

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 721[1,113 words]

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Suri emerged from the crowd while covering her injured face. "It was me," she said weakly. "I made the report. The perpetrator is inside Sano Milkshake Shop. Please arrest her immediately."

The four police officers looked at Suri with grave expressions. "Get into the police car first. We'll go in and make the arrest now. As for the details, we'll discuss them at the station."

Suri nodded. The onlookers voiced their support for her again and only dispersed after watching her get into the police car.

Two of the four police officers entered Sand Milkshake Shop. Nicholas' eyes flickered when he saw them. Recalling Yvette's instructions about bringing the police officers upstairs upon their arrival, he stepped forward. "You must be here for Ms. Zeller. Please follow me upstairs."

The two police officers were taken aback, thinking. "The suspect seems oddly calm, even inviting us upstairs to arrest her. Does she not take Betrico Police Station seriously?"

They then followed Nicholas upstairs. At the entrance to the VIP room, Nicholas knocked on the door and only entered after getting Yvette's permission.

"Ms. Zeller, these officers are here for you," he announced respectfully once he was inside the room.

Prior to this, Nicholas had already called James to inform him about the matter, and James responded calmly, "If someone's looking for trouble, let them have it."

At that. Nicholas didn't ask further as he knew it meant Yvette would be fine. With James' protection, Betrico Police Station couldn't possibly do anything to Yvette even after arresting her. They'd have to release her anyway.

Over a dozen empty cups cluttered the table, with two milkshakes still unfinished.

Yvette sat at the head of the table with a posture that exuded authority-her legs were crossed and her hands were placed on the armrest casually. Her eyes were unnaturally cold, showing little emotion.

The second her gaze fell on the police officers, they shivered, feeling like prey before a predator. Their earlier assertive demeanor wavered, and their voices softened unconsciously. "Miss, someone reported you for assault. Please come with us to the police station to explain the situation."

Wendy stood up eagerly. "Um, officers, I'm involved in the case too. I'll go to the police station with Ms. Zeller-arrest me 100**

Yvette narrowed her eyes, her expression bland as she leaned back lazily. After flexing her wrist, she rose to her feet unhurriedly and said, "Okay. Let's go."

Her commanding presence made the two police officers nod automatically. "Oh, okay."

Wendy quickly finished her last sip of milkshake before following Yvette closely.

The police officers exchanged glances, thinking, 'Who's the suspect, and who are the police here? In all our years of service, we've never seen someone as composed as her. This is puzzling

At the sight of Yvette and Wendy walking out of the room, the police officers hurried after them.

Nicholas stood dumbfounded. "This is supposed to be an arrest, but somehow it feels more like Ms. Zeller is heading to the police station for a casual visit, he thought.

At the police station, Darnell had had an unexplainable sense of foreboding all day. His instincts told him that something was about to happen Years of police work had honed his sixth sense beyond the ordinary. 13:26

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The last time he felt this way was during Yvette's conflict with the Ybaullans. At that recollection, his heart skipped a beat- he knew Yvette had caused quite a stir since returning to Betrico a few days ago.

Everyone in the circle knew about the incident at the First Military District-how Jeremiah had passed a ten-year sentence on Yelena because of a single sentence from Yvette.

The Lynch family broke apart the next day. Camden fell ill and remained hospitalized since. That was the price of offending Yvette. Even the Lynch family, who had once helped Jase, met the fate of destruction for framing her.

Darnell had learned early on that Yvette wasn't someone to be trifled with. Rumor had it that James had already made her his god-granddaughter. Though its veracity was yet to be unconfirmed, he believed it to be true.

If that were the case, Yvette's status would be unimaginably prestigious. She was not just the youngest International First-Class Interpol Officer, but also James' god-granddaughter and Jase's granddaughter-in-law. Any of her titles could crush

someone.

Just as those thoughts troubled Darnell, a knock sounded on his door. "Come in," he said in a deep voice.

After the door was opened, a young police officer entered and saluted him. "Mr. Tucker, we've arrested three girls for fighting in public, and they're being uncooperative during the interrogation."

Darnell's face became stern when he heard the young police officer's words. "Three girls? What do you mean by 'uncooperative' when you guys have years of experience in interrogating suspects? How did you handle the case? Never mind-where are they? I'll interrogate them myself."

The young police officer took the reprimand silently, thinking, There was nothing I could've done. I've never encountered someone with such an overwhelming presence in all the cases I've handled.

"That girl's aura made it hard to even look at her even though all she did was sit on a chair. We'd cycled through three or four interrogators before resorting to having you do the interrogation, Mr. Tucker'

Darnell straightened his uniform and headed to the observation room, where the police officers there stood up immediately to greet him.

""Mr. Tucker!" one said.

"Mr. Tucker, you're here," the other uttered.

Before Darnell could speak, he froze, his expression cycling through various emotions. 'Holy crap... Why on earth is she sitting here? No wonder I've had a sense of foreboding the entire day. It's because she's come to our police station again,' he thought. Through the one-way mirror, Darnell saw Yvette and two other girls. One of them had severely swollen cheeks.

Obviously, Yvette was the reason the police officers were stumped. It was understandable since she was someone who dared- shoot at a Ybaullan in public and walk away unscathed.

"What did this foolish girl do to be punished by Yvette?' Darnell wondered.

The other police officers in the observation room hadn't noticed Darnell's expression.

Darnell stiffly turned to them and pointed at the mirror. After taking a deep breath and pinching his nose bridge, he asked gravely, "What's the situation?"

A police officer stepped forward. "Mr. Tucker, these three girls had a conflict at Sano Milkshake Shop near Betrico University.

"The prettiest one is Yvette Zeller-she hit Suri Zook. The other girl, Wendy Larkin, insisted on coming along, saying it was

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her fault. That's the general situation."

Darnell's frown deepened with each word. With Yvette in the interrogation room, getting her out of there would be harder than getting her in-a realization that made his head hurt. Darnell quickly composed himself and forced a smile as he entered the interrogation room.

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Smiling, Darnell pushed open the door to the interrogation room. At the sight of Yvette sitting on the chair with a smirk, his smile widened, though it couldn't hide his awkwardness and resignation. The young police officer inside the interrogation room leaped to his feet when he saw Darnell. "Mr. Tucker," he greeted Darnell and stepped aside.

Suri was stunned to hear the police officer address Darnell so respectfully. 'Why is a high-ranking officer handling such a minor case personally? Is it because I'm a student at Betrico University?' Darnell walked to the table. He paused for a few seconds but didn't sit down.

Yvette lifted her gaze slightly and glanced at him. Then, she leaned back casually and crossed her legs. "Have a seat."

The next second, Darnell sat down promptly with his hands on his knees. His posture was impeccable.

Wendy, Suri, and the others were stunned.

"Ms. Zeller, when did you return to Betrico?" Darnell asked. "How have you been? Are you well? You could have just called if you needed anything-why take the trouble to come here?" Yvette remained cross-legged. Her smile carried a hint of playful irreverence as she arched a brow and replied, "It's nice to see you again, Mr. Tucker."

Darnell wiped a bead of cold sweat from his forehead, smiling nervously. Yvette's greeting sounded more ominous than friendly to him. Truth be told, he'd rather be sick in bed than face Yvette. Usually the interrogator, he now felt like the suspect. The roles had reversed-Yvette seemed to be conducting the questioning while he felt inexplicably guilty.

Despite being the deputy police chief, Darnell somehow felt uneasy in his own territory.

"Surely you jest, Ms. Zeller. No wonder I had a gut feeling that something good would happen today. It's because we have an important guest like you visiting our police station," he said smilingly. His words were so convincing even a ghost might believe them, though they were a complete fabrication.

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The two police officers behind him wore bewildered expressions 'Is this really our stern, dignified chief? Has he possessed?' they wondered.

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Lowering her eyes, Yvette rested her arms on the table and raised her eyebrows. As she raised her gaze smirked and drawled, "Oh? Since your gut feeling is so accurate, why don't you guess what happened?" Wendy, who had been anxiously fidgeting with her fingers, looked back and forth between them with curiosity. So Ms. Zeller wasn't lying when she said she could handle it herself, she thought.

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Darnell's expression was one of extreme awkwardness. Playing dumb, he turned to the police officers behind him and asked, "What happened?"

The two police officers exchanged glances. Darnell was clearly feigning ignorance, but they could only dutifully tell him the situation again..

Only then did Darnell deign to look at the shocked Suri. 'Of all people to offend, she had to pick Yvette,' he thought.

His attitude toward Suri was markedly different. That was because he knew someone of Yvette's status wouldn't hit a student from Betrico University without a reason. Clearly, Suri must've done something. 1/3

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With a stern expression, he asked Suri, "You say Ms. Zeller assaulted you. Do you have any other injuries other than the ones on your face?"

It was Suri's turn to be bewildered. Just as she returned to her senses, she met Darnell's hostile gaze, which caused her to Tremble with fear. After all, she'd never faced such a high-ranking officer. Paling from nervousness, she stammered, "I-I was hit by her. She slapped me twice in public. T-That's what happened."

Darnell cleared his throat and glanced at Yvette's expressionless yet stunning face before asking Suri, "Did Ms. Zeller slap you for no reason?"

Suri lowered her head guiltily.

When Darnell saw her reaction, he immediately knew there was more to the story. His voice grew harsher. "Answer me. Did Ms. Zeller slap you for no reason?"

Suri dared not tell a lie before Darnell, so she nodded and stuttered, "I-I said some things I shouldn't have, but I didn't mean to! I didn't know she'd slap me over a few unintentional remarks

She tried to gain sympathy by playing the victim, but she'd forgotten about Darnell's identity. There was no way he couldn't see through her act.

Darnell said gravely, "Since you were the one who started the conflict, you must face the consequences. You don't seem to be aware of Ms. Zeller's identity. She's an International First-Class Interpol Officer.

"If that doesn't mean anything to you, allow me to spell it out for you-you got off easy with two slaps. With how you've insulted her, you won't be able to leave Betrico Police Station today if she chooses to pursue this matter."

Still sitting cross-legged, Yvette played with her phone as Darnell conducted his interrogation.

Suri stared at Yvette in shock. 'She's an Interpol officer? Even an ordinary person like me has heard of the organization, but I never thought a random girl I met on the street would have such a powerful identity, she thought, despair washing over her Darnell's words left Suri trembling with fright. She was at a loss now.

Wendy turned to look at Yvette, who was busy with her phone, and asked earnestly, "Ms. Zeller, are you really an Interpol officer? Is it like in TV shows? That's so cool! But it must be a da job."

Yvette raised her eyes. Resting her chin on her hand, she replied nonchalantly, "It's all right."

Darnell's lip twitched. "TV shows are misleading! Many officers and secret agents die each year Yvette could speak of it so lightly,' he thought. Yvette finished the final round of her game and stood up. There were signs of impatience in her Darnell and said, "Deal with this as you see fit." The next second, she glanced at Wendy. "Let's go," she uttered and headed for the door.

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The whole time, Yvette never once looked at Suri. At the sight of Yvette leaving, Wendy quickly got up and followed along.

Darnell rose to his feet and watched them leave the interrogation room before turning to the trembling Suri with a frown.

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