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Yvette nodded. “No need, just follow the normal procedure.”

Darnell was taken aback. He thought, “There is a special meaning behind her actions today. Maybe I am overthinking it. Just those few words make Jack very satisfied!

There was a rumor at the Interpol Headquarters that if you didn’t talk to Yvette, she would never initiate a conversation with you. If you did talk to her, getting a word or two in response would already be pretty good. So Jack was more than content and left in high spirits.

Because Darnell was standing next to Yvette, Jack’s attitude towards him improved significantly. He even shook hands before leaving.

Darnell felt a pang of bittersweet emotion. He thought, ‘Is this really how it works? Once someone gets a taste of success, even the people around them rise up, too. Standing next to a big shot seems to earn preferential treatment from others.

After the people left, Darnell glanced at the mess around him. Today’s incident was over, and the subsequent developments were beyond his interference.

He slightly bent over and respectfully said, “Ms. Zeller, if there’s nothing else, I’ll take my coffee and leave first. Would you like us to escort you back?”

Yvette lifted her eyes, her gaze deep, and politely replied, “No need, thank you.”

Darnell smiled and nodded, knowing his limits. “Alright, then Ms. Zeller, we’ll pack up and leave.”

Then, led by Darnell, a group of police officers hurried back to their station. They had expected a tough battle, but it turned out to be a one–person show. Darnell’s emotions were like a roller coaster throughout the day, but he had no time to reflect on it now. As soon as he left the café, he immediately reported the events to his superiors.

In the office of the marshal, Jase, Clifford, and Jeremiah, who should have been heading to the café, each sat on a sofa. Jase calmly sipped his coffee, looking at the anxious Clifford.

He thought, ‘Oh... I forget, it seems that only my silly son doesn’t know Yvette’s hidden identity. With her status as an Interpol officer, carrying a gun, what can the people from Ybaulla do? It is likely that they are the ones at a disadvantage, given her character. The one at a loss isn’t her.

Jase intended to use this opportunity to establish Yvette's authority in Betrico. No one could dispel all the rumors about her; only her formidable strength could silence everyone.

He thought, 'My grandson's girlfriend is too low-key, not revealing any of her many identities. This is not ok.'

Jase put down his coffee cup and glanced at Jeremiah, who was sitting on the sofa just as calmly. He thought, 'It seems that he already knows this; otherwise, he would rush to protect Yvette.'

Clifford frowned and thought, 'Are Dad and Jeremiah acting too calm? Doesn't anyone realize how urgent things are? They're still here sipping tea! Just when I was about to gather my department for a meeting to discuss strategies, Dad sent someone to get me, thinking it was to come up with a good plan for today's situation. But it turns out, I am just called here to drink coffee.'

After he arrived, no one said anything. After a while, Jeremiah came in and also didn't say anything, just sat down and drank coffee. The two of them had completely confused Clifford.

He thought, 'Does Jeremiah still want his wife? Does Dad still want to save his grandson's wife? If they are late and she is taken away by Interpol, it is difficult to get her out.'

Jase's eyes were clear as he tapped his cane, looking at Jeremiah. When did you find out about that girl's identity?"

Clifford was taken aback, and he quickly asked, 'Is Yvette? What identity does she have?'

He already knew that she was Cyanbird, but in this situation, her Cyanbird identity wouldn't be of much use.

Jeremiah lifted his eyes, his long legs crossed, his gaze sharp, his jaw tightened, and his voice low. "A little earlier than you."

Jase snorted, a bit disgruntled. He thought, It's not too late for me to know about that

Yusef stood by, to be honest, he was also a bit confused. He thought, "The incident today is so big, but Mr. Jase Chavez is too calm, and Mr. Jeremiah Chavez is not in a hurry either. What is going on? He was just as confused as Clifford by their conversation.

Jase said, "Now that Yvette's identity should be exposed, right?"

Jeremiah glanced at him. He thought, 'My grandfather is sly, not acting is to let Yvette show her true identity?'

Jeremiah said, "Yvette should be able to guess that the people from Ybaulla would get Interpol involved. Do you think it can still be kept a secret? Grandpa."

Jase rubbed his nose sheepishly. He thought, 'His words are so obvious; it is clear he knows what I am thinking'

Jase deliberately said, "Your wife has become the goddess of Clusia. Aren't you nervous? What if a man more excellent than you appears? What if she falls in love with someone else?"

Yusef yeyes twitched and thought, 'Mr. Jase Chavez's words make me want to kick him twice:'

Clifford choked on his drink and coughed twice. He thought, 'Dad really knows how to hit a nerve.'

Jeremiah leisurely took a sip of coffee, his eyebrows and eyes indifferent. He was absolutely confident. That day will never come.

Jase clicked his tongue, the boy was confident indeed. He couldn't find any fault with those words.

Clifford really couldn't stay any longer. He thought, 'If my wife knows I am here drinking coffee and chatting instead of saving her precious Yvette, she kicks me to death.'

'Chatting is one thing, but the things these two are talking about are so confusing that I don't understand it at all. What do they mean?'

Clifford stood up, his expression unusually serious. "Dad, this is really serious. I need to get everything ready on my end. Ybaulla has already reported it to Interpol. If we don't send someone soon, your grandson's wife is going to be in big trouble."

He also didn't have a good temper towards Jeremiah. "And you, why didn't you go to the coffee shop to save your wife directly? What are you doing here with your grandfather?"

He thought, 'Does Jeremiah really like Yvette? How can he be so indifferent? It is really not like his style'

Before he finished speaking, Clifford's office phone rang. He took a look, it was an internal call. He thought, 'Something must happen there again. Do Darnell and the others not stop it, and is the person already arrested? Or does something new happen,

and the situation further escalate?' No matter what, Clifford had already made the worst plan.

Jase calmly glanced at him. "Answer it here."

Clifford didn't hesitate to press the speakerphone directly. A male voice came from the phone. "Mr. Chavez, something has changed. Where are you now? I need to report to you personally Today's matter is too bizarre."

Clifford restrained his emotions and said in a heavy voice. "I have something to do now and it's not convenient to go You speak slowly, don't worry. Did something happen at the cafe again?" back.

The male voice on the phone paused, and then his tone changed He has already returned to the police station. This matter has | Clifford frowned when he heard this. He looked at the two men felt something was wrong.

He thought, 'Clearly, Yvette hit Robin, how does it become Yvette wouldn't make trouble because of this matter and take the opp

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The male voice on the phone sounded excited. "Mr. Chavez, you would never guess Yvette's background."

Clifford was slightly stunned and thought, 'Background? I know that Yvette is the internationally famous painter Cyanbird. I also know that her family is from Seacrest. Besides that, what other background could make him so excited?'

Yusef was also very curious.

Clifford asked, "At this time, what kind of guessing game are you playing? What's going on?","

The man on the phone heard this, and he didn't dare to buy any more tricks.

He hurriedly continued, "Mr. Chavez, you would never guess that Ms. Zeller is an Interpol officer, and Darnell said her level is first-class. Even the arrogant white police chief Jack at the Betrico branch of Interpol is very respectful to Ms. Zeller. Darnell said that Ms. Zeller not only gave Robin a shot, but also the secretary of Kyle, Malcolm, she gave a shot, hitting the scapula, and it is said that the injury is very serious."

Jeremiah lowered his eyes, his fingers resting on the armrest, his military boots shining. Hearing this, he only paused for a moment and then continued to send his text message. [What do you want to eat tonight? You've worked hard.]

Jase took a sip of coffee and was very satisfied. Hearing this, he thought, 'Yvette also give Malcolm a shot, which is not bad... Shot two is better than shot one.'

Clifford held the phone with a slight tremble, his expression frozen in disbelief. He thought, 'Do I hear that right? Yvette is part of Interpol and even a top-level officer. This is unbelievable.'

'Yvette from Seacurity is actually an Interpol officer? Is today April Fool's Day?'

Clifford widened his eyes, trying to calm his emotions. He suddenly thought of the calm performance of the two generations and the phone just now. He thought, 'What else is there to think about? It turns out that the two already knew Yvette's identity as an Interpol officer, and only I am still foolishly deceived, knowing nothing.'

Clifford glared at Jeremiah and thought, 'I will settle the account with him later.'

Standing by, Yusef was also stunned by the news. He thought, 'A first-class Interpol officer in her twenties would blind many with her brilliance.'

Clifford tried to keep his voice as usual. "Go on, how did Yvette end up shooting Malcolm as well? What's the story there?"

The man on the phone got even more excited at this, and if you listened closely, you could detect a hint of admiration in his voice. "Mr. Chavez, Ms. Zeller is a formidable individual. Darnell said that once Malcolm arrived, he barely got a word in before Ms. Zeller took action. Without a word, she fired a shot—quick, accurate, and ruthless."

Clifford's eyes twitched. He thought, 'Yvette is too formidable, and it looks like Jeremiah doesn't have much say in the relationship in the future.'

He paused for a moment before speaking again. "Tell me everything at once. What happened next?"

Clifford was out of patience with this back-and-forth. He was desperate to know what unexpected actions Yvette, now revealed to be an Interpol officer, had taken.

The man on the phone continued, "Mr. Chavez, the subsequent events were even more surprising. Darnell said that when Jack arrived, he was not only extremely polite to Ms. Zeller but seemed to be trying to ingratiate himself with her. As a first-class detective, Ms. Zeller wields considerable power... You won't guess, she fired at Malcolm and Robin on suspicion of being terrorists. Now Jack has taken these two back to the Betrico branch of the Interpol."

Clifford was taken aback by these words, his phone fell to the ground, and he plopped down onto the sofa.

Jase glanced at him and decided to keep silent. He thought, If he knows that Yvette not only has the identity of an Interpol officer but also holds wealth that could shake a nation, he would be even more shocked than he is now. Maybe it's better to take it slow.

The reason for firing the gun was something Clifford never would have guessed.

It was reasonable, legitimate, and legal. Interpol officers have the responsibility to maintain world peace. Once associated with terrorists, it's a label that's hard to shake.

Clifford really wanted to say Well done!

The man continued his report. "Mr. Chavez, the Prime Minister of Ybaulla, Kyle, is currently applying to the Interpol Headquarters for the release of the hostages, but Jack's stance is very firm, stating that he will not release them until the matter is cleared up. He also mentioned that the headquarters is already aware of the situation, and this is the decision of the Chairman of the Interpol."

Jase's hand holding the coffee cup paused slightly, then he smiled with a gentle look in his eyes. He thought, Yvette is probably even more remarkable than I imagine! I really don't know what kind of good luck Jeremiah has

Clifford was about to clap his hands in approval when he heard this. He thought, "The matter is handled well!"

This time, the people who come from Ybaulla are here for trade cooperation and play quite a few tricks in the contract, all of which we refuse one by one, but they are still not giving up. This time, there is a terrorist incident within Clusia, brought about by the Prime Minister of Ybaulla himself. Regardless of the truth, I want to see if they still have the face to make any more demands or how they will explain themselves!

The initiative was firmly in Clusia's own hands. Yvette had given the country a great gift invisibly. Clifford hung up the phone excitedly and was about to leave without saying a word; there was still a lot for him to do.

Jase stopped him. "Yvette has paved a good way for you. The rest is up to you on how to negotiate and strive for the greatest benefits. Do it well and don't let Yvette's intentions go to waste."

Clifford was taken aback. "Dad, are you saying that Yvette did this on purpose? For..."

and down his phone. The corner of his mouth deepened, and his tone was very affirmative. "Yvette Jeremiah looked up put did it on purpose, deliberately shooting at Robin and Malcolm.

He had guessed her purpose long ago, so when he received his grandfather's order, he did not object and came here directly to drink coffee.

vette definitely has her own confidence and plans. She had temper, but she would never act rashly without a plan.

Yusef sighed in secret. He finally understood why Mr. Chavez liked Ms. Zeller. He thought, 'Having a temper without ability and acting impulsively is called conceit. Having enough ability, an impressive temper, and a unique personality is what truly makes a big shot!'

Jase's face was calm as he spoke to Clifford. "Yvette must have planned this. Otherwise, do you really think she is brainless and likes to fire guns at the drop of a hat? She must have done this on purpose. You should understand her intentions."

Clifford suddenly understood and thought, 'Yvette must think of the reason for firing the gun from the beginning, with each step leading to the current result. What a meticulous mind; not a single step can be wrong, even anticipating that Ybaulla will ask Interpol for help. Yvette is amazing!'

Clifford now doubled that his son could not match such a girl. She had artistic talent, was an Interpol officer, and both her intelligence and martial values were top-notch. You couldn't find one in a million.

After Clifford left, Jeremiah also got up to leave. Jase, leaning on his cane, stood up. "Your wife is quite considerate of you.". Yusef didn't understand and thought, 'What he mean by that?'

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Jeremiah quirked his lips, his voice low and cold. "It's nice to be cared for by someone."

After saying this, he glanced at Jase, who was leaning on a cane, and casually added, "Oh, I forgot, Grandpa, you might not be cared for by anyone, so you wouldn't understand this feeling. Sorry."

Yusef tried his best to hold back his laughter. He thought, "These two, grandfather and grandson, are always at it, neither yielding to the other. Mr. Chavez is showing off his affection!'

Jase swung his cane, pretending to take a swing at him.

Jeremiah dodged, retreated to the door, and neatly opened it. He stood still and said, "No need to see me off, Grandpa."

Jase was amused. He thought, 'When do I plan to see him off? Now he even knows how to find a way down from his pride!'

Jase waved his hand impatiently. "Get out of here, get out of here, you annoy me just by being around."

He said this, but there was a smile on his face. He was the epitome of not meaning what he said.

As Jeremiah left, he didn't forget to coffee Jase again. "Grandpa, you're old, be careful not to strain your back if you move too much

After saying that, he turned and walked away without looking back. Jase, furious, yelled at his retreating figure. "You little brat Your grandpa is still going strong and can do eighty push-ups! If you don't believe me, come back and challenge me!"

Yusef, seeing the situation escalating, was afraid Jase's blood pressure would rise, so he quickly helped him sit down and smoothed his breath. "Why compete with Mr. Chavez? You couldn't keep up when you were young, let alone now."

Jase gave him a big eye-roll. He thought, 'Yusef is definitely sent by the enemy, not sure if he is comforting me or just blocking me up. What does he mean I can't keep up when I am young?'

Jase said indignantly, "I was definitely stronger than that brat when I was young."

Yusef could only nod insincerely. He thought, 'Ah, the men of the Chavez family, always strong-willed and never admitting defeat!'

He agreed, "Of course, you would win."

Jase composed himself, took a sip of coffee, and calmed his breath. "Alright, alright, don't feed me with insincere words."

Yusef scratched his nose. He thought, 'Okay... This is a typical case of knowing the truth but refusing to accept it.'

Yusef voiced his doubt, "Why did you say Ms. Zeller cares for Mr. Chavez? Where does that come from?"

Jase gave a mysterious smile, his voice deep. "Today, Yvette dealt with Malcolm and Robin, sending them to Interpol under the guise of terrorists. This matter will be known worldwide. Jeremiah is responsible for Kyle's personal safety; we can't let anything happen to him within Clusia's borders. Even a minor injury to Kyle could be twisted into a story by them."

Jase paused, not finishing the rest.

Yusef understood and picked up the rest of the sentence with a serious expression. “You mean, by doing this, Ms. Zeller has cut off Kyle’s path in this regard. If any problems arise now, it would be because there were criminals and terrorists in his visiting delegation, not because we failed to protect him. Even if something really happened to Kyle, they would never make a big deal out of it; they would just have to endure it, right?”

Jase nodded with satisfaction. “Indeed, and on another front, regardless of whether the two people taken away are truly terrorists or not, Ybaulla has caused panic in Clusia. Emotionally and logically, they have no right to demand anything more in this trade cooperation

Yusef said, “So, Ms. Zeller has cut off two paths for Ybaulla today They can’t make any waves regarding personal safety, and they have no face to make any demands in trade cooperation.”

Jase smiled, “Doesn’t Yvette care for Jeremiah? How much simpler has the job of protecting Kyle become? Even if we don’t protect him, Ybaulla wouldn’t dare let anything happen to their prime minister, and Kyle is even more so.”

Yusef finally understood why such a sentence was spoken. He thought, ‘It meant this!’

Clifford left the office. On his way back, Aurora’s call came through again, and Clifford quickly answered the phone.

He was so excited that he actually forgot about his precious wife. He thought, ‘She must be worried at home!’

At the Chavez residence, Aurora held the phone, with Samantha sitting opposite her, her expression somewhat heavy. She had just been to the café, but it was sealed, and she couldn’t get in. Yvette wasn’t there either, so she hurried to the Chavez residence.

The only ones who could know all the insider news at the first time were the Chavez family.

As soon as the call connected, Aurora immediately said, “Honey, what’s going on now? Samantha just went to the café and said it’s been sealed off, and Yvette’s not there. Has she been arrested? I saw on the news that Interpol is involved. Has Yvette been taken away by Interpol? Is that it? Tell me.”

Samantha’s face also looked grim upon hearing this. If Interpol was involved, the situation would be complicated.

Clifford massaged his temple, fearing that Aurora would worry, and quickly said, “Honey, calm down first. You didn’t even catch your breath; you have to give me a chance to speak.”

Aurora anxiously replied, “Then do tell me, what’s the situation now?”

Clifford spoke calmly, “Aurora, Yvette is a first–class Interpol officer, and now Malcolm and Robin have been arrested as terrorists. Yvette is fine; it’s those two from Ybaulla who are in trouble.”

The next second, the phone slipped from Aurora’s hand and fell onto the carpet, disconnecting the call.

In the car, Clifford called out twice with no response. He could imagine the look of shock on Aurora’s face. He thought, ‘Not to mention her loss of composure, even I was flabbergasted when I first heard the news.’

This matter was too surreal and needed time to digest, so Clifford didn’t call back.

In the Chavez residence living room, Samantha saw Aurora standing there in a daze and became more anxious. She thought, ‘What does Mr. Chavez say on the phone? Why does Mrs. Chavez look like that?’

Samantha nervously asked, “Mrs. Chavez, what’s wrong? Has something happened to Yve?”

Aurora heard this and snapped out of her daze, paused for a moment, and looked strange. Dazed, she said, “Well, Clifford said that Yvette is a first–class Interpol officer, and those two from Ybaulla have been arrested.”

Now it was Samantha’s turn to be stunned. She swallowed hard. She thought, ‘I don’t mishear. Aurora says Yve is a top–notch Interpol officer. This is bombshell news; indeed, amazing women just keep getting more amazing.’

Samantha had never admired any woman, but now she admired Yvette so much. She thought, ‘My goodness, being friends with an Interpol officer, just thinking about it is thrilling.’

Aurora took a deep breath; her mind was still a bit dazed.

Aurora said, “Samantha, what does it mean to be a first–class Interpol officer? Is the rank very high?”

Samantha was silent for a few seconds, then looked up, her eyes bright. “Mrs. Chavez, you should know the nature of the Interpol, right? Put it this way, it’s divided into three levels, with the first level being the highest. As for the specific powers of a first–class

officer within the organization, I'm not quite clear. But judging by what Mr. Chavez said, the fact that people from the Interpol branch could arrest those two from Ybaulla might be due to Yve, so you can imagine Yve's significance."

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Aurora was even more stunned after hearing Samantha's explanation. She thought, 'Who on earth is Yvette? If it weren't for our relationship, I would wanted to bow down in admiration too. This girl...'

Samantha saw the shocked expression on Aurora's face; actually, she was the same, just more composed than Aurora on the surface.

Aurora sighed, "I didn't expect Yvette to look so docile and yet be an Interpol officer. This job must be very dangerous."

Samantha coughed lightly. She thought, 'Does Mrs. Chavez have any misunderstanding about the word docile? If Yve is docile, there would be no docile women in the world. Not to mention what happened at the bar before, just in the live broadcast, Robin was abused by Yve to the point of being unrecognizable. Mrs. Chavez's impression of docile Yve was too deep. It can't change.'

So the two famous strong women in Betrico stood in the Chavez living room, staring at each other with strange expressions until a servant came in and said Yvette had arrived, and they both snapped back to reality.

Aurora was taken aback. "You say Yvette is here?"

Cara, being older and not often using her phone, was naturally unaware of today's events. She didn't understand why Mrs. Chavez looked so strange upon hearing Ms. Zeller's arrival.

Aurora quickly instructed Cara, "Quick, prepare some desserts. Yvette must be tired after the morning's turmoil; she needs to eat more to make up for it."

Cara immediately went to the kitchen to order people to prepare something delicious.

Samantha was overjoyed. She thought, 'Yvette must see my text message and come directly to the Chavez residence. Wow, does this mean I have a tiny bit of status in Yve's heart?'

Samantha quickly straightened her clothes and even took out a small mirror to touch up her makeup.

Aurora turned her head and was taken aback by Samantha's actions. She thought, 'What is this girl's problem? Why is she putting on makeup?'

Two minutes later, Yvette walked in from outside. In the living room, the two women, sitting with the posture of elementary school students, immediately stood up straight as if they were in a military training session.

Yvette changed into her slippers and nodded politely to Aurora. "Hello, Mrs. Chavez."

She looked very docile, and Aurora, looking at Yvette with some excitement, sat down next to her and cautiously asked, "Yvette, are you really an Interpol officer?"

She still found it hard to believe and had to ask the person herself to feel at ease.

Yvette's eyebrows lowered, her gaze calm and deep, she raised her eyebrows and said nonchalantly, "Yes."

Just that one word made Aurora feel grounded. Now she finally knew what kind of amazing Yvette was. She felt the pressure. Aurora really considered whether she should return to the business world. She thought, 'Maybe my company isn't big enough for Yvette to look down on. Should I start a second business and create a company that Yvette could appreciate? That seemed feasible.'

Samantha, sitting on the side of the sofa, had bright eyes; she was really curious about how Yvette became an Interpol officer.

With a face full of excitement, Samantha stared at Yvette, wanting to speak but hesitating. A few minutes later, she couldn't help but ask, "Yve, how did you become a first-class Interpol officer?"

Yvette sat on the sofa, looked up, poked at her water glass with her beautiful fingertips, and nodded casually, her voice as light as could be. "It's simple, I just solved a few small cases."

Aurora and Samantha looked at each other, their expressions surprisingly unanimous. They thought, 'So, how small are these cases?'

However, both knew that the "small" in her mouth was not the same as the "small" in their eyes. They thought, 'If they are really such small cases, how can she get into Interpol and become a first-class officer?'

Samantha looked at Yvette, who was comfortably nestled on the sofa. She thought, 'She indeed looks docile and honest. Uh... Is this big shot a master of face-changing? Is this the same person from the live broadcast just now?'

Aurora, not giving up, asked again, "So, Yvette, could you specify how small?"

Yvette lowered her eyes, silent for a few seconds. Looking at the two curious faces, she was calm and composed, her voice plain and indifferent. “Seven years ago, I arrested the Mysonna serial killer, five years ago, I killed the head of the tugrea Mafia, and three years ago, I sent the leader of the Yoris cult to his maker.”

Yvette only mentioned a few simple things, and there were others that were not even worth mentioning.

As Yvette’s voice fell, the expressions on Aurora and Samantha’s faces became more and more colorful. They thought, “These cases seemed to make us tremble just by listening. Serial killer? Iugrea Mafia? Cult leader? If these were the small things in Yvette’s mouth, then what could be called big events?”

At this moment, Cara came in and put the prepared desserts on the table. Leaning over, she said enthusiastically, Ms. Zeller, these desserts were specially air-freighted by Mrs. Chavez. They are prepared every day, just waiting for you to come and try them.”

Yvette nodded slightly. “Okay, thank you.”

Cara thought Yvette was perfect in every way, the best-looking and with the best personality.

Yvette, who had already eaten a plate of Iugreapasta, began to quietly eat a second round.

focused eyes and stiff bodies, wondering, ‘Why is Cara looked at Aurora and Samantha, who were sitting on the sofa with Mrs. Chavez fine but now looks like this again? Even Ms. Mitchell has the same expression as Mrs. Chavez.

When Yvette ate a small piece of cake and wiped her mouth, the two finally came to their senses.

Samantha swallowed her saliva, looked at Yvette eating desserts, took a deep breath, and nodded. She couldn’t help but say, “Yve, do you know that you are really awesome!”

Aurora also forgot about her status and instantly became a fan of Yvette. She pursed her lips and sincerely exclaimed, “A vette, you are really awesome!”

Cara had a confused expression. She thought, ‘Who am I? Where am I? What has stimulated Mrs. Chavez? It’s okay for Ms. Mitchell to say that. But Mrs. Chavez, how can she say such a vulgar thing?’

Yvette wiped her mouth, her voice light and indifferent. Half-closing her eyes, lazily and casually, she said, “Just ok.”

The other three people in the living room were silent.

When Jeremiah entered, Yvette had already finished three small desserts. Aurora and Samantha were just accompanying her, watching piece after piece of dessert go into Yvette's stomach. They thought, 'We are jealous. What kind of physique is she, eating every meal without missing, but her figure is still so good!'

Jeremiah walked in with his military boots, and saw this scene, his eyes slightly moved, and his gaze fell on Yvette, who was eating like a little hamster. His eyes were deep. He thought, 'Yvette's gluttonous attribute would never change.'

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Jeremiah was used to being the neglected one. Once his mother saw the girl, she basically blocked him out. Jeremiah sat down and casually pinched the girl's waist, his eyes filled with a deeper smile.

Aurora and Samantha also noticed this small gesture.

Samantha couldn't help but scoff. She thought, 'Is Mr. Chavez now taking advantage so blatantly? Shameless!'

Aurora stared at that hand. She thought, My son's hand is so rough, it is displeasing to look at

Jeremiah looked up, feeling the hostility from the two women across from him, and chuckled, provocatively pinching again.

He thought, "These two are now bewitched by Yvette. Do they want to compete with me for her attention? They don't have a chance in the next life...'

Aurora never expected Jeremiah to act so childish. She was momentarily stunned. Something about her son seems different, but she can't quite put her finger on it.

Jeremiah lowered his head, his deep eyes looking at Yvette, his voice enticing as he whispered, "How many pieces have you eaten? Aren't we also going to have steak when we get home later?"

Yvette raised her eyes, her expression wavering for a moment, and then after a few seconds of silence, she put down her fork. Clearly, she chose steak over dessert.

Jeremiah nodded with satisfaction. "Let's go, back home. Charles and the others have prepared the steak, they're waiting for you."

Yvette nodded and turned to Samantha. "Do you want to join us for a meal?"

Samantha waved her hand. She wanted to go too, but Zion was still standing at the entrance of her office. Knowing his stubborn nature, he definitely wouldn't leave until she showed up. She had to head back to check on things. "Yve, I can't go. I've got a few things to take care of over there."

Yvette shifted her gaze to Aurora, but before she could ask anything, Aurora spoke up. "You and Jeremiah head back. I don't go. You two just go enjoy yourselves!"

Yvette said, "Okay."

Then Yvette and Jeremiah left the Chavez residence together.

Aurora and Samantha stared at the couple's figures. They thought, 'The handsome man and beautiful woman, their backs complementing each other perfectly, that's exactly what these two are like.'

Aurora suddenly sighed. "I finally understand how Jeremiah managed to woo Yvette."

Samantha, with her arms crossed, had also figured it out. She thought, 'Yve is an unapologetic foodie, and Mr. Chavez brings her away with just one steak meal.'

Samantha made her decision and said very seriously, "Mrs. Chavez, I've decided to open a steakhouse."

Aurora paused and thought, 'Why don't I think of such a great idea?'

Aurora said, "Then I'll open a barbecue restaurant."

Samantha nodded. "Mrs. Chavez, how about we collaborate on a steak and barbecue chain?"

Aurora immediately agreed, "Deal, I'll have my company prepare the contracts, and you can take a look later."

Samantha smiled, "Mrs. Chavez, you can handle the paperwork, I'll just sign when it's ready."

The two of them hit it off right away, but no one expected that their restaurant for Yvette would turn into the biggest steak and barbecue chain in the country. But that's a story for another time.

In the car, Yvette had just settled into the passenger seat and hadn't yet fastened her seatbelt when Jeremiah pulled her over, and Yvette didn't resist, making it easy for Jeremiah to succeed.

The next second, she was sitting on Jeremiah's lap. She thought, This position?'

Yvette squirmed, it wasn't very comfortable, a bit uncomfortable...

Jeremiah's breathing roughened, he gritted his teeth, and his voice changed. Husky and low, it carried a different kind of temptation, filled with a heavy breath as if enduring some emotion. "Don't move."

In the dim car, Yvette raised her eyes, seeming to have countless stars shining, and her gaze focused and deep. "Are you acting like a hooligan?"

Jeremiah paused, then picked up her fingertips, rubbed them, and whispered, "I only became a hooligan when I met you."

Yvette stared into Jeremiah's deep eyes and lifted his chin. She thought, 'He is quite good at this, but it suits me just fine.' Yvette suddenly buried her head and kissed Jeremiah's lips. Hot and dominant, again and again, constantly eroding his breath,

Jeremiah's blue pupils gradually sank, until they burst in an instant, once again taking the lead. The handsome and noble man was still immersed in this kiss, unable to extricate himself.

At Skyland, Andrew and Charles were sitting in the living room watching the news report on today's events, with the phone on the table still playing the live broadcast they had just seen. Their expressions were quite different.

Charles watched the scene of Yvette dealing with Robin on the screen; he didn't feel violent. He thought, 'If this is violence, then they have never seen the true violent side of Yvette. This is just a small scene. The most important thing for him was that he only found out today that it turned out Yvette had an identity as an Interpol officer.

Being a top-level Interpol officer meant a lot, and no one knew that better than him, a guy who had tangled with the underworld in Mysonna. Interpol represented absolute authority and status.

Now, someone was telling him that Yvette who swept through the underground world, was actually a top Interpol officer. It was hard to believe. He thought, 'Isn't that like playing both sides?

'Not only does she control them, but she also controls them well. Yvette plays this hand really beautifully. I know Yvette is mysterious, but I never imagine that she is beyond just mysterious. She is so amazing!

Andrew looked at the news broadcast on the screen with admiration. He couldn't help but tsk from time to time. He nudged Charles, his voice excited. "Charles, Yvette is so awesome, she's a first-class Interpol officer. Watching her hit those two from Ybaulla, Robin, and Malcolm, was simply too satisfying."

Charles nodded, and this time he wasn't so calm either. "It was quite satisfying."

He thought, 'That Yvette must have her plans, otherwise, according to her character, these two people would not have survived today.'

Andrew turned his head, smiled at Charles, and suddenly said, "Charles, you must have done many good deeds in your last life to be able to learn from Yvette, but your luck was a bit bad. You learned art; if you had learned some martial arts or something, you'd definitely make a name for yourself in both the legal and the shady sides of things."

Charles was left speechless and amused by this, wondering, 'If I should tell the truth. It is a bit awkward for me, a proper underworld figure, to be called an artist by Andrew every day?'

At ten-thirty, Jeremiah and Yvette returned to Skyland from outside, and Andrew and Charles had already prepared the steak

As soon as they came in, Andrew trotted up. "Yvette, good evening, you've worked hard today. I've prepared a delicious steak for you, please enjoy your meal."

Andrew was thoroughly implementing the "flunky" role. Now, he didn't know Jeremiah. Andrew has temporarily forgotten.

Charles couldn't bear to look; he said, "Yve, the steak is ready."

Yvette nodded slightly, raised her eyes, looked at Andrew, hooked her lips, and spoke in a low voice. "Thank you."

Andrew immediately waved his hand. "No need to thank me, Yvette. Your happiness is my honor."

Jeremiah pinched the corner of his eye and thought, Alright. In addition to my mother and Samantha, here comes Andrew

Jeremiah coughed. "Let's go."

Andrew then turned his head and looked at Jeremiah, speaking casually, "Oh, Mr. Chavez, you're back too"

Jeremiah pointed to the sign at the entrance. "This is my house"

Andrew gave a sheepish smile. He thought, Mr. Chavez belongs to Yve, so Mr. Chavez's house is essentially Yve's house."

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Early the next morning, all mainstream media and newspapers reported the incident from yesterday when Ybaullan Robin and Malcolm were taken away by Interpol as suspected terrorists.

A variety of sensational headlines emerged one after another, and the internet was buzzing with activity, as lively as could be.

[I'm saying, what really happened to our goddess yesterday? The live broadcast was interrupted, and there is no official news. I'm so worried. My goddess must be alright]

[Me too, I couldn't sleep well last night. How is our goddess really doing?]

[Our goddess is so strong. I said she must have noticed something off about Robin and Malcolm. Who would have thought these two could be terrorists?]

[Exactly, yesterday was a twist of events. I didn't expect that in the end, it was those two from Ybaulla who got taken away.]

It wasn't just domestic websites and media; even foreign media sites were frantically covering the story. The secretary of Ybaulla's prime minister possibly being a terrorist. This was a big joke.

At Skyland, Charles looked at the headline in the newspaper he was holding. Goddess of Clusia strikes a heavy blow, terrorists have nowhere to hide and are captured, and the law is all-encompassing.

He twitched at the corner of his eye and thought, "The title is certainly eye-catching..."

Of course, this wasn't from any mainstream newspaper, just some tabloids. After all, the investigation results hadn't come out yet, so the official media hadn't officially spoken up.

Andrew took the newspaper and looked at it while sighing. "Yvette, you're famous now. The streets are full of talks about how you taught Robin a lesson yesterday. The top comment is about wanting to marry you. Mr. Chavez must be under a lot of pressure."

Yesterday, all the compound kids learned that Yvette was a first-class Interpol officer. Now, these people all wanted to line up to

get an autograph or something. Andrew firmly refused this. He thought, 'Yvette is so busy; she doesn't have time to deal with them.'

Charles, looking at Yvette who was calmly eating breakfast across from him, asked, "Yve, will Robin and Malcolm be released?"

Charles was certain that the life and death of those two people, whether to release or not, must be up to Yve, so asking her would definitely get the right answer.

Andrew immediately pricked up his ears, listening intently.

Yvette's eyes flickered slightly, her posture casual as she pulled out a tissue to wipe her hands, her expression indifferent as she slowly spoke. "They will be released tomorrow."

Charles nodded, not surprised, as there was no substantial evidence, and the whole world was watching, so they couldn't keep holding them indefinitely.

Andrew let out a sigh of disappointment. Although Yvette was an Interpol officer, she couldn't just judge those two people; they had to be released. Although he knew this was reasonable, he still felt a bit reluctant.

Andrew comforted, "Yvette, I know you did your best. If they're released, it's ok."

Yvette raised her eyebrows, looking at the somewhat dejected Andrew, and casually said, "Robin must play."

Andrew and Charles were stunned; they had forgotten about this. Robin was the representative player for the tournament on the Ybaullan side in the competition the day after tomorrow.

Andrew didn't understand and thought, ' At this time, it's good for them to detain Robin in this situation. "Yvette, wouldn't it be better for us to hold him first?"

Yvette curled her lips, her eyes cold and deep, calmly looking at the puzzled Andrew. "Robin takes pride in his identity as a world champion. What do you think he would do if he was defeated by a Clusian woman he looks down on?"

Charles pondered for a moment. Andrew also figured it out, slapping the table and excitedly shouting. "Right, if our Clusian woman defeats him in the tournament, he would feel worse than death. Let's see if he has the face to participate in competitions in the future. It's a good plan."

With Robin's arrogant personality, he would probably commit seppuku in a minute.

After saying that, Andrew immediately sighed again. "But Yvette, to be honest, it's really hard to find a female Go master. We can't have Louis dress up as a woman, can we?"

Yvette got up, her eyes dark, half-lowering her eyelids, and lightly smiled, pursing her lips, her voice as cold as ever. "Just wait."

After saying that, she went upstairs, leaving a confused Andrew and a thoughtful Charles behind.

Charles thought of a possibility. He thought, 'Does Yvette mean to compete herself? But I don't think it is likely I have never seen Yvette play Go. Could it be that she is also a Go master, capable of competing with a world champion like Robin?'

Yvette had just stepped into her bedroom

one that hadn't shown up in two years.

when her phone rang. The caller ID showed a strange number from Mysonna

excited. "Dear Yve, you are finally Yvette tapped lightly, and the call connected. The man's voice on the other side was very willing to answer my call. After arresting the drug lord last time, you said you were going on vacation, and it's been almost two years with no news. If it weren't for the case reported by the Betrico branch yesterday, I wouldn't even know you are in Clusia now?"

Yvette held the phone away from her ear, her voice light and cold. "Yeah, what's

On the other end of the line was Terry, the chairman of Interpol the matter? If not, I'm hanging up."

He helplessly rubbed his temple. He thought, 'Her character and temper are still the same, making her say more than a few words is impossible.'

He was used to it; if he wasn't, there was no way, as getting more than a few words from her was hard.

Terry sighed, "The incident that happened yesterday is known worldwide. Ybaulla has used various connections to demand the organization to release those two people, and I've held them down. Jack said you agreed to release them. Is this true?"

He, the chairman of Interpol, had to personally call Yvette to ask if this was true. If she said not to release them, no matter who spoke, they couldn't be released. Otherwise, he couldn't find two such people for her. If she said to release them, then they were released.

These two people, whether dead or alive, made no difference to the organization. But Yvette was different; she must not be offended. He would need her help to handle those difficult cases next time. Only she could guarantee a 100% success rate.

Yvette said indifferently, "Yeah."

Terry finally felt relieved. "Alright, since you've spoken, I'll release them. But why are you in Clusia? How long do you plan to stay? Can you come back for this year's training? Can you help train some new officers?"

Terry's attitude was as humble as could be. He thought, 'If she can come back and train a few quality officers, wouldn't that

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Yvette looked out at the lawn while the staff from the Chavez family's old manor were busily trimming the bushes. The flowers are blooming in vibrant competition, especially stunning.

Yvette casually slipped one hand into her pocket, her posture relaxed, her gaze deep and calm. Her voice was low, hoarse, and icy. "Since when do I have to tell you the reason for what I did?"

On the other end of the line, Terry instantly sensed danger, a chill running down his spine. He paused, realizing he'd asked a question he shouldn't have asked.

Yvette's temper was never known to be good. Terry nervously said, "I'm sorry. I overstepped, my dear Yvette."

Yvette lowered her eyes, casually saying, "Let it not happen again."

Terry immediately promised. "Don't worry. Unless I have a death wish, I won't cross the line again."

After hearing Yvette's words, Terry finally felt relieved. Valuing his life, he knew better than to anger her, or he might die at any time.

Yvette's elusive nature and ruthless tactics had always left a mark on him. Even now, in the international prison, all the leaders and mob bosses were terrified of her name.

Terry was worried that if Yvette was indeed helping Clusia, she could pose a threat to Mysonna, so his remarks today were also a way of testing her intentions. However, he did forget that Yvette was not someone he could just test whenever he pleased.

In the Mysonna Interpol Building, after hanging up, Terry was still somewhat startled by Yvette's attitude.

It took Terry a few minutes to finally calm down. After much consideration, he decided to call the President. After all, Yvette's appearance was a significant event for the President, who had been searching for this influential figure for quite some time. Now that Yvette finally showed up, Terry had to report it immediately.

In the office of Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Clifford and his team were having a meeting, and they had already received precise information. If Ybaulla wanted Interpol to release Robin and Malcolm, they must publicly apologize to Clusia. Interpol's tough stance was something Clifford hadn't expected.

He had a vague feeling. Perhaps this matter was closely related to Yvette. It felt like something she would do.

A middle-aged man stood up from his chair and said, "Mr. Chavez, with Ybaulla being pressured like this by Interpol, do you think Kyle will apologize publicly?"

Another man in his forties, wearing a black suit, heard this from below. He thought about it for a few seconds. "I think he will. If Kyle doesn't apologize publicly, it will cause a significant loss to their country. I've heard the Jenkins family is asking Kyle to ensure Robin returns safely."

A very dignified and elegant middle-aged woman was seated below. She nodded in agreement. "Lagree with you. Their government is unstable, and the Jenkins family is very powerful there. If Kyle doesn't save Robin, he will have a hard time."

Clifford heard the conversation below and calmly took a sip of water. "No need to argue anymore. We'll know this afternoon, won't we? For now, all we can do is wait and see."

Clifford lowered his gaze, certain that Kyle would apologize. As expected, in the afternoon, in an emergency press conference, Ybaulla provided a detailed report on what had happened at the café yesterday and publicly apologized to Clusia. They expressed that their inappropriate remarks and actions had an adverse impact on Clusia, and they promised to actively cooperate with Interpol to uncover the truth.

Meanwhile, Clusia also held a press conference. They clearly explained the incident from yesterday and specifically disclosed that Yvette was an Interpol officer.

Major media outlets and social media accounts started prominently sharing the news. "Goddess of Clusia is an Interpol officer." This piece of news went viral. It even caused the websites to crash for over ten minutes due to the large number of visitors.

[Oh my! Goddess of Clusia is actually an Interpol officer? Is it the Interpol I'm thinking about?]

[What else could it be? I used to think Goddess needed to be protected, but now, I'd better let her protect me.]

[Hey, count me in. I need her protection too.]

[I have to say, Goddess's fighting skills are impressive. She's my new idol, truly amazing.]

[Watching her take down that shameless Robin is so satisfying.]

[Turns out Goddess is an Interpol officer, so, of course, she's not afraid of anything. That's the source of her confidence. I love her!]

[Goddess is amazing! Even Ybaulla has apologized. This is historic, finally breaking their stubborn tradition.]

[Yeah. Thinking of the past and the older folks who couldn't live to see an apology from Ybaulla, I want to cry.]

[We all understand what you're saying. If those elders knew Ybaulla apologized today, wouldn't they be thrilled? They're surely watching this from heaven.]

I'm crying my heart out. We totally get it.]

The Internet was flooded with news about Ybaulla's apology and Yvette being an Interpol officer. They were taking over headlines across global media and websites. However, the photos only showed a blurry shot of Yvette's back, no front view.

That was because last night, any clear images of her face were completely deleted, leaving no traces.

Experienced journalists knew what this meant. They couldn't afford to offend some big names, so they swapped in blurry shots. After all, the news content was what really mattered.

Clifford was sitting in his office. He had just returned from the press conference, and the outcome was truly satisfying.

Not only that, the contract between the two countries was almost finalized. Ybaulla didn't gain any benefit at all. Finally, it was all settled, and now only the competition was left to deal with.

In the Carter residence in Seacriety, Winona's days had been far from good. Even though she was namely the young lady of the Carter family, in reality, that was not how things were.

Victor was always out partying with different women and rarely came home. Just in this week, she received several taunting messages from different women.

Winona caused a scene before. But it was as if Victor had become a completely different person, and he didn't care at all. There was even a time when she saw hatred and the intent to kill in Victor's eyes, and after that, she didn't dare make a fuss, fearing he might go crazy.

Though Robert had usually been indulging her, as time passed, he didn't find her as exciting as before and he often didn't come home now.

In the Carter family, only Yulia still listened to her, but it was because of the child she was expecting.

Lately, Victor even confiscated Winona's phone and forbade her from contacting the outside world. Robert was sent abroad by Claude on business, leaving Winona completely isolated and ignored.

Feeling weighed down by worries, Yulia placed the freshly prepared milk in front of Winona, lost in her thought.

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Winona touched her belly. She wanted to speak to Yulia like always, but seeing Yulia in a trance, Winona was a bit confused, wondering, 'What's this old woman thinking about now?'

The next second, Winona's sharp voice sounded. "Yulia, what are you thinking about? Why is today's milk not fresh?"

It was clear that Winona was picking a fight on purpose. Scenes like this happened every day, and the servants of the Carter family had gotten used to it. They really couldn't tell if Victor had married a wife or brought home a drama queen, given her behavior. Every day was filled with chaos without a moment of peace.

Yulia came back to her senses, looking at the unpleasant and endlessly critical Winona. Right now, she just felt pity for this woman.

Yulia thought, 'Winona must have no clue that the person she cursed at, even in her dreams, has become Goddess of Clusia and an Interpol officer. Even an ordinary housewife like me knows the importance of an Interpol officer. This is far beyond the reach of ordinary people like us. Yvette stood up to people from a neighboring nation for Clusia, while Winona has nothing but a baby in her belly, completely useless, only ordering people around because of the child. There is nothing good about Winona. She can't even compare to Yvette.'

Yvette wasn't only a famous international artist but also an Interpol officer.

Yulia now regretted it so much. If the Carter family hadn't broken off the engagement back then, Yvette would now be their daughter-in-law. Everything would have been different, and all the glory and applause would belong to the Carter family.

But Yulia knew it was too late to say anything now. Ever since Winona came into the picture, everything seemed like a mere daydream. The Carter family could no longer

attract Yvette. Not just that, soon, it seemed like Seacurity would entirely be the Chambers family's domain. With Yvette's new identity, the Chambers family's doorsteps were bound to be overwhelmed by eager visitors.

Yulia suddenly thought of Lilian. How could someone so remarkable have an ordinary child? She should have realized this a long time ago. It was too late. Time wouldn't turn back, and no one could change what they did.

Yulia rubbed her temples wearily. Suddenly, she felt utterly drained. She wasn't all that eager about the child Winona was expecting anymore. What kind of child could such a mother have? She couldn't even bear to think about it.

Yulia let out a cold snort. She looked at Winona and said, "If you don't want to drink it, throw it away. Do you still think you're a rich lady? Winona, if you don't want this baby, just abort it."

Yulia finished speaking and turned to leave, ignoring Winona's shouting from behind her.

Winona screamed Yulia's name and even pretended to have bellyache, but Yulia didn't stop. Winona was completely panicked. If Yulia didn't care about the child in her belly, then she would have nothing to rely on.

She felt something must have happened. Otherwise, Yulia would have never treated her like this.

Winona quickly borrowed a phone from a servant and checked the news. An automatic notification popped up, saying, "Who is Goddess of Clusia?" Winona couldn't help but tap on the video after seeing its intriguing background.

One minute later, Winona held her belly, backing away in disbelief. As she moved back, she kept shaking her head, looking shocked and a bit unhinged. "Impossible. No way. I don't believe it. How could she be an Interpol officer?"

Winona turned on the TV, only to see the same news. This time she finally accepted it. She suddenly dropped onto the couch. The phone she held had been thrown to the floor, splitting into two pieces.

Winona glared at the TV, fixating on the familiar figure she deeply hated. She snorted, "She's an Interpol officer? How can she deserve it? What makes her so special?"

Winona clenched her fists—so tightly that her nails pierced her palms, drawing blood. Only then did she regain her senses. However, now her hatred for Yvette was even stronger. She thought, 'So what if Yvette's an Interpol officer? That job is so dangerous. Who knows when something might happen to her? Ill wait for that day and see Yvette die' Winona started laughing hysterically with a chilling sound.

Yulia, who lived upstairs, could hear the laughter, but she pretended not to notice it. She just didn't want to deal with crazy Winona anymore..

At the Chambers residence, Zachary looked at the never-ending stream of visitors at his doorstep. He couldn't keep them away. Since yesterday, he had been completely bewildered.

After watching the livestream replay shown by Lucas, along with the news reports and online updates, Zachary finally found out that his daughter was actually an Interpol officer who had beaten up some Ybaullan guys.

However, she not get into trouble. Instead, the Ybaullan guys got taken away. To top it off, the Ybaullan Prime Minister publicly apologized this afternoon.

Zachary's mind was overwhelmed. He thought, 'Could someone tell me this is not true? An Interpol officer? It was only then he understood why Yvette had said that she could handle the old grudge about Lilian and the truth back then. He finally realized now that his daughter was no ordinary person.

After Kyle finished the press conference in Betrico, Interpol quickly investigated the matter and released Malcolm and Robin.

In Kyle's room. Kaiden looked at the old man with a handlebar mustache in front of him, his attitude respectful and his expression gentle. "Mr. Hall, Mr. Jenkins has been sent to the hospital, and Mr. Hart has been treated. Please rest assured."

Kyle, the current Prime Minister of Ybaulla, sat on his chair and nodded in satisfaction. "Thanks for all your hard work, Mr. Harper. Go and get some rest. The day after tomorrow is Mr. Jenkins' chess match, and the day after that is your fencing match. I hope you two can bring honor back to our country this time. Thank you."

He sounded polite, but he was obviously implying they could only win. Kaiden got the hint, but he still responded with great respect and humility, "Mr. Hall, rest assured."

Kyle waved his hand, signaling for him to leave. In the hallway, Kaiden closed the door behind him, along with his trusted aide, Cedric Harper.

Seeing Kaiden's change of expression after the door closed, Cedric stepped forward. "Mr. Harper, Mr. Jenkins has been taken to Betrico Hospital. He mentioned wanting to see you. Do you want to find some time to visit him?"

Kaiden gave a knowing smile. "Of course, I'll go. We're friends after all. I should visit him now."

Cedric understood that his master wasn't sincere, chuckling slyly, "I'll go arrange the car right away, Mr. Harper."

Just as he was about to leave, Kaiden stopped him. "Did you find a clear photo of that Interpol officer?"

Cedric bowed respectfully. "I'm sorry, Mr. Harper. We searched all over the Internet and videos, but we couldn't find an image of her face. There are only pictures of her back. A hacker might be helping her, so we can't find it just yet. We only know that her name is Yvette."

Kaiden was shocked. "What's her name? Say it again."

Cedric had never seen Kaiden like this before, wondering, 'Why did just a name cause Mr. Harper to lose his composure like that?'

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Cedric pushed down the doubts in his heart. He bowed respectfully. "Mr. Harper, the woman from Clusia who beat up Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Hart yesterday is definitely named Yvette. There's no mistake about it. Even though we can't find a clear picture of her face, the name is absolutely right. Is there an issue? Do you know this woman?"

Kaiden's face turned cold, his body involuntarily trembling. The name instantly put him on edge, bringing back a flood of memories.

In the hallway, Kaiden's sinister face was hidden in the shadow, looming in the light.

He still refused to mention this name. Yvette was his nightmare and a shadow that lingered over his life. She was the one who had ruthlessly chopped off his pinky finger.

He would never forget her stunning yet expressionless face and icy eyes in his lifetime.

Seeing Kaiden freeze in place with a horrified look, Cedric didn't dare say a word, only stepping to the side quietly, wondering, 'Who exactly is Yvette? How could she make Mr. Harper, who is always so collected, panic?'

After a while, Kaiden snapped out of his memories. He moved his fingers slightly. Surrounded by a gloomy aura, he held back his inner fear and said, "Go check again. Is that woman still in Betrico? I want the information on her to be as detailed as possible."

Cedric said, "I'll do it right away, Mr. Harper."

After Kaiden returned to his hotel room, he paced back and forth anxiously. He suddenly had a bad feeling, thinking, 'What if this woman really is Ms. Zeller? Why did she show up in Betrico after disappearing for so many years? And why did she suddenly hit Robin and Malcolm and get involved in the conflict between Clusia and Ybaulla? But it is like her style. Only Ms. Zeller has such confidence.'

Kaiden had a nagging feeling that something would go wrong at the competition. Yvette's presence gave him a strong and unsettling premonition.

Kaiden clenched his teeth, pulled out his phone, and made a call to someone in Mysonna. If Yvette really showed up, Braydon would surely be more eager than anyone else to see her.

The call connected. The man's voice on the other end was cold. "Got something to say?"

Kaiden felt a sudden chill down his spine. He had heard this voice for three years while they lived together at the training camp. After he returned to Ybaulla, they only spoke with each other when they had business to discuss.

Braydon seemed lifeless when interacting with anyone, only showing signs of liveliness around Yvette.

Kaiden tried hard to calm down, but the urgency in his voice gave him away. "Mr. Goodman, have you seen the news in the past couple of days? Do you know Ms. Zeller appeared in Betrico?"

Braydon stopped for a moment. His voice became even more somber than before. "I saw it."

Now it was Kaiden's turn to go silent. He thought, 'Braydon used to go crazy at the mention of Yvette's name. Why is he so composed now? Could he have fallen for someone else? But that seems unlikely. Everyone in the training camp has experienced Braydon's obsessiveness. Getting him to change his goal? Only when hell freezes over.'

Of course, Kaiden didn't know that Braydon was utterly swamped. Ever since Damian returned, the underground world in Mysonna hadn't had a moment of peace. Damian was very influential.

To counteract his formidable grandfather, Braydon used up almost all his energy. He couldn't even find the time to see Yvette.

Kaiden continued, "Ms. Zeller is also an Interpol officer. Do you know that?"

In the study of the Goodman residence in Mysonna, the lights were off. Only the faint glow from the computer shone on Braydon's handsome face and the charming scar between his brows.

On the table in front of him were all the newspapers from the last two days, and on the computer was a shadowy image of Yvette's back.

Hearing Kaiden's words, Braydon stared intensely at the image on the computer screen. A slight smile appeared on his lips. His voice was as cold as he said, "I know."

Hearing Braydon's words, Kaiden tightened his grip on the phone, thinking, 'Braydon know about Yvette's identity. Doesn't he understand how terrifying that identity is? How can he still be so calm?'

Kaiden asked, "Mr. Goodman, do you know why Ms. Zeller is in Betrico?"

This is what Kaiden was concerned about. He was fully aware of who taught him fencing. If Yvette decided to interfere in the fencing competition, he would stand no chance of winning. He had to find out why Yvette was here. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to relax for even a moment.

Braydon stared at the photo, his eyes filled with wild intensity and deep infatuation. He yelled angrily on the phone, "A guy tricked her into going to Betrico. Yvette is just having a fling with him. She'll come back to me sooner or later. That guy deceived her." After yelling, Braydon threw the phone at the wall, shattering it instantly.

Kaiden stared blankly at the phone, thinking, 'What did Braydon say? Is he losing it? He claimed that Ms. Zeller was tricked by a guy? That's absolutely impossible. If anyone did the tricking, it must have been Ms. Zeller. But that's impossible too. Ms. Zeller will never fall in love!'

Then Kaiden pondered again, 'Given Braydon's obsession and possessiveness towards Yvette, if it weren't true, he wouldn't have said something like that. So, it might really be true. Did Ms. Zeller really come to Betrico for a man? Even if that's the case, it might not be a bad thing. It suggests Ms. Zeller didn't intentionally get involved in the incident at the café yesterday. It was probably just a coincidence, making it less of a hassle and nothing to worry about.'

Suddenly, Kaiden remembered that Robin was still at Betrico Hospital. He decided to probe Robin, thinking this person might know a bit more about the situation. Kaiden immediately shouted to the bodyguards at the door, "Get the car ready We're heading to Betrico Hospital!"

At Betrico Hospital, Robin was wrapped up like a mummy, only his eyes revealed. His legs and shoulders were all dislocated by Yvette. He also had gunshot wounds. He lost so much blood that he was going into shock when sent to the hospital. Fortunately, Betrico Hospital's director personally gave him surgery to save his life. It could be seen how hard Yvette beat him.

Malcolm's situation was even worse. The bullet had been in his body for too long. Thus, after it was finally removed, he was left with lasting issues. Half of his body couldn't exert normal strength, making heavy lifting impossible for him. He was now a shell of his former self.

When Kaiden arrived, Robin was writhing in pain on the hospital bed. He didn't trust the doctors at Betrico Hospital at all and refused any treatment unless doctors from Ybaulla flew over to diagnose him personally.

The doctors at Betrico Hospital weren't about to indulge him. They figured if he didn't trust them, he could just suffer.

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Kaiden didn't even knock; he just pushed the door open.

Robin, writhing in pain on his hospital bed, saw Kaiden arrive and struggled to get up. His bodyguard immediately stepped forward to help him.

Kaiden was very good at maintaining appearances. He nervously stepped forward, looking sympathetically at Robin. With a fake sincerity, he said, "Mr. Jenkins, are you feeling any better?"

To outsiders, it might seem like these two are close, but in reality, they can't stand each other and don't want to see the other doing well.

Robin knew Kaiden was being insincere. He glared angrily at Kaiden, his eyes showing a hint of malice, and his voice was hoarse from the pain.

He said, "Don't pretend to be kind here. I have something to discuss with you. If you handle this for me, I'll stop our business dealings with your brother and transfer them to you. Since you've already looked into our business, you know how profitable it is. If you agree to my terms, the Jenkins family will also secretly support you for future Steel Serpents candidates."

Even Kaiden was tempted by this offer. The Jenkins family would be a significant boost for him, but he knew there was no such thing as a free lunch. He realized Robin must have high demands, so he didn't agree immediately and hesitated a bit. "Mr. Jenkins, can you explain? If I can't meet your demands, no matter how big the promise, I just can't take it!"

Robin snorted. He was out of options. Kaiden's older brother had much more influence in the underworld, so to seek revenge, he had to humble himself and ask Kaiden for help. 'I bet the Harper family, Ybaulla's top mafia family, can't even kill a woman. Even if she's a level one Interpol agent, what now?

Robin gritted his teeth, filled with anger as he made his demands to Kaiden. "Kaiden, just kill the woman who ruined me, that level one Interpol agent, right? Her name is Yvette, correct? Once you kill her, I'll support you as agreed. This deal is very profitable, isn't it? You know I keep my promises."

Kaiden, sitting in his chair, stood up abruptly after hearing this. Looking at the resentful and surprised Robin, he immediately refused without a second thought. “Mr. Jenkins, you must be joking. Yvette is a level one Interpol agent. Why should I kill her? Maybe you haven’t been online and don’t know she’s now the Goddess of Clusia, with top reputation there. I can’t fulfill your request.”

Robin’s expression froze. He didn’t expect Kaiden to refuse without even considering it. ‘Even if Yvette is the Goddess of Clusia and an Interpol agent, there are so many assassins in Steel Serpents. Can’t they just take her out quietly?’ Robin thought Kaiden was rejecting him because the offer wasn’t generous enough and felt very annoyed. ‘As expected, an illegitimate child can’t hold his own. He’s so greedy, wanting more even after being given so much. Does he really think only he can kill Yvette?’

Suppressing his anger, Robin was nicer to Kaiden than ever before. But before he could add more to the deal, Kaiden interrupted him. “Robin, you misunderstood. It’s not that your offer isn’t enough—it’s that I don’t have the ability to kill Yvette. Want me to kill her? Not in this lifetime!”

When Kaiden heard Robin’s request, he was already ready to swear. “This idiot actually thinks highly of me, asking me to send someone to kill Yvette? Even if I send all of Steel Serpents’ people, I’d probably end up cleaning up their bodies myself. That’s an instructor! Can anyone kill her? I wouldn’t dare show up in front of her unless I wanted to die horribly. Robin’s already in this bad shape and is still being so unrealistic. How can someone like him be a world champion? I used to think highly of him!

What right do we, Steel Serpents, have to kill a level one Interpol agent?’ Robin thought, ‘Robin and Malcolm were taken away like that. Doesn’t it show the instructor’s position within the Interpol organization?’ Robin figured Kaiden was just unwilling to accept because the offer wasn’t good enough and despised him for it. ‘As expected, an illegitimate child can’t hold his own. He’s so greedy, wanting more even after being given so much. Does he really think only he can kill Yvette?’

Kaiden walked to the door, his hand on the handle, but then stopped and turned around to give his final piece of advice. “For Ybaulla’s sake, Robin, I advise you to drop this idea.” Of course, Kaiden wasn’t doing this for Robin’s good; he just feared Robin might go crazy and disrupt the upcoming competition. ‘Whether Robin shows up or not doesn’t matter. What’s important is that I finally got a chance to be in the spotlight. As long as I win in Clusia, my position as the next successor of Steel Serpents is secure.

The hospital room door slammed shut, leaving Robin staring blankly with a dark, gloomy expression. After kicking out all the bodyguards, he watched the news on the room’s TV about Ybaulla’s apology today and suddenly went crazy, tearing the sheets until they were shredded.

could Robin called the bodyguards again to bring in the computer. He logged into a killer website he had heard about before from someone else—the Black Gold Network.

He heard that the world's best assassins were all on this site. As long as you pay the price, someone would take the job. Nothing these people couldn't handle.

Confident, Robin placed the order, certain someone would accept it. 'I don't believe that just being an Interpol agent means no one can kill her. I don't trust a word Kaiden said. What a joke! He's just scared and cowardly, telling me to drop this idea!'

Robin nervously logged into the Black Gold Network. He browsed the order section, seeing all sorts of tasks, from killing a country's president to murdering a small-time businessman. He saw the top name on the leaderboard was "Zola," followed by "Eagle King" and "Flying Fish."

The Black Gold Network had all kinds of tasks, and seeing others take orders boosted Robin's confidence that his order would be accepted too. Carefully, he placed the order and watched the screen intently, refreshing every few seconds. Finally, five minutes later, someone accepted the order.

But before Robin could get excited, all the assassins on the Black Gold Network went into a frenzy. They saw who took the order. "This top dog who hasn't taken an order in almost two years is now taking such a small job? Only 15 million dollars? Who's this pathetic guy? The person who placed the order must have had some crazy luck to get this big shot to take it voluntarily.'

Once everyone saw the task details, they were all stunned. 'He's coming out of retirement just to take such a small job, killing an Interpol agent? Isn't that a bit overkill?'