

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 11

“About Logan, his cooking is just okay. But his mentor, Frank Cohen, can cook something special. Yvette stretched, relishing the post-meal laziness.

Zeke’s face blushed with embarrassment. How could a country girl know so much? How did she even hear about Logan? And who in the world is this Frank? I’ve never come across that name before. But Logan is a big deal in Frixia. The only time he got invited to cook in Clusia was for a dinner hosted by the Lewis family!

Rumor had it that Logan wouldn’t cook for anyone unless someone nicknamed Evie had eaten his cooking once more. He even turned down requests from the Frixia royal family. As for who this Evie was, nobody really knew.

Nellie and the others were just as shocked. Listening to Yvette’s tone, they couldn’t help but wonder, “Has she actually tried Mr. Brown’s dishes? No way! Absolutely! She must be bragging

Nellie asked cautiously, “Yvette, how do you know so much about him? Have you tried his food?”

“Well, no” Yvette yawned lazily. She had eaten Logan’s food, but only twice. However, she’d enjoyed Frank’s cooking for three years while she was in Murphia, struggling with anorexia. Braydon Goodman had invited Frank over—more like kidnapped him—from Epea. Yvette suspected if that old man didn’t have any professional ethics, he might have poisoned her out of spite.

Hearing her denial, Nellie felt a bit relieved. She pressed on, “So why do you say Mr. Brown’s cooking isn’t good? You’re just messing with us, right? And who’s this Frank? We’ve never even heard of him.”

“Is it my fault you’re so out of the loop?” Yvette shot back.

Nellie’s confidence was fading.

Winona jumped in, “Come on, you’re just talking nonsense.”

Zachary, who had been quiet all evening, finally spoke up as Yvette took on Nellie. “Seriously, it’s just black truffles. If you want them, just tell the kitchen to whip some up. What’s with all this pointless arguing?”

Under their suspicious stares, Yvette’s first dinner at the Chambers residence wrapped up.

Lucas stood quietly with his head down all along, unsure if the info they had on Yvette was accurate. He thought she might have tasted Logan’s cooking

After dinner, a little incident unfolded. As Winona headed upstairs, she intended to push Yvette. But just as she was about to act, Yvette suddenly turned around and shot her a look, as if she knew what Winona was planning

Winona, already nervous, lost her balance and ended up kneeling on the staircase, her knee crashing painfully against the marble right behind Yvette.

Focusing on her throbbing knee, Winona felt tears welling up. She had a dance performance tomorrow, and now it was all ruined

Yvette just smirked and continued upstairs, completely ignoring Winona's dramatic wailing behind her.

Zachary and Nellie's rooms were on the third floor. Nellie had arranged for Yvette to stay on the second floor, while Winona's room was the third door on the left. Zachary's room was diagonally across from Yvette's.

The decor in Yvette's was overwhelmingly cliché, filled with cheap pink curtains and stuffed animals. The clothes in the closet were even worse—either out-of-season brands or tacky, low-quality fast fashion. Wearing those clothes would make anyone look like a Christmas tree.

Yvette wasn't impressed at all. She figured Nellie's attempts were just petty tricks. If Yvette really were a country bumpkin.

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Just as Yvette was about to hang up, the caller sensed it and quickly switched his tone. "Yve, don't hang up! I've got something important!"

Yvette paused, her finger hovering over the hang-up button, then brought the phone back to her ear. "What is it?"

On the other end, Joe was feeling a bit frustrated. He was the boss of the powerful gang Sun Fall, and everyone in the underworld would show him respect. But when it came to Yvette he found himself having to bow down.

On the very first day she became his mentor, he got severely beaten, with one of his legs broken. He had tried to fight back, only to get a brutal lesson teaching him to behave himself.

“Yve, why are you being so harsh? You just left me. What’s so exciting in Clusia? Are there lions or tigers? I mean, sure, you could go, but why didn’t you take me with you? I’m stuck here dealing with the old man. I can’t eat or sleep. Even dating has lost its fun. humph!” Joe groaned.

The only reason Yvette stayed on the line was that she knew Joe, no matter how unreliable, wouldn’t call her in the middle of the night just to chat. She cut through his rambling. Two minutes left. Get to the point

Joe paused before continuing, “Uh, Braydon reached out to me.

“Braydon?” Yvette was confused.

Lately, Joe had been not only getting yelled at by his grandpa but also had to keep one eye on that maniac Braydon, who only acted normal around Yvette.

“I’m not sure what’s going on with him lately. He’s been asking about where you went and watching me like a hawk. Can you believe it? To find out where you are, he offered me a bunch of new weapons as a trade, promising me a ten percent cut- that’s billions of dollars! Luckily, I stood my ground. Otherwise, that p**ho would’ve shown up at your door by now. But he’s dealing with some family drama-turns out his dad’s illegitimate son is causing trouble, so he might be tied up for a while. Serves him right Joe laughed out

“Thanks,” Yvette replied. She rarely expressed gratitude, but she knew how hard Joe was trying to keep her secret safe. Such a huge profit... even if he hadn’t mentioned it, explaining it to his grandpa wouldn’t be a walk in the park either.

“Yve, you’ve got to treat me better from now on. You need to look out for me, you know” Joe tried to act cute.

Yvette chuckled. “Can’t really look out for you, but I’ll send you some internal documents from the Storm Wind gang later”

Joe shouted with excitement-this gift was worth way more than any billions! For decades, in the southern region of Ameria, Storm Wind had been clashing with Sun Fall, both sides taking heavy hits. But now, with this intel, he could finally take them down.

Yvette could feel his happiness even through the line. She hadn’t shared the information with him earlier because she didn’t want to get too involved. It annoyed her, but she disliked owing others. Any trouble that might come her way later? She

didn't care.

After hanging up, Yvette took a moment to think before dialing another number. The call connected in just seconds. "This is Yvette," she said.

The voice on the other end sounded almost incredulous. "Yvette? Is that you, Ms. Zeller?"

"Put Nathan on the line, Yvette replied, her tone icy.

Without hesitation, the person made the transfer. He knew well about Yvette's legendary reputation. Besides, the higher-ups had even instructed that if she called, they had to transfer the call immediately-no exceptions.

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Once the call was transferred the person couldn't help but giggle-he could now brag to his friends that he had spoken with Yvette, and be believed they would envy him for it

Within five seconds, a deep voice came through vene, this is Nathan"

Yvette gazed out into the night, the moonlight streaming in through the window, highlighting her stunning features. "Keep an eye on him"

Nathan knew his impulsive brother was looking for Yvette. He had tried to stop him before, but once Braydon got fixated on something, even their grandfather could do little to stop him Nathan felt helpless, if he could, he would prefer Braydon never found Yvette at all

He explained, "Yvette, you know how Braydon is Now, he's become so powerful that even Grandpa is a little afraid of hir can't hold him back"

Yvette replied c***y. That's your problem. If you can't, I wouldn't hesitate to send him away for good"

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Nathan paused

re you really going

to go that continued with a harsh tone. "Yvette, you're really ruthless. If I can't stop Brayde you

Yvette let out a cold laugh. Nathan should have known her answer.

"Fine, I'll do my best to keep Braydon away, I promise he won't show up in front of you within a year," Nathan said.

Yvette hang up the phone without hesitation. What a c**g guy! A year? Playing word game with me, huh?"

Meanwhile, in Winona's room. Nellie was administering medicine to Winona silently with a straight face, making Winona feel a knot tightening in her stomach.

Everyone had always said Nellie was kind and gentle, raising her kids well. Growing up, Winona had to learn piano, dance, calligraphy, horseback riding, and art. Nellie claimed Winona could follow her passions, but that was a lie. She forced Winona to learn and never fall behind any other noble girl, or there would be consequences.

Thinking back to those years sent chills down Winona's spine. She remembered a dance competition against Rebecca whose skills were just incredible. Nellie dunked her in cold water for half the night. She cried and pleaded, but it didn't work. Finally, she had a high fever that night, and Nellie used it as an excuse to drop her out of the competition

Her fever had lasted for an entire week. Only when Zachary got home at night did Nellie gently stroke her head. She realized she was merely a tool for her mother to maintain appearances and win her dad's favor. So since childhood, she understood that some things had to be fought for, no matter the cost, if not, the consequences would be even worse.

You did something s**id today, you know?" Nellie asked.

Winona's heart sank, her nerves kicking in. "I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to. I just couldn't hold back."

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Nellie stared at her for a long moment. Under that gaze, Winona felt more suffocated by

Finally, Nellie softened. "Forget about today. That b**h isn't so easy to deal with. We need to plan carefully. Next time, do anything s**id without confidence. I've been teaching you all these years, yet you haven't made any progress at all."

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Seeing that Nellie wasn't angry anymore, Winona felt a bit relieved and finally voiced her worries. "Mom, I'm worried that Victor..."

Seeing Winona's fearful expression, Nellie rolled her eyes. "Are you worried he'll be attracted to Yvette and won't want you anymore?"

Winona nodded. She had to admit that Yvette was too stunning

Nellie smirked dismissively. "Winona, relax. As long as I'm a Smith and you're still your grandfather's favorite, he won't have the guts to look elsewhere. Even if his engagement was set up by Mr. Carter and Lilian, what does that matter? Those years are long gone, and I'm the lady of the Chambers family now. Nobody's taking your spot!"

With total certainty, Nellie continued, "Gather yourself. Next month is your apprenticeship ceremony. You must show Yvette the difference between a noble girl and a country bumpkin like her. She might be pretty, but what else does she have that compares to you? Once Victor sees the gap between you two, he'll understand who he should marry."

Winona felt her confidence soar with Nellie's words. She had been thrown off by Yvette's beauty, and her mom was right—the Carter family wouldn't marry someone like Yvette, who was all looks and no talent.

Before leaving, Nellie asked about Zeke's whereabouts. Winona hesitated and, after her mother pressed her, finally admitted he was at a nightclub. Nellie was furious. Zeke never listened to her and chose foolish adventures right before exams. She

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needed to figure something out for him.

As Nellie stormed out, Winona lifted her head slowly, a sinister smile creeping onto her face.

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In the nightclub, Zeke was having a wild time with his buddies, downing drinks and laughing. Lately, he had been spoiling a C-list celebrity. When they first started hanging out, she seemed innocent and didn't care much for money. But in just three months, she was driving the luxury car he bought her, living in a mansion, and flaunting designer clothes that used to be out of her reach—she had corrupted completely.

Zeke knew there was something twisted in him. He got a kick out of ruining beautiful things. That feeling filled a void inside him that he couldn't shake.

He leaned back in his chair, taking in the celebrity dancing on a pole in the private room. He lighted a cigarette, and the smoke curled around his face, trying to hide the darkness within. Yet, his mind kept wandering back to Yvette and her icy, alluring smile.

When the celebrity finished her dance and walked over to charm him, Zeke simply said, "This woman's for you guys to enjoy."

His friends quickly jumped on board.

Thanks, Zeke!"

"You're such a nice guy, Zeke!"

The celebrity's eyes went wide in shock as she lunged for Zeke, trying to grab his leg. But with a swift kick, he sent her sprawling to the floor.

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"Be good, or the cars, the mansion, and the designer bags could all disappear. Play nice with these guys, and you can keep enjoying this lavish lifestyle," said Zeke before leaving.

The celebrity was heartbroken. Over the last three months, Zeke had treated her so well that she believed she was special. He was charming and wealthy, so it was hard not to be drawn to him. But she forgot how ruthless this group of rich kids could be. To them, she was just a plaything someone to toss aside once their fun was over.

But Zeke had a point. She had become way too accustomed to this life of luxury. Without the mansion, the flashy car, and the designer clothes life would feel worse than death.

As she fell silent, resigned to her fate, one of the playboys moved closer. He attempted to comfort her with a few sweet words while slipping his hand under her shirt, groping her without hesitation.

The other guys in the room didn't even blink. They just turned back to whatever distracted them. After all, when Zeke was done with a girl, they all took their turn. Nothing unusual there.

The next morning, Nellie woke up early to make breakfast, determined to handle everything on her own.

Winona was also up early, applying her makeup and getting ready for the day. Pleased with her perfect reflection, she finally made her way downstairs.

Zeke got home late at night. Still, for Yvette's sake, he pushed himself to get up for breakfast.

As Zachary went downstairs and the rest of the family gathered around the table, they suddenly realized Yvette wasn't up.

Nellie had specifically told the servants not to disturb Yvette, worried it might interrupt her rest. So it was no surprise that she hadn't been there yet.

"Sweetheart, Yvette might just be too tired to get up. After we finish breakfast. I'll take a plate up for her, Nellie said, trying to keep the mood light

Winona ate her breakfast silently, Realizing she couldn't deal with Yvette for now, she decided to take the high road this litne Zeke stayed quiet too. Without Yvette around, he just wasn't feeling it. He had zero interest in the girls' tricks.

Nellie knew exactly how to rile Zachary up. The moment he heard her comment, his expression grew stem. "Lucas, go get someone to wake up Yvette. It's almost noon, and she's still in bed. This is unacceptable."

"No need. A voice called from outside the door right as Lucas was about to act, and everyone at the table looked over.

Yvette walked in, dressed in a simple black workout outfit with no logos. On anyone else, it might look plain, but on Yvette, it had a stylish edge.

Nellie shot a glare at the servant beside her. The servant looked white as a ghost-she had no idea when Yvette had slipped

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In reality, Yvette had left the room at dawn, for it was the best time to practice her internal energy. She had specially avoided others, and only several servants and the security outside the house had noticed her departure.

Spotting the reserved seat at the table. Yvette walked past Nellie, who was about to say something, and took her spot. Zeke sat directly across from her, and Winona was next to her. Yvette glanced at Winona, making her feel a familiar twinge of pain in her knee

"Alright, let's eat. Why are you up so early? Did you manage to get enough rest?" Zachary put on a stern face, feeling his authority had been challenged yesterday, Yet, looking at Yvette, who resembled Lilian so much, he felt a twinge of guilt.

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Yvette, in a good mood-replied. Tim used to it”

Zachary finally realized Yvette was not just aloof but also tight-lipped. What bothered him most was her surprising strength —his wrist still throbbed from their earlier encounter. How could a girl be so strong?’ he wondered.

What he didn’t know was that Yvette had just pressed on his acupoints lightly and hadn’t really used any strength. Otherwise, it would have hurt way more.

Nellie adjusted her hair and pushed a jewelry box toward Yvette. The jewels inside were just some old things Nellie had found buried in her closet. They were worth a few thousand dollars-gifts from some wealthy guy trying to impress her, which she hadn’t thought twice about tossing aside.

Nellie figured Yvette wouldn’t recognize their value, so this could score her points with both Yvette and Zachary. Anyway Nellie had sensed that no matter how much she tried to please Yvette, it wouldn’t work.

Winona glanced at the jewelry box and instantly recognized it. She couldn’t help but scoff internally,’ Mom really knows. how to play Yvette

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Yvette glanced at the jewelry box and let out a light laugh, crossing her legs as she settled back in her chair. “No need.”

Being rejected by Yvette again and again, Nellie felt too embarrassed and finally lost her cool.

The living room was completely silent. The servants even didn’t dare to breathe loudly.

But this time. Zachary didn’t scold Yvette. Instead, he stared at the jewelry box for a moment before looking at Yvette, who was nibbling on some ham, and then at Nellie, whose expression was sour. “If Yvette doesn’t want this, then let it go. It looks too old-fashioned for young people. You can keep it for yourself

Yvette raised her head in surprise, finding Zachary to be kind of interesting.

After that, Zachary turned to Lucas, "Go grab the Heart of Lorry from my collection."

Winona felt a rush of jealousy. Just last night, Zachary had given Yvette a villa worth over 30 million, and now he was giving her the Heart of Lorry-the crown jewel he had bought at West Auction House for millions. Winona adored it so much, but every time she brought it up, Zachary said they'd discuss it when she got married.

Zeke, who had lost the villa, and Winona, who had lost the jewelry, both began to feel resentful toward Zachary. He seemed to favor Yvette too much, and a wave of insecurity washed over them.

Nellie was on the verge of exploding. 'How could Zachary scold me right in front of the servants? This's too much!

Noticing Zachary ignoring her after giving orders to Lucas, Nellie realized he was mad. She had to smooth it over for herself. "You're right, honey. I should have thought it over. I wanted to get Yvette a gift, but I just don't know what young people are into these days. I'll make it up to her another time."

Though she aimed her words at Yvette, her gaze kept shifting to Zachary. Seeing his expression soften, she felt relieved-the only one she truly cared about was him

Hearing Nellie's words, Zachary decided to give her an out. "Alright, we can talk about it again when there's something better. Now, let's eat."

After dinner, the Chambers family dispersed to do their own things, since it was the weekend.

Zeke wanted to chat with Yvette, but she completely brushed him off. Not wanting to make things awkward, Zeke decided to head outside.

Nellie went out with the ladies from the other three prominent families for afternoon tea, leaving only Zachary and Yvette at home.

In the study, Zachary watched Yvette, a pang of nostalgia stirring within. She resembled Lilian so closely that it felt like Lilian was standing right in front of him.

Zachary wore a sad expression, with no trace of yesterday's irritated demeanor. "Yvette, now that you're back home, are you thinking about changing your last name?"

"No." Yvette shoved her hands into her pockets casually and gave him a look that mixed defiance with annoyance.

Zachary nodded, not surprised. His tone softened a bit. "Alright, if you don't want to change it, that's okay. I'll state you're keeping your mother's last name to honor her.

Is that all? If so, I'll leave. Yvette was satisfied with Zachary's decision. It saved her the hassle of arguing.

Zachary felt a headache brewing. Dealing with Yvette was challenging. She was the daughter of the woman he loved most, and he regretted the lost years with her. He genuinely wanted to make up for that time..

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He added. "Actually, there's one more thing. I'm arranging for you to attend Argrol University. Zeke and Winona are already there, so you'll have someone to look out for you."

Argrol University was the top school in Seacriety. Its students usually came from wealthy families or had outstanding grades. Getting Yvette in now was impossible, since the semester had already started for two weeks, and the school typically didn't take in new students at that point, not even from elite families.

But thinking of Lilian, Zachary was determined that Yvette deserved the best. To help her secure a spot, he donated over 15 million dollars' worth of lab equipment in her name, persuading the principal to make an exception for her. However, she would have to start as a freshman.

"No need. I can get into Argrol University on my own," Yvette responded confidently.

Zachary slammed his hand on the table in anger. "Yvette, don't be stubborn! How do you expect to get into Argrol University on your own? Stop dreaming, and get ready. I'll have Lucas drive you there on Monday."

With that, Zachary hurried out-more like he was fleeing the study-worried that Yvette might say something to challenge his poor nerves.

Yvette was left standing there, puzzled. "Wait, shouldn't I be the one walking away?"