

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 331

Meanwhile, in Mysonna, Eagle King and Flying Fish, who hadn't watched TV or newspapers for three days and didn't use their phones, were vacationing at a secluded estate. They were completely unaware of what was happening outside and had been playing hide and seek with wild animals lately.

The vacation estate was located in the southwest end of Mysonna, surrounded by dozens of miles with few people. Only Eagle King and Flying Fish were there, choosing this place because it was owned by Yvette and they controlled the entire area.

Yvette liked this place for simple reasons: few people, the ability to build their own airstrip, and plenty of wild animals. When they had nothing to do, the three of them could practice or compete. Although there was no suspense in winning or losing, it was still fun. More importantly, the meat from the animals was fresher and tastier.

Upstairs, Flying Fish suddenly stood up from the computer desk and rushed downstairs, shouting, "Damn it, damn it! Eagle King, come out, something big is happening!"

Downstairs, Eagle King had just put oatmeal into a bowl when he saw Flying Fish running down in a white shirt, her long legs exposed and swinging, making his eyes hurt.

Seeing her flustered, Eagle King sighed helplessly. 'This woman never has a stable moment. She can only be serious when she's on a mission. He took Flying Fish from her and rubbed her messy, frizzy hair. "Early in the morning, why are you shouting here instead of going back to sleep? What happened?"

Flying Fish quickly showed Eagle King her phone screen. It was clear—the Black Gold Network forum had pinned the order information to the top.

[Mr. Jenkins' order has been accepted by Zola]

Eagle King looked at the words, a bit confused. "The Boss has come out of retirement and is taking orders now? But this order is too low-profile. Why would the Boss bother to kill an Interpol agent?"

Flying Fish nodded, picking up the freshly cooked oatmeal and moving to the dining table. "What does it mean that the

Boss took this order? Is she coming out of retirement for such a small job? Should we ask the Boss if she's still in Clusia? It should be evening there now."

Eagle King said, "Alright, I'll call the Boss to ask. If this order doesn't work, I'll go see the Boss myself."

Upon hearing this, Flying Fish obediently sat down properly, even more straight than a student, and didn't touch the oatmeal Eagle King had made. She just waited for the call to connect.

Eagle King dialed the number, and the call connected quickly. "Boss, have you come out of retirement?"

ClusiaBetrigo, Skyland, Yvette answered the phone while wiping her wet hair. The computer beside her was open to the Black Gold Network, with messages from Mr. Jenkins constantly flashing in the chat box.

Yvette's voice was soft and slow. "Yes, I just took an order."

Eagle King knew no one else could handle this and was just calling to ask why the Boss suddenly took such an order.

Flying Fish grabbed the phone, her voice clear and sweet. "Boss, why did you take such a small order? Are you still in Clusia? If this order isn't good, I can go see you myself so you don't have to worry about it!"

Yvette paused, chuckled lightly, and lowered her voice as if it was coming from deep within her throat. "You want to kill me?"

Flying Fish was stunned. 'What does the Boss mean by this? Kill her? I'm so confused.'

Eagle King heard it too and was baffled. "Boss, you and I killing you? Don't joke around. It'd be better if you killed us instead!"

Yvette squeezed the corners of her eyes and leisurely said, "Did you two see the name of the person to be killed at the end of the order?"

Flying Fish immediately scrolled to the end of the order and saw the familiar name. "Damn it, what the hell is this?"

Eagle King looked over and had a similar reaction. 'So the Boss took this order to kill herself? But who is this unlucky guy named Mr. Jenkins placing orders on Black Gold Network? He must not realize this website is the Boss's domain. He's really asking for death here.'

Flying Fish had a flash of insight. "The person who placed this order, Mr. Jenkins, wants to kill Interpol Yvette. So the Boss is not only an assassin but also an Interpol agent? Isn't that a bit too far-fetched?"

Eagle King thought of this too. They looked at each other and simultaneously said, "Boss, when did you become part of Interpol?" If it weren't for the secluded area, people

would have reported them for disturbing the peace. The wild wolves outside the estate had been scared away by their voices.

Touching her own heart, Flying Fish felt it was beating fast and strong. 'No wonder he's the boss, he quietly managed to obtain an Interpol identity.'

In Skyland, Yvette sat down on the chair and casually opened the message from Mr. Jenkins.

[Are you there?]

[Did you take the job?]

[When will you take action?]

[What happens if it doesn't work out?]

[Please respond.]

Yvette typed a few words and sent them: [Three days from now, pay upfront.] Then she closed the chat.

Yvette said into the phone, "Just messing around."

Eagle King and Flying Fish twitched their lips. 'If someone else said that, they'd have been beaten to death. So arrogant! But coming from the Boss, it actually fits, like it's only natural.'

Eagle King spoke seriously, "Boss, this Mr. Jenkins ordered a hit on you. What's going on? Should I take him out?"

Yvette curled one side of her lips, her eyes showing a mix of amusement and mockery. She glanced at the transfer information Robin had just sent. 'Quite generous, he gave an extra 15 million dollars. And he wants me to kill Yvette? When did my life become worth only 30 million dollars?'

Yvette said, "No need. Leave him for three days; he still has his uses, I'll handle him personally after that"

Eagle King paused for a moment and then said, "Alright, Boss, got it. When are you returning to Mysonna?"

Yvette glanced at the man who had just walked through the door and softly said, "In two months." After speaking, she hung up the phone and logged out of the website, cleaning up all traces.

Jeremiah walked over and placed the freshly made donuts on the table. He naturally took the towel from Yvette's hand and stood behind her, gently wiping her damp hair.

Yvette took a bite of the donut—it was soft and chewy. This man is getting better at catering to my taste!

Jeremiah's face was calm, with a faint smile. His deep eyes locked onto her. He sighed. 'I'm really getting the hang of being a househusband. He spoke warmly, "It's a new recipe, brown sugar Let me know how it tastes."

Yvette slowly nodded. "Delicious." Jeremiah could probably open a small restaurant with his current skills. Going from kitchen novice to master chef in just a few months. Smart people really do learn fast!

After drying her hair, Jeremiah sat next to Yvette and gently squeezed her fingertips. "The chess match the day after tomorrow, the roster is out. You're playing."

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Yvette nodded, finding a comfortable position and raising her eyes without much expression. "Okay."

Jeremiah was indeed surprised that the young woman volunteered to play. 'Given her personality, she hates trouble the most. For her to take the initiative like this, it's quite a rare occurrence. She must really dislike this Robin; otherwise, she wouldn't have made this decision. I didn't even know she had an interest in chess.' Jeremiah put down the towel and spoke in a deep voice, "What made you decide to compete?"

Yvette propped her chin on her hand, her gaze downcast. From Jeremiah's angle, he could only see her beautiful, flawless features and the pale, alluring curve of her collarbone, half in shadow, drawing him in.

Yvette wiggled her toes, her lips curling as she lazily said, "He's too ugly. I can't stand the sight of him."

Jeremiah chuckled softly, raising an eyebrow. 'If Robin knew this was the reason, he'd probably die of anger. Jeremiah squinted. "Yeah, he is pretty ugly."

News came from Betrico Hospital that Robin's leg would have permanent damage, which for someone like him was a devastating blow.

Jeremiah pushed open a secret door, intending to return to his bedroom. From his desk to the door, it took him a full three minutes—he could barely move his feet.

Yvette stared at his retreating back, a faint, unreadable smile on her lips, and said unhurriedly, “Jeremiah, if you’re walking that slow, you might as well give up those legs.”

Jeremiah’s tall, straight back paused slightly. He turned around, his gaze tender, a bit warmer in his expression, and his voice. low and intoxicating. “It’s fine. I still have a third leg.”

In the next second, a coffee cup flew from Yvette’s direction, aimed right at Jeremiah.

Jeremiah glanced at it and effortlessly caught the coffee cup, holding it in his hand.

Yvette wiggled her toes lazily, casting a slow, indifferent glance at him without saying a word.

Jeremiah sighed as he looked at her, then pushed open the secret door and returned to his bedroom, his retreating figure tinged with a bit of loneliness and pity.

The person sitting on the sofa only silently watched his performance. ‘His acting is too clumsy!

“The long, lonely night, lying sleepless with an empty pillow, having a young wife but unable to touch her—who could understand this feeling?’ Jeremiah finally understood now.

After Jeremiah left, Yvette logged back into the Black Gold site. Just moments ago, when she logged off, Robin had gone crazy, bombarding her with dozens of messages.

[Are you there?]

[Why did you log off?]

[Can you reveal how you’re going to kill this person?]

[If possible, I’d prefer you assault her before killing her. Of course, I can tell you this woman is quite beautiful. I’m sure you’ll like her, Mr. Zola.]

[Did you log off?]

[I can add another 15 million dollars if you send me some pictures of her on her deathbed. How about it?]

Yvette lowered her eyes slightly, her cold, dark gaze sharp. She typed a few words with her slender fingers: ‘Add 160 million dollars, and I’ll agree to what you said. A fool wouldn’t take money when it’s handed over. Only idiots wouldn’t make money!

In his hospital room at Betrico, Robin scoffed as he read the message from Zola. 'What top-ranked assassin? Just a money-grubber. How do people glorify Zola so much on these sites? I knew it, there's no one in this world who can't be swayed by money. They just build up a reputation to make themselves seem untouchable.

Robin gritted his teeth. "This Zola is as greedy as Kaiden, that bastard. Fine, 160 million dollars it is. As long as Yvette is dead, I'll pay whatever it takes! This 160 million dollars is most of my secret stash.'

Don't be fooled by the Jenkins family's old money status. To maintain their appearance of wealth, the family's finances had been in serious decline for years. This 160 million dollars came from the shady business Robin had been doing with the Steel Serpents. And just like that, Robin spent 200 million dollars trying to kill Yvette.

But Robin had already lost his mind. As long as Yvette died, he was willing to spend his entire fortune. All he could think about now was 'Make Yvette die. The more gruesome, the better. After transferring the money, Robin closed his laptop and collapsed onto the hospital bed, staring at a corner of the room with ghostly pale skin, devoid of any color. He endured the pain of his wounds, waiting for Dr. Ybaulla to arrive.

He thought, 'For the chess match the day after tomorrow, I'll make sure to compete personally. I will defeat the Clusian people myself and crush them completely. I'll show them what a real genius looks like! Not someone like Yvette, that savage and domineering woman. What Goddess of Clusia? Ybaulla will always be number one!

On Friday, the day before the match, the media reports started to change again.

All morning, the news had been focused on tomorrow's Clusia vs. Ybaulla chess match. The headlines from mainstream media remained restrained as usual, mostly just formally reporting the event schedule and format. They also confirmed from Ybaulla's side that Robin was in good health and would be representing Ybaulla in the match.

Other non-mainstream newspapers are still using all sorts of flashy headlines to grab attention, mostly clickbait.

[After being released, Robin has been carefully recuperating and is confidently entering the chess exchange competition.]

[Who will take the chess competition title? A surprise or a shock new national chess champion, Louis, has decided not to compete; another person will take part instead.]

[Why hasn't the Clusia chess competition's participants been announced yet?]

These past few days, people in Clusia have been mostly passing the time online gossiping. Domestic and foreign websites are alternately in use, with heated debates and keyboards almost sparking from all the typing. Because of the incident Robin

caused at the café, everyone's attention in Clusia and around the world is focused on this exchange competition between the two countries. The online discussions are as lively as during the festival.

Early in the morning, Andrew barged into the living room carrying fried spaghetti he bought outside and shouted, "Yve, Jeremiah, listen up! You know what? I went to buy breakfast, and even the old ladies on the street are talking about tomorrow's chess exchange competition. It's become common knowledge."

The fried spaghetti was what Yvette wanted to eat; otherwise, Andrew definitely wouldn't have volunteered so eagerly to take on this tough and noble task from Charles. He even took a photo of the spaghetti he bought and posted it to the "A Group of Little Pities" compound kids chat, showing off a bit. 'Yve wants to eat it.'

Then, the group exploded. People almost started fighting over the chance to deliver the meal. In the end, Andrew came up with a fair method: he inflated the market price and held a bidding war. As a result, Jared snapped it up for \$660,000, gaining the opportunity to deliver breakfast to Yvette. The transfer has just been successfully completed.

Andrew really admired his own little brain; he easily made \$660 000 like that. He already understood that as long as he clung to Yve's thigh, he could have anything, and his small treasury would be full. Happily, Andrew placed the fried spaghetti in front of Yvette and said, "Yvette, freshly made. If you don't like it, no charge. Even if you do, no charge, hehe!"

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Hearing this, Yvette looked at Andrew with her dark, clean, and clear eyes, untainted by a trace of dirt. She gave a faint "Oh," then opened the box, took a bite, and nodded in Andrew's expectant gaze. "Not bad."

Just as Andrew was about to boast a couple of sentences without even checking who bought it, before he could speak, he clicked his tongue sharply because Yvette added. "It's worth 1 million dollars."

Andrew's smile froze on his face, and he blurted out, "Which bastard sold me out?"

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, tapping the table intermittently, yawning, looking extremely lazy, and giving a half-smile, half-grimace glance at something behind Andrew. 'Bastard? This kid really doesn't know what it means that trouble comes from the mouth.'

Charles calmly took a sip of milk, looked behind Andrew, and pointed, signaling him to turn around.

Andrew was confused. 'What do you mean? Is there something behind me?' He turned around in the direction Charles pointed. When he saw who was standing behind him, he immediately jumped in surprise. 'Damn... why is my sister here?' Now, even if Andrew was stupid, he figured it out. 'Jeremiah had already left for military district matters this morning, and the only person present in the group was my sister, so my sister is that bastard?'

Andrew swallowed hard, thinking about whether he could fake death now... "The problem is, I think if I immediately lie on the ground and pretend to be dead, given my sister's temper, she might just make my fake death real!

Andrew quickly tried to flatter Samantha, saying, "When did you get here? Have you eaten breakfast? Maybe your brother could cook for you and make some delicious dishes?"

Samantha was charming in every way, exuding a 9 feet 2.24 inches boss lady aura. She wore a neat and clean white suit, with all her hair tied up, looking very professional.

Samantha smiled, and to Andrew, it was the death smile. Every time his sister showed this smile, all he could do was run, run immediately. Andrew tried to flee, but Samantha was faster. She threw her bag, took two big steps, and delivered a roundhouse kick, sending Andrew flying like a streamlined object, hitting the dining table chairs, and his head smashed against the table leg.

Andrew lay face down on the table leg, yelling plaintively, "Damn it, sister, you ambushed me again."

Samantha retracted her long legs, calmly smoothed the wrinkles in her suit, and smiled at the pitiful-looking Andrew in a very friendly tone. "You're reacting too slowly, blaming me? Who else is the bastard? Come on, tell me properly!"

Andrew rubbed his kicked butt and climbed up from the ground, muttering, "I didn't know it was you, sister, you went too far by tattling to Yve." Andrew had no confidence in saying this; he only dared to mutter softly. 'Earning this 1 million dollars was really not easy!

the Samantha ignored him and sat down next to Yvette. With Jeremiah not here, she couldn't pass up great opportunity to get closer to Yve. Samantha said, "Yve, are you going to the exchange competition with Jeremiah tomorrow as well?"

Yvette nodded, took a sip of milk, and her voice was a bit weary. "Okay."

Samantha knew that Yvette was the type who spoke few words but was formidable. A single word was enough. Samantha continued. "I'll go too. Let's sit together at the exchange competition."

In response to Samantha's invitation, Yvette nodded. "Alright."

Samantha turned and waved at Andrew, and Andrew could only walk over reluctantly. "Sister, what else do you want?"

Samantha took out her phone and opened the payment code, saying, "Transfer the 1 million dollars to me. Don't even think about hiding it."

Andrew, seeing that he couldn't resist his sister, could only tearfully transfer the 1 million dollars he had just received. 'My sister Samantha is a complete nagger. My 1 million dollars, just when I got it, it's already gone...

Charles put down the newspaper and glanced at the two, his eyes growing deeper. "These brother and sister really aren't alike at all. All the intelligence is going to the sister.

In the afternoon, Yvette took some time to go to the Chavez family and selected a dress for Aurora to wear at tomorrow's exchange competition. As the wife of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs head, Aurora would be accompanying the exchange competition for the two days.

The exchange competition is divided into two events: the first is chess, and the second day's second event is fencing. The format is very simple, not complicated; both chess and fencing are decided by a single game.

The night before the competition, Robin and Kaiden could hardly sleep all night. Robin couldn't sleep at all due to anger and physical pain, while Kaiden was worried about Yvette as an unpredictable variable. Only Yvette, after having dinner, went to bed early and slept particularly soundly that night.

The next day, the highly anticipated exchange competition between the two countries was about to officially begin at 1 PM this afternoon.

Today, the world's media attention was all focused on the Eastern Hotel, the venue for the exchange competition. Every media outlet was competing fiercely to secure a good spot, not even neglecting the surrounding areas, all to get first-hand information. Due to the nature of this exchange competition, only a limited number of official media were allowed entry. Whoever could get first-hand data would gain traffic, and online netizens were already eager for it.

However, before the exchange competition, there was a small banquet. The invitations were extended only to the families of Betrico officials and members of the Ybaulla delegation visiting Clusia. The number of guests wasn't large, but each one was a heavyweight in their own right. The banquet was not open to the public, but that didn't stop the media from arriving early and waiting at the entrance.

The banquet hall was set up in the Eastern Hotel, where Betrico hosts state guests. To facilitate the smooth conduct of the exchange competition after the banquet, the venue was already set up next door. After the banquet concluded, attendees could directly move over to watch the competition.

In Banquet Hall No. 1, Aurora was already at the venue accompanying Clifford.

Jase and Kyle were not attending this banquet; they would appear later at the exchange competition.

Aurora was wearing a dress that Yvette personally altered for her... A purple brocade satin dress, with patterns like traditional Art Nouveau plum blossoms and other ink wash painting designs, a purely hand-painted dress. The dress showcased Aurora's beautiful figure to the fullest, elegant and dignified yet grand. It was also the first for the "Vibe" next season's main Renaissance motifs collection, making Aurora the first woman to wear it.

As soon as she entered, she caught the attention of all the women. The men only glanced once and then looked away; they wanted to look twice, but with Clifford being such a big jealous type next to his wife, they didn't have the courage.

Aurora stood straight, wearing a proper smile on her face, and gave a slight smile to everyone.

Today, Clifford deliberately chose a dark suit to match Aurora, coordinating with her. The two of them standing together were simply a perfect pair, making many people envious.

Samantha came with Tim, wearing a blue mermaid dress today, accentuating her curves. Plus, her boss lady face attracted quite a bit of attention. However, most of them knew Samantha; it wasn't their first time seeing her. Samantha was known as a shopping mall diva.

Samantha, holding a wine glass and linking her arm with Tim's, walked towards Clifford and Aurora. When she reached them, Samantha said, "Mr. Chavez, Aurora, didn't Jeremiah and Yve come with you?"

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Tim greeted Clifford; the two of them had been friends for many years.

Aurora smiled, her expression somewhat mysterious. "Jeremiah and Yvette aren't coming to the banquet. They'll go straight to the exchange competition site." Aurora already knew who would be playing in today's chess match. 'How much more. surprise does my daughter-in-law want to give me? I didn't expect her to be a chess expert. I'm

really looking forward to the match. Thinking about it made Aurora excited. 'I can't wait to leave this damn banquet even a moment longer.

Samantha felt a bit disappointed when she heard Aurora say that. She nodded and replied, "Alright, Aurora. If Yve isn't coming, then I won't be either. I'll go straight to the exchange competition. By the way, is Yve also interested in chess?"

Clifford nodded. "Samantha, you'll understand soon enough. Rest assured." He had personally signed off on the final list of participants, so he was naturally the first to know that Yvette would be competing in the chess tournament. Despite being over fifty, Clifford still looked elegant and handsome, with traces of his youthful grace and charm.

Tim laughed heartily. "I'm telling you, Mrs. Chavez, your daughter-in-law is truly remarkable. Samantha has only met her a few times, but she talks about Yve every day. Andrew, that rascal, does the same. I really need to see who she is! What happened the day before yesterday was really impressive. No wonder she's the Chavez family's daughter-in-law—she has such character!" Tim didn't lower his voice, and since most eyes at the banquet were on these few people, many heard what he said..

A small group gathered together, and a fashionable woman in her forties spoke up, "Did you hear that? Was Mr Mitchell praising Jeremiah's girlfriend just now?"

A plumper woman added. "I heard it too. From what my son told me, Jeremiah's girlfriend has a bad temper. Last time at the bar, she even dealt with a young model."

"I heard about it as well, but my son said that model was asking for it."

"Jeremiah's girlfriend is named Yvette, right? It's a pretty common name. Wasn't it also a Yvette who dealt with those two from Ybaulla the day before yesterday?"

"Oh, it must be a coincidence. How could the Major General's girlfriend hit someone!"

"What's the big deal? Look at Mrs. Chavez's dress—doesn't it look familiar?"

Everyone nodded, and a woman looked closely. "Now that you mention it, it does look familiar. Didn't 'Vibe' exhibit this gown recently? Didn't their director say it wasn't for sale? What's going on?"

"Yeah, I just remembered. Their director said they wouldn't accept private orders and were very firm about it. So how is Mrs. Chavez wearing it now?"

A woman who saw them gathering approached and happened to hear this. She looked enviously toward Aurora and whispered, "Stop guessing. I know a bit about this. I have a relative who works at 'Vibe. All thirty of the haute couture pieces they showcased this time are now at Mr. Chavez's home. We can't even dream of that."

The women who were gossiping just moments ago all looked towards Aurora in unison. ‘All thirty haute couture pieces were bought by Aurora? What a joke! Didn’t ‘Vibe’ say each person could only customize one piece? Why is Aurora getting special treatment?’

Some people started to feel bitter upon hearing this. “Oh well, we just don’t have a husband like Mr. Chavez. Let ‘Vibe’ break the rules for us.”

“Exactly, what else can we do? We don’t have his capabilities!”

The woman who had just approached immediately waved her hand. “My relative said it wasn’t Mr. Chavez. Jeremiah’s girlfriend casually made a phone call, and their director personally delivered all the dresses to them, even adjusting the sizes herself.”

The room fell silent as everyone looked incredulous. ‘Wasn’t she supposed to be a second-rate heiress from Seacurity? How could ‘Vibe’ break their own rules for her? Not to mention, even one haute couture piece is something many of us couldn’t get no matter how much we begged!’

The woman who had just arrived added. “Also, ‘Vibe’ didn’t charge a single penny for the thirty haute couture pieces.” Dropping this bombshell, she left with her wine glass in hand.

Their daughter-in-law is so excellent. Who can they argue with now? They can only blame their own ungrateful sons.

The banquet passed quietly, with no participants from either country showing up. The photos taken by the media featured either this leader or that minister. Media outlets without permission didn’t dare publish photos, so the entire morning’s internet was calm. It was like the calm before a storm, with only a few people checking the news, all waiting for the global live broadcast of the upcoming exchange competition.

In the car, Jeremiah and a few others were on their way to the Eastern Hotel.

Yvette wore a black outfit today—black clothes and pants. Compared to her usual attire, she looked much more formal and serious. As soon as she got into the car, she found the most comfortable spot and nestled into the sofa.

Jeremiah was driving, with Charles and Andrew sitting in the back seats.

Yvette casually opened a piece of vanilla toffee, its milky aroma filling the air. She hadn’t eaten much lately because she’d been keeping in shape. Then she took out her phone, lowered her gaze, her eyelashes fluttering slightly. Her stunning beauty shone even brighter, and her delicate white fingers tapped lightly on the screen.

She hadn’t been playing Super Mario recently. She had discovered a more interesting game—a virtual pet game that was sweeping through elementary schools. Yvette had

recently bought a pig, a donkey, and a very expensive Husky in the game. It was quite fun.

Andrew, sitting in the back, still had a “You’re kidding me” expression on his face. He had just heard Jeremiah say that Yve was participating in the chess competition, meaning Yve was the mysterious competitor today. ‘Good grief, what’s going on here? Is Yve going to challenge the world champion?’

Charles looked noticeably calmer. ‘The instructor’s intelligence even surpasses the principal of Mysonna’s top academy. The next chess match shouldn’t be a problem. For the instructor, it’s all about what they want to do or not.’

Andrew composed himself, swallowed hard, and patted Yvette’s shoulder. Just as his hand touched her, Jeremiah gave him a piercing look and calmly said, “Don’t want the hand anymore?”

Andrew immediately withdrew his hand. As the lowest in the food chain, he felt frustrated and rubbed his hand. “Jeremiah, I was just expressing my admiration for Yvette.” Andrew thought for a moment and asked, “Yvette, can you tell me what you’re not good at?”

another piece of vanilla toffee, and put it in her mouth. Her Husky in the game was getting tore open Yvette looked up, married soon, but finding a partner was tough. She had spent ten thousand gold coins, but the Husky refused to agree. Tilting her head slightly, she casually replied to Andrew, “I don’t know, I haven’t met anyone yet.”

Andrew gave an awkward smile, realizing he had embarrassed himself and deserved the blow from someone as formidable as Yvette. Suddenly, he felt a bit sorry for Robin. ‘If he knew that his careless words had provoked such a strong opponent, would he want to die more? In the upcoming chess exchange, I have a feeling Robin will be crushed.’

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At the banquet, a national-level deputy’s wife couldn’t contain her curiosity any longer. She approached Aurora with a smile on her face. As she got closer, she noticed the unique aspect of Aurora’s dress. “The dress is made from fragrant cloud yarn. What a grand gesture!” Felicity Linker greeted Aurora politely. “Hello, Mrs. Chavez. May I have a moment?”

Aurora nodded slightly. “Hello, Mrs. Linker.”

Felicity stared at her dress with obvious envy. “Mrs. Chavez, is this dress from Vibe’s new season haute couture? I heard someone saying you bought all of Vibe’s new season pieces in one go. That must be a rumor, right?”

Aurora smiled gently, glanced around at the people pretending not to care, nodded graciously, adjusted her hair, and said warmly, "It's not a rumor. I didn't expect such a small thing to spread like this. It's nothing special—my beautiful, generous, kind, and lovely daughter-in-law/just made a phone call, and Vibe sent all the haute couture pieces over."

The eavesdropping guests were nearly infuriated by Aurora's boastful remarks. 'She's just a daughter-in-law, why all the adjectives? Just a phone call? How could a simple phone call make Vibe break their own rules?'

Felicity forced a smile. 'Am I being punished for something? Did I just make Aurora show off her mother-in-law relationship for no reason?'

Eastern Hotel, 12:30 PM. Jase met with Kyle on behalf of Clusia, accompanied by Clifford, Tim, and others. On Kyle's side were the visiting delegation, Kaiden, and Robin, who had just been discharged from the hospital that morning. Representatives from media around the world had already arrived at the competition venue early.

At the entrance of the Eastern Hotel, Yvette, Jeremiah, Andrew, and Charles got out of the car together and went straight through the VIP internal passage. The four of them took a private elevator directly to the exchange competition venue.

As the doors to the venue opened, everyone's eyes focused on the two people at the entrance.

Jeremiah, dressed in military uniform, stood tall and handsome, with eyes as deep as the ocean. The two gold stars on his shoulders nearly blinded everyone.

Yvette stood beside him in black clothes and pants, hands in her pockets. She looked stunning, exuding an effortless indifference, her usual lazy demeanor, with a slight lift of her eyes and a smile at the corner of her mouth.

Standing together, their powerful aura made everyone think. "Perfect match." Behind Charles and Andrew, no matter how good they looked, they were just background. Everyone completely ignored them, focusing all their attention on Jeremiah and Yvette.

Among those present, only Robin and Kaiden noticed Yvette and Jeremiah's strong reactions at the entrance. 'Charles being kicked out of Seventy-Two Chambers by Braydon has become notorious in the underworld. I can't believe he escaped Braydon's hunt and ended up with the instructor. He really hit the jackpot with a big leg!'

Kaiden felt a deep resentment rising in his heart. 'Why is Charles always so lucky? The instructor chose to take him under his wing out of everyone at the training camp, and now he's openly favoring and protecting Charles! Why is the world so unfair? All the good things are just for Charles!'

Kaiden saw that Jeremiah, standing next to Yvette, had his eyes narrowed. He already knew who he was—it was his fencing opponent in this competition, Jeremiah, the youngest major general in Clusia, the grandson of the top commander. Kaiden didn't know Jeremiah's exact strength, and no one sent out had any information on him, showing how tightly Clusia was protecting him.

However, Kaiden still had great confidence facing Jeremiah. His fencing was overwhelmingly domineering, far superior to that of a conventional military fencer. 'But why are the instructor and this major general appearing together?' This made Kaiden feel uneasy.

Standing next to Kyle, Kaiden leaned in and whispered a few words into his ear. Whatever he said made Kyle's expression instantly sour as he stared at Yvette with a troubled look, Jase glanced at Kyle without showing any emotion, then withdrew his gaze.

Jeremiah and Yvette walked side by side into the hall, while Andrew and Charles, both in matching black suits, followed behind them. With Charles around, Andrew seemed to take on a sharper edge.

Wherever they went, people would instinctively step aside, avoiding their sharp presence. No man could match Jeremiah, and no woman could rival Yvette, so naturally, no one would invite trouble.

Jeremiah walked over to Jase and gave a standard military salute Commander." He then nodded in acknowledgment to Clifford, Aurora, Tim, and Samantha.

Yvette lifted her eyes, scanning the crowd with a cold gaze, pausing when her landed eyes on Kaiden.

Just that one glance made Kaiden shudder, his whole body feeling cold.

Yvette didn't speak or greet anyone proactively, and this demeanor left everyone in the room shocked. 'Even though she's with Interpol, isn't this a bit too arrogant? This is Mr. Jase Chavez and Prime Minister of Ybaulla. Doesn't she think they're worth a greeting?'

In an unexpected turn of events, Jase didn't get angry at all. Instead, he smiled kindly and said, "Why are you so late?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow and replied, unhurriedly. "Traffic." Just two words, not one more.

Everyone froze again. 'Why does that tone sound like casual small talk? Does Mr. Jase Chavez know this Interpol officer?' Some people seemed to suddenly realize something, exchanging whispers with those around them, and soon after everyone looked at Yvette with a different gaze.

'How could we forget that the girlfriend Jeremiah brought back from Seacurity is also named Yvette? Now looking at Mr. Jase Chavez's attitude today, isn't it obvious they're the same person? We've been so foolish to only realize it now.

Only Kyle, Kaiden, Robin, and the remaining members of the visiting Ybaulla delegation were still confused, completely unaware of the situation.

Robin glared at Yvette with anger on his face. Unable to hold back, he stepped forward and mocked. "Grand-aunt, so this is the so-called International First-Class Interpol Officer? I'm not the terrorist you claim I am. You injured me so badly, and you're not even planning to apologize? Is this the professional conduct of Interpol?"

The room fell silent again. Kyle didn't step in to stop him, simply smiling as he stood to the side.

Charles sneered when he saw Robin coming up for another round. 'If someone's looking for trouble, no one can stop them. Getting beaten once wasn't enough; now he's coming back for more.'

Kaiden took a step back, not wanting to face the instructor head-on and stir up more trouble—he couldn't afford to.

Jeremiah stepped forward, exuding an aura of deadly intent. His deep-set eyes, like dark, starry skies, gleamed with a chilling coldness as he gazed at Robin. The cold, mysterious look in Jeremiah's eyes made Robin feel a suffocating pressure, as if he could hardly breathe.

Yvette remained as indifferent and lazy as ever, her deep eyes narrowing slightly. She pressed her lips together and said to Robin, "Apologize to you? You think you're worthy?"

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Jeremiah glanced to the side, a smile in his eyes. "This girl's ability to snap back at people has really reached the peak.

Once again, the hall fell into an eerie silence.

Robin's face changed dramatically. 'In front of all these people, my dignity was just stomped into the ground by this woman!'

Even Kyle's expression grew tense. 'Robin is part of the Ybaulla delegation. Isn't Yvette's comment a slap in the face to the whole delegation?'

As Ybaulla's Prime Minister, Kyle couldn't get too involved in such a personal grudge. Besides, Yvette was a top-tier Interpol officer, and he didn't want to provoke Mysonna's

side. Suppressing his anger, he whispered to Robin, who was about to speak again, “Shut up. Stop causing trouble for me. Today’s chess match is your stage, understand? The most important thing for you is to win today’s game, not to bicker with this woman. Only victors have the right to mock others!”

Robin was taken aback. He didn’t dare disobey Kyle, so he held back his rage and stepped aside, clenching his fists tightly, his teeth grinding together. He thought, ‘Fine, let Yvette act arrogant for two more days. She’ll be killed by Zola soon anyway!’

Seeing Robin fall silent, the room grew even quieter. ‘Mr. Jase Chavez’s future granddaughter-in-law is really someone who doesn’t need to say much to make her point. One sentence, and Robin didn’t dare utter another word. No wonder Jeremiah chose her—they’re a perfect match.’

The media quickly captured the entire scene, and within moments, edited clips of it were uploaded online. In less than a minute, the video had over 30 thousand views, with the numbers rising at a frightening speed.

The internet erupted once again.

[Whoa, my goddess is amazing! Robin must be spitting blood by now!]

[Forget spitting blood; he’s probably suffering internal injuries. Our goddess can kill with just one line.]

[Exactly, with just one ‘You’re not worthy,’ the damage is off the charts. But now I wonder, who exactly isn’t worthy—Robin or...?]

[Is that even a question? It’s obviously a double entendre. We know what it means, don’t we?]

[Haha, exactly, ‘He’s not worthy!... none of them are.]

[Enough said, I’m here to carry the flag for our goddess. Get me to the trending topics now!]

[Uh, can I timidly ask, aren’t you all curious why our goddess is even here?]

But that comment quickly got drowned out in the flood, and not many people paid attention.

Suddenly, a newly registered account left a comment that caught everyone’s eye. “Don’t be fooled by Yvette. She’s not a good person. She’s just pretending to be high and mighty. What’s so great about her?”

The moment people saw this comment, they focused all their anger on it. How could anyone slander their goddess, who had worked so hard for Clusia?

[Who is this? Fresh out of a mental hospital? You better go back before you disgust us any further!]

[Agreed! What right do you have to talk about our goddess?]

[Talking about our goddess? Who do you think you are? 'Pretending to be high and mighty—sounds more like you!]

At the Carter household in Seacurity, Winona stared at her phone her eyes bloodshot as she saw everyone's harsh comments. She screamed in rage, [Bitches, they're all btches! Only btches would like that bitch Yvette!]

Downstairs, the servants ignored Winona's screaming and went about their tasks as usual.

At the Eastern Hotel, Kaiden stood by Kyle's side. It must'd been his imagination, but he didn't even dare lift his head to look at Yvette, avoiding her even in his peripheral vision.

At 1 p.m., all key personnel had taken their seats. Jase and Kyle sat in the center, with Clifford and other relevant figures in the front row. Jeremiah and Yvette sat together, also in the front Andrew, Tim, and Samantha, who had just returned from the banquet, sat together, while Charles took a seat in the back row.

For this exchange competition between the two countries, both Clusia and Ybaulla each had a host. After a brief opening ceremony, they announced the names of the participants, who then took the stage. Cameras captured every angle, and the entire event was broadcast live in high definition.

Clusia was the first to draw a name from the box, announcing Robin's participation. There was no surprise there, as everyone already knew. Now, the crowd was eagerly awaiting Clusia's participant, whose identity had yet to be revealed—the biggest mystery of the day.

The Ybaulla host drew a slip of paper from Clusia's box and slowly opened it. The male host froze for a moment when he saw the name, his expression shifting slightly. He quickly glanced at the audience, his eyes filled with doubt. These small gestures left the audience puzzled. The host read the name on the paper. "Yvette."

As soon as the two syllables were spoken, the once—silent hall instantly buzzed with chatter as everyone began whispering to each other.

"Did I hear that right? Yvette? Is it that Yvette?"

“You heard me right, it’s Yvette. Where else would another Yvette come from?”

“This... why does this feel so surreal? She can play chess? Dares to compete against the world champion?”

“She must be a master. If she couldn’t do anything, who would go up and bring shame on themselves?”

“Wow, Jeremiah’s girlfriend is truly talented in both literature and martial arts. Jeremiah is better than fencing, and grand- aunt is better than chess. These two are teaming up with strong forces.”

“I feel like it’s going to be exciting. I don’t know if grand–aunt can actually win.”

“Winning is unlikely. Robin is the world champion. If Yvette really had that level, she would have participated in competitions by now. How could she stay hidden?”

“I think so too. The reality is harsh. I guess there’s not much hope for us, Clusia, in chess!”

Robin heard the name and widened his eyes, then glanced at Yvette, who was not far away, with excitement almost overflowing in his eyes. “This is too easy! This woman is actually Clusia’s competitor. God is helping me regain my place. I can properly humiliate this woman! I must crush her pride beneath my feet!” Robin was immersed in his own fantasies, completely oblivious to the slight sneer on Yvette’s lips.

Samantha stiffly turned her head to look at Andrew and mechanically asked, “Is Yve going to compete?”

Andrew nodded calmly, feigning depth as he stroked his chin. “No need for surprise. With Yvette in the mix, you can be confident.”

Tim also looked towards the speaking siblings, his expression serious. “Yvette is competing? She can play chess?” Andrew nodded with great assurance. “Dad, besides not being able to have a child on her own, there’s probably nothing Yvette can’t do, no task she can’t accomplish. As for you, just keep your worries inside!”

On the stage, after both hosts had stepped down, Robin stood up first, swaggeringly walking up to the stage and sitting down. He was wearing a standard ball gown.

Yvette stood up, flicked her eyelids, her face indifferent, her tone deep and strong. Her brows and features exuded a hint of evil, her expression calm and composed. ‘Chess... it’s been a while since I played. To the curious gazes around her, Yvette acted as if she hadn’

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Yvette walked up to the stage and sat in a chair, not even glancing at Robin across from her, completely ignoring him. She glanced at the black pieces in front of her and curled her lips. 'Black clothes and black pieces, quite a match!'

The moment Yvette smiled, the media captured it again and quickly uploaded it online. The media already knew who could bring them huge traffic.

As expected, once this photo went online, Yvette's fans couldn't stay still, constantly flooding the internet.

Yvette's seated posture, her long straight legs slightly bent, seemed like she was wearing "I'm here just to have fun" on her body.

Robin gritted his teeth. "This woman can really act. Wait till I see how I crush her!"

At the same moment, in the Goodman family, Braydon sat in front of the computer staring at the live broadcast of that face he'd been longing for day and night, his brow furrowed. 'Just a little longer, almost there. I'll be free from Matthew soon. Then I'll go find the instructor, I'll definitely get him back, no matter what, even if it means death, we'll be together! I won't allow the instructor's ashes to be with anyone else, only with me!

At Mysonna Medical Lab, Silas had turned down all experiments, just watching Yvette on the live broadcast. He didn't know when this lady had also gotten an Interpol identity. 'If this keeps up, my medical lab will really not get any recognition. Think about me being stuck in this lab until I'm eighty, that would be so pitiful. No matter what, I have to take back control of the medical lab!'

In Betrico, James and Michael were at home, also watching the live broadcast on TV. 'My granddaughter is a physics genius, that's one thing, but now she's also first-class Interpol, just thinking about it makes me so proud.'

At the chess competition site, Yvette and Robin sat opposite each other, their postures and auras completely different. Before it even started, Robin had already lost the initiative. Chess was a matter of the mind, and when the mind was chaotic, the strategy dispersed. Unfortunately, Yvette's aura was too strong, completely suppressing Robin.

Robin also realized this; after all, he was a chess master. He immediately felt the psychological change. He quickly forced himself to calm down, not to be affected by Yvette's aura. Robin wiped the cold sweat off and regained some of his confidence on the competition field, but his slightly trembling right hand still betrayed him. After what had happened the day before, he already had a psychological shadow regarding Yvette, which was hard to erase.

Yvette gave him a faint glance, half-lowering her brows, and chuckled lightly.

People in the audience were bewildered. 'Why did Yvette suddenly laugh?'

Only Jeremiah knew why. "The young lady obviously isn't taking Robin seriously as an opponent!"

At exactly ten past, the match officially began.

Everyone in the banquet hall automatically slowed their breathing, watching the two on the stage and the magnified chessboard on the screen. Even online viewers were the same. This thrilling and highly anticipated match had finally arrived! Would Yvette be able to protect Clusia's dignity? No one knew until the end.

Robin took the white pieces, Yvette took the black. The chessboard had 19 horizontal and vertical lines, 361 intersections, and according to chess rules, black moved first.

Yvette extended her pure white jade hand to hold the pieces, casually placing one on a spot on the board.

Robin glanced at her. 'Why isn't this woman playing normally? Placing a piece here would lose the initiative, wouldn't it? Can she actually play chess?' Robin didn't dare to underestimate Yvette. He suspiciously placed a white piece; this was also his style, to take the initiative, occupy advantageous positions, implement encirclement, and finally trap and capture enemy to win.

The two went back and forth, and in no time, half the pieces were placed. Compared to Robin's pondering and thinking, Yvette seemed to place her pieces without much thought, very casually.

As time went on, Robin felt like his eyes were suddenly blurry, his chess path becoming narrower. But this was also a deliberate illusion to make Yvette fall into the trap, to catch her off guard in the end.

People in the audience who understood chess had their own thoughts. Jase took a sip of coffee, tilted his head, and said to Clifford, "Robin is intentionally luring that girl. If this continues, this game is dead."

Clifford frowned, his study of chess not deep, so he only had a superficial understanding. He whispered, "Dad, Robin does have some skills. This situation is hard for the opponent to win"

Jeremiah turned to look at the worried pair, his voice hoarse. "The young lady is using their own methods against them." After speaking, he turned his gaze to Yvette, as if he could only focus on her alone.

Jase and Clifford were stunned. 'What does he mean?' They immediately understood, then turned their attention back to the chessboard. After Jeremiah's insight, they

understood what it meant. Looking at the board again, with different mindsets, they indeed saw different things. 'It's true that the involved parties are confused! This isn't Robin setting a trap for Yvette. Clearly, Yvette is gradually countering Robin step by step, subtly rearranging Robin's original setup. This girl's brain is really terrifying.

Jase and Clifford exchanged a glance, then pretended nothing had happened, their faces still slightly worried, genuine acting father and son.

Robin was smug. 'Just three more moves, and it's time to sweep in.' He looked at Yvette, his eyes filled with venom. In the chess match, neither side could speak until the game ended, so Robin had to endure and express his hatred with his eyes.

Yvette gave him a faint glance and casually placed another black piece.

By this point, Robin still didn't understand Yvette's strategy, feeling like each move wasn't doing much. But after playing for so long, he felt like he hadn't gained any advantage, which was strange. Robin could only continue playing according to his strategy. Ten more minutes passed.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, looking at the black and white pieces on the board, both sides biting hard.

Robin felt the game was getting more and more wrong, his brain struggling to process, his head feeling dizzy. 'No way... The moves aren't following his layout. Now it's wrong; the black pieces have unknowingly formed a siege.' Robin was dazed, wiped the cold sweat from his head, gritted his teeth, made another move, and then stared hard at Yvette. 'As long as she hasn't seen through my move's intention, I will definitely win!'

In the audience, Kaiden, who had somehow sat next to Charles, looked at the two on the screen and the chessboard between them, eyes fixed on Charles, his voice a bit sharp. "Who do you think will win, the instructor or Robin?"

Charles didn't even lift his head. 'Why did Kaiden suddenly sit next to me to annoy me?' Back in the day, Kaiden did as Carson did, doing countless shady things to become the instructor's apprentice. In the end, he even tried to use children to achieve his goals, which was why the instructor chopped off one of his fingers, or rather, the instructor probably intended to kill him at that time.

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Charles looked indifferent. He was sitting in the last row and could only see the two players' moves on the big screen. He was a chess novice; with his days on the knife's edge, he didn't have the energy to study such leisurely things. He wasn't an instructor, so he only had a basic understanding of the game, seeing that it was a balanced match. A thin layer of frost covered Charles's face. When Kaiden asked him a question proactively, he didn't even glance at Kaiden and coldly said, "The instructor won't lose."

Kaiden looked at Charles's reaction and let out a sneer. Even though he didn't want to admit it, he knew that since the instructor volunteered, she would definitely win. No matter the current situation of the game, the outcome was already decided. 'If Robin is a chess prodigy, then the instructor is a genius among geniuses!

"This world champion has reached his limit today,' but that was exactly what he wanted. 'If Robin and I both win, there's no comparison. Only one win and one loss can clearly show the difference between us, right?' Stepping on Robin to rise to power was Kaiden's initial plan, but he never expected the instructor would step in to help him.

Kaiden stood up and looked down at Charles. His expression was gloomy, and his tone was somewhat complex and hard to understand. "Charles, back when we were in the training camp, I was jealous of you. I admit, even now I'm still jealous of you. In terms of swordsmanship, you can't match me; in terms of cunning, you can't match Carson. But the instructor chose you. Even Carson and I were almost killed by the instructor because of going after you. With the instructor as your backing, you've climbed all the way to the position of Seventy-Two Chambers General Master, becoming Braydon's greatest asset."

Kaiden paused, then continued with a hint of schadenfreude. "Too bad, you're too stupid. You betrayed Braydon to stick to the instructor's rule of not touching poison, and ended up as a stray dog, only able to seek protection by the instructor. I really look down on you."

Charles looked up at Kaiden, his face calm and unremarkable, and glanced him up and down. "This person has remained the same all these years, narrow-minded, sinister, and crafty. Charles didn't get angry but laughed instead.

A faint smile made Kaiden pause. 'I humiliated Charles like this, how can he still be smiling?'

Charles spoke word for word. "Kaiden, take a look in the mirror. You look like a resentful woman. I'm happy to be a freeloader next to the instructor, happy and free. What does that have to do with you? If you really want to be one, try getting the instructor to even glance at you. The instructor would find you disgusting even as a lowly worm!"

Kaiden wanted to curse him out, but couldn't do it in this setting. He really didn't expect that after several years, Charles had become so sharp-tongued. Kaiden dropped a harsh remark. "Take care of yourself!" and stormed out.

Charles snorted disdainfully. 'Kaiden's intentions are all on his face. Does he really think that if Robin loses the chess match, he'll win in fencing?' Although Jeremiah didn't show much skill, a man who got to this position at a young age and was chosen by the instructor couldn't be that bad.

On stage, Robin looked nervous, his face turning pale and blue, a faint, almost imperceptible sweat forming on his forehead. His eyes wandered, showing a thoughtful expression, his face complex and pale, his breathing becoming increasingly unstable. He felt that Yvette had unknowingly disrupted all his planned moves. He even knew he had subtly fallen into the trap set by Black's underhanded strategies. Robin watched Yvette's casual demeanor, revealing his hidden panic and unease. 'What should I play next?'

Robin now realized he had underestimated Yvette. She had pushed him Chess between masters, one wrong move could be disastrous this point. He couldn't afford to be careless.

The media focused all their cameras on Robin, who hadn't made a move yet. The website had upgraded their servers for this live broadcast, so no matter how many people watched simultaneously, the stream remained stable, with all cameras in high definition, even showing his pores clearly. Robin's anxious demeanor was fully captured on live broadcast.

A website comment. [Is Robin stuck? Can't make a move? Oh my God, the goddess is amazing, she can push Robin to this level.]

I've watched Robin's matches. He's always been so arrogant in world competitions, basically forcing his opponents to give up. Didn't expect this day would come for him.]

[Someone upstairs is right, I've also studied his chess moves; they're very tricky and unexpected. But the goddess didn't follow his strategies from the start. She must have figured him out!]

[I'm going crazy for the goddess, she's so awesome! Not only is she good in Interpol, but now she's also so good at chess.]

[This isn't just good, it's a complete, low-key, overwhelming crush. So satisfying!]

[If the goddess marries me, I'll have monkeys with you. Marry me, marry me, important things need to be said a hundred times!]

[Weakly asking, is there a chess expert here to explain the situation? Who has the advantage here?]

After this comment, the replies below turned into explanatory posts.

[I'm from the Chess Association, just a nobody. Our president is also watching the live broadcast. He says the game is evenly matched now, but the goddess has a slight advantage. The president said he can't understand the goddess's next moves, so it's hard to say.]

[What the person upstairs said is right. Robin is the world champion, he must have his own trump cards. It's still hard to tell.]

On the banquet hall stage of Eastern Hotel, Yvette glanced at the digital clock on the wall; there were ten minutes left of the hour. The warm-up is over, the game should end now! She smirked, choosing a do-or-die approach. Making someone despair meant letting them gain everything first and then lose it. So she had willingly walked into Robin's trap.

Robin stared fixedly at the black piece in Yvette's hand, feeling extremely anxious and uneasy, constantly praying that she would make a move quickly. 'As long as she places that piece here, I will definitely win. This chess game will be decided!'

Yvette placed the black piece. In the audience, chess enthusiasts gasped. 'Even we saw that move was wrong. Isn't she just giving him an opportunity? Didn't Yvette realize this? What is she doing? Is she seeking death?'

Aurora held her purse tightly. 'Looking at everyone's reaction, Yvette made a wrong move? If I had known earlier, I would have learned chess well back then. She hated this when she was young; it was too boring, so she didn't study it properly. Now she could only understand a little. Aurora tugged Clifford's sleeve, whispering quietly when no one was looking. "Honey, Yvette made a wrong move? Why are they reacting like this?"

Clifford squeezed her palm, signaling her not to worry. "It's okay, she knows what she's doing."

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In the audience, Jase and Kyle sat in the main seats. Kyle smiled at the scene and hypocritically said to Jase. "Jase, your Clusia competitor's chess is still a bit lacking, needs more effort. But if she's willing, maybe our Mr. Jenkins could guide her a bit."

Jase sipped his coffee leisurely. Kyle wasn't meeting him for the first time. "This hypocritical and pretentious demeanor, who is he pretending to impress here?" He calmly said. "Prime Minister Kyle, we in Clusia have an old saying: the one who laughs last is the winner. The competition isn't over yet; it's better not to speak too soon."

Kyle's expression changed slightly, then he immediately returned to his smile. "Jase is right, let's keep watching." Kyle still had a bit of fear of Jase; back in the day, Jase was a famous sharpshooter. During the war between the two countries, countless people died at Jase's hands. The deadly aura and battlefield dominance he exuded were truly intimidating.

Jase leaned on his cane, sitting upright. From behind, he didn't look like a man in his late seventies.

Jeremiah stared at Yvette's profile, her slightly raised eyelashes casting a faint shadow, her fair side face clearly showing her collarbones. 'What's the girl planning? Pretty good, he had already guessed part of it. 'Is she trying to torment someone? She should just torment them to death. Yvette and Jeremiah's views on this matter were surprisingly aligned.

On stage, Robin confidently looked at Yvette, a smug smile on his lips, his eyes showing disdain and arrogance, reverting to that arrogant, conceited Robin. 'Just give me another ten minutes, and I'll definitely win this woman.'

Both sped up their moves. Five minutes later, Yvette's chess strategy changed again. Clearly surrounded by white pieces, Yvette broke out from behind the white pieces and gradually began to reclaim them.

At one o'clock, the time was announced punctually. The stage and audience were silent. In less than ten minutes, they witnessed an incredible comeback. They had thought Robin was already guaranteed to win, but Yvette found a way out of despair and slowly reopened the game.

The media was still catching up. The black pieces had already dominated the board, with white pieces having nowhere to hide. Even people who didn't understand chess knew who had won. Today, they had witnessed a Clusia girl emerge and defeat the three-time world chess champion Robin.

Some observant people noticed that from start to finish, the entire game lasted exactly one hour, not a minute more. If Yvette wasn't doing it on purpose, why wouldn't they believe it? "Using time to control chess? That's just too scary!"

Yvette placed her last piece and stood up, looking at the pale-faced Robin with a calm expression, the remaining rebellious and wild aura in her eyebrows and eyes. Her tone was very calm. "World champion?"

Not a single extra word, yet everyone felt the absolute sarcasm. Those four characters are truly heart-wrenching! Using the fewest words to do the harshest things is just what Yvette does. So cruel! Cruel to the extreme!

Sitting on the chair, Robin stared at the chessboard, panting heavily, the veins on his forehead standing out, his face gradually contorting and turning bright red. He couldn't believe he had lost like this. 'I was still the winner just now! How is this possible? Which move went wrong? Why did I lose? Did I make a mistake from the beginning?'

Robin's mind was about to explode. He was emotionally agitated, his eyes blurry, his ears buzzing with people laughing at him. 'I lost, a world champion lost to a girl. He knew he had become the biggest laughingstock, and everyone around the world saw his en Tassment.

Robin's eyes turned bloodshot. With this loss, his family would be ashamed of him, and even the Prime Minister would no longer favor him. Hearing Yvette's words, Robin suddenly looked up, his face flushed red from his hair to his roots. His eyes stared, then darkened, flickered, and turned pitch black. Robin didn't have the strength to retort; he could only clench his fists tightly.

Yvette lifted her chin, her eyes always cold and clear, her delicate eyebrows slightly raised, and said slowly. "What does it feel like to be defeated by a Clusian girl? If you could write a book, you'd have a lot of experience."

In the audience, Samantha couldn't hold back her laughter. 'When it comes to mocking others, it has to be Yve. Those words are really hard to refute

Andrew sat next to Tim, almost applauding Yvette. 'Only Yvette can speak like that, her linguistic skills are on point!

Charles in the last row also smiled. 'Don't mess with the instructor, but some people just never understand that!

As expected, when Robin heard this, sparks of anger flashed in his eyes, like they were flying out of sizzling coals. Just as he was about to raise his finger, his vision blurred, and he fell forward.

Everyone was shocked, and then they saw Robin crash heavily to the ground. The chessboard was flipped over, and everything was scattered all over him. He looked utterly ridiculous, and Robin had completely lost face. Under everyone's gaze, he was elegantly knocked unconscious by Yvette's words.

The hall, which could hold thousands, fell silent as everyone watched Robin faint on the stage and Yvette casually walk off. The scene was intensely shocking and sufficiently stunning for everyone present.

Jeremiah stood up, walked over, exchanged a glance with her, and then left.

Samantha and Andrew greeted Tim and followed him out, and Charles also left through the back door.

The person involved just walked away. By the time the media realized and tried to chase after him with their cameras, he was already gone. They missed such an interview opportunity and deeply regretted it. This person will be considered a pride of the Clusian people in the future, and his status has risen beyond what media like them can casually interview. Media, look at me, I look at you—everyone regretted missing such an opportunity.

The big shot had left, and the media could only focus their cameras on the Ybaulla delegation. Their expressions were worse than if they'd eaten something awful.

Everyone who had been arrogant just moments ago now looked dejected and actively avoided the cameras.

Kyle, barely containing his anger, stood up from his chair. In front of the whole world's media, he couldn't show any genuine emotion and had to force a smile to congratulate Jase. "Congratulations, Jase, Clusia won the first exchange match." It was a classic case of swallowing his frustration.

Jase straightened his suit, looking refreshed. Regarding Kyle's insincere congratulations, he just nodded politely and said, "Prime Minister Kyle, thank you. See you at the fencing match tomorrow." Jase acted distant, as if he didn't know Kyle well, making him wish he hadn't been written about so plainly.

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Kyle slapped his warm face against a cold backside, looking somewhat embarrassed. He glanced at Robin, who had fainted on stage, and thought, 'What a useless guy, the world champion actually lost to a Clusia woman in her early twenties and was knocked out by a few words. We've completely lost face for Ybaulla this time. Why didn't he just die instead?'

In front of the media and everyone, Kyle put on a gentlemanly demeanor and instructed those around him. "Take Robin to the hospital. Kyle led the Ybaulla delegation out in a grand procession.

Aurora watched all of this and was speechless for the first time. She had weathered many storms in the business world and seen all kinds of scenes, but today's situation was something she had never witnessed before.

The remaining media left in an orderly fashion. Everyone was eager to rush back and write their articles. Today's event was sure to explode in the news. All the media outlets were competing, not wanting to fall behind, and they ran out of the Eastern Hotel faster than rabbits.

In the car, Aurora looked at Clifford dazedly and said, "Honey, is it over? Did Yvette win? Just like that?"

Clifford pinched his cheek and saw Aurora looking a bit silly. He laughed and said, "Yeah, it's over. Your Yvette won, and she did it decisively."

Aurora slapped her thigh, so happy that she forgot she was wearing a gown. She threw herself into Clifford's arms, extremely excited. "Honey, I think our daughter-in-law is amazing, absolutely incredible. I can't even find the right words to describe her."

Clifford took her in his arms and straightened her up. "You're old enough now, stop acting like you're young. Get yourself together!"

Aurora didn't care about that. She looked Clifford up and down and suddenly felt emotional. "Our son took after me in taste, that's why he found such an excellent girlfriend."

Clifford rubbed his temples and sighed helplessly. "This kid, all his good qualities come from her, and his bad ones from me. I'm used to it anyway. Arguing is pointless." "Yeah, whatever you say."

Skyland, Yvette, Jeremiah, Samantha, Andrew, and Charles were all in the living room. They went straight back to Skyland after leaving the Eastern Hotel.

Yvette was nestled on the sofa, with Jeremiah draping his arm around her shoulders, peeling oranges, feeding each other. He looked down at the young girl tirelessly trying to find a mate for the little Husky. 'Why does it feel a bit demeaning? Is it because our son is so unreliable that even his mother isn't confident in finding him a match? I can't help but laugh. Jeremiah thought that competing against Robin might be less important to the young girl than finding a mate for the Husky.

Charles and Samantha were sitting far away, glaring at Jeremiah and Yvette across from them. It was so annoying.

Andrew was sitting on a carpet worth around 30 thousand, looking completely out of place. He was on his tablet, refreshing a forum website every three seconds. Andrew clicked his tongue twice, thinking that this generation of netizens was really something else.

Today's full match video had already been pinned to the top of the website, and people all over the world had seen it. Now the internet was buzzing with all kinds of jokes and comments about today's match, coming out one after another. Andrew felt like he couldn't keep up with them all.

Andrew shouted, "Jeremiah, Yvette, today's event went viral as soon as the video was released. It already has 30 million views."

Samantha took a sip of red wine and said, "Why make such a big deal? Are there any interesting comments? Read some out loud."

Andrew casually flipped through the comments and said, "Here's one. This user, 'I am a wolf from the north, says it's really harsh... hahaha..."

[Is Robin already dead from being so angry? Should we erect a monument for him? I've already thought of the epitaph: 'I am Robin, from Ybaulla, from that place in Ybaulla.]

Andrew read a few more comments randomly, and even Charles was amused by the netizens' creativity.

Yvette put down her phone. She had just added 30 thousand gold coins and finally someone agreed to the Husky's matchmaking.

Andrew looked up admiringly at Yvette, thinking. 'Look at what true vision is. What true badassery is. Yvette won the match without trying to show off at all. After returning, she didn't even mention the match, as if it was nothing. Winning against a world champion was like playing a game.'

Yvette greeted a few people and went upstairs, with Jeremiah following her without a word.

Andrew watched the two go upstairs and muttered to himself, "Why does Jeremiah seem so sycophantic?"

At the bar, Samantha and Charles were sipping red wine. Samantha initiated a toast by touching her glass to his, her voice cool. "You didn't learn painting from Yve, did you? You don't have that artist's temperament."

Charles replied about the twins, "One is always smart and the other dumb. 'Isn't it obvious who's the smart one?'" Charles refused to lie, nodded, and said calmly, "No, I learned how to kill

Samantha, being smart, was momentarily stunned by Charles's words, then understood. 'Some things are better left unknown. Yve's identity is probably far more complicated than what I've seen! Coming from a military family, they were exposed to much more than ordinary people. This world is inherently mysterious.'

Samantha smiled. "Looks like you've learned well."

Charles was momentarily taken aback. He looked at Samantha's alluring face and pressed his lips together, thinking. "Talking to a smart person is indeed less tiring!" Charles said, "Thank you for the compliment."

Andrew turned around and saw the two laughing together. He quickly walked over. 'Don't be impulsive, sis. She has a boyfriend. I don't know who it is yet, but she must have one; my dad has mentioned it before. With Charles looking so good, if my sister gets tempted, wouldn't that be cheating? It's a moral issue that must be prevented.'

Andrew walked up to the bar, poured himself a glass of red wine, clinked glasses with the two, and shouted, "Let's toast to our friendship, may it last forever." After saying that, he winked at Samantha, thinking. 'What an obvious hint. My sister must understand.' Andrew still had some confidence in the twins' telepathic connection.

Samantha looked at Andrew, whose eyes were twitching, and gave Charles an embarrassed smile. "Sorry about that. My brother can be a bit scatterbrained sometimes. It's a recurring issue, but he gets used to it."

Charles glanced at Andrew and nodded seriously. "Yeah, it's okay. It gets better with time."

Andrew was speechless.

At Betrico Hospital, Robin had just been discharged in the morning but was sent back in the afternoon. The doctors and nurses had also watched the live stream, so they knew what had happened. "These men are really something. How petty can they be, getting knocked out from being so angry?"

After completing the usual physical checks, the doctors concluded it was stress-induced cardiac symptoms. He would wake up soon.

The Ybaullan people who brought him looked ashamed seeing Robin in the hospital bed.

At four o'clock, Robin regained consciousness from his coma. He looked around and realized he had been sent back to the