

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 121

A silent

\$75 filled the private room.

After Zachary left with Yvette decisively, Winona convinced Richard to return to his room.

Before he did, he stated, "I'll make sure Yvette pays for this."

No one uttered a word, especially Nellie, whose expression of rage and insanity seemed to threaten to engulf her.

Yvette hung her head low in Zachary's car on the way back to the Chambers residence, eyes closed, seemingly asleep.

Zachary, not wanting to disturb her rest, remained silent. He stole a few glances at her.

He had no idea how to handle his daughter. How would her stubborn nature fit into society? Who would protect her once he was gone!

Zachary suddenly thought of Jeremiah, who had previously appeared at the police station. He wondered if someone from Jeremiah's background would be interested in Yvette.

He might have some sway if they were in Seacriety, but Jeremiah's background wasn't simple. He probably belonged to one of those long-established affluent families in Betrico.

These families greatly valued social status and equal matches, so the more Zachary thought about it, the more troubled he became. He unknowingly let out a gentle sigh.

Yvette slowly opened her eyes, her expression calm and her gaze captivating. She turned and looked at her dad, her voice relaxed. "Why are you sighing?"

Zachary was so absorbed in his thoughts that he didn't notice Yvette was awake. Her sudden question startled him. "Oh, you're awake."

She nodded and probed, "Why are you sighing?"

It took Zachary a few moments of pondering before he finally spoke, looking somewhat embarrassed. "Um, Yvette, are you interested in that major general that showed up at the police station last time?"

Yvette was surprised, not understanding why Zachary suddenly brought up Jeremiah. "Why mention him?"

Zachary scrutinized her and saw that when he mentioned Jeremiah, Yvette didn't react unusually, making him think he might be overthinking

Maybe Yvette was genuinely uninterested in Jeremiah, which eased his mind.

Had he and Lilian not had such a vast family disparity, they wouldn't have met Matthew's opposition and endured many hardships.

Unlike Winona, who was set for an arranged marriage to solidify their status, Zachary truly hoped for Yvette to find happiness.

Zachary chuckled and shook his head. "It's nothing, really. I was just curious, so don't take it to heart."

She glanced at him before closing her eyes and staying quiet.

Lucas was already waiting at the door when they arrived at the Chambers residence,

After he woke up, he sensed something was off. The man asked around and discovered that Yvette hadn't returned. He also called Fabian dozens of times, but no one answered. Then, the butler knew something must have gone wrong.

He was frantic that something bad might have happened to Yvette. Just as he was about to call Zachary, he received a message from him, which calped Lucas down. It turned out Yvette had been taken to Exoir Hotel.

Lucas wanted to bring her back personally, but a surprise visitor arrived just as he stepped out. And so, he had no choice but to stay and entertain the guest.

Lucas led the staff as they gathered at the door. He quickened his pace to greet Yvette and Zachary respectfully when they returned.

"Mr. Chambers. Ms. Zeller, you're back. The person delivering the dress has arrived and is waiting for you, Ms. Zeller, Lucas stated.

Zachary nodded and turned to Yvette. Let's go, Yvette. Check out the dress that Tasked the Sterling family to tailor for you. They say Sienna only makes five dresses a year. I thought she wouldn't take the job, merely wanting to try my luck. Surprisingly, she agreed right after asking who it was for, and we didn't even discuss the price.

Yvette paused, her eyebrow raised. "Sienna?"

Zachary often heard how hard it was to persuade Sienna to make clothes from Nellie and others.

He didn't pay much attention to the fashion world and knew nothing about the woman's personality. All he knew was that she was notoriously difficult to deal with.

Zachary thought it was all rumors, though. He had talked to Sienna on the phone, and she seemed friendly and polite.

Lucas looked hesitant before he whispered something into Zachary's ears.

Just like that, Zachary's expression turned odd. He raised his voice slightly, looking at Lucas doubtfully. "Sienna came personally? She's in the living room now?"

Lucas was surprised when he first saw her. "Why would someone as busy as Ms. Sterling come herself just to deliver a dress?" he mused. This is absurd. Since when does she have to handle these minor matters?"

Lucas nodded affirmatively. "Yes, Mr. Chambers. Ms. Sterling has been sitting in the living room for half an hour now,"

Zachary didn't expect her to have waited for half an hour now. It was impolite on their part, and hardly anyone wouldn't get impatient by now.

He quickly entered the room, momentarily forgetting that Yvette was behind him. She didn't say anything and just followed him at a leisurely pace,

A young woman, probably in her twenties, sat in the middle of the living room. She wore hot pants and a tank top, with long purple hair down to her waist. Her ears had flashy pink earrings, and she wore two-inch high heels.

Sienna was drinking coffee.

To Zachary's surprise, she didn't seem impatient. Instead, she looked excited, scanning her surroundings

Sienna felt disappointed and didn't bother getting up to greet Zachary when she noticed he was alone.

The disappointment was obvious even to Zachary. He wondered what was going on.

The next moment, when Sienna saw the person following Zachary, her eyes lit up. She excitedly stood up and walked over.

Zachary thought she was coming to greet him and eagerly stepped forward. Then, he watched as the woman bypassed him and went straight to Yvette.

Surprisingly, she even reached out her arms as if to hug Yvette.

Of course, she didn't succeed. Yvette put up a hand to block her by the shoulder. "I dare you to take another step."

Sienna had no choice but to stop. She looked at Yvette with a pitiful gaze, her eyes carrying a hint of accusation as if saddened by her heartlessness and shamelessness.

Wette ignored her gaze and didn't bother to respond. She walked directly to the couch and sat down.

That left Zachary and Latcas standing ther

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Yvette massaged her temples, watching Sienna's smug face from across her. She was exasperated, thinking. 'What kind of lame excuse is that? Who would believe you?'

As expected, Zachary wore a "Do you take me for a fool?" look. Even the housekeepers in the living room noticed Sienna's blatant lies.

Meanwhile, Sienna continued making faces at Yvette as if afraid people wouldn't figure out their relationship.

Zachary didn't want to expose her lies, so he went along with it. Ms. Sterling, since that's the case, I won't disturb you two. I need to handle some matters, too.

With that, he turned to Lucas and said sternly, "Come upstairs with me."

Sienna secretly wished everyone in the living room would leave, leaving her and Yvette behind, so she quickly nodded.

"Mr. Chambers, go ahead with your work. Don't mind me. Yvette and... I mean, Ms. Zeller and I will be fine here," she voiced.

On Sienna's face was an expression that screamed, "Why haven't you left yet? Can't you move any faster."

Zachary sighed, wondering why he wasn't welcomed.

After Zachary and Lucas went upstairs, Sienna glanced at the other housekeepers. "You all can leave. I'll stay here with Ms. Zeller. Leave the gown. I'll try it on her myself

The housekeepers exchanged glances but didn't move. Then, they looked at Yvette. Seeing her nod gently, they left

Once everyone had left, Sienna jumped up from the couch and rushed to Yvette. Then, she crouched down, hugging Yvène's leg, and started wailing theatrically.

"Wow, Boss! You're finally back. You've been gone for three years, leaving Vibe with me. I've worked diligently, never daring to slack off, and have been so busy. I haven't even had time to date!" Sienna cried.

She said while pointing to her cheeks, "Look at my face. Once full of collagen, now it's gone for good. The fine lines around my eyes are even more than three years ago. If this keeps up, I'll never get married. If that happens, I'll have to stick with you forever."

Yvette sat on the couch with her legs crossed. Her eyes were cold as she stayed silent.

Without reacting to Sienna, who was dramatically playing the victim, she said, "I'll give you three minutes to say what you

want."

Sienna peeked through her fingers at Yvette. She paused and cautiously asked in a small voice, "Boss, can you take charge of the designs for next quarter's ready-to-wear collection?"

Yvette lowered her eyes, her fingers tapping rhythmically on the couch armrest.

Sienna's heart beat in sync with the tapping, thinking, 'Geez, she still just as intimidating after three years.'

Sienna had already seen how extraordinary Yvette was the first time they met.

She had never seen a girl, not even 18 years old, make over 20 strong men kneel and beg for mercy.

Sienna had never seen such a talented person before. Even without any background in fashion design, Yvette's casually drawn sketches were enough for the principal of the top fashion school in Mysonna to deliver an acceptance letter to her personally.

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Moreover, Yvette pulled up 160 million dollars to help a girl she had only met twice start a fashion company, then disappeared for three years, making all significant decisions solely through phone calls.

She experienced all of this three years ago, and Sienna was the person who, after just meeting Yvette twice, received an investment of 160 million dollars.

Indeed, Sienna's current position was largely due to her hard work, but it was made possible by Yvette's initial support. Without that investment, Vibe, worth 2 billion dollars today, wouldn't exist.

Yvette glanced at Sienna, who was lost in her memories. "Sure,"

Sienna snapped out of her memories and asked, "Huh?"

Yvette tilted her head slightly, amused. She replied casually. "Oh, forget it then."

There was no way Sienna would let Yvette back out now after all the effort she put into getting this chance. She quickly flashed a charming smile.

"No, no, no... Boss, I was just too surprised. I need it. I really need your help," the woman pleaded..

Yvette teased, "All right, once I'm done with the drawing. I'll send it to you. You can date someone now."

Sienna knew Yvette had already figured out her little scheme, so she scratched her head awkwardly. Even though she dressed like a rebellious teen, she acted like a schoolgirl before Yvette.

"Boss, actually, I have a boyfriend, and he's from the Goodman family in Mysonna. His name is Nathan. Sienna admitted.

Yvette leisurely picked up the coffee cup and paused, showing no hint of surprise in her eyes.

Sienna knew her boss wasn't as simple as she had thought. Besides, the Goodman family was quite famous in Mysonna, so it wasn't weird that Yvette knew Nathan.

Meanwhile, Yvette drank her coffee. She wasn't fond of the current cup compared to the coffee in Simon's office.

Yvette looked up at Sienna, a look of seriousness on her face. "If you want to be with Nathan, you need to be ready for the dangers that may come in the future. If you're looking for a simpler life, stay away from him."

Yvette didn't like small talk. When speaking, she got straight to the point. No one had the right to interfere in someone else's life, and she was no exception.

As for Sienna, she got up and sat on the couch quietly after hearing Yvette's advice. Her eyes were filled with a mix of melancholy and hesitance.

After a while, Sienna laughed bitterly.

"Boss, I realized a long time ago that he's not just an ordinary person. Nathan claims he's in legitimate trade, but I've seen groups of well-trained men dressed in black come to him several times. Twice, he returned at night smelling like blood. Nathan thinks he's fooled me completely, but I've always known the truth. I just... always let him believe I knew nothing. Boss, you know Nathan. What exactly does he do? Could you please tell me?" the woman probed.

Sienna's eyes were hopeful as if just one word from Yvette could dispel all her doubts and hesitations.

Meanwhile, Yvette's face was alluring in the sunset glow, with a cold expression and slightly narrowed almond-shaped eyes.

Yvette explained, "Nathan, the heir to the leading underground mafia family in Mysonna, the Goodman family, which controls most of the firearms and drug business there. He's the eldest son, raised by Damian Goodman since he was young. Five years ago, he took over the family's legitimate business operations while also laundering money on the side. Nathan appears gentle, but he's true muthless. Over the vents in meanle have verished in his hands"

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The light in Sienna's eyes gradually faded.

She had never imagined that the boyfriend she had been with for a year and planned to spend the rest of her life with was the eldest son of a mafia family in Mysonna

Guns? Drugs? Murder? These words had never appeared in her life. But now, they seemed closer than ever. She felt a dark cloud looming over her while her heart twisted and turned in turmoil and pain.

Just the thought of Nathan's murderous acts made her feel sick. She fought to suppress the nausea rising inside her and forced a weak smile at Yvette.

"Boss, I'm leaving now. The dress is in the box, tailored to your size, so it should fit. I-I'll be going now," she said.

With that, the woman quickly walked away. Yvette sat on the couch, silently watching her leave.

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As soon as Sienna stepped outside, she ran into Nellie, Winona, and Zeke, who were coming back from the restaurant.

Nellie immediately recognized Sienna; she had invited her several times before to design custom dresses.

After all, anyone who wore Sienna's dress was certain to gain the fashion industry's attention.

Nellie wasn't lacking money right now; what she needed was fame.

Sienna was preoccupied with thoughts of Nathan, and Nellie was in a bit of a daze. Without realizing it, they bumped into each other.

Only then did Sienna notice the three people in front of her.

She knew these three from before she went to Mysonna, especially Winona.

She and Winona were about the same age, and Winona was quite well-known among the prestigious families.

As for Zeke, he was a troublemaker who once tried to pursue her, and she had slapped him for that. He retaliated, and if she hadn't left the country, he'd probably still be bothering her endlessly.

Nellie was about to start shouting, but when she saw it was Sienna, her expression changed instantly from anger to delight in just two seconds.

"Oh wow, isn't this Ms. Sterling? Are you here to deliver a dress to Yvette?"

Nellie and Winona both hoped that Sienna would deny it. They held onto the slim chance that someone like Yvette wouldn't have Sienna deliver a dress in person.

Zeke narrowed his eyes and took a closer look at Sienna

Hearing her name, he finally recognized that she was the Sienna he failed to pursue a few years ago. How did she become

like this?

The Sienna from before was such a well-behaved girl, dressing very ladylike. How did her fashion sense become so wild

now?

He couldn't help but sigh at how the fashion industry could completely change a person.

Zeke couldn't understand why so many people were crazy about the clothes designed by women like her.

It wasn't until the next day, when Yvette showed up at the party wearing a custom dress made by Sienna that he realized what it meant to be truly breathtaking.

Sienna didn't even look at the three of them, nor did she spare Nellie a friendly glance. She couldn't be bothered with a bunch of schemers who harbored ill intentions toward her boss.

Sienna acted as if she hadn't heard Nellie, walking right past her, Winona, and Zeke, and got into the car.

She started the sports car and zoomed away in an instant, leaving only exhaust fumes and the three of them standing there, stunned

Nellie didn't care whether the housekeepers were watching or not. She hurled curses, completely lacking the poise of a

socialite

It took Winona and Zeke a while to calm Nellie down

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In the study. Zachary sat at the desk, lost in thought, his gaze sharp.

Lucas stood to the side, but this time he wasn't as relaxed. His face was a bit tense.

"We can't reach Fabian? His phone's been off since noon?" Zachary asked.

Lucas nodded.

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"Yes, sir. I've already investigated. Late at night, someone saw Fabian secretly take a call, then he kept tossing and turning in bed. According to his roommate, a driver, Fabian seemed unable to sleep and got up very early. I've had my blood tested and it confirms I've been drugged with sleeping pills. I've also checked Fabian's luggage and documents, and they've all disappeared. Mr. Chambers, he must have left Seacurity by now, Lucas reported.

In just a few hours, Lucas had uncovered so much information, which was efficient.

Zachary wasn't unreasonable, and much of his anger had dissipated.

Zachary reached into his drawer and took out a cigar, lit it, and took a puff.

It was clear someone was targeting Yvette. Besides his suspicions about Nellie, there was another person who seemed very suspicious, but Zachary didn't want to think this way.

He'd rather believe it was Nellie plotting against Yvette than imagine it could be the kid he'd watched grow UP.

After a while, Zachary let out a barely audible sigh. "Forget it. Let's end this investigation. There's no need to dig further."

Lucas had also figured it out. Clearly, it was someone from the house who did it.

Seeing that Zachary didn't want to pursue it any longer, Lucas understood he must have realized who did it and said, "Okay,

Mr. Chambers."

Zachary sat at the table smoking a cigar while Lucas silently stood beside him.

After Zachary finished his cigar, he looked up at the antique clock on the wall and realized it was already six in the evening "How's the setup for tomorrow's party? Has Mrs. Chambers shown any special interest in anything?"

Lucas shook his head, unsure why Zachary asked that, and wondered, "What did he mean by special interest?"

Lucas hadn't attended today's party, so he didn't know what had happened.

He chose to leave with Yvette, knowing that based on how well Zachary knew Nellie, she definitely wouldn't let it go easily. There was no telling what tricks she might pull to trouble Yvette.

Lucas carefully looked at Zachary's expression and replied respectfully, "Mr. Chambers, the party arrangements have mostly been handled by Mrs. Chambers herself. I haven't heard of any special plans."

Zachary's voice was cold. "Tomorrow at the party, you need to keep a close watch on her. If you notice anything unusual, tell me immediately."

Lucas didn't know why, but he would always listen to his boss.

Over the years, Lucas thrived in the Chambers family, and he became Zachary's trusted confidant. This was not only due to his cleverness and attention to detail but also his unmatched loyalty.

"Yes, I understand. Don't worry, tomorrow I'll make sure to stay by Mrs. Chambers' side," Lucas said.

Zachary closed his eyes, indicating he didn't want to talk anymore, and waved his hand to signal Lucas to leave.

In the dark, Zachary's presence appeared unusually lonely..

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Lucas quietly stepped back to the door and carefully closed it without making a sound.

He already sensed that tomorrow's banquet might be chaotic. What happened today to make Zachary to become so wary of Nellie?

In the bedroom, Nellie stared blankly at herself in the mirror, lost in thought, until a sly grin suddenly spread across her face.

Then, she picked up her phone from the makeup table and sent a text message.

After getting a reply a few minutes later, she started talking to herself in the mirror. "Yvette, I'll make sure you end up with nothing. I'll ruin you completely. Hahaha!"

After Zeke and Winona escorted Nellie to her room, they returned to their own rooms without speaking to each other.

The carefully prepared dinner by the housekeeper was left untouched. Zachary, Yvette, Nellie, Winona, and Zeke didn't come down to eat.

After telling the housekeepers to clear the table, Lucas hesitated for a moment before deciding to go upstairs to brief Nellie on the details and issues regarding tomorrow's banquet.

He had to.

Just as Lucas reached the bedroom door to knock, he heard an eerie laugh from inside.

The laugh startled Lucas, causing him to tremble slightly and freeze in place as he wondered; 'Should I go in or not?'

As he was caught in his dilemma, the door opened.

Nellie saw Lucas standing at the door and was surprised, and she gave him a somewhat unfriendly look. Her voice was eerie. "What are you doing here? What did you hear?"

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Lucas had only heard Nellie's creepy laughter and nothing else. He shook his head before saying, "Mrs, Chambers, Mr. Chambers asked me to go over the details of tomorrow's party with you and check the seating plan to see if any changes are needed"

Nellie stared at Lucas momentarily before finally looking away and instructing. "Come in."

In her bedroom. Winona paced back and forth with her phone in her hand, her eyes fixed on the screen, hoping she wouldn't miss any messages. Winona had been waiting from six in the evening until eleven at night, but there was still not message. She finally gave up, tossed her phone on the table, and went to remove her makeup and wash up.

I need to be at my best in front of everyone for tomorrow's party. Winona thought determinedly.

Winona waited for Jeremiah's reply. She had tried hard to get Jeremiah's phone number and had been texting him since early morning, inviting him to tomorrow's party. However, by midnight, when Winona had finished getting ready for bed, Jeremiah still hadn't replied. In fact, if Winona sent Jeremiah another text, she would realize she had already been blocked. Unfortunately, Winona still had hope.

At least having Jeremiah's number meant she still had a chance. Besides, who could predict what the future would bring? After all, she couldn't believe Jeremiah would remain faithful to Yvette forever. Winona was sure that sooner or later, they would tired of each other. Soon after, Winona fell into a sweet dream, full of excitement for the next day. She fell asleep quickly, and whatever she was dreaming about made her smile like a Cheshire cat.

The next day, the Chambers family had thousands of red and yellow roses flown in from overseas, all picked the day before and delivered overnight to Seacriety. The Chambers family decided to host the party in their backyard of more than 10,000 square feet.

Zachary had specifically instructed Lucas to place identical signs at the entrance to the garden indicating both events to emphasize the importance they placed on both the apprenticeship ceremony and the welcome home party. Zachary wanted everyone to know that he treated everyone equally.

That day, the Chamber family's housekeepers wore matching uniforms as they circulated the event, each carrying wine and pastries flown from Mysonna that morning. Nellie even made a special effort to hire Seacriety's most famous pastry chef to prepare forty-nine types of desserts just for the party. The party cost nearly 3.3 million dollars, making it one of Seacriety's most expensive events.

When Nellie got up in the morning, she instructed the driver to take Richard from Exoir Hotel to the Chambers residence. Then, she went to the kitchen for breakfast

Last night, Zachary slept in the guest room on the second floor. When he returned, he usually spent more nights in the guest room than in the master bedroom, and Nellie was used to it. It was always the same. Whenever they argued, Zachary went silently to the guest room, pretending Nellie did not even exist.

No matter how frustrated Nellie felt, she could only hold it in because she was deeply in love with Zachary. Life would be meaningless to Nellie if Zachary chose to leave her one day, so she was always the first to apologize to him.

That time was no different. Even though Zachary had publicly embarrassed her, she couldn't let him go. Nellie had to give in again. "Darling, are you awake?" Nellie asked as she stood at the door and knocked gently a few times, but there was no answer. Even so, Nellie kept knocking patiently.

At last, Zachary opened the door. He was already dressed in a dark suit with a neatly knotted tie for the party. He even wore an antique watch that he did not wear very often. He looked at Nellie, who was holding breakfast at the door and felt a little guilty, so he was not as cold as usual. "Have you had breakfast yet? If not, why don't you come down and join me?" Zachary suggested.

Nellie was surprised by Zachary's offer. She had been prepared for Zachary's usual indifference, but his attitude was completely different at that time. She nodded happily, her voice filled with excitement. "All right! Yes!" she chirped, her surprise and joy evident in her voice,

When they went downstairs and sat at the dining table, Nellie asked the housekeeper to bring her another breakfast set. The kitchen staff was puzzled by Nellie's request since she had eaten less than half an hour before. When Nellie attended a party, she usually ate less than usual. They wondered why she was eating more on such an important day. Although the kitchen staff was curious, they went ahead and obediently prepared another serving

Zachary picked up the newspaper on the table. It was full of news about the Chambers family. Zachary scanned it, but nothing was special: there was just some gossip and nothing too serious. After all, the entertainment section always needed a little sensationalism. Zachary sipped his coffee and glanced at Nellie before asking. "Which newspaper did you give the exclusive rights to cover today's party?"

Nellie's hand hung in the air as an uneasy feeling enveloped her. She studied Zachary's expression, which seemed matter-of-fact, as if he were only asking casually.

Nellie felt reassured and confidently replied, "Well, I was going to give it to Seacriety Financial, but their editor seems to be in some legal trouble lately. I was worried there might be some issues, so I gave the exclusive to Seacriety Daily instead. Their editor assured me that they would promote it heavily. Still, I only gave them three invitations. I'm worried that too many reporters might upset some guests."

Zachary was not overly concerned about such matters. Nellie always had a knack for social situations and handled them with ease. Zachary nodded in satisfaction and said, "Hmm, not bad. Three reporters will be enough. You've considered this carefully."

When Nellie heard Zachary's compliments, she beamed even wider.

Zachary put down his coffee as Lucas returned from the garden. Lucas had been busy since five o'clock in the morning, and now the garden was finally ready to welcome guests. It had been a long time since Lucas had seen Zachary and Nellie having breakfast together, so he was a little surprised.

Yesterday, Mr. Chambers had instructed me to keep an eye on Mrs. Chambers, but today they seem so affectionate Lucas thought confusedly as he walked over to the dining table. He greeted Zachary and Nellie respectfully and said, "Mr. and Mrs. Chambers, the garden setup is complete."

Zachary looked over at Lucas. Since Lucas was getting on in years and had been dealing with a lot recently, he looked a little tired, so Zachary kindly suggested, "Why don't you go and rest for a bit? There's an evening party you can attend. Let the housekeepers take care of the minor tasks. After all this time, haven't you learned to delegate? At your age, you should stop trying to do everything yourself."

Zachary seemed to be giving Lucas a hard time, but he was actually showing concern for Lucas. Nellie chimed in with a few words of concern from her seat across the room. "Yes, Lucas. Take a short break. Don't push yourself," Nellie advised.

Lucas felt touched. His eyes became slightly moist as he thought, It was indeed my good fortune to meet Mr. Chambers. Over the years, Lucas had lived more comfortably than any other butler working for prestigious families, rarely getting into trouble, which was a rarity in upper-class families.

As for Nellie, Lucas simply listened to her pretentious concern, fully aware that she was the one who had insisted that he supervise the garden work late at night. And now she's saying this? For what? Lucas fumed inwardly, understanding everything perfectly.

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Lucas lowered his head as he said, "All right, Mr. Chambers. I have something else to report. Yvette's makeup team had a problem from Betrico to Seacurity, and they might not arrive on time. Should we call for the backup makeup artist?"

That was an unforeseen circumstance. Fortunately, Lucas was experienced. To prevent such problems, he had a backup plan. and hired two makeup artists. If there was any problem with one, the other could step in. That was why Lucas was still calmly reporting the situation to Zachary

Zachary was not overly concerned. He replied, "Just get it sorted out. Get the other makeup artist to come over immediately. Yvette is probably still asleep. When they arrive, have the staff wake her up. Let her get some rest; it's going to be a long day

Nellie sat in the chair, head down, suppressing her hatred. She picked up her milk as if nothing was wrong, hiding the hint of malice in her eyes as she scoffed inwardly, 'Makeup artist? I wonder which makeup artist is brave enough to do Yvette's makeup!

Lucas did not waste any time. He took out his phone and called the backup makeup artist directly. The call connected, but after exchanging only a few words. Lucas nodded mechanically and hung up. His expression was stiff and stoic.

Zachary could tell from Lucas' expression that something unexpected had happened. Zachary's face turned somber. He pursed his lips and asked, "What happened?"

Lucas had no choice but to be honest. "Mr. Chambers, the backup makeup artist said he got into a car accident and has just been taken to the hospital, so he can't make it," Lucas explained.

Zachary had never expected such an unlikely thing to happen right at the crucial moment. 'Since the poor guy had a car. accident and is hospitalized, surely, I can't force him to come now, Zachary thought, frowning,

It was a tricky situation. Zachary might not know much about such things, but he knew that good makeup artists must have been booked in advance. Trying to find a good one now would be nearly impossible, and Zachary did not want to compromise with just anyone. If Yvette uses an average makeup artist today, the guests might gossip, and who knows what stories they might spread outside? I don't want Yvette to suffer such unnecessary embarrassment, Zachary thought worriedly.

Right then, Nellie suddenly spoke up, Darling, if Yvette doesn't mind, she can use Winona's makeup artist. Since we are running out of time and I have coincidentally hired two makeup artists for Winona, they could each have one. It would work out perfectly."

Zachary still had doubts about Nellie, but he did not think she would be so bold as to play a trick on Yvette openly. He hesitated momentarily before finally agreeing, "All

right, let's stick with that plan. Two makeup artists-one for Yvette and one for Winona so there won't be any time conflict."

Nellie was pleased with the outcome and understood why Zachary paused before agreeing. She scoffed inwardly. In the end, it all came down to him not trusting me. Hmph! But that's fine. He has to believe that I wouldn't dare to hurt Yvette. Too bad. I plan to do just the opposite. I already have a plan, and even if things get out in the end, I can make sure that no suspicion falls on me

At lunchtime, Winona and Zeke went downstairs together. When they saw Zachary sitting on the sofa, there was no awkwardness as they approached him and greeted him warmly, Good afternoon, Dad It seemed as if the incident of Zachary choosing Yvette over them yesterday had never happened.

Zachary was quite pleased with how well-behaved they were. His expression softened with kindness as he replied, "Winona! Zeke! Lora has kept your share. Go and have a bite"

Winona and Zeke exchanged glances and thought, Leftover food? So it's not freshly made? Both of them felt a little disappointed. Normally, they would not eat that kind of food-they would throw it away. However, they both knew Zachary did not like to waste food, so they always pretended not to mind in front of him.

Given what happened yesterday, Winona and Zeke were feeling a bit uneasy. Although they did not say it directly, they were increasingly displeased with Zachary. After seeing what he had done yesterday, they knew Yvette was important to him. So now, regardless of how unhappy they were or how little appetite they had, they had no choice but to sit down and eat. They were taking their time eating. They still had not touched their plates after more than ten minutes.

Winona looked around but saw no sign of Nellie. Normally, Nellie always hovered near Zachary. Today was an exception. It had been a long time, but there was still no sign of Nellie. "Dad, where's Mom? Why haven't I seen her?" Winona asked sweetly, looking at Zachary,

Zachary's expression turned cold.

Winona felt anxious, unsure of what she might have said something wrong. Is it just because I asked where Mom was?' she wondered.

"She's at the west mansion entertaining the temperamental Mr. Griffin. He doesn't want to come here and insists on showing up only when the event begins, Zachary grumbled unhappily. Winona felt quite uncomfortable, as if on pins and needles.

Yesterday, Zeke had also noticed how unfair Zachary was. He knew that he and Winona were on the same side at the moment. Even if they did not like each other, they

were still blood-related. Winona had become Richard's apprentice to pave the way for their future, and Zeke was not stupid. He knew who to support and who to help.

"Dad, it's normal for someone in Mr. Griffin's position to have a temper. Besides, yesterday, Yve upset him, and it was Winona who calmed him down. Without her, today's party might have been a disaster," Zeke grumbled, rolling his eyes. Zeke seemed to be speaking for Richard, but he was actually reminding Zachary of how unfair he had been the day before.

Sure enough. Zachary remained silent after hearing Zeke's words. However, the mood in the living room had become a little less cheerful.

Winona looked at Zeke in surprise and wondered, Is Zeke supporting me now? Does he finally understand who our mutual enemy is?

When Winona and Zeke saw Zachary head upstairs for a nap, they immediately put their forks down. Winona got up without saying anything and went to the west mansion, leaving Zeke behind.

Zeke was a big guy, so he would not be satisfied with just that amount of food. He asked the housekeeper to bring some grilled fish and steak to his room. After all, he was not Winona, who had to maintain her figure for the banquet that night and was even avoiding drinking water.

At the western mansion, Richard had deliberately refused to go to the main house to give Zachary a reality check. After returning to the hotel yesterday, Richard had become increasingly angry about what had happened at dinner that he had barely slept. Richard was determined to vent his anger at the party that night. He fumed inwardly. "What would happen to my reputation if word got out that I, as chairman, allowed such a humiliation to happen?"

Nellie patiently tried to calm Richard down but to no avail. Finally, she had no choice but to reveal her plan for that day.

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Upon hearing Nellie's words, Richard grinned slyly. He was pleased with her tactics against Yvette, though he thought they weren't harsh enough.

Nellie was well aware of Richard's vindictive nature. She thought, I'm not worried about him revealing any secrets. Given how Yvette disrespected him yesterday, I'm certain Richard would want her to see her embarrass herself even more than I

do

Richard and Nellie exchanged knowing smiles. Each was harboring their own plans.

Winona saw Richard and Nellie smiling at one another as she entered but pretended she hadn't noticed. "Mr. Griffin, Mom," Winona greeted Richard before she greeted Nellie, and this tiny act of putting him first allowed her to make points with

him.

Besides the Cyanbird painting. Richard's apprentice Winona gratified him greatly. Thus, smiling at her tenderly, he asked, "Winona, how did you sleep last night?"

Winona smiled warmly. "Mr. Griffin, please don't laugh at me, but I've been so thrilled about officially becoming your apprentice today that I couldn't sleep all night."

Richard laughed heartily when he heard this, and his gaze toward Winona grew kinder and more doting

Nellie was pleased with how well Winona could read the situation and gratify Richard. She then thought, 'I feel reassured my efforts in raising Winona didn't go to waste. I'm confident she'll become Zeke's best support in the future.

What could Yvette possibly have to compare with Winona? After today, she'll become Seacurity's laughing stock and only be able to live in obscurity.

Winona exchanged polite small talks with Richard before turning to Nellie, who sipped coffee on the side. "Mom, I heard from Lora that you sent the makeup artist we hired to Yvie?" Winona asked.

She was careful not to mention Yvette by her first name because she seemed sweet and considerate to Richard and had to keep up that persona.

Nellie shot Richard a mysterious look, and they shared a tacit understanding. However, that left Winona utterly confused. wondering. "Why would Mom be so kind as to send my makeup artist to Yvette? I can't make sense of it.

Richard, who had already figured out why, spoke to the perplexed Winona, "What's wrong, Winona? Are you upset about that arrangement? Are you unhappy?"

Winona immediately shook her head. Worried she'd be misunderstood, she replied hurriedly, "Mr. Griffin, why would I be? It's an honor Yvie chose my makeup artist. I'm just puzzled about the change. Why can't her stylist come all of a sudden? That's why I'm asking."

Nellie casually informed Winona, "Oh, Yvette's makeup artist had a car accident and can't come."

Winona's heart sank when she noticed Nellie's expression and suspected mentally, "Wait, the makeup artist was involved in a car accident? The chances of that happening are incredibly low yet, it just happened? Mom must have orchestrated this

somehow.

Looking back on past events, Mom couldn't have accomplished all those things all by herself. Could it be that her secret lover is involved again?

I have long known that Mom has a secret lover. I've tried to investigate, but she's always very discreet, and I don't want to be too obvious while investigating either. So, even now, I have no clue who this person is. I have no leads at all!

Winona watched Nellie and Richard sip their coffee, lowered her head slightly, and didn't ask any further.

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Meanwhile, in the main-mansion's living room, Yvette had already gotten up at five in the morning for a run but avoided everyone on her way out and back.

No one knew Yvette had gone out, and when she returned and woke up after taking a quick nap, everyone assumed she had just woken up then.

Lucas rested for a while in the mansion before getting dressed in his uniform. That's when he met Yvette, who was coming

down the stairs.

Still dressed in her unbranded tracksuit and canvas shoes, Yvette's attire seemed mismatched to her exquisitely beautiful face. Despite that, Lucas greeted her respectfully, "Miss, shall I prepare breakfast for you?"

Technically, it was almost noon, but Lucas thought Yvette had just woken up so he asked if she wanted breakfast.

Yvette casually slipped her hands into her pockets. Then, she pulled out a piece of vanilla toffee with her slender fingers, unwrapped it, and popped it into her mouth. She did that all while staring at Lucas wordlessly.

Lucas felt uneasy under her gaze. What is that look from Ms. Zeller? Did I leave something on my face just now when I was rushing? he wondered anxiously while touching his face.

Yvette paused noticing Lucas fiddling with his face. Subsequently, she reached into her pocket again and tossed him another piece of candy.

Lucas instinctively caught the candy Yvette threw his way with an incredulous expression. At my age, I really shouldn't be eating these, especially since my teeth can't handle it.

"Go ahead and eat it. Your heart isn't getting enough blood flow. If you don't take care, you won't last more than a couple of years, Yvette warned.

Lucas couldn't help but chuckle. Although his heart had minor issues, it wasn't as serious as Yvette made it out to be. Yet, when he saw her seriousness, he was shaken up and thought he'd better get it checked after the banquet. Little did he know, this simple act would end up saving his life.

Yvette eyed the candy in Lucas' hand before nodding at him to take it. Lucas had long noticed Yvette's special fondness for this candy. He knew she really liked it. Therefore, not wanting to refuse her kind gesture, he unwrapped the candy and put it in his mouth, even if it meant risking his teeth.

Lucas thought it was hard candy. However, to his surprise, the candy dissolved in his mouth immediately. It smelled sweet at first but had a slightly medicinal taste. Despite that, it wasn't bad, in fact, it was quite refreshing. After finishing it, Lucas even smacked his lips, savoring the aftertaste.

Seeing Lucas had eaten it, Yvette went to the living room wordlessly but paused before a painting on the wall. Her expression was calm, but in her eyes was an inexplicably profound look with a hint of coldness. 'Oh, Zachary... Ah, never mind, just a reminder would suffice,' she thought.

Yvette glanced back at Lucas, who still stood dumbfoundedly at the bottom of the stairs. Then, she looked upward and spoke with an icy tone, "I suggest you take that painting down."

Hearing Yvette's voice brought Lucas back to reality. Ah, I must have looked so silly being immersed while enjoying a piece of candy. Oh, I'm so embarrassed, he thought.

Abashedly, Lucas walked over to Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, pardon me. What did you say? I didn't quite hear you."

Yvette tried to stay patient and repeated herself, "Take this Cyanbird painting down."

Lucas was shocked and pondered, "Take it down? How could I? Mrs. Chambers has stressed many! placed in the most noticeable spot so every guest can see it immediately,

that it should be

'Ms. Zeller wouldn't say such a thing without reason. Before, I might have suspected her of jealousy, but now I don't think that's the case. What could be the reason then? Why does she want me to take it down?'

Lucas was puzzled, but taking it down was not an option. Therefore, he could only patiently explain to Yvette, "Ms. Zeller, I'm afraid we can't take the painting down. Both Mrs. Chambers and Mr. Griffin insisted strongly that it stay here. It was specially prepared for today's banquet."

Yvette glanced at the central painting again. With a meaningful gaze, she lowered her voice and said, "Oh, then suit yourselves."

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Just as Lucas was unsure what to do with Yvette, a housekeeper reported, "Lucas, the makeup artist has arrived and is waiting at the door."

Upon hearing the makeup artist's arrival, Lucas instructed the housekeeper to escort Winona back from the west side of the mansion for makeup. Then, he carefully approached Yvette, who was sitting on the couch.

He said. "Ms. Zeller, the makeup artist is here. Please go back to your room first. I'll have them come up to do your makeup shortly.

Yvette was not interested in these matters, but remembering Lilian's dying wish, she nodded quietly and replied coldly. "Got it

Lucas thought for a moment and decided he needed to tell Yvette about the makeup artist. Just as he was about to speak, Winona and Nellie returned, interrupting him. Nellie said, "Lucas, the makeup artist is here, right? Quickly, send her to Winona's room. We can't afford any delays."

After finishing her sentence, Nellie suddenly noticed Yvette sitting on the couch. With Zachary not around, Nellie stopped. pretending, and her words were filled with insincerity. "Oh, Yvette, you're here too? My eyesight is getting bad"

The living room couch was facing the door, making Yvette visible as soon as one entered, Still, Nellie insisted on making a few rude remarks to her.

Winona stood quietly and thought, 'Mom will definitely not let Yvette off easily today!

She figured she might as well enjoy the spectacle without getting herself involved. Her task today was to be the perfect, lofty princess admired and envied by everyone.

Yvette didn't lift her head, her delicate, fair hands fiddling with her phone. Her gaze carried a unique, cool arrogance

She uttered, "If your eyesight is bad, you should check it sooner rather than later because once it's too late, there's no going back.

Nellie was speechless. Yvette's words infuriated her, causing her face to flush with rage. Nellie exclaimed inwardly. "This brat is even more vicious than Lillian. Back in the day, I could deal with Lillian well, but doing the same with Yvette is definitely not going to be easy!

Nellie held back her anger and thought bitterly, 'Be as arrogant as you want. It won't last past today. I'm waiting to see Yvette cry later

Nellie forced a smile as she gave Yvette a nasty look and said maliciously, "Yvette, I truly hope you can always be this sharp- tongued.

Yvette finally lifted her head, looking at Nellie as if she had seen something disgusting. Though she said nothing, it drove Nellie even crazier than if she had spoken. Yvette's disdainful and cold gaze almost pushed Nellie to the brink of losing control of her anger.

Yvette ignored her reaction, put away her phone, walked upstairs, and paused midway. Without turning her head, she said something that completely shattered Nellie's composure.

Lucas almost couldn't suppress his laughter at the side and mused, 'Ms. Zeller is truly impressive. I can't believe she mentioned Mrs. Chambers' menopause in front of everyone.'

Nellie's menopause had only begun this year. She tried hard to keep it a secret and only had Lora make her special medicine. However, there was no such thing as a secret that couldn't be discovered. The housekeeper has talked about it privately, but no one dared to mention it aloud as Nellie was terrified of aging

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The last thing Nellie wanted to admit was that she was going through menopause. She took all sorts of supplements daily to maintain a youthful appearance. Moreover, she didn't want Zachary to know about it. It was a matter of pride for her, and it was how she

reassured herself she was still young and that he wouldn't leave her because she was losing her looks.

When Yvette revealed Nellie's menopause in public, it was like stripping away her last veil of dignity. Yvette turned around and went to her room, leaving Nellie infuriated in the living room.

Soon. Lucas escorted the makeup artist and the team upstairs to Yvette's and Winona's rooms.

In Yvette's room, Lucas had long removed the cheap pink decorations that Nellie initially set up for her. Only a few outfits that had been prepared back then remained in the closet.

Yvette never even bothered to look.

The makeup artist of Yvette, Tony Leach, was known in Seacriety for being sharp-tongued. After gaining some fame, he often bullied newcomers. This time, he made a deal with Nellie. He would receive a check worth 15 million dollars if he got the job done. He never thought highly of Yvette, anyway. To him, she had an undeserved reputation.

When Tony entered the room, he saw the plain tracksuit and canvas shoes with no logos and noticed the emptiness inside with hardly any decent decorations. He secretly peeked inside the closet. As makeup artists, they must be familiar with clothing brands and the latest trends. He immediately recognized the colorful outfits that had been out of fashion for years. He recalled-Winona's room filled with antiques, world-class paintings, and a vanity adorned with diamond necklaces and gemstone ring.

He was more convinced of Nellie's words, saying Yvette was indeed an unloved daughter. With that thought, he felt even less burdened. He didn't know Yvette had just moved back into this room last night and didn't plan on staying long.

Moreover, he had no idea that the seemingly simple tracksuit was custom-made, with Yvette being the only person in the world who owned it. Because of his disdain, he also overlooked the Vibe designer dress from Sienna tucked away in the corner. The gift box had a label exclusive to top-tier VIPs

Tony confidently instructed his assistant and two interns to arrange all the makeup and tools without consulting Yvette, acting as if he were in his own home.

The assistants and the interns felt uneasy, glancing at Yvette, who sat quietly on the side, playing her phone the whole time.

One of the adorable female interns worked up the courage to look up and asked, "Ms. Zeller, where do you think we should put this?"

Tony had intended to make things difficult for Yvette, but his subordinates ruined this plan, leading him to immediately reprimand the female intern who spoke. "Do your job and stop with the nonsense," he snapped.

The intern who was scolded felt embarrassed, but she didn't regret what she had done. Since childhood, her mother had always taught her that the least one should have was politeness, a fundamental principle she couldn't abandon. However, she figured she would lose her job soon and thought, 'No big deal. I can always find another one. After all, I'm not learning much from Tony anyway

An assistant glanced at Tony, feeling sorry for the young intern. He had thought the intern was quite talented and hardworking, but now it seemed her time here was over.

The next

next moment, they heard Yvette, quietly sitting on the couch, suddenly shout, 'Get out!'

Tony turned around and saw Yvette putting down the cup and standing up. Her gaze was surprisingly cold, with an air of indifference that was striking.

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Tony stared at Yvette in disbelief.

Yvette's words were directed at someone, and everyone present could tell. Tony was no fool. He certainly understood Yvette was telling him to leave. His expression fell immediately.

All the eyes in the room focused on the two of them, and everyone held their breath, not daring to make a sound.

Tony was tempted to walk away but remembered his deal with Nellie. He suppressed his anger and pretended he hadn't heard Yvette's words. Grinding his teeth, he spoke slowly. "Ms. Zeller, would you please sit here so we can begin the makeup!"

Yvette's tone was still full of arrogance. "Get out." Her voice grew even colder, sending a shiver down everyone in the room. She uttered the exact words

Tony couldn't believe it. Despite him giving Yvette a way out, she still told him to get lost. It was intolerable. Putting down the makeup brush, he scoffed, "Ms. Zeller, are you sure you want to send me away? You'd better think this through. I advise you not to be so stubborn. If no one styles you today, the Chambers family will be embarrassed. I don't care. Whether I do this job or not makes no difference to me. But what about you?"

Tony's words were filled with threats, implying that if he left, Yvette would be embarrassed. Smugly, he thought, 'I bet Yvette should understand what I mean now, I can't wait to see how she apologizes to me later.

"As for the makeup? Whether it turns out good or bad is up to me. I can easily make her look bad. After all, what does a girl who just returned from the countryside know about aesthetics of fashion?"

When Yvette heard that, she pressed her lips together. Her gaze was void of emotions. She stepped forward, grabbed Tony's collar with one hand, and lifted him.

The others in the room were stunned and speechless. 'Ms. Zeller is really strong, they exclaimed inwardly.

Only the intern, who asked Yvette where to place the items earlier, looked at her with admiration. Her eyes sparkled like stars. She exclaimed inwardly, Wow. Finally, someone is doing what I've always wanted but was too afraid to do. It's so satisfying"

Tony froze, his entire body stiff as he wondered, Did Ms. Zeller just lift me so easily?"

Realizing what had happened, Tony desperately struggled and shouted at Yvette, "What are you doing? Let me go! This is ridiculous! Let me go!"

No matter how hard Tony tried, he couldn't free himself from Yvette's grip. Her hand was like a steel clamp firmly holding

him.

Emotionless, Yvette opened the door with her left hand. The next second, Tony was thrown out, crashing into the antique in the corner and landing heavily on the ground. His perfectly styled hair was now disheveled, and the eyeliner around his eyes had smudged from the struggle, making him look like quite a mess. He no longer appeared like the clean and well-dressed man he was earlier.

An assistant quickly ran over to help Tony up, and everyone, except the female intern, instinctively rushed to his side. Although they knew it was Tony's fault, what could they do? Unlike Yvette, they relied on the fashion industry for their livelihood. Siding with Tony was their path forward, so they had to put up with it. They feigned concern, asking if he was seriously hurt, offering hollow words of sympathy.

Meanwhile, Yvette leaned against the doorframe, hands in her pockets, her eyes narrowing slightly.

Tony pushed himself up from the ground, suspecting he had hurt his spine. Otherwise, it wouldn't hurt so much.

Tony dropped the act, glared at Yvette, and uttered, “Ms. Zeller, you sure have quite the temper. Since you don’t need me, I won’t waste my time here. I’m curious to see how you’ll manage without me.”

After saying those harsh words, Tony waited to listen to Yvette’s response. No matter how much he was offered now, he didn’t want to do her makeup.

Yvette ignored him, turning instead to nod at the giggling female intern in the room. “You there. Do you want to do it?”

The female intern was bewildered by Yvette’s question and wondered, “What did she mean by that? Is it what I thought it was? Ms. Zeller is asking me to do her makeup. That’s insane!”

She had worked for Tony for a long time and never once applied makeup herself. She was always tasked with running errands. It was the first time someone specifically asked her to do the makeup. Although this opportunity seemed to come by chance, she reckoned maybe the universe felt sorry for her and gave her the opportunity.

After she came to her senses, the intern eagerly nodded and said, “Ms. Zeller, I’d be glad to do your makeup!”

Tony and the others outside couldn’t believe Yvette would let an unknown intern do her makeup. If words got out, it would surely cause a ruckus.

This time, Tony surprisingly didn’t get angry. Instead, he laughed, mocking Yvette.

Tony said. “Ms. Zeller, you probably grew up in the countryside and might not know the rules of upper-class society. Letting this intern do your makeup today will make you a laughingstock. The women in the four major families hire top-tier makeup artists like us. Only we are worthy of the status of the wealthy. How about this? Apologize to me, and I’ll let this go and follow your instructions to do your makeup.”

Tony kept compromising just for Nellie’s 1.5 million dollars. The main reason was that he had recently lost more than 30 million dollars at the casino and desperately needed the money to cover the loss. Otherwise, he wouldn’t stoop so low.

However, Tony didn’t receive Yvette’s apology. Instead, he was met with her indifferent gaze as she coldly shut the door in

his face.

Tony glared at his assistant and the two interns, threatening harshly, “If anyone dares to talk about what happened today. I’ll make sure they can’t survive in this industry. Understand?”

All three nodded repeatedly. They wouldn't dare talk about it even if Tony didn't mention it. In this circle, rumors spread quickly. If he found out they spoke, their careers would definitely end.

The assistant and interns helped Tony as he limped down the stairs. When he reached the entrance on the ground floor, he ran into Sienna, who was holding a stylish bag.

Tony was familiar with Sienna, one of the most famous fashion designers internationally and a co-founder of Vibe. Recently, he heard that she returned to Seacurity to find a makeup artist studio for a long-term partnership. Being chosen by her would mean he could become a top-tier makeup artist, make his way to international

Ognition, and even participate in fashion weeks in Mysonna. It was every makeup artist's dream, including his.

The assistants and interns behind him also recognized Sienna. She was featured in all the recent fashion magazines and interviews, making it hard not to know her.

When Tony saw Sienna, his legs felt much more nimble, and he quickly approached her.

Sienna was eager to meet Yvette and didn't notice anyone else around until Tony blocked her. She stopped. Frowning slightly, she wondered, "Who's this rude guy?"

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Tony was lost in the Joy of seeing Sienna, completely oblivious to Sienna's impatient expression. Excitedly, he extended his hand, nodding and bowing obsequiously toward Sienna. "Hello, Ms. Sterling, I'm Tony, a first-level makeup artist at Seacurity. I didn't expect to run into you here, what a coincidence!"

Sienna didn't extend her hand in response; she simply gave a cold nod, thinking. This guy must be here to do makeup for that Winona. I don't have time to deal with some random makeup artist "Is there something you need?"

Tony didn't care at all about Sienna not shaking his hand; in fact, he thought it was perfectly normal. After all, her status was up there, and to her, someone like him, a mere makeup artist, was probably as ordinary as can be. Meeting Sienna. Tony instantly realized his place... Actually, for Tony to get to where he was today, he had to have a bit of cunning. If Nellie hadn't brainwashed him into thinking Yvette was just a tool for an arranged marriage, he wouldn't have treated Yvette so rudely.

Naturally, Tony pulled his hand back, and despite Sienna's indifference, his enthusiasm only grew, Tony assumed Sienna was here to see Winona and had automatically ignored Yvette.

How could Yvette possibly be worthy of someone as important as Sienna seeking her out personally? If she's here for Ms. Winona Chambers, that must mean they're close. And if she's close to Winona, she must also dislike that Ms. Zeller from the Chambers family. Thinking he had found a way to cozy up to Sienna, Tony said, "Are you here to see Winona, the grand designer?"

Sienna was completely puzzled. 'Why would I be here for Winona? She was about to explain, but then thought, Why should I bother explaining to some stranger like Tony? So she didn't say anything

Seeing Sienna stay silent. Tony took it as confirmation, becoming even more convinced that she was here to see Winona. He continued. "You wouldn't believe it, Mrs. Chambers and Winona have been so kind, but Ms. Zeller's makeup artist got into trouble, so they sent me to do her makeup. But this Ms. Zeller, she's so arrogant, can't tell good from bad, has a terrible temper, and she's nothing like Winona. I mean growing up in the mountains, how could she ever compare to someone like Winona who's been pampered her whole life? And me? I was just being nice, offering to do her makeup, and she kicked me out and threw me to the ground. If I weren't such a gentleman, I'd definitely have demanded an explanation!" Tony's voice became tinged with grievance as he spoke, completely unaware of how Sienna's face had grown darker and her eyes more murderous.

'Is this idiot seriously badmouthing Yvette in front of me? My boss? My benefactor? My friend? Where does he get the courage to talk such nonsense. Sienna looked around. Why isn't there a big hammer or something in this living room? I'd love to smash this fool to bits. The smile on Sienna's face grew colder.

After talking for a while, Tony noticed that Sienna hadn't reacted. Logically, after all I've said, she should have at least agreed. With me, right? Something felt off, so he looked up at Sienna.

Sienna gave him a big smile and beckoned him over with a finger

Thinking things were going well, Tony hurried over eagerly. But as soon as he got close, Sienna, still smiling, extended a leg and kicked him in the stomach. Completely unprepared, Tony was knocked to the ground, unable to get up.

The assistants and interns nearby were completely stunned. What's going on now? Why's he getting kicked?' None of the three moved, frozen in place.

Tony, lying on the floor, was just as shocked. Why did Sienna kick me?'

Ignoring the stunned people around her, Sienna walked over to Tony, looking down at him from above. Then, with a hint of guilt, she said, "Sorry about that, just a reflex. Whenever I see someone rushing over, I feel like kicking them. Come on, let me help you up. Sienna's face was full of sincerity.

Though a little suspicious, Tony figured Sienna wouldn't target him on purpose. Maybe it really was just a reflex, so he extended his hand toward her.

Sienna took his hand, and just as Tony was lost in the softness of her palm, Sienna released her grip, leaving Tony with a

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look of disbelief

Tony landed flat on the floor again, and everyone heard a loud crack, followed by Tony's agonized scream. He knew his tailbone was completely broken

Disgusted. Sienna stepped back, pulled out a tissue from her pocket, and thoroughly wiped the hand that had touched Tony. She then tossed the tissue onto his body with a cold snort and walked upstairs without looking back.

The assistants finally snapped out of it and hurried to drag Tony away

Still lying on the floor. Tony couldn't understand what he had done wrong to make Sienna treat him this way. Unwilling to let it go, he shouted angrily at Sienna's back. "Sienna, what did I do to offend you? Why are you treating me like this?"

Sienna stopped in her tracks, turned around, and looked at him with disgust, her voice cold. "You didn't offend me, but you did make one mistake. I'm not here to see Winona, I'm here for the arrogant Ms. Zeller from the Chambers family you were just badmouthing. With that, she headed upstairs, leaving Tony and the others behind.

At this point, if Tony still didn't get it, he truly was an idiot. I'm such a fool... Nellie said Yvette didn't have any friends, so how could she possibly know someone as important as Sienna? But there was no time for Tony to think about that now. He hurriedly told the assistants to take him to the hospital before it was too late, or he'd be bedridden for the rest of his life.

Upstairs in Yvette's room. Sienna knocked and entered, only to see Yvette sitting alone.

She casually plopped down on the sofa, tossing her bag aside carelessly. "Boss, why didn't you tell me you didn't have a makeup artist? Linda's been bored out of her mind lately. If you'd told me earlier, I could've brought her over. At least she

Idn't be stuck playing some snarky beauty judge all the time. I just ran into that fool you kicked out downstairs, him a good beating. Someone like that thinks they're good enough to touch your face!"

Before Sanna could finish, there was a loud "bang" behind her, clearly the sound of something falling.

Yvette's gaze moved past Sienna, her pale fingers gripping her coffee cup, eyebrows raised slightly.

Sienta turned around to see an ordinary-looking girl holding a makeup bag, standing there awkwardly. On the floor, there was a smashed bottle of foundation.

After a pause. Sienna looked back at Yvette, who was sipping her drink, and said, "Should we kill her to keep her quiet?"

Upon hearing this, the intern immediately collapsed to the floor.

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Sienna smiled apologetically at the girl lying on the floor. "Maybe I went a little too far with the joke. I scared the poor thing" She quickly stepped forward and helped the intern up. "Girl, you're too easily scared! I was just joking. We're the good guys, why would we go around killing people? It's a law-abiding society, we need to be harmonious, democratic, and loving citizens." As Sienna spoke, she winked at the intern and patted her shoulder reassuringly. "By the way, what's your name?"

Nervously fidgeting with her fingers, the girl whispered. "Ms. Sterling, 1. my name is Betsy Betsy had really thought she wouldn't make it out alive. It had always been like this in TV dramas, someone accidentally stumbled upon a secret in a wealthy family, and then they'd kill her to keep her quiet, leaving her body to rot... She never expected that the mysterious and powerful person behind the fashion brand "Vibe" was actually Yvette, the long-lost daughter of the Chambers family.

Earlier in the car. Tony had completely trashed Yvette, saying she was just a commoner pretending to be something she wasn't crude and ignorant, probably ugly and from the countryside. But what had just happened shattered Betsy's worldview. Ugly and from the countryside? If those words describe the woman in front of me, then is there anyone attractive in this world! A commoner pretending to be a princess? The person behind Vibe is worth over 300 million dollars. and just that fact alone could outshine most of the second-generation heirs at Seacurity. Crude and ignorant? No way... Betsy had a strong feeling that the cool and distant Ms. Zeller of the Chambers family was far from ignorant. Her intuition was always spot-on

Seeing Betsy's dazed expression, Sienna thought she was still scared, so her tone softened even more. "Betsy, are you okay?"

Snapping out of it, Betsy gave a shy smile. Like Bonnie, she had two little dimples when she smiled, though not as prominent as Bonnie's.

Yvette glanced up, giving her an extra moment of attention.

"Ms. Sterling, I... you... you're nothing like I imagined."

Sienna laughed heartily and said, "Betsy, now you know who my boss is, right? You better keep it a secret. Our boss here hates trouble. You don't want her tossing you into the sea to feed the sharks!" She finished with a comical glance at Yvette. "How did I end up with a boss who hides just to avoid trouble? Where's the justice in that?"

Hearing Sienna's words, Betsy nodded along, playing along with the joke. "Don't worry, Ms. Sterling, my memory's terrible. What just happened? I've already forgotten. After what had just happened, she had a better sense of Sienna's personality, realizing that she was just kidding.

Sienna gave her an approving look. "Good, you're getting the hang of it!"

Sitting in her chair, Yvette cast a glance at the spilled foundation on the floor, her eyes deep and inscrutable, hinting at something unfathomable. The air was filled with a scent she was very familiar with-lead powder. It was such a small amount that most people wouldn't have noticed it, but Yvette was different. Her senses were naturally far more sensitive than most. The moment the foundation boule broke, Yvette had already detected the strange smell.

Little did Betsy know that her clumsiness had just foiled Nellie's plot. Nellie had intended to frame Yvette using a foundation laced with lead powder. She hadn't expected Tony to mess things up, much less that a small intern would ruin the foundation meant for Yvette. It was as if fate itself had intervened

Betsy glanced at the clock on the wall-it was already 2 PM, and the banquet was set to start at 5 PM. Time was getting tight "Ms. Zeller, um, time's a bit tight now. I need to start doing your makeup right away"

Yvette responded with a casual nod, her voice as cold as ever, "No need."

Sienna wasn't surprised at all. She knew Yvette hated makeup and had always preferred going without it. Seeing the disbelief on Betsy's face, Sienna felt a deep sense of sympathy for her. "Don't overthink it. It's not that the boss doesn't like your work. She never wears makeup. Besides, just look at her face-what is there to improve?"

Betsy hadn't dared to really look at Yvette until now. Taking a closer look, she thought, 'Alright, I admit Ms. Sterling is right. This face has proportions better than the models we used in makeup class. There isn't a single visible flaw or pore. I wouldn't even know where to start?

Still, Betsy couldn't help feeling a little disappointed. I thought I get the chance to show off my skills today, but I guess not. She hung her head for a moment, but quickly shook it off. 'It's not a big deal. There's always next time. I just wonder if I ever have another chance to meet someone as perfect as Ms. Zeller again. Betsy still felt a bit regretful.

Sienna, having worked in the industry for so long, instantly recognized the look in Betsy's eyes. "How about this? I'm attending the banquet too. You can do my makeup instead, but you better make me look good, or I'll be upset.

Betsy's eyes lit up with excitement. She nodded eagerly and asked, "Really? Ms. Sterling, you're letting me do your makeup? Really? Really?" She was so thrilled she asked three times in a row. When Sienna finally nodded, she was close to tears, solemnly promising Sienna that she would give her absolute best to perfect her look!

Sienna plopped herself down in front of the makeup mirror and called Betsy over to do her makeup.

Betsy sneaked a glance at Yvette, seeing her head down, fiddling with her phone. It seemed like she was playing some kind of game. Ms. Zeller doesn't care at all about Ms. Sterling's actions. I knew I was overthinking it; it seems like their relationship is really good. With that, she felt reassured and started doing Sienna's makeup,

Betsy wasn't wrong. Yvette was indeed playing a game, but it was an online game by FastPulse Technologies, still in beta testing and not yet released. Yvette held veto power over the gate, which meant that whether this game, eagerly awaited by global players for three years, would be launched this year was entirely up to her.

Around 4:30, Zachary, along with Nellie, Zeke, and all the Chambers family's servants, had already started welcoming guests in the back garden.

Nellie was dressed in a purple tight dress, with a large pearl necklace around her neck, but an emerald bracelet on her wrist. The combination seemed a bit mismatched.

Zachary, on the other hand, kept it simple, wearing his usual dark suit but with an added red tie. No one knew that this tie had been a Valentine's Day gift from Lilian years ago, and Zachary had treasured it all these years. Even Nellie thought he simply liked the tie. Choosing this tie for the occasion was clearly meaningful-it represented Lilian. He hoped she could witness the important announcement he was about to make, even if only symbolically.