

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 286

Howard arrived at Skyland ten minutes early. What a coincidence. He had a few villas in Skyland and occasionally stayed here, but he didn't visit often.

As soon as the security guard saw the car, he knew another important person was back. He grinned from ear to ear. "Welcome home, sir," the security guard greeted warmly.

Howard nodded slightly from inside the car to show acknowledgment. "Thanks for your hard work," he said appreciatively.

The young guard's heart practically leapt with joy. He thought, The people living in Skyland are quite a classy bunch. So I hardly faced any trouble, but it is the first time someone responded to me actively. Oh, right... There is someone else. That incredibly cool and beautiful girl who rode her scooter out every day. She would sometimes stop to say hello. She even eyed his lunchbox the other day. So, he ordered one more for her. They ended up having lunch together in the security booth. That girl really enjoyed her meal.

He guessed that she might be a maid for one of the families. He thought, 'Otherwise, why would she ride a little scooter every day? Her employers must be really stingy. It's such a waste for someone as pretty and charming as her. He had been working as a security guard at Skyland for years. He swore she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen there.

His thoughts were off in the clouds. By the time he snapped back to reality, Howard's car was already far down the road.

In front of Villa 3, number 401, Howard adjusted his suit. Turning his head to look at Liam, he asked, "So, how does it look? Is there anything that doesn't fit right?"

Liam's eyebrow twitched. With professional composure, he replied, "Mr. Yates, your outfit is absolutely perfect."

Howard had already asked Liam three times on the way over. Liam's throat was getting dry. He thought, 'How could there be any problems?' A custom-made, handcrafted suit cost 150 thousand dollars. The cufflinks were bought at Sotheby's auction, worth 1.5 million dollars. Even the shoes were a global limited edition, only five pairs available worldwide. This outfit was so extravagant, he felt like kneeling in it. He thought, 'Why does Mr. Yates still think something's not right?'

Howard had already informed Liam about the meeting with Yvette. He told Liam to wait in the car and went up to knock on the door on his own.

Liam watched Howard's back and sighed. He thought, 'Who exactly is this Yvette? He's never taken meetings with presidents or leaders this seriously!'

This villa, gifted by James, was Yvette's first visit and it was refined and sophisticated. The entire style leaned towards Clusian aesthetics, with all the furniture made of rosewood. All the antiques in this house were part of James's personal collection. Rare items, genuine originals one can't find on the market, were displayed all over the villa.

Howard recognized them as soon as he walked in. He thought, 'When did Ms. Zeller start liking these antiques?' He usually preferred collecting authentic pieces and could instantly tell that everything in the villa was genuine. He thought, 'What a grand gesture!'

Howard changed into slippers and carefully...looked at a horse sculpture next to the couch. His gaze deepened. He looked up at Yvette, who was nestled in the sofa. "Hello, Ms. Zeller," he began, "this horse should be from the year between 620 to 680. If I'm not mistaken, it's worth at least 20 million dollars. It's so rare that you can hardly find such a piece on the market, even at auctions."

At his age, Howard's favorite things were antiques. He sat down on the sofa and asked another question. "Where did you acquire this, Ms. Zeller?"

Yvette glanced at the horse sculpture and gave a deep "hmm." Her voice was calm. "A grandfather gave it to me."

Howard was momentarily speechless upon hearing this. He thought, 'Of course, it had to be the young-boss. Just look at that charisma! So, where is this grandfather? Does he happen to need a grandson? I wonder if being a bit older would be acceptable?'

Yvette lounged on the sofa, her long legs folded, as she swirled the water in her glass. She took a sip. She thought, 'Ah, nothing beats

Samantha, good drink. She remembered the person who mixed her drinks yesterday. She thought, 'Her name is

Samantha. Would there be a chance to have another drink with her?'

Howard withdrew his gaze from the horse sculpture. He looked at Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, I've made some progress on Rashad's project you wanted me to invest in. I've already met him twice, and I've laid out my conditions. If InnoCrest Technologies is going to invest, we need to send someone into the lab to participate in this shelved project. Rashad is quite cautious and said he'll need to think it over before giving me an answer."

Yvette rubbed her wrist. She raised an eyebrow and her eyes turned cold. "Double the offer," she said casually. "He'll it, agree to trust me."

Howard didn't think so and believed that Rashad wouldn't give in so easily. He thought, 'Why does Ms. Zeller insist on getting into the biochem lab?' He couldn't figure it out. 'What is in there that attracts Ms. Zeller so much that she'd spend a fortune to get in? What can a national-level lab possibly have that Ms. Zeller desperately need?'

Howard sighed. For all these years, he truly cared for Yvette like a younger family member. Money didn't matter to InnoCrest Technologies; what mattered was the person, Yvette. Even if he knew he was being nosy, he had to ask. "Ms. Zeller, could you tell me why you're so determined to get into Rashad's biochem lab?"

Family vacation packages

Yvette lifted her gaze. Her eyes were cold and fierce with a chilling aloofness seeping through. Her voice was unnervingly calm. She slowly spoke, "The truth, the answer lies only in Rashad's lab."

For Yvette, killing Rashad wouldn't be difficult at all. In fact, it would be effortless. But she wouldn't let Rashad die that easily. She was determined to find out what had Lilian gone through in that biochemical lab back then. She would send Rashad to hell in the most brutal way. She had many ways to punish Rashad, but she aimed to break him emotionally first. Rashad would have to endure all the suffering Lilian endured before he could die...

Howard looked at Yvette, who was exuding a cold and indifferent air. He knew he shouldn't ask for more answers. He gazed at Yvette, who seemed like a different person. After careful consideration, "Ms. Zeller, don't worry. No matter what you want to do, I'll cooperate fully. Once I get back, I'll contact Rashad immediately. We'll double his offer and see what he says. I'll get in touch with you then."

Yvette looked down, then lifted her gaze again. The fierce expression she had moments ago, like a relentless wolf, seemed to soften significantly. Seeing the worried look on Howard's face, she calmly said, "Howard, it's just a little game with an annoying bug. No need to worry."

Howard managed a smile, although it was somewhat strained. He thought, 'How can I not worry? Is Ms. Zeller really planning to deal with Rashad? Even with the status of InnoCrest Technologies' backstage chairman, it's really hard for her to go up against a national-level authority!'

He thought, 'How can I not be worried about Ms. Zeller? InnoCrest Technologies doesn't really matter; it is Ms. Zeller's creation anyway. If it's gone, it's gone. But nothing must happen to Ms. Zeller.'

Howard watched Yvette sip her orange juice casually, deep in thought, 'No, he I have to place an order on the Black Gold site. When the day come for she to face Rashad, Ms. Zeller, just a young girl, surely needs someone to back her up.'

He had heard that Black Gold had the world's top assassin, who had never failed a mission. It would be great if he could take the job. He'll pay whatever the top assassin want.

Howard was already prepared for the worst. If the top choice isn't available, the second or third best would be great.

Howard took a sip of water to compose himself before asking. "Hey Ms. Zeller, do you know about Black Gold Web?"

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Yvette glanced at him with her dark eyes. She leaned back without a care. Her long, straight legs were crossed. In a cool, clear voice, she said, "Yeah."

Howard wasn't surprised she knew about the website. Sometimes Ms. Zeller was so mysterious he felt like bowing down. When he met her, it was as if she had descended from the heavens...

Howard looked at Yvette very intently. He expressed his idea. "Ms. Zeller, why don't we place an order on Black Gold Web and hire the top assassin, Zola, as your bodyguard? Whatever the cost, just to keep you safe."

Howard, fearing Yvette might misunderstand, quickly elaborated. "I heard Zola takes on jobs on Black Gold Web based solely on personal inclination, but once they accept a job, they never fail. Still holding the top success rate on Black Gold Web. People say Zola has a peculiar and unpredictable personality. No one knows their gender; they've always appeared in a mask and use a voice modulator. However, I guess Zola might be a man—this line of work seems like a man's domain, right?"

Of course, he didn't know that two of the top three assassins on Black Gold Web were actually women. Howard decided that, regardless of the cost, he needed to ensure Yvette's safety.

Yvette lifted her gaze and paused slightly. She cast a calm glance at the very earnest Howard. Her delicate eyebrows raised slightly. She thought, 'How can I protect myself?' In a light and slow tone, she said, "No need, Howard. She won't take the job."

Howard was taken aback. He thought, 'Did Ms. Zeller express that too confidently? How could she know for sure that the person wouldn't take the job?'

He said, "Ms. Zeller, let's discuss this later. After all, we still have six months."

Yvette could tell from Howard's expression that he hadn't given up yet. She sighed and thought, 'Oh well, just to avoid being assigned to protect myself, I should make it clear.'

She suddenly spoke up, “Howard, do you think there’s a chance that I’m actually the number one assassin, Zola, you’ve been talking about?”

Howard replied without a second thought, “Ms. Zeller, you must be kidding. If you’re Zola, then I must be the Eagle King, ranked second. Hahaha...”

Yvette hesitated for a moment, with her eyes lowered, noticing how Howard refused to believe it. She pinched her fingers slightly, and spoke with a hint of helplessness, looked him in the eye and repeated slowly, “Howard, I really am Zola.”

Howard thought Yvette was just trying to stop him from placing an order on the Black Gold website. He thought, ‘Ms. Zeller was really too much. How have I never noticed this imaginative side of she before?’

He thought for a few seconds, ‘Should I go along with her joke? It’s so rare for her to be this funny. Would it be rude not to go along with her joke?’

He took a deep breath. Then he looked at Yvette with genuine sincerity. “Ms. Zeller, I actually always forget to tell you, I’m the third-ranked assassin on Black Gold, Flying Fish. Do I look like one?”

Howard silently applauded himself. He thought he was playing along really well, almost flawlessly...

This time, Yvette was the one taken aback. Seeing him trying hard not to laugh, she felt a headache coming on. She picked the orange juice from the table and took a sip. Her delicate fingers lightly tapped the rim of the glass, her voice clear and cool. Her eyes were as deep as a cold pool and as clear as a crystal. “Howard, I’m actually Zola. When you went bankrupt, I was on a mission and happened to save you from jumping into the sea.”

Howard heard these words. His face, which was just trying not to laugh, suddenly froze. The glass he was holding slipped from his hand and hit the floor with a bang, with water splashed everywhere. Neither of them paid attention to it. Howard really couldn’t believe what he just heard. His heart felt like it was about to leap out of his chest.

He thought, ‘Ms. Zeller turns out to be the top-ranked hitman on the Black Gold Network? Surprised or what? Isn’t that thrilling? It is so freaking surprising and exciting. What kind of legendary figure have I encountered? Back then, she just decided to give me money without a second thought. She even took me back to the business world to invest, securing the first start-up fund that led to today’s company. And now she is calmly sitting on the sofa, telling me she’s also a hitman? This world has gone completely mad. But it wasn’t Yvette who’s crazy it was Howard.’

He believed what Yvette said—she really is the number one hitman, Zola. Yvette never lied and didn’t need to. He thought, ‘So it isn’t a joke? Is that true? The most feared and

untouchable hitman on the Black Gold website, known as Zola, who never takes a contract for less than 66 million dollars, is actually Ms. Zeller?’

When Howard thought about how he acted just now, he felt inexplicably guilty. He took a deep breath and gave a slight smile. His expression was somewhat amusing. “Ms. Zeller, you really scared me to death! With your status, I don’t even know what to say. Just two words: ‘Respect.’” He couldn’t find any other words. All he could summarize his feelings into were this one word. Indeed, Yvette was someone to be idolized.

After a while, Howard finally regained a bit of his sanity. He looked at Yvette, who was calmly sipping orange juice on the couch. He twitched his eye slightly and cleared his throat. “Well, Ms. Zeller, how many more surprises are you hiding that I should know about? Why don’t you just spill them all at once? I can... I can handle it.”

Howard reiterated once more. His voice unconsciously rose several octaves. “Bring on the storm!”

His voice was so loud that Liam, not far from the villa, could hear it. He shivered involuntarily and just knew that whenever Howard met Yvette, nothing good would happen. He quickly took out his phone, ready to dial 911 at any moment.

He was on high alert and wondered if Yvette did something that drove Howard crazy. Judging from the tone, his mental state wasn’t good. Liam debated whether he should rush into the villa and rescue Howard. After thinking it over, he decided against it for staying alive was more important...After all, Howard will have to take care of himself.

In the mansion Yvette’s eyes were half-closed. Her eyes were clear and focused. The stray hair on her forehead added a hint of defiance. Looking at the somewhat awkward Howard before her. She spoke calmly, “No, you can’t handle it. Take it slow.”

5000—what does it Howard felt a bit choked, as if the words made him want to punch Yvette. He thought, ‘But the imply about Ms.Zeller status?’ Howard thought it was best not to think about it anymore. Yvette was right; better to “take it slow.” That’s good. Otherwise, if it’s too intense, he might really not be able to handle it...

Howard had completely calmed down by now. Then he looked at Yvette with a “please pay attention to me” expression. Yvette lifted her eyelids and gave him a quick glance. Her expression was indifferent. “Howard, just say what you want to say.”

Howard sat up straight and adjusted his suit, looking the picture of propriety. He cleared his throat softly. “Ms. Zeller, do you think I have the potential to be a hitman?”

Yvette tapped her fingers on the table and paused. Her lips curled in a barely-there smile, “No.”

He thought, 'Seriously, what man doesn't dream of being a hero when he's young? Hasn't watched gangster movies.' He wanted to be a leader for many years. The guy's getting old, but still felt the urge to rebel.

Unwilling to give up, Howard asked again, "Ms. Zeller, is there any other job in the hitman business I could do? Anything at all, I'm not picky, won't ask for a salary."

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Yvette looked at him, eyes downcast. Her voice was hoarse and she rubbed her temples. She thought, 'Middle-aged rebellion in men is really scary. If one day Jeremiah becomes that rebellious, just give him a good slap and be done with it. That'll save a lot of trouble.' She glanced at Howard, who looked really thrilled. "Howard, I usually keep to myself and don't really know the rules of this circle."

Howard's eyes were clearly saying, "I don't believe you, don't lie to me."

Yvette paused for a second. She thought, 'If that's the case, I'll just be straightforward. She calmly said to Howard, "Howard, I'm above the rules, no rules can hold me back."

Howard was momentarily at a loss for words. He thought, 'Ms. Zeller sure is bold and proud. In the business world, I'm someone who can even make the rules. I lead the trends in the capital market, so I can totally understand and agree with Ms. Zeller's words. Howard could only put aside his dreams of being the big boss for now. His middle-aged rebellion didn't succeed after all!

The two talked for another hour. Afterward, Howard walked out of the villa looking energized. Liam, seeing someone finally come out, quickly got out of the car. If Howard didn't come out soon, he might fall asleep waiting.

Liam approached Howard with a slight bow. "Mr. Yates, you're out."

Howard said, "Okay, let's go back to the company. Remember to schedule lunch with Rashad from the biochem lab for tomorrow."

Liam nodded repeatedly. Once in the car, he kept glancing at Howard through the rearview mirror. Judging by Howard's good mood, there shouldn't be any problems. His anxious heart finally calmed down.

Howard had already noticed Liam sneaking glances at him. He thought, 'Is there something on my face? Why is this kid sneaking glances at me?'

Howard closed the document and looked up. He caught Liam as he peeked at him.

The two of them locked eyes. The atmosphere was strange and awkward.

Howard wore a serious expression. "You've glanced at me no fewer than ten times on this trip. Is something wrong with me?"

Liam quickly shook his head. He tightened his grip on the steering wheel. He thought, 'Can there be anything more awkward than being caught by the boss? My toes are digging into the ground out of embarrassment.

Liam quickly replied, "Mr. Yates, I just feel like you've been especially happy since leaving the villa."

Howard wasn't upset. He glanced at the anxious Liam and said calmly, "It's nothing, I just learned something unexpected."

Howard was known for his poker face. Except when he was with Yvette, getting a smile from him was nearly impossible for everyone else.

Liam really couldn't imagine what could make Howard so happy. It definitely wasn't because of money; it had to be because of Yvette.

The next day, at the national new energy press conference. Major media outlets from around the world were all present. Every media outlet brought their latest equipment to secure the best positions for first-hand video coverage.

The successful development of new energy in Clusia marks a new era in energy. Clusia has surpassed the advanced technologies currently owned by Mysonna. This press conference is truly attracting a lot of attention. Today, the world's attention is focused on this event.

James attended today in formal clothes. At his level, he only showed up if it's a really formal and significant event.

In the lounge, Marcus helped Jay straighten his tie. He lowered his head slightly, his voice was a bit deep. "What's going on? You've been distracted since early morning. What are you thinking about?" Marcus asked.

Jay looked up and found that Marcus was a head taller than him. The height difference really made him want to punch Jay. He thought, 'What did this guy eat to grow so tall? I heard he drank a lot of milk as a kid. Maybe I should drink some too. Growing late is still growing! As long as I grow a bit, it's fine.

Jay said, "It's nothing, just that I feel weird if Siren doesn't come today. Without her in the new energy development, we might still be on the wrong path, and wouldn't have succeeded so quickly. On a day like today, when we're celebrated for our success, she doesn't show up. It makes me a little sad. She should be here with us, getting everyone's applause."

Marcus was silent for a few moments and he looked at Jay's face. "Jay, do you think it's possible that Siren isn't showing up just because she's too lazy?" Marcus suggested.

The nice atmosphere was just interrupted like that. Jay suddenly wasn't sad anymore. He twisted Marcus's arm with force, wrinkling his black suit.

Marcus hissed in pain. Jay reluctantly nodded. "Okay, I guess you might be right."

Seeing Jay's mood improve, Marcus chuckled too. He thought, "This guy just loves getting caught up in the details. There is still another theory I haven't mentioned-maybe Yvette really doesn't care about the Siren identity? Or what if she doesn't lack the fame, status, and wealth that everyone yearned for?"

At exactly 11 o'clock, the new energy press conference officially began. Besides the core members from the national physics lab, top leaders from relevant departments also attended this press conference. Everyone attended this conference had important statues in this country.

Jay and Marcus were seated on either side of James. One on his left, the other on his right; one in a black suit, the other in white, making for a striking combination. Marcus had already gained some popularity in society. A few years back, when he was taking classes at Betrico University, a student secretly took a picture of him, posted it online, and it went viral. So, besides James, the media focused their cameras on him the most.

The press conference proceeded smoothly. It went smoothly until the final part, when James went on stage to speak. With a cane in hand and his back straight, James walked up to the stage slowly. Even though he was almost in his eighties, his posture was still upright.

As the top figure in the country's physics field, he couldn't afford to show weakness in front of the world media. James got on stage, picked up the microphone, and looked at the international media below. His words were forceful and clear for a full thirty minutes. The auditorium echoed with his powerful voice.

Finally, it was time for the reporters to ask questions. James looked energetic, his face glowing with health.

This time, Mysonna's government sent their top mainstream media. They were widely recognized as having the most challenging media personnel to deal with. The person who came this time was a white man, appearing to be in his forties, with keen eyes. He was the first among the media present to ask a question. "Hello, Dean James, in your report you mentioned that this new energy project owes much of its success to someone named Siren. It was their research that sped up the development and introduction of this technology. However, this person is unwilling to show up, could you explain why Siren doesn't want to make an appearance? Is there a reason for this? Please elaborate."

Jay and Marcus exchanged a look. It was obvious they had come well-prepared. It seems like it was the right call for Yvette to keep Siren's identity a secret. They both thought, 'How many talents have they already taken from our country to Mysonna?

'Mysonna has been looking for opportunities to tarnish Clusia's reputation these past years. They're quite adept at swaying public opinion and misleading people worldwide.'

James lifted his eyelids and wore a polite smile. He's handled this kind of malicious situation countless times when he was younger. The current scenario is just a piece of cake. He thought "Trying to blow things out of proportion?"

James picked up the microphone and slowly looked at the white male reporter who asked the question

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James said, "Regarding Siren's identity, unless she personally agrees, neither the National Physics Lab nor I will ever announce it publicly. There are only two simple reasons for not revealing her identity. First, she does not wish to. Second, as of yesterday, her file has been approved, and she has officially become a First-Class Researcher in Clusia, and will henceforth receive national protection."

As soon as James said this, the media reporters from Clusia were in an uproar.

The title of First-Class Researcher was no small matter.

So far, only three individuals at the National Physics Lab hold that title, James, Marcus, and Jay.

Now, there was a fourth, Siren.

A male reporter from Clusia, with a malicious grin, continued his questioning, "Mr. Owens, isn't it too hasty to grant Siren the title of First-Class Researcher based on just one project?"

James smiled slightly, calm and composed, as if entirely unbothered by the question.

He began, "Just one project? It seems the reporters present may not fully understand. Let me clarify. The fact that the new energy project was completed so quickly and implemented in production is all thanks to Siren's efforts. I have already submitted a detailed report to the World Physics Organization in Mysonna. You should find that the World Physics Organization's website has now updated its page with information on Siren's contributions to the new energy project. If there are any doubts, you can check the website."

James' words were well-grounded, leaving the reporter momentarily speechless.

The reporters behind him immediately began checking the World Physics Organization's website using their laptops and phones.

Seeing the updated content on the new energy project page and the calm expression on James' face, any other journalists who had intended to cause trouble fell silent.

After all, if the World Physics Organization, the most authoritative entity, had already recognized Siren's identity, they had no grounds to question it further without embarrassing themselves.

The male reporter accepted the phone handed to him by his colleague, and when he saw the official First-Class Researcher certification seal on the website, his face turned grim.

Suddenly, someone whispered, "Oh my God, Siren is a woman? And she's only 22? That's unbelievable."

His comment stirred a commotion among the reporters.

"Really? I see it too. She's only 22. Does that mean she's now the youngest First-Class Researcher in Clusia?"

"A woman? Siren is a woman, a 22-year-old genius?"

"She must be the youngest participant in this new energy project

"Not only that, but she's broken the record. She became a First-Class Researcher even earlier than Marcus did. She's truly created a miracle."

They had no choice but to reveal these two key details about Siren.

James had already discussed this with Yvette last night, advising that if Siren wanted to get certified by the World Physics Organization in Mysonna, she would need to disclose her age and gender.

James coolly eyed the journalist from Mysonna who was gritting his teeth in frustration and said politely, "Do you have any further questions, sir?"

'Let's see how these journalists from Mysonna will try to dispute the recognition granted by their own country's organization,' James thought.

Actually, this situation wasn't entirely James' doing, and it caught him somewhat by surprise.

He hadn't expected the World Physics Organization to approve everything so swiftly this time.

Normally, getting certification was an arduous process, but this time, the moment the materials were submitted, they were approved immediately.

Even the website update was unusually prompt.

The reporter remained silent, clearly embarrassed.

He backed down from further questioning, and the other journalists naturally followed suit.

The remaining press conference went smoothly and wrapped up in less than an hour, as planned.

At the end of the press conference, James stood tall and spoke to the world's media with a determined voice. "Five thousand years ago, we stood with Nileian, facing the floods. Four thousand years ago, like the Babelians, we cast bronze. Three thousand years ago, we pondered philosophy alongside the Aegians. Two thousand years ago, we fought with the brave Veronians. A thousand years ago, we shared the prosperity of Saracian. And now, we stand once more among the nations of the world, never faltering. The researchers from Clusia have always strived to innovate and surpass. I hope more young talents like Siren will return to the embrace of their homeland, to build the future of our nation."

As soon as James finished speaking, the conference hall erupted into thunderous applause.

Only the reporter and his TV crew stood apart, grinding their teeth as they watched the dignified and unyielding figure of James on stage.

Moments ago, the reporter had made a phone call to Mysonna, trying to dig up more information on Siren.

Instead, he received a stern warning, advising him not to pursue the matter further or exploit Siren for a story.

With such a clear message from the top, the reporter had no choice but to book the earliest flight back to Mysonna, retreating in disgrace.

At the Chavez residence, the television was on.

The press conference was broadcast live.

That meant everyone in Clusia had seen the entire event, from beginning to end.

Jeremiah had brought Yvette to the Chavez residence today, as per Aurora's insistence.

They had barely been apart for a short while, but Aurora already missed Yvette terribly. Aurora sat right next to Yvette, while Jeremiah and Clifford occupied the other end of the sofa.

The four of them watched the entire live broadcast of the new energy project press conference.

Aurora casually peeled an orange and handed it to Yvette. "Yvette, it's sweet. Try it. I had someone bring it back from the south especially for you. I'm sure you'll like it."

Yvette naturally accepted it, took a bite, and nodded slightly. "It's delicious."

Aurora beamed with delight, resting her chin on her hand as she gazed at Yvette's profile.

Yvette's side profile was stunning, a masterpiece crafted by the hands of God.

Seeing this, Clifford let out a discontented huff. "Sweet? What's so sweet? It's just an orange. I didn't taste anything sweet."

Jeremiah, dressed casually, with his long legs crossed, glanced at Clifford's expression, a slight smirk tugging at his lips.

He then looked at Yvette, who was being fed by Aurora, paused briefly, and then casually picked up an orange to try for himself. "So sour."

Aurora, still watching James on the television, sighed. "I never would have guessed Siren is a 22-year-old woman."

Hearing this, Clifford lowered his newspaper and said solemnly, "Indeed, a true genius. Her future is limitless. Since Mr. Owens personally applied for her to become a First-Class Researcher, it speaks volumes about her character."

Jeremiah, with a side glance, observed Yvette lounging on the sofa, focused on eating her orange, feet propped up.

His eyes darkened slightly, deep in thought.

'Isn't it a bit too coincidental? Siren and Yvette are both 22? Siren is also a woman? Could there be some connection between the two?' he wondered.

Yvette finished the last slice of her orange, her eyes cold and her gaze sharp as she met Jeremiah's intense stare.

She frowned.

Then she spoke slowly. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Aurora immediately turned her head when she heard this, noticing the two of them locked eyes.

She shifted her body to block Jeremiah's view.

'Only I get to admire Yvette's beauty. I'm not letting him stare at her, Aurora thought possessively.

Clifford, feeling a twinge of jealousy, thought to himself, 'Does Aurora not love me anymore?'

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Jeremiah noticed Aurora's actions and lightly coughed, pressing a hand to his lips.

'Is Mom jealous that I'm looking at Yvette?' he wondered.

His expression turned serious, and his tone was stern. "Mom, she's my girlfriend."

Aurora stood protectively in front of Yvette, her voice bold and unyielding. "Yvette and I are closer. Let's have a fight, and whoever wins gets to take her!"

Seeing that mother and son were about to start another battle over Yvette, Clifford felt a headache coming on.

As the head of the household, he had no choice but to bury his head in the newspaper again.

He couldn't afford to provoke Jeremiah, and he definitely couldn't afford to provoke his wife.

So, the best course of action in this situation was to let them sort it out themselves.

Over the years, Clifford had perfected the art of staying out of conflicts at home.

Yvette tilted her head, glancing at Aurora, who was brimming with arrogance.

Her deep gaze shifted slightly.

And she curled her fingers.

Her voice, as always, was cold and detached. "You can't beat him. If you really want to fight him, I can help."

Jeremiah was stunned.

Aurora, too, stared blankly at Yvette, who had seriously offered her assistance.

'My goodness! How can there be such an adorable girl?' Aurora thought.

Jeremiah looked at the two women, both eager for a fight, and was stunned for a moment.

He was more surprised by his mother's behavior.

'No mother would be this excited about beating up her own son, right? I guess I'm destined to lose to these two in this lifetime,' he thought.

Jeremiah bit his lip. "Fine, I give up, Mom. You win."

Clifford glanced at him sideways. 'He should have given in sooner. I've been losing to Aurora for years, and he thinks he could win? It's just like a few days ago,' he thought.

By the time Yvette and Jeremiah returned to Skyland, it was already midnight.

Yvette went upstairs to shower first.

When she came back downstairs, Jeremiah had prepared beef pasta for her, along with freshly ordered lobster and a milkshake.

This had become her go-to midnight snack in recent days, and she never got tired of it.

Yvette curled up on the sofa, enjoying her meal.

Jeremiah didn't have the habit of eating late-night snacks.

Sitting beside her, his slender fingers skillfully peeled the lobster and placed it on Yvette's plate.

After a moment of silence, looking at Yvette, Jeremiah suddenly spoke. "I went to Argrol University in Seacriety as a librarian at Mr. Owens' request, to find Siren."

Yvette paused, lowering her milkshake cup.

She lifted her gaze, her eyes unreadable.

She let out a soft laugh, her pure eyes lazily fixed on Jeremiah. “Oh, so did you find her?”

Jeremiah calmly placed the last piece of lobster on Yvette’s plate. “I think I did, and I fell in love with her. What should I do?”

His tone was light and casual.

Yvette glanced at his strong profile, highlighted under the soft lighting, and felt her heart stir slightly.

Half-closing her eyes, she kept her calm. “That means you have good taste. Keep loving her.”

‘Who wouldn’t know how to say sweet things? I can too, she thought.

Jeremiah chuckled. ‘Is Yvette acknowledging that she’s Siren?’ he wondered.

He wasn’t quite sure how he felt, but maybe relief was the closest

He was relieved that, out of billions of people, he had met Yvette at just the right time.

At that moment, Jeremiah’s phone rang.

He answered, and the voice on the other end was grave. “Mr. Chavez, Kaiden and Robin have secretly arrived at an apartment in Betrico. Our men are currently monitoring them. These two didn’t come with the visiting Ybaulla delegation. They might be plotting something in secret. Should we take precautions in advance?”

Jeremiah’s expression remained unyielding, his eyes cold as he replied in a deep voice, “Understood. Proceed as planned.”

“Understood, Mr. Chavez,” the man on the line responded.

Jeremiah hung up the phone and glanced at Yvette, who was still enjoying her beef pasta.

“Take your time eating. Get to bed early tonight. I have some matters to attend to in the study,” he said gently.

Yvette looked up, giving a slight nod. “Okay, you go ahead and handle your business.”

She paused for a moment, studying his face.

She had overheard his conversation on the phone. ‘It seems some people really need to meet in person,’ she thought.

“When is the visiting Ybaulla delegation arriving?” Yvette asked.

Jeremiah was a bit surprised that she would inquire about such matters.

Without holding anything back, he replied, “They’ll arrive the day after tomorrow at eleven.”

Yvette nodded, acknowledging the information, and said nothing more.

She then continued eating her beef pasta.

As the night deepened, the sky was overcast, and the moon and stars were obscured. The wind howled outside, rustling the branches of the trees, leaving only one silhouette by the window

In the master bedroom, Yvette stood by the window, the lights in the room turned off.

In the darkness, the faint glow from her phone screen illuminated her face, showing a conversation with Charles.

The next day at ten o’clock, Andrew stepped out of the airport in Betrico, dressed in trendy brand-name clothes and wearing shoes that cost him two months’ salary.

He walked out with an air of confidence, feeling like the coolest guy in the world.

Back in Betrico, Andrew had transformed back into the second son of the Mitchell family, brimming with self-assurance.

During his time in Seacurity, Andrew had settled into a regular 9-to-5 job, and he felt he had grown from the experience.

He knew he would only be in Betrico for a few days before returning to Seacurity to continue his job as a librarian.

After all, this was his job, and he had to see it through.

He had committed to six months, and he wasn’t going to cut it short, even by a day.

The true reason behind this commitment was something only Andrew knew.

Acar sent by Samantha was already waiting at the airport entrance.

As Andrew stepped out, the Mitchell family’s driver approached him.

Noticing that Andrew had lost some weight, the driver thought, ‘Mr. Mitchell must have gone through quite a bit to look this thin. How unfortunate.’

“Mr. Mitchell, you’re finally back! Tim specifically rescheduled military affairs today, and he and Samantha are at home waiting for you to have dinner,” the driver said.

Andrew looked at the driver, puzzled. “Dad is here? He didn’t leave today?”

“No, Mr. Mitchell. They’re both at the Mitchell residence waiting for you,” the driver confirmed.

Andrew felt a bit taken aback.

‘Dad has never waited for me to eat before. He is usually too busy. What’s going on today?’ he wondered.

Before he could ponder further, Andrew spotted a familiar figure walking out of the airport.

As he looked closer, he realized it was Yvette.

‘What a coincidence!’ he thought, surprised to see her there.

Just as he was about to approach her and say hello, he noticed a handsome man run up to Yvette as she exited the airport.

Andrew couldn’t hear their conversation, but he could see the excitement on the man’s face.

His feet froze in place as he watched Yvette chatting happily with the handsome guy.

In the next moment, he wished he could blind himself.

The attractive man even helped Yvette with her black bag, which she accepted without hesitation. This was definitely not normal.

Andrew bit his lip, feeling conflicted.

He continued peeping.

Andrew thought, ‘I can’t pretend I didn’t see this! Oh God, can I just disappear right now? No, that’s not an option... I can’t just ignore this when I’ve stumbled upon it. This guy dares to mess with Jeremiah’s girlfriend? He’s got a death wish! I have to teach him a lesson, or I’d be letting Jeremiah down.

Determined, Andrew rolled up his sleeves and was about to rush forward.

He had already made it halfway when, for some reason, he abruptly turned back and headed toward the car.

The driver, utterly bewildered, stared in confusion.

'Has Mr. Mitchell been under too much stress in Seacurity for too long? Is he losing it?' the driver wondered.

Andrew quickly pulled out his phone from his bag, turned it on, and urgently dialed Jeremiah.

He was anxious, afraid that the two might leave before he could do anything.

However, once the call connected, he found himself at a loss for words.

'What if Jeremiah can't handle the shock?' Andrew thought, suddenly hesitant. 'A pure, cold man crushed by his first crush's betrayal, spiraling into depression... What if it gets even worse... What if he can't take it and ends up...'

Andrew's mind ran wild, imagining countless tragic scenarios of Jeremiah's heartbreak.