

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 16

Argrol University was Seacriety's top school, steeped in tradition and prestige. Almost eighty percent of successful people in Seacriety graduated from Argrol. To students, it symbolized the ultimate goal. Once they get in and graduate, companies would be lining up to hire them.

For exceptional students, there was even a chance to be nominated for the three prestigious labs in Betrico-a dream most people wouldn't even dare to have. The few who were selected had extraordinary brains, unmatched physical abilities, and incredible mental toughness-truly on another level compared to regular geniuses.

Since Argrol University opened, only three students had been directly admitted to those labs, and none had ever returned to Seacriety. Rumors among Argrol students suggested they were being privately supported by the government and would never be seen again.

In the Principal's office at Argrol University, Simon Sunderland, the president in his fifties, sipped coffee while watching the young boy standing before him proudly

The boy was Ryan Lewis, the sole heir of the Lewis family. He had a tender complexion that made his rosy lips stand out. and he wore black glasses above a sharp nose, with his charming eyes sparkling, looking extremely cute.

While the Sullivan family wasn't as influential as the four major families, they had a history of producing scholars. SimonL had been president for over twenty years and accomplished many great things

He had been childhood friends with Jaiden, Ryan's grandfather, which made him view Ryan as a grandson. Unlike many wealthy heirs, Ryan was exceptionally talented and well-behaved. He had brought countless trophies to Argrol, filling Simon with immense pride.

Simon smiled, "Ryan, Argrol is thinking about recommending you for the physics lab this year Mr. Kennedy is coming to: Argrol in two months for an evaluation and will also host this year's physics competition. This is your chance-make the most of it. If you receive an invitation from him, you can go to Betrico for the finals and compete with the best from around the world. If you win first place, your dream of entering the physics lab will be within reach. Prepare well over the next two months and stay focused"

Ryan, who had been listening intently, lifted his head and replied softly, "Tunderstand, Mr. Sunderland. Don't worry. I'll put in the effort."

Seeing his determination, Simon waved his hand, signaling it was okay for Ryan to leave. He then picked up the phone to call Patrick Williams, the dean, to come by

When Patrick knocked and entered, he found Simon staring blankly at a letter. "Mr. Sunderland, you wanted to see me!"

Simon nodded. He had just called in Patrick due to a letter he received three months earlier. It was an anonymous email discussing the development of a new chip. Simon knew this tied back to an experiment at the physics lab in Herrico that had been stuck for two years

When Simon first read the email, he could hardly believe it. This project was supposed to be confidential-only a handful of people in the lab, a couple of executives, and some retired presidents of the university were in the know. Even he only had snippets of information.

But the email was packed with solid arguments that sent chills down his spine. After thinking about it over and over, he decided to forward it to James Owens, the head of the physics lab. If the information was accurate, it could really boost the chip project, benefiting both the country and society. Even if it turned out to be fake, he felt it was worth the shot

Less than an hour after he sent the email, he got a call from James. The excitement in James voice was dear, and Simon felt a weight lift off his shoulders-the info in that ci\*\*al had to be true.

James insisted they track down the sender. The only clue they had was the single initial "Siren" at the bottom of the email. Simon had even reached out to an expert to trace the IP address, but it led nowhere. The expert explained that the address. was heavily encrypted, likely the work of a skilled hacker.

After Simon vowed to do everything he could to find the person James seemed satisfied enough to stay in Betrico. Otherwise, this over-eighty-year-old man would have probably rushed down to Seacurity himself to investigate.

So, this sender is not only a physics w\*\*z but also a top-notch hacker? Why stay anonymous? And why send the email just to me? For three months, Simon puzzled over it all until three days ago when another email came in from the mysterious

Siren

His heart raced as he opened it, revealing a single line: [Prepare an admission notice for-Yvette and deliver it to the Chambers residence.]

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I hadn't been for the letter in his hand, Samen partially moldest have you much eat this is The Chanten family had kept a low profile for years, and fir was okay with helping the by enrolling their only found daughter. But the prodien was, this daughter was named Yvette, and the email acked him to deliver the admission notice to me at the Clunda dejice

the jus

Wheatly is this Yvener to dar really jr the daughter the Charshers family found? What's her concerting to the mysterioaubarent Simon thought hard but couldn't piece wypher One thing was dear-Yvette was the key to learn more alt Niren Patrick, I need you to personally deliver this envelope to Yvette?

Verne is just the long lost daughter of the Chambers family. What makes her special that de Sonderland sends a deter for her Patrick was stunned, and afraid he misheard, he asked. Mr Sunderland, are you sure its for Yve

Simon passed, his coffee cup hanging mid-air as he looked at Patrick. To this guy deat

Notaring Simon's impatient glare. Patrick quickly got the mission and rushed out of the Principal office.

As the dean at Argol University, Patrick was a well-known figure in elite circles. When he arrived at the Chamber residence, Lucas welcomed him at the door, greeting, "What brings you here, Mr. Williams? This is quite unexpected"

Patrick felt satisfied when he saw Lucas greet him in person. Two months ago, Zachary had sent Lucas to the university to handle Yvette's enrollment, which led to a lot of back and forth between them. They both understood the unspoken benefits of their arrangement and exchanged pleasantries like old friends

To the young lady that Mr. Zachary Chambers recently found here? Patrick inquired

Why is he suddenly asking about Ms. Zeller? They don't seem connected. Did something happen at Argol University? Lucas was confused as he asked, "Why are you asking about M. Zeller? You're here for her"

Patrick was unsure about Simon's intentions. He thought the sealed letter he carried would provide clarity. But Simon's secret connection with Yvette ignoring Lucas's inquisitive stare, Patrick cleared his throat and said, "I'm not sure what's going on. I just came here to deliver a letter to Ms. Zeller from Mr. Sunderland"

Simon

Laras was shocked. Same was a major player in the national ed to Argol University's growth. Even the nobles in Betrico showed delivered by Patrick

stanie kogirone who has significantly contributed respect. And now, he had sent a letter to Yvette.

Zachary was equally astonished upon hearing this news from Lucas. He had sent Patrick himself to deliver a letter to Yvette. If Zachary shared this story, no nobles in Seacriety would believe him. But now, it was happening right in his own home—there was no doubting it.

If Patrick had one alone, he wouldn't have been significant enough for Zachary to come down and greet him. But since he was sent by Simon, and the utilization was so surprising, Zachary figured it was worth checking out.

In the living room, Patrick enjoyed Blue Mountain Coffee, impressed by the Chambers family's wealth. Even the casual

antiques were worth a small fortune. He regretted not negotiating a better deal regarding Yvette when he had the chance.

Patrick tried to hide his greed, but his eyes betrayed him. Lucas noticed and felt a sense of disdain. "Anyway, weaknesses make him easier to handle. Otherwise, Ms. Zeller's matter wouldn't have been settled so simply, he thought."

Just as Patrick talked with Lucas and mentioned Yvette's name, a voice from the staircase—"Looking for me?"

Patrick turned sharply, his eyes narrowing.

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this girl Yvette? I expected a girl from the countryside to be plain and unremarkable, but... she's absolutely gorgeous!" Patrick admired silently.

He had seen Winona, who was already considered pretty in high society. But when it came to Yvette's beauty and Winona didn't stand a chance.

Seeing Patrick stare intently at Yvette, Lucas coughed to bring him back to reality presence.

Patrick quickly realized he had been rude, forcing a smile to cover his mistake. He straightened up and adopted a formal demeanor, waiting for Yvette to make the first move.

Lucas introduced, "Ms. Zeller, this is Mr. Williams from Argrol University. He's here to deliver a letter from Mr. Sunderland."

Patrick was puzzled. Why is Lucas so respectful toward Yvette? Come on, he was lost for over twenty years. just because she's pretty doesn't mean much. High society has its own rules, and someone like her, who just popped up with no maternal family to back her, can't possibly change anything!

Ugh, a servant just doesn't get it, unlike me, an educator and the respected dean of Argrol University. The contempt and arrogance in Patrick's eyes were hard to hide. "Yvette better learn to recognize her place around me. Otherwise, life would be tough for her

Yvette was dressed casually in jeans and a white T-shirt, with a loose athletic jacket over it. She leaned against the lazily, showing no reaction when Lucas spoke

Lucas genuinely admired her calmness.

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"From Simon Sunderland? Hand it over, Yvette said.

railing

I waited so long for a response, and that's all I get? No nice words at all? Simon Sunderland? How dare she call Mr. Sunderland like that? What gives her the guts to be

so arrogant, considering she only got admitted to Argrol University through connections? Patrick thought, seething

Seeing Yvette take the letter from Lucas and turn to leave, completely ignoring him, Patrick couldn't help but sneer. "Ms. Zeller, what an impressive attitude! I've been here for so long, and you don't even bother to look my way? That's a bit rude, don't you think?"

Yvette paused and turned sharply to face him. There was a mix of beauty and coldness in her expression, laced with annoyance. "Anything else? Or wanna me to admire your face? What's wrong with you?"

Patrick, infuriated by Yvette's words, felt his body tremble with anger, struggling to respond.

Lucas wanted to step in to ease the tension. After all, Yvette was just a student, and Patrick had a knack for holding grudges. Once she pushed him too far, he would definitely make things hard for her. As the dean of Argrol University, he had the power to create a lot of trouble for her at school.

Just as Lucas prepared to intervene, Zachary spoke up in a cold tone. "Yvette's behavior is none of your business, Mr. Williams."

Zachary had come to figure out why Simon had sent Patrick over. But the moment he stepped inside, he heard Patrick badmouthing Yvette. 'Scolding my daughter in my house? Patrick thought way too highly of himself! he thought in anger.

Zachary's stern words and cold expression made Patrick realize he had gone too far. Sure, he wanted to teach Yvette a lesson, but there were better ways to do that at school. No need to cause a scene at the Chambers residence. Still, he couldn't admit he was wrong now. It would make him look bad if word got out.

After a tense incident Patrick finally spoke up.

un "Since

you all don't want me here, I'll take off. I've delivered Mr. Sunderland's letter 11 be ready to welcome you to Argrol University next week, Ms. Zeller. Hope your time there is thrilling. He stressed the last word purposely

Thrilling Yvette savored the word and wondered just how "thrilling" it would actually be, the corners of her mouth turning up in a cold sneer.

Zachary caught the threatening tone in Patrick's voice and turned to Lucas, his voice sharper. "Lucas, show him out."

Patrick, stormed out of the Chambers residence, fuming. He had walked in with confidence but left feeling humiliated. Fixated on the door, he vowed to make Yvette pay for this

Inside the living room, Zachary insisted that Yvette stay for coffee. Surprisingly, she complied and quietly took a seat.

Zachary watched as she gulped down her coffee like it was water. He wanted to comment on enjoying it properly, but every time he opened his mouth. Yvette shot him a look that said to back off. Fine, drink however you like,' he thought.

Yvette tossed the letter from Simon onto the table, and Zachary stole glances at it, pretending to enjoy his coffee.

Yvette focused on her black phone, saying without looking up, "Go ahead, look if you want."

Zachary blinked, confused. "Huh? You're giving me permission?"

Yvette shot him a cold, impatient glare. Zachary could read the unspoken message in that look—"Are you an idiot? Can't you

hear

He said cautiously, "I'll open it then. Don't regret it later."

Yvette couldn't help but chuckle. "Playing coy at this age, huh?"

Zachary carefully opened the envelope, revealing the words "Admission Recommendation Letter." He was too stunned to hold the paper. It fluttered down to the floor, and he quickly picked it up and began to read closely. The wording of the letter was carefully chosen, clearly showing how much Simon valued Yvette.

The Admission Recommendation Letter was meant for exceptional talents, unlike the admission notice he had secured through simple donations. This letter could only be signed personally by Simon. Zachary knew how strict the process was, and over the years, Simon had granted very few of these letters.

Zachary took a moment to compose himself. "Do you know what it says?"

Yvette slowly lifted her head, a hint of wildness shining in her charming eyes. Without even glancing at the letter, she nodded casually and turned her attention back to her phone,

"Wait, that's it?" Zachary was impressed by her calmness. "You've already got this in hand, so why bother with the admission notice? You could've mentioned that earlier



Yvette paused for a while before saying. "I told you I didn't need. You just didn't believe me."

Zachary was at a loss for words. He recalled yesterday in his study when Yvette had tried to say something, but he interrupted her. It turned out to be a big misunderstanding, all on his part.

Before Zachary could ask Yvette anything else, Nellie and Winona walked in together.

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 19**

As soon as Patrick arrived at the Chambers residence, Lora, Nellie's lookout at home, shot a message over to Nellie. Halfway through her coffee break. Nellie made an excuse to head back. Right at the door, she ran into Winona, who was coming back from piano class.

Even though they missed Patrick, Lora filled them in, saying he looked really angry and was cursing as he walked out,

Nellie felt a wave of satisfaction. It seemed like Yvette must have done something to tick Patrick off. Maybe there was an issue with her getting into Argrol University. Either way, it was good news for Nellie.

Winona couldn't help but enjoy it too upon hearing it

When they got inside, Nellie and Winona had a hard time hiding their rejoicing. Zachary looked confused and asked. "What's got you two so happy?"

Nellie leaned in linking her arm with Zachary's. "Oh, honey, it's nothing serious. I just got my hands on a limited-edition. handbag I've been waiting forever for."

Zachary didn't really understand why a handbag would make her this excited.

Winona jumped in, her tone adorable. "Dad, you just don't get us women. A good bag can make everything right."

Zachary shrugged, letting them have their moment. "Alright, if it makes you two happy, that's what counts. By the way. Eve got some even better news to share. He glanced at Yvette, who was still glued to her phone, and sighed.

"What is it, honey?" Nellie asked, curious.

"Come on, Dad! Spill it. Don't leave us in suspense." Winona shook Zachary's arm dramatically and shot a provoking look at Yvette

Yvette didn't even flinch, completely unfazed.



Lucas had just seen off Patrick, who had been grumbling all the whole way with a poker face, making Lucas very annoyed. Still sweating. Lucas hurried back and happened to interrupt Zachary, "Mr. Chambers, I've sent Patrick off."

Zachary nodded. Even though the Chambers family wasn't the top family in Seacurity anymore, he definitely wouldn't let some school dean push them around

Just as Lucas finished his sentence, he got a sharp eye roll from Winona. Did I say anything wrong? When did I ever offend Ms. Chambers? he wondered.

Nellie exaggerated her tone. "Patrick? You mean the dean of Argrol University? Oh! Didn't we just send him a gift recently to help Yvette get into the school? Why was he here?"

Winona gasped, covering her mouth like she'd just realized something. "Oh no, Dad, it can't be about Yvette not being allowed to enroll at Argrol, right?"

She quickly added, seeming a little embarrassed, "Oops, never mind! I'm just talking nonsense. Yvette, don't take me seriously

Sering Zachary and Yvette both silent, Nellie thought Winona might actually have a point Glancing at Yvette, who was quiet and staring down. Nellie felt even more satisfied. "Honey, since Mr. Williams already said Yvette can't go to Argrol, how about trying Baity University instead? It might not be as prestigious, but it could be easier for Yvette."

With that, she turned to Yvette with a pretentious look. "Yvette, if you want to go to Baity University, I..."

"That's not it. Patrick's not here to talk about Yvette... Zachary interrupted her.

As Nellie was speaking taas spotted a piece of paper on the table. Even though it was only partly visible, the words "Adinusion Recommendation Letter" jumped out at him. No doubt about it-this letter had been delivered by Patrick, straight from Simon for Yvene.

Luca was taken aback. He realized he'd been right all along-Yvette wasn't just any ordinary girl. When had anyone ever seen a country girl so unfazed by the luxury of the Clumbers family estate! She barely everlanced at the villa, the jewelry, or even the chance to attend Argrol University.

Just two days ago, he had been uncertain about Yvette, but now he was sure-he needed to treat her much better from now on. Little did he know, this very decision would save his life down the line.

"Wait, this is about Wente getting into school? Nellie felt a wave of uncertainty. What else could it be? How does Patrick

kriow Yvette!”

Winona’s mood plummeted with Zachary’s words-she’d been happy for nothing.

Zachary looked at Yvette softly and said with pride, “The principal of Argfol University. Simon, asked Patrick to deliver the

Admission Recommendation Letter to Yvette”

Winona blurted out, “That’s impossible!”

Nellie was equally stunned. This just doesn’t make sense.

Taw the recommendation letter myself. It’s right there on the table. There’s no way it’s fake,” Zachary said

The two finally noticed the letter on the table. Winona dashed over, picked it up, and examined it closely. When she saw the official seal from the Principal’s office, disbelief and disappointment filled her eyes. Nellie didn’t need to get any closer-she could tell from Winona’s face.

“You’re really awesome, Yvette. You know Mr. Sunderland? If your dad knew that, he wouldn’t have been so worried,” Winona smiled as she thought. How could a girl who hasn’t even finished elementary school have a connection like this? Something definitely doesn’t add up. It seems like I need to dig deeper into Yvette’s story

Yvette stood up, her eyes cool and impatient. Without a word, she walked straight out.

Zachary felt pretty proud of her and didn’t even register whether she said goodbye. Just as Yvette reached the door, he called out, “Make sure to get home early”

Winona watched Zachary, who had never been this kind to her, and a wave of jealousy washed over her. “Why’s Yvette getting all this favor? When I was the only girl in the family, Dad just preferred me a bit. I have to find a way to kick Yvette out, no matter what. If things got desperate, I could kill her. Yeah, kill her! The thought thrilled her.

“Winona, watch your mouth around Yvette from now on. What do you mean ‘impossible? That’s completely out of line. It doesn’t look good for a young lady from a good family. You’re starting your apprenticeship next month. Mind your manners, Zachary scolded.

In the two days since Yvette returned, Winona had already faced several lectures. Why? Just because she’s the child of the woman Dad adored? So Yvette has the right to act so entitled? she asked bitterly in her mind

Winona, just as selfish as Nellie, also thought it was Nellie's fault for not being able to hold onto Zachary, dragging her into this mess.

Nevertheless, she lowered her head and replied with a pitiful voice, "I understand, Dad. I'm sorry"

Nellie leaned against Zachary while sending a glare at Winona, silently telling her to leave. "Honey, Winona was just too surprised. Please don't be angry.

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"Ts a little odd that Simon sent Vette an admission recommendation letter. She just got back, and if we start asking too many questions, shell annoyed. Let's give it some time. Anyway, It's a good thing," said Zachary,

For Nellie, however, it felt of She just couldn't wrap her mirul around it, and that frustrated her

Besides, Zachary hadn't been back home for over two weeks before Yvette returned. Nellie knew he had been seeing that new secretary at his company. She had checked her out, and there were definitely echoes of Lilian in that woman.

Zachary had even bought the secretary a house close to his office and hired her as a bodyguard. Nellie's people hadn't had a chance to act yet. If Yvette hadn't come back. Zachary would probably still be tangled up with that secretary.

Honey, please stay tonight. You haven't been home in ages Nellie said with a sweet voice: She was indeed a beauty who had a ton of admirers back in the day. But she was always stubborn. Once she get her sights on Zachary, she would do anything to keep him—even if it meant playing dirty.

She could push Lilian out of the picture twenty years ago, let alone a fake. For now, she was just letting the secretary enjoy her Beeting victory a little longer.

Zachary watched Nellie try to charm him, complicated emotions swirling in his eyes. Gently, he pushed her away. Tve been really busy lately. There's a big bidding project at work. I promise I'll come back to spend time with you soon."

His soothing voice calmed Nellie, even though she knew he was probably lying. She had fallen deep into her feelings and couldn't pull herself out. She believed that Zachary loved her-even if it was just a little, she wanted to hold onto it tightly.

Not ready to give up, Nellie made one last effort to keep him from leaving. "Honey, Winona's apprenticeship ceremony is on the fifth of next month. I'm a little unsure about a few things and could use your input. What if we combined it with Yvette's welcome home party? That would be a double celebration, right?"

Zachary thought it over for a moment and nodded. "Sure, just remember to invite Simon. Do what you think is best. I trust you to handle it."

Nellie watched the impatience and anxiety on Zachary's face, feeling a mix of bitterness and jealousy. She knew he was heading off to the secretary.

She pretended to be understanding and let Zachary leave. But as soon as she got upstairs and entered her room, she slammed the door and let all her anger out by smashing everything in sight.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she couldn't shake the image of the young secretary she had seen-the woman was vibrant and full of life. What about Nellie? No amount of makeup could hide the fine lines creeping up at the corners of her

Frustrated, she shattered the mirror. But that still didn't feel like enough. She pulled out her phone and dialed a familiar number. "Six o'clock, the usual spot."

After hanging up, Nellie took a deep breath and shifted back into her high-society persona. She ordered the servant to clean up the chaos and slipped into a s\*\*y dress before heading out

Meanwhile, Winona stood in the corner of the staircase, watching Nellie leave.

Night Bar was the most lavish spot in Seacriety, with a jaw-dropping display of excess and prices so high that a single bottle of

quor could cost more than an average person's annual salary.

The air was thick with smoke and the smell of alcohol, while the music blasted at full volume. Men and women danced wildly on the floor, and elegantly dressed women Laughed and chatted with the men, tossing out playful flirty lines

As soon as Yvette stepped inside, every head turned. The energy in the bar shifted-just moments ago, a handsome man had walked in, and now an incredibly beautiful woman had arrived.

Yvette was always the center of attention wherever she went. She had a wild beauty tame with her rebellious edge. making her both captivating and dangerous-an irresistible mix that drew people in, making them curious and eager to explore

She tossed her jacket over her shoulder casually and scanned the room. Her gaze Landed on a spot at the bar, and she strode over, sitting down. In front of her was a bartender whose face was hidden beneath a hat and the dim lights. With a smile playing on her lips, she teased. "What are you back for? Just bored?"

Eagle King, standing at about six feet two inches tall, looked up with a rugged appearance. If there was one standout feature, it was his eyes-sharp like knives. He glanced around, noticing a few people whispering, and shot them a glare that made them uneasy and scattered quickly.

“Can you please disguise yourself next time? Do you have any idea how summing you look? This whole thing really troubled me. Eagle King grumbled

“Troubled” If you don’t want to feel that way, just go back to Ameria, Yvette was in a good mood, grinning as she tilted her head, a hint of arrogance in her expression. She pulled out a piece of candy from her pocket and started to savor it right in front of him.

Dang, she’s killing me with candy! That’s too much Eagle King complained silently.

“Well Boss, I’m just short on cash. There are some good offers back home, and remember when I stole that painting in Langria? Those idiots chased me for two states. I figured I’d come back home and lay low for a bit. “He giggled embarrassedly

As Yvette listened to the Eagle King ramble, she continued to enjoy her candy,

Eagle King stared at the candy jar in her hand and swallowed hard, wondering how he could snag some. Glancing back at Yvette, he sensed her eyes saying, “Go ahead and try if you dare. He quickly brushed the thought aside-crossing Yvette was

not a smart move

With a sideways glance, Yvette said. “You feel unfair after stealing the one-of-a-kind treasure the Langria royal family has held onto for over a hundred years? You’re short on cash? Last year, the King of the Golden Triangle gifted you a private mine. The year before that, the Epean royal family gave you jewels worth hundreds of millions. And don’t even get me started on that terrorist group in Royland... Need me to keep going?”

It was hard to pull anything over on an all-knowing boss. The tall, muscular man scratched his head sheepishly, looking nothing like the intimidating figure he had been a moment ago.

“Oh come on. I was just thinking about helping you out. Though honestly, I have no clue what your plan is. And don’t tell me -whatever it is, I’m sure you might need some assistance. I know you like to work alone, but just think of it as saving me. Those jerks from Langria are hot on my tail, and I need your protection. Please don’t kick me out. I’m not going anywhere.” he begged

Yvette stared at him for a long moment, then sighed, “Fine, do what you want.

She knew he was just making excuses to stick around and help her. No matter how closely the folks from Langria were after him, it wouldn’t be hard for him to go off the

grid if he wanted to. Suddenly, she felt like she was owing people favors lately, But that she didn't feel bad.

Eagle King finally relaxed. He was genuinely worried she would send him away.

Yvette took a long drink from her glass, and soon her gaze became a little hazy. My tolerance is still so low, she thought, rubbing her temples while asking. "What have Flying Fish been up to lately?"