging for help. "You're in trouble. Our boss is coming, and you'll regret this."

Yvette, still relaxed in her chair, set down her milk cup and smiled playfully. "You're still not beaten enough, are you

Then, she picked up the stick Sandor had tried to use against her and threw it at his head. The loud crack echoed as the crowd watched Sandor's bloodied face in shock.

Realizing he was hurt, Sandor insively touched his head, feeling the blood. He opened his mouth to curse, but not

came out.

Yvette, crossing her legs and resting her chin on her hand, looked at him with indifference.

Sandor, feeling defeated, had to swallow his anger. He knew he couldn't confront her. He could only endure.

Half an hour later, Burley, the strong leader of Tiger Head, along with his strategist Dorion and a group of followers, entered the bar. They saw the striking woman at the center, focused on her phone while surrounded by excited spectators.

Burley and Dorion were shocked to see that the person who had provoked Tiger Head was such a beautiful woman, especially since she had injured two of their members.

As they got closer, they overheard bits of conversation. "Fall back!" "This isn't going well!" "Watch your positioning. The enemy could strike!" "Incredible! You win? This is a ten-game winning streak!"

Sandor stood to the side, his face bloodied and furious, glaring at the unfazed Yvette, who continued to play her game and rack victories, captivating the crowd. The scene was as lively as if an event were taking place.

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Yvette consistently managed to escape from dire situations, demonstrating remarkable skill. Her techniques surpassed even, those of professional esports players. Some wondered if Yvette was a professional player.

"What's going on here? Who killed Eban?" Dorion asked, his face darkening as he looked at the relaxed Yvette.

Burley, equally surprised, stared at Yvette with a mix of shock and anger. "Are you the one who claimed to have killed my brother?"

For years, Eban had worked hard, with Dorion by his side, while Burley just held the title of learner. After Eban's death, Dorion took charge, but out of respect for the past, he remained loyal to Burley and Sandor.

The crowd quickly made way for Burley, Dorion, and their group, falling silent as they waited to see what would happen next—perhaps the violent scene they all feared. No one understood why this woman dared to provoke Tiger Head or how she planned to escape the chaos.

Seeing his backup had arrived, Sandor rushed forward, clinging to Dorion's leg. Dorion instinctively kicked at him, surprised by the sudden movement. Sandor stumbled back, feeling only mild pain.

Regaining his balance, Sandor stammered. "Dorion, it's me. Wh-Why did you kick me?"

Feeling insulted, Sandor, with his battered face, looked both sad and angry. The crowd was a mix of amused and disgusted. Dorion realized he shouldn't have kicked Sandor like that. He cleared his throat awkwardly and adopted a serious expression as he inquired, "How did you end up like this?"

Looking hurt, Sandor pointed at Yvette with a venomous tone. She did this! Dee has already been knocked out. You have to avenge us, Dorion!™

Yvette lowered her phone and raised an eyebrow, amused, clearly thinking she had shown Sandor too much mercy.

When Sandor caught her gaze, he stiffened and quickly hid behind Dorion. Sandor was thoroughly intimidated, convinced that Yvette was no ordinary adversary.

Burley stepped forward, full of bravado as he glared at Yvette. "You dare to hurt our member? It seems you're asking for

trouble. Burley instructed his companions to bring Yvette to him, asserting that he would deal with her himself.

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Yvette stood up calmly, her face showing no fear, as people neatly moved their chairs away. The room emptied out, leaving only two groups facing off: Yvette alone on one side, and a crowd of Tiger Head's thugs, led by Burley and Dorion, on the other.

Yvette raised an eyebrow slightly, hinting at mischief. She put on a black cap from the table, smirking as she casually tucked her hands into her pockets.

Those watching all thought the same thing. This woman is incredibly bold! The elite of Tiger Head stand before her, yet she seems to think nothing of them'

One of Burley's men lunged at Yvette, trying to grab her. But before he could touch her, he was thrown back by her inner energy, collapsing and coughing up blood.

This shocked many onlookers. Even before a fight had started, there was already blood.

Dorion's expression darkened at the sight. He looked closely at Yvette, sensing the powerful energy she radiated. Dorion realized she was strong; even if he gave it his all, winning was uncertain. What he didn't know was that Yvette had only used twenty percent of her power.

With her hands still in her pockets, Yvette relaxed, retracting the energy she had unleashed. She half-closed her eyes, lazily looking over the group, considering how exciting a fight could be

Leves turned to

Burley, seeing his man injured, grew more furious. He shouted for them to attack, but nobody moved. All eyes Dorion, waiting for his orders.

Burley's face darkened. He had long been unhappy with Dorion, but the loyalty of Tiger Head's members kept him from openly challenging Dorion

Dorion stepped forward, staring at Yvette with a menacing look. May I ask which group you belong to, miss? Has Tiger Head done you wrong! You claim to have killed Eban. If that's true, we won't rest until this is settled.

Trying to regain his pride, Burley echoed the question, "How did you kill my brother? If you say you did, what proof do you have?"

The crowd turned their attention from the injured man on the ground back to Yvette. They felt Burley was right; if she really had killed Eban, she should provide some proof, or else her claims seemed like lies.

Yvette tilted her head and squinted slightly. The idea of needing proof annoyed her. It was the first time anyone had asked her for proof after she had killed someone. She thought if she had known, she might have carved some words into Eban's body

To the onlookers, her silence seemed to confirm they were right-that she couldn't provide any evidence and was just boasting.

After a moment, Yvette looked up, her eyes sparkling with amusement, and softly laughed. "You want proof? Eban lost his penis."

The crowd went silent for a moment, stunned. Someone finally hughed, and it quickly spread among them.

Burley's face turned red, still shocked, because Yvette's words were chillingly true. By the time Eban's body was found, it had been mostly destroyed, especially with his manhood shot off. Burley wondered if Yvette had really killed Eban and if she knew the secrets of the drug lab.

In a panic, Burley urged Dorion, "Hurry, kill her! She must be the one who killed Eban, and if she reveals the drug lab's secrets, we'll lose our income."

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Dorion's eyes shone with a deadly look as he focused on Yvette, his expression fierce. The moment she mentioned Eban's cause of death, he decided he needed to eliminate her. Her earlier show of strength made him cautious. He planned to defeat her using sheer numbers. Though it might ruin their reputation, it was better than losing.

Pretending to be calm, Dorion spoke to Yvette, but his words were more for the crowd, worried about Tiger Head's image. "So it's true you killed Eban. In that case, don't blame us for coming at you with so many. Everyone here is Eban's comrade, ready to take revenge, so....."

Yvette cut him off, her eyes cold and impatient. Leaning back casually, she dismissed him, "If you want to fight, let's do it now. Stop wasting time and come at me together."

The spectators were once again speechless, wondering if Yvette had gone mad. They had never seen anyone ask for a beating. Dorion, unable to keep up his act after Yvette's challenge, turned cold, his lips pressed into a thin line. He sneered and signaled his men to surround Yvette. Armed with knives, clubs, and makeshift weapons, they charged at her.

Yvette smirked at the approaching group, pulled out a black strap from her pocket to wrap her hand, and prepared for a "slaughter".

Half an hour later, Yvette stood in the center, surrounded by a pile of men, some stacked in grotesque heaps. The blood on her black athletic clothes had darkened, soaking into the fabric. The smell of blood filled the bar.

Yvette stood there, a barely noticeable smile on her face, wicked and charming. A few drops of blood marked her cheeks beneath her long lashes, enhancing her allure and making her look even more mysterious.

The faces of those around her changed over the half hour from shock to terror, then to sheer fear, ultimately settling into a state of disbelief, leaving them speechless. For thirty minutes, they watched man after man fall before Yvette's skill. Some were knocked down with a single punch and never got up; others who tried sneak attacks had their

arms broken, while those who dared to brawl had their jaws dislocated. Throughout it all, Yvette had not moved from her spot. She remained the center as Tiger Head's men fell around her. No lives were lost, but everyone was left battered and unrecognizable, unable to stand. Those who had mocked Yvette earlier now wished they could hide away like turtles, trying to avoid being the next one on the ground.

Yvette slowly unwound the blood-soaked black bandage from her hand, throwing it aside. She took out a wet wipe from her pocket, carefully cleaning her hands before looking up at Dorion, whose face was grim, and Burley, who was frozen in shock. She yawned slowly, speaking in a relaxed tone. "Now it's your turn. With so many people ahead of you, if you don't act soon, you'll lose your chance."

Dorion's expression was unreadable. He hadn't expected that a group of men wouldn't be able to leave a scratch on the woman before him. She was like a killing machine.

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Dorion, cautious but ready, decided to attack first. Yvette, with a light frown, looked at him with a sharp and cold stare. As Dorion rushed at her, she lazily glanced his way and said, "Fool"

Dorion was surprised by her words and hesitated. At that moment, Yvette pulled out a shiny silver gun from her clothing. smiling playfully. While Dorion was confused, she pulled the trigger, and a bullet hit his left leg. He fell down, his face turning red, completely unprepared for such an unexpected move. Dorion thought, 'This is a serious breach of fighting rules!'

Dragging his hurt leg. Dorion glared at Yvette, anger showing on his face, "You... you have no honor. How could you use a gun?"

Yvette laughed softly, a teasing smile on her lips. "Oh? Did I say I wouldn't use a gun? Why work hard when you can solve things easily?"

Dorion was furious, holding his chest as he shook with rage. Just moments ago, she had faced many enemies without a weapon, yet now he was shot down by her. Dorion thought, "How shameful"

The onlookers were speechless.

After Dorion fell, Burley thought about escaping. Yvette glanced at Burley, making him shrink back in fear.

The crowd was stunned, trying to figure out how to explain the day they saw a beautiful woman take on the powerful Tiger Head and leave them half-dead, or how they saw Dorion fall with just one shot from her. If they hadn't seen it themselves, they would have thought it was a made-up story.

Sandor, trying to sneak away, suddenly felt the room go quiet. He turned to see Yvette looking at him with a smirk. Terrified, he dropped to his knees, bowing his head. "Beautiful lady, I was wrong. Please spare me. I won't do it again. I will never do anything bad again. If I do, may my whole family suffer."

Yvette pointed her silver gun at his head, making Sandor wet himself in fear. The crowd recoiled in disgust, covering their noses. Yvette casually put her gun away while Sandor wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. She then gestured to a chair

that had far away. Sandor hurried to get it, cleaning it with his sleeve and bowing deeply. "Lady, please sit. I've made it clean for you." The onlookers could hardly watch this display of flattery. They were seeing the fall of Tiger Head, a powerful gang ruled for years, now brought low by an unknown woman

Yvette sat in the chair, crossing her legs and resting her chin on her hand, looking relaxed. "Go get your leader. The Tiger Head should share both good and bad times. Don't you agree?"

Sandor trembled as he looked back at Burley, who was cowering in a corner, then turned to Yvette. "Can L?"

Yvette's pale fingers played with her gun, her voice low and teasing, "Hmm?"

With a bold decision, Sandor chose to betray Burley. Sandor approached Burley, tying him up with rope while apologizing. "I'm so sorry, boss! I had no choice. That woman is dangerous. Please forgive me this once."

Burley struggled but was too weak. Sandor worked hard to tie him up, even stuffing a cloth in his mouth to keep him quiet. When Sandor returned to Yvette, he nervously asked, "Lady, do you have any more-orders?"

Yvette looked at Sandor, raising an eyebrow, still playful. "You did well. Keep it up next time."

Sandor's heart sank at her words, realizing he had sealed his fate. He didn't dare look back at Burley or Dorion, forcing a smile that was more like a grimace as he backed away, the thought of escape now a distant dream.

Yvette lounged in her chair, her pale face showing a hint of coldness. She tilted her head towards the fallen Dorion and laughed lightly. "Has your help not arrived yet?"

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Dorion gasped, his body tence, momentarily forgetting his injury “How did you know I called for help? Why didn’t you stop

Just moments ago, while Sandor got the chair. Dorion hail cretly sent a text for help, thinking he was being sneaky But Yvette had seen through his plan and let him call for help. Dorion wondered, “Why? Does she really fear nothing from Seventy-Two Chambers or the Goodman family? Doubts began to creep into Dorion’s mind about whether he had angered- someone truly untouchable.

Yvette looked at Dorion with an unreadable expression, her eyes lear but slightly misty. Leaning back in her chair, she said, “I need to get rid of the roots.”

Donon’s eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at Yvette, his pain momentarily forgotten in confusion. Dorion thought. “This is her plan? Can she really take down us?

filled

Yvette ignored Dorion’s reaction, took out her phone, and started tapping the screen. The familiar sounds of a game the air again. The crowd was speechless, exchanging confused looks. The scene was strange: Burley tied up in a corner, Dorion bleeding on the floor, Sandor too scared to look up, and group of beaten men lying around, while the beautiful woman sat calmly playing a game.

After fifteen minutes, the bar’s door opened again, revealing a group of armed men in black, clearly experienced fighters. They lined up, each looking intimidating. As they moved aside, a tall man in a trench coat stepped into the light.

Burley, closest to the entrance, was shocked to see the man approaching. Burley trembled, his face pale, He could hardly believe that-Dorion’s backup would be this person. After years in the chamber, Burley had only seen Charles a few times at big meetings. As for Braydon, Burley had only caught a glimpse of Braydon from far away once, too scared to even look up. the memory clear in his mind.

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Braydon walked through the crowd with a strong presence, but ujjost people there did know him.

On the ground, Dorion, like Burley, was shocked. Dorion had never expected Braydon to show up in person. When Braydon looked at him, Dorion felt a chill and tensed up, knowing he wasn’t important enough for Braydon to help him.

The room was silent, and everyone watched Braydon nervously, wondering who he was.

Braydon walked over to Yvette, his eyes looking down at the men on the ground with disgust, thinking they her time.

y were not worth

Dorion, dragging his hurt leg, tried to crawl toward Braydon. "Mr. Goodman, I'm Dorion from Tiger Head. This woman has hurt our people. Please do something!"

Burley couldn't speak and could only make mu***ed sounds.

The crowd quickly realized that the man in front of them was Braydon Goodman, the most powerful crime family in Mysonna. They were shocked that Braydon had come to help a small gang like Tiger Head. They thought, 'Braydon is known for being ruthless, and even the president of Mysonna is afraid of him. Why would he care about such a small issue? It doesn't make sense. But with Dorion calling him Mr. Goodman, it's clear that he is Braydon, especially with the group of trained assassins around him, rumored to be Braydon's elite team.

Sandor, seeing such a strong ally, rushed forward excitedly but was shot in the shoulder by one of Braydon's men before he could reach Braydon. As he fell, scared of getting shot again, he quickly said, "Mr. Goodman, I'm from Tiger Head. This evil woman has gone crazy and provoked us. Eban was killed by her. We must get revenge! Look at the men here. They are al from Tiger Head!"

Braydon signaled to one of the nearby assassins, who stepped forward and handed over his weapon before stepping back. Braydon smiled, but it was a mocking smile. The crowd felt a chill for Yvette, who was still sitting and focused on her phone, They thought Braydon was getting ready for a massacre, and Yvette wouldn't escape. The assassins with Braydon were not like the weak group from Tiger Head; they were elite killers. The crowd thought, Even if Yvette can defeat one, she faces over sixty men in black. How can she win? Yet, she seems calm, playing a game at such a dangerous moment. Does she care more about the game than her life?"

Braydon spun a sleek black gun in his hand, aiming it at Sandor while the crowd watched in fear. Then, a gunshot rang out, and Sandor fell, a red mark appearing on his forehead. The crowd gasped in shock. No one expected Braydon to shoot Sandor instead of Yvette. Everyone was silent. Dorion's face tightened. He didn't know what to say.

Braydon quietly said, "What makes you call her evil? Few heard him. Braydon looked at Yvette, who was still focused on her game, her face calm and cold. When she finally looked up, Braydon's coldness faded, and he smiled weakly, his eyes fixed on her with a strange intensity. He said, "Long time no see, while unspoken words lingered in his mind: "my dear Ms. Zeller

Yvette hesitated for a moment, her lashes casting shadows over her eyes as she glanced up at Braydon. His expression was indifferent, and his cold gaze betrayed no emotion.

However, when Braydon noticed her looking, the chill in his demeanor evaporated in an instant. He bit his lip, his face pale and pitiful, his deep-set eyes fixed on her with a weak, harmless vulnerability, as if he were no longer the same person who had exuded such gloom just moments before. The coldness in Yvette's eyes pierced his heart. It was just like years ago. She had never looked at him the way he had hoped.

Burley and Dorion felt their hearts drop when they heard Braydon's words. Darion's face went pale, and he lowered his head, realizing that Braydon not only knew this woman but seemed very familiar with her. Dorion thought, 'We are in big trouble. I can almost see my own end coming. Is she Mr. Goodman's woman? But something about Mr. Goodman's behavior feels strange

The crowd finally understood why Yvette had acted so boldly. They thought, 'With Braydon backing her, she can walk confidently through Mysonna. But if she knows Braydon, why provoke Tiger Head?'

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Yvette glanced at Braydon before going back to her game. Braydon's gaze stayed on her, filled with a longing that seemed Endless Hundreds of people held their breath, waiting for Yvette to finish her game while Sandor lay dead on the ground, a gruesome sight. The scene was terrifying.

After what felt like forever, Yvette finished her game, sent a text to someone far away in Betrico, and slowly put her phone away.

and slightly red, staring at Braydon with a smile that felt cold. Her voice, icy and She looked up, her eyes ! sharp, asked. "Braydon, what is the first rule of the Seventy-Two Chambers?"

Braydon's expression stiffened, his fingers clenching at his sides he had let Tiger Head deal in drugs to draw Yvette out. He had searched for her for too long, but she had covered her tracks well. Braydon knew she must have top hackers helping her He had even asked the best hacker groups in the world for help, but they had failed to find her in five years. Eventually, he

with this plan. Braydon thought. If the first rule of Yvete's Seventy-Two Chambers is broken, she may show herself. After waiting a whole year, his patience paid off. Yvette lad finally appeared.

came up

Eban and Dorion could never have guessed that the new drug formula they thought they found was just a trap set by Braydon. Everything he did was to make Yvette “administer justice. He didn’t care about the lives that this drug might take. He only knew that his plan had worked-Yvette had appeared.

Braydon stayed quiet, gripping his weapon tightly, looking at Yvette with pleading eyes. T.. I didn’t know about the drug trafficking. It was my mistake. I will get rid of everyone from Tiger Head right away. Please, don’t be angry.”

The crowd lowered their heads together, shocked by Braydon’s tone and how he acted towards Yvette, who seemed almost submissive. People had long said Braydon didn’t care about women and was unpredictable. If the crowd hadn’t seen this scene with their own eyes, they would never have believed it. Remembering Braydon’s ruthless reputation, fear gripped them. They began to doubt whether they would leave Raindrop Bar alive.

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Yvette looked at Braydon with a cold stare, her lips curling into a slight smile that showed she didn’t care much. “Do you think I should kill you?” she asked. Braydon’s eyes darkened for moment, filled with emotion, then returned to normal. He whispered. “You promised my grandfather you wouldn’t kill me

Yvette stood up from her chair, put her hands in her pockets, and walked towards Braydon. He couldn’t take his eyes off her. captivated by her delicate features. As she walked by, she looked straight ahead, her expression unreadable. She briefly met his gaze and said in a low voice, “This is the last time. Be smart.

Braydon clenched his fists as he watched Yvette walk toward the bar’s exit. Ignoring the crowd around them, he called out, “Don’t you want to know where Charles is? If he were here, would he let his gang deal drugs so openly?” As he spoke, he felt a wave of sadness. He was only using Charles to keep Yvette from leaving.

Yvette turned back, her face partially hidden by her cap, her eyes deep with meaning. She glanced at Braydon for a moment before confidently pushing the door open and leaving. Braydon felt confused and thought, ‘Doesn’t she care about Charles? He quickly grabbed his phone and called a private number.

When the call connected, a young man answered. “Master.”

Without wasting time, Braydon said, “Check the secret chamber and see if Charles is silll there.”

The young man wasn't impressed. He knew that the Goodman family's secret chamber had top-notch security. If anyone tried to enter, an alarm would sound. But out of fear of Braydon's anger, he rushed to the chamber. When he reached the door he was about to unlock it when he felt a sharp pain in the back of his head and a prick in his neck. He lost consciousness, his vision fading. As he fell unconscious, he saw someone in servant clothes enter the chamber. Unable to move or speak, he watched helplessly as Charles was taken. Just before he blacked out, one thought overwhelmed him, 'It's over. Losing Charles means my life is in danger.'

Family vacation packages

Braydon, still on the phone, looked grim, shadows in his eyes. Yvette had been gone for a while, and the crowd around him was silent, afraid to anger him. Everyone could see Braydon was in a bad mood. They waited quietly, realizing that the woman earlier wasn't Braydon's girlfriend; it seemed Braydon was chasing after her, begging her to stay, but she just walked, away. More concerning was that they had heard her question about killing Braydon. They had thought Braydon was there to protect her, but it was clear that wasn't true. They felt like they had witnessed something unusual today: a woman standing up to the Tiger Head and the mysterious malia king Braydon. They even uncovered Braydon's secret. His disinterest in women was likely due to this woman.

When the call ended, Braydon smashed his customized phone on the ground, breaking the expensive device. He glared at the broken phone, his eyes icy and filled with madness, which frightened those around him. He thought, 'Yvette set everything up to send someone to the Goodman family to rescue Charles, knowing I would come as soon as she did. Capturing Charles is just a way to negotiate with Yvette, hoping she would come back and help train the Seventy-Two Chambers. Now that Charles is saved, all my plans are pointless

After a moment, as the tension in the room grew, Braydon smiled at the shattered phone, a strange grin on his face. He thought, 'Does Yvette really think this will slow me down? He looked away and walked towards the exit, followed by his group of men dressed in black.

Just when everyone thought they had escaped trouble, Braydon stopped at the door and whispered something to his men before leaving with a serious look.

The man who had just delivered Braydon's weapon turned to look at the frightened patrons in the bar, focusing on Dorion and Burley with a cruel smile. "Gentlemen, Mr. Goodman asks that today's events remain a secret. However, he is not completely at ease, fearing some of you might talk. For now, everyone should stay still. Anyone who moves will face serious consequences. He directed this warning at the crowd.

After giving this warning, he exchanged glances with his comrades, who pulled out their weapons, aiming them at the Tiger Head members, including the injured Dorion and the

tied-up Barley. With a wave of his hand, gunfire erupted. The Tiger Head members didn't stand a chance. Some were shot while still unconscious and would never wake up again.

In seconds, many lives were lost, and blood began to pool on the bar floor, creeping toward the feet of onlookers. Some tried to escape but froze under the cold, unforgiving stares of the men in black. They remembered the earlier warning: anyone who dared to move would be killed.

Once the black-clad men made sure all the Tiger Head members were dead, they ignored the terrified crowd and left the bar. After they were gone, the remaining patrons stared at the growing pile of bodies, some unable to hold back their nausea. A scream broke the silence, and chaos erupted as people rushed for the exit, turning the bar into a scene of panic, everyone pushing and shoving to escape the horror.

The next morning, at breakfast, Yvette sat comfortably with her legs crossed, yawning lazily, clearly tired. She held a glass of water just as Frankie's voice came from the doorway, "No way, are you serious?" Everyone turned to look at Frankie, while Yvette leisurely sipped her water and continued enjoying her pierogies, which Jeremiah had made in large quantities before he left.

Frankie entered the villa, shocked, and conspiratorially asked the group at the table, "Can you guess what news I just heard?"

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris showed no interest. They had been tricked by Frankie before when he told them a story about a low-level celebrity scandal that cost them a million dollars. This time, no one was willing to fall for his tricks.

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Frankie noticed that people were ignoring him, so he raised his hands to show he meant no harm. Come on, it was just a small amount of money I tricked you three out of last time. Believe me this time!

Emmett chewed on his sandwich, Bruce drank his black coffee, and Chris read the newspaper without paying attention to him

Frankie turned to Yvette, who was busy on her phone. He said in a friendly tone, "Yve, aren't you a bit curious? I've heard an exciting secret you would love.

Yvette put her phone down, rested her chin on her hand, and slowly sipped her drink. She looked up at him with clear eyes and said coolly, "Not interested."

Frankie didn't give up. "Yve, 660 thousand dollars won't buy you any tricks."

Yvette raised her eyebrows, put her cup down, glanced at the others who were still ignoring Frankie, and then looked back at Frankie with a hint of amusement in her eyes. "Account"

Frankie was surprised that Yvette really wanted to send him money

Bruce set down his coffee and warned Yvette, "Don't listen to Frankie's nonsense." Emmett and Chris nodded, knowing that Frankie's "secrets" were usually about celebrities.

Ignoring their doubts, Frankie quickly sent his account details to Yvette's phone. A moment later, Yvette got a notification, and Frankie's phone buzzed with a text from the bank. He felt thrilled, thinking how lucky he was. Unlike the three frugal guys, Yve was easy to persuade.

Seeing Frankie so happy. Yvette smiled to herself, wondering if making money was really this easy.

Frankie straightened up and addressed them with a serious look. "I have some real news. Last night, a woman fought against over a hundred men at the Raindrop Bar. Can you guess what happened?"

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris exchanged surprised looks. The outcome was obvious.

Emmett frowned, looking at Frankie. "This is serious. What happened? Tell us!"

Realizing he shouldn't joke around, Frankie said. "You won't believe it-the woman won. She defeated all of Tiger Head's men!"

Now, Emmett, Bruce, and Chris couldn't stay calm. They thought. "A woman beating an entire gang"

Bruce frowned and asked, "When did Mysonna get such a strong fighter?"

Chris shook his head, "The shocking part is that she's a woman. That's hard to believe. Even in a long fight, she must have amazing stamina."

Frankie suddenly looked at Yvette and thought, 'A woman like Yve? If they ever faced each other, who would win? What is going on this year? Are women really that strong? It's a bit upsetting for us men. He asked Yvette, "Aren't you curious about a woman who fights like you?"

Yvette crossed her legs and calmly shook her head, continuing to play with her phone as she said, "There's nothing interesting about having the same fighting skills."

Frankie scratched his head, confused. The same fighting skills?" Before he could think more, Sienna came down from upstairs. "Sorry for being late." She greeted Yvette, "Yve, good morning."

The four nodded at Sienna, and Frankie eagerly pulled out a chair for her. "Sit down, bro."

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Sienna casually sat down and startled Emmett, Bruce, and Chris as she said, "Thanks, bro."

Bruce shook a bit as he found their playful banter surprising.

After chatting with Sienna, Frankie remembered he hadn't finished his earlier story. "There's one more thing that will probably shock you even more."

83%

The three turned to Frankie with icy expressions. Sensing their intensity, Frankie quickly continued, 'Apparently, that woman knows Braydon. After she left, Braydon ordered the execution of all Tiger Head members, and later that night, the Raindrop Bar caught fire. It seems Braydon wanted to destroy all evidence. Those bodies are likely just ashes now.'

Bruce, Emmett, and Chris recalled the rumors about Braydon not liking women, wondering if it was because of this woman.

Bruce thought for a moment and said, "If Frankie's right, did Braydon kill over a hundred men for her? Their relationship must be complicated."

Chris agreed, "They probably have a romantic connection."

Emmett frowned and shared his thoughts, "I doubt it's romantic. If they were really together, why would she cause trouble with Tiger Head? It doesn't make sense. This year, Tiger Head has made a lot of money selling new drugs for the Goodman family. Why would she sabotage her boyfriend's business?"

Sienna, quietly sipping her milk, hesitated before speaking. "I think Emmett is right. I heard Nathan say Braydon doesn't have a girlfriend. He loves a woman he's never been able to win over. He cares for her a lot. Even the dog she rescued lives better than most people in the Goodman family

based The four looked at Sienna, momentarily forgetting she had dated Nathan. Their understanding of Braydon was rumors, but Nathan's words held weight. They felt certain this woman was the one Braydon had always wanted but couldn't have.

Frankie smirked, his attitude a bit cheeky. "Honestly, if we go against the Goodman family, we should find this woman and use her to mess with Braydon. I can even use my charms to seduce her. She may like me! That would definitely make Braydon angry."

Yvette lowered her gaze, tracing the rim of her cup, tilting her head slightly as she raised an eyebrow at Frankie, seemingly uninterested. Bruce, Emmett, and Chris exchanged amused smiles at Frankie's boldness. Encouraged, Frankie felt a rare sense of approval from his fellows.

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Chris waved at Frankie, who hurried over. In a moment, Chris picked him up and took him to a corner of the living room Frankie, struggling, looked at Yvette and Sienna, pleading for help. "Yve, Sienna, help! He's torturing me!"

Chris blocked the others' view, and it was unclear why Frankie suddenly burst into laughter and tears. Sienna leaned in and whispered to Yvette, "What kind of torture is Frankie going through?"

Emmett calmly explained. "Don't worry. Chris just found his laughter spot."

Ten minutes later, Chris set Frankie down, and they returned to their seats. Frankie, still laughing, shot a glare at the group. "You're all just jealous of my looks."

Just then, Yvette's phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and slowly answered, "Hello."

Jeremiah had just returned home after a day of military meetings and hadn't even had time to take off his military uniform before making the call. It was midnight in Clusia and morning in Mysonna, so he thought it was a good time to call. He stood on the balcony in his military uniform, a cigarette in his hand, though he hadn't smoked in a while because Yvette disliked the smell. His voice was deep and warm as he listened to Yvette. "Have you eaten breakfast?"

Yvette, sounding relaxed, replied, "Mm, the pierogies are great."

Jeremiah paused, a smile spreading across his face. "Great? I'll make some for you when I'm back."

Yveué raised an eyebrow, thinking. Does he really think he can win me over with pierogies? "Alright," she said.

Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie fell silent, realizing Yvette was on the phone with Jeremiah. They chatted casually, with Jeremiah doing most of the talking. Emmett noted it was the most talkative he had ever felt Jeremiah, wondering where he found all these words.

Five minutes later, Yvette glanced at Frankie, who was quietly talking with Sienna. She poked her water cup and said slowly! Jeremiah, someone tricked me out of 660 thousand dollars. It hurts.”

Frankie looked up in shock, thinking she was intentional to mention him. But he didn't dare say anything. Frankie knew that confronting either Jeremiah or Yvette would not end well. Emmett and Bruce exchanged sympathetic looks with Frankie. Chris, close by, patted Frankie's shoulder and said, “Hang in there. They were puzzled about how Yvette's money was so easy to deceive. It turned out she was waiting for this. Sienna looked confused, unaware of who was on the other end of the call

Ten minutes later, Jeremiah paused, asking Yvette to put the call on speaker.

She did as told, placing the phone on the table, her eyes twinkling with amusement. Jeremiah's voice came through coldly. “Frankie, you have a lot of nerve.” Yvette didn't say who had tricked her, but Jeremiah knew it had to be Frankie.

With a sad look, Frankie begged Jeremiah, “I was wrong! I shouldn't have tricked Yvette! I confess!”

Jeremiah lowered his voice, “I see you're sincere. Yvette is quite poor, and I remember you own a nice villa

Frankie forced a smile that looked more like a grimace. “That villa belongs to Yve.” He felt hopeless. After taking 660 thousand from Yvette, he now lost a 300 million-dollar villa. Frankie regretted it. He thought, Jeremiah and Yvette are indeed a perfect match. They are both masters of deception. Frankie vowed never to trick Yvette again.

Yvette was surprised by Jeremiah's evilness but found it appealing

Frankie poked at the ugly fried egg on his plate while Emmett, Bruce, and Chris chuckled at Jeremiah's clever idea. They thought, ‘How can Yvette be considered poor when she is an internationally renowned artist whose paintings sell for hundreds of millions? An amount like 660 thousand would not cause her any distress. This couple is not to be trifled with. Crossing them could lead to disaster.

Yvette turned off the speakerphone, returning the phone to her ear while Jeremiah listened to her soft breaths. I miss you.” he said.

Yvette responded with a slight smile, “Keep missing. I'm hanging up now.”

At the Chavez family estate, Jeremiah chuckled softly after the call. A knock sounded at the door, and a servant said, "Young Master, the old commander wants to see you." Jeremiah put out his cigarette and opened the door.

Seeing Jeremiah, the servant said respectfully, "Young Master, your grandpa is waiting for you."

Jeremiah nodded and went up to the third-floor study. Inside, Jase, the head of the Chavez family and one of Clusia's early leaders, was almost eighty years old. He looked at his favorite grandson with a mix of annoyance and affection. From a young age, Jase had seen Jeremiah as the best of their generation. Jeremiah had lived up to his expectations, joining the military and earning respect, becoming Clusia's youngest major general. The president had high hopes for Jeremiah, and Jeremiah might even become Clusia's youngest lieutenant general next year.

Jase sat upright on the sofa, still strong despite his age. "You're thirty now. When are you going to get a wife? I'll be retiring soon. You need to give me a great-grandson, or life will be dull.

Jeremiah looked up, sipping his coffee before replying, "You want kids?"

Jase pretended to be angry. "Of course! Look at the neighbor's grandson—he has three already! Can't you try to give me one, even if no girl seems to like you?" Jase was just teasing Jeremiah. He knew how popular his grandson was. Even in kindergarten, girls fought to sit next to Jeremiah.

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Jeremiah calmly took a sip of his coffee, the same dark roast his grandpa loved. He'd be got tired of it. drinking it all his life and never

His long fingers tapped lightly on the armrest of the couch. With half-closed eyes, he glanced at Jase, his expression indifferent. "If you like kids so much, maybe you should just go have one yourself. Grandma won't blame you for it."

Jase almost spilled his coffee, thinking. This kid would be the death of me. "Quit dodging the question! I think that girl Samantha from the Mitchell family is a good match—good character, mild-tempered. You should marry her. Not like anyone else wants you. If you don't do it, I'll swallow my pride and propose for you."

Recently, when Jase visited the military, he had exchanged a few words with Tim Mitchell. They quickly agreed on a marriage between Jeremiah and Samantha, Both single, raised together—seemed perfect.

Jeremiah set down his coffee cup, showing no expression, and cut Jase off, "You already have a granddaughter-in-law. Stop playing matchmaker, or she'll be mad."

Jase was taken aback by Jeremiah's words, but soon a smile crept onto his face, barely hiding his delight.

His eyes lit up, and even his mustache trembled excitedly. "When did you start dating? Who is she? From Betrico? Why didn't you tell me sooner? You don't have to date forever, you know. Your grandmother and I only met twice and look at us, a lifetime together"

Jase was blown away by the unexpected news. He always thought his aloof and distant grandson, Jeremiah, would end up forever alone. But now Jeremiah had a girlfriend and Jase was really curious about the girl.

Jase often worried about Jeremiah's

preferences might lean differentlyse friendship with Andrew from the Mitchell family, wondering if his grandson's

preferences might lean differently. Now, without any fanfare, there was a girlfriend.

Jeremiah, looking unfazed at his grandfather's mutterings, met his curious and eager gaze, then calmly remarked, "She's not from Betrico. She's from Seacrity. Not some high-society heiress, just a really nice girl who's pretty much amazing in every way." He paused before continuing, "She's at Simon's university

Jase was stunned, thinking he misheard. He wondered, 'He is dating a college student?'

Jase scrutinized Jeremiah as if seeing him for the first time, and after a beat, regained his composure. He responded with a casual air, Jeremiah, who knew you had it in you to be such a charmer?"

Jeremiah blinked, then quickly shot back, "Runs in the family."

Jase twitched his lips, deciding to let it go this time out of respect for the new granddaughter-in-law. Calming himself, he asked Jeremiah, "Does she know who you really are?"

Jeremiah tilted his head. "She does."

Jase nodded. He trusted that Jeremiah wouldn't settle for just anyone, and he wasn't about to be an old stick-in-the-mud either. The Chavez family didn't need marriages for alliances. They had all the power and money they could want.

His only worry was Jeremiah ending up alone. Life was long, and Jase was getting old. He wished to see Jeremiah find someone to share his life with while he was still around to witness it. But Jeremiah took until thirty to find a partner, not realizing Jase's well-meaning hopes.

Jase glanced at the string on Jeremiah's wrist, puzzled. "When did you start wearing those?"

Jeremiah lifted his wrist, fingering the string with a small grin. "When you're taken, you gotta show it off. It's the trend now, Grandpa. Didn't you know?"

Jase snorted softly, thinking. So he finds a girlfriend, big deal. He is strutting like a peacock. "Alright, back to business. Your trip to Mysonna went well. The big boss is pleased."

Jeremiah's smile faded to his usual calm demeanor. "Got it."

Jase pointed to a file on the table. Jeremiah glanced through it, then tossed it back with a cold expression, scoffing. "Ybaulla thinks they're still in the old days? How dare they propose such terms? They're dreaming"

Jase's face turned stern, exuding a natural authority. "Exactly what the boss said. We can't agree to this. The Ybaulla folks are persistent, though. Their prime minister's visiting Clusia soon, likely stirring up more trouble. You're in charge of security during his visit."

Jeremiah nodded, thinking it was just another job. If they're not behaving, deal with it directly.

Jase still felt uneasy. Ybaulla's intentions were clearly hostile. While he trusted Jeremiah, he worried about underhanded tactics. But his grandson wasn't one to fall easily.

They continued discussing affairs late into the night. By the time they finished, it was already early morning. Jase, in his eighties, seemed exhausted.

He had a team managing his routine, rarely staying up this late anymore. Jeremiah helped him to bed and tucked him in, just about to leave.

Jase said, "Kid, since the girl's accepted you, treat her right. Bring her over sometime. I've been holding onto a welcome gift for years." Jase, in his eighties, felt a bit disappointed. He had been preparing for ten years, and now he finally had the chance to give it away. Just thinking about it made him a little heartbroken.

Jeremiah paused, raising an eyebrow, finally giving Jase a line that made him happy. "I'll make sure you can give it this year Hearing Jeremiah's promise, Jase was pleased but kept a stern face. "Alright, alright, you're bothering me. Get out of here."

Jeremiah saw through his act but said nothing. As he reached the door, Jase called out again.

Jeremiah turned back..

Jase hesitated, then spoke. "No rush on the great-grandkids. The girl's young, take it slow,"

Jase's face reddened slightly, worried about scaring the girl away. He didn't want to miss out on great-grandchildren.

Jeremiah gave him a knowing look. "She's an adult. With that, he left the room.

Jase was left stunned. He wondered, 'An adult? Can I be holding a great-grandchild next year? Excitedly, he shouted after Jeremiah, "Go for it, kid!"