

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 221

Yvette was now the esteemed eldest daughter of the Chambers family, the one everyone wanted to be around. Winona was just leaning on the Carter family's support, but that didn't mean she felt any sense of security. Winona wasn't foolish either: she knew this was not the time to pick a fight with Yvette.

Family vacation packages

After a brief pause, she shifted her tone, trying to sound friendly again. What could she possibly say to Yvette? All she could do was swallow her pride and turn to Yulia, saying, "Mom, let's get out of here."

Yulia was just as eager to leave and quickly agreed, "Alright, let's go!"

They wanted to downplay the situation and escape the clothing store without Yvette noticing. Their attempt to leave in such a hurry left everyone watching feeling completely embarrassed. Who could have imagined that Winona, who just moments ago was demanding others kneel to apologize, would now be boling for the door? Talk about a dramatic turnaround!

The onlookers quickly realized that the beautiful girls who had just walked in were no ordinary folks.

Yulia and Winona exchanged glances, wordlessly agreeing to leave together.

Winona, who had just claimed her stomach hurt, was now sprinting for the exit. Yulia struggled to keep up with her.

Just as they were about to push the door open, a soft but unsettling laugh echoed behind them. It sent chills down their spines, and they instinctively pushed the door harder. Suddenly-bang! A bullet whizzed past Winona's ear and lodged itself in the wall, grazing a strand of her hair.

Winona stood frozen, horrified, and unable to move. Her face turned pale, her fingers clenched tightly, and her body trembled uncontrollably.

Yulia was just as shocked. She turned around in disbelief, staring at Yvette, who was casually holding a sleek black pistol

Why on earth does Yvette have a gun? Who is she, really?

In the next instant, the entire clothing store erupted into screams, but no one dared to move.

These were all wealthy ladies-none of them had ever witnessed something like this before

The pointy-faced salesgirl, standing closest to Yvette, watched in shock as Yvette pulled the gun from her pocket and fired it without hesitation.

Witnessing the whole thing, the salesgirl collapsed to the ground, feeling utterly breathless.

If she had known that the girl trying on clothes just moments ago had such powerful backing, she would never have helped Winona humiliate her.

“Just shut the hell up,” Yvette said, her voice calm but carrying a weight that silenced the chaos around her. The stare fell eerily quiet, and everyone held their breath in fear. Bonnie, however, was unfazed by it all. She stared wide-eyed, enveloped

her? in Yvette’s cool, confident aura. She thought, ‘Oh my God, Yvette looks so bada***! What do I need to do to marry

Yvette lounged back, propping her chin on her hand, her cold white fingers idly spinning the pistol. “Everyone else, get out,” she ordered.

The shoppers froze for a moment, processing her command before scrambling to flee the store. The pointy-faced salesgirl braced herself, wanting to slip away. But when Yvette shot her an indifferent glance, her heart sank. There was no warmth in Yvette’s eyes, making the salesgirl freeze and slump back down, too scared to move.

Three minutes later, the clothing store was cleared out. Besides Winona and Yulia, who stood at the door watching everyone else flee, the only other person left was the pointy-faced salesgirl, who was now sitting on the ground, fooking defeated. Bonnie stood tall, while Yvette lounged casually on the sofa, gun still in hand.

Winona’s heart raced as she stared at the weapon. Yvette actually had a gun? Winona couldn’t believe it-she never thought Yvette would be bold enough to pull one out in public. Was she crazy? Yvette began to play with the gun, her dark eyebrows slightly furrowing as an air of lension filled the room. Her deep, intense gaze sent waves of panic through everyone present. “Who called for this?” she asked, her voice low, Bonnie hesitated for a moment, then pointed at Winona, who was clutching her stomach. “Yvette, she did it,” she said, glancing over at the pointy-faced girl, who looked completely out of it.

“And her too. She said I stained the clothes in their store, but I was super careful when I tried them on. The pointy-faced girl, finally snapping back to reality, started to panic. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! It was all Winona’s idea. She made me set you up! Please don’t blame me! Just let me go!” Crying and pleading, she seemed desperate to escape the situation.

Winona, however, shot her a cold look and snapped. "You're the one who tried to impress me. Don't bite the hand that feeds you!" It was like watching a dog fight-complete chaos.

Yvette slowly turned her head, a small smirk playing at her lips as her voice turned soft but heavy. "So, Winona hit you. What are you going to do about it?"

She lowered her head and asked earnestly, "If I call her back, will it hurt her baby?" Yvette paused for a couple of seconds, a faint smile crossing her delicate features. "No, it won't change anything

Hearing that eased Bonnie's mind. Bonnie was innocent; she couldn't let anything happen to it. Bonnie cracked her knuckles as she walked toward Winona. Under Winona's furious gaze, she raised her right hand and slapped her hard, saying, "This slap is for you. Winona's face instantly turned red, with five clear handprints visible.

Covering her face. Winona shot Bonnie a nasty look, cursing her under her breath. This was Bonnie's first time slapping someone, and she could feel her heart racing. As Winona opened her mouth to respond, Bonnie landed a second slap, quick and fierce. "Winona, remember this: No one is born better than anyone else. We can't choose where we come from, but that doesn't mean you rich folks can just abuse and trample over ordinary people like us. We all breathe the same air; who's really better than who?"

Bonnie's actions surprised everyone in the room, including Yvette, who raised her eyebrows in mild shock before a satisfied smirk crept onto her face. Bonnie turned to Yvette and grinned. Hitting people is definitely an art form. My hand hurts like hell, though!"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 222

Bonnie's two slaps instantly left Winona's face red and swollen. Bonnie knew just how much strength she had put into them -if Winona's face had not swelled up, it wouldn't have been fair. Everyone says you should repay kindness with kindness and be generous, but Bonnie believed that unless you've gone through someone else's struggles, you shouldn't preach to them about being good. Not many people know the rest of that saying: "If you endure my suffering, you might not have my kindness."

The hatred in Winona's eyes intensified as she touched her swollen face. In a fit of rage, she screamed, "Bonnie, you b***h! Why are you hitting me? What? Yvette, if you've got the guts, kill me! Go on, take me out with you!" Winona didn't dare approach. All she could do was stare at Yvette, who was lounging on the sofa while shouting at Bonnie, who had just stepped back

Yulia was taken aback by Winona's wild behavior and stumbled back a couple of steps. Where was the elegant and gentle Winona she knew? This was clearly a woman losing her mind. She feared Yvette might actually retaliate, so she quickly pulled at Qi Nan's

arm. Winona was already spiraling into madness, and Bonnie's two slaps had pushed her over the edge. Yulia managed to grab Winona's wrist, but Winona shook her of

Yulia, in her high-heeled shoes, lost her balance thanks to Winona's shove and fell hard to the ground.

The pointy-faced salesgirl, seeing this unfold, crawled away, regretting her earlier decisions.

Winona looked at Yulia with disdain. What a useless person-if Yulia had been more competent, she wouldn't have had to take those two slaps..

Ignoring Yulia, Winona held her stomach, trying to regain a bit of composure. She bit her lip and clenched her sleeves. "Yvette, even if you're leaning on someone powerful, so many people in that big crowd saw you pull a gun. Just wait until the police show up. You're done for

Yvette lounged back with her legs crossed, twirling the sleek black gun in her hand. Raising an eyebrow, she rested her chin on her hand, her eyes dark and deep as she regarded Winona with a mix of disdain and amusement. "Oh? Is that so?"

Seeing Yvette's fearless demeanor, Winona gritted her teeth in frustration.

What was she even counting on! Did she really think Zachary could save her from this mess? For all she knew, he might already be dead, Did Yvette have any idea? How could she be so sure? What Winona found most unsettling was Yvette's calmness, like a mountain that wouldn't budge no matter what came crashing down.

Bonnie felt a bit worried after hearing Winona's outburst. This wasn't a small issue, but she also didn't believe Yvette would pull the trigger without reason.

Meanwhile, Yulia, still on the ground and wincing from her ankle, watched as Winona continued to provoke Yvette. Despite the pain, she managed to stand up. "Winona, just shut up! Do you really want Yvette to get angry and come after you? Do you even care about your kid or not?"

Winona shot her a cold glance, clearly not pleased with Yulia either. She had a sharp, sarcastic tone. "Mom, Yvette pulled the gun first! Even if the baby gets hurt, it's on you for not protecting me!"

Yulia choked out, her face turning red and her hands shaking.

Winona couldn't believe how shameless her daughter was. She struggled to find something to say in response.

Seeing Yulla's expression gave Winona a little boost of confidence. She straightened up and pretended to cradle her stomach, a wicked thought popping into her head. What if this kid could actually save her? Going to jail wouldn't be so bad if she could get out of this mess.

After all, she could always have more kids. Robert had turned his back on her, and even if he couldn't help, there would always be another chance. But getting one over on Yvette? That was a rare opportunity.

Bonnie noticed Winona's sudden excitement and leaned in closer to Yvette. "Yvette, is it just me, or is Winona acting a little crazy?"

Yvette half-closed her eyes, looking up with a glint in them, a small smile tugging at her lips. She didn't respond, though.

Winona clenched her fists as if she had made up her mind.

She glanced at Yvette, ready to hurl some insults to provoke her. But Yvette seemed to anticipate her move; she turned the gun in her hand and pointed it straight at Winona. Bang! The bidlet zipped past Winona's left cheek and hit the wall, just Two centimeters away.

Winona struggled to keep her cool, her body trembling uncontrollably. "You..."

Before she could finish, another bullet fired from the gun. This time, it grazed past Qin Nan's left foot, again missing by just a couple of centimeters.

Winona tried to steady herself. If Yvette shot again, she'd just pretend to fall. She was sure that if she played her cards right, she could convince everyone that she couldn't keep the baby. Robert and Victor wouldn't let Zhou off easy.

Winona sat there, heart racing, quietly waiting for the next shot. Yulia, who had initially tried to protect Winona, was now curled up on the ground, holding her head, too scared to look up. The three pointy-faced girls were so (rightened they looked like they might lose control.

Yvette's expression remained as cold and emotionless as ever. "So, you're willing to use your kid as leverage?" Hearing this, Winona shook her head immediately, desperate to deny it. "I didn't! Don't slander me. You won't get away with this!"

Wette slowly smiled, her voice soft and steady. "Not important)

"What do you mean? Winona thought for a moment before realizing what was about to happen. Yvette's pistol was now aimed straight at her heart. Winona froze, cold sweat starting to trickle down her back. She had intended to provoke Yvette into a corner with the child angle, but she didn't expect to find herself in this position.

Winona, trying to save face, piped up. "You don't dare! This is the Seacurity! If you kill me, you're finished. You wouldn't dare! Don't scare me anymore!"

Even as she spoke, Winona felt her courage fading. She was shaking. If she pretended to fall now, while Yvette might not be directly responsible, she would still be indirectly to blame..

At the end of the day, Winona was just scared of dying and feared that Yvette might actually want her dead.

Just as Winona was about to make her move, loud footsteps echoed from the distance, coming from the clothing store. Suddenly, about thirty people in SWAT uniforms rushed through the door.

The female pointy-faced salesgirl spotted the rescue team and crawled toward them, shouting, "Police! The police are here! Help! Someone has a gun! She's shooting!" Her words were a jumbled mess.

Yulia, who was closest to the door, was shocked. With all her might, she pushed the door open and bolted outside.

But Winona didn't seem in a hurry to leave. She glared at Yvette, her expression venomous as she cradled her stomach. "Yvette, let's see how you get out of this one. You can't escape this time. I won't let you go!"

Bonnie was terrified by the sudden arrival of the SWAT team but did her best to stay calm. She turned to Yvette and said. "Yvette, this all started because of me. I'll take responsibility for Yvette, barely paying attention, yawned lazily and rubbed her head. "It's just a little thing; I don't need you to step in."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 223

Yvette walked out with one hand in her pocket, leading Bonnie at a leisurely pace. Behind them, Winona's venomous gaze followed closely. I didn't expect to run into someone I know right after stepping out, Yvette thought.

The police had just received a report of a shooting in Skyline Plaza. As soon as Zane heard about it, he couldn't sit still. 'Who would be bold enough to wave a gun around in broad daylight in Skyline Plaza I need to see who this fearless fool is, Zane thought.

Yvette stepped out, and Zane was surprised to see her. I didn't expect her to be here, but then again, she might have just been shopping and got caught up in this mess, Zane thought.

Zane quickly unholstered his gun and approached Yvette, not hiding his actions from the onlookers. His attitude was nothing but courteous. "Ms. Zeller, you're here too. Did the criminal hurt you? Do you need to go to the hospital for a check-up?"

Zane's overly solicitous manner made the sharp-faced saleswoman who had just run out even more hesitant to speak, trembling with fear,

Yulia's expression was a mix of emotions, hard to put into words. So that's why Yvette dared to act this way-she has the backing of the Chief of Security Police Department, Yulia thought.

Bonnie's lips twitched as she debated whether to tell Zane that the 'criminal' was right in front of him.

Zane, seeing that Yvette wasn't speaking, assumed she was scared. He didn't press further and instead bellowed with authority, "Where is the criminal? Surrender immediately and drop your weapon!"

Yvette half-lowered her eyes, then lifted her head. She remained silent for a couple of seconds, her blue eyes expressionless, and her voice devoid of emotion. "I'm here."

Zane said, "I know, Ms. Zeller, you're here. What does this have to do with you? Don't worry, I'll make sure to catch this criminal and bring them to justice."

Yvette rubbed her temples. "I'm telling you, the 'criminal' you're looking for is me. Let's go."

Zane turned around in disbelief. His face changed several times in a few seconds, looking almost comical. He cleared his throat and gave Yvette a look that said, "You can't be serious. I'm not falling for this."

Yvette flexed her wrist and glanced at Zane. "Aren't you here to arrest me? Let's not waste any more time."

Zane's face turned pale. He looked at the sharp-faced saleswoman who had just run out and asked, "Did Ms. Zeller really fire the gun?" The saleswoman shook her head frantically, muttering, "Don't ask me, I don't know anything." Then Zane turned to Yulia for confirmation, "What about you?" Yulia cautiously glanced at Yvette. She wasn't sure if she should speak up. The scene of Yvette holding a gun still had her shaken, and she was a bit intimidated by Yvette,

Neither of them could provide any useful information, and Zane felt his headache intensifying 'Ms. Zeller wouldn't joke about something like this, would she? So, should I arrest her or not? This is such a tricky situation Zane thought.

Just then, Winona hung up her phone and walked out. Seeing the police, she clutched her head and made a decision. 'Even if I can't frame Yvette with the child, I can't let her off so easily, Winona thought. She was already pale from the shock and fainted dramatically, making sure to fall in a way that wouldn't harm her stomach. Before fainting, she put on a show of being terrified of Yvette, pointing at her and pleading, "Please, don't hurt my baby. Please, officer, she has a gun. Arrest her, quickly!"

Winona collapsed to the ground, unconscious. This time, Yulia didn't step forward; instead, she lowered her head, deep in thought. This must be another one of Winona's acts, Yulia thought

Yulia now had an inexplicable fear of Winona. She suspected that what Yvette had said earlier might be true. 'If Winona really planned to use her unborn child to frame Yvette, that's just too terrifying. A person who can use their own child as a pawn? I can't even imagine it. Yulia thought, shivering at the idea.

Now, Zane was the one feeling the pressure. He had originally intended to catch the criminal to enhance his record, but now he found himself in a difficult position. I'm really stuck between rock and a hard place, Zane thought.

Zane sighed as he looked at Yvette, who stood there with one hand in her pocket, looking completely nonchalant. 'She really doesn't fear anything with Mr. Chavez backing her, does she? But it's broad daylight, and we can't just let this slide without giving the public an explanation. Fortunately, he had already evacuated the area, which turned out to be a good move. However, Yvette had presented him with a major dilemma. The thirty SWAT officers were also standing there, looking confused. Where are the terrorists? Just one woman? This is ridiculous, they thought. The situation became increasingly awkward, to the point where even Winona, who was lying on the ground pretending to be unconscious, was being ignored.

Winona had no idea what was going on. 'Why haven't they arrested Yvette yet? What are these police waiting for?' She couldn't just wake up now; that would look too fake. So, she lay there, shivering and motionless, silently cursing Yvette and the incompetent police. One of the SWAT officers, seeing Winona on the ground, quickly dialed 911 and then approached Zane, saluting. "Mr. Chappell, should we arrest this 'criminal' immediately?"

The other SWAT officers collectively twitched their eyes. Young and fearless, huh? Can't you see Mr. Chappell clearly doesn't want to arrest this 'criminal?'

Zane smiled at the young SWAT officer, gritted his teeth, and then turned to Yvette, asked in a polite tone, "Ms. Zeller, could you come with us? Don't worry, we won't wrong a good person. We'll make sure you don't suffer any injustice

Lying on the ground, Winona's fingers tightened into a fist.

Yvette nodded, her words brief and to the point. She turned to Bonnie and said, "You should go back first." Bonnie shook her head firmly. Even though she didn't know how Yvette would get out of this, she couldn't leave her alone at a time like this. "Yvette, I'm not going. Let me stay with you. This whole thing started because of me, so I should go to the police station and explain everything myself."

Yvette thought, this girl is really stubborn, but it's better to have her by my side. At least I won't be alone. Yvette raised an elegant eyebrow, her gaze fixed on Bonnie for a few seconds. "Fine." She then turned back to Zane and said, "Let's go."

Zane nodded repeatedly, relieved that Yvette was cooperating. They could sort things out once they got to the station. The young SWAT officer asked, as per protocol, "Mr. Chappell, should we handcuff the suspect?"

Yvette paused, giving the two of them a half-smirk. Zane really wanted to kick this young SWAT officer, 'Who the heck brought this moron to the station? It must be one of my political rivals trying to ruin my career, he thought.

Zane couldn't lose his temper, so he kept a straight face and said with forced patience, "No, we don't need that. The situation isn't clear yet. Don't jump to conclusions. As police officers, we can't just believe one side of the story, got it?"

Yvette left, escorted by Zane. But it was more like she was politely asked to leave. In the mall, only Yulia and the woman with the sharp features remained, along with Winona lying on the ground. Soon, the ambulance arrived, Winona continued to play possum, partly to further enrage Robert and Victor, hoping they would stand up for her. Just a moment ago, while Yvette was out, I called Robert and Victor, she thought. They should be arriving any minute now."

At the Seacurity Hospital, the old butler, Lucas, was carrying a tray of nutritious food, preparing to head up to the fifth floor. Zachary had just woken up and needed to regain his strength. As he reached the hospital entrance, he saw a stretcher being unloaded from an ambulance. He took a closer look, and to his surprise, he recognized the person on the stretcher. It was Winona, the fake Ms. Chambers he had served for over twenty years.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 224

Lucas walked past with a poker face, but his mind was racing. 'Everyone in Seacurity's high society knows about Winona's pregnancy. I wonder if something went wrong, he thought.

Yulia, who had followed the ambulance, also spotted Lucas. She felt a bit awkward, thinking about Winona's current status. "After all, Winona is the result of Nellie's affair. She's just a bastard child. I don't know what kind of karma our Carter family has to end up with her, she thought.

In the VIP ward, a group of doctors were conducting a more detailed examination at Zachary's bedside.

As the attending physician, Harold was, of course, present. After a thorough examination, the doctors exchanged glances. Harold, looking at the still-weak Zachary with multiple external injuries, said, "Mr. Chambers, the blood clot in your brain has dissipated. Apart from the external injuries, there are no major issues. With some rest and regular medication changes, you should be able to leave the hospital in about a week."

Zachary was weak but his mind was clear. He vividly remembered the incident. The car he was in had experienced brake failure mid-journey. The driver had already found a safe spot to aim for, and even if they crashed, it wouldn't have been too serious. But suddenly, a large truck came barreling towards them like a madman, and then everything went black.

'As an experienced driver, I know I shouldn't have such minor injuries. This doesn't add up. Could it be that fate itself saved me?' Zachary thought.

He touched the bandage on his head and looked up at Harold, speaking sincerely. "Dr. Anderson, Seacurity Hospital truly lives up to its reputation as the best hospital in the city. You are an outstanding doctor. Thank you so much for pulling me back from the brink of death"

Harold and the other doctors behind him suddenly had odd expressions on their faces. Harold's face turned a bit red, as he was the one who had been put in an awkward position. Zachary noticed their silence and wondered if he had said something wrong. After a moment, one of the doctors, a man in his early thirties, spoke up, "Mr. Chambers, are you aware that your surgery wasn't performed by Dr. Anderson?"

Zachary was taken aback and shook his head. "I'm sorry, I just woke up. I'm not quite sure what happened."

Harold put away his stethoscope and carefully explained, "Mr. Chambers, I didn't perform your surgery. After examining you, I didn't feel confident enough to handle it. The success rate was too low, so..."

Zachary, still puzzled, thought, 'What's the big deal? It's just a different doctor. But who could have done it if even Harold couldn't?' He looked at the other doctors, who all seemed quite young. "If not Dr. Anderson, then who did it? I need to know. I want to thank the person who saved my life."

Harold paused for a moment, looking at Zachary with some confusion. Seeing that Zachary genuinely seemed unaware, he said, "Mr. Chambers, your life was saved by your daughter, Ms. Zeller."

Zachary was completely bewildered. He thought he must have misheard. In disbelief, he asked again. "What did you say? You mean Yvette performed the surgery and saved me?"

Harold nodded seriously. It sounded like a fairy tale, but he had witnessed it himself. "And Ms. Zeller didn't use a scalpel; she used traditional medicine."

Zachary lowered his head for a moment, then raised it with a proud smile, his entire demeanor brightening "Wow, I had no idea Yvette knew traditional medicine. She never mentioned it. But you might not know, she's like that-she knows a lot of things but never talks about them. She's always so humble. I should have a talk with her, don't you think?"

Zachary's words made the doctors want to punch him. He was the epitome of top-tier humblebragging. Did he even realize how annoying he sounded?

Harold's mouth twitched, and he instructed Zachary to rest before leaving. He was afraid he might actually hit Zachary if he stayed any longer. Zachary would be in the hospital for a while, and he could always find an opportunity to speak with Yvette later.

As Harold and the other doctors reached the door, they ran into the old butler, Lucas, who was carrying a tray of food. They exchanged greetings, and Lucas entered the room. Seeing Zachary sitting on the bed with a silly grin, he wondered, 'Is Mr. Chambers' brain really back to normal?'

Lucas respectfully set down the food and handed Zachary a pair of chopsticks. "Mr. Chambers, I just saw Winona being brought in on a stretcher at the hospital entrance."

Zachary paused, holding the chopsticks. He took a sip of chicken soup, his expression darkening, a stark contrast to his earlier happiness. "Hmm," he said coldly.

Lucas, sensing the mood, didn't say anything more.

Zachary put down his bowl and stared at Lucas. "Harold said Yvette saved me? Tell me exactly what happened."

On the third floor of the hospital, in room 305, Yulia was sitting on the sofa while Winona lay on the bed, still pretending to be unconscious. Both were waiting for Robert and Victor to arrive. After another ten minutes, the door to the room finally opened. Winona's heart leapt with joy, but she continued to feign unconsciousness, waiting for the right moment.

Robert and Victor had come straight from the company. Victor, for some reason, had recently insisted on interning at the company, which Robert was more than happy to allow. This gave him ample time to be alone with Winona.

When they received Winona's call, they were in a meeting. They immediately rushed to the hospital. It was clear to anyone that Robert was more anxious than Victor, his anger and worry barely concealed

At the door, Victor saw his father's eagerness and couldn't help but smirk, his eyes filled with mockery. "Dad is really in a hurry, he thought. He then composed himself and followed Robert into the room.

Yulia stood up as soon as she saw them. "Mr. Carter, Victor, you're here."

Robert didn't even glance at her, he went straight to the bedside, looked at the pale-faced Winona, and anxiously asked Yulia, "What happened? Weren't you guys just shopping? How did someone end up with a gun? "Winona couldn't make it clear on the phone. What does this have to do with Yvette? Tell the exactly what happened!"

Yulia was taken aback by Robert's questioning. She noticed that ever since Winona's pregnancy, Robert had been acting very differently, showing an unusual amount of concern for her. 'He never seemed this interested in kids before, she thought.

Victor didn't move forward; he stood next to Yulia; his eyes fixed on Robert with a hint of hostility. After Robert's anxious questioning, he noticed the looks on their faces and quickly explained, "Is the baby in Winona's womb, okay? This is our Carter family's precious grandchild."

Yulia then put away her suspicious look. She figured Robert must be so worried about Winona's pregnancy that he was acting out of character. Yulia suspected that Winona was faking unconsciousness, but she didn't want to say it outright. Instead, she relayed what the doctor had just said, "The baby is fine. They've checked, and the baby is okay Winona should be waking up soon

Robert was now the one who looked a bit stunned. He knew how much Yulia cared about the baby; her indifferent tone was unexpected. She shouldn't be this calm, he thought.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 225

Victor glanced at Winona lying on the bed, showing no intention of moving closer. He turned to Yulia and asked, "Mom

what exactly happened? Winona said you ran into Yvette? And that Yvette had a gun and almost hurt her?"

Yulia's face fell, and she remained silent for a moment before lething out a cold hum. She was about to explain when Winona slowly opened her eyes, timing it perfectly. "Ah Help met Don't kill me, please! I have a baby in my womb!"

Yulia's words were cut off. Robert, seeing that Winona was awake, reached out to embrace her. Winona reacted quickly, pulling back and giving Robert a look. Robert's expression froze, and he awkwardly retracted his hand, stepping back to avoid suspicion. He then turned to Victor and said, "Come here, check on your wife. What are you waiting for? Winona is so scared; don't you want to comfort her?"

Victor's fingers tightened, and after a few seconds, he stepped forward, addressing Winona with a lukewarm tone, "Are you okay?"

Winona felt wronged. How could Victor treat her like this? Even Robert and Yulia noticed his coldness. Winona couldn't get angry, so she spoke softly. "Victor, I'm so scared," and then started to cry, tears streaming down her face.

Victor's gaze was icy, his lips pressed into a thin line, and his expression was cold. He stared at the crying Winona and said, "Stop crying. What exactly happened?"

Winona's face stiffened, and her hands under the blanket clenched so tightly that her knuckles turned white. "Dad, Victor, Mom and I were shopping at Skyline Plaza today when we ran into Yvette and Bonnie. After a few heated words, Yvette pulled out a gun and almost killed me and the baby. You have to help me!" She continued to sob, secretly watching their reactions. As expected, Robert and Victor's faces darkened instantly.

Robert kicked the stool by his feet and shouted, "What kind of person is Yvette? How did she get a gun? How could she be so cruel, especially when you're pregnant? Does she think no one can stop her? Where is she now? Didn't you say you called the police?"

Winona wiped her tears and answered, "Yes, the police came and took her away. But it seems Yvette knows the officer who arrested her, and they seem to be on good terms. I'm afraid he might protect her. Dad, you and Victor should go okay? We need to make sure Yvette is punished."

The last sentence was said with particular emphasis, her teeth gritted and her expression vicious, but it only lasted a moment. Only Yulia, who had been watching her, noticed the fleeting look. Robert and Victor didn't see it.

Victor remained silent; his eyes filled with sarcasm as he looked at Winona. "From what I know, Yvette is bold, but she doesn't meddle in things that don't concern her. She wouldn't just pull a gun on you for no reason. What exactly did you do?"

Winona looked up in disbelief, her red, tearful eyes full of accusation, as if she had been deeply wounded. "How can you speak up for Yvette? Are you saying I was the one causing trouble? Victor, how could you say such a thing? I'm carrying your child, and you're taking the side of an outsider over me?" She said, looking as if she might faint again.

Robert, seeing this, quickly stepped forward and pushed Victor aside, scolding him, "What are you doing? Even if Winona was in the wrong. Yvette shouldn't have pulled a gun! Come with me to the police station. I want to see which officer is on good terms with her and dares to protect her. This is outrageous. Who does that officer think he is, trying to run things in Secrecy?"

He carefully helped Winona back into bed and then started to leave the room. Victor gritted his teeth and followed, though reluctantly. Yulia, who hadn't had a chance to speak, tried to stop them. Before she could take two steps, Winona called out to her, her expression dark. "Mom, where are you going?"

Yulia turned to look at her. "Winona, why don't you tell the truth? You were the one who started the trouble and slapped that girl. That's why Yvette pulled a gun."

Winona let out a mocking laugh and smoothed her disheveled hair. "Mom, I advise you not to meddle. The fact is that Yvette pulled a gun on me that's all you need to know."

Yulia didn't want to listen to Winona's twisted arguments and was about to follow Robert and Victor to explain the truth. Winona, however, had no intention of letting Yulia ruin her plans. "Mom, I'm hungry. Could you please go home and make me some Rib Soup?" As she spoke, she picked up a fruit knife and made a few threatening gestures towards her belly. Yulia immediately understood the threat. "You're a madwoman, Winona. You're completely insane."

Feeling that she might lose her mind if she stayed any longer, Yulia quickly left the room. Behind her, Winona's eerie laughter echoed. Yulia couldn't bring herself to tell Robert and Victor the truth; she was afraid Winona would actually harm the baby. Reluctantly, she headed home to make the soup.

At the police station, Zane brought Yvette back. He glanced at the cute, round-faced girl following Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, what should we do with this young lady? Should she wait in the lobby or in my office?"

Bonnie, seeing the familiar lobby and hearing Zane's words, realized that Yvette was probably here for another visit, just like last time.

On the way. Bonnie had learned that Zane was the Chief of the Police Station. However, she was already used to seeing important figures around Yvette. She stepped forward, her demeanor sweet and polite, and said to Zane, "Sir, it's okay. You don't need to worry about me. I can wait in the lobby. I'm pretty familiar with this place."

Zane smiled and nodded, then glanced at Yvette, who had a completely blank expression. He lowered his voice and said, "Ms. Zeller, could you go to the restroom and give Mr. Chavez a call? Asked him to come over. Otherwise, this situation will be really hard to handle. If Mr. Chavez is here, we'll have a reason to let them go, right?"

Yveté raised her eyes and looked at Zane, giving him a deep, indifferent glance. Her voice was low and casual. “No need. Let’s just go to the interrogation room.”

Zane paused, then quickly replied, “Ms. Zeller, you must be joking. What interrogation room? Just go to my office and wait for Mr. Chavez. You probably haven’t had lunch yet, right? There’s a great place nearby. I can have someone bring it back. How can you explain things clearly on an empty stomach?”

Bonnie thought, Wow, the service at the police station is top-notch. They even offer food. So considerate! She patted her small belly and spoke up timidly. “Um, Sir, could you get me a meal too? Anything will do, just a simple box lunch.

Zane was taken aback. ‘Is this girl for real?’

Yvette tilted her head and asked in a fond tone, “Hungry?” Bonnie nodded vigorously. “Yvette, I’m a bit hungry.” Yvette turned back to Zane and said politely, “Could you please order some takeout for my friend? I’ll pay for it.”

Zane was surprised by how kind Yvette was to this girl. Their friendship is so strong, even 1, a rough man, am envious!

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 226

Zane nodded and then called over a young officer, instructing him to go out and buy some food. He thoughtfully asked if there were any dietary restrictions.

In the interrogation room. Zane and two seasoned officers sat on one side of the table, while Yvette sat across from them. The surveillance camera was already on. Zane gave the two officers a look, and they understood. They had seen how Zane had treated her, and it was clear that this girl was no ordinary person. The incident at Skyline Plaza, where she allegedly brandished a gun in public and even fired it, trying to kill a pregnant woman who was now in the hospital, was a serious matter. Even with connections, it wouldn’t be easy to handle.

The square-faced officer, Norbert, around thirty years old, was more polite than usual. He didn’t use his typical approach for suspects and asked. “Please tell us the truth. Did you openly carry and fire a gun at Skyline Plaza? You tried to murder a pregnant woman, and she’s now in the hospital. Her family is on their way

Zane awkwardly made a fist and put it to his mouth, pretending to cough. The square-faced officer flinched, his face tensing up. “What did I say wrong? This could affect my career?”

Yvette sat lazily in her chair, her fingers tapping lightly on the table as if she wasn’t the one being interrogated. Her exquisite features, even under the dim lights of the

interrogation room, exuded an undeniable beauty. Her eyes were cold and half-lidded. "Yes I fired the gun," she said nonchalantly.

Zane was in a blind spot of the surveillance, and he anxiously glanced at his watch. Why hasn't Mr. Chavez arrived yet? How can Yvette just admit to it? If she denies it, maybe we can find a way out.

Zane said, "Yvette, do you understand how serious it is to openly carry and fire a gun in public? Think carefully before you speak. Is there something else going on here? You need to tell us the truth, okay?" He kept giving Yvette signals with his eyes, almost twitching with urgency.

Yvette's eyes darkened, and she looked up. "Carrying a gun? Breaking the law?"

Zane nodded dumbly, "Yes, Yvette. If you admit to carrying a gun and shooting someone, it's a very serious matter."

A faint, almost mocking smile played on Yvette's lips. Her expression was indifferent, and her beautiful features were set in a thin, cold smile. It's not illegal. I have a legal permit for my gun. Even if I shot Winona today, it would be legal"

The two officers looked at Yvette's audacious demeanor and then at Zane, wiping the sweat from their foreheads. No wonder Mr. Chappell is protecting her. She's saying such outrageous things! Carrying a gun isn't illegal? Killing isn't illegal? Where did this lawless daredevil come from?' Norbert felt he couldn't continue the interrogation. He didn't know how to respond to Yvette's statements, and the room fell silent again.

After a moment, the older officer, who looked to be in his late thirties, considered his words carefully and then asked, staring at Yvette, "You're saying that carrying a gun isn't illegal? That's impossible in Clusia. Gun possession is strictly prohibited. You must know that, right? Please explain the entire situation from the beginning."

Zane quickly added, "You also have the right to remain silent until your lawyer arrives. Do you understand?"

Yvette looked at Zane, who was sitting next to the table, and gave a slight nod. Without further delay, she reached into her pocket and pulled out a black ID booklet, placing it on the table. The three officers were puzzled.

Norbert, being the closest to the ID, picked it up. As he read the words on it, his face froze, and he turned to look at Zane with a mix of shock and disbelief. The other officer, seeing his colleague's reaction, quickly grabbed the ID to take a look. The next second, both officers had identical expressions of shock, and they both turned to Zane. Zane couldn't sit still; what kind of ID could make two seasoned officers react like this?

When Zane finally got his hands on the ID and took a look, he too froze in place. Then, all three of them turned their gazes. to Yvette, who was sitting calmly in her chair. Their eyes were filled with disbelief, and the scene looked almost comical.

Yvette remained composed, her hands resting naturally, showing no emotion. She had no idea how much of an impact her ID had on the three men.

It took Zane a good while to get his words out. After a few minutes, he finally stammered, "Ms. Zeller, is this a real ID? Did you....?" I can't bring myself to say the rest. I'd rather believe it's fake than real. This world is getting too crazy! Zane thought

Yvette's left hand, which had been tapping lightly on the table, paused. She lifted her gaze, her voice low and cool, with a hint of natural nonchalance, as if she didn't care much about anything. It has a serial number," she said succinctly.

Zane looked down and saw the long string of numbers Yvette was referring to. He knew these were unique and couldn't be faked.

Is she really letting me verify it? Even if I find it hard to believe, I have to admit it seems real. Zane thought. His hand trembled slightly as he held the ID. He knew how significant this document was. 'If it was genuine, not only could Yvette fire a gun in public, but she could even kill someone and claim it was legal. It was like having an ancient imperial sword and a get-out-of-jail-free card combined. Zane thought

The other two officers were still in shock. Zane knew he couldn't waste any time. For both practical and ethical reasons, he had to verify the authenticity of the ID. If it was real, today's incident would be nothing more than a trivial matter. No one would need to come and rescue her; he would have to respectfully escort her out. And as for the public, who would dare question the actions of that organization?

In the speeding black Jeep, Jeremiah's lips were pressed into a cold, indifferent line. His face was filled with anger, and the icy aura emanating from him made the temperature in the car drop. The Jeep was already going over 150 miles per hour. Andrew, in the passenger seat, clutched the seatbelt tightly and spoke cautiously, "Jeremiah, Yvette will be fine. Zane knows her identity; he'll take good care of her."

Driving the car, Jeremiah's expression grew even colder. His face was stern. 'Why would Yvette be so angry that she would shoot? That's the real question, not whether Zane would make things difficult for her: Jeremiah thought.

Andrew shrank back in his seat. This is definitely a case of Jeremiah flying into a rage for a woman." Zane said Yvette fired a gun and scared a pregnant woman into fainting. The whole thing sounded a bit far-fetched. If Zane hadn't mentioned the name of the pregnant woman, Andrew would have thought he was making it up.

If it was Winona, then it makes sense. That little schemer must have done something to make Yvette so angry that she had to shoot. 'Andrew thought. 'It would be strange if Jeremiah's woman didn't have one. He wasn't surprised that Yvette had a gun

At the entrance of the police station, Robert and Victor stormed in, both dressed in formal suits. Some of the officers recognized Robert; he used to be a frequent visitor when Jonathan was the Chief, and they were very close.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 227

A plain-looking police officer approached Robert and asked, "Hello, how can I assist you?"

Robert, still seething with anger, didn't bother to read the situation. He was about to lash out, but Victor, who had learned to be more tactful, stepped in before him. "Hello, we are the family of the pregnant woman involved in today's shooting at Skyline Plaza. We're here to handle this matter."

Family vacation packages

Robert huffed, maintaining his haughty demeanor, and launched into a tirade directed at the young officer. "We are the family of Winona, the pregnant woman. She is still in the hospital. Have you arrested that criminal, Yvette? This kind of evil person must be severely punished. She should never be allowed to harm society again. Our lawyers are on their way, and we will see this through to the end. She needs to rot in jail, or our Carter family will have been in Seacripy for nothing all these years."

The plain-looking officer, seeing Robert's rudeness, lost his patience. He was there to serve the people, but he wasn't about to cater to someone who came in acting so high and mighty, thinking they could insult others just because they had a bit of money. He adopted a strictly professional tone. "The suspect you mentioned is currently in the interrogation room. There are seats over there, please wait there and do not disturb others. Thank you for your cooperation. With that, he turned and returned to his desk, continuing to sort through case files.

Robert's face fell when the plain-looking officer dismissed him. He was not used to being treated with such cold indifference. He was about to step forward and argue, but Victor quickly grabbed his arm, pulling him back. Leaning in, Victor's eyes flashed with a deep-seated resentment. "Dad, don't cause a scene. This is a police station. The Carter family isn't powerful enough to control everything here. If Grandpa finds out, do you really want to face the family's punishment again?"

Robert, despite his tough exterior, immediately backed down. He knew all too well how harsh his father could be. In his younger days, a few mistakes had earned him beatings that left him bruised and bleeding. The memory of those painful experiences still haunted him.

Seeing that Robert had calmed down, Victor gave him a cold look “Let’s go, Dad. We’ll sit over there for a while. Yvette has committed a serious offense; it won’t be resolved quickly. Didn’t you call the lawyer? Let’s wait for him.”

Robert, somewhat surprised by Victor’s unusual behavior, didn’t have time to think further as Victor led him to the waiting area.

Bonnie had just finished her box of takeout and was about to get up when she heard someone calling her name. She looked up and saw Victor approaching. Her expression turned cold. Victor, who is as bad as Winona, is here for one reason to cause trouble for Yvette on Winona’s behalf. She thought, her eyes narrowing as she watched him approach.

Victor walked up to Bonnie and asked in an interrogative tone, “What are you doing here?”

Bonnie forcefully threw the lunch box into the trash can and sat back down. “What’s it to you?”

Victor was taken aback, surprisingly not losing his temper. Robert, who had been following behind, stepped forward and took a look at Bonnie. His eyes lit up, and he leered at her. ‘She wasn’t stunningly beautiful, but her cute appearance was particularly appealing. Robert thought. “Are you here for Yvette? Do you know about her pulling a gun on Winona Victor asked.

Bonnie glared at Victor, exuding a formidable presence. She spoke each word with deliberate clarity. “It’s all Winona’s fault. It has nothing to do with Yve. If Winona hadn’t started trouble and slapped me, Yve wouldn’t have gotten angry. You haven’t even figured out what happened, and you’re already trying to defend your fiancée. You two are a perfect match, like snakes and rats.

no

‘Since I’ve been hanging out with Yve, my ability to stand up for myself has really improved. I can’t back down now, I can’t let Yve down. Bonnie thought, silently cheering herself on

Victor’s face turned a shade of green, but he didn’t retort. Robert, however, couldn’t sit still. Winona was his precious now, and he couldn’t let anyone talk about her like that. “How can you be so disrespectful? Winona is pregnant, and it’s normal for her to have mood swings. She just slapped you; how much could it hurt? Can’t you just take it? Haven’t you heard the saying.

‘take a step back and the world opens up? You’re a student at Argol University. What are you even arguing with a pregnant woman for?’

Bonnie was stunned by Robert's shameless remarks. Victor also shifted uncomfortably, feeling a bit speechless for the first time. 'Dad really did go to great lengths to protect Winona. Victor thought.

Bonnie's face flushed with anger as she looked at the smug Roben. She took a deep breath. "It's not you who beat me; it's your shamelessness."

Robert, hearing this, opened his mouth to reprimand Bonnie, using his status to his advantage. But then a familiar voice came from a distance. "Bonnie?"

Jeremiah and Andrew had just entered through the police station door. The voice was Andrew's, Bonnie looked at Andrew, suddenly feeling a bit lost.

Victor and Robert both turned around and saw Jeremiah. A chillan down their spines. This was the man even Wyatt addressed as "Mr. Chavez. How could they forget that he was Yvette's biggest supporter?

Andrew approached, and when he saw the clear handprint on Bonnie's face, he stopped abruptly. Then, as if nothing had happened, he continued walking. As he passed by Victor and Robert, his gaze was as sharp as knives, cutting through them.

Stopping in front of Bonnie, Andrew fixed his eyes on the handprint, his tone a mix of frustration and tenderness. "Who did this?"

Bonnie's eyes instantly welled up with tears. She bit her lip, unable to speak, as the tears fell. Andrew, at a loss, used his

big sleeve to wipe away her tears, his voice softening. "I'm just asking, you know. If you don't want to say, it's okay. It's not a deal, don't cry."

Bonnie hiccupped through her sobs, looking up at Andrew with teary eyes. A strange, tingling sensation rose in Andrew, making him look away awkwardly. Andrew felt an odd, tingling sensation in his chest, causing him to look away awkwardly. Bonnie, while wiping her tears, explained, "It was Winona. Yve and I were shopping, and when Yve went to the restroom, I wandered around a bit. That's when I ran into Winona. She started the trouble, and I couldn't avoid it. She hit me."

Andrew's eyes suddenly sharpened, and the carefree demeanor he usually carried vanished, replaced by a deep, cold, and ruthless presence. "Winona? Is she still alive?"

Bonnie shook her head, still in a daze. "No, but then Yve came and told me to hit her back. I slapped her twice, and when we left, she fainted. She's probably in the hospital now,"

Andrew turned to look at Robert and Victor, his eyes flashing with a cold light. The aura of menace around him made both men instinctively take a step back, clearly startled.

Andrew reached out and gently touched the spot where Bonnie had been hit, his expression filled with tenderness. "How do you want her to pay for this?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 228

Bonnie stared at Andrew, hiccupping through her sobs. Her face turned red, and Andrew gently flicked her forehead. "Stop crying, or you'll end up looking like a little kitten with streaks on your face. Bonnie obediently nodded.

The two of them completely ignored Robert and Victor, who were standing nearby, Robert, hearing Andrew's words, was taken aback. He mustered his courage and said to Andrew, "Hey, why are you making such a big deal out of this? It's just a little argument between girls.

Andrew turned his head, naturally shielding Bonnie behind him. He looked at Robert with a cold, sharp gaze. "You better tell Winona to stop causing trouble. Otherwise, I don't care if she's pregnant or not. I'm not a nice guy, and if anyone messes with my girl, they'll regret it. Got it?"

Robert, already feeling intimidated by Jeremiah's presence, was even more scared by Andrew's words. He edged closer to Victor. Victor watched the scene with a sarcastic look. He knew better than to provoke someone who Wyatt referred to as "Mr. Chavez without fully understanding his background.

Jeremiah stood in the hall, his face a mask of coldness. His jet-black, straight hair, sharply angled eyebrows, piercing blue eyes, firm lips, and chiseled features made him a striking figure. The police officers present also recognized him. They had seen him before, wearing a formal military uniform, and they knew his identity was not something to be casually

mentioned

This man had arrived in a proper military uniform, and the police officers on duty that day naturally recognized him. However, they also knew that his identity was not something to be casually revealed.

The officer who had been talking to Robert hesitated for a moment before approaching again. His attitude had completely changed; he bowed slightly, looking at Jeremiah with a mix of respect and admiration. "Good afternoon, sir. Are you here about the gun incident? Mr. Chappell is personally conducting the interrogation. Would you like me to call him out?"

The sudden change in the officer's demeanor left the other people in the lobby quite surprised. Victor's face tightened, and just as the words were spoken, the door to the interrogation room opened. Andrew came out, leading Bonnie to Jeremiah's side. In the distance, Robert and Victor looked visibly uncomfortable.

The person who emerged was Zane. Zane was holding some documents and hurriedly left the interrogation room to verify their authenticity. As he stepped out, he saw Jeremiah, Andrew, and Bonnie standing there. He quickly quickened his pace, approaching Jeremiah and bowing slightly, even more respectfully than the officer. "Mr. Chavez

Jeremiah glanced at the documents in Zane's hand, which were held backward, making the text unreadable. He frowned. "Where is she?"

Zane, of course, knew exactly who Jeremiah was asking about. He answered respectfully, "Mr. Chavez, she's in the interrogation room." Before he could finish his sentence, he felt a cold aura emanating from Jeremiah. A chill ran up his spine. Reading people and situations was his forte; otherwise, he wouldn't have climbed from a lowly police officer to his current position.

"Did you say she's in the interrogation room?" Jeremiah asked, his voice cold and sharp.

Zane quickly explained, fearing that if he didn't, he might freeze under Jeremiah's gaze. He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. "Mr. Chavez, it was Ms. Zeller who requested to be questioned. She wanted to avoid any trouble for us. But don't worry, it's just a routine questioning, nothing out of the ordinary

The icy coldness emanating from Jeremiah dissipated significantly. Zane let out a deep breath, feeling the tension in his mind ease. No wonder he's the only major general in Clusia who has participated in overseas defense missions. When he gets angry, it's not something anyone can handle, Zane thought.

Jeremiah spoke succinctly, "I'm taking the person with me. Someone will handle the follow-up."

Zane gripped the black document in his hand, hesitating for a few seconds before looking at Jeremiah with a complex Expression. "Mr. Chavez, maybe... maybe this matter doesn't need your involvement anymore," He then handed the black document to Jeremiah with both hands.

Jeremiah took it and, upon seeing the words on the document, his brows furrowed. Even someone as calm as Jeremiah was slightly surprised, though the surprise quickly faded, and he didn't lose his composure like Zane and the others. "Go ahead."

he said.

Zane nodded. 'I know that everyone in that organization has a unique code, and Jeremiah must know it too. I remember Wyatt mentioning that the organization once tried to recruit Mr. Chavez, but he refused. It's quite a coincidence that while Mr. Chavez didn't join, Yvette is a member, Zane thought.

Jeremiah closed the document and handed it back to Zane. Zane took the document and walked out. He still needed to contact higher-ups to verify the authenticity of the document.

Robert saw Zane and quickly moved to intercept him. Ever since Zane had taken office, the Carter family had tried every possible method to win him over. They had offered money and other incentives, but Zane remained impervious. In the end, they had given up on this connection and sought other avenues.

Robert, lacking in social acumen, only thought about getting Zane to take their side for Winona. Victor, however, stayed put. Though he hadn't heard the exact conversation between Zane and Jeremiah, Zane's extremely respectful and even humble attitude made it clear that this was not a situation to meddle with. 'My dad must have lost his mind to think about stepping in for Winona, Victor thought.

Robert plastered a smile on his face. "Mr. Chappell, I didn't expect you to be personally handling this gun case."

Zane stopped in his tracks. Who is so clueless as to stop me when I'm in such a hurry?' he thought. When he recognized Robert, his expression softened slightly. Although the Carter family's gifts had been repeatedly rejected, they still held significant influence in Seacriety, and some respect was due.

Zane maintained a cold and distant tone. "Hello, Mr. Carter.

Robert glanced around, particularly at the group where Jeremiah was standing, with a smug look on his face. Unfortunately, no one seemed to notice his attempt to show off. Jeremiah and the others didn't even spare him a glance. Trying to show off in front of these people is just embarrassing, Zane thought

Zane noticed Robert staring at Jeremiah's group, still looking pleased with himself. He found it rather strange. "What is his problem? Why is he staring like that? If he has something to say, why doesn't he just say it? Does he think I have all day to play along with him? Zane thought.

Zane's tone grew serious. "Mr. Carter, do you have something to discuss? If it's not urgent, please come back later."

Robert, clearly oblivious to Zane's growing impatience, continued to make small talk. Victor stepped forward, interrupting him. "Mr. Chappell, I'm Victor Carter. The person who fainted during the gun incident today is my fiancée, Winona. I came to the police station to find out how this matter will be handled."

Zane didn't expect this reaction. He paused for a moment, and his expression became less cordial. Why did Yvette shoot Winona specifically? There must be something more to this that I don't know about.

Zane's voice turned icy. "Hello, Mr. Carter. This matter is still under investigation. Since you are a family member of the involved party, you can wait here. If there are no further issues, we should have a resolution within an hour or so."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 229

Robert and Victor were taken aback. Since when did the police work so efficiently? In unison, they exclaimed, "That fast?"

Zane had no desire to continue talking to these two. He could feel a pair of dagger-like eyes boring into his back. If it wasn't Jeremiah, it had to be Andrew. His guess was spot on. Andrew's impatient voice rang out, "What are you dawdling for?"

Robert, seeing Andrew's hostile attitude, saw an opportunity to stir up trouble. Before he could say anything, Zane turned back and replied in a calm, unbothered tone, "I'll go right away."

Zane then gave Robert a brief, dismissive glance and walked toward the office without another word. The contrast in their attitudes was stark.

After Zane left, Robert was left standing there alone, feeling utterly humiliated. "This is so embarrassing, he thought, as the subtle, curious glances from the people around him made his face burn. With nowhere to vent his anger, Robert could only curse Zane inwardly, thinking. That ungrateful jerk.

In the interrogation room, Norbert noticed that the monitor had been turned off. Remembering what his colleague had said, he gritted his teeth and decided to take a chance. If he didn't ask now, he might never get another opportunity. The forty-year-old officer next to him understood his predicament and whispered a few encouraging words, giving him a supportive look. Norbert, feeling a bit embarrassed, turned to Yvette, who was sitting there.

Norbert cleared his throat and asked, "Hello, Ms. Zeller, I heard you know some traditional medicine. Is that true?"

Yvete lifted her half-lidded eyes, her cool gaze shining with a hint of light. She sat in a casual, relaxed posture, glancing at Norbert with a nonchalant expression. "Yes, I know a little," she replied.

Norbert was surprised by her friendly response. He hadn't expected such a high-level expert to be so approachable. 'No wonder she has the skills to be part of that organization, he thought. 'She's different from those who look down on others. Feeling both honored and nervous, he continued politely, "Ms. Zeller, could you please help me? Last time, you helped Lachlan, the old police officer, and he's now as fit as a fiddle. Even the hospital called it a miracle. I have a personal health issue, and I was wondering if you could check my pulse. Feeling a bit embarrassed, Norbert hesitated,

unsure if he should continue. This is kind of awkward, he thought. Yvette is so young, and this is a sensitive topic.

The forty-year-old officer, sensing Norbert's hesitation, quickly jumped in. "Ms. Zeller, Norbert has been struggling with infertility for years. He's seen many doctors but nothing has worked. His wife is even considering divorce because of this. If you know traditional medicine, could you please help him? How much do you charge for a consultation? Norbert will pay whatever you ask."

Norbert nodded vigorously. "If you can help me, I'm willing to do whatever it takes, even if it means going bankrupt."

Yvette's fingers, which had been tapping lightly, paused for a moment. Her consultation fee was far beyond what he could afford, even if he went bankrupt. She glanced at the two anxious men, her gaze cool and detached. After a brief pause, she said in a flat tone. "Extend your hand."

Hearing this, Norbert, who had been on edge, rolled up his sleeve with the fastest speed he had ever managed and extended his hand. The door to the interrogation room opened again. Yvette paused mid-sentence, not even lifting her head, and then continued. She already knew who it was from the sound of the footsteps.

Add the last two herbs, angelica and ginseng, and simmer them over low heat for six hours. Take one dose in the morning and one in the evening. In half a month, you should see the results you want. Yvette said.

Norbert was almost in tears. After years of seeking medical help and facing repeated failures, he had become disillusioned. But now, someone was telling him that in just half a month, he could get what he had been hoping for. How could he not be moved? Even the older officer, felt happy for him. As soon as the door opened, both officers quickly sat up straight, trying look composed, as if they hadn't just been so emotional, to

Yvette swiveled her chair to face the door, where Jeremiah stood looking at her. Andrew and Bonnie couldn't help but smirk. 'Does Yvette look like she's here for an interrogation? they thought. She's here to spread the knowledge of traditional medicine.

Both Andrew and Bonnie were reminded of the last time they had walked into a similar scene. Bonnie looked at Yvette with pure admiration, while Andrew let out a small humph. 'If Yvette keeps being this cool, who knows how many more teenage girls like Bonnie will fall for her.' Andrew thought.

Jeremiah strode in, and the two police officers automatically chose to be blind; they saw nothing. Jeremiah walked up to Yvette, his gaze lingering on her for a few seconds, his eyes as dark as ink. "Are you hurt? Does your hand hurt?"

Yvette leaned back, crossing her legs, looking completely at ease. “No, I’m fine. It doesn’t hurt.”

A slight, mischievous smile tugged at the corner of Jeremiah’s lips. “Do you really want to kill Winona? I can do it for you. No need to dirty your hands.”

Andrew coughed, thinking. Is it really appropriate for these two to discuss murder so casually? Shouldn’t they be having this conversation somewhere private? The two police officers both slowed their breathing, exchanging a quick glance. ‘Did you hear that? I didn’t hear anything. Oh, me neither. They then simultaneously lowered their heads.

Bonnie, hearing this, showed no reaction. She scratched her head, as if anything happening between Yve and Jeremiah was normal. Even if they one day claimed to be aliens, she wouldn’t find it strange.

Meanwhile Zane had already communicated with his superiors and was now waiting for a call from the organization. In his office, he was fidgeting, his eyes fixed on the phone. He glanced at his watch; only ten minutes had passed, but it felt like an eternity. Just as he was about to take a sip of water to calm his nerves, the phone rang.

He quickly put down the cup and answered, “Hello, this is Zane

“Hello, this is Jonas Elmore, came the voice on the other end.

Zane’s hand trembled as he held the phone. He never expected to receive a call directly from Jonas, the deputy chief of the Betrico Police Station. Jonas got straight to the point, “Mr. Chappell, we have verified the ID number and copies you sent over with Interpol Headquarters. The ID is genuine. Interpol Headquarters confirmed that the identity of the ID holder is classified at the highest level and cannot be disclosed. They only told us that we must fully cooperate with this person, no matter what. As for the incident involving the public display of a firearm, it’s not a significant issue. Were there any casualties?”

Zane took a deep breath, his mind reeling. ‘Is Yvette really an Interpol officer? What does it mean that her identity is classified at the highest level? He couldn’t even begin to fathom the implications; this was far beyond his level of authority. “Hello, Mr. Elmore. There were no casualties in this incident. Just one woman who fainted from shock, but nothing serious. I will handle it on my end.”

Jonas asked a few more questions about the incident, and Zane reported everything in detail. As they were about to end the call, Jonas paused for a moment and spoke earnestly, “Zane, do not offend the owner of this ID. A top–secret identity like this suggests she might be more than just an Interpol officer. Our country needs such talent. If possible, we should try to keep her within the country.”

Zane thought of Jeremiah. He really wanted to tell Jonas, 'Don't worry, she is the future family member of Mr. Jase Chavez. Do you think she would leave? But he decided against it. This is not something I should say.'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 230

After hanging up the phone, Zane stood silently for a few minutes before finally heading out.

In the interrogation room, the two police officers gave up.

Who they were faced were a girl with an Interpol badge and Chisia's youngest major general. These two big shots could probably turn Seacurity upside down easily.

Zane pushed open the interrogation room door and walked inside. When he saw the people in the interrogation room, his gaze became more intense.

Except for the ordinary girl next to Yvette, Jeremiah, Yvette, and Andrew were not simple.

Zane approached the table and put the black badge on it with both hands.

He felt truly conflicted when facing Yvette. A world-renowned mysterious artist suddenly became an Interpol agent? Her identity is top secret, known only to those with the highest clearance. What kind of background does she have?

Zane carefully considered his words before speaking. "Ms. Zellen we've confirmed everything with the authorities. There is no problem about your identity. Although your clearance level is so high that Interpol won't disclose much more, it's sufficient to verify who you are. We'll take care of the incident from here. You're free to leave now,"

Andrew, standing aside, didn't see the words on the black badge and thought Jeremiah stepped in to protect Yvette, But according to Zane's words, that is not the case at all. Interpol? It's ridiculous!"

He couldn't keep things to himself and directly asked Zane, "Interpol? What's that got to do with Yvette?"

Zane glanced at Jeremiah before answering Andrew, "Mr. Mitchell, Ms. Zeller is a member of Interpol."

Andrew was taken aback. His mouth dropped open in disbelief. He noticed Yvette's blank expression, which didn't look like someone directly involved in the matter. 'Yvette works for Interpol? Could anything be more exciting than this? Man, comparing yourself to others can really drive you crazy! It's understandable for a big shot to associate with another big shot.

Andrew had always heard about Interpol from his dad which was outstanding and mysterious.

And now, someone from that organization was casually lounging here, chin resting on her hand, looking completely indifferent

It was truly eye-opening for him.

Bonnie tugged on Andrew's sleeve, bringing him back to reality. What's going on? Interpol? Is that the same Interpol we see on TV?" Bonnie's eyes sparkled with curiosity and admiration.

Andrew nodded without explaining further.

In reality, that organization was much more powerful than what was shown on TV. Moreover, Interpol wasn't just full of excellent officers, as the general public believed.

In reality, it was a hub for elite talents from around the world. Each member was a prominent figure in their own field, with being a cop actually being the most basic position there.

Yvette tucked her legs back, showing no reaction to Andrew's words.

She tilted her head slightly, her eyes half-closed and her posture relaxed. Her delicate features were both captivating and elusive, with her bright eyes staring directly at Jeremiah. Her voice was low and husky. "I'm hungry," she said.

Jeremiah took her hand and said, "I've already ordered the barbecue. Let's go."

Yvette nodded slightly

Andrew patted Zane on the shoulder. "Hey, buddy, are you coming with us?"

Zane shook his head. "No thanks, Mr. Chavez, Mr. Mitchell, enjoy your meal." Then he lowered his head and signed.

As a struggling worker, he still had to stay at the police station to take care of further tasks. Back at the office, there were the troublesome Carters to deal with.

Zane remembered Robert's earlier expression and thought, 'It is clear he came with ill intentions, but he is destined to leave empty-handed. With Ms. Zeller's status, who would dare to act against her? Besides, Ms. Zeller is Mr. Chavez's girlfriend. Even the Betrico police station asked me to keep her protected. Who do the Carter family think they are?'

In the waiting room of the police station, Robert was getting more and more frustrated, feeling his anger bottled up and could only vent at Victor. "Victor, go find out what's happening. Why has Zane been in there for so long with no updates?"

Victor sat on the bench, looking up at Robert with intense eyes. "Dad, aren't you being a bit too concerned about Winona's matters?"

Robert felt a sudden jolt in his heart, realizing that he seemed a bit too anxious. He awkwardly avoided making eye contact with Victor, his voice lacking confidence as he blurted out, "Aren't I doing this for you? Winona is carrying your child. What if something goes wrong? Your mom has been wanting a grandchild for so long, and we can't have any issues with Winona's baby. I am standing up for both of you, and you're still criticizing me?"

Victor half-closed his eyes, utterly disappointed. "He always managed to keep his hands clean."

After a few minutes of silence, Victor finally spoke, but only said four words. "Just wait and see."

Feeling guilty, Robert kept quiet, not daring to say anything else.

At that moment, the door to the interrogation room swung open.

Two officers came out first, with big smiles on their faces, followed by Yvette, Jeremiah, Andrew, and Bonnie, with Zane accompanying them.

When Victor saw Yvette and Jeremiah next to her, a wave of deep regret washed over him.

He had been such a fool before. If he hadn't called off the engagement, he would still be Yvette's fiancé. But now, it was all too late.

Bonnie walked up to Yvette and whispered something to her, pointing towards Robert.

Yvette gave Robert and Victor a cool glance.

Her elegant brows slightly arched as she casually slipped one hand into her pocket, showing a rebellious charm. She just ignored them.

Zane watched as Yvette and the others got into the car and drove away before he turned back towards Robert and Victor.

After everyone left, Robert's courage increased.

He assumed it was Jeremiah's influence that Yvette could leave after she brandished a gun in public.

But now Jeremiah was no longer here. Overcome with frustration, Robert immediately stormed over to Zane, accusing him recklessly, "Mr. Chappell, how could you be so biased? How could Yvette just waltz out of here after waving a gun in public? What exactly is going on with that?"

Victor looked at Robert, who was furious and making a scene, and let out a mocking laugh. While Mr. Chavez was present, he didn't dare utter a word. Now that he's gone, Robert is taking out his anger? Where did he get the courage?

Everyone in the police station watched Robert and Victor.

Victor gave a fake smile. "Mr. Robert, this is the police station. Our investigations are always fair and just. You wanted to know the result of the gun incident? Well, the verdict is out. Yvette has been acquitted and released, and the matter is concluded."

Robert stared at Victor in disbelief, his eyes wide with shock. How could such a serious issue be dismissed so easily? How is that possible? This is outrageous. How influential Jeremiah really is? First Wyatt, and now even Zane, the police station chief, is showing him such respect.

Even Victor found it a bit unbelievable to easily.

In the country, if people openly carried a gun, they should be facing years in prison. Cases shouldn't be closed so

The father and son fell into a mutual silence, and they both looked shocked.

Robert, not willing to give up, wanted to use his connections to put pressure on Zane. "Mr. Chappell, the Carter family has connections at the top. Aren't you afraid I'll report you for openly defending Yvette?"

Zane looked at Robert with a mysterious smile, leaving Robert utterly puzzled.