

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 101

As soon as the crowd heard that emerald could be seen, they warmed forward, packing the stone-cutting area.

Once the person in charge completely cut open the raw emerald gasps rippled through the crowd. It was an AAA-grade emerald. The color was rich, a vivid green color, dazzling to the eye. The piece, the size of a fist, was flawless-completely free of any impurities.

If it were polished and crafted into jewelry, it would be worth a fortune-at least 15 million dollars.

Kevin felt like he was dreaming, and Martin was extremely excited. An AAA-grade emerald was rare to see on the market. The discovery of this emerald could save the Garcia family from their crisis.

Kevin had never imagined that he could spend only 100 thousand dollars and end up with an AAA-grade emerald. Now, when he returned to the Garcia family, he could finally hold his head high.

He felt extremely grateful to Yvette. Without her, he probably would've returned empty-handed again, and the elders of his family would've berated him for being a spoiled brat.

In the midst of his joy and excitement, Martin suddenly remembered Yvette, who had suggested that Kevin buy the raw emerald. According to Kevin. Yvette just pointed at the raw emeralds randomly.

Martin didn't believe it at all. It was impossible that someone could point casually and end up choosing an AAA-grade emerald. She has to be an expert at stone gambling. The fact that she gave Kevin the raw emerald without bidding on it herself shows that she didn't care about the money. Who is she? he thought.

Martin glanced at Kevin, who was gleefully dancing around, and sighed. This foolish nephew. Where did he get such luck? This girl is our savior! he pondered.

Later, when they learned that Yvette and Jeremiah had entered VIP Room No. 1, they had a discussion. Yvette had given them such a generous gift. They couldn't pretend to be unaware. They wanted to show their gratitude, so they decided to send over a bottle of red wine.

When Emmett finished handling the matters outside and returned to the room, he found Yvette curled up on the couch. eyes closed, with her long legs draped over the armrest. She was covered with Jeremiah's white casual jacket,

Jeremiah's gaze fell on the familiar jacket for a moment before he sighed and wondered, 'Didn't Mr. Chavez have mysophobia? Normally, Jeremiah would never let anyone use his clothes, not even his own mother, the lady of the Chavez family. Yet, it was draped over a girl now.

Emmett walked softly toward Jeremiah and whispered, Boss, I've arranged everything. Our men have left the exhibition. hall, but some of them stayed to monitor Caleb's movements. If he makes any move, we'll know right away."

Just then. Yvette turned over on the couch, revealing her slim, perfectly curved back to the two men.

Emmett fell silent, his gaze sharp. Later, he withdrew his gaze after confirming that Yvette was truly asleep After all, one's breathing couldn't be faked. Little did he know that if Yvette wanted to mask her presence, no one could detect her.

When Emmett raised his head again, he was met with Jeremiah icy gaze, which made him uneasy. Jeremiah fiddled with the coffee cup in his hand, his gaze soft as he looked at Yvette's lack. Then, he glanced at the nervous Emmett and uttered. "Emmett, if you ever show even a hint of hostility toward her again, you can leave."

Emmett's expression changed immediately. Is Mr. Chavez dismissing me? This is worse than death, he mused as he bowed his head. "Mr. Chavez, I was wrong. Please punish me."

Jeremiah set the coffee cup down. His action wasn't forceful, but it struck Emmett deeply. Emmett knew Jeremiah too well. He knew that if he showed the slightest disrespect toward Yvette again, he would be banished to Mysonna and never allowed back to Betrico.

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"Don't let it happen again Jeremiah said.

Yvette, who had been lying with her back to them, slowly opened her eyes. Her eyes were clear, showing no signs of sleepiness. She had woken up the moment Emmett entered. As expected, Jeremiah and his men were also there for Caleb,

At 10:30 am, the bidding officially began. The bidding was divided into two types: sealed bids and open bids,

Sealed bids involved the organizer issuing numbered forms where buyers could fill in their name and the price they were willing to pay for a particular raw emerald. After interested buyers filled out the information, the forms were then sealed in a box. When the bids were opened, the winning bidder and their price were publicly announced.

In contrast, open bids gathered all potential buyers in one place. Each time the host announced a raw emerald number, everyone at the venue took turns bidding, with the highest bidder winning the raw emerald. The competition was much fiercer than sealed bids. Every year, unexpected things happened during open bids.

The host of the auction was a young woman dressed in a low-cut gown. Her voluptuous figure and flirtatious demeanor drew the attention of every man present. She seemed to be accustomed to such situations. She didn't feel the least bit uncomfortable. On the contrary, she seemed to relish the gazes fixed on her.

She strutted up to the center of the exhibition hall, where a stage had already been set up, complete with a table and a gavel. Several burly bodyguards in black suits and sunglasses stood nearby, looking intimidating and fierce.

"Good morning. I'm Liza, the host of today's auction. Welcome to Kransbay. Mr. Caleb Kerton, our chairman, has carefully selected these raw emeralds. I hope everyone finds what they're looking for. Everyone knows the rules here, so let's not waste anymore time. I now declare that the raw emerald open bid has officially begun," the host, Liza, announced.

Applause thundered through the hall as the crowd watched Liza pose on stage. The atmosphere buzzed with excitement. The locals who knew of Liza's true identity, remained much calmer than the outsiders.

She was Caleb's most favored mistress, often accompanying him to important events. No one there dared to make any careless remarks, for fear that Caleb would hold a grudge and cause trouble for them.

Once the crowd had been sufficiently hyped, Liza looked at the audience and announced, "Now, let's welcome the eldest son of the Kerton family, Bradley Kerton, to present the first piece of raw emerald-for auction."

As soon as she finished speaking, a man in his twenties, with a plain and somewhat sleazy appearance, slicked-back hair, and colorful local attire, stepped onto the stage.

"Everyone, thank you for coming. I'm Bradley Kerton. I'll be hosting the auction for the first piece of raw emerald. Our experts evaluated it and determined that it has an 80% chance of producing high-quality emeralds. I'm sure you know what that means. The bidding starts now at 1.7 million dollars, Bradley uttered.

\*185 million dollars."

“Come on. Mr. Hughes, 1.85 million dollars? I’ll go for 2 million dollars.”

“Hmph! I bid 2.3 million dollars then!”

\*2.6 million dollars”

In less than ten minutes, the price of the first piece of raw emerald had climbed to 5 million dollars.

When it hit 5 million dollars, everyone stopped bidding. The first raw emerald was eventually won by an emerald merchant from Mysonna

Bradley couldn’t stop smiling. They had intentionally acquired that batch of raw emeralds at a low price from the mining site, knowing that only a few contained high-quality emerald.

The rest of the raw emeralds wouldn’t be anything extraordinary. After all, not everyone could get as lucky as Martin and

Kevin who had just uncovered an AAA-grade emerald.

On the second floor, Emmett’s phone rang

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At the same time, Yvette’s phone also rang in her pocket. Emmett didn’t pay her any attention, as the call he received was from those closely monitoring Caleb. Something important must have happened. Otherwise, they would just send a message.

Emmett stepped aside to take the call. A few seconds later, his expression changed. After hanging up, he quickly approached Jeremiah. This time, Emmett didn’t avoid Yvette, who had just woken up and was sitting on the other side. In his opinion, someone like Caleb was beyond Yvette’s reach, so he felt there was no need to be discreet.

“Mr. Chavez, the people we had watching Caleb reported that after Caleb received a phone call, he got really mad and left the auction in a hurry. Now, he’s leading a group of men back to his mansion in the northern district. We’ve scouted the location, and it’s where one of his long-term mistresses lives. Nothing out of the ordinary Emmett uttered.

Jeremiah’s gaze sharpened, and his expression darkened. Something significant must have happened. Caleb wouldn’t abandon such an important event as the auction for no reason. There had to be something they missed or overlooked.

“Tell our people to keep an eye on the mansion. Since he’s shown himself, tomorrow night-Jeremiah paused and turned slightly, catching sight of Yvette’s head. Her hair was soft and fluffy, and she looked obedient and adorable.

Jeremiah cleared his throat awkwardly. “Let’s go meet him tomorrow night,” he said, giving Emmett a look. Emmett understood immediately. Jeremiah was planning to make his move tomorrow night.

Yvette, who was casually scrolling through her phone, raised an eyebrow. She looked tired as she glanced at the two men before looking back down at her phone, fiddling with it leisurely

On the screen was a message from Eagle King: [Boss, Flying Fish has been rescued. We’re back at the hotel, awaiting your return.]

Meanwhile, the auction continued smoothly, with the highest bid for a piece of raw emerald reaching 30 million dollars. The merchants downstairs were growing increasingly excited, and the atmosphere in the hall was bustling.

The first day of the emerald auction started at 10 am, and ended at 4 p.m. Only then did the crowd begin to disperse.

Kevin and Martin, having already hit the jackpot with the AAA-grade emerald, only bid on another piece of raw emerald for 3.3 million dollars before deciding to call it quits. With the AAA-grade emerald, they had already made more than enough to cover their trip and resolve their family’s crisis.

As they were about to leave, Kevin wanted to say goodbye to Yvette, but Martin stopped him. Martin said earnestly, “Kevin, I hope you don’t have any feelings for that girl. That girl and the man she’s with aren’t ordinary people. We can’t afford to offend them. She’s out of your league.

As Martin spoke, he gave Kevin a disapproving look. Kevin felt wronged, thinking. What’s Uncle Martin saying? Feelings for Yvette? He has never spent time with her and doesn’t know how cold she is. “Uncle Martin, what are you talking about? I just wanted to thank her in person,” Kevin uttered.

Still feeling wronged, he muttered, “Besides, am I really that had Sure, I may not be as well-built, handsome, or stylish as that guy, and I may not have as much money or power as him” As Kevin thought it over, he had to admit that Martin was right. He was no match for Jeremiah.

Seeing that Kevin didn’t have any romantic feelings for Yvette, Martin felt relieved. He was genuinely worried that his not- so-bright nephew might do something reckless like try to snatch Yvette away from Jeremiah and end up dead without knowing how it happened.

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Meanwhile, in a mansion in the northern district, chaos reigned. Bullet holes were everywhere, blood stained the floors, and even the basement door was blown off, leaving only half of it hanging on its hinges.

Sitting on the couch was a man in his fifties, dressed in a suit. He had ferocious eyes and a deeply wrinkled face. His expression was grim as he berated the man kneeling before him.

Some of them were limping, others had injured arms, one had a wound on his face, and another was in even worse shape, lying motionless on a stretcher. If not for the faint signs of breathing, he could easily have been mistaken for a corpse.

Standing nearby were several bodyguards in black suits. At the other end of the couch sat a young woman in her twenties. She wore a black nightgown, her legs pale and trembling, too scared to even look up.

The woman silently thanked her lucky stars that she had gone to a friend's house to play cards on a whim. Otherwise, she might have ended up among the bodies being carried out earlier. The bodyguards remained expressionless, having grown accustomed to such scenes.

"A bunch of useless fools! That woman was locked in the basement, with over thirty of you guarding her, and you let her escape? Almost 20 of our people died! Useless idiots! Why am I even paying you?" Caleb chastised.

He was furious, his chest heaving, his brows furrowed in anger. He had his reasons for keeping the woman locked up. She was perfect in every way, and there was no way he'd let a woman like that go easily.

However, the woman was strange. Anyone who got within seven feet of her would mysteriously faint. Even the doctors couldn't figure out why. He had planned to keep her locked up until she broke down mentally, thinking she would eventually submit.

He had no idea that while he was gone for only a few hours, someone had broken into the mansion. He had lost more than 20 men, half of whom were his most elite fighters. It was a huge blow. "Tell me. How many people attacked? How did they manage to do this to you?"

One of the kneeling men gulped, lowering his head even further, his voice barely audible. "One."

Caleb couldn't believe his ears. His face darkened, and he asked again, "Repeat it louder. How many?"

The man trembled, raising his head slightly, and spoke a bit louder. Just one, Boss. The guy came alone, armed with heavy

weapons

Caleb was livid, his face twisted in fury. Rage surged through him, making his face flush. "You're telling me one guy killed so many of my men? Who is he? Who dares to provoke me in Kransbay? Search the entire city, and spread the word. Whoever in the underworld can provide a clue gets a 660-thousand-dollar reward"

All the bodyguards standing behind him nodded

By nightfall, all of Kransbay's underworld knew that Caleb's mansion had been attacked by a single person. Many were secretly gloating, watching the situation unfold from the sidelines. Caleb had long been known for his domineering ways, and many smaller families had suffered under his threats and harassment. Now that someone had put him in his place, they were more than happy.

After the auction ended, Emmett led Jeremiah and Yvette back to the hotel. He was stunned when Yvette joined them on the same floor, entering the presidential suite at the far end of the third floor.

Emmeu looked at Jeremiah's expression, but there wasn't even a hint of surprise, as if he had known all along. Pointing at Yvette's retreating figure, Emmett awkwardly asked. "Mr. Chavez does Ms. Zeller stay here as well?"

Jeremiah stood there, watching until Yvette entered her room, before turning away. He had known a bit earlier than Emmett. "Same hotel? Same floor? She and I are clearly destined to cross paths, Jeremiah mused.

Emmett had no idea that his boss had already started thinking about destiny.

"Yes. Come in. Let's get to business, Jeremiah answered.

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"Guess who I am?" someone asked. The room was pitch-black, with no light in sight.

As soon as Yvette entered the room, a pair of hands covered her eyes. She paused slightly and commented, "You seem to be in good spirits."

Suddenly, the lights flicked on, illuminating the room. The hands moved away. Yvette opened her eyes and turned around. Standing behind her was Flying Fish, the woman Eagle King just rescued



The first thing Flying Fish did after being rescued was take a bath and enjoy a succulent meal. She stood before Yvette, about five feet nine inches tall, clad in a white bathrobe that accentuated her curves. She had a perfect hourglass figure. Her face was oval-shaped, with almond-shaped eyes that exuded an air of allure. Droplets of water continued to drip from her hair, adding a touch of sensuality.

“Boss, I missed you so much! I knew you loved me the most. If I’d waited for Eagle King to rescue me, I would’ve been dead by now. It would’ve been a great loss for humanity if a perfect woman like me was dead!” Flying Fish exclaimed.

She nodded seriously, fully agreeing with her own statement. Eagle King, lounging on the couch, was used to her narcissistic personality. She had been like that since they were kids.

Yvette crossed her arms, lifted her chin, and spoke in a relaxed tone. “Don’t worry. I won’t let you die.” Eagle King jolted from the couch. Yvette glanced at

invisible in the conversa, then looked at Flying Fish before walking over to the couch, knowing she’d soon become

Eagle King was furious. “Have you lost your mind from fangirling over celebrities? What’s the number one rule of being an assassin? Don’t tell me you’ve forgotten! How could you accept a job without even checking your target’s background? Do you have a death wish?”

Flying Fish knew she was in the wrong, and her voice softened, though she still stubbornly argued with Eagle King. “Haven’t you scolded me enough? I went days without food or sleep in that basement. I’ve suffered enough. I already know I was wrong. And what’s wrong with fangirling over celebrities? It makes me happy!”

When Eagle King heard her first few sentences and considered the hardships she had endured in the past few days, his heart ached for her. He realized his words had been too harsh. Just as he was about to say something to comfort her, he heard her mention fangirling and claim it made her happy.

His anger flared up again. “Fangirling makes you happy? Sure, you were so happy you got yourself caught! You’re an assassin. Why are you fangirling over someone?”

Flying Fish wasn’t actually into celebrities; she was just provoking Eagle King. It irritated her that he clearly had feelings for her but refused to admit it. She glanced at Eagle King, then lowered her head, soon beginning to sob.

Hearing the sobs, Eagle King panicked. In all the years they’d known each other, he’d never seen her cry, not even when she nearly lost a leg during their brutal training in the rainforest. He wondered if he had gone too far and made her cry. Flustered, he rushed over. “Fine, I was wrong. Please stop crying, okay?”



Yvette, sitting on the couch, saw Flying Fish give her a meaningful look. She massaged her temples, thinking Flying Fish was too into this act. Flying Fish kept her head down, avoiding eye contact with Eagle King, and continued to cry softly. Eagle King, feeling helpless, looked toward Yvette for help, but she ignored him.

Eagle King gritted his teeth. "I'm sorry. If fangirling makes you happy, I'll support you. I own an entertainment company in Betrico. Tell me which celebrity you like, and I'll bring them to you."

Flying Fish immediately stopped crying. Seeing that, Eagle King was unhappy and wondered, 'Does she like that celebrity this much? As long as she's happy, I'll let it be

"Promise you won't scold me anymore, Flying Fish said pitifully still sounding as though she'd been crying.

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"I won't. As long as you stop crying. I'll agree to anything." Eagle King uttered..

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"Oh? You said it. You must keep your promise." Flying Fish remarked. Eagle King felt like something was off, but before he could make sense of it, he heard Flying Fish ask. "You're not going back on your promise, are you?"

Afraid she would cry again. Eagle King quickly promised. "I won't take it back, absolutely not."

The next moment, Flying Fish raised her head, revealing a smug smile-there were no traces of tears. When Eagle King saw Yvette's amused expression, he realized he'd been fooled by Flying Fish once again.

But seeing how happy Flying Fish was and the smile on Yvette's face, he didn't mind being fooled. Those two were the most important people in his life. If tricking him made them happy, so be it.

"S\*\*id Eagle King, you must keep your word. You said you'd agree to anything, so you can't get mad at me now," Flying Fish piped up.

Eagle King felt resigned. "Fine. I'm not mad anymore. But where did you learn this awful trick? Don't use it on others. It's embarrassing"

Flying Fish whipped around, walking toward the couch as she replied, "I only embarrass myself like this in front of you."

Eagle King's heart skipped a beat. 'Only in front of me? Is it because we are close?' he pondered.

Flying Fish turned around and slouched into the couch. "Boss, what's the plan for tomorrow? That old bastard, Caleb, dared lock me in a dark, filthy basement, thinking he could make me his lover. In his dreams! I must teach him a lesson!"

Eagle King walked over and sat next to Flying Fish. Flying Fish shot him a disdainful glance and moved away, still holding a grudge. Eagle King didn't mind her pettiness. "Yeah. Boss, what's the plan? What about leaving him to me? You two can wait at the hotel. Once it's done, we can leave together."

"No way. I want to be there when Caleb dies," Flying Fish insisted

Both turned to Yvette, awaiting her decision. Yvette sat with her legs crossed, her face glowing softly in the warm light. Her gaze was savage and alluring. Her expression was grim, but when she looked at Eagle King and Flying Fish, her expression softened

She reached out and poured two cups of coffee, pushing them toward Eagle King and Flying Fish. Her tone was firm. "Tomorrow, you two book a flight back to Mysonna. I'll handle Caleb alone."

Eagle King and Flying Fish replied in unison, "No way"

Yvette raised an eyebrow. "Don't you trust me?"

"Of course we do, but I want to join in and have some fun too. Besides, this is a sc\*\*ag we're talking about. No need to dirty your hands with him." Flying Fish stated.

Eagle King nodded in agreement. "Flying Fish is right. We can easily deal with him. You don't need to get involved."

Yvette leaned forward, resting her chin in her hand, shaking her head. "Enough. I've made up my mind. The first flight leaves at 6 am Should I s see you off?"

Seeing her resolve, Eagle King and Flying Fish could only mod. "Okay, Boss. We'll head back to Mysonna first. Once our business is settled, Flying Fish and I will go find you in Seacurity, Eagle King said.

Yvette answered, "Okay"

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The next day, before dawn, Yvette woke up, saw Eagle King and Flying Fish off at the door, and returned to the hotel to get some more sleep.

Around 9 am, the doorbell rang. Yvette got up, put on an oversized T-shirt, and walked over to open the door, her eyes half closed.

When the door opened, she saw Jeremiah standing outside in light-colored casual clothes, holding a food container. She had already guessed it was him and wasn't surprised. She glanced at the food container in his hand. "Come in."

Jeremiah immediately noticed Yvette's long, straight legs under her oversized T-shirt. Her collarbones were clearly visible due to the oversized shirt. Jeremiah cleared his throat awkwardly and walked in, acting like nothing had happened, slightly averting his gaze.

"The hotel here doesn't serve Clusian food, so I went out and got you some. As he spoke. Jeremiah neatly laid everything out on the table.

Yvette sniffed, her voice groggy from just waking up, sounding muffled and completely different from her usual cold tone. "Wait a sec. I'm going to brush my teeth and wash my face," she said, heading into the bathroom.

Jeremiah paused for a moment. "Okay"

Ten minutes later. Yvette came out of the bathroom, yawning as she scrolled through her phone. She pulled out a the dining table, sat down, and started eating,

chair at

Jeremiah sat beside her, casually handing over a napkin as he asked, "Do you have any plans later? Want to go out and walk around!"

Yvette took a bite of the food, which was juicy and tender. She looked up at Jeremiah. "Sure."

After finishing their meal, Yvette randomly grabbed an outfit from the wardrobe. She only brought a black bag with her and nothing else. Eagle King had prepared the clothes in advance, with everything in the black-and-white sporty style that Yvette preferred.

Kransbay's weather was exceptionally good that day. Compared to the previous days, the temperature had dropped slightly The sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly,

A gentle breeze drifted through the air, while rays of sunlight filtered through the leaves, creating shifting shadows on the ground. Cicadas buzzed endlessly on either side of the trees.

The two of them left the hotel and found a nearby food street. They wandered around, sampling various local snacks. Yvette wasn't particularly impressed by the food; it wasn't quite to her taste, so she only took a few bites before stopping.

Jeremiah noticed she wasn't really into the local snacks. They eventually found a Clusian restaurant. It was a barbecue place run by a northern Clusian man. The owner, seeing their complexion, immediately knew they were from Clusia and warmly welcomed them.

Once seated, Jeremiah and Yvette ordered several skewers and handed the menu back to the owner. Having done business there for many years, the owner had a keen eye for people. He could tell that they weren't ordinary people. They were clearly wealthy and distinguished. The chubby owner asked, "Are you two here for the emerald auction?"

Jeremiah stopped wiping the table. His eyes flickered as he looked up with a smile. "How did you know? Can you tell fortunes Jeremiah quickly became friendly with the owner after only a few word,

The owner chuckled and looked confident.

over the world come to buy raw emerald I've been here for years. Every year around this time, people from all

folks make the fortune here, while others aren't so lucky. Every year,

people would jump off the building across the street. Stone gambling is too risky."

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He then pointed toward some men in black in the distance and whispered, "Since you're also from Clusia, I'm giving you a friendly reminder-be extra careful these days. Yesterday, our local gang leader, Caleb, issued an order to catch a guy. No idea who was bold enough to steal from Calebs. That thief has guts. But if they catch him, he's dead for sure."

The owner glanced at Yvette, who was focused on her phone, and continued, "Are you two a couple? You look great together, like a match made in heaven"

Yvette paused when she heard that. She kicked an empty beer can under the table, glanced up without a word, and then looked back down. Jeremiah turned to look at Yvette. Seeing her lack of response, he pretended not to hear too.

The atmosphere suddenly turned awkward. The owner, realizing he might have said something wrong, chuckled nervously and quickly left with the menu.

After the owner left, Jeremiah thought for a moment before asking gently, "Are you mad about what the owner said?"

Yvette paused, putting her phone back in her pocket. She picked up the glass on the table and poured herself some water. After a brief moment of thought, she raised an eyebrow and looked at Jeremiah, her voice calm. "Do you like me?"

Jeremiah's hand froze mid-air as he reached for his glass. After a long pause, he lifted his head and nodded seriously, "Yes."

Hearing that, Yvette didn't move. She stared at Jeremiah for a while, her gaze unwavering. Then, she leaned back in her chair, her tone indifferent. "When did it start?"

Jeremiah's gaze darkened. It seemed as though there was a swirling vortex in his eyes, drawing people in and making them impossible to escape. "Love at first sight."

Yvette was stunned. She looked at Jeremiah, finding it hard to believe those words came from him.

Just then, the owner arrived with their skewers, interrupting the moment. The two ate their meal quietly, neither mentioning the previous conversation.

It was the first time Jeremiah, who was nearly 30 years old, confessed to a woman. Despite his usual calm demeanor, he couldn't keep his cool now and was only pretending to be composed. Seeing that Yvette seemed unaffected, he felt a twinge of disappointment. Thus, Jeremiah's first confession ended in vain over a barbecue.

When they returned to the hotel, they ran into Emmett, who had just come back from running errands. From a distance, Emmett could already smell the strong scent of barbecue on them.

As he got closer, the smell intensified. 'Mr. Chavez had taken Ms. Zeller out for barbecue again, Emmett pondered, Normally, Jeremiah wouldn't eat such things, yet now he kept making exceptions.

Emmett was dressed casually that day, a departure from his usual black suit look, giving him a more youthful and energetic appearance, far from looking 30. This time, he greeted Yvette politely, "Hello, Ms. Zeller"

Yvette glanced at him and nodded in acknowledgment. She could tell the two had something to discuss and wasn't interested in listening. "I'll take my leave first"

Jeremiah handed her the takeout that he had brought back. Yvette took it. "Okay. Tonight might get a little chaotic around here. Stay in your room and rest. We're planning to fly back to Seacurity tomorrow afternoon. Want to come with us?" Jeremiah asked.

Yvette casually nodded. One night was enough "Sure."

"I'll book your ticket then," Jeremiah uttered.

"Okay, Yvette replied.

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After Yvette left, Jeremiah and Emmett entered the room. Emmett stood aside, bowing. "Mr. Chavez, everything is ready. We've figured out Caleb's schedule. We can take action tonight at midnight. Caleb stormed out of the auction yesterday because someone broke into his northern district mansion and stole something"

"He issued an order in the middle of the night-whoever finds the thief will be rewarded 660 thousand dollars. For the locals, that's no small sum. Some people in Kransbay are itching to move. We haven't been able to figure out who did it, only that it was a man. Emmett added.

Jeremiah nodded, took off his dark green watch, worth over a million dollars, and casually placed it on the table. He stepped out to the balcony next to the bathroom,

Leaning against the railing, he took out a cigarette and his phone from his pocket. He lit the cigarette, held it between his index and middle fingers, and smoked. With his left hand, he scrolled through his phone while saying "Okay. Go get ready"

It was deep into the night. The sky was covered with clouds; there were no stars or moon in sight. The surroundings were shrouded in complete darkness.

In the northern mansion district, the night was hazy, buildings looming in the shadows. Only a few dim lights filtered through the windows, faintly reflecting the figures inside, making them blurry and indistinct.

In the master bedroom, Caleb lay in the soft bed, sweating profusely, seemingly having had a nightmare. The next moment, he jolted awake. Under the dim nightlight, he glanced at the woman still asleep beside him and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Thankfully, it was just a dream, though it had felt too real. In the dream, he had been shot right between the eyes, dying a horrible death.

Caleb wanted to get up for a glass of water. Just as he put on his slippers, he heard a chewing sound. In the dead of night, it was especially eerie. His hair stood on end, his face darkening with fear. "Who's there? Come out. Stop playing tricks!"

"Caleb, a voice called out.

Caleb stiffly turned his head and saw someone sitting on the couch. He couldn't see the person's face, but he knew they were dressed in black. Judging by the voice, it was a woman.

Hearing a woman's voice, Caleb lowered his guard. He turned on the large bedside lamp, instantly brightening the entire room. Only then did he see the person on the couch clearly.

His eyes filled with astonishment-she was stunning, seductive but not gaudy, even more beautiful than the woman he had captured and locked in the basement a few days ago.

A woman this beautiful, appearing in his mansion in the middle of the night-it was suspicious, to say the least. Caleb didn't dare lower his guard entirely. "Who are you? Why did you break into my mansion in the middle of the night? How did you get in?"

Yvette, dressed in black, sat lazily on the couch, her legs crossed, blending into the darkness. She exuded an air of mystery and danger. Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly as she glanced at Caleb. Her gaze was devoid of any emotion, only filled with coldness and defiance. "Do you want to die by your own hand, or should I do it?"

Caleb stared at her as if he'd heard a joke and laughed out loud. "Have you gone mad? You want to kill me? This entire mansion district is my territory. What can a woman like you possibly do to kill me? Believe it or not, at my command, countless people will rush in and tear you apart. Hahaha!" He laughed as he spoke.

"Oh? Go ahead then. Remember to shout louder," Yvette uttered.

Caleb's laughter abruptly stopped. He caught a glimpse of Yvette's calm, mocking expression and suddenly sensed

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something was wrong. With how loud his voice had been, someone should've come by now. Why was it still so quiet?



Caleb thought of something and nudged the sleeping woman beside him. Once, no reaction. Twice, still nothing. She was breathing, which meant she wasn't dead-just unconscious. Did that mean everyone in the villa had been drugged and rendered unconscious, just like her?

His thoughts immediately went to the woman who had been rescued. Back then, anyone who got within ten feet of her would mysteriously faint and only wake up seven or eight hours later. Caleb was now certain that the woman before him, and the one from before were working together. His eyes flashed with calculation, and his attitude changed dramatically, becoming somewhat ingratiating.

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"Miss, I don't know who you are, but if you're here to avenge the woman I captured, I can give you money. No-gold bars.

a safe in this mansion with gold bars in it. I'll give them all to you. I didn't even touch her, so there's no deep grudge between us, right? You can take the gold bars and leave. Let's pretend this never happened," Caleb suggested.

While he spoke, his right hand hidden behind him, reached for the second drawer of the nightstand, where he had stashed a gun. His words were a distraction to lower Yvette's guard. Just as he was about to grab the gun, Yvette sent three silver needles directly into three acupuncture points on his body.

Caleb felt a surge of numbness and pain. He gritted his teeth and managed to grab the gun, ignoring the growing discomfort in his body. Once he had the gun in his hand, his face twisted with rage, his eyes filled with malice. He stared at Yvette intently with a lecherous gaze.

"Ha, stupid woman. Today's your last day. But if you're smart enough to please me for a few days, maybe I'll have mercy and let you go. As Caleb gloated, he imagined how he would sell this rare beauty off to Afria after he had his fun, fetching a hefty price. The more he thought about it, the louder he laughed.

Yvette rubbed her ear and stood up from the couch, hands in her pockets, looking at Caleb as if he were already dead. "Have you laughed enough? If so, die."

Caleb exploded with rage when he heard her words. If she didn't know what was best for her, he'd send her to hell. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, he realized his hand wouldn't move. The gun dropped to the floor.

Suddenly, his entire body felt cold and racked with unbearable pain, as though invisible beasts were tearing him apart. His body began to tremble uncontrollably, his limbs spasming, and agonizing groans escaped his lips. Caleb, feeling his heavy body grow

light, rolled on the floor in agony, his legs kicking and twitching against the expensive flooring.

He desperately ripped at his shirt with his spasming hands, his bloodied fingers trembling. His body alternated between arching and collapsing, his eyes wide open, rolling wildly in their sockets, his mouth letting out horrifying screams.

Opposite him, Yvette stood calmly, hands at her sides, her expression indifferent, her eyes devoid of emotion.

With his last ounce of strength, Caleb crawled toward Yvette. "Help me... I'll give you... money... anything. As soon HL finished his sentence, his body slumped to the ground, lifeless. His eyes remained wide open in death.

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Until his death, Caleb never knew what poison had killed him. And so, a notorious drug kingpin of Golden Triangle had silently died in his lover's mansion.

Yvette stepped over him without a second glance and jumped down from the second floor. After landing, she checked her watch. The timing was perfect-the person should be arriving soon.

She thought of Jeremiah's words earlier that day, feeling a mix of emotions-irritated, mostly. Love? What was the point of talking about that? Wouldn't talking about food be better?

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 106**

"Mr. Chavez, something's off." Emmett said. Everyone exchanged glances. It was indeed very strin

When Jeremiah arrived with Emmett and his men, the mansion was brightly lit, but the giron could be heard. This was highly unusual. Emmett was unsure what to do. He asked. "Mr Chungsters We

Jeremiah pursed his lips, raised his hand to signal silence, and after a long pane, litted sail finessere slightly, his face cold, and his voice sounded especially chilling in the night "Let's go m. Somieder v|||0 us" Jeremiah said, stepping calmly into the mansion.

Hearing that. Emmett got the hint and signaled to a few subordinates to follow closely behind as they allere mansion. The mansion's front door was open. The group entered as if they owned the place. In reality, ever be mansion had been knocked out by Drunken Beauty and wouldn't wake up for hours.

The moment Jeremiah and his men entered, they saw a man in a black suit slumped over a table in the front ganjar Emmett signaled for his subordinate to check it out. A man with thick eyebrows and large eyes, wearing a cuda bulletproof vest, nodded and stepped forward.

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He pulled out his gun and slowly approached the man lying face down. Using his gun, he prodded the moss head Chesh was no response. He then checked his breathing-it was there bar faint.

Turning back, he nodded at Jeremiah, his voice serious. "Mr. Chavez, this man is still alive, but it seems he's been druge He won't wake up for several hours."

Jeremiah nodded, his gaze deep and calm, completely unshaken. Okay."

They approached the mansion's entrance. Emmett stepped forward and pushed the door open. It creaked as it swung inward. Jeremiah walked in,

Emmett and the others followed, guns drawn, prepared for any unexpected situation. They didn't know who had broken into the mansion or whether this person was a friend or a foe, so none of them dared to let their guard down. The mannos interior was just as usual, with no signs of a fight.

Looking around, they saw people lying everywhere-on the couch, the carpet, the stairs, and even the kitchen floor. Their faces were peaceful, uninjured, as if they were merely asleep. It was eerie. Far too eerie.

Emmett nudged the person lying on the couch, checked their bathing, and confirmed that they were just unconscious. Emmett and his men scouted the area and returned to Jeremiah with a grave expression. "Mr. Chavez, everyone here has been drugged, just like the ones outside. Whoever did this is very skilled-we can't find any clues."

Emmett was worried. They had been monitoring Caleb's mansion all along. In the few hours they had pulled back to regroup, everyone inside had been knocked out. To incapacitate so many people in such a short time was no small feat

He had inspected the scene thoroughly but couldn't find any trace of where the drug had been administered The most likely way to knock out so many people at once would be through the food, but he just checked and found that no one had cooked in Caleb's mansion.

A woman in the kitchen was still holding washed vegetables, clearly knocked out before she could even begin cooking. This meant the drug wasn't in the food. It had likely spread through the air. However, to his knowledge, no drug in the world had such potency. The most dangerous enemies were the ones lurking in the shadows.

Jeremiah's expression remained calm as he listened to Emmett's report, his gaze unreadable. "Let's go upstairs. It's likely that someone has already dealt with Caleb for us."

Emmett exchanged shocked glances with the others. They were wondering if Jeremiah meant Caleb was already dead.

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Jeremiah was the first to head upstairs. When he passed by a man with rugged features lying on the ground, he didn't hesitate to kick him down the steps and continued walking as if nothing had happened.

Emmett glanced at the man who had been kicked and immediately recognized him. He had just read the man's profile a couple of days ago-Caleb's top henchman, responsible for handling drug deals and stained with countless innocent lives.

When Jeremiah reached a bedroom on the second floor, he smelled a strong scent of blood, pungent and sharp. He turned slightly, his expression grim, hiding the cold glint in his eyes. "Except for Emmett, the rest of you-find the people we identified in the reports and kill them." The word "kill" was spoken with ruthless finality, sending chills down the spines of everyone who heard it.

Everyone responded in unison and went downstairs to begin purging Caleb's most loyal and corrupt followers-those who had aided him in trafficking drugs, enslaving people, and committing countless atrocities. Their deaths would rid the world of another evil

With Caleb and Bradley gone, the Kerton family's power was essentially dismantled. Caleb still had several illegitimate sons. In no time, they'll be busy fighting each other.

Emmett pushed the bedroom door open. What greeted them was the sight of Caleb's corpse lying on the floor. He was very much dead-his gaunt body lay stiff, his face ghostly pale and sunken, his fingers bloodied from scratching at something-

His eyes were wide open in terror. The floor around him was streaked with blood from where he had clawed at it in agony. His death had clearly been excruciating.

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Jeremiah walked over and crouched beside Caleb's body, staring into his eyes and scanning his entire body. There was a single visible wound, yet there was so much blood.

Jeremiah squinted, and a thought crossed his mind. He inspected Caleb's wrist and chest closely and, as expected, found tiny needle marks-so small they were nearly invisible. He was killed by silver needles

The person who killed Caleb wasn't just an expert in poisons but also a skilled ancient combat artist. To embed a needle so deeply into the body required a high level of mastery.

Jeremiah's gaze darkened as he stood up and surveyed the room his eyes landing on a window to the south. He fell silent, lost in thought, before saying calmly, "Let's go back."

Emmen nodded stiffly. He had expected a b\*\*dy battle that night, but nothing happened. They had reaped the benefits of someone else's work, completing their mission with ease. It was the first time someone else had dealt with their enemy for them. It felt strange, but overall the outcome was good.

Jeremiah and his men returned to the hotel at 3 a.m. Emmett had originally booked a flight for 2 pm, but due to the last-minute addition of Yvette, he changed it to 3:30 p.m.

It was too late in the night, so Jeremiah didn't wake Yvette up. He just stood quietly outside her door for a few minutes before returning to his own room.

Inside, Yvette hadn't slept all night. She stared blankly out the window until the sun rose, pulling her from her thoughts. It was the same bl\*\*dy, violent dream. It was another sleepless night.

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 107**

The next day. Jeremiah brought breakfast and knocked on Yvette's door again. This time, he waited for a long time, but no one answered. Just as he was about to take out his phone, he heard a familiar voice behind him.

"Looking for me?" Yvette asked.

Jeremiah paused with his phone in hand, then put it back in his pocket. Turning around, he saw Yvette, dressed in a white tracksuit. Her bangs were slightly damp, and her hair was tied in a ponytail that swayed as she walked, giving her a youthful energy.

Jeremiah was momentarily stunned. It was the first time he had seen Yvette like that. He quickly concealed his surprise, pressing his lips together, lifted the bag in his hand, and nodded, "Yes, I brought you breakfast."

"Come in. Yvette piped up.

Jeremiah followed Yvette into the room. Once the door was closed, Jeremiah reached out and grabbed Yvette's wrist. Yvette instinctively countered, gripping his hand in return. The two stood there, each holding onto the other, neither making a

Jeremiah looked down, while Yvette looked up, their eyes meeting with sparks of tension between them. Jeremiah released her hand, his voice carrying a hint of concern. "You didn't sleep well?"

Yvette also let go of his hand, raised an eyebrow, and replied, "I didn't get much sleep.

Jeremiah pursed his lips and dropped the topic. He turned and began setting the breakfast on the table. The flight this afternoon is a little after 3 p.m. Do you need to pack anything?

Yvette shook her head, taking a bite of the food, and mumbled. "No need. I've only got one bag. I'm ready to go at anytime.

Jeremiah glanced at the worn-out black backpack sitting in the corner of the couch, remaining silent for a moment. "Okay then. We'll head out directly."

Yvette picked up the newspaper, which the hotel had delivered this morning-a rushed edition. The headline read: [Gang Leader Caleb Kerton and His Son Bradley Found Dead in Their Mansion. Both Died a Gruesome Death.]

That morning, a major event shocked Kransbay. The head of the largest local gang, Caleb, and his son, Bradley, were found dead at home. Most of their confidants had been killed too. Caleb's death caused a massive stir, especially since his only son, Bradley, was also murdered

With both father and son dead, their subordinates were in turmoil. Caleb's vast empire had no immediate heir, and everyone wanted a share of it. Even smaller families outside the organization were eager to make a move...

Just as some small families were trying to band together to stir trouble, Caleb's illegitimate children learned of the news and began appearing, demanding paternity tests. Once their identities were confirmed, all of them would have inheritance rights.

Even the government officials of Kransbay who had dealings with Caleb were on edge, fearing they would get into trouble.

At 3 pm, Jeremiah, Yvette, and the others boarded the plane as scheduled. Yvette napped during the flight. Sitting beside her, Jeremiah noticed her asleep and quietly draped his jacket over her.

Yvette, half-awake, glanced at him, paused for a moment, and murmured. "Thank you."

Jeremiah smiled gently, his voice soft and filled with affection. "You're welcome. Sleep. I'll wake you when we land." When he looked back, Yvette had fallen asleep again, her warm breath gently brushing against his arm, giving him a tingling sensation. Jeremiah leaned closer, gazing at her, his eyes full of emotions. Then, he resumed reading his book

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Behind them, Emmett witnessed the whole scene and let out a sigh. It seemed that Jeremiah had truly fallen for Yvette. Since he'd chosen Yvette, she was destined to be the future lady of the Chavez family. Emmett couldn't help but wonder if Yvette would be able to handle such a responsibility.

He could already imagine the storm Yvette would face in the future in Betrico. After all, how could the daughter of a small family from a second-tier city be worthy of the commander's grandson, the Chavez family's sole heir?

The road ahead would be challenging. But if Jeremiah insisted, with the old commander's affection for him, no one would be able to stop him. Everything was still unknown.

After a four-hour flight, they landed in Seacriety. A car had been arranged to pick them up at the airport. "Let's take you back to university first," Jeremiah suggested. Since getting off the plane, he had been carrying Yvette's black backpack.

Yvette accepted his help without saying anything. She nodded, her expression calm as she cleared her throat. "Okay, thank

you

When they arrived at the entrance of Argrol University, Yvette got out of the car first and waved. Jeremiah stayed in the car, nodding through the car window. "See you tomorrow."

"Okay." Yvette replied, still as terse as ever. She slung her backpack over her shoulder. Aside from her captivating beauty, she looked just like any ordinary university student.

It wasn't until Yvette's figure disappeared completely that Jeremiah instructed Emmett to drive away. Barely ten minutes after Yvette walked into the campus, the campus forum erupted in activity once more.



Some people posted photos they had secretly taken of Yvette walking, and the comments section quickly filled with praise. There were only a few dissenting voices.

[Has our campus belle returned? Wow! She's still as stunning as ever.]

[After winning the piano competition, she just disappeared. She keeps too low a profile. We finally get to see her again.]

[With Yvette's return, I have a strong feeling that our campus is going to be lively again.]

[The commenter above, stop pretending. You said that because you know Winona's apprenticeship ceremony is in two days. right?]

[Oh yeah, I almost forgot! Sunday is Winona's apprenticeship ceremony and Yvette's welcome home party. Too bad we can't attend and see it in person. It's such a shame.]

[I saw it in the entertainment news too. No idea why the Chambers family put both events on the same day. It's like a recipe for disaster! Feels like there's going to be some drama between the sisters.).

[Honestly, I think so too.]

[I'm sad. I wanna watch.]

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you guys ju

[Shameless!]

ys just love drama. But you know what? Same here! Haha.]

Yvette pushed open the door to her dorm room. The room was silent, and Bonnie wasn't around. After setting down her backpack, Yvette went to take a shower. When she came out, Bonnie happened to walk in from outside,

The moment Bonnie saw Yvette, she let out a squeal and pounced on her, wrapping her in her arms. "Yve, you're finally back! I've missed you so,

maveribay. I've lost three pounds!"

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Yvette pulled Bonnie off of her and hung up her towel. She then turned to take a good look at Bonnie. "Yeah, you've lost weight. Should I get revenge for you and beat up Andrew?"

Yvette's serious tone left Bonnie dumbfounded. She wondered Yvette was really thinking about hitting Andrew. Bonnie flinched and saw the teasing glint in Yvette's eyes. She finally realized it was a joke. She was almost scared to death.

Just kidding. You seem to care about Andrew a lot, Yvette commented.

Hearing that, Bonnie flustered and shook her head vi

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 108**

Bonnie took out a gold-trimmed envelope from the second drawer. The envelope's surface featured a delicate ink painting of mountains and rivers, clearly crafted with care.

Handing the envelope to Yvette, Bonnie said. "Vve. Winona sent this here. She personally came to our dorm to deliver it the day after you left. It seems to be an invitation to her apprenticeship ceremony on Sunday. She also mentioned that your father would publicly announce your identity at the event"

Bonnie paused, then said angrily, "Yve, you have no idea how annoying Winona is. She said the apprenticeship ceremony is really important and hoped you'd be there on time. Her apprenticeship ceremony and your welcome home party are happening at the same time, but she's acting like it's all about her."

Yvette nodded indifferently, casually putting on a tracksuit. Without a second glance, she tossed the envelope onto the table. She pinched Bonnie's cheek playfully, her tone lazy. "Let's go. It's not worth getting mad over something so insignificant. I'll treat you to a milkshake"

Bonne glanced at Yvette, whose face remained expressionless. It seemed she had been worried for nothing. Yvette didn't care at all. Thinking back to how arrogant Winona had been when she delivered the invitation, Bonnie couldn't help but grumble.

They first went to Argrol University students' favorite milkshake shop, only to find it closed. A note on the door explained that the owner was getting married and the shop would be closed for three days.

Left with no choice, they went to a slightly farther dessert shop, famous for its cream cakes and a favorite hangout for couples from Argrol University

After ordering their milkshakes, Yvette told Bonnie to go inside while she waited outside. Standing near the entrance with one hand in her pocket. Yvette pulled out her phone

with the other hand, scrolling through the news. She came across an entertainment article about Winona's apprenticeship ceremony.

The entire article was filled with over-the-top compliments-calling Winona a genius, a lady of grace, a role model, and perfect in every way. Just as Yvette was about to scroll past it, something caught her eye.

It was said that Matthew from the Carter family would make a major announcement at the event, urging readers to stay tuned. It was a typical media tactic to add a sense of mystery.

"Miss, your milkshake's ready." The guy at the milkshake shop had been distracted while making milkshakes, sneakily glancing at Yvette the whole time.

As he handed over the milkshake, he saw Yvette's slender, fair hand. The guy's face turned red. Seeing Yvette was about to head inside, he mustered the courage and called out to her, "Wait. I added extra caramel for you. Hope you like it."

Yvette stopped, turned around, and, with her usual cool expression, politely thanked him, "Thanks."

The guy hadn't expected a response from such a seemingly aloof girl. His face turned even redder, and he shouted after her. "Goddess. I'm Flynn Reynolds from the computer science department, and I'll always support your

His shout drew passersby's attention, but the guy was so happy that he didn't mind the stares. Yvette simply turned her back to the crowd.

Inside the dessert shop, Bonnie sat in a corner by the window-the same spot where Yvette and Yulia had sat last time. It had the best view of the entire shop, but Bonnie was visibly uncomfortable.

Yvette, holding two milkshakes, walked over, and halfway there, she understood the reason for Bonnie's unease. Not far from her sat Tobias, engaged in conversation with a stylish young woman. Tobias' seat faced directly toward Bonnie.

Bonnie was clearly uncomfortable, trapped in an awkward situation. A simple hello would have sufficed, but who would have

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thought Tobias was on a blind date?

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In the five minutes she'd been sitting there, Bonnie felt like she had been there for an eternity. Worse still, she overheard the woman across from Tobias belittling his profession and salary, making her furious.

As Yvette passed by Tobias, she stopped and greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Sunderland."

Tobias hadn't wanted to be there in the first place. The blind date was arranged by Simon. He had been nagging Tobias endlessly about the importance of marriage and children. Simon had been the principal of Argrol University for years, yet

he was still a conservative man.

Tobias felt he could manage just fine by himself. He only had to worry about himself and no one else. He didn't want to get married, but Simon wouldn't stop nagging him every day. To stop the constant badgering, Tobias had reluctantly agreed to the blind date.

Yet from the moment he sat down, the woman had been criticizing him non-stop, even suggesting that if they got together, he should quit his job. He had been trying to leave for a while, but the woman insisted they continue talking.

He couldn't refuse, so he had no choice but to bear it with a forced smile. Yvette's appearance saved him from the awkward situation. He immediately stood up. "Yvette, is your business all settled? Did you just get back? Are you here specifically to

Tobias saw Yvette as his savior and looked at her with hope. His rapid string of questions momentarily caught Yvette off guard, but when she looked at Tobias and his date, she realized what was going on.

Playing along, she responded politely, "Yes. If you're available, I have some questions I'd like to ask you."

Tobias eagerly nodded, "Of course! Let's discuss it right away."

Relieved to have an excuse to leave, Tobias turned to Sophia Morris, the woman across from him, and said with a gentlemanly smile, "Ms. Morris, I'm sorry, but I have something urgent to attend to. The coffee is on me, and I don't think we're a good match. It seems you don't find me suitable either. Let's leave it at that."

Sophia was from a wealthy family in Seacriety and hadn't been interested in the blind date at first. However, after meeting Tobias in person, she was drawn to his looks. Her family had enough money that she didn't care about his income. She wanted Tobias to marry into her family. That was why she had said so many things to belittle him.

She had completely forgotten her father's advice before she left to be polite and not offend Tobias by acting spoiled. When Yvette showed up, Sophia initially assumed she was Tobias' ex-girlfriend. Upon learning Yvette was a student, Sophia felt relieved but still uncomfortable.

She could tell that Yvette was a natural beauty. She knew it because she had had several cosmetic surgeries. Jealousy crept in, and she didn't hide it.

When Tobias publicly rejected her and prepared to leave with Yvette, Sophia slammed her glass on the table, making a loud noise.

Glaring at Yvette, she sneered, her voice dripping with sarcasm, Tobias, you should be grateful that someone like me took a liking to you. However, you're blind and don't know what's best for you. Well, if that's the case, forget it. Even after saying that, she was dissatisfied and attempted to splash water at Tobias.

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However, the next moment, the cup was already in Yvette's hand. Tobias only saw a blur as Yvette moved to the other side. When he looked again, the cup was in her hand. Yvette kept a straight face, raising an eyebrow as she gazed at Sophia,

Sophia panicked. Yvette's terrifying stare made her feel as if she were a mere bug. She struggled to pull the cup back, but no matter how much strength she used, the hand on it remained immovable. Realizing the situation was bad, Sophia grabbed her bag, muttering curses as she stormed out without daring to look back.

Tobias stood there, dumbfounded. Yvette had managed to get rid of Sophia without saying a word, while all his attempts had failed. Once Sophia left, Tobias sighed in relief. Finally, it was over. Turning to Yvette, he expressed his gratitude. "I'm glad you showed up. Otherwise, I wouldn't have known how to get out of that situation."

Tobias had always got along well with his students. Given his relatively young age, he rarely acted like a strict teacher unless a student seriously misbehaved. Particularly with Yvette, whom he already regarded as more of a friend than an average university student.

Yvette handed the milkshake to Bonnie and glanced at the relieved Tobias. In a calm voice, she said, "If you don't like something then don't do it. Why make things so hard for yourself?"

Tobias froze, silent for a moment, before smiling bitterly as he looked at Yvette, who had already settled herself on the couch. His tone was tinged with melancholy. "Easier said than done. Many things in life are out of our control." It was unclear if he was talking about being forced into a blind date or something else entirely, but he appeared somewhat sorrowful.

Standing nearby, Bonnie had no idea what they were talking about. It was just a blind date-why were they making it so philosophical? She gave up trying to understand and focused on sipping her milkshake.

Yvette took a sip of her milkshake, savoring the sweetness. She wasn't one to meddle in other people's affairs, but she just felt like saying something that day.

Tobias didn't say anything else. He just sat down and drunk his coffee. The three of them sat in silence, each drinking their respective beverages. In the middle of it. Tobias received a phone call. hastily saying goodbye to the two before leaving.

After finishing their drinks, Yvette and Bonnie headed toward the campus entrance, only to spot a black MPV parked there. A man stepped out and walked straight toward Yvette. Upon reaching her, he bowed respectfully.

"Ms. Zeller, would you please come with me? Mr. Chambers is waiting for you." The man was Lucas, dressed in a suit. As he looked at Yvette, his heart filled with admiration. He was the one who brought her back. Back then, he already had a feeling that Yvette was no ordinary person.

As it turned out, in just a month's time, Yvette had achieved numerous things. First, she won the Frixyia competition. Then, overnight, the Sullivan family went bankrupt and got kicked out of Seacuity. Shortly after, she somehow forced Rebecca to take action, leading to Victor apologizing to an ordinary person

Yvette had even gotten into a conflict with Daniel's son, which resulted in the intervention of Simon, Wyatt, and Jeremiah. Daniel was eventually taken down. Just recently, she won a piano competition. Although Lucas wasn't there to witness it, he later heard from Zachary that Yvette knew the world-renowned pianist Bryan. Bryan had even video-called her to show his

support

With each event piling up, it became evident that Yvette was far from the country girl they had assumed her to be. On the contrary... Lucas stared blankly at Yvette's delicate face, lost in thought. It wasn't until she spoke that he snapped back to reality. Yvette's voice was cold. "What's the matter?"

Lucas knew that getting Yvette to agree wasn't going to be easy, and he braced himself. If necessary, he was prepared to shamelessly beg her to get inside the car. However, before he could fully prepare himself, Yvette spoke again. "Let's go."

Lucas' heart leaped like he had just been on a roller coaster. He was ecstatic, though he couldn't figure out why Yvette had agreed so quickly this time. Nevertheless, he was relieved that he didn't have to resort to his shameless plan. Otherwise, with

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so many people watching, he would've felt extremely embarrassed.

Next, Yvette turned toward Bonnie and said. "You head back first Bonnie nodded, taking their shopping bags and walking away. Yvette got into the car. After closing the door, Lucas climbed into the front passenger seat. He was so focused on Yvette that he didn't notice Winona and a group of girls watching them from the university entrance.

"Winona, didn't that man look like your family's butler? Wan't be the one who brought your art supplies the other day?" one of the girls asked.

"Yeah. I remember now. I think it was him," another chimed in.

"He wasn't here for you? Why did he leave without seeing your one asked,

They had only caught a glimpse of Lucas closing the car door al hadn't seen much of what had happened earlier. All they saw was a silhouette. Everyone was perplexed and wondered why Lucas had shown up if he wasn't there for Winona.

Only Winona knew who Lucas opened the door for. She recognized Yvette immediately. She was sure she wasn't mistaken. She clenched her fist so tightly that her nails dug into her palm, but she maintained a calm demeanor. "He was here to bring me something. I asked him to check on Yvie, to see if she needed any help," she explained with a smile.

When the girls heard Winona say that, they couldn't stop showering her with compliments.

"Winona, you're so kind. Don't listen to those people on the forum. They're framing you because they're captivated by Yvette, one said.

"Exactly. Don't let it get to you. No matter how impressive Yvette is, people will eventually come back to support you," the other uttered.

Winona remained silent. Finding an excuse to leave the group, she snuck off to a quiet corner of the sports field, biting her lip as she dialed Nellie's number.



Meanwhile, Nellie was playing cards with a man named Blake. Blake was a local gangster in Seacriety. Nellie had been having an affair with him for quite some time. It wasn't really an affair, but rather a case of using each other for mutual benefit

Over the years, Nellie had paid Blake to help her with various shady dealings. Nellie admired Blake for his skills in bed, and they had maintained this discreet relationship for over ten years. Nellie didn't really feel anything for Blake, but Blake had developed some genuine feelings for her, so he never hesitated to do whatever she asked- including investigating Yvette.

Unfortunately, Blake's information was inaccurate. There was a big difference between the Yvette in the information and the Yvette in real life. Ever since. Nellie had been seeing Blake often, and their "planning had always concluded with them in bed

Nellie slipped into a s\*\*y nightgown, got out of bed, grabbed her phone from her bag, and answered the call. On the bed. Blake reached out for her, but she signaled him to wait a moment. "Hello? Winona, why are you calling me at this hour?" Even though Nellie tried her best to hide her ho\*\*e voice, Winona still picked up on the odd tone

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"Mom, I just saw Lucas come to pick up Yvette. I think she's going to meet Dad. Do you know what it's about?" Winona asked. Actually, the fact that Lucas came to pick up Yvette wasn't a big deal, hut Winona somehow felt uneasy

When Nellie heard Winona mention that Lucas had gone to pick up Yvette, her expression changed. Since the piano competition a few days ago, she had heard from Zeke that Yvette had, for some unknown reason, taken a leave of absence and hadn't returned to university.

Zachary had been busy with a foreign bidding project at the company for the past few days and hadn't been home, so Nellie didn't know why Lucas went to pick up Yvette either.

"Winona, you don't need to worry about this. I'll find out what your father wants with Yvette. Your main focus right now should be the apprenticeship ceremony in two days. Don't let anything distract you. I'll handle this. Yvette won't get in your way. I've already come up with a plan to deal with her. Don't worry. By Sunday, she'll become a laughingstock among the wealthy families in Seacriety, Nellie confidently assured Winona over the phone.

Hearing that, Winona felt much more at ease. Recently, Nellie had been treating Winona like a precious jewel, pampering her more than she ever did with Zeke. Winona had been living more comfortably in the past few days than she had in the past two decades.

After hanging up. Winona stared at her phone, standing in a corner with a satisfied smile on her face. It was her mother who was plotting against Yvette, so it had nothing to do with her.

At the hotel, after ending the call, Nellie stood still, lost in thought, her expression vicious and malevolent. Blake had gro

grown impatient and grabbed her from behind, pulling her into the bed. Nellie went along with his actions, and the two enjoyed another passionate round.

When things finally settled, Blake reached for a cigarette at the bedside and started smoking. Seeing that, Nellie slipped out of his embrace, took the cigarette, and took a few puffs. Glancing at Blake, who was still panting, she thought, "He's definitely getting old and less capable compared to the young guy I fooled around with recently.

If it weren't for the fact that Blake still had some influence and could get things done for her, she would have dumped him long ago. Nellie thought this in her mind but didn't let any of it show on her face. She handed the cigarette back to Blake, who continued smoking without complaint.

"The task I gave you-is it done? This time, don't mess up again. Make sure your men stay alert, or you know how I can be." Nellie said.

Blake knew he had indeed messed up the previous task of investigating Yvette, but it wasn't really his fault. Yvette was just too mysterious. He had already dug up everything that could be found, but Nellie insisted it wasn't right. There was nothing he could do but keep digging.

Blowing out a puff of smoke, Blake glanced at Nellie, recalling the plan she had mentioned for Sunday. Indeed, the most vicious thing in the world was a woman's heart; he couldn't compare. "Don't worry. Nothing will go wrong this time. They arrive tomorrow. I'll get them settled and wait for your call on Sunday. Then, I'll send them over."

Nellie's expression softened considerably as she heard that. She gently replied, "Good. Be ready. On Sunday, I want Yvette to be utterly ruined."

Blake smiled without saying a word. If Nellie wanted someone gone, he'd provide the knife because he couldn't live without her. The two cuddled for a while longer before Nellie got dressed and left for Chambers Group

At Chambers Group, Lacas led Yvette to the private elevator that went straight to the top floor, exclusively for Zachary, Seeing that, the receptionists and some employees were buzzing with excitement. It was the first time they had seen a woman other than Nellie use the private elevator. Everyone was eager to know who Yvette was.

One particular gossipy employee speculated that Yvette might be the daughter Zachary had recently found. She shared this guess with everyone. Everyone was shocked because it was said that the Chambers family didn't like Yvette.

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15:10 Thu, Oct 10 T

Chapter 110.

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As expected, rumors were just rumors and couldn't be trusted at all. In all those years, the employees at Chambers Group had only seen Nellie a few times. They had never seen any other Chambers family members, only Zachary's children, in the

entertainment news

They only knew about the upcoming banquet where Winona would formally become the apprentice of the president of the Art Association. Yet, this recently found daughter was able to enter Chambers Group first, personally escorted by the chairman's butler.

The ordinary employees didn't think too much of it, considering it normal. But the senior employees who had been with Zachary for many years saw this as a significant sign.

Inside the chairman's office, Zachary frowned deeply, his refined face showing signs of exhaustion. He had been staring at the document in his hand for two hours. Finally, he sighed and signed his name at the bottom of the page. From that moment, the document became legally binding.

Knock Knock!

"Mr. Chambers, I've brought Ms. Zeller over, Lucas uttered.

Zachary stood up excitedly. He thought Lucas might have to put in some effort to bring Yvette over, but she had arrived much sooner than expected. Nervously, Zachary straightened his suit, making sure everything was in order before saying. "Come in." Though Zachary tried to keep his voice calm, Yvette could still hear the excitement in it from outside the door.

Lucas opened the door and bowed slightly, gesturing for Yvette to enter first. With her hands in the pocket, Yvette walked into the office leisurely with her lung legs.

From Zachary's perspective, he could see her beautiful profile. Her eyelashes were long and beautifully curled. Zachary couldn't help but be struck by how much she resembled Lilian. He greeted Yvette warmly, "Yvette, you're here."

still

Yvette nodded, then casually found a seat on the couch and crossed her legs. She glanced at Zachary, who was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling window in his suit, smiling at her. Her tone was indifferent. "What's up?" She was still as aloof as

ever.

Zachary thought for a moment, then walked over with the document he had just signed in his hand. Lucas, ever observant, poured coffee for the two and stepped aside, bowing his head.

Zachary sat down on the couch opposite Yvette and handed her the document. His eyes were fixed on her as he said sincerely. "Take a look at this document. If there are no issues, I have the lawyer process it."

Yvette picked the document up and glanced at it. It was a will. She was slightly taken aback but didn't even bother to read its contents before tossing it back onto the table.

"This is my will. Why is she treating it like trash?' Zachary mused. He was about to lose his mind. "What's the meaning of this?" he asked. Zachary hadn't expected Yvette to be so disinterested in his will. While he knew she wasn't living as badly as he had once imagined, Chambers Group wasn't a small asset. Isn't she tempted at all? he wondered.

Yvette took out a piece of vanilla toffee and popped it into her mouth right in front of Zachary, savoring it. The next moment, she inquired, "Are you dying? Why make a will now?"