

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 291

“Is there something going on?” Jeremiah asked.

Andrew, holding his phone, snapped back to reality upon hearing the cold voice on the line.

He glanced at the two people at the airport entrance, gritted his teeth, and decided to take the plunge. “Mr. Chavez, I’m back at Betrico Airport. Guess who I just saw?”

Jeremiah on the other end of the line paused for two seconds, then replied coolly, “Andrew, are you bored?”

Upon hearing Jeremiah’s tone, Andrew sensed his impatience and quickly continued, “Jeremiah, this is serious! I saw Yvette at the airport, and there was a really handsome guy over six feet tall with her. They were laughing and chatting, and he even helped her with her backpack!”

Andrew spoke rapidly without taking a breath, and once he finished, he let out a slight sigh.

He was met with three seconds of silence from Jeremiah.

‘What’s going on? Jeremiah isn’t even angry that Yvette is with another man?’ Andrew thought to himself.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah’s hand, which was signing, paused slightly. “A handsome man?”

Andrew, hearing Jeremiah’s words, took a careful look at the man in the distance and summarized it.

Rubbing his chin, he replied, “Yeah, he’s pretty good-looking, but he’s not quite as good as me.”

Jeremiah was silent for a moment.

Noticing that Yvette and the man seemed ready to leave, Andrew felt a surge of urgency.

He quickly said into the phone, “Jeremiah, it looks like Yvette and this guy are about to go! Hurry over! Don’t worry. I’ll follow them and keep you updated. You know my professional scouting skills. I won’t be noticed!”

Before Jeremiah could respond, Andrew hung up.

He turned to the driver and said, "Give me your jacket. You can head back now. Tell my dad and Samantha I'm busy saving Jeremiah's future. It's a big responsibility, so I'll skip dinner for now."

He said this while quickly taking off the driver's jacket.

At the airport, people were bustling about.

Some bystanders gaped as they watched a handsome guy strip a jacket off an older man, surprised by his actions.

Andrew didn't have time to care about their reactions.

He slipped on the jacket and drove off, tailing Yvette and her companion as they left the airport, leaving the driver alone, bewildered, shivering in the wind.

In the car, Charles was driving.

He glanced at Yvette, who was playing a game with her head down, his lips twitching slightly.

He remembered how, during their rigorous training, his group always sought ways to challenge the sharpness of Yvette, who was their coach.

They had attempted nearly thirty different challenges against her, including firearms, off-roading, combat, judo, kendo, taekwondo...

The result was never disappointing.

They never managed to win.

They always fell short by just a point, at most two.

In the Seventy-Two Chambers, over a thousand people were thoroughly suppressed by Yvette.

Eventually, they were left with no choice but to rely on intelligence since they couldn't win physically.

It proved that seeking out difficult challenges when one was idle was a quick route to frustration.

There was a professional esports player from the Goodman family in the training camp who provocatively challenged Yvette to a game from FastPulse Technologies.

Family vacation packages

The result was astonishing.

This time, Yvette didn't just win by a point.

She crushed him by fifty points.

Jogical

Later, it was heard that the esports player left the training camp with psychological scars and announced his retirement from the esports scene.

Now, as Charles watched Yvette seriously playing Super Mario, he found himself at a loss for words.

'Could it be that after reaching a certain level of skill, one can only find joy in playing such childish games?' Charles thought. 'Yvette's world is truly unfathomable for someone like me.'

Yvette put away her phone, glanced at the rearview mirror, and smirked before saying to Charles, "Turn left."

This was the exact opposite of the direction indicated by the navigation.

Upon hearing this, Charles immediately turned left without a hint of hesitation.

Suddenly, Charles realized something and also looked into the rearview mirror.

The black car behind them had been following ever since they left the airport.

'Did I just arrive in Clusia, and now I have enemies chasing me?' he thought.

Charles' expression turned cold, and his voice was harsh. "Yvette, it might be someone sent by Chief Braydon. Could I..."

As he spoke, he made a slicing motion across his neck.

As the leader of the Seventy-Two Chambers, Charles had taken many lives and didn't care about taking another more.

Yvette raised her gaze, glanced at him indifferently, opened a bag of chips, and took a bite. "This is a society governed by the rule of law. If there's a problem, we should go to the police."

Charles' hand froze on the steering wheel, his expression turned extremely strange.

Hearing those words come from Yvette's mouth was genuinely shocking.

He took a moment to collect himself. “Yvette, given my identity, going to the police would be inappropriate, right?”

‘As a gang leader, going to the police? I’d definitely be mocked by others for that, he thought.

Yvette turned her face away, showing little expression.

Her lips pressed together, and her voice was cool. “Oh, find a place to park. I’m hungry.”

Charles glanced at the chips in her hand, noting that Yvette still had quite the appetite.

However, he believed Yvette had a way to deal with whoever was following them.

‘Whatever Yvette decides to do, I’ll follow her lead. It’ll definitely be fine, he thought.

“Okay,” Charles replied.

In the black car, Andrew gripped the steering wheel tightly, thinking, ‘Is my title of driving king a joke? Do you think you can suddenly turn and shake me off? Dream on! There’s no way!’

Andrew had been following them ever since leaving the airport.

He noticed that the road seemed somewhat familiar.

‘Isn’t this the road back to Skyland? Is Yvette planning to take that guy back to Mr. Chavez’s villa? She’s being so bold, he wondered.

Andrew saw the car ahead stop next to a street lined with restaurants.

The next second, Yvette got out of the car, followed by the man.

Andrew noticed Yvette glance his way, and he quickly lowered his head, waiting a minute before daring to look up again.

When he did, he saw that the two figures were already gone, prompting him to get out of the car to look for them while secretly wondering, ‘I must not lose them. Otherwise, how will I explain this to Jeremiah?’

After searching along the street for ten minutes, Andrew finally spotted the two in front of a restaurant window.

He hurried to the adjacent window, pretending to buy something, and distractedly asked, “How much for this?”

Before the vendor could respond, Andrew quickly added, "Oh... I'll take two portions."

The vendor hesitantly asked again, "Are you sure you want two portions?"

Andrew kept his eyes on Yvette and the man and replied without turning his head, "Yes, two portions. Hurry up and make them."

The vendor, thrilled that someone was finally buying two portions of the set meal, eagerly started preparing the order. Yvette had already spotted Andrew. She was indeed surprised to see him.

Noticing what he was buying, a mischievous smile crept onto her lips, and her expression became relaxed.

Charles also noticed Andrew, feeling pleased with his successful disguise.

Holding the freshly made fried chicken, he turned to Yvette. "It's ready, Yvette. What else do you want to eat?"

Then he lowered his voice. "Should I take care of him? Don't worry. I'll leave no traces."

Yvette, with her hands in her pockets, casually glanced at Andrew in the distance.

She replied to Charles, "No need. I know him. Let's go."

Charles was taken aback

'Yvette knows this guy? What's going on? This guy is following However, Charles felt relieved since that man wasn't an enemy Charles followed Yvette into a steakhouse and sat down.

The combination of the handsome man and the beautiful woman People in the steakhouse subtly glanced at the two of them.

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Andrew, trailing behind, saw the two enter a steakhouse and quickly sent the location to Jeremiah.

The vendor handed two ready meals to Andrew. "Hello, sir, that'll be 18 dollars. Thank you for your patronage."

When Andrew turned around and saw what the vendor was holding, his expression suddenly froze.

He pointed at the contents of the bag, covering his nose, and complained. "What is this? It stinks!"

The vendor was not pleased. "Sir, this says herring in a can. Are you joking about how it smells?"

Andrew's face turned dark. He had never eaten this before.

The smell made him want to vomit.

With people queuing behind him, he had no choice but to pay quickly and walk away with the bag.

All he wanted was to find a trash can and toss this thing out.

Andrew felt like he was covered in the foul odor.

As he approached the trash can to throw away the can of herring, he looked up and saw Yvette leaning against the door of the steakhouse, laughing as she watched him.

The man next to her was also present.

'How awkward. How do I explain this?' he thought.

Andrew forced a smile and waved the bag in his hand. "Hey, Yvette! Fancy seeing you here! I just arrived in Betrico today. I was passing by and got hungry, so I thought I'd grab a bite. What a coincidence running into you!"

A smirk played on Yvette's lips as she glanced at the stinky bag.

Even from a distance, she could smell it.

She raised an eyebrow.

Then, she asked calmly, "Want to eat together?"

Andrew was taken aback.

'Why is she suddenly in such a good mood?' he wondered.

He felt somewhat flustered but then thought this was just perfect, so he nodded eagerly. "Sure! I haven't eaten yet. When Jeremiah arrives, we can eat together..."

He hesitated and glanced awkwardly at Charles. "So, Yvette, does your friend mind? If he does, that's fine."

Charles choked a bit.

Why does Yvette's friend sound so snarky? It's the first time I've seen a guy talk like that,' he wondered.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, her voice indifferent. "He doesn't mind. Come on in."

As Andrew saw Yvette and Charles turn around, he thought to take the chance to toss the herring can into the trash.

He couldn't stand the smell for another minute.

Charles was taken aback

'Yvette knows this guy? What's going on? This guy is following Yvette? What kind of situation is this?' he wondered.

However, Charles felt relieved since that man wasn't an enemy.

Charles followed Yvette into a steakhouse and sat down.

The combination of the handsome man and the beautiful woman attracted attention.

People in the steakhouse subtly glanced at the two of them.