

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 351

The young soldier paused, scratching his head sheepishly. He explained. "The major general's girlfriend? Almost all of us in the First Military District have seen her photo. It's framed on Jeremiah's office desk."

Samantha clicked her tongue. 'I really didn't

desk. Isn't that just blatant show-off?'

expect that such a reserved guy like Jeremiah would have a photo of her on his

Inside the interrogation room, the lighting was dim, with only a small skylight barely letting any light through. It was silent and still.

Yvette extended her slender fingers, which were pale and delicate, lightly tapping on the table. She listened as the five kidnappers across from her communicated in Silarian and their organization's secret codes, discussing how they had to find a way to commit suicide, vowing not to reveal their master. These kidnappers even planned to ambush Jeremiah, willing to do whatever it took to kill him to remain loyal to Ybaulla.

The five Tradecrafters spoke openly, showing no concern for the people in the interrogation room, convinced that Clusia soldiers wouldn't understand the obscure language of Silaria.

A few soldiers had intended to interrupt their conversation but held back when they caught Jeremiah's eye. Although they didn't understand why the major general allowed the kidnappers to communicate, they sensed it had a purpose.

After Yvette finished the last piece of orange on the table, she wiped her hands and glanced at the bound men across from her, interrupting them. She spoke fluently in Silarian, causing the five Tradecrafters to freeze in place, fear overtaking their faces. "Who do you want to move against?"

Even the soldiers standing nearby were stunned. This major general's girlfriend can even speak Silarian?'

Jeremiah's eyes darkened, and his expression turned knowing. The girl can even handle the obscure indigenous language from South East Aploth, so how could Silarian be a challenge for her?'

One of the older Tradecrafters, sporting a thin mustache and a gloomy face, glared at Yvette and responded, "We are forever loyal to our master. No matter how you torture us, we won't betray him. Just give up that thought!"

These five Tradecrafters had been secretly trained by Ybaulla to carry out various missions. Since Clusia was Ybaulla's most feared enemy, the first thing these assassins learned was Clusian. By the time they reached the advanced level, they were so fluent in Clusian that they could blend in with the Clusian population without being noticed.

Yvette curled her lips slightly, and in the dim interrogation room, the subtle smirk on her face looked quite wicked. She stood up casually, her face expressionless and her eyes devoid of emotion, as she walked over to the man who had spoken earlier. Without hesitation, she kicked him in the chest.

The man didn't take her move seriously at all, smirking as if to mock her. Just as he was about to say something insulting, Yvette's seemingly effortless kick sent him flying into the corner landing heavily on the ground with his face hitting the floor. When he tried to get up, his face was a mess. The Tradecrafter tried to speak, but as soon as he opened his mouth, he spat out a mouthful of blood and collapsed back into the corner. That one kick had injured his lungs.

The other four kidnapers stared in disbelief. "This woman actually made our boss cough up blood with just one kick!?"

But that wasn't the end of it. Several of Jeremiah's soldiers, sharp-eyed as always, dragged the blood-spitting kidnapper from the corner back in front of Yvette and then stepped aside, waiting for further instructions.

Yvette casually pulled out a pair of black gloves from her pocket and put them on. She then effortlessly lifted the man, who weighed between 165 to 176 pounds, as if he were a small chick, with no struggle at all.

Watching Yvette's actions with a face full of affection. 'Let the girl have her fun.

Jeremiah sat in the chair,

Yvette carried the man step by step toward the four other bound men and threw him onto the floor like a piece of trash. The man, already severely injured from Yvette's kick, lay there like a rag, panting heavily. Yvette looked down at him, crouched halfway down, and with a loud "crack," she dislocated his jaw. The man let out one final pained wail before falling silent, now only able to glare at Yvette with hatred, making faint grunting sounds.

The four kidnapers watched Yvette's ruthless actions, their pupils shrinking in fear. They had dealt with Clusian soldiers as vicious as her. before, but they had never encountered a woma

Yvette looked expressionlessly at the chatterin man, her eyes cold, as she pulled out a silver pistol she always carried, silenced it, and loaded it.

A few assassins saw her draw her gun and thought she was about to put them out of their misery, raising their heads, ready to meet death, their expressions fierce.

Yvette chuckled lightly at their actions, aimed the gun at the wrist of the man lying on the ground, and with quick precision, fired a shot that pierced straight through his wrist, blood gushing out in a column and splattering the four men's faces. The man who was shot wanted to scream, but since Yvette had just dislocated his jaw, he couldn't make a sound, only contorting his face in agony, his eyes bloodshot, struggling to move.

In the next moment, Yvette turned the silver pistol towards the man's knee and, without hesitation, fired again, creating a bloody hole in his knee. The man was now half-conscious, and the pain in his body drained him of the strength to even glare at Yvette.

The blood flowing from the man quickly stained the surrounding area red, the vivid blood filling everyone's vision. The other four weren't as defiant as before; this kind of torment before death was the most terrifying, and the interrogation room was suddenly filled with the smell of blood.

Yvette stood in the pool of blood, her face completely expressionless, as if everything was unrelated to her. She looked at the other four while aiming the gun at the nearly dead leader of the kidnapers on the floor, her cold gaze deep as night, finally speaking the second sentence since entering the interrogation room.

She asked softly, "Skinning alive, quartering, drawing and quartering, capital punishment, scaphism, strangulation- which one do you prefer?" It was a casual question, as simple as asking if you had eaten. As soon as she finished speaking, she didn't even look at the lying kidnapper and casually fired again, this time hitting the lower half of the kidnapper's body.

With a thud, everyone stared in shock at the little thing that fell in the middle of his pants, completely dumbfounded, their expressions a mixture of horror and disbelief.

The four kidnapers reflexively turned to the expressionless Yvette.

Jeremiah rubbed his temples. "The places this girl targets are truly indescribable."

The soldiers standing nearby suddenly felt a chill run down their spines and collectively swallowed hard. "Where did this Major General Mrs. Chavez find such a ruthless person? How could she think to shoot there?"

But they didn't know this wasn't the first time, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

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The four kidnapers exchanged glances, wanting to bite their tongues to commit suicide, just then, Jeremiah walked over in his military boots, his eyes as cold and deep

as a frozen abyss, revealing an aura of decisiveness and brutality. Before they could react, he reached out and, without any hesitation, dislocated a few of their jaws. 'Want to bite your tongue to die? Dream on!'

With their jaws dislocated, they couldn't close their mouths, staring at Yvette and Jeremiah with resentment on their faces.

Yvette slightly narrowed her eyes, her voice flat and low. In the dimly lit interrogation room, her voice echoed. "By the way, I forgot to introduce these methods of punishment. Let me briefly explain them so you can choose. I suggest you go for skinning alive. It's simple- bury you in the ground with only your head sticking out, then cut a cross on top of your head, peel back your scalp, and pour some mercury inside."

The kidnapers shook their heads desperately, retreating, faces filled with fear that seemed to be breaking through the sky.

Jeremiah remained silent nearby, his soldiers' eyes wide with shock.

Yvette turned and sat back in her chair, her legs crossed on the table, looking lazy. She picked up an orange from the table, lowered her gaze, and slowly began peeling it, then spoke slowly. "Not satisfied? Well, capital punishment or scaphism is also an option. Starting from your feet, I'll cut off a thousand pieces of flesh from your body, chop your hands, dig out your eyes, and slice your ears. Don't worry, my knife skills are excellent; you'll feel excruciating pain but absolutely won't faint. You'll remain fully conscious every minute and every second. How about that? Do you like it?" Yvette's tone was very polite compared to the earlier moment when she shot without a word, her current attitude was almost overly friendly, provided you ignored what she was saying.

With each word Yvette spoke, the faces of the four bound criminals grew paler. They had never heard of such tortures, but they knew this woman wasn't lying. 'Doesn't her treatment of the Boss say everything about her?' The mental defenses of the assassins were crumbling one by one, and they no longer bore the fearless expressions they had before.

Jeremiah's subordinates watched Yvette sitting in the chair, casually peeling an orange while speaking nonchalantly, and now they understood why Mrs. Chavez could take down a Major General. 'What kind of woman can eat an orange so leisurely in this environment? The smell of blood in this room is nauseating even for these big men. The future Major General Mrs. Chavez's combat abilities and interrogation methods are truly remarkable; she's ruthless. Didn't you see how the previously arrogant Ybaulla assassins have turned into what they are now?'

They suddenly began to worry about this major general's standing in her family; it was indeed concerning.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, the corners of her mouth curling slightly, her eyes landing on one of the four, the Bald Man, and then she gave Jeremiah a look.

Jeremiah understood immediately and resigned himself to the girl's arrangements, stepping forward to realign the Bald Man's jaw.

Once the Bald Man's jaw was back in place, he didn't feel the slightest bit of joy, staring at Yvette with an extremely complicated expression, words on the tip of his tongue but he didn't dare to speak. "This woman is simply terrifying.

Yvette said lightly, "Kaiden or Kyle?"

The Bald Man's eyes narrowed; he was a Tradecraft assassin trained by the Steel Serpents for Prime Minister Kyle. However, this task was indeed personally ordered by the gang leader, all because they wanted Mr. Harper to win the competition to smoothly secure the next heir.

The Bald Man gritted his teeth, troubled. 'Anyway, I can't walk out alive now, but I really don't want to suffer the devilish tortures

this woman mentioned before I die; being in her hands must be more painful than death. The Bald Man asked, "If I tell you, can you give me a quick end?" The other three glared at him fiercely upon hearing this. The Bald Man ignored

Vette, waiting for her response. them and only looked at

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, replying unhurriedly, "Sure, after all, the guest is important. Since you don't like my

hospitality, I can't force it

The Bald Man felt a surge of blood rush to his head. 'Is there a more shameless woman than this? Who would like this hospitality of skinning alive and dismemberment?'

The soldiers standing nearby forced themselves to suppress their laughter. 'Major General Mrs. Chavez's words are bound to infuriate Ybaullan Tradecrafters!'

The Bald Man reluctantly replied, "It's Mr. Harper. We were ordered by the leader Larry; only by killing the man in front of us will Mr. Harper win the competition and become the leader's perfect heir."

Yvette heard the answer she wanted, stood up, and said to Jeremiah, "I have something to do, don't wait for me for dinner tonight."

Jeremiah waved his hand to his subordinates, and the soldiers immediately stepped forward to take the men away.

As the Bald Man left, he shouted loudly, “You said you would give me a quick end!” but no one paid him any attention. After they left, Jeremiah took Yvette to his office, poured her a cup of hot coffee, and handed it to her. “Kaiden, I’ll go kill him.”

Yvette scanned the office, then her gaze fell on a corner of the desk before casually looking away, curling her lips as she accepted the hot coffee. Hearing Jeremiah’s words, she shook her head. “Jeremiah, I need to go see this person myself. Killing him was something I should have done seven years ago.”

Jeremiah’s eyes deepened, his blue eyes momentarily flickering as he looked at Yvette. The two locked eyes, and neither spoke until Jeremiah finally relented. “Fine, I’ll leave him to you.

Far away at the hotel, Kaiden had no idea that his fate was being sealed in the office of the First Military District; he was still trying to regain Kyle’s support, but Kyle wouldn’t even give him a chance to meet.

In the middle of the night, Kaiden returned to his room. Just as he was about to turn on the lights, his hand hadn’t even touched the switch when all the lights in the room came on. When Kaiden saw the two people sitting on the sofa, it was as if he’d been struck by lightning. He staggered back two steps, his expression instantly turning to horror. ‘How are they here?’

Yvette sat on the sofa, dressed in black, her head lowered, fiddling with her phone.

Charles stood up from the sofa, walked behind Yvette, and stood there, looking at Kaiden with a glint in his eyes. “This guy really brought it upon himself, daring to mess with the future mother-in-law of the commander.’ When the commander texted him earlier today to come to the hotel where Kaiden was staying, he knew the man’s time was up.

Kaiden cautiously observed Yvette’s expression and nervously asked, “Commander, what brings you here? Is there something you need from me?” His tone could not have been more humble—he was practically groveling.

Charles wasn’t surprised by this; this guy had fooled who knows how many people with that face back in the training camp. Deep down, he was rotten to the core.

Yvette raised her eyes, put away her phone, and glanced Kaiden up and down. Her voice was as cold as ice. “Will you kill yourself, or should I do it? You get to choose.”

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As soon as the words left her mouth, Kaiden didn’t hesitate for more than three seconds before doing something completely unexpected—he bowed directly in front of Yvette, who was sitting on the sofa. His head was lowered as far as it would go, and his fists

were clenched tightly. He thought Yvette was angry with him because of his attitude during the competition today, and that's why she came to him at night. If the commander truly wanted to kill him, he knew he had no chance of fighting back, so all he could do was beg, hoping she'd spare him.

"Commander, I know I shouldn't have gone against you in today's competition. I knew full well that I couldn't win, and yet I was still so arrogant and disrespectful. I really had no choice. I didn't know Clusia would switch you in. If I had known, I would have withdrawn from the match immediately. Please, Commander, forgive me this time. I swear I won't dare do it again." After speaking, Kaiden quickly raised his head, looking at Yvette with genuine fear, his face pale.

Charles frowned, watching Kaiden beg so pathetically, letting out a cold snort. "With acting skills like Kaiden's, it's a waste not to have gone into show business. If he had, he could easily play a colonel's role—he'd be a natural. After all, he's just playing himself."

Yvette, sitting on the sofa, remained unmoved by Kaiden's pitiful begging. Her eyes were cold and sharp, with a faintly playful smile on her lips. "Do you really not know what you've done to win the competition? Do I need to remind you?"

Hearing this, Kaiden trembled, feeling as if he had fallen into an ice pit, the bone-chilling cold spreading through his limbs. His face showed his panic, and sweat slowly started to form on his forehead, though he tried his best to stay composed in front of the two. In truth, he still didn't understand why the commander, who usually avoided meddling and taking the spotlight, had entered the competition twice in a row for Clusia. Especially in this match—it was strange. He had suspected something earlier, but hearing Yvette's question now, Kaiden was even more certain he'd missed something critical.

Kaiden squeezed his eyes shut tightly, and when he reopened them, they were bloodshot, as if resigned to his fate. His hands fell weakly onto his legs. After a moment, he stood up from the ground, pushing away the fear in his eyes, which were now filled with anger and resentment.

Kaiden, in a frenzy, shouted at Yvette and Charles, "Why? What did I do wrong? I just wanted to win this match. If I won, I could rightfully become the next heir of the Steel Serpents. I'm an illegitimate child—without schemes, how else would I have gotten this far? I'm not Charles! He has your favor, Commander. Even without Braydon, he could still turn to you. All I have is myself. Why did you have to show up, Commander? Why did you have to ruin my chances of success again? Back at the training camp, I made one tiny mistake, and you wanted to kill me. Later, Damian had to use a favor to save me, but you still cut off one of my fingers. Now, over a match you shouldn't have even been in, you want to kill me again. Why? Why?"

Kaiden's desperate screams echoed throughout the room, his roars filling the space.

Charles was almost amused to the point of anger by Kaiden's ridiculous accusations. "This person has truly reached a new low of shamelessness, distorting the truth so boldly here; it's really laughable.'

Charles stepped forward, his expression serious. He rebuked the roaring Kaiden without hesitation, "Kaiden, was it just a small mistake you made back in training camp? You were absolutely insane! You were willing to sacrifice the lives of ten children just to buy time for yourself in the competition. When the instructor discovered it, they had to save those kids. Didn't you know the rule in the underworld is to not kill innocent children? You conspired with Carson to try and eliminate me behind my back for a chance to be his apprentice. And now you're here claiming I ruined you? And talking about relying on yourself— what utter shamelessness!"

Upon hearing Charles's words, Kaiden's features twisted in discomfort; Charles's remarks left him feeling incredibly humiliated.

'I didn't do anything wrong; the fault lies with others. I've suffered torment and humiliation since childhood. Is it wrong to strive to rise up?' Kaiden looked at Yvette, who remained expressionless on the sofa, feeling increasingly anxious. 'I've said so much just to get the instructor to let me off the hook. Why is she so indifferent?'

Kaiden smirked slightly, a crazed look on his face. Suddenly, he threw his head back and laughed loudly. "Instructor, you're always like this. No matter what I say or do, you never bother to give me a second glance. All I wanted was to make something of myself. Even if I was wrong back then, didn't I pay for it? You cut off one of my fingers and kicked me out of the training camp. Isn't that enough? Why do you have to show up now, at the most important moment of my life, to ruin everything? Even if you're from Clusia, you grew up in Mysonna; what connection do you have to this country? Why help Clusia win?"

The more Kaiden thought about it, the more extreme his feelings became. He even considered that the instructor was doing it on purpose, intending to make him crash down from his peak. Once again, he'd be reduced to someone everyone could trample on. Kaiden glared at her, his eyes gleaming with a venomous light, appearing terrifying.

Charles was left speechless. 'Does this guy have some sort of persecution complex? If he hadn't stupidly kidnapped Jeremiah's mother and angered the instructor, she wouldn't even have bothered to deal with him! What a self-indulgent fool! This guy is beyond saving

Charles scoffed. "Kaiden, if you want to win the competition, do it fair and square. Kidnapping Jeremiah's mother is nothing to brag about! And why are you even questioning it? Where do you get the courage to make such accusations? After all these years, you've truly mastered the art of playing the victim."

Yvette stood up from the sofa, her hands in her pockets. She looked at the deluded Kaiden and said slowly, “You kidnapped Aurora.” Her voice was flat and calm, with no hint of emotion.

Kaiden knew he couldn't deny it any longer and reluctantly nodded. “Yes, I kidnapped her, but instructor, it doesn't make sense for you to kill an innocent person because of her.”

Yvette slowly walked up to Kaiden and gave him a faint glance. Her gaze, casual yet sharp, felt like a blade glimmering in the cold light, as if it would dismember Kaiden piece by piece. Kaiden's breath became increasingly difficult.

The close proximity only amplified Kaiden's inner fear. He lowered his head to avoid Yvette's gaze, his body trembling uncontrollably.

Yvette lowered her voice, flat and unemotional. “The person you kidnapped is my boyfriend's mother.”

Kaiden's eyes widened in horror as he looked up. “No way! Absolutely impossible!” But when he saw Yvette's eyes and Charles's expression, he realized she wasn't joking. Suddenly, he remembered Braydon's words: the instructor had been deceived by a man, a Betrico. ‘So that man is... he's the Clusia major general Jeremiah, who's competing against me?’

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Now Kaiden finally understood everything, but it was too late. He never imagined that all his cunning plans were aimed at the instructor's boyfriend and that the person he had kidnapped was the instructor's future mother-in-law. ‘No wonder the instructor played two matches for Clusia; everything makes sense now. Braydon truly ruined me. If he had told me the instructor's boyfriend was Jeremiah, even with a hundred guts, I would never have dared to kidnap Aurora. I wouldn't have brought this disaster upon myself... From start to finish, I've been a colossal joke; I've walked myself into a dead end!’

Kaiden's eyes darted around; he was unwilling to die like this. He pretended to calm down and quickly pulled out a black pistol from his pocket, pointing the dark muzzle directly at Yvette's chest. He had said so much just to lower Yvette's guard, giving him the chance to draw the hidden gun.

He thought his plan was foolproof, but Yvette had already noticed his gaze lingering on her chest; his intentions were clear as day.

A mad glint flickered in Kaiden's eyes, his hidden murderous intent and resentment bursting forth. While threatening Yvette, he cried in despair, “Instructor, I know you're going to kill me, and you can do it! But I don't want to die! I really don't want to die. Please, let me go, will you? If you spare me, I'll do anything you want! I beg you! I don't

want to point a gun at you, instructor. Just nod and say you'll let me go, and I'll put it away right now." Kaiden fixed his gaze on Yvette, missing not a single change in her expression.

Yvette sat lazily on the chair Charles brought over, her long legs slightly bent, her face still devoid of expression. She looked at Kaiden, who was putting on a show, and merely smirked. 'Why do so many people think they can threaten me into giving them what they want? I guess I was too lenient in the past, giving these people such an illusion.'

Yvette looked at the trembling Kaiden seriously, smiling slightly as she raised an eyebrow. "Tell me, do you think your gun is faster, or do you think I can kill you faster?"

Charles, standing behind them, showed no signs of nervousness; there was a hint of mockery in his eyes. He thought to himself. 'What a fool Kaiden is! He's already witnessed the instructor's speed in competitions, yet he still dares to threaten her!

Back in the training camp, Charles had witnessed this scene. He would never forget how the instructor dodged bullet after bullet with her own speed and unique steps amidst a hail of gunfire. Now, Kaiden was just a minor player in comparison.

Kaiden felt unwilling to admit defeat. 'Clearly, the initiative is in my hands; why can the instructor be so confident? I refuse to believe that anyone can outrun a bullet. With the gun in hand, Kaiden felt a surge of confidence. He smirked arrogantly, shedding the meek demeanor he had before, filled with hidden murderous intent and overwhelming hatred. The gun in his hand was his greatest source of confidence, and at this point, Kaiden finally revealed his true nature.

"Instructor, if you really don't plan to let me go, then we might as well part ways. If I die, I won't let you off the hook either. The pain of losing a finger has tormented me for years; it's time for you to pay me back. If you're willing to spare me, I'll put the gun away right now."

Yvette stood up, raised an eyebrow, and looked Kaiden over, then said, "Let you go?"

Kaiden's heart leaped with joy, but before he could say anything, Yvette's next words sent him spiraling into despair.

"Dream about it in your next life!"

Kaiden was infuriated by this remark. He immediately cocked the pistol, but within three seconds, Yvette was already standing in front of him, just like in the competitions—blink, and it was done.

Kaiden was once again taken aback by Yvette's speed, his mouth agape as the gun slipped from his hands. Yvette kicked it effortlessly into her own right hand. The two had swapped positions in an instant.

Kaiden wanted to plead for mercy, but he no longer had that opportunity. The saying that villains die from talking too much was always true. In the midst of Kaiden's terror, Yvette gently squeezed the trigger, and with a bang, the bullet struck Kaiden's heart, causing him to fall to the ground.

Kaiden clutched his chest as he collapsed, blood pouring from his mouth, ears, and eyes, his breath growing faint. Desperately, he raised his left hand, pointing toward the light above, as if trying to grab hold of something. The light in his eyes dimmed little by little, his pupils widening as life slipped away.

Yvette walked past him without even glancing down, pushing the door open and leaving.

Charles approached Kaiden, who was now barely hanging on by a thread. He crouched down and whispered in his ear, "Kaiden, your life has been truly pathetic. If you hadn't used those children back then, the instructor had already agreed to take on another apprentice from Chief Braydon. But no, you dug your own grave." With that, Charles stood up and walked away.

Kaiden heard those words, gasped for air one final time, but failed to draw breath. He died with his find peace.

eyes wide open, unable to

Outside the hotel, Jeremiah sat in a Jeep. Since Yvette went up, he had been waiting in the car, his eyes sharp and deadly as he stared ahead. His gaze was like a sword, exuding an undeniable sense of danger and murderous intent, dark and unfathomable. Suddenly, his phone rang. He picked it up and spoke sternly, "Is everything settled?"

A voice from the other end replied, "Master, everything is done. Tomorrow, the Ybaullan people will discover that something happened with the Steel Serpents. They won't have time to bother you."

Hanging up the phone, Jeremiah's eyes deepened, his expression dark as night, and the air around him grew even colder, chilling the entire car. 'My girl kills, and I take care of the aftermath for her. No loose ends for her to worry about.'

It wasn't until he saw the familiar figure in a baseball cap step out of the hotel that a smile crept onto his lips. His once icy eyes softened, and a gentle light shimmered in them as his brows lifted in a pleasant arc. He got out of the car to greet her, holding her hand—it was slightly cold, with a faint trace of blood lingering on her. Jeremiah said, "Let's go home. I made meat balls and your favorite strawberry milkshake."

Yvette obediently nodded. Looking at Jeremiah, she didn't seem the least bit surprised by his presence. "Alright, I'm starving." Jeremiah's eyes sparkled with affection, and a slight smile played on his lips. "Hmm, let's go."

Charles watched the two holding hands up ahead. Shivering in the cold wind, he pulled his coat tighter around himself. 'It's freezing out here... and my heart feels even colder.'

In the car, Yvette received a text from Eagle King. "Boss, we went to the Steel Serpents, but we were a step too late. The Steel Serpents' headquarters has already been wiped out, and Larry's corpse is hanging right in the middle of the main hall. Take a guess who did it?"

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Before Yvette could reply, Eagle King impatiently sent another text. [Boss, someone's completely bloodied the Steel Serpents, setting fire to their headquarters. Ybaulla's in chaos tonight. Tomorrow's newspaper headlines will be all about this, no doubt. Whoever did this was ruthless. After tonight, the Steel Serpents will be crippled, and their internal conflict will last for years.]

The Steel Serpents were a powerful and complicated force. With Larry dead, chaos was inevitable.

Yvette curled up in the passenger seat. After reading the texts, she glanced at Jeremiah, who was driving. His blue eyes reflected a casual indifference. She smiled and asked, "Was it you?"

Jeremiah's hand paused slightly on the steering wheel, but his face remained unchanged as he calmly replied. "Hmm." Then, in a deep voice, he added. "You kill, I set the fire. We're a match made in heaven."

Jeremiah's serious expression as he said this left Charles, sitting in the backseat, utterly bewildered. 'I've never heard of killing and arson being described as 'a match made in heaven.! These two are in a league of their own when it comes to how they 'date'!

Yvette looked at Jeremiah and nodded. "Hmm, next time, you do the killing, and I'll set the fire. Let's be fair about it."

Charles was speechless.

The next day in Skyland, Andrew rushed into the living room, holding a newspaper and panting. "Another major news story! Jeremiah, Yve, Kaiden are dead! They were found dead in their hotel last night, and their bodies were already stiff this morning. They looked terrifying! Also, the Steel Serpents were burned down! It's all over the world news. I wonder which big shot did this; it's unbelievable!" While saying this, Andrew made a face to try to scare the others in the living room.

However, Yvette, Jeremiah, Charles, and Samantha, who had been there since morning, didn't even look at him, each engrossed in their own activities, showing no surprise at what Andrew had said.

Andrew was confused. 'Isn't this news explosive? Isn't it exciting? Why is this group so unresponsive? Jeremiah and Yve are one thing, but Charles and my sister are being too calm. There's definitely something going on!'

Andrew cheekily sat next to Samantha and said, "Sis, Kaiden is dead, and it was really brutal."

Samantha looked especially stunning today in a Chanel-style outfit that highlighted her figure, with fiery red lips and an aura of sophistication. She was wearing 2-inch heels and sitting on the sofa, legs crossed, holding a tablet to check today's stock market trends. She turned her head to look at Andrew, nodding coolly. "Oh, I know. Kaiden is dead. Is there anything else? If not, don't bother me." After saying that, she clearly showed she didn't want to engage with Andrew and continued looking at her tablet.

Andrew thought, 'Actually, if this had happened normally, I would be surprised too, but I already guessed who did it. Yesterday, Yve and Jeremiah definitely interrogated those kidnappers of Mrs. Chavez from Ybaulla to find out who was behind it. Kaiden's death explains everything. This person is truly reckless. You'd think running into those two big shots would mean certain death, so Samantha shouldn't be surprised. Besides, it doesn't matter who burned down the Steel Serpents; we're all family, so who cares who did it...'

Andrew scratched his head, still not giving up, picked up the newspaper, and sat next to Charles again. He cleared his throat. "Charles, major news: Kaiden is dead, and the Steel Serpents were burned!"

Charles, putting down the financial magazine, looked calmer than Samantha and replied slowly, "Yeah, I know. No need to repeat it." 'How could I not know? I was the last person Kaiden saw before he died. And as for who burned down the Steel Serpents, I found that out last night too. It's not worth making a fuss over!

Andrew turned his gaze to Yvette, raising his eyebrows and cautiously starting. "Yvette, the mountain..." But as soon as he spoke, Yvette glanced at him, and Andrew swallowed the rest of his words, sitting down on the sofa feeling wronged. Andrew was now sure that these four were hiding something from him.

At the dining table, Jeremiah came out of the kitchen, placing a bowl of oatmeal with savory toppings in front of Yvette. "Eat it

while it's hot."

Samantha, Charles, and Andrew all looked at the steaming bowl of oatmeal in Yvette's hands, then glanced at their own bread, milk, and cold salad, feeling a pang of sadness. Breakfast had become a major disappointment these days because Yvette's bowl was always personally made by Jeremiah, while Charles and the others bought theirs from outside.

After Yvette finished her oatmeal, Jeremiah naturally sat beside her.

Ignoring the others' gazes, Yvette calmly finished her oatmeal, put down the bowl, stood up, and casually said to Jeremiah, "Let's go back to the Chavez family."

Jeremiah nodded. "Okay."

This was a plan they made yesterday. If it hadn't been so late and Aurora hadn't been too tired to sleep, they would have returned to the Chavez family old manor already.

After finishing her breakfast, Samantha stood up and said to the two, "Jeremiah, Yve, my house in Skyland is renovated now. Starting tomorrow, we'll be neighbors." She even winked at Yvette.

Jeremiah's expression darkened. 'Just because it's renovated doesn't mean they can live there.'

Samantha speculated. 'If all goes well, Skyland will definitely be Jeremiah and Yve's marital home; if they don't take advantage of this opportunity now, when will they?'

Hearing this, Andrew quickly swallowed his bread and said with a smile, "Jeremiah, Yve, I'd like to officially inform you that my villa, Andrew's, is in the third building next door. It's also ready for moving in tomorrow."

The next moment, Charles leisurely finished the last sip of his milk and softly said to Yvette, "Yve, a few days ago I bought a house; there just happened to be an idle villa in Skyland for only 10 million dollars. I thought it was pretty cheap, so I bought one too. I'll be moving out tomorrow; it's not far from here."

Andrew and Samantha exchanged surprised looks. 'This guy is definitely up to something; he secretly bought a house in Skyland. His intentions are too obvious. Thankfully, my sister and I already bought our villa in Skyland.'

Jeremiah and Yvette watched the three of them, feeling a bit of a headache for the first time. 'Why don't they understand that distance can create beauty?'

At the Chavez family old manor, as soon as Yvette entered the door, Aurora, who was standing in the living room, immediately collapsed onto the sofa, looking extremely weak, a stark contrast to how she had just been with Clifford.

Clifford looked at Aurora, who had just been scolding him, suddenly weak on the sofa, feeling confused. He thought it was the aftereffect of being kidnapped yesterday and rushed to hold her, saying, “Honey, honey, what’s wrong? Please don’t scare me! Let’s go to the hospital right away!”

Aurora pinched his thigh, lay in his arms, blinked, and softly said, “I’m fine. My daughter-in-law is here. I’m just putting on an act so she’ll spend more time with me. You better not spoil it; otherwise, I’ll make you pay!”

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Clifford was taken aback and couldn’t help but laugh. ‘What mother-in-law uses this trick to keep her daughter-in-law? Only my wife could think of such a bizarre tactic. He helplessly whispered, “Honey, can we skip the act?”

Aurora rolled her eyes. “We have to act. If we don’t do it well, you’ll have a hard time. Do you want to sleep in the study?”

Hearing Aurora use this tactic again, Clifford could only sigh and grit his teeth. “Fine, I’ll act, okay?” ‘Imagine, the illustrious Mr. Chavez of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs being threatened by his wife to sleep in the study—who would believe that?’

After Yvette and Jeremiah entered, they saw Aurora leaning back on the sofa, supporting her head, clearly uncomfortable.

Clifford looked at her with concern, saying, “Honey, if you’re not feeling well, let’s go to the hospital, okay? Don’t be stubborn.” He wore a serious expression, speaking earnestly.

Aurora rubbed her temples, speaking softly, “Honey, it’s okay. If Yvette could come over and spend some more time with me, I’d probably feel better.”

Jeremiah and Yvette stood there, hearing every word of the conversation. Jeremiah squinted, his emotions hidden. ‘My mom is really something; she even knows how to play this trick to keep a girl around.

Yvette stood there, looking at the “weak” Aurora and Clifford, silent for a few seconds. ‘How should I play along in this situation?’ She needed to think; for the first time, Yvette felt she had encountered a dilemma.

Jeremiah couldn’t take it any longer and coughed lightly. “Dad, Mom, we’re back.”

Yvette greeted them lightly.

Aurora pretended to just notice the two of them, sitting up weakly and speaking in a voice barely above a whisper, “Oh, Jeremiah, Yvette, when did you two come back? Why didn’t you say anything?”

Clifford forced himself to play along with Aurora and asked with a serious face, “Hmm, how long have you been here?” In fact, they both knew exactly how long they had been there.

Jeremiah watched the performance of the two, pursing his lips, showing little emotion. “Oh, not long. Just heard everything we needed to hear.”

Clifford’s face looked somewhat unnatural. He could only feign seriousness to change the subject. “Did you finish handling the military affairs today?”

Aurora wanted to roll her eyes at him. “This acting deserves a bad review.’ She weakly coughed twice to interrupt their conversation.

Yvette stepped forward, her expression shifting awkwardly, full of concern as she looked at Aurora. She even took Aurora’s hand and asked, “Auntie, are you okay?”

Jeremiah was taken aback seeing Yvette like this. ‘What is this girl doing?’

Aurora was also stunned. She had imagined many possible reactions from Yvette but hadn’t expected this one. Clifford was just as surprised. All three of them were frozen for a moment.

Yvette glanced at their expressions. ‘In the family dramas I’ve been watching lately, this is how they act in these situations. Did I not do it right?’ With a serious look, Yvette asked the three of them, “Do you think my acting was bad?”

All three shook their heads in unison, then nodded together.

Yvette lowered her eyes in silence for a while, then lifted her head. Since it wasn’t good, she figured she might as well stop acting. She immediately withdrew her previous expression.

This sudden change left the three of them dumbfounded, though they felt more comfortable with her current demeanor. Jeremiah squeezed her fingertips and curled his lips slightly. ‘It’s really asking a lot of this girl to act along with them for the first time.’

fault for your Aurora felt embarrassed and thought, “This is obviously blown, it’s really awkward.’ She calmly stood up, instantly transforming from Ophelia to Joan of Arc, and addressed Clifford, who was still a bit dazed on the sofa. “It’s all saying I’m too weak and want my daughter-in-law to stay with me longer. I’m perfectly fine. Don’t do that next time, okay? If I asked Yvette to stay longer, would she refuse? What a pointless move.”

Clifford, called out by name, was speechless.

After finishing, Aurora looked at Yvette with a pitiful expression. “Yvette, would you like to stay for dinner and keep me company a bit longer?”

Yvette raised her delicate eyebrows slightly and replied calmly, “Sure.”

Aurora quickly stepped forward warmly and said to Yvette, “Yvette, let’s go see the new dessert Cara is working on.”

Jeremiah and Clifford watched as Yvette and Aurora walked away, exchanging glances.

Clifford looked at Jeremiah and said, “Your wife’s acting is really subpar.”

Jeremiah glanced at Clifford. “Your wife’s acting isn’t that great either.”

At dinner, Jase returned, and the four of them sat at the dining table—Jeremiah and Clifford on one side, Aurora and Yvette on the other. Both men looked rather grim, not making eye contact with each other.

On the other side, the atmosphere was quite pleasant; Aurora kept using fork to serve Yvette, piling food onto her plate.

Jase, sitting at the head of the table, observed the four of them and chuckled. He looked at Yvette and said, “Yve, my granddaughter-in-law, Jeremiah said you booked a flight back to Seacriety in three days?”

Yvette put down her fork, looked up, and replied slowly, “Yeah, I need to go back for exams.” Simon had already called her several times urging her to return for the tests.

Jase paused. ‘I actually forgot my granddaughter-in-law is still in school.

Clifford picked up the conversation, saying, “Exams are important; study hard.”

Aurora added another chicken wing to Yvette’s bowl without a care. “Yvette, it’s just an exam. It’s fine. Back in my day, I relied on dice rolls for my exams. You just need to remember that for the questions you don’t know, far C will do; it works like a charm.”

Jase and Clifford both looked at Aurora and cleared their throats... “Teaching kids the wrong things.’

Aurora forgot that her servant was there and smiled awkwardly.

Only Jeremiah calmly peeled shrimp cocktail for Yvette, not looking up at all.

Jase considered for a moment and then said to Yvette, “Yev, do you have time tomorrow? I have a few old friends who have been wanting to meet you. They’ve watched Jeremiah grow up and have been saying they want to see him with a girlfriend.”

Jeremiah looked up and asked, “Walter and the others?”

Jase nodded. “Yeah, who else could it be besides this group of old geezers?”

Yvette replied, “Sure, that’s fine.”

Jase was happy but suddenly paused, as if he thought of something else. After hesitating for a few seconds, he told Yvette, “Now, Yev, one of those old geezers tomorrow is named James. He’s been acting kind of strange lately, probably because he’s gone a bit loopy with his experiments. He recently recognized a new granddaughter and keeps bragging about how great she is. He insists on bringing her to visit you the same day. Can you, for grandpa’s sake, not pick a fight with that old guy?”

Jeremiah paused in peeling shrimp, then looked at Jase, who looked worried, and replied meaningfully, “James wants to bring his newly recognized granddaughter along for the visit?”

Jase wasn’t sure what was going on with that old guy and said, “James has been in a weird mental state lately. He keeps saying Mary has a crush on me. Can you blame me for being handsome? I was better-looking than him when we were young, and he still can’t accept it. I don’t know where he found a granddaughter who insists on visiting the same day as my granddaughter- in-law, and there’s nothing I can do about it.”

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Jase continued. “Tomorrow, after we meet the granddaughter James recognized, check her background. If she’s manipulative or intentionally getting close to that old guy with bad intentions, you need to be cautious. I’m worried his unstable mental state might be exploited by someone with ulterior motives. If the secret of the physical research in James’s hands is stolen by another country, the loss would be unimaginable. I just can’t figure out what kind of girl could catch that cranky old guy’s fancy; it’s really strange.”

Jase’s words carried discontent and suspicion about the granddaughter James recognized.

Jeremiah placed the peeled shrimp into Yvette’s bowl, and before Jase could say anything more, he interrupted him. “Grandpa, let’s be careful with our words and actions.”

Jase was taken aback. ‘What does this brat mean by that? What did I say that was wrong?’

Clifford and Aurora also looked at Jeremiah, a bit puzzled.

The only one at the table who was calm was Yvette, who continued eating the shrimp Jeremiah had peeled for her, casually swinging her little feet under the table, looking very relaxed.

Clifford suspiciously asked Jeremiah, "Do you know James's new granddaughter?"

Before Jeremiah could answer, Aurora spoke first, winking at everyone while saying, "How could it be? Jeremiah wouldn't know James's granddaughter. Other than Yvette, he definitely wouldn't know any other strange woman." Aurora confidently guaranteed this while discreetly kicking Clifford under the table. 'This man has no sense at all; why would he ask that with my daughter-in-law here? Isn't that digging a pit for my son to jump into?'

Clifford caught on, awkwardly coughing and glancing at Yvette, feeling a bit guilty. 'But my daughter-in-law is really a true daughter-in-law; that kick almost sent me away!

Jase, worried that his comment might upset the young couple, quickly chimed in. "Well, Jeremiah surely doesn't know that mysterious woman."

Jase, Aurora, and Clifford all waited for Yvette's reaction, and the dining table suddenly fell silent.

Yvette leisurely finished the last bite of shrimp, looked up, raised an eyebrow, smirked a little mischievously, and nodded nonchalantly at the three of them, saying, "He knows her, but I don't mind."

Now it was Aurora and the other two who were stunned. 'When did this child become so easygoing? She's not even mad that Jeremiah knows a girl!

Jeremiah looked into Yvette's eyes across the table and wisely chose to play along. He nodded slightly, speaking seriously to the three at the table, his voice low. "Yeah, she doesn't mind."

Yvette and Jeremiah's words made the rest of the dinner difficult for the other three, leaving them with no appetite.

After dinner, in the living room, the four of them sat on the sofa sipping coffee.

Suddenly, Jase stood up, leaning on his cane, and said to Yvette, "Yev, would you like to accompany this old man upstairs to my study and take a look at my collection of paintings? I wonder if I could have the honor of having our Cyanbird deity critique my artwork."

Jeremiah, Aurora, and Clifford knew this was just an excuse; Jase wanted to talk to her privately. Yvette also understood this; she put down her water cup and nodded. "Sure."

Jase smiled, and the two of them went upstairs, leaving the family of three in the living room to continue drinking coffee...

Aurora sat across from Jeremiah, watching his indifferent expression, and deliberately asked, "Brat, aren't you worried your grandpa will make things difficult for Yvette?"

Clifford also put down his newspaper and adjusted his glasses. "This brat is indeed acting a bit strange today; something feels off."

Jeremiah looked at the two curious people and replied calmly, "Grandpa won't."

Clifford chuckled at Jeremiah's confidence. 'Is this brat pretending to be clueless while knowing full well?' Suddenly, he recalled the incident of Kaiden being killed today, and his expression darkened, becoming more serious, his gaze sharp. "Who

killed Kaiden, you or your daughter-in-law?"

At the same time, in the study on the second floor, Jase took a sip of Da Hong Pao tea, waved his hand to let Yusef go down first, then focused his sharp gaze on Yvette, exuding the authority and dominance of someone in power. "Did you kill Kaiden?"

Yvette sat in the chair opposite him, lifted her eyes, and raised her eyelids slightly. Her usual cool demeanor showed no sign of fear or fluctuation in her gaze as she calmly replied, "Yeah, I killed him." Then she leisurely took a sip of her floral coffee, looking at Jase with an air of tranquility...

After a moment, Jase suddenly laughed. He looked at Yvette, increasingly satisfied. His granddaughter-in-law had indeed surprised him these past few days. 'Setting aside Kaiden's Ybaulla's identity, the fact that he dared to kidnap someone from the Chavez family to win the competition through unscrupulous means was enough for him to die dozens of times... If my granddaughter-in-law knows who kidnapped Aurora and remains unfazed, that would truly disappoint me.'

Jase said, "Girl, your identity is far more complex than I imagined, isn't it?" He knew very well that Yvette's background was definitely not as simple as what he had found out. "This kid has an extraordinary level of intelligence and skill; she kills decisively and cleanly, which is not something an ordinary girl can achieve. The secrets she carries probably cannot be uncovered unless she reveals them herself. What I've discovered about her background took some effort, but with dedication, it wasn't too hard. But is this really all there is? I'm afraid it's far from that!"

Yvette, hearing Jase's words, looked at him calmly. Her deep black eyes and indifferent expression held no emotion as she replied in a slightly husky voice, "It's fine."

Jase's mouth twitched slightly. "Girl, can we not be so modest?"

Yvette held her coffee cup, her voice still icy. "I'm not being modest; I just don't know which identity you're referring to."

Jase found her response both amusing and exasperating, 'So I'm the only one taking this seriously, while this girl isn't bothered at all.' He spoke formally, "No matter how many identities you have, the Chavez family will always support you from behind and trust you unconditionally." At his age and position, very few people received such a promise and assurance from him, making even a single word from him invaluable.

Downstairs, Jeremiah watched Clifford with a blank expression, his gaze heavy.

Aurora, standing nearby, had only learned about this matter in the afternoon. It was Yvette who killed Kaiden, but she thought it was a good thing—swift and decisive.

Jeremiah said, "Yeah, the girl killed him—one shot, dead on the spot."

Clifford was momentarily stunned by Jeremiah's unwavering response.

Aurora stood up, somewhat indignantly saying, "Honey, our daughter-in-law didn't do anything wrong."

Clifford noticed their expressions and realized they had misunderstood. He sat back on the sofa, rubbed his temples, and said softly, "I'm not here to assign blame. I just think that this little punk should take care of such things in the future. Why let our daughter-in-law do the dirty work of killing?"

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Just as he finished speaking, Yvette and Jase came down from the second floor and overheard this statement.

Jase suddenly spoke up, startling Clifford, who was facing away from them on the sofa. "What are you guys talking about?"

Clifford immediately turned around, seeing the two of them looking at him. For the first time in many years, facing the world with composure, he felt a bit embarrassed. His usually stern face showed signs of awkwardness.

Aurora wanted to laugh at his expression. 'Honey, you're clearly very satisfied with Yvette, yet you always put on a serious front. Now that someone overheard this, it's a bit embarrassing!

Aurora stepped forward to ease the tension. "It's nothing, Dad. Clifford just said that next time there's danger, all the dirty and tough work should be done by Jeremiah. Yvette is the treasure of our whole family; we can't let anything happen to her."

Jeremiah walked over to Yvette, glanced at her, then at Jase, and softly said, "Let's go back to Skyland." After that, he turned to Jase, "Grandpa, we're leaving now."

Jase nodded. "Go ahead. I'll be waiting for you at your Purplegold Estate tomorrow."

Yvette nodded at the three of them and paused briefly beside Clifford before saying, "Thank you."

Clifford stood there, momentarily stunned. After understanding the meaning behind her gratitude, he smiled. This kid is starting to see me as family now,' even though he was Jeremiah's father and her future servant, he could clearly see the coldness in her eyes. 'But just now, my daughter-in-law acknowledged me, which wasn't easy at all.'

Aurora stood beside him, patting him proudly. "Yvette may be quiet usually, but she knows better than anyone who truly cares for her. If you genuinely accept her, she will really see you as family."

Jase watched the two of them walk away, then turned back to the study, his silhouette slightly forlorn. 'I'm getting old; this world ultimately belongs to the young.'

On the way back, Jeremiah sat in the driver's seat and asked in a low, hoarse voice, "Did Grandpa ask about Kaiden?"

Yvette, nestled in the passenger seat, casually unwrapped a vanilla toffee and popped it into her mouth, mumbling, "Yeah." She turned her head to glance at Jeremiah, pausing briefly, "To tell the truth."

Jeremiah knew the girl wouldn't stoop to lying. If she did it, she did it; if she didn't, she didn't. He squeezed her palm and asked, "Did he say anything else?"

After a long moment, Yvette didn't respond.

Jeremiah had only asked casually, but now he was a bit curious.

Yvette let out a deep "mm-hmm," resting her chin on her hand as she looked Jeremiah up and down, raising an eyebrow, her expression partially concealed, making it hard to read her emotions. She slowly said, "Grandpa mentioned that his grandson seems to be lacking and asked me to be more understanding."

Jeremiah's body suddenly tensed, and he didn't say anything. The next second, he accelerated and pulled the car over to an empty roadside. Leaning slightly, he unbuckled Yvette's seatbelt and lifted her up. His gaze was dark and intense, staring at

Yvette as if he could devour her like a beast. His cold, inky eyes finally settled on Yvette's rosy lips, then he took her right hand, lifting it up and looking straight into her eyes.

The atmosphere in the car was charged with ambiguity, and neither of them was willing to back down.

Yvette rested her chin on Jeremiah's shoulder, a slight smile gracing her lips as she whispered in his ear. "Don't want to wait any longer?"

Jeremiah felt his breath-deepen at her words. "This girl is becoming more provocative. "Seems like waiting isn't an option anymore."

Yvette was taken aback for a moment, then nodded generously, pinching his chin and rubbing against him. "Then let's not wait." With that, she leaned in. The car moved....

The next day, Jeremiah looked at Charles, Samantha, and Andrew opposite him, calmly straightening his military uniform. He turned to Yvette and said, "I need to go back to the military district for some matters in the morning. I'll come back to pick you up at noon."

Yvette glanced at his high-neck shirt covering his neck, a smile creeping on her lips. "This man is trying to cover his tracks. "Okay."

After saying that, Jeremiah left Skyland without even glancing at the other three. –

Samantha, Andrew, and Charles exchanged glances before simultaneously looking at Yvette.

Yvette finished her last sip of oatmeal and leisurely headed upstairs.

Only the three of them remained at the dining table. Samantha tidied her hair and took a sip of orange juice, saying, "Jeremiah got his mouth bitten."

Andrew nodded, channeling his inner Sherlock Holmes, sounding quite serious. "From what I observed, this happened last night, and the wound is quite deep, likely from repeated bites."

Charles put down his coffee cup, saying, "No need for observation; Jeremiah's came back last night."

mouth was already injured when he and Yve

Ou think dared to bite Jeremiah? I

Samantha put down her cup and looked at the two of them, asking excitedly, "Who do never expected Yve to be so fierce!"

Andrew and Charles glanced upstairs. ‘Who else could it be?’

Purplegold Estate, the chosen location for this visit, was usually a place where the four old men would relax and unwind. They never hosted outsiders here, and this was the first time anyone besides the four of them had been invited.

Jase, Ronald, and Walter had already arrived, with only James yet to show up.

In the living room, the three of them were sipping coffee.

Ronald and Walter looked at the gifts on the table, feeling a bit pained. That old man Owens asked for their cherished Delftware and the ancestral emerald screen right away.

Ronald sighed and said to the two of them, “In a little while, my favorite Delftware will be leaving me forever.”

Walter sighed in response. “Me too. When Owens brings his granddaughter over, I’ll have to say goodbye to my ancestral emerald screen for good.”

Jase calmly took a sip of coffee, still puzzled about why Owens made the two of them prepare gifts while he didn’t have to. ‘He started off asking for the emerald screen and Delftware. I guess my collectibles dodged a bullet.’ Jase said, “You two could have just refused. It’s too late to feel regret now.”

Ronald and Walter glanced at Jase, who was standing there talking as if it didn’t matter, and both huffed in annoyance.

Walter replied to Jase, “When Jeremiah brings his girlfriend, I’ll prepare a Delftware for her too. One for Owens’ granddaughter, one for your granddaughter-in-law. Fair enough” ‘I lost my favorite treasure, and who do I cry to about that fairness?’

Ronald quickly said, “My emerald screen is ancestral. I can’t find another one like it. But I’m preparing antiques too-an emerald makeup set. It might not compare to the emerald screen, but its value is about the same.”

Jase took another sip of coffee and waved his hand dismissively. “What you send doesn’t matter; it’s the thought that counts.”

Ronald and Walter couldn’t be bothered to expose his nonsense. “That old guy talks like this, but if our gifts for his granddaughter-in-law aren’t as good as the ones for Owens’ granddaughter, he’ll definitely be unhappy!

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Ronald looked at Jase and remarked. "I have to say, the Chavez family must have done a lot of good deeds in their past life. Jeremiah is such a great kid, and without your support, he's made it to where he is now. And now he's found such an excellent wife! These days, all anyone can talk about in the Betrico courtyard is your granddaughter-in-law. Even my youngest son can't stop bringing it up—I'm about to get calluses in my ears from hearing it!"

Walter set down his coffee cup. "My granddaughter is the same. Your granddaughter-in-law has become her idol. She even joined some online fan club—it's all the rage! I suggested bringing her over, but she insisted that idols need distance and mystery, so she just won't come. I really can't understand what the younger generation is thinking. But your granddaughter-in-law is truly impressive. I watched the match from start to finish; her chess skills are extraordinary!"

Walter, who had studied chess for a lifetime, considered himself a skilled player. He had learned a lot from Yvette and Robin's match. 'Yvette is so young yet has such talent, especially her mindset. It's rare at her age!

Jase waved his hand, looking indifferent. "That kid was just playing around. Who knew she'd win?"

Walter and Ronald couldn't help but twitch at the corners of their eyes. This guy thinks he's fat and gets all puffed up... Seriously... Does he even know what 'just playing around' means? If that dead Robin heard this, he'd probably be furious!"

Ronald nodded, saying, "I heard your granddaughter-in-law is also participating in fencing. Didn't Jeremiah sign up for it? Why was she switched out at the last minute? I wanted to ask you about that." There had been a lot of rumors about this in the past few days, but not many people knew Yvette had competed in fencing. Only a few were aware.

Jase took a sip of coffee, and his expression darkened a bit; the atmosphere around him chilled slightly.

Ronald and Walter exchanged glances and knew something had happened. Otherwise, the competition wouldn't have changed participants; that wasn't the Chavez family style.

Jase explained. "Kaiden had the Steel Serpents kidnap Aurora to ensure a win, and he specifically called for Jeremiah, which is why Yvette had to step in at the last minute."

Walter and Ronald were slightly surprised. They hadn't expected such a thing to happen. 'What a despicable way for Ybaulla to handle a match—truly disgusting!

Ronald spat angrily and stood up, fuming. "Those Ybaulla people dare to act so recklessly in Clusia! Has Jeremiah caught them? We can't let them off the hook. They

must know that Clusia cannot be defeated by tricks, and it's definitely not a place they can just bully!"

Seeing his agitation, Walter quickly got up to calm him down. "Calm down! You need your heart! Didn't Kaiden die yesterday? How could Jeremiah let go of someone who harmed his mother?"

Ronald froze at the mention of Kaiden. 'How could I forget that Kaiden was found dead in the hotel? No doubt Jeremiah did it—good job!' Ronald took a sip of coffee to steady himself and said, "Jeremiah's approach is always clean and decisive—good job." The three of them didn't need to hold back; Ronald bluntly pointed out that Jeremiah had killed Kaiden.

Jase looked at the two and shook his head. "It wasn't Jeremiah; it was my granddaughter-in-law."

In the next moment, Ronald's coffee cup slipped from his hand and crashed to the floor, but he didn't even notice. Walter's cup didn't fall, but he stared blankly at Jase, both of them gasping in shock. They truly hadn't expected it to be Yvette's doing. 'No wonder Jeremiah is so fierce—he found a wife just as tough. She kills without hesitation; you can see that temper runs in the family.'

At the door, James had just walked in and heard Jase say Yvette killed Kaiden; he stood frozen in place. The three were turned away from him, completely unaware of his arrival. Eventually, it was James who moved first; he shouted, "What did you say? You said Yvette killed Kaiden?"

who turned around to see James rushing in, heading straight for Jase with an Ronald and Walter exchanged glances. "Oh no, this old guy is about to throw a fit again."

Jase frowned and asked, "Why do you keep showing up out of nowhere every day?"

James sat right next to Jase and stared at him. "You said Yvette killed Kaiden—was she hurt? I thought Jeremiah seemed capable, but why did he let a little girl do the killing?" After a moment, he looked Jase over and said ungraciously. "I thought Jeremiah was better than you—looks good but can't handle crucial moments?"

Jase's face flushed with embarrassment. "This old fool says whatever comes to his mind. At this age, does he even know what shame is?" Jase shot back. "Owens, who are you saying can't handle it?"

Seeing the two of them going at it, Ronald realized he needed to intervene or they'd end up in a full-blown fight. A couple of years ago, they had a petty squabble over something trivial, and they both threw away their dignity and canes, fighting like women, and ended up with bruised faces, hiding from everyone for days.

James rolled up his sleeves, showing he wasn't backing down. "I'm talking about you! The Chavez family is well-off; why let a little girl do the dirty work? What if she gets hurt?"

Jase felt more and more uncomfortable with his attitude. 'What does my granddaughter-in-law's injury have to do with this old guy? Why is he so riled up? It's utterly ridiculous.' Jase was getting angry; he tossed his cane aside. 'If I don't teach this old man a lesson today, he won't know why the flowers are so red.'

James and Jase locked eyes and, relying on their years of understanding, started hurling insults at each other.

Jase said, "I'm handsome, and I've been good-looking since I was young. If you're jealous, just admit it. Don't twist it into something about my granddaughter-in-law!"

James went for a sneak attack, landing a punch on Jase's chest with some force. After he hit him, he jumped back a couple of steps, keeping a wary eye on Jase in case he retaliated. With hands on his hips, James said, "So what if you're handsome? You're just an old face; no matter how good-looking, it's all wrinkles!"

After the sneak attack, Jase looked up at James. 'This old man is just like he was when he was young-when he couldn't argue, he'd always resort to sneak attacks. Jase took two steps forward and, while talking, caught James off guard and kicked him in the leg, making him grimace in pain. "You think you're the only one who knows how to sneak attack? I can do it too! And don't think just because you've been feeling down lately that I'll go easy on you. Today, I'm going to teach you a real lesson!"

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Of course, James wasn't about to take that lying down. He taunted Jase. "You think I'm afraid of you? Let's go, old man! Don't think just because you used to be in the military, you've got better stamina than me. Come on, let's see who's better!"

With that, the two of them went at it again, kicking and punching each other. These two guys, almost two hundred years old combined, fought like kids, making the scene more and more ridiculous.

Ronald and Walter sat calmly in their chairs, sipping their coffee. They listened as the two bickered, bringing up old grievances from decades ago, each one exposing the other's flaws. Some of the incidents they mentioned had happened more than forty years ago, yet both of them remembered everything in vivid detail. Every time they fought, it was like a walk down memory lane.

Watching the two fight like an old married couple, Walter turned to Ronald, puzzled. "What exactly are they fighting about this time?"

Ronald thought for a few seconds and said, "I think it's because of Jase's granddaughter-in-law. That's what started it."

Walter's eye twitched as he watched the fight intensify, and he sighed helplessly. 'Let them fight. Based on my experience, anyone who tries to break them up is just asking for trouble.'

When Jeremiah and Yvette entered the living room, Jase and James were already worn out. They were sitting on the floor, clutching each other's remaining few strands of hair, refusing to let go. They stared at each other, silently challenging one another.

Seeing the pair walk in, Walter hurriedly turned to Jase and James on the floor and said, "You two stop it already! Jeremiah and his girlfriend are here. If you keep this up, you'll both lose face!"

Walter and Ronald both knew Jase and James too well; they couldn't care less about things like losing face. They would only stop when they'd fought to their heart's content, so neither of them had much hope that their words would make any difference.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah and Yvette were already standing in the living room, watching the scene unfold with Jase and James rolling around on the floor.

While still holding onto Jase's hair, James greeted Yvette. "Yvette, you're here! Have a seat. Let me finish this fight with your grandpa, and then I'll properly welcome you." He then turned back to glare at Jase, brimming with determination.

Jase did the same, leaning over James's shoulder to Yvette and said, "Sit there, Yev. Grandpa's a bit busy here; you can have coffee with Walter and Mr. Terrell first."

Jeremiah introduced Yvette to Ronald and Walter, "Walter, Mr. Terrell, this is my girlfriend Yvette."

Yvette politely nodded and greeted. "Hello, Walter. Hello, Mr. Terrell." Jeremiah had already briefed her on the backgrounds of these two influential figures before they arrived.

Ronald and Walter smiled kindly. "Ah, hello, Yvette. Don't be shy, just treat this place like your home."

Yvette's blue eyes were cold and expressionless; she raised an eyebrow and tilted her chin towards the two on the ground. Casually, she said, "Guess who will win?"

Those five short words made Jase and James freeze instantly, and even Walter and Ronald were taken aback. Was she trying to mediate? It sounded more like she was stoking the fire!

Jeremiah chuckled. "It's a tie; both sides will get hurt, no one can win."

Once he said that, the two on the ground finally stopped, ignoring the hair scattered around and the scratches on their faces.

The battle wasn't too brutal after all James grabbed Jase's white hair. "You let go first, and I will too. You said you'd keep your word."

Jase snorted. "Who are you kidding? If I let go, you'll definitely pull out some of my hair. Do you think I'm stupid? To be fair, let's count to three and let go together."

James knew he was at a disadvantage here, lacking confidence. He had pulled the same trick on Jase last time, but it wouldn't work this time.

They both counted to three and released their hands simultaneously, panting as they sat on the ground.

Ronald and Walter watched as the two, who barely had any hair to begin with, now had almost none left. It was a sight to behold.

Jase regained some strength, and Jeremiah stepped forward to help him up. "Grandpa, you're still going strong."

Jase proudly raised an eyebrow and let out a sigh of relief. "Of course! Just look at who your grandpa is!"

James, having a worse physical condition than Jase, was panting heavily on the ground. Seeing Jase being cared for by Jeremiah made him feel a bit sad. He lowered his head, and just then, he heard a cool female voice above him say, "Grandpa." Those two words made James's heart flutter with joy.

So, the scene looked rather strange to Ronald and Walter.

After they finished dinner and sat on the living room sofa, the atmosphere remained awkward. They couldn't believe what they had just witnessed at the dinner table. That old geezer, Owens, had been fawning over Yvette, serving her food and getting her napkins, barely eating himself, his attention solely on her. This bizarre scene made everyone except Jeremiah feel like they were choking on their food.

Jase leaned on his cane, watching James and wondering why Owens was treating his granddaughter-in-law so well. 'Could it be just because she's a Siren? But isn't that a bit over the top? He doesn't treat other geniuses this way, does he?'

James, noticing the suspicious looks from everyone, calmly poured Yvette another cup of flower coffee.

Yvette took the coffee and said, "Thank you."

Jeremiah sat beside Yvette, saying nothing, just glancing at her before lowering his head. 'It's good for the girl to have someone care about her; she deserves it.'

James immediately patted her. "No need to be polite with grandpa."

Jase was not pleased. 'Why does it look like those two are the family here?'

Then James turned to Ronald and Walter. "Where are the welcome gifts you prepared? Bring them out."

Ronald and Walter had already given Yvette her welcome gift; the remaining one was meant for his newly recognized granddaughter. 'But she's not even here; we want to give it, but to whom?'

Walter frowned and said, "Owens, your granddaughter isn't here. Who should we give our gifts to?"

James laughed and raised his chin. "Who says she hasn't arrived Just hurry and bring it out."

With no other choice, Walter and Ronald took out the prepared gifts. Since they were valuable items, they had been stored in a private antique vault, and now the box contained a receipt that could be used to retrieve the items, just in case. Each antique required special security personnel to deliver it home.

James took the gift box and placed it directly into Yvette's hands "Granddaughter, here's the welcome gift from those two. Just accept it for now; when you go to grandpa's place, he has plenty of good stuff for you to choose from."

The scene seemed frozen, with Jase, Ronald, and Walter's faces filled with expressions of surprise. 'What did we just hear?'

Owens said this is for Yvette; does that mean she is his newly recognized granddaughter?'