

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 293

Jeremiah glanced around the private room at the three people inside.

His eyes landed on Charles' face, pausing for a moment before he calmly withdrew his gaze.

A few days ago, Charles' information had been on his desk, and Jeremiah hadn't expected to see him so soon in Clusia,

Charles, in turn, was taken aback by Jeremiah's strikingly handsome face, causing him to loosen his grip on his fork.

'So, Yvette's boyfriend is a young major general in Clusia? Holy shit!' he wondered.

In that moment, Charles couldn't find the right words to describe his feelings.

He could only think, 'Yvette is amazing.

Andrew looked at Jeremiah with a sense of grievance.

From the moment Jeremiah entered, he glanced at Charles briefly before fixing his gaze entirely on Yvette.

Andrew, a handsome guy, was completely overshadowed.

Andrew spoke up. "Jeremiah, you finally made it!"

He stood up from his chair, and with each step he took, the overwhelming smell of canned herring grew stronger.

Jeremiah took a couple of steps back.

The odor was too much for Jeremiah, a complete germaphobe, to handle. His serious aversion to strong smells made it unbearable.

With a cold expression, he said to Andrew, "Sit back down."

Andrew immediately understood why Jeremiah looked that way.

'Oh no! My image has been ruined by this herring smell!' he thought to himself.

With a long face, Andrew plopped back down onto his seat.

'Alright, forget it. Whatever... he comforted himself as he wondered.

Jeremiah walked over to sit next to Yvette.

She looked up at him as he settled beside her.

Her eyes were pure and cool, and her voice was sweet. "Have you eaten yet?"

Jeremiah's eyes, usually so deep and reserved, now sparkled with tenderness as he turned his head slightly and replied, "Not yet. I just finished handling some matters at the military district before coming here."

After Yvette started dating Jeremiah, she noticed that his eating habits were quite irregular.

He was very picky with his food.

Although he would accompany Yvette to eat everything she loved, he rarely ate more than a few bites.

Yvette took the various pieces of steak cut from the serving plates and piled them onto Jeremiah's plate until it was overflowing.

Jeremiah smiled to himself as he wondered, 'So much meal! Yvete must really love me.'

Charles thought to himself, 'Yvette is so biased. At least leave me a couple of pieces of steak!'

Andrew was taken aback. 'My steak? I had been eyeing it for almost five minutes, and now it's all gone. How heartless!' he wondered.

While Jeremiah wasn't particularly fond of meat, he felt he had to eat it since Yvette served it to him, even if he wasn't hungry.

After setting down her fork, Yvette pointed at the composed Charles and said calmly, "This is Charles Jameson, my apprentice."

Andrew dropped his fork with a loud clatter.

The man he had been suspicious of for so long turned out to be Yvette's apprentice.

Andrew rubbed his chin.

He glanced back and forth between Charles and Yvette.

'Charles looks nearly thirty, while Yvette is just over twenty. Is Yvette really his mentor? Why does Charles seem more suited to be the teacher?' he pondered.

Andrew concluded in his mind.

Yvette must not be a normal person. I can't treat her like a normal person anymore,' he thought.

After thinking about how busy he had been all morning, Andrew felt like it had all been a waste of time, not to mention he had ended up smelling terrible. 'I'm so pathetic,' he thought.

Charles maintained a gentle and restrained demeanor.

After so many years in the underworld, he had learned to disguise himself and avoid revealing a domineering attitude.

Otherwise, his trump card would be exposed.

Nodding at Jeremiah, he said earnestly, "Hello, Lady Boss, I'm Charles."

In Charles' understanding, Yvette was undoubtedly the one in control.

It didn't matter whether Jeremiah was a major general in Clusia or the president of some country, yet he definitely listened to Yvette.

So he didn't see anything wrong to address Jeremiah as Lady Boss.

Andrew, who had just taken a bite of food, suddenly sprayed it all over the floor.

He stared at Charles in disbelief.

'Oh man! He's joking with Jeremiah! That's so bold! He actually called Mr. Chavez Lady Boss! This is insane! Oh my god, I have to share this with someone. It's too funny, Andrew thought excitedly.

He furtively took out his phone, thinking about who to tell.

But the more he thought about it, the more he feared that if this got out, Jeremiah might come after him.

I'm definitely not as brave as Charles. Better play it safe, Andrew wondered.

After some hesitation. Andrew decided to share it with Samantha

Andrew: [Samantha, you won't believe this. Someone just called Mr. Chavez Lady Boss. It's hilarious!]

Barely a minute had passed when Samantha replied.

Samantha: [Get lost. If you want to die, don't drag me into it. Do you think you can joke about Mr. Chavez?]

Andrew pursed his lips at her cold response.

Yep, definitely my sister. Abandoned me at the first sign of trouble, he thought.

Jeremiah's fingers twitched when he heard the words, his gaze sharp and icy as he stared at Charles.

The sudden wave of killing intent made Charles freeze in place.

"What a terrifying aura," he thought.

Yvette glanced at the two men with mild amusement. Charles calling Jeremiah Lady Boss was definitely unexpected.

She was sure Charles did it on purpose.

In the next moment, the murderous intent around Jeremiah dissipated completely.

He tilted his head slightly, his eyes half-closed in a drowsy, languid way.

His voice softened, carrying a touch of melancholy. "I never thought I'd see the day where I'd be called Lady Boss. It's... nice."

Andrew had just finished sending his text when he heard Jeremiah's words.

His phone slipped from his hand and clattered to the floor.

'What the hell? What's Jeremiah doing? Is he acting? What's with this whole delicate routine?' Andrew wondered.

Seeing Jeremiah's uncharacteristically vulnerable expression sent a wave of goosebumps all over his body.

It was disturbing.

This was the same iron-blooded warlord who'd made his name known in Betrico at the age of eighteen.

And now, he was playing coy.

Charles hadn't expected Jeremiah to own up to the title so readily, feeling a sense of defeat.

Yvette crossed her legs and leaned back.

Her face showed little emotion.

She was already accustomed to Jeremiah's flirtatious behavior.

Her cold eyes narrowed slightly, and a subtle smile tugged at her lips.

"Having a playful boyfriend like Jeremiah is nice. Since he loves to act, I shouldn't ruin his fun,' she thought.

Yvette glanced at Charles, who was clearly uncomfortable, and lightly rubbed the rim of her cup as she said softly, "This is Jeremiah Chavez. Just call him Mr. Chavez."

Yvette had spoken directly, and no matter how reluctant Charles felt, he could only nod politely and say, "Alright, Mr. Chavez, it's nice to meet you."

Yvette's words were an order to Charles, and he would never dare defy them.

Jeremiah gave Charles a half-smile, recognizing that he had figured out Yvette's preference for a gentle approach.

Since Charles had taken a step back, Jeremiah felt no need to prolong any discomfort.

Jeremiah nodded slightly.

He succinctly introduced himself. "Hello, I am Jeremiah Chavez.

As Andrew watched the scene unfold at the dining table, he thought to himself, 'Mr. Chavez is truly cunning!

However, he was surprised by how obedient Charles was to Yvette.

She must have been quite strict in her teachings.

Automatically, Andrew categorized Charles as someone from the artistic community.

After all, with Yvette being an internationally acclaimed young painter under the pen name Cyanbird, it made sense for her apprentice, Charles, to be an artist as well.

Charles wasn't a lover.

Since the misunderstanding had been cleared up, Andrew felt no hostility toward him.

In fact, Charles' audacity to joke with Jeremiah was proof enough that he was worthy of friendship.

That kind of courage was one of his greatest strengths.

Curious, Andrew turned to Charles and asked, “Charles, how much do you typically charge per piece?”

Of course, Andrew was referring to the price of a painting, but Charles interpreted it differently, thinking he meant how much it cost to kill someone.

He didn’t shy away from the topic since he wasn’t involved in any killings in Clusia.

He had nothing to worry about.

In some parts of the world, violence and war were commonplace.

Clusia was simply a sanctuary amidst that chaos.

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Charles took a sip from his cup, looked at Andrew, whose face was curious, and replied, “It depends on my mood. For important people, it’s usually 30 million dollars, for less important ones, 10 million. Sometimes, I’ll even take jobs for free.

In the criminal circles of Mysonna, only a few had considered hiring Charles for an assassination. The payment was secondary: the real issue was that Charles led the Seventy-Two Chambers for the Goodman family. Apart from Braydon, no one else dared to order him to take a life.

Andrew was shocked. He wondered, ‘With my low salary, there’s no way I can afford to place an order with Charles. When did prices in the art world go so crazy? Plus, I’ve never even heard of Charles before. It’s hard to believe that a relatively unknown painter can charge so much.

Andrew was silent for a few seconds. He thought, ‘Is painting really that profitable? Should I pick up the brush again?’

But then Andrew thought of his art teacher’s assessment of him and decided against it. After all, back then he was the kind of guy who could draw a chicken egg so badly it looked like a duck egg—so maybe he should quit dreaming about it.

With an envious tone, Andrew said, “Charles, your industry is so promising. I’m envious.”

Charles raised his head slightly. There was a bit of confusion in his eyes.

Charles noticed Andrew's envious gaze, which was genuine and sincere. He wondered, 'What exactly is this guy envious of? Is it that he envies my ability to kill? What a weird guy! No wonder he could do something as bizarre as following us from the airport.'

Andrew was unaware that Charles had already labeled him as a "weird guy" in his mind, and the impression was quite profound.

Jeremiah glanced at the two of them, a smirk playing at the corners of his mouth as he thought, 'The two are on completely different wavelengths, yet they speak with such enthusiasm. Charles discusses killing with a chilling nonchalance, while Andrew is talking about painting, and neither realizes the absurdity. It's truly hilarious!'

Charles was baffled by Andrew's continuous questions. He regarded Andrew as a "weirdo motormouth" and bolted to the bathroom as an excuse to slip out of the VIP room.

Jeremiah caught a glimpse of Charles's retreating figure, finished the last piece of meat, put down his utensils, and said to Yvette, who was enjoying her grilled pork chops, "I'm heading to the bathroom."

Yvette glanced at him, still chewing on her food, and mumbled, "OK."

Jeremiah couldn't help but pinch Yvette's soft cheeks, who looked like a hamster with her cheeks puffed out while eating.

Charles adjusted his clothes in the men's bathroom, then leaned over the sink, hands deep in soapy water.

Then Charles heard footsteps approaching, but he didn't even glance up from the sink, his hands momentarily stilled mid-scrub. He could feel the newcomer was no ordinary Joe.

The next moment, Jeremiah strode in. He made a beeline for the sink, fixing his military uniform in front of the mirror. There was an air of restrained allure about him.

-Jeremiah, hands smoothing over his military uniform, spoke up. "Charles Jameson, you were the head of the Seventy-Two Chambers under the Goodman family in Mysonna, the top family in the underground world. You managed all the shady dealings for the Goodman family—arms, assassinations, casinos, but stayed clear of drugs. Half a month ago, you parted away with the current head of the Goodman family, Braydon, and got injected with the new No.7 Toxin. You vanished from Mysonna after that. Now, here you are, showing up as the apprentice to my girlfriend's. This turn of events is quite interesting."

Hearing that, Charles tensed up instantly. He jerked his head up all the calmness he had a moment ago gone. Now he was on guard, ready for anything.

Charles thought to himself, 'So Jeremiah recognized me as soon as he walked in, and he could sit at the same table with me, eating without giving away anything. Yvette's boyfriend is unfathomable!

Charles fixed his gaze on Jeremiah, coldly stating, "You seem to have all the information, so you must get that Yvette's identity is not simple. I don't know the details of your family background, but climbing to major general in Clusia at your age? That's no ordinary feat. You've got to have some serious military clout behind you. If it turns out that Yvette's on a completely different playing field from your military dynasty, would you still stand by her the way you do now?"

Jeremiah looked at Charles, whose face was tense with worry. After turning off the faucet, Jeremiah said in a serious tone, "This is not your concern. No matter who Yvette is, she will be my wife one day. No matter what dangers come our way, I'll protect her anytime."

Hearing those words, Charles stood there, stunned.

Jeremiah continued, "Charles, I don't want you to cause any trouble for Yvette. While you're in Clusia, I'll have people ensure your safety, but once you leave, you'll be on your own."

Charles knew that Jeremiah said all this because of Yvette.

Jeremiah didn't realize that Charles was safest by Yvette's side. Braydon wouldn't dream of messing with Charles while she was around. Even Damian wouldn't tangle with Yvette, so Charles was safe. But these thoughts were better left unsaid.

Charles shook his head, declining the offer. "There's no need for you to send protection, Mr. Chavez. If I'd depended on others to protect me, I wouldn't have survived for now. I've had more close shaves than I can count. Rest easy. I won't bring any trouble to Yvette."

Jeremiah dried his hands, looking at Charles with a cold gaze. "OK, I hope you'll remember the words you've spoken today."

Charles held Jeremiah's gaze without flinching. "I hope you remember your words today too, to stand by Yvette's side for a lifetime, through thick and thin."

Jeremiah nodded, then turned and walked away.

As he reached the door, Charles called out from behind. "Mr. Chavez, Yvette has been through a lot to become who she is today. I hope you'll cherish her."

If one were to count the scars on Yvette, one'd probably run out of numbers. To stand at a higher place, one must endure trials that would break the ordinary person. That was



how Yvette had walked her path, through a sea of corpses and blood, escaping death countless times. She made it this far on her own.

With a solemn expression, Jeremiah pushed the door open and left. As soon as he was outside, he sent a message to Bruce.

Charles had just revealed something on his own—he addressed Yvette by her last name, not “Ms. Zeller“.

Zion had just returned to Betrico today. He had been on a whirlwind tour of concerts, traveling all over the place, and now with only the final concert in Betrico, he could wrap up the year perfectly.

Zion had a dedicated piano room in Betrico, so as soon as he got off the plane, he headed straight there without taking a moment to rest.

When Zion arrived at the piano room, he found the door open. A flash of joy crossed his face, only to be replaced by a sense of desolation. Zion thought, ‘Even if I know who’s there, what good does it do? There’s no future for her and me. Samantha is a renowned businesswoman in Clusia, the most outstanding among the political scions, while I am just a pianist. Although I earn a decent amount, it’s a drop in the ocean compared to Samantha’s wealth.’

Samantha always thought Zion was stubborn, but Zion knew deep down that it was just his self-esteem causing trouble.

During the time away from Betrico, Zion was consumed by thoughts of Samantha, going crazy with missing her every minute, night after night, with the longing that had become a part of him.

With a pounding heart, Zion stood at the doorway for a long moment before carefully, almost cautiously, pushing the door open.

As the door opened, Zion spotted a red silhouette. When Samantha turned around, showing off her outfits, Zion clamped his eyes shut, too bashful to make eye contact. He exclaimed, “Samantha, it’s broad daylight out! What’s the deal with the outfit?”

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Samantha was clad in a red silk nightgown, her skin delicate and smooth. Holding a glass of red wine, she turned gracefully to face Zion, who was standing at the door with his eyes tightly shut. Her face was blushed, and she let out a scornful sniff. “Broad daylight? Zion, open your eyes. What’s with the holier-than-thou act? You never said such things when we were together. What’s with the sudden act of virtue now?”

Zion's ears turned red with embarrassment at those words, as memories of their past affectionate moments flashed before his eyes.

Zion thought to himself, 'I know all too well how brutal Samantha can be when she confronts someone. Who knows what she might say next if I don't respond?' With that thought, Zion slowly opened his eyes.

He saw that Samantha had changed positions, sitting on a chair next to the piano with her long legs crossed, the tips of her toes lightly touching the floor, her red dress of thin gauze both revealing and concealing.

Zion choked down a hard swallow, trying his best to play it cool, deliberately shifting his eyes away, steering clear of making eye contact with Samantha.

In a somber tone, Zion said, "Samantha, we've already broken up. Don't do this. You're the Mitchell family heiress, the dream girl for every guy in Betrico. There are plenty of political scions that would line up for a chance with you. I'm not the one."

With a heart heavy with loss, Zion uttered, "I'm not the one," in a voice laced with desolation. As soon as he finished, he couldn't face Samantha; he bowed his head, his fingers clenching into the palm of his hand.

Samantha didn't show an ounce of anger at his words. Instead, she graced Zion with a smile that was all kinds of captivating. "Zion, you broke up with me on your own. Did you get my consent? I'm the one who starts the game, and I'll be the one to end it. It's not your call to cut us off. Got it?"

Beneath Samantha's smile was a hidden fury. She thought to herself, 'This jerk still thinks about breaking up? Fine, I'll make him pay in bed.'

Zion looked at Samantha and said, "Alright, then you say break up."

Hearing his words, Samantha was so angry she could have strangled him. Over the years, everyone outside praised him as a gentleman with an elegant demeanor and kind to all. But she, as the one closest to him, knew all too well that Zion was stubborn.

Samantha glared at Zion, her gaze unreadable, and a heavy silence fell between them.

Samantha placed her glass down and strutted to Zion with a slinky grace. Standing right in front of him, she flashed a captivating smile and said, "Alright, if breaking up is what you want, I won't be the one to hold on tight. I'm on board. Let's have a drink to sever our ties." She continued, pressing the wine glass into Zion's hand and giving him a playful wink, "Go ahead and drink. Once that's done, we're history."

Zion stood there, dazed, clutching the wine glass. He was the one who wanted to call it quits, but now that Samantha was the one walking away, the gut punch of loss left him struggling for air.

Zion's hand clenched around the wine glass, slowly tightening, until after two long minutes, he raised his eyes to meet Samantha's gaze, a look of lingering reluctance in them. He downed the wine in one swift motion, a tear suddenly escaping from the corner of his eye, plummeting to the floor, and disappearing as if it had never been.

Samantha's eyes lingered, and she thought, "This guy is putting on a show of deep affection. It must be all those piano keys that scrambled his brains. Why make things so complicated when they could be simple? Love is love, and if it's over, it's over. Be decisive. All these messy thoughts-this mule-headed man is just being stubborn. What's the point of crying now?"

But as Samantha saw Zion like this, a hint of tenderness welled up in her heart.

After he finished his glass of red wine. Zion's eyes were slightly glazed as he looked at Samantha with a longing gaze and said, "There. I'm done."

Samantha swept aside the loose, strands of hair, her wavy tresses pouring down to her waist like a cascade. Glancing at Zion, whose eyes were reddened, she said, "Okay, I'll be gone in ten minutes. Come on over and have a seat."

Zion listened to his inner voice, telling himself he only had ten minutes, so he decided to stop holding back. He went to the sofa and sat down neatly, hands on his knees. Even though he was a man in his thirties, his gaze was as pure and clear as a teenager's.

This was precisely the reason Samantha had noticed Zion the moment she first laid eyes on him. She craved that kind of pure gaze.

Zion looked at Samantha, staring at him in a daze, and asked, "Aren't you going to sit with me?"

After a moment's hesitation, Samantha moved over and sat beside Zion. They were close enough that she could reach out and poke his lips gently. They were soft, one of the many things she'd initially liked about him.

Feeling the soft touch of Samantha's fingertips on his lips, Zion's body suddenly tensed up. Samantha had a thing for poking them, and she never seemed to get enough of it. She was well aware of Zion's sensitive spots and was about to touch his earlobe when, in the next moment, Zion's cold hand had captured her wrist, his grip gradually tightening. Pressing his lips together, he spoke with an affectionate yet warning tone, "Stop teasing, would you? You know I have no defenses against you."

Samantha looked up, her eyes sparkling with a captivating charm. She released her grip and said with a straight face, “No problem at all. I won’t touch you.”

Zion, though, felt puzzled. He wondered, ‘How can the assertive Samantha ever be so obedient? Something about this scenario just seems strange!’

For the next eight minutes, the two fell into a comfortable silence, relishing the moment. Despite the air conditioning being set quite low, Zion felt a tingling in his heart, as if little bugs were gnawing at him. He glanced over at Samantha, who was smiling, and something suddenly clicked for Zion. He stared back at her, her gaze inscrutable. He had recognized what was happening to him.

Zion spoke with strained effort. “Samantha, what have you done? This is insane!”

Samantha, resting her chin on her hand, looked up at him and nodded without a moment’s hesitation. “Yeah, it’s what you’re thinking. Don’t worry; it won’t have any lasting effects on you. I wouldn’t do that to you.”

Battling the unease in his body, Zion sighed in defeat, “Just leave. I’m going to take a shower, and I want you gone quickly.” After all, his current reaction to seeing Samantha was no different from a wolf seeing a steak.

Samantha’s mood plummeted. She thought, ‘I never back down from what I want. The man I want is Zion, and no matter when, if I wish it, he has to be by my side, meekly staying put. If he doesn’t understand it, I am ready to make him get it today.’

Samantha sneered, “But I don’t want to go.”

Zion looked at Samantha, reluctantly giving in. “Alright,” he said. As Samantha raised her hand, with a meaningful gaze, Zion responded, “Samantha, don’t you dare back out on me later.”

Samantha, her fingertips playing with a strand of her long hair, whispered seductively into Zion’s ear, “I never will. You can count on it.”

Zion’s expression turned grim. Samantha’s firecracker got going, and no one could stop her. The fact that she’d cooked up this scheme to drive him crazy was both endearing and infuriating.

It wasn’t until the deep of the night that the door to Zion’s master bedroom reopened, a full ten hours after midday had

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Zion came out of the room with a refreshed and invigorated dejicanor, walked to the kitchen, and poured himself a glass of lukewarm water. Samantha’s voice was

extremely hoarse. With the glass of water in hand, Zion returned to the room. He gazed at Samantha, who was wearing a white camisole and was covered in hickeys, and his eyes darkened. He had indeed lost control this time. No matter how much Samantha begged during the process, he didn't stop.

Samantha lifted her gaze to look at Zion as he approached. She pursed her lips and thought, 'Pervert! He is a hypocritical villain, a wolf in sheep's clothing. Forget it. This newly released medication is a complete rip-off. Anyone who uses it will know what I mean.'

Samantha let out a snort. Her whole body was hurting all over. It ached like crazy. She propelled herself up from the bed, supporting herself as Zion handed her a glass of water. She downed a large gulp, completely forgetting about maintaining any semblance of appearance at this point.

Zion noticed a few drops of water falling and his eyes darkened again. He wondered, 'It felt as though the medication's effects were still lingering.'

After finishing her water, Samantha looked up and caught Zion's gaze, immediately stepping back a few steps. She thought, 'Even robots need some downtime, right?'

Zion snapped out of his daze when he saw the defensive look on Samantha's face. He cleared his throat and asked awkwardly, "Why are you doing this?"

Samantha didn't respond to him but turned and walked to the balcony. She picked up a cigarette box from the table, took out a cigarette, and lit it. The smoke rose slowly, carrying a pleasant minty scent. The cigarettes Samantha smoked were not like those available on the market; they were specially customized and virtually harmless to the body. Her noble and aloof profile appeared and disappeared in the smoke, adding a touch of mystery and seductiveness.

She gazed at the city lights outside the window, and then turned to Zion. "Why are you doing this? What have I done? Drugged you? Fallen in love with you?"

Listening to her icy tone, Zion felt a pang in his heart and started to explain, "No, Samantha, you know I didn't mean it that way."

Samantha sneered and said, "Zion, it's just that I've made a mistake that every man makes and I'm just captivated by your body."

Zion knew he was indeed appealing. Samantha never hesitated to compliment his appearance.

Samantha stared into his eyes and didn't move. After a moment, she extinguished her cigarette and spoke coldly, a tone Zion had never heard before, "Zion, we've been

together for ten years. This is the last time I'll ask. Have you really decided to break up with me?"

Zion felt a wave of panic rise in him. He thought, 'Am I really going to give up on Samantha just for my fragile pride?'

Samantha turned to look at Zion, whose face was full of pain.

Her face was blank.

Zion finally understood. He thought, 'Samantha meant everything to me and she was part of me. I couldn't live without her. No matter how much gossip and rumors the outside world might spread, I don't care anymore. Once Zion realized it, he felt relieved and his face became serene.

Once Zion realized it, he felt relieved and his face became serene. Just as he was about to speak, Samantha interrupted him and said, "You shouldn't have hesitated. I declare that we're broken up." Without a hint of hesitation, she put on her clothes and got ready to leave.

Zion was stunned and Samantha's indifferent expression filled him with panic. He quickly stepped forward to stop Samantha from leaving and anxiously explained, "Samantha, I've changed my mind. I don't want to break up anymore. I want to marry you." Samantha's gaze at Zion was as cold and sharp as a knife. She gently pulled Zion's hand away. Her expression was cold and distant. The charm she had shown earlier was gone without a trace.

What Zion feared the most was this side of Samantha, who was decisive and never dragged her feet when handling matters.

Samantha looked up at Zion and said, word by word, "Zion, after ten years, you still don't truly understand me. When I love you, I could pamper and protect you. But when I don't, you're not even worth the dirt on the ground. Now I'm telling you, I don't love you anymore. I'm tired of this love game. We're breaking up. Don't you get it?"

Zion stared blankly at Samantha. Her words stabbed him like a knife. He thought, "This is Samantha, passionate when in love, and ruthless when not. Shouldn't I have known this already?"

Zion was completely stunned and stood there frozen, watching helplessly as Samantha pushed open the door. It wasn't until the roar of a sports car echoed from the doorway that he snapped out of it. He ran out barefoot, and as soon as he stepped outside, Samantha's car drove past him.

He ran after the car like a madman, shouting desperately, "Samantha, I was wrong. Can you give me another chance? I'm begging you, don't give up on me!" His usual grace was completely gone.

Samantha sat in the car, watching Zion running behind her with a faint smile on her lips. Then she floored the gas pedal, leaving him behind.

She thought, 'As for why I had spoken so harshly just now, it was only to punish Zion. This time, I would make sure he never dared to rebel again. The man I loved must be firmly under my control, with no way to escape. I allowed Zion to escape to perform concerts, all for this day. If Zion really decided to give up on me, it didn't matter. Men are abundant in the world, and I, Samantha, could have as many as I wanted. Surely, I wouldn't abandon a whole forest for one tree, right? That would be totally stupid!'

In Skyland, Charles, as Yvette's apprentice, was naturally assigned a room, but it was located quite a distance from Jeremiah, and Yvette's room. According to Skyland's layout, one was on the far east, the other on the far west.

In the courtyard, Andrew looked at Charles and his mouth twitched. He thought, 'It's just like Mr. Chavez to never let someone who disrespected him easily. Well, here comes the karma. Now, every time Charles returns to Skyland, it's a huge hassle just to get back to his room, let alone seeing Yvette on a daily basis. Mr. Chavez truly doesn't need a knife to kill someone!'

Andrew patted Charles on the shoulder and said with a smirk, "Bro, I'll feel sorry for you." Charles glanced at Andrew. There's no sign of sympathy, just a gloating look on his face.

Yvette sat comfortably in her rocking chair, sipping on a strawberry milkshake, enjoying a delightful moment.

Jeremiah glanced at Charles and politely said, "Charles, I wonder if you like this room."

Charles gritted his teeth and thought, 'Such a petty mind! It's just a title. Does he have to be so narrow-minded? He arranged the accommodation, and I can't say I don't like it. Under Andrew's sympathetic gaze, Charles nodded reluctantly, his voice stiff. "Thank you, Mr. Chavez. I like it very much, especially."

Jeremiah's expression remained natural, not realizing anything wrong with the arrangement. He nodded slightly and said something that almost drove Charles to anger, "As long as Charles likes it, that's great. There was another room available, right in the middle, but if you love this one so much, we'll forget about it."

Charles was speechless.

Jeremiah naturally added, "Charles, nice choice!"

Yvette removed the hat shading her face, allowing the sunlight to cascade down and cast a hazy glow on her features, her eyes misty. A few droplets of sweat adorned her forehead, captivating and enchanting, while the collarbone underneath her shirt gleamed white. She gazed at the three men in the courtyard, rocked her chair gently, and whispered softly, "I want to have barbecue."

Andrew turned around and thought, "did I lose my memory? Didn't we just finish eating? Is her appetite made of iron? I have finally witnessed how a foodie is born."

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Yvette suggested having a barbecue and Andrew took on the role of grill master. As he looked at the newly set-up grill in front of him, he felt somewhat melancholy. He really wasn't confident about handling this task.

Andrew turned his head to glance at Jeremiah, who was diligently threading items onto skewers in the pavilion, trying to win a smile from his sweetheart. Seeing this, Andrew knew he had to not only do the job but do it well. He thought to himself, Besides, it's not just anyone I'm assisting, but my dearest Jeremiah. Mainly, I can't stand the way Jeremiah looks at me. But Mr. Chavez is truly cunning. He skewers food right next to his sweetheart. Such a scheming boy! Who are these two trying to show off their affection to?

Andrew turned his head and saw Charles in front of him, busy starting a charcoal fire. He suddenly felt a lot more balanced and thought, If even an artist is engaged in such a task, why should I feel upset? I might as well get back to work. However, before starting, Andrew mischievously approached Charles and watched him start the fire skillfully, thinking to himself, Wow! Artists are really good at lighting fires these days?

Andrew said to Charles, "Hey, you're pretty skilled at this. It feels like you do this every day, doesn't it?" Charles glanced at the grinning Andrew and thought, 'Compared to Mr. Chavez, this man might be more to my liking. Simple-minded people are quite nice. Charles placed the lit coals to the side and skillfully fanned them to make the flames stronger.

Charles spoke up, "Practice makes perfect." He glanced at Yvette in the distance and said, "It was Yve who taught me how to start a fire. His gaze softened with a hint of nostalgia in his voice. Charles thought, 'It must have been ten years ago. I joined the Seventy-Two Chambers with a relatively high position, so I never bothered with such trivia myself. I was fine with killing, but not so good with starting fires. Later, when Yve took me as a disciple and we were the only two left training in the base, the task of starting fires and grilling meat fell to me every day.

Upon hearing this, Andrew was taken aback and thought, 'Wow! I don't expect that Yvette taught Charles that much, not only how to paint but also how to start a fire. Her



teaching covers a really wide range of topics! She's aiming to cultivate his all- round abilities!'

Andrew remarked with emotion, "Charles, you really got a great deal by taking her as your mentor." Charles nodded solemnly. "Yeah, the best decision of my life was taking Yve as my mentor."

Seeing that everything was ready, Andrew quickly returned to his spot and gazed at the meat in front him. He vowed to himself that he would grill the best skewers of his life for the sake of Mr. Chavez's love.

Ten minutes later, Yvette, Jeremiah, and Charles gathered around Andrew. They looked at Andrew, who had soot all over his face and the strings of charred, unrecognizable items in his hands. They all fell silent together.

Andrew held the skewers in his hands. He was near tears, wondering if he had ruined Mr. Chavez's love.

Jesse pointed at the skewers in Andrew's hand and coughed awkwardly. "What on earth is this?"

Andrew scratched the back of his head and nervously explained, "These are beef skewers. I just didn't get the cooking time right, so they're a bit overdone, but I promise they still taste great. They just don't look very good, but they're edible, really, trust me."

Charles looked clearly unconvinced and said, "Edible? Come on, do you think our stomachs can handle this?"

Jeremiah looked at the blackened "beef skewers" in front of him, nodded and said in a serious tone, "Andrew, is this what you call the top grill master in Betrico?"

Andrew, feeling guilty, mumbled, "Well. Even a veteran can make a mistake." In reality, this was his first time grilling, but he would never admit it. He volunteered to grill for a simple reason that the other two men were showcasing their skills and techniques, so he had to find something to show off as well. He thought that cooking the meat would be an easy task, but who knew it would be so uncontrollable. It burns so easily. It was so embarrassing.

Yvette leaned lazily against a pillar, hands in her pockets, with her eyes half-closed. She glanced at the three of them and spoke in a lazy, husky voice, "Clean this up, and I'll do the grilling."

Upon hearing Yvette's words, Charles swallowed, started cleaning up the mess before Jeremiah and Andrew could react, and urged the other two to doing so. "Hurry up! Yve is going to grill the meat herself!"

Seeing Charles so eager and fawning, Andrew was utterly confused and thought, 'Even if Yvette intended to grill the meat herself, there was no need to be this excited, right?' He said, "Charles, anyone who didn't know better would think she's preparing a Thanksgiving feast!"

Charles looked up at Andrew and didn't say a word. He thought Wait till Andrew tries the grilled meat made by Yve and see if he'll still talk like that. Yve is actually really inexperienced in cooking, but somehow, the meat she grilled is absolutely delicious.'

Jeremiah turned to the side.

He raised his eyebrow. "Let me do it."

Yvette raised her eyes and beckoned Jeremiah with her fingers. Jeremiah understood and walked over obediently. Yvette extended her beautiful, slender fingers and tapped on his chest, with a faint smile playing on her lips. She said, "My little sweetie, just wait patiently, and I promise you'll have a delicious and satisfying meal."

Jeremiah's deep, dark eyes dimmed slightly upon hearing the girl's words. He thought, 'She called me little sweetie? And let me eat well and be satisfied? That's probably difficult!' Jeremiah smiled and nodded. "Alright, I'll make sure to eat well and be satisfied. Don't worry about it."

Yvette kicked a stone by her foot, glanced at him casually and thought, 'What's there to be happy about?'

Andrew and Charles exchanged a look. exchanged a glance. Everything was understood without a word. Andrew thought, "Is it no surprise that my Jeremiah can remain so composed even when called little sweetie? Charles thought, 'Yve is so incredibly impressive that even Jeremiah would have to obey her. This day is really exciting.'

After they cleaned up the mess Andrew left behind, Yvette immediately took the seat where Andrew had just been. For the next ten minutes, Andrew and Charles sat quietly on the pavilion chairs, while Jeremiah stood beside Yvette, helping her with plates and barbecue seasonings. As the two stood together, the afterglow of the sunset cast down upon them, making even their backs look perfectly matched. This must be what they call a feast for the eyes.

After taking a bite of the grilled skewers that Yvette had prepared, Andrew was completely surprised. "Wow, this is incredibly delicious!" Andrew couldn't stop himself, eating skewer after skewer. While enjoying the food, he didn't forget to flatter Yvette, and said, "Yvette, your grilling skills are truly extraordinary! Oh my god, I swear this is the best grilled skewers I've ever had. What was I eating before this? This is so good!"

Charles tasted the familiar flavor, just as delicious as it was years ago. However, the setting and his mood had changed. Back then, he was constrained, but now he was free, no longer bound by anyone.

Jeremiah took a bite and was slightly surprised. He really hadn't expected the grilled skewers made by Yvette to be so delicious. Normally, he didn't eat much meat, but he ate several skewers and still wanted more.

As the sun set, golden sunlight filled the courtyard, covering the buildings in a layer of radiant light. The evening breeze gently blew, making them feel slightly tipsy and immersed in a serene atmosphere of tranquil times.

Yvette snuggled into the chair, wrapped in the jacket Jeremiah had just handed her, with her feet crossed. She felt relaxed and carefree, looked at the three people in front of her and slowly asked, "Do you guys want to have a drink?"

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Andrew immediately put down his skewers and agreed. "Yvette, you want to have a drink? You should have told me earlier! Red wine, white wine, or beer? Which one do you prefer? How about we have all of them?"

Charles didn't mind at all. He thought, 'I haven't had a drink with Yvette for so many years, and it would be nice to have one now! I am actually quite looking forward to it. Yvette probably could drink three times as much as me!

Yvette glanced at them calmly and, for safety reasons, she thought it was necessary to ask about both of their health conditions first. Her voice was as cool as ever. She slowly asked, "Are you two good at taking a beating? How's your recovery ability?"

Andrew thought Yvette was just trying to lighten the mood and joked around, so he patted his chest confidently and said, "Don't worry, Yvette. I'm so tough." Yvette then turned her gaze to Charles, feeling the need to ask him as well, "And you?" Charles didn't think much of it, assuming Yvette was just casually asking. So, he replied earnestly, "Yve, I haven't neglected anything you taught me over the years. I've been practicing and I won't let you down, trust me." Yvette's gaze paused for a moment, and then she concluded that there should be no problem.

Upon hearing those words, Jeremiah was the only one in the room who tensed up a little, and his face showed brief awkwardness. He thought, 'Yvette definitely couldn't drink anymore. Her drunken state is simply too terrifying.' Jeremiah watched the two enjoying themselves and, after a few moments of silence, decided to intervene out of compassion. He addressed Andrew, who was about to fetch the alcohol, with a serious expression, "Andrew, I remember there is already out of wine. let's wrap up for today." Then he gave Andrew a look, indicating for him not to proceed.

Andrew instantly understood what Jeremiah's look meant. He thought, 'Could I not grasp what Mr. Chavez is thinking after being friends for so many years? My mission today is to get Yvette drunk so that Jeremiah could kiss and hug her.' Andrew gave Jeremiah a reassuring look and then swaggered into the room to fetch some drinks. Jeremiah felt relieved, thinking that Andrew had understood his intentions.

Charles didn't miss the exchange of glances between the two. He saw things more clearly than Andrew. He thought, 'What? Does Jeremiah not want Yvette to drink? That is quite conservative of him.' Looking at Jeremiah, Charles spoke up, "Mr. Chavez, don't worry. We'll just have a little, and definitely won't overdo it."

Jeremiah turned to look at Charles with an unreadable expression. He thought, 'It's fine. People create their own problems. And then he said, "Just make sure you don't regret it." Upon hearing this, Charles was even more confused and thought, 'How could drinking a little wine be connected to regret?'

Yvette took a bite of the beef skewer and nestled quietly in her chair, waiting for Andrew. When Andrew came back with wine, he happened to meet Samantha coming in from outside the courtyard.

Samantha had been sleeping soundly since she got home yesterday. She didn't wake up until the afternoon. After calling Andrew, she learned that they were going to have a barbecue and that Yvette was also there. Who wouldn't want to join in on such fun? However, this time she didn't put much effort into her makeup; she just tidied herself up a bit and wore a simple simple monochrome dress before driving over. With Yvette there, it didn't matter if she wore makeup or not; Yvette's beauty couldn't be outdone. Her villa in Skyland hadn't been decorated yet. It looked like she needed to get a move on with that now, or else how could she be good neighbors with Yvette?

As soon as Samantha came in, she saw Andrew holding red wine, white wine, and some beer. She dashed over like she was in a sprint and thought, 'Oh! With Yvette here, how could these be here? Is this drinking, or risking one's life?' Instantly, Samantha's mind flashed back to the incident at the club that day.

Andrew got momentarily distracted and Samantha quickly took the wine from his hand. The other people present didn't seem surprised to see Samantha; they had already known she was coming. Only Charles didn't know and gazed her for a long time, wondering why this woman seemed so familiar.

Andrew said, "Samantha, what are you doing? Why are you taking my wine? It's for Yvette." Samantha steadied herself when she heard this. Without saying a word, she struck Andrew's back of the head and whispered, "You little brat, I am saving your life! You absolutely can't drink this."

Andrew thought, 'Has Samantha lost her mind? Why can't we drink the wine? Does she dislike Yvette? Didn't they meet? She praised Yvette so highly, so why can't she even have a drink now What's going on?'

With the wine in her hand, Samantha instantly came up with an idea. For everyone's safety, she was ready to give it her all. She turned around with a bright smile, planning to pretend to fall. It was time to test her acting skills. Just as Samantha was about to fall, she was caught by big hands. She cursed inwardly, shit! She knew all too well whose hands these were.

Andrew caught Samantha as she was about to fall. He said, "Samantha, what are you doing? How can you fall on flat ground?"

Samantha paused for a moment, then stood up straight. She looked at Andrew's innocent face, clenched her teeth, and thought to herself, 'If anyone wants to take this silly kid off my hands, please do so now! Samantha took a deep breath, gave Andrew a big smile and said, "Let's go. Carry the wine carefully and don't drop it."

Andrew felt a shiver go down his spine when he saw her smile. He confidently promised he wouldn't and couldn't resist teasing Samantha a little. "Don't worry, not everyone is as clumsy as you. I won't fall flat on as you did."

Samantha and Andrew walked to the pavilion. Samantha looked at Yvette, who was casually slouched in the chair, and greeted her first. "Hi, we meet again." She then turned to Jeremiah and said, "Mr. Chavez." She just nodded as a greeting to the really handsome guy next to Mr. Chavez. He must not be from their social circle.

Yvette looked up, her eyes narrowing thoughtfully, and said in a cool and detached voice, "Hi." Rebellious yet enchanting, cool yet captivating—that was how Samantha saw Yvette.

Samantha noticed Yvette's expression, which seemed to say she already knew what Samantha was thinking. It made Samantha feel a bit guilty.

Andrew put the wine on the table, then cheekily sidled over next to Jeremiah and said, "Jeremiah, I got you, All this booze is top-shelf." Jeremiah had his hands in his pockets, his face expressionless. He turned his head to look at Andrew, raised an eyebrow, and said casually, "You really get me, that's nice. Just hope you're prepared for whatever comes next." Jeremiah gave Andrew a smile that was quite similar to Samantha's.

That smile from Jeremiah almost scared Andrew off. He finally realized something was very wrong. It was one of the top ten unsolved mysteries of the world that why Mr. Chavez smiled at him for no reason.

Charles, who had been sitting inconspicuously on the side of the table, glanced at the woman sitting next to Yvette, and thought, 'Her appearance is strikingly similar to that

woman, but she said her name was Samantha, a different name. Except that day, the woman had on heavy makeup, and today this woman is barely wearing any. Could they possibly be the same person?’

Charles stared at Samantha and suddenly spoke up, “Hello, did you visit an underground bar in South East Aploth three years ago?”

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Samantha, still talking to Yvette, stiffened instantly upon hearing those words. She thought to herself, “Three years ago? An underground bar in South East Aploth? Of course, I had been there. Not only had I been there, but I also did something so foolish that I don’t even want to remember it now!

Samantha’s head started to ache, Could it be that she had such bad luck to run into him here? That would be incredibly unlucky!

Samantha’s silence drew the attention of everyone present. Except for Charles, who was glaring at her. Jeremiah and Andrew also turned to look at her. They thought, ‘What’s happening now? Could it be that they met three years ago? From Charles’s words, that’s what it seems to suggest.

Yvette glanced at Charles, who was clearly very angry, lowered her eyes and raised an eyebrow. A glimmer passed through her cool eyes. She thought, “Three years ago, there was a rumor about Charles in the underworld of Mysonna, and no one knew if it was true or not. Now, it seems that it must be true.

Samantha raised her head.

She smiled brightly as she scrutinized Charles. She thought, ‘Indeed, his face looks quite familiar. But it was so dark at that time that I didn’t really see him clearly. Now, upon closer inspection, his facial features, face shape, and even his body build are all quite similar. Who else can ask such a question besides the person himself? Clearly, his name is Charles. Oh my god! If only a lightning bolt would strike me now and knock me unconscious. I must deny it all the way. After all, back then, he was incoherent and definitely didn’t get a clear look at my face. Otherwise, would he be so polite in asking, instead of just strangling me?’

Andrew thought, ‘I have never seen Samantha this silent before. Something is definitely fishy between the two of them. I am really curious and must get to the bottom of this. On a dark and windy night, in an underground bar, what could a man and a woman possibly do? Just imagining the scene makes it seem pretty wild!’

Andrew’s gaze darted between Charles and Samantha, looking as if he had suddenly realized something, and began his daring and reckless speculation. “Samantha, you’re not that kind of heartbreaker? Three years ago, you ran into Charles at an

underground bar in South East Aploth. He fell in love with you at first sight, and you were mesmerized by his good looks. After a night together, you got what you wanted from him but didn't cherish it, and then dumped him and came back, right? Just admit it." He was almost ready to hold up a sign that said "Samantha is a heartbreaker!"

As he was feeling smug about his brilliant guess, Samantha stood up from her chair with a smile and kicked Andrew, who was grinning like an idiot. Andrew was completely unprepared and fell to the ground from the kick.

Andrew got up from the floor, rubbed his buttocks and complained to Samantha, "Hey, you ambushed me! At least give me a heads-up next time!"

Jeremiah sat next to Yvette, peeling a pomegranate. Halfway through, the crystal-clear pomegranate seeds lay beautifully on a transparent plate. He glanced at Andrew, who was getting up from the floor, and said to Samantha in a calm voice, "Too gentle." Yvette gave Andrew a sideways look, curled her lips, and said slowly, "You can give it another kick."

Andrew thought, "The world is getting more dangerous. Jeremiah and Yvette are becoming increasingly inhumane."

Samantha looked at Andrew and gritted her teeth, wondering what sin she had committed in her past life to have such a troublesome younger brother. Grinding her teeth in irritation, Samantha said, "Andrew, you really are my true brother."

Andrew replied defiantly, "Samantha, it's not my fault. Novels always start with the couple chasing each other, until one finally can't escape. That's how it goes! I've read about Charles's questions in novels before. I just made a guess. If it's not right, okay, but why kick me?"

Samantha got even more upset at this. Andrew, a man, preferred nothing more than staying at home reading romance novels. An entire wall in her house was covered with all kinds of comic books and various novels. In reality, he hasn't even been in a relationship, yet he gave Mr. Chavez tips about love. He was all talk and no action.

Yvette lounged casually in the armchair, sipping a glass of red wine. She raised her eyes, glanced at Andrew's sad face, and then turned her head to look at Jeremiah who was peeling a pomegranate. She said to Jeremiah in a clear and cold voice, "Did Andrew give you the novel?"

Jeremiah's hand paused briefly. He tilted his head and gently pinched her soft fingertip. He said in a deep voice, "Yes"

Yvette smirked and finished the wine in her glass. Then she stopped speaking. She had a goal.

Charles stared at Samantha, ignoring everyone else, and asked again, “Was it you three years ago?”

Samantha felt the eyes on her back and her body stiffened slightly. She turned around to face Charles’s suspicious dark eyes and instantly adopted a sweet demeanor. Her attitude was exceptionally polite. “Charles, I think you’re mistaken. I didn’t go to South East Aploth three years ago. Maybe the woman you me just looked like me, and that’s why you got us confused.” She couldn’t admit it, no way. Admitting it might get her into serious trouble.

Charles clearly didn’t believe any of it and was now completely sure that the woman from back then was Samantha, standing right in front of him, as stubborn as ever. He thought, ‘After all these years, I have finally caught up with this woman. I had become the biggest joke in Mysonna’s underworld back then just because of her!’

Charles’s expression was ice–cold, veins bulging on his neck. He stared at Samantha with an unreadable smile. He pressed his lips together and softly asked, “Samantha, do you remember if there was a check for 15 million dollars inside that dress back then?”

Samantha instinctively shook her head and immediately denied it. “Are you kidding? What check? It was just a piece of scrap paper.”

As soon as she finished speaking, the pavilion fell into silence.

Samantha looked at the silent group. “Why are you all staring at me like that? I mean it, I wouldn’t take that kind of money!”

Andrew nudged Samantha’s sleeve with a peculiar expression on his face. He thought, ‘Even Samantha isn’t always sharp, is she? Haven’t she just admitted it herself?’ Then he said, “Samantha, you’ve exposed yourself.”

Samantha finally realized what was happening, and her expression instantly froze. She thought, ‘Shit! Charles doesn’t play by the rules. If it weren’t for my guilt, I wouldn’t have been tricked out like this. I was being too careless.’ Samantha immediately took two steps back and looked at Charles with caution.

Charles kept a stern face, his fists clenched tightly. He had vowed back then that if he ever caught this woman, he’d tear her apart. Little did he expect that she was actually a friend of Yvette. So now he couldn’t hit or kill her, which made him even more frustrated.

The atmosphere on site wasn’t good at all. The two of them stared at each other and there was an indescribable meaning in their eyes.

Andrew rubbed his chin thoughtfully. He wondered if guessing again would get him another kick. Forget it. He couldn’t afford another kick to his rear. Better not take that risk.



Andrew asked cautiously, “We’ve been chatting for a while. Mind if I ask something? What really happened between the two of you at that bar in South East Aploth three years ago? What kind of grudge are you holding? Come on.”

Upon hearing this, Charles’s demeanor became even colder, with the air pressure around him suddenly dropping. He furrowed his brow and spoke in a frosty tone, “Let Samantha explain what she did, alright?”

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Samantha choked up for a moment and thought, ‘Since he’s not afraid of losing face, why should I be?’

Samantha sat back in her chair, glanced around at everyone. She cleared her throat gently and said, “Three years ago, I went to South East Aploth to expand our company’s projects and partnered with a local firm. However, they pulled a fast one on me by hiring someone to rob me of my wallet and luggage. Unable to reach anyone at that moment, I ended up encountering him in a dark alley near a bar.”

As Samantha spoke, she pointed to Charles, whose face was stone–cold, and her expression became a bit unnatural. After a brief pause, she continued to say, “At that time, he seemed to be wounded by a gunshot in the alley. I noticed a black suitcase nearby, filled with quite a bit of cash. So, I just took a few bills to tide me over.”

Jeremiah glanced at Samantha and thought, “If it were as simple as that, Charles wouldn’t be this angry.”

Upon hearing this, Andrew felt immense sorrow and anger. He thought, ‘None of us knew about this. That bold and reckless South East Aploth company actually dared to target his sister. What an idiot!’

Andrew was furious and asked, “Samantha, what’s the name of that company? Do they go bankrupt?”

Samantha glanced at Andrew, and said, “Of course, I wouldn’t let someone like that off easily. After I came back, I used my own ways to bring that company down.” Thinking about it now, her voice turns cold. Then she continued to say, “I brought that company down back then and the person behind the scheme is probably picking trash somewhere now.”

Andrew thought Charles was upset over this, so he quickly patted Charles on the shoulder and said, “Bro, if it’s because my sister took your money, I apologize for her. Let me treat you to a meal and some drinks, and please don’t be upset anymore.”

Charles looked at Samantha.

He said with his eyes flickered, "Go on."

Samantha knew Charles wasn't upset about just money. With some reluctance, she explained to Charles, "At that time, I really had no choice. My suitcase was robbed, and I didn't even have any clothes to wear. It was so cold at night, so I just took off your shirt and wore it. Hey, at least I used your phone to call for an ambulance for you." Hearing that, Charles sneered.

In fact, Samantha really did call him an ambulance and the ambulance came and took the disheveled Charles to the hospital. Along the way, people took photos of him, a shirtless and injured man being carried out of a bar alley in the middle of the night. How could you possibly put a positive spin on that? By the next day, it was all over the local headlines and his face was shown without any mosaics. This incident later became known to the entire underworld in Mysonna, and became the biggest joke of his life. How could Charles not be angry?

After Samantha finished speaking, Andrew also fell silent and gave her a look that suggested she was on her own. He thought, 'If I were Charles, I would probably want to kill Samantha too. It was such a huge embarrassment!'

Of course, Samantha knew she was wrong, and what she did wasn't right. So, Samantha, who had never apologized to anyone in over twenty years, admitted her mistake this time. She faced Charles and said, "I really owe you an apology for this. You can do whatever you want to me."

Andrew hesitated for a moment and stepped forward, standing in front of Samantha, his tall presence radiating a sense of safety.

Samantha suddenly felt a bit moved. She thought, 'Had the day finally come when Andrew was mature enough to protect me?'

Charles glanced at the two siblings who seemed deeply attached to each other and snorted. However, the next second, Andrew extended his hand in a gesture of "please," then stepped aside and said with a smile, "Charles, Samantha won't fight back. So you better hurry and take this rare opportunity. Go ahead and don't hesitate. Just make sure not to hurt anyone innocent. Although we're siblings, we're not that close. I won't feel embarrassed."

Charles was taken aback and felt a little confused for the first time in his life. He was now questioning if these two were really siblings. Weren't they half-siblings?

Samantha felt like her earlier feelings of being touched were completely wasted. She thought, 'Do I have a younger brother? I am sure I don't. I have already decided on what his epitaph would say

Yvette looked at the empty wine glass in front of her, just about to pour herself another. Jeremiah's large hand covered hers. He gave a slight smile and spoke in a low voice, "Enough for now let's drink again next time."

Yvette half-closed her eyes and flipped her hair, her exquisite features seemingly bathed in golden light under the setting sun. Her gaze was pure, dark, and shiny.

Yvette gave Jeremiah a gentle smile that reached her eyes, with light and shadow mingling, like the brightness of blooming flowers, which made Jeremiah's breathing slow down for a moment. They were in their own world, into which no one else could blend.

Yvette nodded obediently.

She said in a hoarse voice, "Okay, no more drinking." Then she placed her hands on both sides of her knees, sitting even straighter than a primary school student. Jeremiah sighed and thought, 'Alright. She was being so well-behaved; she must be drunk again.'

Charles watched Samantha and said in a deep voice, "Forget it, let's leave the past behind us."

Samantha was surprised that Charles let it go so easily, considering he didn't seem like someone to mess with. After all, anyone who could silently endure so much bloodshed surely wasn't to be trifled with. Samantha knew in her heart that it was only because of Yvette. Turning her head, Samantha finally had the chance to look at Jeremiah and Yvette.

When Samantha saw Yvette sitting on the couch without any expression, and the empty wine glass in front of her, she knew it was all over. She quickly stepped forward and asked Jeremiah, "Mr. Chavez, how many glasses has she had?"

Jeremiah rubbed his temples, and replied in a deep voice, "Two glasses."

Upon hearing Samantha's voice, Yvette turned to look at her and flashed a broad smile. Samantha felt like she was on high, alert. She thought, 'Yvette had smiled, exactly the same smile as before she attacked people last time.' Samantha quickly took steps back.

Andrew and Charles watched her reaction, feeling very puzzled. They wondered, 'What's going on?' Samantha glanced back at Charles and Andrew, staying silent for several seconds. She thought, 'Charles is a decent guy, and I owe him quite a favor. I need to repay him. Andrew? I have already decided what to put on his tombstone anyway. So I might choose him to save myself some hassle.'

After Samantha's thoughtless deliberation, she turned to Jeremiah and said something only the two of them could understand, "Mr. Chavez, two choices, I pick Andrew, what about you?"

Jeremiah's lips curled up into a faint smile as he glanced at Charles and Andrew, both confused. There was still a bit of brotherly bond there. So In a low voice, he said, "I choose Charles."

Samantha felt frustrated. Their opinions didn't match, so it would be difficult to proceed. She thought, 'What did Charles do to annoy Mr. Chavez? Why did Mr. Chavez choose Charles at this moment? Well, it looks like the decision has to go to the person who's already drunk.

Samantha looked at Yvette with sincerity in her eyes, and carefully asked, "Yve, who would you pick between Charles and Andrew?"

Yvette loved making choices most when she was drunk. She raised her eyes, with a hint of haziness and confusion in the depths of her pupils, and slowly murmured, "Pick who? Is this a multiple-choice question?"

Samantha said, "That's right, you need to choose one. Only one person have wishes."