

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 201

Damian's chest heaved and his breathing was becoming uneasy. He slammed the cup down hard on the table, venting his frustration.

Yvette pressed her lips together. She glared at Damian, her eyes flashed with a murderous intent, a dark fury swirling in her gaze

Tyson immediately hurried to Damian's side. He watched Yvette with caution. His heart beat with anxiety.

Even as a teenager, Yvette could easily overpower me, let alone now. If she loses it, I wouldn't be able to stop her, Tyson thought

Damian and Yvette locked eyes.

Under Yvette's cold stare, Damian finally gave in. He signaled Tyson to step aside, and Tyson reluctantly complied.

I invited you here to catch up, not to create tension," Damian said.

Yvette chuckled softly and turned her gaze away, a faint smile curling on her lips.

"Get to the point. If I stay here any longer, I'm afraid someone won't be leaving alive today," Yvette said.

Tyson's back tensed

Damian realized Yvette's patience was nearly exhausted, so he got straight to the point.

"Nathan's girlfriend, who's just one month pregnant, is probably with you, right?" Damian asked.

Damian glanced at Yvette's expression before continuing, "After all, the child in her belly is of the Goodman family. It's not right to let her drift around aimlessly. You shouldn't get involved in this matter. The Goodman family will treat her well. I've already looked into her background. She is one of the founders and the brand designer of Vibe. Those two titles aren't particularly high, but they're good enough for an in-law of the Goodman family. Don't worry, since she's your friend. I'll have Nathan find a good day to marry her."

Yvette tilted her head a little, her fingers rhythmically running over the glass. Her elegant eyebrows chilled into a shiver.

"Who do you think you are? The Goodman family wants to marry Sienna off without asking if she wants to?" Yvette said.

Damian's face darkened. He couldn't believe there would be a woman who wouldn't want to marry into the Goodman family. Unless she was out of her mind.

Confidently, Darian said to Yvette, "Here's the deal. Why don't you call that Sienna? I've already asked Nathan to be here. Let them meet and sort things out themselves. We're not directly involved, so it's better if they make their own decisions. How does that sound to you?"

Damian, understanding Yvette's personality, knew that being forceful wouldn't work. Discussing things calmly was the way to go.

Yvette paused when she heard this. Seeing Damian with his confident, self-assured look, Yvette said slowly, "Alright."

Then she took out her phone and quickly texted Sienna, getting a reply in less than a minute.

Sienna replied, "Got it, Yve. I'll be there soon."

Damian settled back into his seat, noticing his coffee had cooled. He quickly got up to pour himself a fresh cup.

Yvette sat down, pulled out her phone, and started playing a game. This time, she was diving into Super Mario.

As Tyson passed by Yvette, he couldn't help but glance over. The corner of his mouth twitched involuntarily.

Is this game worth spending time on? Tyson thought.

Nathan was in a meeting when he received a call from Tyson.

Seeing the call coming in, he quickly signaled for the meeting to pause and for everyone to step out before answering.

He cleared his throat, saying, "Hi Tyson, how's it going? What brings you to call me today? Is there something Grandpa needs?"

Tyson replied, "No, Mr. Damian Goodman is at Royal Phoenix and wants to see you."

Tyson paused briefly and went on, "Yvette is here too. Mr. Damian Goodman wants to address things personally between you and Ms. Sterling. It would be great if you could come over, Mr. Nathan Goodman.

Nathan's grip tightened on the phone, his expression changing multiple times. He hadn't anticipated Damian would learn about Sienna so quickly.

Braydon is right. Grandpa never sincerely plans to pass on the control to us, Nathan thought.

“Okay, Tyson. I’m heading over right now,” Nathan said.

After hanging up, Nathan tidied himself up, feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness at the anticipation of seeing Sienna/soon. He was truly in love with her.

Before leaving, Nathan sent a quick text to Braydon to update him on the situation.

Outside Royal Phoenix’s entrance, Sienna saw Nathan getting out of the car and felt like letting loose with some choice. words.

Is fate playing tricks on me? How could it be such a coincidence to run into him here? Sienna thought.

Originally, Frankie was supposed to drop Sienna off today. But something came up last minute, and Frankie couldn’t make

With only Bruce at home, there was no other option but to have Bruce drive Sienna over from the remote villa.

Bruce was about to turn around and leave after seeing Sienna go inside, but then he unexpectedly saw Nathan

Seeing Sienna looking a bit scared and unsure of what to do, Bruce paused slightly on the steering wheel, then pulled out the car key and walked over with his long strides.

“Let’s go, I’ll walk you in myself,” Bruce said.

Sienna was stunned to see Bruce return, feeling a bit bewildered, but she nodded. She naturally followed behind Bruce. Seeing Sienna with another man, Nathan’s anger flared up. He jogged over and reached out to grab Sienna. Bruce noticed Nathan’s action and turned to block Nathan’s reaching hand. Bruce had a calm and icy expression

“Mr. Goodman, watch your hand, Bruce warned.

Nathan realized he had missed grabbing Sienna, so he pulled his hand back. He glared at Bruce unfriendly.

Tin trying to hold my girlfriend What’s it to you? Who are you anyway? I suggest you don’t interfere.” Nathan said.

After that, he turned to Sienna and said, “Sienna, has the baby been fussy these days? Has he been good?”

Without holding back, Sienna retorted, "Nathan, stop pretending, okay? How could a one-month-old baby be upsetting Stop coming up with nonsense! What kind of devoted boyfriend role are you playing now? How's that secretary of yours,

Linda?"

Originally, Sienna didn't want to fight with Nathan, but since he was being so nasty to her, Sienna decided not to hold back.

Nathan noticed the disdain in Sienna's eyes, his heart skipped a beat, especially when she mentioned Linda.

Linda was just a casual pastime for him, but Nathan didn't expect Sienna to find out. Nathan was about to explain more when Tyson came down from the third floor, interrupting him.

"Mr. Nathan Goodman, Mr. Damian Goodman is waiting inside for you Ms. Sterling. Yvette is also in there. Please, follow me"

After speaking. Tyson glanced at Bruce. His voice was cold, saying, "Unauthorized personnel are not allowed inside. I apologize, sir."

Sienna nervously glanced at Bruce. It was clear that her meeting with Nathan here was no coincidence.

Yve definitely wouldn't take advantage of me. She is probably to resolve the issue between me and Nathan, Sienna thought.

Bruce looked at Tyson, sensing a strong martial arts aura. 'He is an expert, Bruce thought.

Upon hearing Tyson's words, he thought, "Who else could Mr. Damian Goodman be but Nathan's grandfather, once the king of the underground world in Mysonna?"

The rumors are true. He is back. But why is Yvette with Damian?

Bruce was filled with countless doubts and decided to wait for them to come out.

Bruce ignored Tyson and looked down at the slightly nervous Sienna, his tone softening, saying, "No need to worry, I'll be right outside. Just call me if you need anything With Yvette here, you can relax. I'll wait for all of you to go home together."

Nathan's face suddenly changed, and he began to doubt the relationship between Sienna and Bruce. His hands clenched tightly into fists. He wished he could kill Bruce right now.

Tyson glanced nonchalantly at the three of them.

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Tyson led Sienna and Nathan into a private room. The atmosphere inside the room was extremely eerie.

Yvette rested her legs on the table and leaned lazily on the chair eyes downcast as she played Super Mario. Her pair of old canvas shoes sharply contrasted with the expensive mahogany table. She had the boss's sitting posture.

Across from Yvette, Damian sipped his coffee. He played with the black gun in his hand, occasionally glancing at Yvette, seemingly lost in thought.

No matter how one looked at it, this scene seemed strange.

As soon as Sienna entered the room, she immediately ran over to Yvette, feeling that being near Yvette was the safest.

"Yve. I'm here., Sienna said.

Yvette put away her phone, maintaining her posture, her hand lightly resting on the armrest as she signaled to Sienna.

"Have a seat," Yvette said.

Sienna obediently sat down. She glanced at Damian across from her. She already guessed he was the grandfather Nathan had mentioned, as the two had similar facial features

Nathan noticed Yvette's posture and frowned, thinking. Only she would dare be so bold in front of grandfather. Anyone else would probably have been dragged away and torn to pieces by now!

Nathan walked up to Damian, bowed his head, and respectfully said, "Grandpa."

Damian lifted his eyelids to glance at Nathan, his gaze was intimidating.

Mediocrity was Nathan's defining trait. That was the reason why Damian would give the Goodman family's public businesses to Nathan and the hidden power to Braydon.

"Have a seat," Damian said.

Nathan nodded and sat down next to Damian, directly facing Sienna, gazing lovingly at her.

The way Nathan looked at her made Sienna's skin crawl, regretting ever getting involved with him.

Damian looked at Sienna, trying to overpower her with his presence, a common tactic in negotiations.

As expected, Sienna flinched under Damian's dark gaze and moved closer to Yvette. How could a young girl like Sienna stand up to a former underworld king?

Yvette lifted her eyes slightly, her gaze sharp and icy. Her voice was low and cold, saying, "Who do you think you're searing? Just get to the point."

Nathan's face turned pale as if he'd eaten dirt. He wanted to say something but remembered Yvette's last gunshot and quickly shut his mouth.

Nathan was sure if he upset Yvette, Yvette wouldn't hold back, even in front of Damian, Nathan hesitated, his expression not getting any better, as he quietly withdrew his presence.

Damian smiled warmly as he stared at Sienna's belly.

"Hello, you must be Sienna. I'm Damian Goodman, Nathan's grandfather. I've heard you and Nathan are in a relationship. and you're expecting a child from our family. Here's the deal. I'll personally cancel Nathan's previous engagement. You two can choose a good day to get married. Rest assured, all the formalities will be in place. The dowry will be 300 million dollars, and you can pick ten properties from our worldwide real estate portfolio. I know you're a fashion designer at Vibe, and the company is doing well. But as your pregnancy progresses, it will be hard to keep working. After the baby is born, you're free to decide about work. The Goodman family won't interfere," Damian said to Sienna.

Every offer Damian made would be enough to win over any woman. He was confident that no woman would turn down these terms.

Damian confidently looked at Sienna while also keeping an eye on Yvette's expression. Some of these conditions were added on Yvette's behalf. Otherwise, Sienna alone wouldn't be worth such concessions.

Nathan seized the opportunity. Seeing Damian's look, he quickly spoke up. "Sienna, what grandpa said is exactly what I want to say to you. Trust me, if you agree to marry me. I promise I'll treat you well. As for those people you mentioned, I'll sever all ties with them. Do you truly want your child to be born without a father? Can you bear for the child to be laughed at by other kids, unable to hold their head high

Nathan and Damian were perfectly in sync, exchanging a confident glance after speaking.

Yvette's eyes were half-closed, her beautiful face icy yet full of rebellious spirit. She casually glanced at the two triumphant men, tilted her head slightly, and spoke in a husky voice.

"What do you think?" Yvette asked Sienna

Sienna nervously fidgeted with her fingers, then lifted her head with a determined look.

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"No, I refuse. I won't be with Nathan. Can't we just date normally and break up peacefully? Plus, when we were together, you slept with your secretary Linda more than once, didn't you? Thinking about it now makes me sick. You play the part devoted lover while you can't control yourself. Do you find this amusing?" Sienna said.

After finishing with Nathan, Sienna politely responded to Damian.

"As for the money and property you mentioned, I don't lack any of them. I can achieve everything through my efforts. Why should I rely on your charity? It's unnecessary. You should save those for Nathan's future wife. Whoever she may be, but it definitely won't be me. Sienna said.

Damian's face turned even more sullen. He hadn't expected Sienna to be so indifferent to these offers, bluntly rejecting the conditions he had proposed.

Nathan also didn't expect that even after Damian had conceded so much, Sienna remained unmoved, making it hard for Nathan to accept

Nathan panicked and tried to explain, "Sienna, with Linda, honestly, it was only a few times. She was the one who came to me. I swear it won't happen again. I'll fire her as soon as I get back."

Damian was accustomed to being c****y and ruthless. The reason he was being so patient with Sienna right now was entirely because Yvette was here.

Otherwise, even if a woman was expecting a child from the Goodman family, it definitely wouldn't be worth Damian's time to waste here.

Damian, still considering Yvette, kindly said, "Ms. Sterling, men having flings is normal. As long as he comes home and cares for you,

that's enough. No man loves only one woman for his entire life. I advise you not to be too naive about this. Every wealthy family is like this to some extent. It's better not to fuss over every little thing, or else, who knows if you'll ever get married."

Sienna was enraged by Damian's shameless comments.

No wonder Damian and Nathan were families, they both had extremely thick skin. Since Damian showed no respect even at his age, Sienna decided to not be polite to him either.

Suddenly, Sienna wasn't scared anymore. Her bright smile left Damian and Nathan across from her completely puzzled.

Seeing this, Yvette smirked slightly, thinking. If the tiger doesn't show its strength, they think Sienna is like Hello Kitty.

Sienna retorted against both of them.

I'm sorry, but I don't need you to worry about whether or not I can get married. Rest assured, I, Sienna, am making myself clear here. Even if I end up marrying a pig or a dog in the future, I will never marry Nathan from your Goodman family. As for this child, I originally wanted to keep it, thinking of it as a little life, but now I see there's no need. I'll get rid of it tomorrow, so I have nothing to do with your family anymore. I'm breaking up with Nathan, and if you keep pestering me, even though your family has influence all over Mysonna, I'm not afraid. In the worst-case scenario, we both lose everything. Nobody's going to have a happy ending. Sienna said.

Damian thought Sienna was a compliant girl who was easy to control, but he never expected her to say such shocking things.

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Nathan was also stunned. It felt like he was meeting Sienna for the first time. Sienna had always been well-behaved in front of Nathan, which made him confident he could handle her.

The way Sienna was now was something Nathan had never experienced before.

After Sienna finished speaking, she felt much more at ease. She quickly turned her head to look at Yvette.

"Yve, I've finished talking. Can we leave now?" Sienna asked.

Yvette uncrossed her legs and pursed her lips, her dark, cool eyes and refined features maintaining a calm presence. She slightly raised her chin.

Glancing at the barely-holding-it-together Sienna, Yvette nodded, stood up, and glanced at Nathan and Damian from the Goodman family.

Her voice was calm. yet had a commanding authority that couldn't be argued with. "Listen carefully, from now on, you have nothing to do with Sienna, got it?" Yvette said to Nathan.

Nathan, unwilling to give up, stood up in excitement, about to say he didn't agree.

But before he could speak, Damian cut in, glaring at Sienna. His voice was as venomous as poison.

"Since Ms. Sterling has made her choice, the men in the Goodman family certainly have no shortage of women. I expect you to terminate the pregnancy by tomorrow. The Goodman bloodline must not end up elsewhere," Damian said.

After saying this, Damian looked over at Yvette, who stood playfully with her hands in her pockets, exuding a nonchalant attitude.

Damian's tone became a bit softer, saying. "Nathan and Sienna have broken up. Rest assured, Nathan will not be bothering Sienna anymore. This issue is settled."

Yvette led Sienna away without turning back.

Left in the room were Damian, Nathan, and Tyson, who had silently observed the whole encounter,

Nathan's face stayed cold. After a few seconds of silence, he still wanted to rush out. Just as he was about to move, knowing his intent, Damian slapped him hard.

With a loud noise, the slap was powerful.

Nathan's head was knocked to the side, his cheek swelling and reddening immediately.

as if

Caught off guard by the slap, Nathan looked up angrily. But when his eyes met Damian's cold gaze, he stopped abruptly.

Nathan quickly concealed his anger, his whole demeanor growing weaker, and he spoke with deep reluctance in his voice, "Grandpa, I don't want to let go. I love Sienna."

Damian's face was cold and indifferent as he scolded Nathan, "She's just a woman. There are plenty of others. Can't you see the situation? Yvette is losing patience, and if you keep this up, you won't live to see tomorrow. I'm telling you, if you keep bothering Sienna, the Goodman family doesn't need someone so emotional. Someone else can take over the family business. There are still a few of your dad's other kids waiting in line."

Nathan shivered at Damian's chilling threat.

In my grandfather's eyes, I am just a replaceable grandson. Only Braydon is truly important to him, Nathan thought.

Nathan endured the pain. Compared to the Goodman family business he belonged to, Nathan realized he had to sacrifice love. He had to let Sienna go.

Nathan respectfully bowed his head. He humbly said to Damian, I understand, Grandpa. I won't look for Sienna again."

Nathan despised Yvette. Without her, Sienna wouldn't have dared to treat me this way, Nathan thought.

With a quick change in thought, Nathan continued: "Grandpa, since Yvette's here, why not just finish it once and for all by..."

Nathan made a slicing motion across his neck.

Damian remained silent, looking at Nathan, whose face was full of hatred and ambition. He turned and asked Tyson, who had been standing unobtrusively to the side,

"How advanced is her martial arts training now?" Damian asked.

Tyson lifted his head, his face serious.

In a soft voice, Tyson said, "She could defeat me in ten moves, handles a thousand with ease, and ten thousand wouldn't be at challenge.

Nathan turned white as a sheet. 'Is that even a person anymore? he thought..

He remembered Yvette's bold escape through a crowd of thousands as a teenager, sending shivers down his spine.

Darian wasn't surprised and gave a cold look at Nathan's pale face. His voice was completely devoid of warmth, saying. "You're being absurd. If you know what's good for you, don't provoke Yvette more, or no one can protect you."

Nathan struggled for a bit before giving in and lowered his head with resignation.

"I understand, Grandpa Sienna and I are done," Nathan said.

Meanwhile, when Yvette and Sienna left Royal Phoenix, a stylish woman in a manager's suit hurried to catch up with them. Without saying anything, she bowed deeply to Yvette and handed over a black card with both hands.

"Ms. Zeller, this is a gift from our club's general manager, the sole card in all of Mysonna. Whenever you visit the club, everything is on the house, the manager said.

Yvette nodded expressionlessly. She glanced at the black card in the manager's hand, then casually took it and put it into her pocket.

This nonchalant action made the manager's lips twitch involuntarily.

Who is this woman? Everyone from Mysonna's executives to celebrities wants this card, and she just casually throws it in her pocket like it's nothing the manager thought.

The manager's worldview and limits were shattered twice today

First, when she saw Yvette getting off a bus to attend the Goodman family's banquet. Then just now, when she was asked to deliver this black card from the general manager

This world has completely gone bonkers, the manager thought

The female manager, with a respectful smile, escorted Sienna and Yvette out of Royal Phoenix

Sienna was also totally confused. When she saw that black card, he was left speechless.

Bruce had been sitting in the car the whole time. When he saw Yvette and Sienna coming out the door, he promptly opened the car door and greeted them.

"Yve," Bruce called out.

Then he turned slightly to glance at Sienna. Seeing Sienna was okay, he didn't say much. With Yve around, he knew his worries were unnecessary.

Yvette nodded at Bruce. The three of them got into the car together.

Yvette settled comfortably in the back seat, adjusting her black baseball cap and half-closing her eyes. She picked up her phone and resumed playing her Super Mario game.

Bruce, who was driving, paused slightly at the sound of that familiar childhood game.

Sienna had gotten used to it. After all, Yvette did the same thing in front of Nathan and Damian of the Goodman family.

'She's acting crazier than now: Sienna thought.

Bruce hesitated for a moment. He didn't know what had happened at Royal Phoenix. He wondered whether things were resolved.

He glanced at Sienna's profile and asked, "Is everything sorted out?"

Sienna happily replied. "Yve pulled through for us. She's as good as two people. No, make that eight. Everything seems sorted, Nathan's grandpa promised Nathan wouldn't bother me again, but."

Bruce adjusted his glasses.

“Nathan’s grandpa made a promise? So Damian personally promised Sienna that Nathan wouldn’t bother Sienna anymore. It sounds way too good to be true, Bruce thought.

Of course, Bruce wasn’t naive enough to think that Sienna alone could make Damian back down.

That leaves only one possibility. The person Damian relents to is someone else. And who is this person? The answer is pretty obvious.

“What other identity does Yvette have that we don’t know about? How many people in Mysonna could make Damian give in like this! Bruce thought.

Bruce set aside his thoughts and continued, “But what?”

Sienna felt a bit down, her voice was noticeably softer, and she looked somewhat deflated.

“But the Goodman family told me to terminate this pregnancy and I agreed. This child was brought about through manipulation, so maybe it really shouldn’t be born. I was probably thinking too simply before. A child isn’t just a one-person affair. If the child is born, I might never be able to detach myself from Nathan for the rest of my life, Sienna said.

At this moment, Yvette’s phone started to ring.

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Yvette glanced at the name on the screen, tapped to answer, and heard the familiar voice of a girl.

“Yve, Bonnie called. Her clear voice rang in Yvette’s car.

Yvette replied with a simple “Hmm.” She lifted her eyelids and pursed her lips. There was a moment of silence on the other end of the call from Bonnie.

Holding the phone. Yvette adjusted her cap and softly asked, “What’s going on?”

Bonnie took a deep breath before speaking, “Yve, you need to come back quickly. Mr. Chambers is in trouble and he’s in the ICU at Seacurity Hospital.”

Suddenly, Yvette’s face showed intense anger, her dark eyes were unreadable, radiating an overwhelming chill

Bruce and Sienna, in the car, couldn't help but shiver a little.

Yvette's voice was calm yet cold, saying, "Got it."

After Yvette hung up the phone, she clenched it with no expression on her face. She lifted her head, the corners of her eyes shimmering, a hint of red tinting the depths of her gaze.

Her voice was faint, saying, "Stop the car?"

Bruce's hands moved quicker than his mind. He quickly hit the brakes and pulled over to the side of the road.

Sienna nervously asked, "What's wrong. Yve?"

Yvette's dark eyes were as deep as a cold pool. She spoke while swiftly getting out of the car and opening the driver's side door. "We're heading back. You two get off, I'm going to the airport."

Sienna heard this and quickly unbuckled her seatbelt, rushing out of the car, sensing something major was happening

Bruce looked at Yvette, who seemed eerily calm.

"Yve, Mr. Chavez has a private jet at Mysonna Airport. I'll go with you to the airport and we can fly back immediately," Bruce said.

Yvette nodded, saying, "Okay"

Yvette got into the driver's seat, her eyes narrowed slightly, raising her eyebrow, and holding the steering wheel with one hand

She looked at Bruce, saying. "Sit tight."

Bruce sat in the passenger seat, tightened his seatbelt, and wondered just how fast a girl could drive

Yvette skillfully shifted gears. The car shot forward like an arrow released from a bow, leaving only a trail of car exhaust behind.

Half an hour later, a flashy Maserati rolled up at the airport

Yvette was the first to step out of the car. Her long legs moved confidently, her face expressionless as she glanced at the passenger seat.

The passenger door opened, and Bruce stepped out, his legs somewhat shaky.

Yvette had chosen the shortest yet most dangerous route to the airport. Bruce had gripped the safety handle inside the car the whole way.

Bruce watched as Yvette navigated numerous turns, each time almost brushing against the cliff's edge, where a single mistake could be catastrophic.

Bruce glanced at Yvette, whose expression hadn't changed from start to finish. He was impressed.

Some people are just beyond ordinary. She's incredibly unbeatable,' Bruce thought.

Bruce hurried to handle all the formalities and details before seeing Yvette onto the plane. He watched the private jet take off, and after thinking it over, he decided to call Jeremiah.

The call was quickly answered.

Bruce respectfully said, "Mr. Chavez, right after taking a call, Yvette decided to head back to the country. She's already on your private jet and just took off. Looks like something big is happening."

Jeremiah stood on the platform of the training grounds, glancing at the freshly recruited soldiers below,

His gaze was intense. His voice was cold, saying. "I understand"

Bruce continued, "Mr. Chavez, it seems like Yvette knows someone from the Goodman family. Do you want to involve the intel team?"

Jeremiah slipped one hand into his pocket, his eyes dark and his expression remained unchanged as he frowned slightly.

No need, Jeremiah said.

Bruce paused slightly and said, "Got it."

Jeremiah's trust in Yvette was beyond needing these assurances.

Jeremiah hung up the phone, picked up the megaphone from the desk, and called out to the soldiers on the training field. "Second person in the third row, carry an extra load for twenty kilometers."

The soldier who was called out broke into a cold sweat under the blazing summer sun. He thought he could slack off while Jeremiah was on the phone, not realizing that every move of his was being watched by Jeremiah.

Andrew, now in Seacurity, had become obsessed with his job as a librarian. This was technically his first real job, and the feeling when he received his first paycheck was absolutely amazing.

Andrew was sorting through the newly arrived essay collections when his phone rang. Luckily, it was lunchtime and the library was nearly empty, so he quickly took out his phone.

He glanced at the caller ID on the screen and was stunned into stillness. It was the first time Jeremiah had ever called him.

“Wrong number?’ Andrew wondered

Andrew didn’t dare to hesitate and quickly answered the phone, thinking there was a 995-chance it was an accidental call. “Hello, Mr. Chavez, did you dial the wrong number? This is Andrew, not Yvette, Andrew said. He felt a pang of bitterness. After knowing Mr. Chavez for so many years, who would’ve thought he’d be so different now? My position has plummeted, though it wasn’t particularly high, to begin with, now it is even lower, Andrew thought.

Jeremiah squinted and spoke slowly, “No mistake, I was looking for you.”

Andrew was overjoyed. He thought, ‘Oh my! Has Mr. Chavez finally rediscovered his humanity?’

Andrew quickly said, “Mr. Chavez, you finally remembered me I’ve been stuck in Seacurity for so long, I’m growing mons here!

Jeremiah paused for a moment.

Did something happen to the Chambers family?” Jeremiah asked.

Andrew froze. Lately, he had been spending all his time at the library. Bonnie had her midterms coming up, so they haven’t seen much of each other. Ever since Yvette left, he hadn’t been involved in the Chambers family matters.

“Mr. Chavez, I’m not sure. Give me a bit of time, and I’ll check it out right away,” Andrew said.

Andrew hung up and immediately contacted someone he knew in Seacurity,

In less than five minutes, he received the news that Zachary had a car accident this morning and was taken to Seacurity Hospital

Andrew couldn’t believe that something like this happened in just a few hours. Realizing the seriousness of the situation quickly called Jeremiah back.

Andrew's tone was serious, saying "Mr. Chavez, there's trouble with the Chambers family. Yve's dad was in a car accident this morning and is now at Seacurity Hospital. I've heard his injuries are serious. This hospital can't perform the required surgery They've only done the basic emergency procedures, and now Zachary is in the ICU. However, this case isn't straightforward There are signs of sabotage. The brakes went out of control, and the car suddenly crashed into a large truck. If the driver hadn't reacted quickly and turned the wheel in time. Zachary might not have even made it to the hospital"

Jeremiah tightened his grip on the phone, his dark eyes filled with a brewing storm.

His voice was icy, sending a shiver down one's spine, asking, "Where is the driver of the truck?"

Andrew answered cautiously, but to keep him there for He's been held at the police station, and with Zachary's life still uncertain, they have no choice

Jeremiah said. "Go to the police station. Don't let anyone get near him."

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Andrew ended the call and immediately called Wyatt. 'It'd be better for Wyatt to be involved in handling this situation. Andrew thought.

Jeremiah put away the phone, his eyes downcast as the air around him turned chilly.

Who else would dare make a move against Zachary? Jeremiah thought.

At Seacurity Hospital, Lucas paced anxiously up and down the hallway. His face was filled with worry.

It was only because of a last-minute issue that Lucas hadn't joined Zachary today, narrowly escaping the disaster. If Lucas had known this would happen, he would rather be the one lying in that bed.

The light in the operating room went off. Lucas hurried over, asking, "Dr. Anderson, how is Mr. Chambers?"

The lead surgeon for Zachary's operation was Harold Anderson, the vice president of Seacurity Hospital.

Dragging his tired body, Harold removed his mask. He had been operating on Zachary for a full five hours.

He managed to stabilize Zachary's vital signs, but just barely. In reality, Zachary was still on the brink of death. This was the limit of Harold's abilities.

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Harold looked seriously at Lucas and paused. His voice was hoarse, saying, "Lucas, Mr. Chambers is in grave danger. I've performed the initial surgery on him, and he will soon be ready for transfer to the ICU. However, the blood clot in his brain is in a critical spot, and with my skills, I can't operate on it. Within the next twenty-four hours, you need to find a leading neurologist to perform the surgery on Mr. Chambers, or else..."

The rest of the message went unsaid, but Lucas understood what Harold meant.

Lucas was in a state of panic. He anxiously asked, "Dr. Anderson everyone in Seacriety knows you're our top neurologist. If even you can't do this surgery, who else can I find at this time?"

Harold sighed. He said, "I have no other options. The only way is to quickly contact top neurologists from both home and abroad, and have them fly to Seacriety immediately to operate on Mr. Chambers."

Lucas was completely at a loss at that moment. Dr. Anderson is asking me to contact a top neurologist now. Where am I supposed to find one at this hour? Isn't this just making me watch as Mr. Chambers is on the brink?' Lucas thought.

Just as Lucas was extremely worried and drenched in sweat, hurried footsteps echoed through the hospital corridor.

Lucas turned around. Harold also looked toward the far end of the corridor.

A group of doctors in white coats and a few nurses were approaching.

The leader wore black clothes, like a king of the night. His stance was tall and composed, exuding an icy and intimidating aura that warned others to stay away.

Harold was startled. He quickly recognized the man slightly behind the leader, none other than their old dean, Tristant

Sloan.

"Tristan has gone to Betrico for a meeting, why is he back at the hospital now? Harold wondered.

Lucas was stunned for a few seconds, then became overjoyed. The image of Jeremiah at the police station was deeply imprinted in his mind.

Harold hurried towards Tristan, while Lucas eagerly rushed toward the man in the center,

Harold spoke first, asking. "Mr. Sloan, why are you back? Is the medical conference over?"

Tristan glanced at Jeremiah next to him, his expression was complicated and hard to describe.

Jeremiah, without saying a word, had pulled Tristan out of the medical conference and rushed back to the hospital just for on the way Zachary Jeremiah had briefly explained the situation

Lucas didn't care anymore and bent over like catching a lifeline in front of Jeremiah. His eyes were filled with hope-He was nearly babbling.

"Hello, hello. I am the Chambers family's butler. Are you here for Mr. Chambers? What about Ms. Chambers? Has she come back, too?" Lucas asked.

Jeremiah nodded slightly. His eyes radiated a coldness.

Facing the anxious. Lucas, Jeremiah said, "Yeah, she's on her way back. I'll handle it."

Lucas felt a bit disappointed to hear that Yvette hadn't arrived yet, but seeing Jeremiah lead a team of doctors gave Lucas some confidence.

Tristan then asked Harold, "How's Mr. Chambers doing now?"Hearing Lucas talk with Jeremiah and noticing Tristan's respectful attitude, Harold realized they knew each other and that Jeremiah's identity was surely remarkable.

Harold paused slightly before saying. "Mr. Sloan, the situation is pretty serious. When Zachary was brought in, his heart and lung functions were critically damaged. There's a blood clot in a very bad spot in his brain. I just performed surgery, but it only temporarily saved his life. He'll be brought out soon, and the ICU is ready to take him in."

Harold looked at everyone's expressions and continued, "We must find a top-level brain surgeon within 24 hours to perform brain surgery on him, otherwise, his life is in danger. There's only one such expert available right now, Quentin Xander, the head of neurosurgery at Betrico Medical University. But he's currently abroad at a conference and can't come back in time.

Tristan thought, "How is this considered having a chance at survival?"

"Quentin is attending an international medical conference that happens every three years. When he comes back, he's likely to be promoted to vice president, which is a significant boost for his career. Why would he rush to Seaciry for someone he's not connected with? Even thinking with one's toes, it's unlikely

Tristan thought for a moment and then spoke to Jeremiah, “Mr. Chavez, this might be difficult. The meeting is very important for Quentin’s career, and Mr. Chambers... Tristan didn’t continue.

Lucas collapsed to the floor in the hallway, his face going pale upon hearing this.

Jeremiah’s dark eyes remained emotionless as he took his phone out of his pocket. He found Quentin’s name in his WhatsApp and made a video call. The call was picked up instantly.

Quentin was resting, and the ringtone woke him up. He was about to get angry until he saw the familiar name. His hands shook with surprise. He quickly pulled himself together and answered the video call

An image of a refined middle-aged man with a friendly, warm smile showed up in the video call on Jeremiah’s phone.

Quentin’s voice was just as warm and soothing, greeting, “Hello, Mr. Chavez.”

Jeremiah gave Quentin a brief look

“Put on your clothes now. Someone will pick you up in half an hour. Come back to Seacurity for the surgery. There’s a patient who needs your special skills,” Jeremiah said.

Quentin was taken aback for a moment but quickly nodded.

“No problem, I’ll pack my bags right away. What’s the patient’s condition? Is there a lead doctor? Let me talk to him. I need to understand the situation and come up with a surgical plan as soon as possible,” Quentin said.

There was no need for Jeremiah to say much. Quentin already knew this case was urgent. Receiving a personal call from Jeremiah indicated the patient was already teetering on the edge between life and death.

Harold’s expression was blank as he stiffly took the phone from Jeremiah. Seeing the familiar face in the video, he couldn’t begin to describe his current emotions.

A top brain surgery expert, admired by all neurosurgeons, is about to talk to me? To discuss a patient’s condition?” Harold thought

He looked at Jeremiah in shock.

Who, exactly, is this man? Quentin shows respect to this man. Quentin even agrees without a second thought to leave the medical seminar and return home for surgery, Harold thought.

Quentin glanced at Harold's face appeared suddenly and politely said hello. He inquired about the patient's condition succinctly and directly.

"Hello, I'm Quentin. What's the current situation with the patient? Is the blood loss significant? Where exactly is the injury on the brain?" Quentin asked

Harold immediately snapped out of his wandering thoughts. After all, he was a doctor with a strong sense of ethics.

Harold walked to a corner with his phone, providing a clear and professional update on Zachary's condition, using mostly medical terms.

Three minutes later. Harold returned to Jeremiah's side, his attitude much more respectful than earlier.

"Hello, here's your phone, please keep it safe. Dr. Xander has something to discuss with you," Harold said. As he spoke, he returned the phone, which Jeremiah took.

In the video, Quentin's expression looked more serious than before.

"Mr. Chavez, I have a basic understanding of the patient's condition. It's very serious, and the next 24 hours are critical. Even if we perform the surgery in time, traveling from here to Seacuity on your private jet takes five hours. During that time, various complications could arise. If I operated directly in Seacuity now, it might be fine, but five hours later, even if I perform the surgery myself, there's only a 60% chance of success. You need to inform the patient's family about this,"

Quentin explained.

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Jeremiah's voice was a bit low as he said, "Sixty percent?"

Quentin tightened his grip on the phone, easily picturing what Jeremiah's expression must be right now.

But sixty percent was his limit. Even if it were a matter of life and death, he couldn't in good conscience claim a higher success rate.

Quentin confirmed, "Mr. Chavez, if it were me, it's only sixty percent."

A hint of irritation furrowed Jeremiah's brow, and his demeanor became even colder.

'Quentin is only sixty percent confident. If something happens to Zachary, how would I explain it to Yvette?' Jeremiah thought.

Tristan and his men instinctively shuffled a bit further away from Jeremiah. In the middle of summer, Jeremiah's chilling presence was like that of a refrigerator.

Everyone around could hear what Quentin said..

Harold couldn't help but speak up for Quentin, "Sixty percent isn't low. Dr. Xander is snatching people from the jaws of death. Nobody in the country could perform this surgery more successfully than him."

Tristan glanced at Jeremiah, who had an icy expression, and carefully said, "Mr. Chavez, both Dr. Xander and Harold are top neurosurgeons here. A sixty percent chance is already hard to achieve."

Jeremiah's gaze fell on the group. He then spoke into the phone, "Who else can perform this surgery with a higher success rate than you?"

If anyone else had said this, Quentin would have already burst out in anger. But since it was Jeremiah asking, Quentin merely paused.

Then he continued speaking, "Yes, Mr. Chavez, there's one person. He's the top brain specialist in the world and my idol, Silas Walson. Even though he's already sixty, he's still in great physical and mental shape. If he performs the patient's surgery, the success rate could reach eighty to ninety percent. However, he's very difficult to get. Right now, he's the director of Mysonna Medical Lab, and it's almost impossible to see him in public. Plus, he's under top-level government protection in Mysonna, so unless he volunteers, there's no way."

Quentin was well aware of Jeremiah's ruthless methods. He was really afraid that Jeremiah would just go crazy and kidnap Silas, given he had done that kind of thing before.

But Mysonna wasn't Clusia, and Jeremiah was a major general in Clusia. If he did that, it could easily lead to a conflict between the two countries.

Harold adjusted his glasses.

Silas was a world-class brain specialist, more like a maestro. He was someone one would read about in medical textbooks.

'In recent years, Silas only treats presidents and prime ministers. Why would he humble himself to come to Seacurity for Zachary's surgery?' Harold thought.

It was an unthinkable thing to even suggest, so Harold didn't see the need to mention it.

Jeremiah's eyes flashed slightly, with a deep gaze fixed on the operating room ahead.

He hung up the video call. With his distinctive fingers, he tapped the contact list, ready to dial another number.

But before he could press call, a familiar voice came from behind.

“That’s unnecessary,” the voice said.

Jeremiah’s fingers paused on the phone as he turned around, his eyes softening. The cold aura surrounding him had mostly faded away.

The others heard the sound too, turning with Jeremiah to look towards the staircase.

Lucas, who had been sitting dazed on the ground, jumped up immediately at the sound.

Yvette was wearing simple sports clothes with worn-out canvas shoes and a black backpack as she walked over from a distance. Her stunning face made a few of the healthcare staff gasp in awe.

Lucas hurried up, scrambling and crawling as he went.

“Ms. Chambers, you’ve finally come back! Mr. Chambers, he, he... Lucas cried.

Yvette looked at Lucas, who was both excited and sorrowful, nodding slightly. Her tone was as indifferent as ever, saying, “Got it.”

Then she turned her gaze to Jeremiah standing behind Lucas.

Tristan and Harold, along with some medical staff, heard Lucas call Yvette Ms. Chambers.

Tristan and Harold also knew about the Chambers family’s affairs. It had caused quite a stir in the city some time ago, and they had vaguely heard some stories about Yvette.

But seeing Yvette so calm, as if she wasn’t worried at all, made Tristan and Harold feel uneasy. ‘Her father is lying on a hospital bed, with only a sixty percent chance of success for his surgery. How could she stay so composed? Isn’t that too unfilial?’ Tristan and Harold shared the same thought.

Jeremiah reached out and naturally took Yvette’s black backpack. He smoothly held her slender white hand. In a low voice, he said, “Pretty fast.”

Yvette raised an eyebrow, tilted her head slightly, and said with a flat voice, “Not bad.” If she hadn’t dawdled with that pilot, she would have been even faster.

Jeremiah glanced at his watch. Yvette was almost an hour ahead of normal, which was practically impossible.

Tristan was stunned, noticing Jeremiah's gentle demeanor and attitude towards Yvette. Jeremiah couldn't hide the tenderness in his eyes. It dawned on Tristan.

'This girl would undoubtedly hold a prestigious position in the future. Zachary has nurtured an impressive daughter, even after finding her later. She's climbed the social ladder by associating with this notable figure, Tristan thought.

Tristan would never have imagined that one year later, he would get this embarrassed. Who was pulling whom up? At that point, he couldn't even tell anymore.

Harold fumed as he watched Jeremiah and Yvette chatting without any concern for the patient. He frowned at Yvette with obvious dissatisfaction, and his tone was openly rude.

"Hello, your father is still in surgery, and his condition is critical, Harold said.

Tristan was surprised that in the short time he spaced out, Harold had stirred up such a mess.

Tristan quickly tried to smooth things over, saying, "Hello, Ms. Chambers, our deputy director acted impulsively. Please don't take it to heart. I'm here to apologize on his behalf."

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Harold's face turned sour. He couldn't understand why Tristan was apologizing. A girl who didn't care about her father and was more interested in her love life was simply too much.

Yvette let Jeremiah lead her by the hand.

Lucas followed beside them. Now that Yvette was back, she had the final say.

Yvette walked up to Harold's group, her gaze unhurried, with a cool demeanor in her eyes. Her tone was calm yet polite, asking. "May I ask who has the medical records?"

As soon as Harold lifted his head, he caught sight of a gaze from Jeremiah and felt his body tense slightly.

Worried that Harold might say something unpleasant, Tristan answered first, “Ms. Chambers, this is Dr. Anderson, our hospital’s vice president and your father’s lead surgeon. He has spent five hours operating on Mr. Chambers and has temporarily saved his life. Right now, Dr. Anderson is the one who understands your father’s condition the best.”

When Tristan mentioned Zachary’s condition, Harold was concerned.

“Ms. Chambers, your boyfriend has already found a top brain surgeon, Dr. Xander from the finest neurology department. He’s flying back here to Seacuity as we speak and should arrive in about five hours. With him leading the surgery, there is a 60% chance of success,” Harold said.

Yvette slightly lowered her eyes, glanced at Jeremiah, and then looked back at Harold. Yvette said concisely, “Medical record.”

Harold couldn’t understand why Yvette was so determined to look at the medical records. The medical records were filled with specialized medical jargon and symbols that an average person couldn’t understand.

People online jokingly said that everything written by doctors looked like hieroglyphics. Because of the complex terminology, there were specific abbreviations understood only by those in the medical field.

Just as Harold was about to refuse, Tristan took his hand and pressed it firmly.

Tristan felt like his head was spinning, thinking, ‘How could someone who usually seems so sensible act foolishly at a time like this? Couldn’t he see that the person next to him is already impatient?’

Tristan took the medical records from the nurse behind Harold and handed them to Yvette.

“Ms. Chambers, here are your father’s medical records. Take your time, look through them carefully,” Tristan said.

Tristan didn’t believe Yvette could understand. It was merely out of respect for Jeremiah to hand out the records.

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Yvette’s slender, pale fingers held the medical records. Since Zachary was just brought in this morning, there were only a few pages in the records.

She skimmed through the lines quickly and finished reading in just two minutes.

Seeing Yvette's actions, Harold thought she surely didn't understand. He thought Yvette was just trying to act confidently.

Harold wasn't the only one who thought that way. Tristan and the surrounding doctors and nurses felt the same.

Even though Lucas was anxious, he believed Yvette had her reasons for spending time reading the records, not without purpose.

Jeremiah was completely focused on Yvette, seeing everyone else as a mere background.

After finishing the records, Yvette slightly turned, a hint of coldness on her brow. She looked up and said, "Set up the operating room for me. I will do the surgery myself."

As soon as she said those words, everyone looked at Yvette in disbelief, who remained calm and composed.

'Do we hear it wrong? Is she going to perform surgery on her father herself?' everyone thought.

Even Lucas was somewhat taken aback. Although he trusted Yvette, this sounded too unbelievable.

Jeremiah paused for a moment and calmly asked, "What's the success rate? Do we need to wait for Quentin to assist you?"

In the hallway, Tristan, Harold, and about a dozen doctors and nurses were left completely speechless again. Their expressions were indescribable.

'It's one thing to have one crazy person. But now there's an even crazier person. And they are talking about Quentin's assistance? How can they say such things without feeling guilty?' everyone thought.

Yvette shook her head sincerely.

"No need for surgery, just acupuncture will do. The blood clot in his brain is not that big of a deal," Yvette said.

Their conversation kept surprising the people around them repeatedly.

Even Tristan found it hard to keep listening. It was concerned about a patient's life, Tristan would have to step in, even if it meant offending Jeremiah.

"Mr. Chavez, and Ms. Chambers, you mentioned acupuncture? Using traditional medicine? That sounds unlikely. I think we should wait for Quentin to return. I'll ensure

all the doctors in the hospital work together to try their best to save Mr. Chambers,” Tristan said.

Tristan felt he was being as polite as possible. He couldn't trust a word Yvette was saying. Traditional medicine, while profound, had certainly declined significantly.

'Getting rid of a blood clot without surgery? That's absurd! Who could believe that?' Tristan thought.

Harold couldn't help but speak up, his face stern, “Ms. Chambers, stop joking around. Acupuncture? Did you even look at what the medical report says? Do you know where the clot is located? Even with surgery, it's not guaranteed. And you're saying acupuncture is enough? I can't believe what I'm hearing, it's just too ridiculous! Stop causing a scene, just wait for Dr. Xander to return, and sign the form when he does.”

The other doctors and nurses present were brought by Jeremiah from Betrico. Aware of Jeremiah's status, they only dared to silently complain in their hearts.

Jeremiah's gaze turned a bit chilly as he looked at Tristan, his tone leaving no room for argument, saying, “Go, prepare the operating room.”

Tristan had no way to stop Jeremiah. It seemed impossible, but he still had to lay out the harsh facts beforehand.

He spoke to Yvette, “Ms. Chambers, if you insist on personally treating your father, then please sign the consent form before entering the operating room. If anything happens to Mr. Chambers, Seacurity Hospital will not be held responsible.”

Tristan still wanted to try to stop them again. After all, it was a human life at stake. He couldn't just stand by and watch someone vanish right before his eyes.

Yvette's brows and eyes lowered, showing a hint of impatience and irritation.

She nodded and said, “Alright, get ready. If anything goes wrong, you won't have to take any responsibility.”

Lucas looked at Yvette, wanting to say something but held back. In the end, he let out a deep sigh.

Harold kept a calm face and said nothing.

Yvette was the only legitimate heir to Zachary. At this moment, only her decision had legal weight. Since she was determined to do things her way, no one could stop her.

After painstakingly saving someone for five hours, only to lose him again. How could Harold not be angry?

Yvette had her eyes lowered lazily, arms crossed as she leaned against a chair in the corridor. Turning to Jeremiah, who was sitting next to her, she asked calmly, "What about the culprit?"

Jeremiah looked at Yvette intently. He lowered his voice and reached out to tuck a stray lock of her hair behind her ear.

"Don't worry, I've sent Andrew over. No one can escape now," Jeremiah said.

Yvette looked up and gave Jeremiah a deep glance, her lips pressed tightly, her delicate features showing an icy coldness.

"Fine," Yvette said.

The staff at Seacurity Hospital were incredibly efficient. Ten minutes later, everything was already prepared.

Tristan, Harold, Lucas, and the doctors and nurses Jeremiah had brought from Betrico were all waiting outside the operating room.

Everyone directed their gaze towards Yvette and Jeremiah, who were sitting. Mainly at Yvette, an arrogant person who bragged that she could disperse bruises with only acupuncture.

Tristan had already fulfilled his duties. He held a liability waiver signed by Yvette that absolved the hospital of any responsibility.

"Ms. Chambers, the operating room is ready, and Mr. Chambers is inside. You can go in personally now," Tristan said.

He paused for a moment here, his expression still somewhat uneasy.

Then he continued, "You can go in and personally perform acupuncture on your father now."

Harold leaned against the white wall. His face was stern and cold. Earlier, Tristan had already informed him of Jeremiah's identity.

Harold hadn't expected that Jeremiah was indeed someone with significant connections and great influence.

It was not true to say Harold wasn't afraid, but he honestly couldn't accept how Yvette disregarded her own father's life.

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Yvette stood up and walked towards the operating room, her face showing no expression.

Jeremiah shifted slightly, holding her hand, his thumb gently warming her cold skin.

He spoke softly, "With me here, there's no need to feel stressed."

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Yvette raised an eyebrow and suddenly smiled. The confidence in her dark eyes left Jeremiah momentarily stunned, and then he also smiled gently.

Yvette paused as she passed by Lucas.

Her voice was calm and cool, saying, "Don't worry, it's just a minor surgery. I'll be out soon."

Lucas wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes and nodded firmly to Yvette.

"Ms. Chambers, you must save the master," Lucas pleaded.

The people present were completely speechless, thinking, 'Seriously? Who would call this a minor surgery?'

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'Even Quentin, the top brain surgeon, would only say that he's sixty percent confident. Yet she is so sure acupuncture would work without even needing surgery.'

'How are we medical professionals supposed to handle this?'

A mix of emotions clouded the group's faces as they watched Yvette's frail figure. She would probably return to announce Zachary's death.

By then, Zachary wouldn't rest in peace, dying at his own daughter's hands.

The door to the operating room closed. Everyone completely lost sight of Yvette.

Harold, for some reason, stayed seated, staring unblinkingly at the operating room door.

Tristan approached Jeremiah carefully and said, "Mr. Chavez, if Ms. Zeller's acupuncture doesn't work and Quentin can't get back in time,"

Jeremiah stood with his hands in his pockets. A chill enveloped him. His voice became deeper, strikingly different from his earlier tone with Yvette.

Jeremiah stated with a cold and determined voice, "It won't happen."

Tristan was momentarily stunned before he understood what Jeremiah was implying.

'Gosh! Where on earth does he get that kind of confidence?' Tristan thought.

Tristan wanted to go up and shake Jeremiah to wake him up.

'Wake up, wake up, traditional medicine is vast and profound. How could a girl like Yvette possibly understand it all?

'Blood circulation? Isn't that just a complete joke?' Tristan shouted in his heart.

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In the large operating room, Zachary lay on the hospital bed, face pale, breathing faint, with marks of treatment on his arms and chest.

Yvette calmly withdrew her gaze. Her eyes were calm and clear.

She extended her delicate hand to take a small packet from her black backpack, spreading it out on the table. Under the bright lights, rows of slender silver needles of different sizes glinted coldly.

Yvette squinted slightly. Her gaze was sharp and cold. Then she carried out a disinfection procedure before acting.

Twenty-four needles were inserted simultaneously. They landed precisely on Zachary's various acupuncture points.

Yvette continued the process for over ten minutes, then changed the needles, increasing the pressure by thirty percent.

Yvette's cold eyes shifted slightly. The second needling session lasted a full half-hour. Yvette's hand was steady as a rock, without a hint of a tremor.

Two hours later, Yvette, with an expressionless face, put away the silver needles and placed them back in the pouch.

She slightly tilted her gaze. Then she took out a vial of reagent from her backpack.

It was a potion for repairing bodily functions that she had developed with Silas three years ago and it remained a secret to this day.

The potion the Mysonna President had always wanted but never got was now poured entirely into Zachary's mouth by Yvette.

Zachary, after drinking the potion, lay on the bed, looking blankly the same as before without any change.

Outside the operating room, Lucas paced back and forth, muttering nonstop, "I hope the heavens protect Mr. Chambers. He must be fine. I beg the heavens."

Lucas repeatedly and tirelessly prayed over and over again.

Harold saw the sincere concern of Lucas while Yvette ignored her own father's life, which made him even angrier.

Jeremiah stood by the window. His calm and deep eyes gazed at the distant horizon before glancing down at his watch.

An hour and a half had passed. The other staff members found chairs and sat down.

A very plain-looking female doctor with black-framed glasses had Cardiology & Neurology written on the left side of her white coat.

The doctors and nurses that Jeremiah brought were all temporarily called in from various hospitals in Betrico. Some of them knew Tristan from regular medical seminars.

Jeremiah received a phone call. When he saw the caller's name, he walked further away to answer the phone. His eyes were cold. He had a piercing look.

When the others saw Jeremiah walk away, they all breathed a deep sigh of relief. Their backs were covered in cold sweat. Jeremiah's presence was so strong that they felt like they were suffocating with him around.

After Jeremiah left, a male neurologist, who worked in Betrico Hospital wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. He had

been called in on short notice.

"Do you think Ms. Chambers can cure her father with acupuncture?" the male neurologist asked. His tone lacked belief, and everyone present detected the doubt.

A male doctor from the same hospital, with whom he had a good relationship, paused to think seriously for a few seconds.

"No way, if it wasn't for her connection to the patient, I'd suspect this was murder," the doctor said.

The female doctor sitting next to him shook her head.

Her tone was contemptuous, saying, "Acupuncture to dissolve clotted blood? Sure, traditional medicine has done it, but only ancient medical masters could pull it off. Do you think a girl in her twenties has that kind of skill? I bet there's little hope left for the patient now."

Another middle-aged female doctor, who was already annoyed by being sent here at the last minute, looked rather harsh.

Seeing someone bring up the topic, she quickly took the opportunity to express her dissatisfaction.

"I think this young girl just wants to impress Jeremiah by risking her dad's life. Young people today are so different from our time, so bold," the female doctor said.

She was implying that Yvette was recklessly trying to save people and accused Yvette of being vain and wanting attention.

The others nodded in agreement.

Without Jeremiah around, they all started gossiping negatively about Yvette.

Seeing their comments getting more and more outrageous, Tristan frowned and coughed. There was an aura of authority on his aging face.

"Enough. Stop gossiping about others. Have you forgotten your manners?" Tristan shouted.

His words were blunt without the slightest hint of courtesy. The group fell silent, shifting awkwardly, not daring to speak further.

Though Tristan was just a director at a hospital in Seacrity, his achievements were significant. He chose to be in Seacrity by his own decision. Otherwise, he could have chosen any hospital he wanted in Betrico.

Why did he leave a perfectly good major hospital in Betrico for someplace like Seacrity?

Rumors said Tristan was here to fulfill a promise to his first love, but no one knew if it was true or not.

Harold didn't join their conversation. Instead, he kept his eyes on the operating room, looking very worried. He was eager to rush inside.

'If things get really bad, I will perform the surgery myself. Even if the chances of success are low, it would be better than Yvette's acupuncture,' Harold thought.

While Harold was torn and undecided, the door to the operating room opened. Yvette was standing behind the door, dressed head to toe in black.

With one hand in her pocket, Yvette looked casually defiant, her eyes showing a hint of rebellious playfulness.

Her deep voice sounded, saying, "Could someone move him to a regular room, please?"

Everyone was collectively taken aback.

After a moment, Harold looked at Yvette with a complex expression, mixed with doubt and fear.

His voice was rough, asking, "You mean the blood clot in Mr. Chambers's brain is gone now?"

Everyone's eyes were on Yvette, her face showing no emotion as they waited for her answer.

Lucas asked excitedly, "Ms. Chambers, is it true that Mr. Chambers is healed now? Is it?"

Yvette's eyes held a cool sharpness as she pressed her lips together. Her bright, dark gaze briefly swept over everyone.

Then she said, "Yes."

Harold froze for a moment, then rushed into the operating room like a whirlwind.

Tristan snapped back to his senses.

The doctors and nurses nearby knew Harold must go in to verify if the patient was truly cured or if the girl was just making things up.

Yvette strolled over to the chair, leaned back casually, crossed her legs, and sent a text to Jeremiah.

Yvette: [Where are you?]

Jeremiah: [Getting a milkshake.]

Yvette's eyes slightly tilted up at the corners as a small smile appeared on her lips, her gaze half-hidden.

She replied: [Make it two.]

Jeremiah said: [Okay.]

Five minutes later, Harold walked out of the operating room looking completely lost. He bypassed everyone and headed straight for Yvette, calming his excitement.

Harold had just personally checked Zachary and confirmed the blood clot was truly gone.

The blood clot was nowhere to be seen. What did this mean? It meant the patient was cured through acupuncture alone, without any surgery.

A girl in her twenties, if he hadn't witnessed it firsthand, Harold wouldn't have believed it at all. This could be considered a miracle in medical history.

Harold, his face flushed with excitement and his voice shaking, announced to everyone, "It's true, the patient is cured. The blood clot in the brain has completely dissolved."

A wave of gasps swept through the air. Everyone was completely dumbfounded. Especially those who were just badmouthing Yvette lowered their heads in shame.

It was the first time in his long life that Tristan had seen someone use acupuncture to dissolve a blood clot, just like those martial arts stories.

Even he couldn't stay calm anymore, his expression completely out of control.

'So, the crazy ones aren't Ms. Chambers and Jeremiah, but the rest of us?' Tristan thought.

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Everyone was so shocked, they were frozen in place.

Jeremiah returned with two freshly made hot milkshakes. He glanced around at everyone's expressions, understood immediately, and strolled over to Yvette.

He spoke slowly, "Let's go, the culprit is at the police station. Andrew is still there."

Yvette lifted her eyes. She stood up from her seat. Her cool face was both fierce and alluring.

"Okay," Yvette said.

Ignoring the crowd, Yvette and Jeremiah joined hands and walked out.

Harold quickly shouted at Yvette's back, "Did you use acupuncture to treat people?"

Yvette paused but didn't look back, her voice plain, saying, "Acupuncture can work wonderfully. 170 copper figures are with countless apertures. It's not that traditional medicine is inferior to Western medicine. It's just a different approach. You may not understand the wisdom of our ancestors, but don't belittle it."

With those words, Yvette left without looking back, her lean silhouette exuding confidence and independence.

Harold was baffled by Yvette's lines and could only look towards Tristan for help.

Seeing Harold's urgency, Tristan sighed and interpreted the meaning of the sentence, "The acupuncture master's skills were legendary; with just a few precise needle placements, they could bring someone back from the brink of death. The 170 bronze statues, each with their intricate points, were a testament to the complexity of traditional treatment."

Then, Tristan glanced at the nurses and doctors with their heads lowered, feeling a wave of emotion.

'More and more kids know only that Western medicine can treat diseases, having long forgotten that traditional medicine is the true treasure of our civilization, the wisdom passed down by our ancestors.

'Nowadays, fewer people are studying traditional medicine. In the last decade or so, even in the hospitals I oversee, the traditional medicine departments haven't been a priority,' Tristan thought.

Tristan secretly resolved to prioritize and thoroughly reform the hospital's traditional medicine department, strongly supporting its development.

Upon hearing the explanation, Harold was silent for a moment.

Having learned Western medicine for a long time, Harold was truly amazed by his first encounter with the charm of traditional medicine.

In less than an hour, Yvette's acupuncture rescue had quickly spread throughout Seacurity Hospital.

Inside the black Jeep, Jeremiah drove while Yvette was curled up in the passenger seat, drinking her warm milkshake. With her sleeves half-rolled up, revealing her pale arm, she tilted her head slightly and said calmly, "No plan?" -Jeremiah drove with one hand and paused momentarily, his voice clear and crisp.

"Yeah, looks like someone gave him enough benefits. No matter how the police ask, he keeps saying it was an accident, not

purpose. The surveillance footage only shows that after Mr. Chambers's car lost control, a large truck suddenly came out from the opposite direction, causing the crash," Jeremiah said.

On

Yvette took a sip of her milkshake, her eyes lazily lowered, and her deep black gaze was chillingly cold. She slowly curled her lips. A smile spread. It was wicked as heck.

Jeremiah's heart skipped a beat, thinking, 'Yvette is dangerous and alluring

Jeremiah raised an eyebrow. Thinking about the call from Mysonna earlier, his voice was full of charisma, saying, "You know traditional medicine? And you can fly a plane too?"

Yvette paused for a moment with the milkshake in her hand, crossed her legs, and her dark eyes were half-closed, looking relaxed.

"I know a bit of everything," Yvette said.

Jeremiah gently pinched her fingers, with a slight smile on his lips, looking at her, almost amused. If the pilot hadn't said anything, he might have believed it.

Yvette scared the pilot out of his wits. After boarding the plane, she went straight to the cockpit and insisted on flying back to Seacurity herself.

The captain disagreed, so she just knocked him out, and by the time he woke up, they were already in Seacurity. Now the captain was still complaining to Bruce about Yvette.

As for knowing a bit about traditional medicine? Yvette's idea of a bit might be quite different from others

Quentin had just boarded his private jet and was about to take off when Jeremiah informed him he didn't need to come back.

He was confused as he pulled his suitcase off the plane and went back to the hotel.

'From what Mr. Chavez mentioned on the phone, have they already found a doctor to treat the patient? Is there in the country with a higher success rate than my surgeries?' Quentin wondered.

any doctor

After going back and forth on it, Quentin finally decided to call Jeremiah. It would be a real pity not to get to know such a talented person.

“Mr. Chavez,” Quentin called.

Just as Jeremiah parked his car, Quentin’s call came through. While answering, he naturally helped Yvette unbuckle her seatbelt.

“Hmm,” Jeremiah simply replied.

Quentin didn’t dare waste time with small talk and got straight to the point.

“Mr. Chavez, if it’s okay, could I ask who you got to perform the surgery? It’s not over yet, is it?” Quentin asked.

Jeremiah glanced at Yvette, who was sitting back with her legs crossed, enjoying her milkshake. His eyes subtly flickered.

In a deep voice, he said, “The surgery is done, and the patient is fine. As for who did it? Let me ask her first, then I’ll let you know.”

Quentin took a deep breath.

The surgery is already done? Only three hours have passed since I got the call, and now it’s finished? Even more unbelievable is that the patient is saved,’ Quentin thought.

After hanging up, Quentin sat in a daze in his chair.

‘Since when does such an experienced doctor appear in Clusia, and how am I unaware of it?’ Quentin wondered.

At the entrance of the police station, Andrew stood to one side smoking, while Wyatt next to him had a serious look. The director of the police station, Zane Chappell, stood behind them

Seeing the familiar license plate from afar, Andrew quickly put out his cigarette and walked over in large steps.

Seeing Andrew’s reaction, Wyatt knew that Jeremiah had arrived and followed.

Zane had a morning that was both busy and stressful at the police station.

Wyatt personally went to the police station, bringing Andrew who looked tough to handle, just to personally interrogate the culprit responsible for a car accident.

Yet, that culprit acted as if he couldn’t care less, unfazed like a dead pig in boiling water. No matter how they questioned, the culprit insisted it was just an accident. But Wyatt and Andrew disagreed.

They could only keep interrogating repeatedly. If this isn't handled properly, it could impact one's career.

Jeremiah got out of the car first, walked over to the passenger side, and opened the door, where a pair of long, straight legs came into view.

Wyatt's eye twitched. Besides Yvette, no one else could make Jeremiah from the Chavez family open the door himself.

Ever since Wyatt learned that Yvette was Cyanbird, he had a different view of her.

An internationally renowned and promising artist was far more valuable than a wealthy lady from Seacurity. That kind of international influence was no joke.

Andrew felt a bit embarrassed facing Yvette, as he wasn't able to get the news and inform her first while in Seacurity.

"Ms. Chavez," Andrew greeted.

Yvette nodded slightly, squinting as she glanced at Jeremiah. She thought, 'This guy has made the title stick to me.' Jeremiah innocently raised an eyebrow, looking as if he knew nothing. He had quite a roguish vibe.

Wyatt froze for a few seconds when he heard those two words, a sharp glint crossing his eyes.

He knew clearly that even if Andrew and Jeremiah were very close, without Jeremiah's consent, Andrew wouldn't dare to call Yvette that.

Wyatt looked at Yvette with added caution and respect. As the future matriarch of the Chavez family, he could not afford to underestimate Yvette.

Wyatt smiled and said, "Mr. Chavez, Ms. Zeller."

Jeremiah's face was calm and indifferent, responding only with an unspoken "Hmm."

Yvette gave a polite nod in recognition, saying, "Hello, Mr. Langford."

Wyatt's smile became a bit more sincere when he realized that although Yvette appeared aloof and proud, as long as one didn't provoke her, she was quite courteous.

She is a good child,' Wyatt thought.

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Zane was directly promoted by Wyatt.

Since Daniel's downfall, Jonathan, who had been conspiring with Daniel, was also found guilty of various corruption and bribery charges, resulting in his removal.

Zane wisely stayed silent behind Wyatt, not wanting to disturb them.

He didn't know the man and woman in front, but seeing Wyatt's respectful attitude, he was more than surprised and realized that these three individuals were influential,

Wyatt turned his head and glanced at Zane, prompting him to move a little closer.

Wyatt took the initiative to introduce Zane to Jeremiah, partly due to his motives.

Zane was one of Wyatt's faction members, and Wyatt had high hopes for Zane, even considering taking Zane to Betrico in the future. Introducing Zane to Jeremiah and leaving a good impression was a rare opportunity not everyone had.

"Mr. Chavez, this is Zane Chappell, the chief of the Seacuity Police Department. He's leading the investigation into Mr. Chambers's car accident," Wyatt said.

Zane quickly chimed in, "Mr. Chavez, nice to meet you. I'm Zane Chappell."

Even Andrew could notice Wyatt's little schemes, let alone Jeremiah and Yvette.

Jeremiah nodded slightly, his face expressionless. He simply replied, "Hmm."

Zane was already quite satisfied. Even Wyatt only got a one-word reply from Jeremiah. Zane felt satisfied to receive the same reply.

Jeremiah turned slightly towards Yvette, lowering his voice in a deeply magnetic way.

"Did we leave the milkshake in the car?" Jeremiah asked.

Yvette's eyes were downcast. Upon hearing this, she lifted her head a bit, her profile breathtakingly beautiful.

She raised an eyebrow. In the sweltering heat, her voice was calm enough to soothe a restless heart.

"Yes," Yvette said.

As soon as Andrew heard this, he offered to go back to the car to get it for Yvette.

Jeremiah glanced at Andrew. With a calm tone, Jeremiah said, "No need, I'll go myself," then he added to Yvette, "Wait for me."

Yvette slipped one hand into her pocket and stood there casually and lazily, nodding at his words.

“Alright,” Yvette said.

Andrew stood next to them, thinking, ‘I feel a sourness that could’ve made my teeth fall out. I could say that it is indeed Mr. Chavez, who’d ditch friends for a romantic interest without a second thought.’

Even though Wyati had already seen Jeremiah’s behavior towards Yvette a few times, he couldn’t help but think that even the toughest man couldn’t escape love.

Jeremiah quickly returned with a milkshake.

They entered the police station one after the other.

Zane, at the back, felt he needed to ask about the identities of the three, especially Jeremiah. So he quickened his step to catch up with Wyatt.

He asked in a low voice, afraid that someone might overhear, “Wyatt, is Mr. Chavez from Betrico?”

Wyatt turned his head, his face serious, and nodded slightly.

After the uproar caused by Daniel last time, most people at the police station already knew about Jeremiah’s identity, so there was no point hiding it anymore.

Wyatt glanced at the three people in front: handsome men and beautiful women, all with incredibly high status. They had. money, power, and status. They were all people at the top of the pyramid.

“Jeremiah, the leading figure of the Chavez family for three generations, the grandson whom Mr. Jase Chavez values most highly. He’s also the youngest general in Clusia. You must have noticed the girl with Mr. Chavez, but she has another identity. Have you heard of Cyanbird?” Wyatt said.

Zane took a deep breath to calm himself, though his voice was still slightly unsettled. He never imagined meeting someone as significant as Jeremiah in his lifetime.

‘How could someone like me, a small-time police station chief, have any connection with such an important figure?’ Zane thought.

“Cyanbird? Are you talking about that mysterious painter who’s been the most high-profile internationally in recent years? I’ve heard of her. My brother-in-law is into art and admires her. He constantly mentions her name to us. Why did you suddenly bring her up?” Zane asked.

Wyatt stared at Zane, with a look that plainly said, "How can you be so clueless?"

In the next moment, Zane stiffly raised his head, his voice trembling a little as he stammered out a few words, "Are you saying that the daughter the Chambers family found is the world-famous Cyanbird?"

Wyatt nodded, his expression serious.

"Yes, Mr. Chavez's girlfriend, who the Chambers family had lost for over twenty years, is the girl who just stood in front of you-Cyanbird herself," Wyatt said.

At this moment, Zane didn't know how to describe his emotions,

"These two big shots are truly something else. Their identities are astonishingly intimidating,' Zane thought.

He felt cold sweat breaking out all over him despite the hot summer day.

Having reached this point in his questioning, Zane pointed to Andrew, who had been talking non-stop beside them.

"Wyatt, who is this?" Zane asked.

Wyatt glanced at Andrew ahead, his tone softening a bit.

"Well, that's Andrew, the most beloved grandson of Betrico's Arnold family head, and the son of Tim Arnold," Wyatt said.

Zane wiped the sweat from his forehead, thinking, 'What a relief! At least this identity isn't so frightening anymore!

After wiping once more, he finally realized. Who was Tim Arnold?

Zane swallowed hard, looking at Wyatt, asking, "The Tim Arnold you are talking about, is he the Commander of the Betrico Military District?"

Wyatt nodded.

Zane finally understood why Wyatt had come in person to interrogate a truck driver.

Even for a police station chief like Zane, this accident case was beyond his jurisdiction. Why had Wyatt set aside his political responsibilities to manage it personally?

The victim, Zachary, was expected to become the in-law of the future senior leader.

'How could I justify myself if we don't get any answers from this interrogation?' Zane thought.

Originally, Zane was about to suggest to Wyatt to head back, and he would send someone to do a routine questioning and call it a day.

Fortunately, Zane kept his mouth shut. It was like saving his own life.

As Jeremiah, Yvette, and Andrew walked into the room, the entire office suddenly fell silent.

Bystanders were amazed by the trio's stunning looks. Meanwhile, the police officers were all completely stunned.

They couldn't forget these three, especially Jeremiah. Back then, Jeremiah's military uniform with a Major General insignia was unforgettable.

Just one day later, Daniel and Jonathan were both arrested. Everyone knew it was because of the girl standing in front of them.

Andrew wasn't unfamiliar either. He was the one who dragged Daniel's reputation through the mud.

The police officers were surprised to see Wyatt in the morning. Now, seeing Jeremiah, Yvette, and Andrew appear together really scared them.

Suddenly, a man stepped out from the side. It was Lachlan, the experienced cop who had questioned Yvette last time.

After Yvette gave Lachlan a prescription, and he took it as directed, his health improved remarkably. Even the rheumatism he had since his younger days got better. His back no longer ached, and his legs didn't hurt anymore.

Lachlan never got the chance to thank Yvette, and he didn't expect her to be back at the police station.

Lachlan was out on duty, unaware of Zachary's car accident.

Seeing Yvette, Lachlan was clearly excited and eagerly spoke to her, "Ms. Zeller, what brings you here? Is there something you need? I have to tell you, the medicine you gave me last time worked wonders. I'm feeling fantastic!"

Lachlan was truly thrilled, his eyes fixed only on Yvette, completely ignoring Jeremiah and Andrew who were right there.

After finishing his sentence, Lachlan finally saw Jeremiah standing to the side, making his heart skip a beat. He quickly bowed his head and said, "General."

The mention of the General left the bystanders and some of the detainees in shock.

It was uncommon to see someone of such rank outside of a TV screen, now standing right before them. Who wouldn't be confused?

A few petty thieves, feeling guilty, dropped their tough act and kept silent.

Yvette glanced calmly at Lachlan and spoke in a leisurely manner. "Just handling some business. You're in good shape now, so you can stop taking the medicine."

Lachlan was beaming with joy.

Even though the medicine-worked, it was traditional medicine and it was bitter. When Yvette said he could stop taking it, he was overjoyed and nodded eagerly, excited to finally quit. "Alright, alright, I'll stop as soon as I get home, Ms. Zeller," Lachlan said.