

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 392

With his eyebrows lowered, Jeremitali shifted slightly and sat stroght. He told Zachary in a serious tone. "The reason my grandpa hasn't retired is pretty complicated. Mainly, the higher ips won't let him step down.

Jase wanted to retire ten years ago, but the person above him insted he stay, so he was still working to this day. Zachary felt a bit uneasy hearing that

He thought, "Jeremiah's grandfather must be at least in his severies. How can the government be so thoughtless, making a man in his seventies work? What the person above Jeremiali's grandfather is thinking?"

Zachary shrugged it off. "Your grandpa's had it tough. Didn't Mr. Clifford Chavez try to convince him to retire? At his age, he should be taking it easy, maybe start a garden or go bird-watching.

"Health is the real wealth, especially as he's getting older; he really should focus on it."

Jeremiah chuckled softly and nodded. "Absolutely."

Zachary was getting along with Jeremiah much better now, but he still needed to clarify some things. Zachary's expression became serious.

He addressed Jeremiah, "You're a major general, and our family is in business. Even though times have changed, families like your's probably still care a lot about social status, right?"

"Let me be clear: I don't want Yvette to marry into a family where she'll be troubled by her parents-in-law. She should be free and have her own broad world.

"If she gets married, she shouldn't be some high-society daughter-in-law stuck at home, catering to in-laws with chores and coffee. Can your family accept that?"

After finishing his speech, Zachary calmly sipped his coffee, his gaze deep. He thought the Chambers family did not need to cling to anyone for advancement, nor did they need to use Yvette for higher status.

Ideally, he would prefer Yvette to find someone willing to marry into their family. He felt Jeremiah's status was indeed quite prestigious.

Yvette tilted her head slightly. Her calm gaze rested on Zachary and noticed the deep emotion clouding his eyes. She paused for a moment and wondered if she needed to reveal a bit about her identity to ease Zachary's worries.

Jeremiah sat upright with his eyes unreadable for emotion. In a deep voice, he said, "Mr. Chambers, you can rest assured. My parents absolutely adore Yvette. Whatever she chooses to do in the future, she can do it. You don't need to worry about that.

"No matter what she chooses to pursue, both I and the Chavez family are fully committed to supporting her. We'll never hold her back."

Zachary was stunned when he heard that. He scrutinized Jeremiah and thought, "Does he mean what he said? With my years of experience reading people, it seems like he's genuinely honest."

After a while, Zachary looked up again and sighed. He felt heartbroken that his beloved daughter had barely even warmed his heart before being taken away.

Finally, Zachary said, "Alright, it's not that I'm splitting up lovers. Have a seat. I just want you to keep your word and always remember what you've promised today."

Lucas stood nearby, his eyes filled with admiration for Jeremiah. He thought, "This future son-in-law of the Chambers family is remarkable. Not so many people could make such a promise, especially someone from his family background."

Half an hour later, Yvette was smugged up on the couch. She watched as the two men, who had been at odds just moments ago, now acted like best friends. She raised her delicate eyebrow slightly.

Zachary was there, speaking smoothly, while Jeremiah chimed now and then, making timely remarks. It was not long before he had Zachary laughing heartily and downing glass after glass of red wine. It was clear Zachary was getting a bit tipsy.

Jeremiah showed no signs of inebriation; his expression was steady as if he had not drunk at all. He seemed to be in his prime mood.

All of a sudden, Zachary stood up, declaring he was going to demonstrate walking in a straight line for Jeremiah. Jeremiah nodded with a smile, waiting for Zachary to deliver his entertaining straight-line performance.

Yvette stayed nestled on the sofa and rested her chin in her hands. The light cast a soft glow on her profile. Zachary stood up unsteadily, wavering a bit.

Seeing Yvette was also watching him, he was determined not to lose face in front of his precious daughter. Fueled by sheer willpower, he seemed ready to try a couple of back flips.

And then, here was what happened. Halfway through, Zachary dramatically toppled over to the ground, completely drunk.

Lucas came in from outside just in time to see Zachary fall. He hurried over. "Sir..."

He called out for quite a while, but Zachary did not wake up. Looking down, he saw Zachary sleeping soundly. Lucas could not help but chuckle. He thought Zachary's drinking ability was no match for Jeremiah's.

Lucas turned to Yvette, who was sitting on the couch and said respectfully, "Miss, I'll help Mr. Chambers upstairs now. You and Mr. Chavez can continue your chat."

Yvette nodded slightly. Jeremiah was sitting on the couch, looking a bit tipsy. He lowered his head and remained silent, which made him look adorable.

After Lucas helped Zachary upstairs, Yvette turned to see Jeremiah who was watching her with big, pitiful eyes that were slightly moist.

She slowly approached Jeremiah, leaned over, and whispered in his ear, "Cut the act. They've gone."

Jeremiah's throat moved as he rubbed his temples. He said in a tempting voice, "I'm not pretending. I'm truly tipsy and I can't walk."

Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly. With a half-smile and a mischievous glint in her eyes, she casually said, "Well, you're tipsy? I wanted to show you my room, but since that's the case..."

Before she could finish, Jeremiah stood up from the couch and said, "In that case, let's go upstairs and check it out. We still have a lot of time."

Yvette turned to look back at Jeremiah. He did not look drunk at all. With his eyes clear and focused, he was standing upright.

On the second floor, the door closed completely. Jeremiah followed Yvette in, wrapped his arms around her, and nuzzled her collarbone.

The bluish veins were clearly visible, and the fair skin on Yvette's neck shimmered seductively. Jeremiah's breath brushed against Yvette's neck, sending a tingling sensation. In a deep voice, he said, "I want you."

Yvette turned around, looked into his deep, dark eyes, and let out a soft laugh. Taking the lead, she pressed her soft lips against his thin ones.

After a few seconds of gentle strokes, tingling waves of electric sensations traveled all the way to her heart.

In the room, their breatheintertwined, making the air feel heat. Jeremiah placed one hand on Yvette's back and the other on her cheek as he leaned down to kiss her.

He kissed her softly from deep to light, drawing her deeper into the kiss. Holding onto Jeremiah's shoulders, Yvette kissed until she was breathless and her eyes were slightly reddened.

Jeremiah's eyes were also tinged with red, and just when Yvette was almost out of breath, he finally let her go. Breathing heavily, Jeremiah rested his chin on Yvette's shoulder, whispering in a raspy voice.

Yvette tilted her head back and stood on her tiptoes to peck his thin lips. Like a traveler entering an oasis, she pressed on urgently to deepen the kiss.

Jeremiah held Yvette's waist and turned her over. His dark eyes were intense, full of a terrifying desire, like a beast ready to swallow her whole. They enjoyed a wonderful night