

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 341

His mind was about to explode as the day's events flooded his head. 'I lost. The Jenkins family's top chess prodigy from Ybaulla was defeated by a Clusia woman like this? Her name isn't even on the international chess rankings. How could she have beaten me?' Robin couldn't accept the fact. His face turned pale, and his veins bulged.

The bodyguard heard the noise and pushed the door open. Seeing that Robin was awake, he immediately reported to Kyle.

When Robin saw the two people pushing the door open, he immediately started cursing loudly. "Get out! Get out right now! Who gave you the right to push the door open without my permission? I'm definitely going to tell Prime Minister Kyle that you two are extremely rude. Rude! Get out!"

Robin's roaring only earned him the cold sneers and disdain of the two bodyguards. 'Does this Robin still think he's some high-and-mighty world chess champion?' Today's match video has already gone viral. He lost to a relatively unknown girl in the chess world, and this has caused a huge scandal in their country. About thirty thousand comments are all cursing him. Even if he returns to Ybaulla, he's just a despised person. The two bodyguards exchanged a glance. "This Robin really can't get it through his thick skull. He still has time to throw a tantrum here!"

One of the bodyguards spoke up, not very politely, showing a stark contrast to how they treated Robin a few days ago. "Robin, this is Mr. Hall's orders. Once you wake up, you need to report immediately. We're just following orders. Besides, when you suddenly started making such loud noises, we thought something happened and had to push the door open. Since everything's fine, we're leaving now."

Robin was so furious at the bodyguards' words that he became even more frantic. Don't think he didn't see the contempt in their eyes. "These two bodyguards dare to treat me like this? They're really pushing it!" "What attitude are you two showing? I'm the eldest son of the Jenkins family, do you think you can talk to me like that? Two watchdogs, get out! I won't let you off easily!"

The two bodyguards left without even turning their heads after hearing this. 'Robin is nothing but a paper tiger. What's there to be afraid of?'

Of course, Robin didn't know that his harsh words to the bodyguards would eventually lead to his mysterious death. After the bodyguards left, the dimly lit hospital room only had Robin's eerie and terrifying face faintly visible. Suddenly, the phone on the cabinet rang. Robin immediately turned to stare at the phone and then started laughing sinisterly. His laugh was chilling. 'Yeah, I've already placed an order with Zola, the top killer from Black Gold online. Zola will definitely kill that Yvette. With a top killer on the job, that woman is doomed. Even if I win, what's the point if I can't live to enjoy the applause and praise? It's all just pathetic.'

He couldn't wait to pick up the phone, and a text message was prominently displayed on the screen.

'Betrico, left at the third fork, rooftop of the tall building. Your person has arrived.'" The sender was Zola.

Seeing these words, Robin's eyes immediately lit up. He excitedly held his phone, quickly grabbing it without even changing out of his hospital gown. He didn't expect the top killer Zola to be so efficient in his work, catching someone so quickly. Wearing only a thin jacket, Robin ran out of the hospital room, laughing as he ran. He looked completely insane.

The two bodyguards happened to come out of the bathroom and saw Robin's state. One wanted to stop him, but the other held him back, saying bitterly, "Why stop him? What if he runs away? Let's just stay on our posts. Maybe Robin is just going somewhere to vent his emotions. We shouldn't follow him." The bodyguard who wanted to stop him found his reasoning valid and stayed in place.

way, he tried On the rooftop, Robin ran out of the hospital and hailed a taxi without even driving his own car. Along the hard to suppress his inner hatred. 'Soon I can see Yvette being humiliated with my own eyes. When she dies, I won't let her off. I must capture the most painful and desperate moment of her death and upload it online for the whole world to see. Let everyone see how miserable the so-called Goddess of Clusia dies. This is the fate of someone who goes against us Ybaulla!'

In Skyland, Yvette came downstairs. In the living room, Samantha, Andrew, and Charles were dealing with the landlord. The three saw Yvette dressed in a leather jacket, black casual clothes, and a baseball cap. Her long hair was tied up, revealing only half of her delicate face. She obviously looks like she's going out

Samantha put down her cards. "Yve, are you going out? What about Jeremiah? Isn't he coming with you?"

Yvette put her hands in her pockets, flicked her eyelids, and casually said, "He's tired and went to sleep. I'm going out by myself." With that, she left.

Andrew exclaimed, "Damn!" Then he turned to Charles and Samantha mysteriously. "Jeremiah is tired... Is Jeremiah not up to it? Look, Yve seems fine. Didn't expect Jeremiah to be so weak inside."

Charles raised his chin slightly. 'Although I don't think it should be like this, Andrew does have a point. Maybe it's true. But isn't there a possibility that it's not Jeremiah's fault, but that the instructor is too harsh?'

Samantha nodded and continued to sit down, picking up her cards. 'It's really hard to say if this is going to work or not!'

Twenty minutes later, Robin arrived at the location based on the address Zola provided. He glanced around the environment. 'Isn't this place a bit too secluded? How can there be such a gloomy spot in the city center?' But then he thought, 'After all, Zola is a killer dealing with shady business. It's normal to meet in such places for transactions. Feeling relieved, he took the elevator and then walked to the top-floor balcony. He was so eager to get there that he wanted to run the rest of the way, not wanting to wait another moment.

The night was deep and silent. The entire city of Betrico was engulfed in thick darkness. Looking out from the rooftop, Betrico was brilliantly lit up.

Robin shakily pushed open the balcony door. He was only wearing a thin hospital gown and a jacket, barely keeping out the cold night wind and chill air. His teeth were chattering from the cold. To avoid losing face in front of Zola, he forced himself to pretend he wasn't cold.

On the rooftop, as soon as Robin opened the door, he saw a figure wearing a hat sitting on the edge. From his angle, the back was very slender, not at all like a man's back. Robin didn't expect a top killer to have a back as thin as a woman's. 'Can someone like this really be a top killer?'

Robin looked around, thinking it was just his imagination in the dark. Besides them, there was no one else on the rooftop. As he walked in, he cautiously asked, "Hello, are you Zola? I'm Mr. Jenkins. Didn't you say that woman has arrived? Where is she? I haven't seen her!"

As Robin moved closer, he noticed Zola's sitting position. "This is too dangerous. If a person moves even a little, they might fall off the rooftop! What a lunatic!"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 342

Robin saw Zola was silent and was about to speak again when he was interrupted. "The person has arrived."

Robin heard the voice and it sounded familiar, but he couldn't recall where he had heard it. He thought he might be overthinking it. 'How could there be a Black Gold top killer around me?' Hearing this, Robin tried to hold back his anger and searched the rooftop back and forth. After a while, he returned to the original spot, looking very embarrassed.

'It's late at night, and I'm almost getting blown away by the wind What's Zola trying to say? Yvette isn't here at all. Is he playing games with me? This so-called top killer has no professional ethics. When I get back, I'll definitely complain about him on the website. This is just too much!'

Robin's jaw was trembling as he spoke. "Mr. Zola, I don't know why you're messing with me here. I've already paid you 200 million. Is this how you operate? If you haven't

caught the person, why did you have me come out here in the middle of the night? What about your professional ethics?"

Yvette, sitting on the edge of the rooftop, let out a light laugh upon hearing this. "This Robin really loves to talk about professional ethics."

In the chilly wind, that light laugh echoed in Robin's mind, making his head feel like it was going to explode. He had heard this laugh before and could never forget it. It was the same laugh that completely broke him during today's match, shattering all his mental defenses. 'No way! How could Zola's laugh be the same as that woman Yvette's?'

The next second, Yvette slowly turned around and stood up from the edge of the rooftop. Facing the wind, her brown hair slightly lifted. Her all-black leather jacket made her look even more cool and handsome. Her eyes, devoid of any warmth, looked at Robin with a mix of coolness and fierceness. Her exquisite and stunning face was sanctified under the moonlight, making it impossible for anyone to have the courage to look directly at her.

Robin's eyes widened instantly, feeling like he'd been struck by lightning. His body trembled uncontrollably, unable to speak a word. He had no strength left and collapsed to the ground, his face pale. He was freezing from the cold and now scared stiff. He pointed at Yvette, continuously backing away, his mouth open but unable to say anything.

'What's happening now? Someone tell me why Yvette is here? Clearly, Zola was supposed to meet me. How could Yvette be here? Am I dreaming? This has to be a dream, it must all be a dream!' But the cold in his body and Yvette's smile told him it wasn't a dream. He could only think of one possibility, one that would make him despair and push him into hell. Suddenly, Robin had a flash of realization. 'Doesn't Zola and Zeller share a Z?' Robin's eyes were vacant, filled with deep fear. He shouted incredulously, "Are you Zola? You're the top killer Zola from Black Gold?"

Yvette, wearing Martin boots, calmly walked towards Robin. She took off her baseball cap, a mischievous smile on her lips, her blue eyes gleaming with a shallow laugh. Her delicate eyebrows and eyes were deathly cold as she leisurely said, "Yes, it's me!"

These three words became the final straw that broke Robin. Hearing them, he suddenly lost all the strength to resist. "This world is too absurd! How can there be such a woman? An Interpol agent and a top killer? The world has gone mad, it's all mad!' gone Robin stared fixedly at Yvette, fully aware that this woman wouldn't let him go. 'I paid someone to rape and then kill her first. With her temper, how could she let me go?' Robin forced himself to endure his inner fear. 'I'm not willing to just die at Yvette's hands.' He still wanted to threaten Yvette.

“Don’t forget this is Betrico. I’m part of the Ybaulla delegation visiting Clusia. If something really happens to me here, our Ybaulla and the Jenkins family will definitely hold you accountable. You won’t be able to escape. If you spare me this time, I promise to return to Ybaulla and will never reveal your identity. I swear we can just forget about it. After all, you won the chess match against me, didn’t you?”

As Robin threatened Yvette, he also begged her for mercy, essentially just wanting to stay alive. At this point, he didn’t care about his own face anymore, only hoping that this woman would let him off.

Yvette only raised an eyebrow, her eyes deepening as she slightly tilted her head. “You mean to say that the Jenkins family won’t let me go?”

Robin nodded vigorously, thinking he had moved Yvette. “Yes, in the eldest son of the Jenkins family. My father values me highly. If something happened to me, he would definitely avenge me. You wouldn’t want to provoke such a powerful enemy, right? As long as you spare me, I won’t expose your identity. Truly, I guarantee it with my integrity.”

Yvette remained silent for a few seconds, then suddenly smiled at him.

Robin was stunned.

Yvette pinched her wrist, her blue eyes narrowing, and calmly said, “Then just kill us both.”

Robin was completely stunned in place upon hearing this. ‘What is she talking about?’

Yvette lowered her gaze and glanced at the watch on her wrist. “Time’s up. She took a step forward. Before Robin could react, she kicked him hard, knocking him to the ground. Slowly, she put on a pair of disposable gloves and then crouched down, snapping his chin back with her hand. Robin tried to scream for help but didn’t even get a chance to open his mouth before Yvette pressed something into his mouth.

It tasted sweet and sour, but Robin knew it couldn’t be anything good.

Yvette stepped back two steps, looking at Robin lying on the ground, struggling in pain. With her hands in her pockets, her expression was indifferent, showing no emotion at all.

Robin didn’t realize he had ingested the world’s real No.7 Toxin. The truly terrifying thing about the real No.7 Toxin isn’t that it takes lives, but that after ingesting it, the victim suffers for three whole hours before dying. It’s truly worse than death. Besides Yvette, no one else in the world has access to this toxin, not even Silas.

Robin collapsed on the ground, desperately clawing at his throat, trying to spit out what he had swallowed. Unfortunately, all his efforts were in vain.

No.7 Toxin was personally developed by Yvette. It melts in your mouth, and even the mighty gods can't reverse its effects.

After a short while, Robin felt his whole body turning cold, his entire being aching as if invisible beasts were tearing at him. Every limb was enduring unbearable pain, his body shaking uncontrollably, his limbs convulsing, and he couldn't help but let out moans of agony.

He rolled on the ground in pain, his trembling legs kicking and thrashing in the muddy earth, covering him in dirt. With his convulsing hands, he desperately tore at his chest clothes, leaving noticeable bloodstains on his exposed pale skin, his bloodied fingers trembling nonstop. After a while, his body would suddenly stretch out and then bend into an arch, his desperate eyes darting around wildly, his pupils dilated, and his mouth emitting pitiful, dying screams, sounding hoarse and horrifying.

Not far away, Yvette stood there, almost blending into the darkness under the moonlight.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 343

The next day, Jared carefully held the breakfast and stood at the door of Skyland. "This is a breakfast worth 1 million dollars. He nervously adjusted his suit, then fixed his hair, and then pressed the doorbell with anticipation.

Andrew came downstairs with his hair all messed up. 'Who came so early this morning?' He, his sister, and Charles had all played cards by midnight, and Yve came back late at night. They had eaten a late-night snack before sleeping.

After opening the door, Jared put on his signature smile. "Hello, Y..." Midway through, seeing it was Andrew, his smile disappeared immediately, his tone turned gloomy, and he looked inside. "Ah, it's you. Where are Jeremiah and Yvette?"

Andrew leaned casually against the door, his blue slippers flashing. "What's with his face changing so quickly when he sees me?" "Hey, Jared, are you that disappointed to see me?"

Jared nodded at Andrew. "Not just disappointed, very disappointed."

When the two wanted to say more, Charles came down the stairs, seeing the two arguing at the door, chose to ignore them and sat on the dining chair.

After Jared entered with the breakfast, he was quite reserved. After all, this was Jeremiah's home, and among these compound kids, except for Andrew, who else had been here?

Andrew noticed Jared's discomfort and patted his shoulder. "Bro, come sit. Jeremiah and Yvette will probably come down soon, they were both too tired last night."

Jared hadn't even taken a sip before choking on it. 'What is Andrew talking about? What does it mean that the two were too tired last night? Can I even hear this?'

Charles calmly picked up a piece of bread, ignoring the outside world, focused solely on his breakfast, because from his observation, Jared was likely as unintelligent as Andrew.

Yvette and Jeremiah came down from upstairs, and as soon as they appeared, Jared immediately stood up from his chair, crossing his hands together, a very standard welcoming gesture.

Jared looked at the two powerful figures approaching, stammered as he tried to greet them, and in his nervousness caused a big mistake. "Jeremiah, Yvette, Merry Christmas!" As soon as he said it, Jared wanted to die. 'So embarrassing, and in front of Jeremiah and Yve, I wish I could just crash into a wall and die now!'

Yvette sat down on the chair, glanced at the nervous, sweating Jared. 'Am I that scary? What is he so nervous and scared about?' Yvette said. "Have a seat."

Jared scratched his head, sat down, then shyly placed the oatmeal with savory toppings and shrimp ravioli he bought in front of Yvette. He had watched her livestream yesterday, and now he had definitely become Yvette's fangirl. Jared said. "Sister-in-law, I specially bought this for you."

The matter where Andrew scammed Jared out of 1 million dollars was already known to Jeremiah. He glanced at Andrew, who was enjoying his oatmeal, and in a hoarse voice said. "Give the 1 million dollars back to Jared."

Upon hearing this, the oatmeal in Andrew's hand didn't taste good anymore. 'So not only did my hard-earned 1 million not arrive, but I also have to take out 1 million from my own pocket to return to Jared. I'm losing big on this deal!' Andrew could only nod tearfully. "Understood, Jeremiah."

Jared sat aside, not expecting happiness to come so quickly.

Jeremiah said to Jared. "Have some more before you leave."

Jared swore this was the gentlest he'd ever seen Jeremiah.

At the dining table, Jeremiah naturally spread strawberry jam on the bread, then poured a cup of hot milk and handed it to Yvette, Charles and Andrew were used to it, Jeremiah's being so considerate to Yve was nothing new for them, they were indifferent as it had happened too many times. Only Jared watched this scene with wide eyes. 'Oh my god... I can actually see this side of Jeremiah in my lifetime, I have no regrets even if I die.'

Andrew poked the dazed Jared. "Eat, what are you staring at?"

Jared. "Oh... Oh, I'm eating now."

After finishing the meal, the group returned to the living room. Yvette found a comfortable spot to nestle into the sofa, lounging lazily, not holding herself properly, with her eyes drooping, fiddling with her phone.

Jeremiah had just had a phone call and was outside taking it.

Andrew turned on the TV, casually switched to a news channel.

"According to reliable information received this morning, a man from Ybaulla jumped from a rooftop at a three-way intersection, dying a gruesome death. His body was completely torn apart, and he is currently without breath. Betrico Police Station is verifying the identity of the deceased, initially suspecting this person to be Robin, who participated in yesterday's chess exchange competition. Our station will continue to follow and report on this incident."

The remote in Andrew's hand clattered to the ground. He turned abruptly to look at Yvette, who was on the sofa playing with her phone without even lifting her head, his tone panicked. "Yvette, Robin is dead!"

Charles also looked at Yvette, his eyes clear. 'Robin died last night, and the instructor came back in the middle of the night. It's quite a coincidence, if the instructor killed Robin, it must be because Robin did something to anger him.'

Yvette heard Andrew and didn't take her eyes off her phone, her voice indifferent. "Hmm."

Andrew swallowed, recalling that Yvette came back late last night. "The dark and windy night is perfect for murder! Who else besides Yvette could have killed Robin? This is really exciting!"

Jared looked dumbfounded. 'Although Robin's death is quite unexpected, why are they all looking at Yve? What does she have to do with it?'

Jeremiah entered holding his phone, saw the news on TV, glanced at everyone's reactions, expressionless, and sat down on the sofa.

Andrew repeated to Jeremiah. "Jeremiah, Robin is dead."

Jeremiah already knew. The call earlier was from the military district. It was confirmed the deceased was Robin. Although he died from falling off a rooftop, the Ybaulla side still wants to hold onto it and make some points. The body has been sent for autopsy, and now the Ybaulla side suspects intentional murder, but everything depends on the autopsy results, letting the facts speak.

Jeremiah wrapped his arm around Yvette's waist, squeezed her gently, his voice deep. "Can it be found out?"

Yvette looked up, her eyes clear, raised an eyebrow, and curled her lips. This man never says a useless word. "No, no one can find out."

Hearing this, Jeremiah's eyes were full of smiles. "This young lady's tactics are truly unpredictable!" "Hmm, the swordsmanship competition is at four in the afternoon, are you going to the scene?"

Yvette shook her head. "Not going." A competition without suspense is not worth watching

Jeremiah squeezed her fingertips, very soft and tender, then lowered his head. Whispered in her ear. "Alright, I'll handle it quickly, and make osso buco for you when I get back."

Yvette nodded. "Okay, I'll wait."

The two continued talking on their own, while Andrew and the others could only watch. 'Are these two showing off their love now? What if it's found out that Yve killed Robin?'

In the hotel where the visiting Ybaulla delegation was staying, room 403, Kaiden stood with a gloomy face, watching the footage playing on the TV.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 344

Cedric stood aside, bowing his head, not even daring to breathe. Why has Mr. Harper's aura suddenly become so terrifying?"

After Robin's body was discovered this morning, Kaiden sat on the sofa, staring fixedly at the news footage on TV, completely still, his gaze extremely terrifying. After a while, Kaiden looked up, his face showing fear and anger, his deep eyes flickering with a horrifying light. Exhausted, Kaiden rubbed his temples and asked, "Has Robin's body been sent for an autopsy?"

Cedric immediately stepped forward and replied, "Mr. Harper, Mr. Hall has personally ordered that Robin's body has been sent for an autopsy. The results should be out

soon, and we'll be able to determine whether Robin committed suicide or was murdered."

Kaiden shook his head. "It's useless. If that person did it personally, there wouldn't be any evidence left. Even an autopsy would be a waste of effort, unnecessary."

Cedric was momentarily puzzled, a look of confusion on his face. 'What does Mr. Harper mean by this?' He continued. "Mr. Harper, however, this doesn't seem to be a human-caused incident. The Prime Minister sent guards to watch over Robin, and they reported that Robin ran out of the hospital on his own. They say he was acting crazy when he left, looking completely abnormal. It's very likely that he really couldn't handle the competition results and chose to commit suicide, not a human-caused act."

Hearing this, Kaiden's eyes darkened, and his expression became gloomy. 'Would someone like Robin commit suicide?' He found it unlikely. 'Robin's business with my brother makes billions every year. Even if he lost, he wouldn't be so willing to die.' He knew that only an instructor had the means to kill Robin in a way that was unclear.

Kaiden waved his hand and asked in a low voice, "What about that afternoon match with Major General Jeremiah? Haven't we found any information on him yet? What style of swordsmanship does he use?"

Cedric leaned forward. "Mr. Harper, we haven't found anything yet, but I have a lead. Our people have been following Jeremiah's mother, Aurora. This Jeremiah is the only son of Mr. Chavez Clifford from the Clusia Ministry of Foreign Affairs. If we want to ensure victory without fail, we can target Mrs. Chavez. Should we first knock her out and hide her? Then, reveal the information to Jeremiah. Should we prioritize his mother or the match? Jeremiah will definitely save his mother first. Even if he manages to get back to the competition, his performance will be significantly weakened. By then, your victory will be a done deal, won't it?"

Kaiden glanced at him. This method was too risky. If it failed, the consequences would be unimaginable. He needed to consider carefully.

Seeing Kaiden hesitating, Cedric quickly added in a low voice. "Mr. Harper, this was secretly ordered by Mr. Hall. In the fencing competition, we can only afford to win, not lose. He is willing to use any means to win. Moreover, if we lose, as you know, your father won't be able to explain it. So you need to decide quickly!" Cedric was persuasive. He immediately added. "Besides, we're not going to kill Aurora. We'll just use some tactics to hide her. Once the match starts, we'll release her immediately. Nothing will happen. As long as you agree, our people will act right away!"

Kaiden knew Kyle was desperate. He couldn't allow any mistakes in this match; Ybulla's reputation couldn't be tarnished a second time. Kaiden lit a cigar, lowered his head, his eyes cold and ruthless. "Alright, we'll do it your way, but you must ensure Aurora's safety. If something happens to her, none of us will survive. This is Clusia.

We're dealing with Mrs. Chavez of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. If something goes wrong, Mr. Hall won't be able to protect us either. Understood?" Cedric immediately nodded upon hearing his agreement. Rest assured, Mr. Harper, we will make sure Aurora is safe. Our goal is simply to ensure you win this match."

Kaiden gave a slight nod. "Go ahead, I need to rest for a while and prepare for this afternoon's match." After saying that, he closed his eyes, clearly not wanting to say anything more. After the door closed, Kaiden suddenly opened his eyes wide. 'Kyle's influence is far-reaching; the people around me must have been bought off. Cedric is finished, like a ticking time bomb, unusable now. Luckily, I never considered him a close ally

At 1 PM, the Chavez family—Aurora and Clifford—finished their Clusian meal and planned to head to the competition venue. On the way, Clifford took a work call and left first, specifically instructing his driver to pick up Aurora and take her to the venue. Aurora had put on another "elegant" haute couture outfit, this time a simple and graceful white dress, very elegant.

In the car, while Aurora was touching up her makeup, the car suddenly stopped.

The male driver glanced at the road ahead and then turned to Aurora, saying, "Mrs. Chavez, it looks like there's been accident up ahead. Two people are arguing, and it might take a while. This road is a bit off the main city area, but it's the fastest way to the scene. Do we wait a bit or take a detour? Taking a detour now would add about forty minutes. How should we proceed?"

Aurora put down her compact mirror and looked ahead. There were indeed two people arguing, and two cars were blocking the center of the road. 'But if we detour now, we might be late. In such an important occasion, being late isn't good and could lead to negative media coverage.' After thinking for a moment, Aurora said, "Max, go down and take a look. See if you can move the cars to let us first."

The driver, Max, replied, "Alright, Mrs. Chavez, but there's not much traffic or people here right now. Just in case, please don't get out of the car. I'll go check it out first." Max had also retired from the military, so he had a strong sense of security. Aurora's status couldn't afford any mistakes.

After Max got out, he approached the scene. The two arguing men saw him coming and made eye contact, escalating the argument. They started pushing and shoving each other even more aggressively.

Eastern Hotel, the competition venue, was still set up here, right next to the hall where the chess match took place yesterday.

In the lobby, media from various countries had arrived early today. Yesterday, they witnessed a miracle by a Clusian girl, and today, who knows what surprises await.

Netizens were also ready early online, waiting for the 4 PM match.

[There's only half an hour left until four o'clock. Oh my gosh, I'm so excited!]

[You're not the only one excited. I was so excited yesterday that I didn't sleep all night. Yesterday's chess match, the goddess really brought honor to us Clusians.]

[I dreamed about the goddess saying those four words all night, World Champion? Don't you think that's just amazing?]

[Upstairs, where are the other world champions? Didn't you see this morning's news? The person who jumped was preliminarily identified as Robin, right?]

[It's not surprising if it's him. With such fragile mental resilience. I believe he could do something like jumping off.]

[I think so too...]

In the competition hall, Kaiden was dressed in a special fencing uniform, wearing a homemade helmet, sitting on a chair without saying a word. Suddenly, Cedric walked in from the door.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 345

Cedric walked over to Kaiden and said proudly, "Mr. Harper, Aurora and her driver have been knocked out by our people. Jeremiah will soon learn that his mother has been kidnapped. We've taken Aurora to Heaven's Bliss Resort, which is 6 to 56 miles away from Betrico. By the time he finds her, there won't be enough time for him to return to the competition. By then, your victory is assured."

couldn't afford to let his guard down even for a Kaiden pressed his lips together, his face serious and his eyes reddening. He couldn't afford to let his guard down even for a moment. Kaiden instructed Cedric. "Remember, no one should be harmed, understood?"

Cedric nodded. "Understood, Mr. Harper. Rest assured, our people know wh on this matter. Aurora will not be harmed. Just focus on the match."

At 3:30 PM, Jase and Kyle entered the competition venue surrounded b a they're doing. I've repeatedly instructed them

Jeremiah had also changed into his competition attire and entered the venue?

Next to him was Jacob, who had returned from the rainforest after making a bet with Yvette. After being provoked by Yvette in the rainforest, Jacob had worked hard and was now Jeremiah's personal bodyguard.

Media from various countries focused their cameras on Jeremiah as he walked in. Due to his special status, his mask was custom-made. With the mask on, Jeremiah only revealed his bright, deep blue eyes, hiding the rest of his facial features. This was a specific request from Jeremiah himself.

Kaiden sat on a bench, watching Jeremiah walk in with his boots clicking. He lowered his eyes, his fingers tightening. Will everything go as smoothly as I imagined today? What choice will Jeremiah make? He usually wouldn't take such uncertain actions, but this time he had no other option. 'But I have no way back now. If I don't want to be a pawn, I have to take the risk. I just hope everything goes smoothly.

In the competition hall, Andrew and Charles sat in the front row of the audience. Yvette and Samantha hadn't come; they were still in Skyland. Only the two of them had arrived.

Andrew saw Jeremiah approaching and stood up in the audience, starting to chant, "Jeremiah, Jeremiah, you're the strongest Jeremiah, Jeremiah, you're the best!" His enthusiastic cheering successfully drew everyone's attention to him, and the media's cameras all focused on Andrew.

Charles, seeing this, moved aside and covered his face with a newspaper. 'I can't afford to mess this up.'

Tim heard Andrew's voice and turned around, his expression changing. 'Who the hell raised this idiot? Why is Samantha so smart and capable, while this brat pisses me off to no end?'

An official who knew Andrew and was sitting next to Tim smiled and said to Tim, "Mr. Mitchell, look at this. Truly, like father, like son. Mr. Mitchell's cheering looks really impressive."

Another minister from the judicial department nodded in agreement. "Exactly. Everyone in Betrico envies the relationship between Mr. Mitchell and Jeremiah. They've been close since childhood. Look at this setting—Mr. Mitchell has to be here

Tim had some dealings with these two people in the past; they were all in the same compound and knew that these two had no other intentions. Otherwise, he would have kicked them for saying such foolish things like "like father, like son." Forget that like father, like son crap. This is so embarrassing!'

Clifford had just finished handling something and arrived at the competition venue. He took out his phone, staring at the screen with a serious expression. He suddenly had a bad feeling

'I can't reach either Aurora or the driver, Max. If one phone has an issue, both can't be down at the same time. There's definitely something fishy here. Besides, Max's phone

is an internal line; it shouldn't have issues like unpaid bills. I've called almost fifteen times and still can't reach either of them. Something must have happened! Thinking this, Clifford couldn't stay seated. He stood up to leave but received a photo and text from an unknown number.

[They want Aurora to stay alive and Jeremiah to come personally. The location will be notified ten minutes later. Don't make any noise, or face the consequences.]

After reading this, Clifford's face changed dramatically, his demeanor shifting. I knew it. Aurora is in trouble! Clifford was extremely anxious, but he immediately realized that the true purpose of this message was to prevent Jeremiah from attending today's fencing match. Who kidnapped Aurora? No need to guess—it was Ybaulla.

Clifford tightly held his phone, his gaze coldly fixed on Kyle and the visiting Ybaulla delegation. 'Using such underhanded tactics for a fair match!' Although he knew Aurora wasn't in life-threatening danger, Clifford couldn't risk her life. 'If Jeremiah really doesn't come to save her, and the Ybaulla kidnapers become truly ruthless...

Clifford stared at the thirty-minute countdown on the big screen, feeling dazed and stuck in place. At this moment, he was more conflicted than ever, unable to make a choice. 'I know if Jeremiah is told about this, he will choose Aurora over the match. But without him, where can we find someone to replace him at the last minute: If we randomly pick someone, not only will we lose, but we might lose terribly. Clusia can't afford to lose face either!

Clifford walked over to Jase and whispered, "Dad, Aurora has been kidnapped. The kidnapers are demanding that Jeremiah comes personally, or else..."

Jase's grip on his cane suddenly tightened, and his expression darkened instantly, his aura turning cold. The people sitting nearby noticed this change, and the quiet conversation came to an abrupt halt. They didn't dare say anything more. Jase's sudden shift in demeanor, combined with Clifford's serious face, clearly indicated that something was wrong.

Kyle turned to him, concern etched on his face. "Jase, what's going on? Is something wrong?"

Jase didn't even turn his head, replying curtly, "It's a family matter; you don't need to worry about it."

Kyle knew exactly what was happening, but he pretended to be oblivious and nodded, then turned back to watch the game, focusing intently on it.

After a moment, Jase spoke, his voice as cold as ice. "Go tell Jeremiah to make his own decision. Whatever he decides, we, the Chavez family, will support him. No matter how big the problem is, I'll handle it, got it?"

Clifford nodded. "Understood, Dad." Even though he was burning with anxiety, he maintained a calm exterior. 'Now is not the time to let the Ybaullan people see us panicking. We must show them that the honorable Clusia cannot be defeated by cunning tricks.'

Clifford walked down the stairs and approached Jeremiah. He waved his hand at Jeremiah and handed him his phone. "Jeremiah, your mom is in trouble. They want you to go in person."

Jeremiah's brow furrowed, and his eyes instantly turned frosty. He glanced expressionlessly at Kaiden sitting across from him and said coldly, "I'll go."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 346

Clifford knew his son would make this choice. His expression hardened; they needed to substitute someone else. Clifford said, "Jeremiah, do you have anyone in your team who can take your place?" This was the only solution he could think of. If they had to change, they could find someone from the army. That might give them a fighting chance.

Jeremiah lowered his gaze, looking at Clifford, and replied in a deep voice, "No need. Just wait for me." After saying this, he stepped aside. Jacob immediately handed him the phone, saying, "Major General, your call."

In the distance, Kaiden watched as Jeremiah walked away, speaking on the phone but couldn't hear anything due to the distance.

Jeremiah picked up the phone and dialed a number, which was Yvette's exclusive line. Once connected, he asked directly, "Do you want to compete in this match?"

In Skyland, Yvette was curled up on the sofa with her phone. Upon hearing this, she raised an eyebrow. On the table were fruits Jeremiah had cut before leaving, and Samantha was sitting nearby, working on her laptop.

Yvette responded succinctly, "Something happened? Be there in fifteen minutes." She stood up from the sofa as she spoke.

Jeremiah knew he didn't need to say more; the young girl understood immediately. He stated seriously, "My mom has been kidnapped by the Ybaullans. They want me to go in person."

Just that brief statement stopped Yvette, who was putting on her coat. Her brows furrowed, her eyes flashing with a cold light, and her voice was disturbingly calm. "Bring back the kidnappers; I'll deal with them personally." "It's been ages since anyone dared to touch someone I protect.'

REFERER 287 Portte continued. "I'll tell you your aunt's

location i

just head straight there."

Jeremiah understood. 'Looks like the young girl is a bona fide hacker. Only a hacker could find someone in such a short time. He didn't waste time and said, "Alright, I'll wait for you."

After hanging up, Yvette glanced at Samantha, her eyes swirling with unfathomable emotions. "Get dressed; we're heading out. I need you to drive to Eastern Hotel."

Samantha looked up, startled. 'What are we going to Eastern Hotel for now?' She could clearly sense that Yvette was in a very bad mood after hearing Jeremiah's phone call. Samantha quickly stood up. "No problem, Yve. Are we leaving now?"

Yvette nodded. "Yes, bring your laptop; I need it."

Samantha replied, "Okay." She sensed that something urgent was happening, so she chose a sports car and planned to speed over.

seat Yvette opened her laptop, her slender, fair fingers flying dizzy. Two minutes later, a red dot appeared on the screen. Yvette sent the location of the red dot to Jeremiah and then shut the laptop, completing the entire process in under five

In the car, Samantha drove while Yvette sat in the across the keyboard, performing actions that legger s minutes.

At the competition venue, when Jeremiah received the text, his eyes lit up. He whispered a few words to Jacob, whose expression shifted to one of excitement. After speaking, Jeremiah left the venue wearing his competition uniform.

Seeing him leave, Clifford quickly chased after him. There were only fifteen minutes left in the competition. He caught up to Jeremiah and anxiously asked, "Jeremiah, do you have news about your mom? Where is she?"

Jeremiah halted and replied in a low voice, "The girl found Moin's location and sent me the coordinates. She's at a resort about 31 to 35 miles from Betrico. I'm going knew his dad was probably going crazy with worry, but he had to keep his composure in this situation.

ere now, Dad. I promise I'll bring Mom back safely; don't worry." Jeremiah

Clifford was momentarily stunned by this news before asking, "You mean your wife found her?"

Jeremiah nodded. "Yes, I'll tell you later. I'm off to save Mom now."

At the entrance of Eastern Hotel, Samantha was giving it her all. A trip that usually took twenty minutes only took her ten. Once they arrived, Samantha turned to Yvette and said, "Yve, you go ahead. I'll head to the competition venue directly afterward."

Yvette narrowed her dark eyes and nodded. "Okay."

After Yvette walked away, Samantha looked around, then took out a plastic bag. With a "wow," she emptied the fruit she had just eaten... It was her first time driving this fast. Although she usually didn't get car sick, she couldn't hold it anymore after such a ride, holding back all the way. 'I have to hold it together in front of Yve. Otherwise, if she sees me throwing up, that would be so embarrassing. I can't let that happen!'

When Yvette reached the entrance, Jacob was already waiting there. The major general had informed him that Yvette would replace him in the match... Jacob was so excited. Since parting in the rainforest, he had idolized Yvette. He never expected to see her again so soon, and in this context. Just thinking about Yvette slaying crocodiles fired him up. "Today is bound to be even more exciting. That Kaiden is really out of luck. When this big shot takes action, it doesn't matter who you are!"

As soon as Jacob saw Yvette approaching, he rushed over. "Grand-aunt, I'm Jacob. Do you remember me?"

Yvette glanced at him and nodded. "I remember; we met in the rainforest. You lost the bet."

Jacob's face flushed. 'Why does this big shot remember so clearly?' He continued. "Grand-aunt, the major general told me to wait for you here. The competition outfit is ready, and don't worry; the mask is custom-made. No one will see your face." Yvette stood at the entrance with her hands in her pockets, her expression indifferent, her voice cold. "Okay, let's go." Jacob quickly led the way, avoiding everyone as they entered the changing room. He stood at the door, waiting.

When Yvette finally came out again, she looked entirely different, dressed in a white fencing uniform, with her face fully concealed by the mask. The only thing that could be discerned was that she was a woman; everything else was hidden.

At a quarter past three, the Clusia vs. Ybaullan fencing exchange match officially began.

The first to enter the arena was Kaiden, striding aggressively onto the competition field. He gestured to the audience, then stood tall, sword in hand, his expression cold and indifferent.

Harper focused on the entrance at the other end of the arena. He had received word leaving Eastern Hotel, meaning he had chosen his mother over the competition.

Jeremiah had confirmed he was

‘As expected, the Clusian people are all about loyalty, but that will only lead to their downfall. What good is loyalty? Just like that fool Charles back in the day; in this world, only the ruthless can rise to power. I, Kaiden, have long since cut off my feelings. This Jeremiah seems to be all show; if the person replacing him today loses, this major general will surely be scorned by everyone.’

The Clusia host announced, “Let’s welcome our contestant to the stage

At the competition venue, applause erupted. The Clusian people were always full of enthusiasm and solidarity in their own arena.

“Clusia will win!”

“Clusia will win!”

“Clusia will win!”

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 347

In the next second, the Clusia host saw a fencer emerge from the right side of the arena. He could only tell from the figure whether it was a man or a woman. The host’s jaw nearly dropped as he glanced down at the list in his hand. ‘Wait a minute, this clearly says Jeremiah, male, Clusia major general. How did he turn from a man into a woman in less than half an hour’

Not only were the Clusia hosts surprised, but even the spectators were taken aback. ‘How could a woman come up to compete?’ Most of them already knew Jeremiah would be competing. ‘What on earth is going on? Clearly, this is a last- minute switch!’ Those who were quick to connect the dots remembered Clifford’s serious expression earlier and realized something big must have happened; otherwise, Jeremiah would never have left mid-way. The atmosphere instantly became tense.

The host, confused, quickly looked toward the staff below the stage but was surprised to see Clifford standing to one side. Clifford nodded, giving the host a reassuring look, then took the conversation headset. “Continue.”

The host suddenly understood and, drawing on their professionalism, began to explain the competition rules again.

Clifford watched the figure on stage, rubbing his temples, fatigue and worry evident in his eyes. He hadn’t expected Jeremiah to let Yvette compete in his place. ‘I wonder if this decision is really the right one?’ However, thinking of Yvette’s identity with Interpol, Clifford felt that perhaps his future daughter-in-law could really surprise him.

On the main stage, Jase subtly glanced at the figure in the center, his gaze deepening. It would be a lie to say he wasn't surprised; he was completely bewildered about what this kid could or couldn't do. He began to question whether the information he had was complete. 'I hope this kid can give the Clusian people another surprise,' he thought eagerly.

Kyle, sitting beside Jase, had been watching his movements with keen interest. 'How could Clusia send a woman to compete? That's impossible! Even if they're not using their major general, they could easily grab a few men from the army. What kind of ability is it to have a woman compete? It seems they really have no one left to use. Ybaulla is bound to win this match; they have to reclaim all the dignity they lost in the last round.'

No one noticed that after Clusia's representative appeared, Kaiden was completely dumbfounded. Standing on stage, he stared blankly at the figure walking toward him leisurely, panic and fear nearly impossible to hide in his eyes. Though his face revealed nothing, he could never forget those eyes—cold and indifferent, devoid of warmth—as if nothing in the world mattered to her.

Kaiden's hand holding the sword trembled slightly. He had never expected that after calculating every angle to keep Jeremiah from competing, he had ended up switching his opponent to a coach. 'Is God playing tricks on me? Why? Why is the coach competing instead of Jeremiah? What went wrong? I must have missed something crucial...' Kaiden's mind was in chaos, nearly losing its ability to think.

The fencing match was still being broadcast live, capturing Kaiden's dazed and disoriented state clearly. Online viewers began discussing it again.

[I mean, does anyone else think Kaiden looks really weird? He seems to know our competitor somehow.]

[Upstairs, I feel the same way. Not only that, I think Kaiden looks scared. Is his left hand shaking?]

[But that's not the main point, is it? Don't you think the real shock is that Clusia's competitor is a woman again? The goddess's performance yesterday was fierce, and I'm even more excited for today. Who do you think is prettier, this girl or the goddess?]

[Upstairs, fellow kindred spirits! I'm super excited, but it's a pity we can't see the girl's face. She must look incredibly cool.]

[Do you think it's possible that this person is the goddess herself]

[What kind of daydreaming is that upstairs? The goddess can't compete in two matches; that's just absurd.]

[I really hope left for us ordinary people.]

; if the goddess is this amazing at fencing, there's

[Exactly... If we win this match, it'll be our second victory in a row.]

At the competition venue, Charles focused on the person on stage. He recognized that familiar figure. 'Something must have happened for the coach to suddenly compete? This has to be Kaiden's doing. He's always been willing to do anything to secure victory, but I wonder what it is this time? How could he get Jeremiah removed from such an important match?

Charles sighed; he suddenly felt a bit sorry for Kaiden. "This fool must not have figured out the relationship between coach and Jeremiah, or he would never have dared to target Jeremiah. This is just fate playing tricks—now the coach is the one handling him. To Charles, the outcome of this match was already certain, with no suspense. 'I just wonder how the coach will deal with Kaiden. Today is definitely going to be Kaiden's worst nightmare. Given the coach's protective nature, if Kaiden really has set his sights on Jeremiah, his life might be in danger.'

Andrew's eyes widened in surprise, swallowing hard. "Charles, is that Yvette?"

On stage, Yvette stood facing Kaiden, her gaze piercing and cold, lifting her eyelids just to glance at him before looking away.

That look of indifference only fueled Kaiden's anger. 'Why has the coach never seen my growth and effort over the years? I'm already the heir of the Steel Serpents, yet the coach still views me as worthless. Do I not even deserve to have the coach acknowledge me?'

Kaiden kept his head down, glancing at the sword in his right hand, which was starting to tremble. He knew he had already lost most of the match before it even started; he couldn't muster the strength to resist in front of Yvette. I've known since training camp how high the coach's fencing level is. Is there even any point in this match anymore?' Kaiden realized he had no way out; he couldn't retreat. If he went back to the Steel Serpents, he would still be a lamb to the slaughter.

Yvette stood casually, sword in hand, appearing utterly unconcerned about the match. From her stance alone, it was obvious she was just going through the motions, completely lacking the seriousness expected in a competition, contrasting sharply with Kaiden's tense demeanor.

The disparity was obvious to everyone present; they looked at each other in disbelief. 'Where did this powerhouse come from? Why does this match seem so casual and easy?

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 348

At 4:15, the fencing match officially began.

The people watching from below the stage grew tense as they observed the two standing with swords.

As the countdown reached its last second, Kaiden gritted his teeth, resolved, and struck first. 'After all these years, my swordsmanship has improved dramatically. I'm not the same as used to be. I'll win this fencing match even if it costs me everything. Besides, I might not even lose; surely the coach must have moments of weakness, right?' He knew he could only approach this match with a sense of luck.

Yvette watched as Kaiden's sword came toward her, stepping aside effortlessly and perfectly avoiding his strike.

Kaiden knew that this attack wouldn't harm the coach; if it could she wouldn't be the top coach of the Mysonna underground. He charged forward again, his sword thrusting menacingly toward Yvette.

They exchanged blows, with Kaiden mainly attacking and Yvette focusing on defense. The audience below was on edge, confused about why she was only defending. 'Is it because she can't fight back? Is she just dodging the attacks?'

Online, viewers were heatedly discussing what they saw.

[Wow, why does this girl keep dodging? Isn't she going to attack? I really don't understand what's going on here!]

[I agree with the person upstairs; it doesn't make sense for her to keep dodging. Could she be preparing some big move?]

I think she's just dodging because she can't handle it. Kaiden's fencing is so powerful; the average person wouldn't stand a chance.]

[Based on what you're saying upstairs, it seems we have no hope in this match. I was hoping for a double victory; what a shame.]

[If they lose, there's nothing to be done; matches always have winners and losers. The girl has shown a lot of courage; let's not criticize her.]

Hey, what are you talking about upstairs? If she keeps dodging, we'll lose respect for her; she deserves to be criticized.]

Clearly, online opinions about the match had split into two factions—those supporting and understanding her, and those ready to pounce on the keyboard, waiting to criticize as soon as she lost.

neither would and at this rate, On stage, Kaiden continued to attack, but no matter how hard he tried, Yvette would only defend. Initially, Kaiden thought she had a strategy, but now he was starting to lose clarity. The score remained zero to zero, win. 'Is Yvette hoping for a draw? But there's no way this match can end in a draw.

Ten minutes later, Kaiden's attacks slowed, his stamina waning.

Yvette still stood casually, clearly with no intention of attacking. It wasn't until a faint vibration came from the stage that Yvette raised her eyelids and slightly arched her delicate eyebrows. 'I was almost falling asleep waiting.' She thought as she leisurely brushed off some dust from her fencing outfit. The vibration was the signal from her agreement with Jeremiah- once Aurora was safe, Jeremiah would send a message. With half-lidded eyes, Yvette finally looked at Kaiden properly.

Kaiden caught Yvette's gaze, momentarily stunned, then saw her lips move. "It's over."

Before Kaiden could react, Yvette was already in front of him. On the screen, it was just a blur as her figure flickered across, suddenly appearing on the opposite side.

The audience below gasped, unable to suppress their amazement. "Oh my god... oh my god..."

The host on the side of the stage was just as bewildered. 'What just happened? How did she suddenly move from one side to the other so quickly... Was that magic?'

Andrew, dumbstruck, pointed toward the stage, turning to Charles next to him. "Holy crap, is your sister-in-law some kind of goddess? Was that magic just now?"

Charles calmly nodded, his voice steady. "No, that's Yve's signature technique-no one else can master it." The combination of her speed and internal energy allowed her to move in a way that almost defied reality. Back in training camp, she had taught it, but no one could learn it.

Kaiden had never seen this move before. By that time, he had already been expelled, so his expression grew more serious than ever. He had experienced the coach's methods before, but the Ybaulla only practiced Tradecraft, which had no connection to ancient warrior techniques. No matter how much he had trained back then, he could never blend the two. Kaiden lowered his head, staring at the mark on his chest-he had been hit. Sure enough, the next second, the screen showed a score of 1-0.

Before Kaiden could think much, Yvette's second strike came, aimed straight for Kaiden's left leg. Kaiden hurriedly stepped back, but before he could retreat fully, Yvette was already in front of him again. The flash of the sword dazzled him; in the blink of an eye, they brushed past each other. Yvette's gaze, devoid of eyes, simply swept past his vision. He panicked, nearly losing grip on his sword, almost dropping it to the ground.

The crowd gasped, with some people even standing up from their seats.

“Look, there’s a tear in Kaiden’s fencing outfit.”

“I... I saw it too. Didn’t they say this fencing suit was made with space nanotechnology? It shouldn’t be cut; what’s going on?”

“This... This fencing suit has never been torn. I’ve watched so many matches over the years and have never seen anything like this. That sword energy must have contained the power of mountains and rivers; otherwise, how could it have such force with just one strike?”

“You’re exaggerating! It sounds so fantastical to me.”

“Um... it’s really not exaggerated at all. Fencing suits undergo millions of tests. I heard this particular one Kaiden is wearing was custom-made by experts from Ybaulla at the request of their prime minister. It’s probably even tougher.”

Kaiden couldn’t hear a word of the discussions below. His mind was buzzing, and he looked down at his chest. Not only was it torn, but he also knew that Yvette’s second strike had injured his flesh and bones; he could already smell the blood. The score on the screen had turned to two to zero, the zero standing out starkly.

With only three minutes left in the match, everyone knew the outcome. They finally understood why this big shot had held back at the beginning. At this rate, if he made a move, what chance would Kaiden have? This match wouldn’t even be worth watching anymore; it would just be a personal showcase.

Clusia’s netizens had already begun celebrating online, with some wildly typing out apologies for their earlier misunderstandings.

Kaiden gritted his teeth and suddenly charged at Yvette like a madman. “There’s no time left. If I can’t win, I can’t lose this badly.’ I have to at least score one point, so Kaiden made a desperate move, aiming to injure Yvette by three points while injuring himself by ten, but that would allow him to get one point.

Below, Kyle looked at the score, his expression darkening further ‘Why did we, Ybaulla, lose both matches to a Clusian woman? And in chess and fencing, which are our strong suits... especially since today’s match has even ended with a score of zero

This time, Kyle lost so much. Ybaulla not only lost face but also didn’t gain any advantages in the trade contract.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 349

On stage, Yvette watched as Kaiden charged at her like a mad dog. She casually sidestepped, dodging him, then quickly turned her sword, delivering a clean counter-strike with no hesitation.

The blade flashed, and Kaiden couldn't dodge in time. Yvette's sword pierced his shoulder, and Kaiden awkwardly bowed. His protective visor even fell to the floor, his hair becoming disheveled, and blood began to seep from his chest.

Kaiden clutched his chest, a mouthful of blood surging up. He forcefully swallowed it back down, then glared at Yvette, saying, "You're still you, never changed."

Yvette looked down at Kaiden, who was on the ground, clearly unwilling to accept defeat, turned, and left without saying a word, utterly ignoring him.

Kaiden let his hands drop, lacking the strength to even clench a fist. His face turned ashen. He already knew the outcome of this match; it was just that he couldn't accept losing everything. Losing this match meant losing Kyle as his supporter; all the opportunities he had painstakingly fought for had been completely ruined by Yvette.

The crowd fell into a deathly silence, their breathing even slowing down. No one had expected that the last strike would not only tear Kaiden's fencing suit but also seriously injure him; the blood had clearly been there for a while.

In the final second, the match stopped, and the screen prominently displayed the score of three to zero. That number felt like a slap in the face to everyone in the visiting delegation.

Jase turned to glance at Kyle, whose face was dark with anger, and calmly said, "Prime Minister Kyle, I concede."

Kyle could no longer maintain his facade, standing up and leaving the match hall under the siege of numerous reporters. Jase turned to look at the stage, where only Kaiden bowed in despair; Yvette had long vanished.

Meanwhile, Clifford had received a call from Jeremiah that Aurora had been rescued. He was eager to return home and had already arranged for his subordinates. He approached Jase and said, "Dad, Aurora has been rescued. I won't be going back with you."

Jase nodded, tapping his cane and waving him off. "Go on, go on. What good is it to be present in body but not in spirit? Go back and check on your daughter-in-law." He paused and then called Clifford back, his tone growing cold. "What about the kidnappers? Did Jeremiah say?"

Clifford stopped, his voice grave. "Jeremiah said they have already been taken away. My daughter-in-law said she wants to deal with them herself."

Jase fell silent for a few seconds. “Don’t intervene. Let her handle it as she sees fit. She knows what she’s doing.”

Clifford nodded in agreement. ‘We probably have a good understanding of what kind of person Yvette is. Those people who fall into her hands... will definitely have a hard time. Anyone who dares to touch my wife deserves to die a thousand times over.’

After Yvette left the Eastern Hotel, Samantha was waiting by the sports car with her phone in hand, having been watching the live stream. ‘Another day of being dazzled by Yve’s charm, That final strike was truly remarkable. As soon as she saw Yvette, she rushed over, asking, “Yve, are we going back to Skyland now?”

Yvette nodded, her red lips slightly parting. “No, we’re going to the First Military District first.”

Samantha paused for a moment, confirming. “Yve, are you saying we’re going to the First Military District?”

Yvette replied, “Mm–hmm.”

At the entrance of the First Military District, Yvette was in the driver’s seat, her expression impassive.

Samantha sat in the passenger seat, patting her chest, her palms clammy with sweat, nervously looking at Yvette. ‘I finally experienced what it’s like to be swept away at breakneck speed. I thought I was fast, but Yve is the real deal.

The road from the Eastern Hotel to the First Military District was mostly winding mountain roads with curves. Samantha thought this big shot would ease up a little, but to her surprise, Yvette sped through the curves. ‘One wrong move could mean disaster. Although Samantha didn’t want to admit it, she truly felt her legs were a bit wobbly. In just half an hour, she felt like she had teetered on the brink of death countless times. Each curve felt like a near escape, but Yvette remained completely unfazed, her calm expression seeming inhuman.

Samantha took a deep breath, trying to calm her racing heart. “Yve, don’t tell me you’re a professional race car driver?” She voiced her suspicions.

Yvette turned off the engine and tilted her head upon hearing this, smirking slightly, her black–and–white eyes fixed on Samantha, silent for a few seconds. “I used to play around with it for a few years, but not anymore. It’s not interesting.”

Samantha didn’t expect to hit the nail on the head. ‘I knew it! If Yve’s skills weren’t from professional racing, I wouldn’t believe it. But what does ‘not interesting’ even mean? That sounds a bit strange.’

At that moment, the massive gate of the First Military District opened, revealing Jeremiah in military uniform standing in the middle, flanked by soldiers standing at attention, each looking serious and unwavering.

In fact, Yvette's car had already been located by satellite navigation when it was at the mountain's base, so the command center at the First Military District had already seen the vehicle's entire route, including its thrilling speed through the curves.

Yvette got out of the car, and Jeremiah immediately walked out to her, ignoring Samantha, who followed her out.

basically just

Samantha shrugged, indicating she was used to it—and very much so. As long as Yve was around, they were decoration in Jeremiah's eyes.

Samantha greeted. "Jeremiah."

Jeremiah nodded at her. "Mm." Then he took Yvette's hand and said in a serious tone, "The people who kidnapped Mom have been brought to the interrogation room. My men questioned them beforehand, but they're tough. They're likely suicide warriors and Tradecrafters trained by Steel Serpents. These types of people will try everything to kill themselves once a mission fails, so getting information from them will be difficult."

Jeremiah had dealt with these Tradecrafters suicide warriors before. Years ago, while capturing an international fugitive in Ybaulla, those people would rather bite off their tongues and die than reveal the hiding place of their leader. In the end, he had to follow clues to find the fugitive's location himself, eventually bringing them to justice."

This time, Ybaulla and Kaiden seem determined to succeed. Otherwise, they wouldn't have deployed Tradecrafters. After all, training a Tradecrafters starts from a young age, requiring immense financial and human resources to produce a high-level one. This time, Jeremiah caught five high-level Tradecrafters in one go—an impressive feat.

Samantha, following behind them, understood what was going on. 'So Aurora was kidnapped by Ybaullans, and they even sent Tradecrafters to do it. That's just so despicable.'"

Upon hearing this, Yvette only nodded coldly. "They'll talk."

Jeremiah paused. 'How is she so sure? I feel like she's about to unlock some new skills again. But getting Tradecrafters and suicide warriors to talk? That's definitely no easy task.'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 350

On the way from the military district to the interrogation room, all the soldiers stopped to salute Jeremiah, but none seemed surprised that Yvette and Samantha were suddenly here in the First Military District.

This made Samantha a bit curious. 'Isn't it strange? Jeremiah is known as a ruthless general, and he's never had a woman around him. Yet here we are, Yve and I, and no one seems the least bit curious? Don't these soldiers gossip about Jeremiah at all?'

As they approached the interrogation room, Jeremiah stopped and told Samantha, "Mr. Mitchell is looking for you. Just wait for him in his office." Then he casually called over a passing soldier and ordered, "Take her to Mr. Mitchell's office."

The young soldier was thrilled; just getting to talk to Jeremiah made him happy for three days. He responded loudly, "Yes, Major General!"

Samantha nodded. "Okay, Jeremiah, I understand." Even if Jeremiah hadn't said anything, she wasn't interested in interrogating prisoners. 'I just have a feeling that Yve's methods will be terrifying. I'm worried that if I got involved, I'd end up having nightmares. "

After Samantha followed the soldier, Jeremiah turned to Yvette, smiled, and said softly, "Everyone unrelated to the interrogation has been removed. The remaining ones are my trusted men, so feel free to do as you like. They won't leave the interrogation room alive."

Yvette lazily lifted her eyelids and replied, "Got it."

Jeremiah noticed that her mood was off, so he gently squeezed her hand, saying, "Mom is fine. They didn't dare touch her; they just locked her up." At that moment, a flash of anger crossed Jeremiah's eyes. 'If anything happens to my mom today, I make these people pay a thousand times over.

Yvette looked up, her delicate features softened a bit as the coldness in her eyes faded.

Jeremiah had sensed her bad mood from the moment they met. How could he not know why?

Inside the interrogation room, five men dressed in black were being held, their faces showing a mix of anger and numbness. They seemed to know their fate, so they didn't resist, just gritted their teeth in silence. Their hidden poisons had already been confiscated, leaving them desperate for survival but unwilling to betray their master.

When Jeremiah and Yvette entered, the expressions of the five men shifted slightly, showing a hint of fear. They recognized that this was the man who had come into the

resort and immediately restrained them without a word, able to find them no matter how they hid.

Capturing one of them might not be difficult, but catching all five at once was the work of a master beyond comprehension. During the interrogation, this man radiated such a powerful aura, sitting silently without asking a single question—it didn't feel like an interrogation at all. Men like this were the ones these killers feared the most, intimidating without a word, their intentions inscrutable, and who knows what else they might have in store for them?

When the five men saw Yvette walking in beside Jeremiah, they exchanged puzzled glances. 'Why would they send a woman to interrogate us? Is this some kind of beauty trap?'

Yvette walked around the table, casually pulled out a chair, sat down, crossed her legs, and even took her time to pull out a piece of vanilla toffee from her pocket and slowly started eating it.

The five men were a bit taken aback by her actions. 'Didn't they say Clusia soldiers were all very disciplined? Why isn't this female soldier following the usual rules?'

The Clusia soldiers in the interrogation room were also somewhat taken aback, their lips twitching. "This major general's girlfriend really has a personality. If someone didn't know better, they might think she was just playing a game with how relaxed she is.

No woman had ever entered the interrogation room before; Yvette was the first.

Jeremiah placed the prepared orange juice on the table, closest to Yvette, so she could easily reach for it when she got thirsty. Then he sat beside her, skillfully taking oranges from the office, peeling them, and placing them in a fruit bowl, arranging them neatly with calculated spacing.

The five Ybaullan men exchanged glances and began speaking in Silarian to ensure the others couldn't understand them. This was a specific dialect for their communication since not many people studied the language.

Meanwhile, Samantha followed the young soldier, feeling she was riding on Yve's coattails. The Betrico's First Military District was the nation's most important military base, and every soldier who could get in had been carefully selected. Many soldiers dreamed of joining the First Military District, where coming from a good family was just the first step, and individuals had to pass numerous assessments. After all, the First Military District controlled the nation's most crucial military power, aimed at cultivating high-level military talent, and could not afford any mistakes.

When she was younger, she had been very curious to see inside but her father had firmly refused and warned her sternly that this wasn't a place she could visit casually. 'If

it weren't for Yve, I probably wouldn't have had the chance to see the First Military District in my lifetime. Since I'm here, I might as well take a good look around.'

Samantha looked at the soldier leading the way and couldn't help but ask her burning question, "Um, excuse me, is it okay if I ask you a little question?"

The young soldier blushed when the beautiful woman smiled at him. It was the first time in his years in the army that he had met such a pretty girl who spoke so gently, making him extremely shy. He stuttered, "Uh... um, please go ahead, but I refuse to answer anything related to the military district." With this, his attitude suddenly became firm. 'No matter who it is, I won't say a word about anything concerning national security.

Samantha waved her hand to clarify. "No, you misunderstood. I was just asking if you guys are not at all curious about Jeremiah's gossip?"

The soldier was taken aback and rubbed the back of his head. "You mean Jeremiah's gossip?"

Samantha replied, "Yeah, look at us—two beautiful girls showing up beside Jeremiah. Isn't anyone curious?" Although this question was a bit silly, Samantha was genuinely curious.

The soldier looked at Samantha strangely before answering, "Um, you mean the girl standing beside the major general just now? The reason we're not curious is that we've already seen her photos."

Now it was Samantha's turn to be dumbfounded, and she eagerly asked, "No way! How could Yve come to the First Military District?" Her voice rose in pitch.