

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 311

In an apartment in Betrico, a young man with short hair in his late twenties, sat on the sofa and lit a cigar. He was wearing a white shirt, open at the neck. He had his sleeves rolled up, revealing his tanned arms.

He was Kaiden Harper, Larry's favorite son, known as Mafia Prince.

Another man with a mustac

Kaiden with disdain.

sat opposite him, but he was not as handsome as Kaiden. He was Robin Jenkins. He stared at

Robin was surprised that Kaiden, Larry's illegitimate son, was visiting Clusia with him this time.

In his circle, everyone knew Kaiden was Larry's illegitimate son

They didn't understand why Larry chose Kaiden as his heir over his wife-born son.

"Kaiden, are you ready for the friendly match in a week? You never get out of the house. What exactly are you trying to do? You're wasting your time. I'm going to report you to

Kaiden stubbed out his cigar in anger and then "Hall," Robin said coldly, looking at Kaiden unfriendly.

"Mr. Jenkins, don't you want me to win?" ??

Robin was boiling with rage. He didn't

at Robin with undisguised contempt in his eyes.

with a smile.

to

now what was on his mind.

,his positio

He indeed hoped so. If he won and Kaiden in Steel Serpents would significantly rise. Sure enough, he couldn't admit it.

Robin slammed the table as he up. He livid with rage, looking coldly at Kaiden with eyes that spat venom.

“Mr. Harper, don’t think everyone is like you. I’m absolutely loyal to our nation and will never have such thoughts. You’re slandering me! I will report this to Mr. Hall. Just you wait!” he strongly denied.

Kaiden showed no sign of fear.

Instead of getting angry, he laughed, sending chills down Robin’s spine.

“Mr. Jenkins, I don’t want to have a fall:

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you unless

Robin’s face darkened. “What the hell do you want to,” Kaiden said, looking daggers at him.

Ou mean?”

have b with my

“I guess my father doesn’t know you brother behind his back. Mr. Jenkins, you should keep your head down after gaining big profits. You stay out of my lane, I’ll stay out of yours. Otherwise, don’t blame me for telling my father. What do you say?” Kaiden sneered.

Kaiden’s position in Steel Serpents wasn’t Robin was shocked.

He never expected Kaiden to know this.

He wouldn’t be in a head–on clash with Robin until he really had to.

Robin chickened out and didn’t dare to be arrogant in front of Kaiden.

He looked at Kaiden suspiciously.

O kind to keep t s from his father. He was up to something.

Robin gritted his teeth. Kaiden got something on him and he didn’t dare say anything else. “I hope you don’t forget the mission Mr. Hall gave us and keep your promise. You must beat the Clusians and win the match.”

Kaiden nodded. “Don’t worry. I’m confident in my swordsmanship.”

After Robin left, Kaiden walked to the window and quietly stared at the distant lights.

He glanced down at his left hand.

He had lost his little finger years ago. That man cut it off in person.

He had never forgotten the scene until now.

The man showed him no mercy.

If Damian hadn't known his identity and pleaded for him, he would have died in the training camp.

Kaiden stood still, lost in his thoughts.

When Jeremiah opened the door in Skyland, he saw Yvette walk out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. She had long, straight legs.

Her long and wet hair spilled down over her shoulders. She was tanned and s*xy.

Jeremiah quickly closed the door and gazed at her.

Yvette lifted her eyes and curled her lips into a captivating smile.

She noticed Jeremiah's blushed cheeks and ears.

Under his gaze, Yvette calmly walked into the cloakroom and grabbed a white T-shirt.

Jeremiah's eyes followed her all the time. He stiffened when he realized she was about to get changed.

Yvette saw Jeremiah's awkward look in the mirror.

"Still want to watch?" she asked slowly.

Jeremiah took off his uniform jacket and hugged her from behind. He pressed himself against her soft body across the towel.

"Yes, I do, but I'm afraid I'll lose control," he admitted in a husky voice..

Yvette turned around and bit his lip hard. She kissed him hard and aggressively.

Jeremiah froze in place, his muscles tensed 4 up.

When he came back to his senses and wanted to kiss her back, Yvette broke the kiss and took a step back. She wiped her lips and leaned lazily against the wardrobe, with folded arms.

Looking at Jeremiah, who was breathing heavily with lust in his eyes, she chuckled.

“Your mouth is sweet,” she said slowly.

Jeremiah was stunned for a moment. He thought, ‘How could she say so? He’s a man. How can his mouth be sweet?’

After saying that, Yvette picked up her pajamas and turned on her heel. Jeremiah grabbed her by the hand.

“Are you leaving now? What should I do? I don’t want to wait any longer,” he said in a deep and husky voice.

After a moment of silence, Yvette curled her lips into a mischievous smile.

“Sorry, I’m on my period,” she said word by word, fixing her gaze on Jeremiah’s red lips.

Her words instantly killed the mood.

Jeremiah gritted his teeth. Yvette was so naughty to tease him.

Jeremiah picked at his tie and took a deep breath. “Have you had my ginger tea?” he asked.

Yvette was stunned. She didn’t expect him to know about ginger ca.

“No,” Yvette replied.

Judging from her expression, Jeremiah knew she’d never had it before. His heart ached for her. Didn’t she know ginger tea helped with period cramps?

“Hang on. I’ll make some ginger tea for you. Go change into long pants so you don’t catch a cold,” Jeremiah said, stroking her hair.

“Okay,” Yvette replied.

Jeremiah came in with a cup of ginger tea half an hour later. Yvette put her phone down.

“Drink it, then have some rest. Want me to read you story?” Jeremiah said.

Yvette coughed awkwardly.

The forum suggested that telling stories at night could strengthen the bond between couples. Jeremiah wondered if it was wrong.

Yvette paused and then nodded her head. "Okay," she replied obediently.

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The next morning, Charles was surprised to see the big breakfast.

He thought, "Ten people can't finish all of them. Does Mr. Chavez have guests this morning?"

"Mr. Chavez, are we expecting guests?" Charles asked.

"Oh, don't worry. Ms. Zeller can eat them," Andrew said in a weak voice, glancing

Charles was dumbfounded. Did Andrew mean all the food was for Yvette?

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the food on the table.

Charles twitched his mouth after glancing at Yvette, who sat opposite and enjoyed her breakfast.

Yvette ate a lot in the training camp, but wasn't this a little too much?

Jeremiah came out of the kitchen and placed a bowl of soup in front of Yvette. "It's chicken soup. Drink it while it's hot," he said.

"I'm so envious of Ms. Zeller. She has chicken soup to drink in the early morning," Andrew said, staring at the hot

"Didn't you sleep well last night?" Jeremiah asked, looking at dark shadows under his eyes. soup.

Andrew got jittery and immediately started to complain. "Jeremiah, I suspect there's a ghost in Skyland. Do you know what I heard in the middle of the night when I walked past the second floor to the kitchen to get a drink of water?"

"What was it?" Charles asked curiously.

Jeremiah's hand holding the cup froze a bit. He looked a bit awkward.

Yvette took a bite of the bread and gave Andrew a glance without saying anything.

“I heard someone telling ghost stories at midnight yesterday. The voice sounded very familiar. I was half-asleep, so I only heard bits and pieces of it. But I’m certain of it. There are only a few of us staying in Skyland. Mr. Chavez and Ms. Zeller wouldn’t be bored enough to tell ghost stories at midnight, right? Charles’ room is be him, either. So what else could it be?” Andrew continued.

very end of the corridor. It couldn’t at the

Charles was an atheist. He thought Andrew must have been dreaming the night before.

Yvette sipped her soup. A glimmer of amusement showed in her eyes.

“You must have been dreaming. Go home after finishing your breakfast,” Jeremiah said coldly.

Andrew stopped talking as soon as Jeremiah mentioned his father.

Yvette glanced at Jeremiah with her chin in her hands. She thought, ‘He’s so good at acting!’

Andrew didn’t lie because Jeremiah indeed told her ghost stories for most of the night the day before.

He was a good storyteller, and she slept soundly.

Jeremiah kept his eyes down. He read from the forum that telling girls ghost stories would make girls jump into men’s arms, taking the relationship to the next level. jump into men’s arms, However, the more Yvette listened ghost stories, the more interested she became.

She pestered him to tell ghost stories for most of the night, with no fear at all.

After Jeremiah and Andrew left, Charles was quiet for a few seconds.

“Ms. Zeller, Kaiden has already arrived in Betrico. I’m sure he’ll attend the friendly match between Clusia and Ybaulla,” he said, looking at Yvette.

Yvette taught Kaiden swordsmanship in person.

Back then, Kaiden was the best student in her class. He had the best understanding of fencing and scored the best results. Honestly speaking, it would be hard to beat him.

His fencing was filled with bloodlust, slaughter, dissatisfaction, and resentment.

Yvette raised her head and leaned back slightly, her eyes icy.

“Let’s wait and see what happens,” she said.

Charles nodded.

Clusia had already selected the contestants for the match. It was not appropriate for Yvette to intervene.

In the First Military District, Clifford rubbed his temples. As expected, Kyle didn’t with good intentions.

In front of all the media, he suddenly proposed having a friendly match with Clusia in fencing and chess. It was part of his plan.

Jeremiah pushed the door open and saw his father sitting on the couch with a frown.

He had just received the news and the media had started reporting on it.

Amid wide publicity, the whole world had already known about it.

The citizens responded well to that. It was all over the official websites.

“Look, the whole world knows about our friendly match with Ybaulla now. You’re right. Ybaulla came prepared. The citizens are up in arms. It’s a match we cannot afford to lose. Jeremiah, it isn’t just a friendly match nation,” Clifford said. anymore. It represents our Jeremiah nodded, darkening his eyes.

“They’ve bribed the media,” he said.

Jeremiah nodded seriously. “Yes, the news came out quickly. The press release must have been prepared in advance”

After a pause, he continued, “Well, my supervisor requested you to represent our country in the fencing match. As for the chess match, Louis is the first choice, but he’s still a bit inexperienced. It’s too risky, so they’re hesitant. We are so pressed for time. If we don’t have any better candidates, it’ll have to be him.”

He didn’t need to worry about the match if his son attended. He was aware of Jeremiah’s swordsmanship.

“Okay,” Jeremiah replied calmly.

Charles in Skyland turned on the TV.

The friendly match between Ybaulla and Clusia was all over the news.

When he checked his phone, it was also all over the social media

Charles handed his phone to Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, is this friendly match really such a big deal?"

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It was Wednesday, only three days left until the friendly match between Clusia and Ybaulla.

No matter where people went, everyone was talking about the upcoming match between the two countries.

In the café, Lucy in a business suit, stirred her coffee with a spoon and looked across at Yvette with a strange look.

She just realized why Yvette would intervene to help Aurora in a fight. It was so unlike her. As expected, there was a reason for it.

Thinking for a while, Lucy asked, "Boss, are you in love?"

Yvette looked up and put her hands on the desk. She pressed her lips together, expressionless. "Mmm," she replied.

Lucy was completely stunned.

She had never thought that this legendary figure would actually fall in love.

Thinking about the rumors she had heard, she asked cautiously, "Boss, is your boyfriend Jeremiah Chavez, the young general?"

"It's him Yvette replied, glancing at her.

Lucy clamped her hand over her chest. This was really exciting!

When she first heard the rumor, she thought it was just someone with the same name and didn't pay attention.

But when she heard more about Jeremiah losing his mind over a woman, she realized who the woman was.

She thought, 'Yvette is awesome! Her boyfriend is the youngest general in Clusia, known as the Living Reaper. How amazing it is!'

Lucy took a sip of her coffee to calm down.

"Boss, word gets around in high society circles of Betrico that Jeremiah Chavez is in love with a woman from Seaciry. She's nothing but a pretty face. Don't maintain a

profile anymore. They will shut up if they know you're the chairman of FastPulse Technologies. Come on, stop hiding your identity!" she said.

If Yvette revealed her identity, those rich boys and girls born with silver spoons in their mouths would not look down upon her. Yvette was a real self-made billionaire.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand and sneered. Was she just a pretty face? That was interesting.

"No need," she replied in a cold voice.

Lucy sighed and felt helpless to work for a low-profile boss who disliked the trouble.

Lucy nodded and replied, "Alright, Boss."

She wondered if she hadn't expanded FastPulse Technologies enough, making Yvette think it wasn't good enough. She -needed to keep up with the good work.

At that moment, a woman at the next table stood up and splashed a glass of water on a man's face. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

The scene drew other people's attention in the café. Lucy couldn't help but look at them.

The woman with delicate makeup was in a dark blue dress.

"Mr. Jenkins, I truly love you. Why did you toy with my feelings can go back to your country with you. I promise I'll be a good wife and mother. Please believe me!" she cried, glaring at the man in front of her.

The man sitting across from the woman was Robin Jenkis, the focus of attention online. He was going to represent Ybaulla to attend the friendly match.

That morning, Ybaulla had already held a press conference and formally introduced Robin and Kaiden.

It was almost impossible for Robin to not be recognized wherever he went.

In the cafe, someone had already recognized Robin. They took photos and videos of him and posted them online under various titles to attract attention.

It didn't take long for this news to become a trending topic.

The other people in the cafe started to stream live and thousands of viewers flooded into their channels. The number The number of viewers kept increasing.

Those livestreamers grinned from ear to ear.

[Holy shit! What's going on? Is Robin's girlfriend from Clusia? Is he dumping her?]

[I'm totally confused. What's happening right now? Who can tell me what happened?]

Looks like Robin is breaking up with this woman and she's trying to hold on to him. Am I right?]

[Oh, no. Don't tell me she's a simp?]

The customers in the cafe were whispering about them.

With a gloomy face, Robin didn't feel embarrassed at all. Instead, he laughed.

He was just messing around with this Clusian woman, but she took it seriously and even wanted to go back to his country with him. In her dreams!

She was such an idiot! He easily lured her into sex with a few sweet words. How cheap she was!

Robin took out a handkerchief and wiped the water off his face, "We were just messing around. You were the one who came to me. I will never marry a Clusian woman," he said coldly, looking at the crying woman.

After these words, he intentionally glanced around the people in the café with arrogance.

Robin did it on purpose. He deliberately humiliated the Clusians here, making them not hold their heads up.

The people in the café were burning with anger.

His words also caused an uproar online.

[Don't you guys see Robin is deliberately humiliating us? Can you endure it?]

[What the hell are the people in the café doing? Stand up and slap him!]

[Shit! Does he have a death wish? Let's start a crowdfunding campaign to kill him!]

[This woman is a simp! She's a disgrace to our Clusians.]

A man in a suit stood up in the café.

"Mr. Jenkins, please watch your language. Not all Clusians are like this woman you know. This is between you two, so don't humiliate other Clusians. As the saying goes in

Clusia, we entertain our guests with wine and deal with bad people with shotguns. I'm sure you know what that means," he said, looking calm and composed.

As soon as those words left his mouth, the café erupted in applause.

"That is well said!"

"Exactly, this woman cannot represent our Clusians."

The crying woman felt so embarrassed that she didn't dare to speak again.

She knew what she did had caused an outrage. She flinched in her chair, not daring to lift her head.

Robin squinted at the man, his eyes alight with malice.

"Did I say something wrong? This woman slept with me the first time we met. I am new here. I've only known this woman. Naturally, I thought all women here were like her. I'm sorry if I offended you," he said, looking arrogant.

Robin seemed to be apologizing, but he wasn't sincere at all.

The man was rendered speechless and choked with anger.

Robin scoffed and thought, 'What a bunch of idiots! How dare you argue with me!'

The live streamer's hand holding the phone trembled slightly. He was not in the mood to watch the fun.

He glanced at the comment section. There were already over a hundred thousand of them.

He reopened the site and news flooded in.

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In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Clifford looked serious after watching the news. He immediately called the Ybaulla delegation.

However, they shamelessly replied, "What Robin did was an individual act. It has nothing to do with the delegation. They have no right to interfere in his love life."

Clifford frowned. It was obvious that Ybaulla didn't want to take the blame.

That was indeed an individual act. If the government intervened, it would be used against Clusia. Clifford found himself in a tough spot.

He called Jeremiah and told him about it.

Jeremiah was in the middle of military exercises, and it would take him two hours to get back.

After hanging up, Clifford opened the livestream and saw the scene where Robin was about to leave.

Seeing the man was rendered speechless, Robin became even more arrogant.

While looking at the woman sitting across from him, who was too scared to speak, he took a check from his pocket and tossed it over.

“Take the check. Don’t bother me again,” he said coldly.

When the woman saw the figure on the check, her eyes widened in shock. However, she didn’t dare to take it.

If she took it, she would have become a national disgrace.

[How could you endure such humiliation? Where’s the cafe? I’m going to teach Robin a lesson!“]

[Count me in!]

[I hope this woman has her pride. If she takes the check, she’ll become a national disgrace.]

[Don’t take it!]

The comments saying “Don’t take it” soon flooded the screen.

Seeing the woman was in a dilemma, he sneered.

Anyway, he’d had enough fun today. Those Clusians were rendered speechless by him. He rose to his feet, ready to leave.

“Stop!” a voice shouted.

It stunned everyone present and everyone in the café turned their heads to locate the source of sound.

When they saw who was speaking, they were all shocked. Was it a woman?

Yvette stood up from her chair.

As she turned around, the entire café went completely silent, even Robin was rooted to the spot. This woman was incredibly beautiful.

Lucy looked at Yvette and knew things were about to get serious Yvette dared to kill people in front of her back then.

Putting her hands in her pockets, Yvette walked slowly towards Robin.

The streamer quickly turned the camera and focused on Yvette.

[Wow, she's gorgeous! Did she just stop Robin?]

[I suppose so. Didn't you see the streamer point his camera at him?]

[She's so cool! I love her!]

[She's just a woman. What could she possibly do?]

[I have no idea. Just keep watching. I have a strong feeling that she's no ordinary.]

[I feel the same way!]

Yvette stood in front of Robin, her eyes icy. She raised an eyebrow, her face dark.

Robin pretended to be calm, thinking Yvette was another woman trying to flirt with him. He beamed at her and asked, "Hey, beautiful. Do you want to know me?"

He looked like a peacock spreading its feathers at her.

Yvette slowly raised her head. There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"Who the hell do you think you are? You look so ugly! Don't you look at yourself in the mirror?" she said slowly.

Robin instantly darkened his face.

Where did this woman get the gall to insult him?

Tens of thousands of people online watched the scene. The comments flooded the screen again.

[Whoa, she's so cool! Does anyone have information on her? I need it in three minutes!]

[Boohoo. I didn't expect the person to come forward to be a woman. I feel like crying.]

[Ma'am, protect yourself. Robin is a gangster.]

[She's so brave!]

"A pretty girl has the right to be willful, but she'll be just annoying if she's over the line," Robin said hatefully.

Yvette sized him up and down coldly.

She squinted, exuding a murderous aura.

The next second, Yvette gripped his left arm and tugged it hard.

Robin cried in pain. The next second, his arm dropped away.

Everyone was stunned at the scene.

How awesome! In a twinkling, the beautiful woman dislocated Robin's arm. How ruthless she was!

Meanwhile, some people were afraid Ybaulla and the Jenkins family wouldn't let her get away with it.

The viewers of the livestream were so stunned that they even forgot to make comments.

Three seconds later, the screen was flooded with comments. Too many people flooded in and its server crashed. The stream was forced to shut down.

The male streamer looked at his phone, his hands shaking.

But he didn't give a damn. He watched the scene with excitement.

He didn't know it had already caused an uproar online again.

Robin widened his eyes in shock. He couldn't even speak clearly because of the excruciating pain. "H—How dare you hurt me! You can't get away with it. I—I am calling the police. You will be punished in accordance with the Clusian law. Just you wait!"

Yvette crooked her little finger at Lucy.

Lucy immediately brought her a chair and stood aside.

A big shot never stood when they could sit during a fight.

Yvette walked towards Robin, not saying a word. A smile tugged at the corners of her lips.

Robin had a bad feeling about this. He wanted to dodge, but Yvette was too fast.

She gave him a kick, sending him flying. Robin collided with the wall and slid down.

His knees hit the ground hard.

His face hit the floor. When he looked up, he had bruises all over his face.

Robin was in so much pain that he couldn't even make a sound.

Yvette turned around and sat down in the chair, with her legs crossed. She looked like a big shot.

The people in the café looked at each other, wondering who she was.

The kick was so good!

Robin propped himself up on one knee, glaring at Yvette. There was a look of fear in his eyes.

He wondered who the woman was. How dare she hit him!

Suddenly, Robin burst into burst into a frantic fit of laughing.

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Robin became frightened.

He collapsed to the floor and didn't dare to be arrogant again.

Didn't Clusia have sharply limited gun regulations? Why did this woman have a pistol?

Robin crawled backward, trembling with fear.

"W-Who the hell are you? Why do you have a gun?" he asked.

Yvette tilted her head and pointed the pistol at Robin's temple.

As long as she pulled the trigger, Robin would be dead.

Yvette held the pistol, her eyes icy.

"Who are you to judge the woman in Clusia?" she spoke slowly.

Robin broke out in a cold sweat. His hands were trembling with fear.

He wanted to wipe the sweat off his forehead, but his arm was dislocated. He couldn't even lift it.

"I-I'm telling the truth. This woman approached me first and kept pestering me," he said.

Hearing this, everyone in the cafe turned to look at the woman in the booth.

The woman was too scared to say anything.

Lucy sneered. She looked at Robin, who was still denying it, feeling extremely disgusted.

She thought, 'That's so typical of him! Ybaullans are so good at twisting the facts.'

Lucy walked towards Robin in her high heels. "She loves you and wants to go back to Ybaulla with you. But she doesn't represent all the women in Clusia. Stop judging us!"

Robin was stunned at another stunning woman.

Why did she look so familiar? He didn't recall where to meet her for a moment.

As soon as Lucy finished speaking, the women in the cafe wanted to applaud for her.

"Boss," Lucy whispered, walking over to Yvette.

Yvette nodded, looking at the defiant Robin.

She thought, 'Is he still defiant? He needs to learn his good lesson. Okay, I'm going to shoot him until he becomes defiant.'

Yvette looked daggers at Robin.

Suddenly, Robin felt a chill down his spine. He didn't dare to resist and kept dragging himself away from her.

Yvette leaned forward slightly and Robin felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity.

The next second, Yvette shot him in the left leg. Robin cried in pain, blood gushing from the wound.

Lucy saw it clearly because she was the nearest. She was afraid Robin's left leg was crippled.

Yvette shot Robin in public this time. She was afraid she would be in trouble.

Her personality hadn't changed at all over the years.

Robin desperately put pressure on the bullet wound in his left leg, but the blood wouldn't stop.

He was completely terrified this time.

He was like a lamb to the slaughter, completely powerless to resist.

Some customers in the cafe ran aside when they saw Yvette fire the gun. They had never seen such a scene before. They were frozen in place, frightened.

Yvette sat back in her chair and asked the waitress to bring her another strawberry milkshake.

The waitress handed her the freshly made milkshake with trembling fingers.

Yvette took it and stopped the waiter who was about to leave. "Wait," she said.

The waitress turned pale. She turned around stiffly.

"M—Ma'm, can I help you?" she asked, terrified.

Yvette lowered her eyes and reached into her pockets.

The waitress became even more frightened, wondering if she would pull out another pistol.

A few seconds later, Yvette took out a \$100 bill and placed it on the plate.

"Here you are. Don't forget to give me the change back," she said seriously.

The customers in the cafe snapped back to reality. They thought, 'What the hell?

Did she forget she just shot a man? Robin was still lying there, half-dead.

Lucy twitched the corners of her mouth.

Her boss was quite stingy sometimes.

The waitress was on the verge of tears.

"Well, ma'am, it's on the house. Take your time and enjoy it," she cautiously said.

"No, thanks. Just give me the change," Yvette replied, looking at her.

The waitress had no choice but to get the change for her.

Robin groaned in pain on the floor.

While no one was watching, Yvette used a silver needle to seal his acupoints.

Therefore, he wouldn't die. He would stay conscious while feeling intense pain. He would wish he had never been born.

Yvette sat in the chair and enjoyed her milkshake. The other customers also returned to their seats.

They just watched the two of them. It was eerily quiet.

They didn't dare to make any noise, afraid of disturbing Yvette.

Meanwhile, the website-manager quickly had the engineers fix the network connection issues.

When the network was working again, the male streamer in the cafe quickly restarted the live stream.

Within three seconds, fifty thousand people flooded in, and the number continued to grow.

[Oh my gosh! Finally, the live stream is on. What's going on? Where's Robin?]

[Yeah, where's that cool lady? Where has she been?]

[Move the camera closer. Can you guys see Robin?]

[Am I seeing things? Is the man lying on the floor Robin?]

[It seems to be him. Why is he covered in blood? What exactly happened? This site is terrible. Where's the live streamer? Tell us what happened!]

[I'm super curious, too. Who did beat Robin up?]

[It looks like a gunshot. Yes, I am sure.]

[No way. A gunshot? Who would shoot him? Could it be that cool lady?]

[Come on, your imagination is wild. How could it be? A pretty woman needs something for protection. But how could she have a pistol?]

Seeing the comments, the male streamer aimed the camera at Yvette and Robin.

Yvette's face was zoomed.

Her flawless face once again drove the viewers into a frenzy.

Yvette lifted her head, her eyes twinkling.

The viewers also saw Robin lying on the floor, half-dead.

They wondered what had happened.

Wasn't he so arrogant a moment ago? Why did he look like a shit?

The male streamer cleared his throat and continued with a cheery spirit, "Everyone, don't doubt what you saw. Just a second ago, the gorgeous woman, who was enjoying coffee in her seat, beat up the arrogant Robin and shot his left leg. As you can see, Robin is half-dead now. She was very cool when she beat Robin up. Robin is no match for her at all. She avenged our humiliation! Let's give Goddess of Clusia a big thumbs-up!"

The next moment, hundreds of thousands of people flooded into the live stream room and bombarded the screen.

[Goddess of Clusia!]

[Goddess of Clusia!]

(Goddess of Clusia!]

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Darnell received a distress call from the visiting Ybaulla delegation, and he was almost in tears.

He really thought he was having a streak of bad luck this year.

Every time this happened, it was always him on duty.

He had just watched the livestream and couldn't help but think it was so darn satisfying.

Robin deserved it even if he was beaten to death. He really didn't want to save this guy.

Darnell immediately recognized the girl in the video was the one who was with Aurora at the dessert shop that day.

Later, it spread through the upper echelons of Betrico that Jeremiah's girlfriend was named Yvette.

'This name?' thought Darnell.

He just realized that, in the dessert shop, it was Susan and Yvette ganging up on a troublemaker.

This issue could be either significant or trivial.

Darnell didn't dare to take action without orders and had to report to his superiors first, waiting for instructions

When Darnell reopened the live stream, he saw Robin lying on the ground, groaning in pain. Meanwhile, Yvette sat on the chair enjoying a milkshake. Blood was splattered everywhere. It looked incredibly eerie.

In the live stream chat room, all of a sudden, someone started sending a series of carnival gifts. It wasn't just from one person, but a group of over a dozen people.

The screen exploded in a burst of colors, leaving viewers dazzled.

[Whoa! Who's doing this? They're sending a series of carnival gifts. It is worth 1 million dollars, right?]

[It's not just one person. These IDs all seem pretty new, wow...]

[How many are there now? How many carnival gifts are there?]

[Can't keep count. Can't keep count.]

[This is crazy. Everyone's gone nuts. How much money is this? The streamer's about to get rich!]

The male streamer was completely stunned. These gifts could easily afford him a house in Betrico.

This must be what it felt like to strike it rich overnight.

The screen kept filling with carnival gifts, sports cars, and fireworks.

The livestream room was in chaos. All of them wondering who these wealthy viewers were.

In the Mitchell residence, Samantha looked at the livestream scene, a smile tugging at her lips. Yvette's moves were indeed-fierce.

Samantha had a group chat with the compound kids.

There were even those who had witnessed Yvette handle the incident with Kiera at the bar.

After she sent over the livestream link, she didn't even need to say anything.

Those compound kids knew just what to do and rushed into the livestream room. They started a flashy barrage of comments.

The group name was coined by Andrew, though everyone opposed it at first.

However, Andrew had Samantha's backing and held onto Jeremiah's powerful support. This group of compound kids could only reluctantly accept the embarrassing group name.

The livestream room was being flooded by these poor little kids.

After sending thirty carnival gifts, Joel returned to the chat group.

Joel: [Wow, Yvette is really awesome. Next time I see her, don't stop me. I must bow to her twice.]

Jared sent twenty sports car gifts and then returned to the chat group.

Jared: [Say no more. Count me in. I'll bow three times. I bet that Robin never thought he'd get outdone by her, but he totally deserves it.]

Court's son: [Damn. I feel the same. How about we do it together? Mine's bound to be louder than both of yours.]

[You three sure are impressive. By the way, Yvette's combat skills are even stronger when she's sober than when she's tipsy. I'm impressed.]

[You're impressed only now? I've been impressed for ages. Enough talk. Let's just bow together.]

You two still chit-chatting? Hurry back and keep sending gifts.]

Samantha saw the conversation in the group chat, smiled, and put away her phone.

This matter had really blown up. She had to go support Yvette no matter what.

Even if the sky fell, she had to help keep it up with Yvette.

In Sunrise Group, Liam was wide-eyed with shock, watching the live stream. His expression was one of horror.

Liam wondered, 'What kind of big shot is Ms. Zeller, anyway?

That is the son of the Jenkins family, and he just got beaten up like it was nothing?

'I don't know how to describe my feelings at this moment... I am totally impressed!'

Liam saw Howard coming out of the office and hurried up to him.

"Boss, you've got to see this. Something's happened," said Liam.

Howard took the phone from Liam, who filled him in on what was going on.

Unexpectedly, there was no surprise. Howard's expression darkened as he watched Yvette sipping a milkshake on the livestream.

Howard thought, 'Ms. Zeller is the world's top-ranked assassin.

'Who cares about Robin or Robert? Whether he lives or dies is up to Ms. Zeller.

'But the tricky part is now everyone around the world has seen it, which makes it a bit troublesome.'

Howard said, "Didn't the Jenkins family want us to invest in that partnership?"

Liam paused for a moment, then nodded. "Yes, boss, the Ybaulla branch is reviewing it."

Howard glanced at the screen and saw Robin looking barely conscious.

He said coldly, "Tell the branch there's no need to consider it anymore. Just reject it. Say that Robin messed with the wrong person and none of Sunrise Group's businesses will ever deal with the Jenkins family again."

Liam nodded, bewildered. He thought, 'Robin offended Yvette and Mr. Yates cut off the Jenkins family's financial resources...'

Howard had already left. He stepped back again, looking at the screen filled with colorful things, and asked, "What's this?"

Liam quickly explained, "Mr. Yates, those are viewers sending gifts to the streamer to support Ms. Zeller."

Howard stared at the screen for a couple of seconds before saying, “Oh, just move 15 million dollars from my account and send it all.”

Liam stood there in shock, and by the time he realized, Howard was already far away.

The livestream room was in an uproar again. Just now, someone sent gifts worth 15 million dollars all at once, didn’t even leave a name, and left.

When the viewers tried to check the account, they found it had already been deactivated.

This time, the online audience really saw what it meant to have money to burn.

At the police station, Darnell received orders from higher-ups to dispatch, and half an hour had already passed.

The message from above was simple. As long as Robin was alive the rest was Clusia’s own business. They would handle it themselves. No need for outsiders to get involved.

The message was clear and concise. Darnell definitely understood.

Darnell waved his hand. It was time to take action. No matter what, they had to make it look real.

On the way, the young officer driving watched his foot on the gas pedal, keeping the speed precisely at thirty miles per hour.

Darnell sat in the passenger seat, relaxed.

This was the perfect time to enjoy the scenery. Usually, there was just no time for that. He could take advantage of the opportunity now.

The young officer spoke up, “Mr. Tucker, do you think we’re going a bit too fast? At this rate, we’ll arrive in under twenty minutes.”

Darnell turned around and patted the young officer on the shoulder. “Yeah, we’re going a bit fast. In the city, you really can’t go over the limit. Keep it at twenty-five.”

The young officer nodded quickly. “Okay, Mr. Tucker.”

Led by Darnell, three police cars advanced with a grand presence.

Each car moved steadily at a speed not exceeding thirty miles per hour.

Inside the café, Robin kept drifting in and out of consciousness, repeatedly.

He had just sent a request for help to the visiting Ybaulla delegation. They should arrive soon.

Yvette finished two milkshakes and then ordered some pasta.

The so-called goddess turned into a mukbang.

Lucy sat across from her.

In the corner sat Robin, battered with a gloomy face.

Blood smudged from Robin was everywhere around him. It looked like a crime scene.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 317

Darnell pushed open the door to the café.

The scene in front of him was shocking. He thought, 'Geez, how much blood did Robin lose?'

The heavy metallic smell of blood was nauseating.

Darnell also noticed Yvette in the middle enjoying her pasta. His eye twitched involuntarily.

'Even with such a nasty smell lingering, she can still eat? She is really tough. I'm impressed. I'm totally impressed,' thought Darnell.

Just as Darnell opened the door, the visiting Ybaulla delegation followed right behind.

A group of brawny men, more than ten in total, arrived.

At the head was a man wearing a traditional Ybaulla suit, while the others wore black suits and sunglasses, giving off an intimidating vibe. They were clearly not here with good intentions.

As soon as Robin saw the police and Malcolm Hart, Prime Minister's Secretary from the visiting Ybaulla delegation, he immediately felt energized.

He yelled, "Help me, Mr. Hart! This woman is crazy! This Clusian woman has a gun. She did it on purpose to ruin the exchange event. Arrest her now!"

The one handling the situation this time was Kishida's secretary, Malcolm.

He saw Robin in a bloody mess, and his gaze was as sharp as a knife when he looked at Yvette.

Yvette sat in the chair with her legs crossed, showing no fear at all.

Malcolm was so angry he felt like killing. He had already watched the livestream on his way, so he was aware of who the culprit was.

Malcolm thought, 'What a vicious woman. If we had arrived a little later, Robin might have died here. Isn't she afraid of the Jenkins family or Mr. Hall?'

A shadow of gloom passed over Malcolm's eyes. He quickly instructed the bodyguards to assist Robin to the side for bandaging.

The bodyguards stepped up to help Robin to the side.

Malcolm turned his gaze toward Yvette, his eyes as fierce as a hungry wolf's.

When the people in the café saw the police arrive, they all stood up to speak for Yvette.

"You clearly started it. You were the one who was rude first."

"Yeah, we all heard it. You insulted our Clusian women first."

"Yes, officer, I can testify. This young lady acted only because she couldn't stand it anymore."

"Yeah, you can't just arrest her without reason, officer."

The male streamer quickly turned off the stream when the police arrived. The stream was interrupted once more.

Viewers were anxious. Unable to see the live situation, they swarmed other official accounts.

Darnell waved his hand. His demeanor was calm. "Everyone, rest assured that we, the police, will ensure justice is served. There will definitely be a satisfactory resolution to this situation. We ask for your patience. Now, please follow our officers and leave the café."

Once the officers had escorted the people out, Darnell noticed Malcolm's sour expression.

He moved forward. Instead of greeting Malcolm right away, he walked over to Yvette.

Lucy had just left as well.

She thought, 'Considering the situation, I have to go back and prepare, just in case Ms. Zeller is indeed facing trouble.'

'FastPulse Technologies won't just let this go. We have enough money to crush others if we need to.

'People from Ybaulla trying to act superior in Clusia? In their dreams!'

Darnell never thought he'd run into Jeremiah's woman in such a scenario.

Darnell thought, 'Mr. Chavez's woman must be a big shot.

'Facing Malcolm's murderous glare, she is as calm as if she were at home.

'Is there any other woman as brave as her?'

Darnell politely said, "Ms. Zeller, nice to see you again. Are you okay?"

Yvette was sitting in a chair. She slightly lifted her eyes.

Her gaze landed on Darnell. She chuckled, her delicate eyebrows arched slightly.

In a relaxed manner, she said, "I'm fine. He's the one injured."

Those words were absolutely ruthless.

Robin was so angry upon hearing this that he fainted again after just regaining his composure.

Malcolm narrowed his eyes. Being part of the political world, he thought much more thoroughly than Robin.

Malcolm thought, "The police deployment in Clusia always involves directives from higher-ups. So, does this police officer's attitude reflect Clusia's top officials' stance? Are they trying to shield this woman?"

Malcolm coughed into his hand as he watched the two casually chatting.

In a cold voice, he asked, "Officer, are you the one in charge of this case?"

Darnell turned around. Wearing his uniform, he stood with a serious and composed demeanor.

Looking at Malcolm, he said coldly, "Yes, I am Darnell Tucker, the deputy chief at Betrico Police Station, overseeing this case for now. As for the future, it is uncertain."

Malcolm felt a lump in his throat, thinking, 'Isn't that stating the obvious? They are clearly trying to avoid the issue. Do they think I can't tell?'

Malcolm's face turned livid. His tone was hostile. "Since Mr. Tucker is in charge of this case, this woman openly brandished a gun and injured Mr. Jenkins. According to Clusia's laws, that's a serious offense. What steps are you planning to take? Or is Clusia trying to use its power unjustly and protect the criminal? Mr. Hall said this incident is extremely serious and must be pursued thoroughly."

Darnell let out a scornful laugh, thinking, 'Acting tough while relying on someone else's power?'

Darnell glanced at Yvette before turning his eyes back to Malcolm. His eyes were sharp and bright. His confidence was undiminished.

"Mr. Hart, what's the real story behind this? We're not clear on what kind of crime this is supposed to be. Our laws in Clusia will determine that, not you," said Darnell firmly.

Malcolm didn't expect Darnell's attitude to be so firm, and he was briefly stunned.

When he realized it, he was embarrassed and furious, his voice rising several notches.

"So, Mr. Tucker, are you going to favor this girl? If Clusia's laws can't deal with her, we'll take her with us." After Malcolm finished speaking, he waved his hand.

The bodyguards he brought stood behind him, with their hands on their chests, looking ready to draw their guns. It was obvious they were prepared for a confrontation.

Darnell's gaze turned serious. He thought, 'Am I really going to let these guys from Ybaulla push me around in my own territory? Then, what is my position as deputy chief of Betrico Police Station for?'

'Besides, this girl is the future granddaughter-in-law of the respected Mr. Jase Chavez and the girlfriend of Mr. Jeremiah Chavez.

'Not a single mistake can be afforded. She has to be protected at all costs.

Darnell waved his hand. The fully armed police he brought formed a neat line, enclosing Yvette securely in the center.

Darnell said, "Ms. Zeller, with us here today, nobody can touch you. Rest assured."

These words made Malcolm's face turn even more unpleasant. He thought, 'Isn't this just announcing that they are determined to protect this girl?'

The scene was instantly ignited with tension. It was like a ticking time bomb ready to go off.

Malcolm's eyes narrowed. He froze. He was completely baffled.

He wondered, 'Why will the police across from us risk a confrontation just to protect this woman? Is it worth it?'

He certainly didn't know that Robin had already upset the Clusians nor did he understand the unity and determination of Clusians in facing outsiders.

Yvette glanced around at the police officers surrounding her. She lowered her eyes.

She never thought she'd be protected by the police one day.

This felt quite novel. But it wasn't too bad either.

The scene remained at a standoff.

Seeing this, Malcolm had no choice but to step aside and call Kyle to explain the situation.

Upon receiving the call, Kyle immediately instructed his team to contact Clifford, demanding that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs intervene in this matter and hand over Yvette.

Clifford was sitting on a chair when he answered the call and heard the demands.

With a sneer, he replied bluntly, "No way. There's no chance we'll hand over Yvette."

He thought, 'Of course not. I will never hand over Yvette.'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 318

Clifford had just closed the live stream.

The news from the police station was immediately conveyed to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

He also saw who had dealt with Robin.

Yvette had truly given him a pleasant surprise.

No wonder she was part of the Chavez family. Her fiery spirit was unmistakable.

Today, let alone Robin hadn't died. Even if he was dead, the Chavez family would still protect Yvette, and no one could touch her.

Clifford had just hung up from the call with Ybaulla when Aurora called in.

Clifford had a good idea of what it might be about.

As soon as he answered, Aurora's excited voice came through. "Wow, honey, Yvette was incredible today! No matter what Yvette did, even if she caused great trouble, you have to protect her, okay?"

Clifford rubbed his temples, responding, "Don't worry. I'll protect Yvette, even if it means risking my life. I'll be busy here. We'll talk more when I get home tonight."

Aurora, understanding the situation, reminded him to take care of his health before hanging up.

Clifford was a director at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

He needed to plan his responses in advance, and if necessary, hold a press conference.

He absolutely couldn't let Ybaulla take advantage of the situation and cause trouble.

In the café, Malcolm returned from the call, feeling more confident.

He was visibly smug. They were already starting a media storm. He would see how Clusia would deal with it.

Darnell noticed Malcolm's demeanor with slight confusion. He thought, 'Malcolm is fierce just now. What's he plotting? He must be up to something.'

Malcolm was bursting with pride. "Mr. Tucker, if you don't hand over this woman, we will hold a press condemning Clusia's harboring actions. Just wait and see."

Darnell's expression changed. These shameless people clearly had thought of a vicious plan.

He was unsure of what to do for a moment and lost a bit of confidence.

Malcolm, upon seeing this, grew even more arrogant, fixing his gaze on Yvette.

conference today

His voice was vicious. "Miss, soon Clusia will be caught in a media storm because of you, and countries worldwide will condemn Clusia for what happened today. You're the criminal."

Yvette stood up from her chair. Her dark eyes were icy.

She slightly lifted her eyelids with no expression and gently raised an eyebrow.

She pressed her lips. A mischievous, faint smile tugged at the corners of her lips. "Oh? A criminal?"

After speaking, Yvette spun the small silver gun in her hand and silenced the gun.

With a quick and decisive motion, she pulled the trigger before anyone could react.

The bullet shot straight into Malcolm's left shoulder blade. Blood spouted out.

This scene was a massive shock. Everyone was stunned.

Even Darnell turned pale, thinking, 'Did she just shoot without warning? She's really something.

'Robin is easy to handle, but Malcolm is an influential figure in the central government of Ybaulla. This shot is a big deal.

Darnell didn't have time to think. He quickly pulled out his gun, and the officers behind him did the same. They were on high alert.

The bodyguards Malcolm brought also swiftly drew their guns. The two sides faced each other.

Malcolm clutched his left shoulder blade, looking up at Yvette in disbelief.

His voice was full of disbelief, and his face turned pale as the blood kept flowing. "You actually dared to shoot me!"

Yvette held the small silver gun tightly.

She looked at Malcolm and said slowly, "Are you an idiot? You're shot and still asking such a silly question."

In such a tense atmosphere, some of the officers with Darnell couldn't hold back their laughter and burst out laughing. They thought, 'This big shot's words are cuttngly sharp. If Malcolm's not killed by the bullet, he might die from anger. Malcolm's wound hurt even more when he heard this. He endured the pain and instructed his men to lower their guns. They couldn't fire first, otherwise, at the press conference, their country would lose the advantage.

Malcolm endured the pain. He didn't even bother to bandage his wound.

No matter what was right or wrong, public opinion always favored the underdog. He wanted to play the victim, using his injury to gain advantages for the country.

Malcolm had just informed the Interpol branch within Clusia. Once Interpol arrived, today's events would be classified as an international criminal case.

Turning his head, Darnell whispered, "Ms. Zeller, Mr. Jeremiah Chavez should be arriving soon. However, I can't help but feel that Malcolm has more than just a public opinion scheme. It seems like he's stalling for time, waiting for something else."

Yvette gave Malcolm a glance. Her deep, calm eyes looked steadily as she spoke slowly, "He's waiting for someone

Malcolm's expression changed. He was surprised that this girl had figured out his plan.

Darnell was briefly stunned, thinking, 'Waiting for

ne? Both sides are already here, so who else are they waiting for?"

After pondering, Darnell asked, "Ms. Zeller, who could they be waiting for?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow. Her eyes were half-closed. There was a mischievous air about her.

Her carefree attitude made Malcolm grit his teeth in anger. He swore to ensure this woman faced the harshest international sanctions.

Yvette was concise and clear. "Interpol."

When Darnell heard this, he tensed up a bit. He immediately realized that Malcolm's goal was to invoke international sanctions.

Things were escalating. Interpol was recognized as the top joint agency internationally.

If Malcolm really reported this to the Betrico branch, then the headquarters over in Mysonna would definitely seize the opportunity to make a big deal out of this, turning it into an international case.

Malcolm was really cunning. No wonder he wasn't even worried about a gunshot wound.

Darnell quickly said to Yvette, "Ms. Zeller, it seems like this isn't going to end well. Should we inform Mr. Jase Chavez?"

In Darnell's opinion, now that it was escalated to this level, only Jase could protect Yvette.

With her hands in her pockets, Yvette had a bit of a rogue look, her eyes half-shaded.

Looking at Darnell's worried face, she slowly said, "No need. Just wait."

Yvette thought, 'Get Jase involved? Th bad.'

Darnell was as nervous as an ant on a hot pan, but the person in front of him didn't show any concern at all.

He wondered, 'What makes her so confident?'

He was about to go crazy.

Darnell wasn't so optimistic. He could only take out his phone to contact his superior for guidance.

Yvette gave him a casual glance. She didn't say anything.

Malcolm was surrounded by a group of men in black suits, staring intensely at Yvette. His eyes were full of malice.

Robin woke up. Seeing the scene, he widened his eyes in shock. His mind went blank.

"Mr. Hart, how did you end up shot as well? Who hurt you? Was it the Clusian police?" asked Robin.

Malcolm clutched his wound. He was so much in pain that he didn't bother responding to Robin.

Malcolm gritted out through the pain, "It was that woman who shot at me."

Robin felt completely stunned, like he'd been struck by lightning.

He looked at the woman protected by the Clusian police across from him and finally felt scared.

He thought, 'This woman is absolutely crazy. She actually dared to shoot Mr. Hart?'

'Mr. Hart is the Prime Minister's secretary, someone who wields great power in Ybaulla.'

'Did he just get hit like that too?'

Robin huddled up, too scared to say anything more.

Yvette leisurely sat in her chair, resting her chin on her hand.

Her hand was lightly resting on the armrest. Watching the vigilant officers around her, she said in a voice as cold as ever, "Do you all want to sit down and take a break?"

The surrounding know what to say.

officers didn't

A moment later, they all shook their heads.

They certainly weren't like her. She acted as if she were at home

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 319

Malcolm's face lit up with delight. The people he had been waiting for had finally arrived.

He raised his head, glaring maliciously at Yvette, clearly up to no good.

His voice was venomous. "Miss, I hope you can keep up that confidence a little longer."

Robin, pretending to be fierce with the support of Malcolm, said, "Just wait. Interpol won't let you get away with this. You're finished."

Yvette flexed her wrist and twirled the gun in her hand, pointing it directly at both of them.

Their faces turned pale. Now, this little silver gun was their worst nightmare.

They held back the rest of their words. Another shot and they might really be done for.

Darnell received instructions from above. He was told to delay as much as possible, waiting for Jeremiah to arrive, and under no circumstances could Interpol take Yvette away.

Darnell felt overwhelmed. The task was incredibly challenging.

It had been years since he faced such a challenge. It seemed he had to make a comeback today.

Darnell walked over to Yvette's side and said in a solemn tone, "Ms. Zeller, Interpol is definitely going to insist on taking you away. They're known for being forceful, so if any conflict arises, please stay safe."

Yvette looked up. Her dark eyes slightly narrowed, calm yet deep, with a hint of a smile on her stunningly beautiful face, exuding a cool demeanor.

Her voice was flat. "Don't worry. I'm way tougher than they are."

Darnell gave an awkward chuckle, thinking, 'How could she be joking around at a time like this?'

‘But those are Interpol agents! Tougher than them? Just how tough is that?’

Later, Darnell found out that Yvette hadn’t been lying at all. When she got tough, she really was tough.

The leader of Interpol was Jack White, dispatched from the Mysonna headquarters. He looked to be in his early thirties.

With brown hair and a straight nose, he was tall and had striking facial features.

He barged in with over a dozen Interpol agents, facing off against two opposing groups.

His expression was grim. Yet, he had a sense of intrigue and curiosity.

Strutting through the two opposing parties, Jack arrogantly demanded, “Who called the police?”

Malcolm, once so bold, now nodded subserviently. He had no trace of arrogance.

“Hello, Mr. White, I’m Malcolm Hart, the secretary to the Ybaulla Prime Minister. I’m the one who reported the incident. A Clusian woman blatantly fired at me and Mr. Jenkins from Ybaulla. You can see our injuries for yourself. This is a very serious international criminal case. It’s clear that Clusia is biased toward the real culprit. We hope that Interpol can provide us with a fair judgment.”

Jack let out a scornful laugh. He glanced at Malcolm, who was holding his wound, and at Robin, whose face was as pale as a sheet.

‘Two grown men were injured by a woman with a gun? Seriously how useless can they be?’ thought Jack.

Darnell stepped forward. In a deep voice, he said, “Mr. Hart didn’t tell the whole story. Today’s incident started because Robin made arrogant remarks insulting the women of Clusia. Ms. Zeller intervened because she couldn’t stand it. There’s a cause and effect here, so this matter is understandable. Mr. White, we’ll handle this internally within Clusia, so there’s no need to trouble you.”

Darnell had worked with Jack before, and he knew just how bad-tempered Jack could be.

Hearing this, Jack wasn’t pleased and instantly shifted to a professional attitude.

He said in fluent Clusian, “Since the authorities here in Ybaulla have called the police, we can’t just sit idly by. We need to arrest the woman who injured others right away. Where is she? The Clusian police should turn her over, and Interpol will ensure a fair trial.”

Darnell's expression soured a bit.

It was clear that Interpol was determined to intervene in this matter.

Yvette was surrounded by Clusian police, so Jack didn't notice her when he first entered.

As soon as Robin heard this, he immediately pointed at Yvette standing in the middle, and said angrily, "Mr. White, it's her. This woman is named Yvette. She's the one who attacked us."

Jack casually glanced in the direction Robin was pointing. He froze in place, utterly stunned.

His jaw practically dropped in amazement. He immediately stepped back two paces.

And then he rubbed his eyes, looking completely incredulous and shocked.

He thought, 'Whoa... How did this legendary figure just show up out of nowhere? That shouldn't be possible.'

'She has always been in Mysonna, someone whom even the chairman of the headquarters has to schedule an appointment to see.'

'And now she's suddenly right in front of me?'

'Oh my God. Am I dreaming?'

After confirming he hadn't mistaken her for someone else, Jack walked over confidently.

He stood in front of Yvette, quickly holstering his sidearm, standing at attention, and saluting.

The whole motion was smooth and fluid. His face was filled with excitement. Even his voice was slightly trembling.

"Officer, reporting in. I'm Jack White, badge number 0036, chief inspector of the Betrico Interpol division. I never expected to see you here. Do you have an assignment? Do you need my help?" asked Jack.

What a shocking twist. Darnell, Malcolm, Robin, and all their people stood there with stunned expressions. All of them were frozen in place.

Malcolm couldn't believe his eyes and ears. He wondered, 'What is happening? Officer? The chief inspector of Interpol actually called this Yvette 'Officer'? No way!'

He was in shock, trembling, his face as pale as a sheet.

He thought she was just an ordinary woman from Clusia. It turned out that she had transformed into an Interpol officer.

Even someone of Jack's rank had to treat her with such respect.

Now he understood why this girl dared to openly fire at him and Robin.

It turned out to be because she was an Interpol officer.

Robin was even more dumbfounded. He had never seen such a scene before.

Seeing someone like Jack, who usually had others bowing to him, treating Yvette with such respect was surprising.

Even if he were a fool, he realized he had messed with someone way out of his league.

Darnell stared at the scene in front of him. He was completely dumbfounded.

He wondered, 'How does Mr. Jeremiah Chavez's girlfriend transform into an Interpol officer? What kind of rank is this? A rank that even made a sheriff like Jack act so deferential? This really makes me want to curse!

'No wonder she is so confident, not afraid of the whole Interpol thing. Turns out she's one of them?

'Mr. Jeremiah Chavez's girlfriend is an Interpol?

'Who would believe it without witnessing it in person, that Jack would be so respectful to a girl in her twenties?'

Yvette looked at the man saluting her. She didn't recognize him.

Jack noticed the puzzled look on Yvette's face. He paused for a moment, thinking, 'How did I forget? She was surrounded by presidents and ministers at that time. How could she pay attention to someone like me?'

Jack quickly added, "Ms. Zeller, I've seen you before, but you haven't seen me. At that time, the minister was with you. I only managed to catch a glimpse of you from a distance since my rank wasn't high enough to attend your lectures."

As soon as he said that, everyone was in disbelief again.

They thought, 'Jack implied that even he, a sheriff, wasn't qualified to talk with Yvette.

‘And what about those lectures? What does that even mean?’

Malcolm’s body trembled slightly as he cautiously glanced at Yvette, who stood with her hands in her pockets.

He looked at Jack again and asked, “Mr. White, have you got the wrong person? She has a gun? She shot...”

Before he could finish, Jack cut him off ruthlessly with a sharp rebuke, “Sir, what are you saying? How could I be mistaken? Ms. Zeller is a top–level international police officer and a crucial person under our protection. It’s completely legal and justified for her to have a gun.”

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Malcolm was speechless. He dared to challenge Darnell but wouldn’t even speak loudly to Jack.

He was thoroughly defeated.

Within the International Police Organization, officers were recognized in three levels.

The top level that Jack mentioned was the highest rank.

People of such stature typically didn’t appear in crowds.

He never would have thought that a girl in her early twenties could be a top–level international police officer.

Jack let out a cold chuckle, showing no friendliness to them.

But when he turned to Yvette, his expression softened instantly, his smile so broad it caused wrinkles on his face.

His tone was extremely respectful. “Ms. Zeller, does the organization need to intervene regarding today’s matter? Why did you fire the gun?”

Jack had no choice. After all, the incident had been reported to the authorities, involving disputes between two countries.

Without a reason, it was hard to justify the situation, so he had to follow the procedure by asking questions. He asked nervously, afraid of angering Yvette.

Jack thought, ‘She is someone even the highest leaders of the organization have to humor with smiles. What if I make her angry? Can I still go back to Mysonna?’

Seeing Jack's completely different attitudes toward him and Yvette made Malcolm even more frustrated.

His face grew even darker. Today's events had spiraled out of his control.

From the moment he learned Yvette was an Interpol officer, everything went off track. The plan of using Yvette to tarnish Clusia's reputation was disrupted.

Interpol officers had the right to carry firearms. This was recognized by countries worldwide.

Yvette stood with her hands in her pockets, her expression indifferent, and her eyes deep and dark.

Her voice was icy. Her tone was calm. Looking at Malcolm, who seemed anxious and resentful, she spoke slowly, "I suspected there was a terrorist here, and that's why I fired."

Jack froze for a moment, then it dawned on him. She was indeed clever.

With just one word "terrorist", today's events could be brushed off. It was the perfect explanation.

Darnell almost clapped in approval.

He thought, 'Once Ms. Zeller revealed her Interpol credentials, today's issue was easily resolved.

'However, it is clear from the situation that Ms. Zeller has more tricks up her sleeve.

I have a feeling Malcolm and Robin might be finished, with no favorable outcome in sight! Upon hearing this, Malcolm was on high alert, silently cursing Yvette for being so sneaky. Jack cooperated, asking with a serious expression, "Ms. Zeller, who do you suspect?"

Yvette thought, 'Who do I suspect? The answer is obvious.

Yvette curled her lips into a slight sneer, her eyes glinting coldly. She raised her eyebrows. "I suspect Malcolm and Robin are terrorists. Take them back to the division."

Jack stood firmly. His voice was loud and clear. "Yes."

With that, he waved his hand to the officers he brought along, saying sternly, "Take these two away."

Darnell never anticipated this move from Yvette, placing such serious charges on them.

Malcolm and Robin were stunned after hearing what Yvette said.

They wondered, 'How can we be terrorists?'

'This is clearly a setup. Anyone can see Yvette did this on purpose.'

Of course, Malcolm wouldn't just accept it.

He immediately retorted, "Mr. White, you can't just listen to this woman. I'm the Prime Minister's secretary. How could I be a terrorist? I will appeal to your headquarters and file a complaint against this woman. She's lying."

Robin also hurriedly explained, "The Jenkins family has always been loyal to Mr. Hall. We are not terrorists. She's making it up!"

Jack watched them squirm. He let out a cold snort, thinking, 'Did these two really think they could file a complaint against Ms. Zeller? They're asking for trouble.'

Jack said sternly, "You both have the right to appeal, but now, under international law, you're under arrest. Officers, take them away."

As Malcolm and Robin were about to protest, Jack drew his gun. "If you two don't cooperate, I have the right to execute you on the spot."

Malcolm and Rob didn't dare say another word and resigned themselves to being handcuffed.

The two of them, along with their bodyguards, were all taken away.

Darnell stood there watching Yvette. They were fully armed and had even considered causing an international conflict.

He didn't expect things to be resolved so quickly.

Darnell thought, 'Well, it's good that Ms. Zeller is fine. Now, both Malcolm and Robin are being taken back to the Interpol division.'

If Jack's attitude toward Yvette earlier surprised Darnell, seeing Malcolm and Robin getting arrested really shocked him. Darnell wondered, 'Who exactly is Mr. Jeremiah Chavez's girlfriend?'

'With a single sentence, she made Jack take Malcolm and Robin away without a second thought?'

"This kind of influence? Isn't that a bit too much?'

After putting Malcolm and Robin in the police car, Jack quickly turned back to the café.

The chance to connect with such an important person probably only came once in a lifetime, so he had to grab it firmly.

Inside the café, Darnell and a group of officers watched as the visiting Ybaulla delegation was taken away. Their surprise quickly turned into admiration.

They thought, 'From now on, Ms. Zeller can practically dominate Betrico. Her power is just that overwhelming.

"This time, Ybaulla's plans have totally backfired. They'd never imagine Interpol would listen to Ms. Zeller!

Darnell had heard rumors about Yvette before. He couldn't quite understand why Jeremiah would be interested in a girl from Seacurity.

He initially thought it was just because of her looks, but now it seemed like they were a perfect match.

After today's events, all those unfounded rumors in Betrico would probably fade away.

After all, no one would want to mess with an influential person in the Interpol organization.

What Darnell didn't know was that after Yvette dealt with Keira at the bar last time, the compound kids were too intimidated to say anything.

They didn't dare to say more because they just wanted to survive.

Darnell was just about to talk to Yvette when Jack returned.

Before Jack came into the room, he tidied up his police uniform

He thought, 'What if Ms. Zeller likes older guys? I have to give it a try, right?'

Jack walked up to Yvette, feeling anxious as he looked at her blank face.

He politely asked, "Ms. Zeller, are you planning to stay in Betrico for a while? Do you need someone from headquarters to come over and accompany you for protection?"

Yvette lowered her gaze slightly. Her eyes were cool and collected.

Her eyes darkened a bit as she softly said, "Thanks, but no need."

Jack immediately replied with a smile, "Okay."

Jack thought, 'She probably doesn't need protection.'

Darnell saw this scene and was rendered speechless.

He wondered, 'Is this the same Jack, the quiet and stern Interpol agent I worked with two years ago?'

Jack carefully gave his suggestion. "Ms. Zeller, for today's matter, I need to report back to headquarters. Do you think you might want to give the Chairman a heads-up? It could save a lot of trouble."

Of course, Jack knew it was unlikely that these two were terrorists, but if Yvette said so, then it was true.

He also had to follow proper procedures to investigate and report. However, if Yvette could communicate directly with the Chairman, it would make things much easier for him.

In the café, every word Jason said fell on Darnell and the officers he brought along

They thought, 'So this girl is not just an Interpol officer. It seems that even the Chairman will respect her.

'The Chairman of Interpol is from Mysonna, and he's actually helping Yvette?

This really sounds like an unbelievable thing.'