

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 191

In Mysorna, Yvette finished her pierogies just as her phone buzzed with a message. [Boss, the person we rescued isn't doing well. Hurry over.] It's from Flying Fish.

Yvette pocketed her phone and stood up.

Around the table, Emmett asked, "Yve, heading out? Need a lift?"

Yvette casually slipped her phone back into her pocket, grabbed the sports jacket draped over the chair, and replied coolly to Emmett, "No need. I'm going myself. Hand me the car keys."

Frankie quickly handed over Yvette the keys from his pocket.

Before leaving. Yvette told Sienna, "There's some stuff you need in my room. Go grab it."

Sienna was stunned. "Yve, how did you finish an entire collection of thirty designs so fast?"

With a hand in her pocket, Yvette nodded offhandedly, "Yeah." She walked out, leaving Sienna in shock.

After Yvette left, Sienna rushed upstairs, eager to see the long-awaited designs Yvette had created.

Frankie grabbed Sienna's arm, while the others glanced curiously. They'd caught the word designs. "Sienna, what's up with the designs? What were you and Yve talking about?"

Sienna sat back down, meeting their curious gazes, bracing herself. "Oh, I guess I never mentioned my job, huh?"

Frankie waved it off. "Sienna, now I'm curious. What do you do?"

Sienna shrugged. "I'm a fashion designer. I run a small clothing company, you know, just to get by."

Sienna being a fashion designer was a surprise to them all.

Bruce paused, suspecting Sienna's "small" fashion company wasn't that small. He politely asked, "Ms. Sterling, what's your company called? If you don't mind sharing?"

Sienna nodded quickly. She was a bit intimidated by Bruce, as he seemed the most serious of the group, and not easy to approach. “No problem, it’s based in Mysonna, called ‘Vibe.’”

Frankie chimed in, “Nice name! Sienna, maybe you can design a few outfits for me?”

Sienna agreed, “No problem, Frankie. I’ll design something in the next few days. You’ll love it.”

Emmett, who had been looking down at his phone, finally glanced up. He said to Frankie, who was joking around with Sienna, “If you want custom-designed clothes, you’d better have that 7 million ready first.”

Frankie looked confused. He asked Emmett, “What do you mean? Bruce and Chris also turned to him, curious.

Emmett placed his phone on the round table and spun it around. Just moments ago, when he heard Sienna mention “Vibe,” it sounded so familiar. A quick online search brought it all back to him.

He clicked for him when he recalled hearing about it from Jeremiah’s mother, who had gone through many channels to buy a Haute Couture piece. “Vibe” had an unusual rule of selling only one piece per person in their Haute Couture line.

Emmett was surprised to discover that Sienna was the designer and partner of the brand that so many elite women desperately chased.

Bruce took Emmett’s phone, glanced quickly, and then looked at Sienna in silence, placing the phone back down.

Chris had seen the screen top, noting the long list of achievements and the company profile from the search.

Frankie eagerly checked his phone, then exclaimed, “Wow!” He looked at Sienna in awe. “Sienna, your profile is impressive! If Vibe is small, I wonder what counts as a big company.

Sienna scratched her head sheepishly. “It’s alright, just lucky.”

She wanted to mention that the globally renowned Vibe spring-summer haute couture series wasn’t her work but Yvette’s. She had just been fortunate enough to be part of it.

Bruce tapped his fingers on the table, observing Sienna. “Is Yvette also a designer for Vibe?”

Hearing Yvette’s name. Chris looked up, and Emmett seemed curious too.

Sienna fidgeted nervously. She thought, “No way Yve wants her identity revealed!

Suddenly, inspiration struck-Sienna clutched her stomach. “Oh no, stomachache, time of the month! Gotta go upstairs. Enjoy your meal!”

She dashed upstairs in a flash, leaving Frankie and Bruce puzzled.

Chris turned to the others. Time? What time?”

Emmett paused, looking bemused. Bruce just kept reading his newspaper.

Frankie chuckled, nudging Chris. “Dude, you’re destined for a lonely bachelorhood.”

Chris was baffled, he had just been curious, after all.

Seeing his confusion, Frankie typed a few words on his phone and shoved it in Chris’s face. As Chris read the explanation. for “time of the month,” he wanted to disappear.

In Yvette’s room, Sienna spotted some sketches scattered on the table. To an untrained eye, they might look like scrap paper.

As she picked them up, Sienna was immediately captivated. The designs were stunning, with bold yet tasteful colors, entirely unlike Yvette’s usual style.

Sienna could already imagine the buzz these garments would create once made. They would turn anyone wearing them into a fairy-like figure.

Sienna carefully organized the sketches, placing them into a folder and taking them to her own room.

Deciding to make a call, she dialed a familiar number. A warm, motherly voice answered, “Hello, darling Sienna. It’s been so long, is everything alright?”

The woman on the other end knew Sienna well; she never called without a reason.

Sienna was the second person she knew with an extraordinary gift for fashion design. The first was quite the character, always disappearing after passing Vibe to Sienna.

With a sweet tone, Sienna replied, “Professor, I just wanted to ask if the submission deadline for the international fashion competition later this year has passed?”

Sienna was speaking to Hazel, the head of the top design school in Mysonna and her mentor.

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On the phone, Hazel paused before saying, "Sienna, is everything okay? Did Vibe get a new designer who wants to compete? Unfortunately, submissions are closed, and unless there's an exception, we can't add more. The first round of judging has already started

Sienna knew the chances were slim. She whispered; looking at the designs in her hand, "Such a pity for Yve's new designs"

Hearing "Yve," Hazel's mind raced. She hadn't heard those words from Sienna in years. She wondered, 'Does she come back with new designs?'

Trying to remain calm, Hazel said, "Is she making a comeback? Although the first round has started, I have a special privilege ticket that can send a designer's work straight to the finals. Mail the designs to the Designers' Association, and I'll handle it. By the way, does this collection have a name?"

Sienna listened as Hazel spoke quickly, amused at her teacher's sudden shift in tone at the mention of Yvette's work.

Flipping through the designs, Sienna knew Yvette would likely scribble the name in an inconspicuous corner..

On the eleventh sheet, she found a small word, suppressing a laugh. She thought, Is this really the name?

Hazel remained patient on the other end, eager to see the designs. "Blossom" had shot Vibe to fame five years ago, and she wondered what surprise awaited this time.

Hazel noticed the sound of flipping pages had stopped for a while. She finally asked, "What's up? Did you find the name?"

Sienna hesitated before replying, "Found it. But the name is... well, it's just 'Nameless.'"

Hazel wasn't surprised; Yvette was always rather casual. "Maybe there's some hidden meaning?"

Sienna sighed, "She's probably just being lazy about naming it."

Hazel was left speechless.

In front of an apartment in Mysonna

Yvette arrived at the door, which opened remotely. The apartment looked ordinary from the outside, but inside it was all about luxury and high-tech.

The seemingly simple glass was actually the latest international bulletproof material. The glass alone could buy a villa. Every little item inside was an auction rarity or a royal treasure, unseen in the market.

Yvette stepped in, took off her cap, hung her coat by the entrance, and poured herself a glass of water at the bar. With a calm expression, she said, "Come out."

Flying Fish emerged from a "wall" in the apartment, wearing a Tshirt, shorts, and blue slippers.

Behind the wall was a secret room specially designed by the trio, as the Eagle King would put it, "Every assassin needs a safe space. In reality, it was a place for them to play cards, have late-night snacks, and play video games in Mysonna

Flying Fish blew a kiss to Yvette, who was sitting at the bar, then dramatically flopped onto the couch. "Boss, come here."

Yvette rested her lovely chin on her hand, gently swaying the glass in her hand. Her eyes lowered slowly, settling on Flying Fish's deliberately exposed thigh. She curled her lips into a slight smile, her voice soft and husky. "I'm afraid you won't be able to handle it."

Flying Fish froze, thinking, 'Is she flirting? Oh my gosh!'

Yvette lazily shifted her gaze to the innermost room, her eyes glinting subtly. Is he dead?"

Flying Fish adjusted her position, crossing her legs and casually lighting a cigarette. "Not dead, but barely alive. When I took him from the Goodman family, he looked fine, just unconscious, I got Landon to check him fully, and guess what, boss?"

Yvette looked down, fingers gently tracing the rim of her glass, eyes deep and unreadable.

Flying Fish clicked her tongue. She had to admit that Braydon's reputation for being ruthless was spot on. Everyone in the business knows Charles was the leader of Blaze Hall and Braydon's trusted ally. Yet Braydon didn't hesitate to go hard on someone who's been fighting by his side for years.

Flying Fish wasn't sure why Yvette wanted to save Charles, but there must be a reason. "Charles was injected with the latest No.7 Toxin by Braydon, and his body is breaking down fast. He doesn't have much time left. Even if there's a cure, he might never really recover. But there's a shred of hope. Landon said if we find the elusive Miracle Doctor, we might save him. The problem is that the last sighting was during the outbreak in Afriwo years ago. No news since then. And no one knows if Miracle Doctor is a man or a woman, young or old. Where do we even start looking

Yvette remained expressionless, silently watching Flying Fish smoke. She put down her glass, raised an eyebrow, and sent a text. [Someone from the lab leaked the No.7 toxin. Deliver an antidote to this address tomorrow.]

She got a reply in less than a minute. [Sorry, Ms. Zeller. I'll handle it right away.]

Yvette pocketed her phone and headed into the room, with Flying Fish putting out her cigarette and following.

Inside, Charles was already awake. He had vaguely heard voices outside, but the apartment's soundproofing kept him from making out the words. He wanted to get up and see what was happening but couldn't move, so he lay there waiting.

He was very excited, but the nerve toxin had already paralyzed his limbs. He could barely move his fingers and could only talk normally.

He almost called out to his mentor but swallowed the word when he saw Flying Fish behind her. "Yve."

Yvette settled on the sofa, leaning back, eyes cold and deep, showing no particular emotion toward Charles.

Flying Fish couldn't read the situation and silently stood beside Yvette. The room was thick with an atmosphere of unspoken tension.

Charles looked down, feeling defeated. He was sure Yvette regretted teaching him, and now he was neither alive nor dead. His existence felt like a disgrace.

A harsh resolve filled Charles's gaze. Death seemed like his only option. "Yve, I'm sorry."

Upon hearing this, Yvette looked up, her lips pressed together. Her eyes were dark and deep, exuding a cold intensity. With a calm and icy voice, she said, "Got a death wish?"

Charles shook his head. He thought that Dying in front of Yvette would only taint her eyes.

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Yvette stared at Charles for a few seconds, then let out a cold laugh

Charles clenched his fingers tightly, unable to lift his head. He knew he'd been injected with No.7 Toxin

Even if they found Miracle Doctor, he'd never be back to his peak. He'd end up a total wreck. As the head of Blaze Hall, he'd made countless enemies. If they found him like

this, the line to take his life would be endless. He thought that it was better to end it himself than be humiliated by others.

Charles struggled to speak. Yve, even if I make it, I'll be useless. Don't worry about me."

Yvette's expression turned colder, irritation and fierceness in her brows. "Better to live struggling than to die. If your hands don't work, use your feet. If your feet fail, use your head. If the body's done, use your brains to get by. Stop whining like a kid. If I'd known I'd teach you to be like this, I'd have put a bullet in you back then."

Flying Fish nodded in agreement. In their world, just like Charles's, dignity meant little. Survival was everything.

Upon hearing this, Charles was utterly stunned, unable to respond.

He'd always seen Yvette as a ruthless force in training. He thought she valued dignity above all. No one had ever told him that living, even just surviving, mattered more. The Goodman family had ingrained in him that falling into enemy hands meant suicide was the only option to retain dignity.

Yvette didn't like owing favors. She knew Charles wouldn't be in this mess with Braydon if it weren't for her. Years ago, she'd promised Damian to take on an apprentice and chose Charles from seventy-two candidates.

She wasn't one for sympathy; obedient ones got help, others didn't.

After a while, Charles looked up, eyes bloodshot, and said, "Yve, I want to live. Even if my body's wrecked, I believe I can climb back to the top on my own."

Yvette's gaze softened, her long fingers tapping the armrest, a hint of a smile. "Your body won't be wrecked. Tomorrow someone will bring the antidote."

Charles was stunned, and even Flying Fish was taken aback. They both knew Yvette wouldn't speak lightly or without reason,

Seeing the mood lighten, Flying Fish plopped down on the sofa. She stayed on her feet earlier in case she needed a quick escape if Yvette got mad. As for where Yvette got the antidote, neither of them asked.

Flying Fish said, "Hey, Charles! You heard the boss-there'll be an antidote tomorrow. Pull yourself together, man! I'm starting to wonder if I rescued the wrong guy. The Blaze Hall leader everyone's talking about sure isn't acting like this!"

Since his rescue, Charles had been unemotional until Yvette arrived.

He managed a smile, and Flying Fish gawked like she'd seen a miracle.

Charles chuckled bitterly, "I'm no longer the Blaze Hall leader. I'm just Charles now."

Flying Fish shrugged and hurt Charles again. "True enough, Braydon's pretty ruthless. You've been with him for years, and instead of talking things out, he hits you with the No.7 Toxin. It's clear he's out to torment, not kill. No wonder he's got Everyone in Mysonna under his thumb."

Then she threw in some flattery, gazing at Yvette with admiration. "Lucky for you, our boss is all-powerful and even got the antidote for the No.7 Toxin. Otherwise, you'd be toast."

Yvette fiddled with her phone, having just received a new message. [Ms. Zeller, we found the traitor. It is Fiona, a Level 2 Pharmacist. She took 15 million dollars from Braydon and has been expelled from the lab.]

Yvette's eyes were downeast long lashes casting shadows, her gaze clear and cold.

Charles paused at Flying Fish's words. He thought, Is her boss the same as my mentor? This girl, Flying Fish, has managed to infiltrate the Goodman family, extract me, and hide me without raising any alarms. It is no small feat.

I know all too well how tight the Goodman family's security is. Getting out alone is hard enough, let alone with me in tow. Clearly, she isn't just anyone.

The No.7 Toxin, from Mysonna's top medical labs, was something even Braydon could only acquire through shady means. Yet, Yvette had the antidote effortlessly.

Braydon always tried various strategies to keep Yvette around. Charles used to worry about her, but now he saw it was probably his anxiety that was misplaced.

At the Goodman residence, Braydon listened to Fiona's sobbing over the phone, his expression growing more menacing. His carefully planted operative in the lab was now expelled. He wondered, "How did this happen?"

Fiona hadn't noticed Braydon's change in demeanor and continued her ramble. Having been thrown out of the lab, she now clung to Braydon for support.

Braydon said, "Shut up. I'll set you up at the Goodman family's pharmaceutical company. If you don't win an award at next year's international medical competition, you're done for."

Terrified by Braydon's words, Fiona promised repeatedly to secure high rankings.

Braydon hung up the phone, his face twisted with a terrifying ferocity, his sharp features clouded with menace.

A knock sounded at the door.

Braydon said, "Come in"

Carson, the head of the Punishment Hall and Braydon's most trusted subordinate, entered. His scholarly face seemed at odds with his cold demeanor.

With a respectful bow, Carson spoke without a hint of warmth. Boss, the Tiger Head issue has been dealt with. Burley's family had a car accident this morning-no survivors. His mistress took the money, and the three-month-old in her belly is gone.

Braydon nodded in satisfaction, lighting a cigar as he stared at Carson. "Charles was rescued yesterday by someone Yvette sent.

Carson was already aware. He thought, 'Charles, stubbornly clinging to his rules, is oblivious. Years ago, only Charles and I remained in the final test of the seventy-two candidates. I am superior in every aspect, yet she chose Charles as her disciple.

'But what does it matter now if Charles is rescued? The No.7 Toxin Braydon injected into him is from Mysonna's top labs- no one, not even the Goodman family's own pharmaceutical group, can do anything about it. Charles is doomed.'

The thought of Charles dying thrilled Carson. Nothing made him happier. He thought, "I was the best, and Yvette had been blind to pick someone as incompetent as Charles Carson concealed his cold smile.

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Carson respectfully bent his back a little lower.

"Chief Braydon, even if Charles is rescued, Ms. Zeller can't save him. The No.7 Toxin in his body is the latest research from the Medical Lab. Fiona has mentioned that only Silas has the antidote, and Ms. Zeller can't get it. Everyone in Mysonna knows how eccentric Silas is. Why would he hand over the antidote to save Charles You don't need to worry about such an insignificant person like Charles anymore. Don't you think that his death in front of Ms. Zeller would only make Ms. Zeller realize even more that she can't escape from you?" Carson said.

Braydon lit a cigar and looked directly at Carson, a flash of coldness in his eyes. Then he said in a sinister voice, asking. "Back then, Yvette chose Charles over you. Do you still resent her for that?"

Carson's pupils shrank. His face showed fear. As soon as he heard those words, he dropped to his knees. His knees slammed onto the floor with a painful thud, the sound itself enough to imagine the force behind it.

“Chief Braydon, I would never dare harbor any discontent against Ms. Zeller. May lightning strike me if I do. Carson swore. His head hung low, feeling the weight of Braydon’s gaze lingering on him.

After a moment of tense silence, Braydon finally withdrew his gaze, his dark eyes looking extremely menacing.

“Get up.” Braydon commanded

Carson carefully stood up, a thin layer of cold sweat forming on his back.

If Carson had shown the slightest dissatisfaction with Yvette just now, he would probably be lying here as a corpse now.

Back in the day, just because a servant at the training camp spoke ill of Yvette behind her back, Braydon had the servant strung up on a tree and covered in scents that wild animals love,

In an instant, the beasts swarmed the servant, leaving nothing but bones behind.

Carson had witnessed the entire gruesome scene and couldn’t erase the memory of Braydon’s smiling face at that time,

Even now, despite torturing many while in charge of the punishment hall of the Goodman family, Carson couldn’t forget that moment.

Braydon’s obsession and fanaticism towards Yvette were deeply ingrained.

Having spent so much time by Braydon’s side, Carson knew there was one line that absolutely couldn’t be crossed: Yvette. Cross it, and one was as good as dead

Braydon took a puff from his cigar. His expression darkened, whatever thought occurred to him brought a sinister smile to his lips.

“Fiona was found out and kicked out of the lab, Braydon said.

Carson was taken aback for a moment.

Fiona is personally recommended to Chief Braydon by me. She’s now in the position of a Level 2 Pharmacist, so how could she be kicked out of the lab?

Being kicked out of the lab at this critical moment means only one thing. Her giving the No. 7 Toxin to Chief Braydon has been discovered, Carson thought.

Carson thought for a moment before saying, “Chief Braydon, does this have something to do with the No. 7 Toxin injected into Charles?”

Braydon crushed out his cigarette. He let out a cold chuckle.

“She’s useless. It’s just a No. 7 Toxin. After being in the lab for so long, she’s still not qualified to handle the core projects there. Keeping her around is pointless. Tomorrow, arrange for her to join the pharmaceutical company to improve herself. She e still has potential for next year’s International Medical Experiment Competition. If she can secure a top-three spot, she’ll have the chance to become the legendary Miracle Doctor apprentice, Braydon said.

Then he paused, leaving some words unsaid that Carson wasn’t entitled to know. Braydon’s ultimate goal was to win over Miracle Doctor.

Fiona was recommended to the Braydon by Carson. He felt somewhat embarrassed now, but he was relieved that Braydon hadn’t given up on Fiona

If Fiona could secure a place in next year’s International Medical Experiment Competition and gain Miracle Doctor’s favor the medical lab would seem insignificant.

“I understand, Chief Braydon. I’ll send Fiona to the pharmaceutical company tomorrow. Don’t worry, Fiona is capable and won’t let you down in next year’s competition, Carson said.

Braydon listened, his expression unchanged, though his brows relaxed slightly.

Carson had been around Braydon long enough to notice the subtle changes in Braydon’s mood and realized his spirits had lifted a bit.

Braydon was silent for a few moments. His eyes looked slightly vacant. His voice became quieter.

Carson, why do you think Yvette is so defiant? Can’t she stay by my side quietly?” Braydon asked.

Even though Braydon seemed harmless now, Carson knew him far too well to let his guard down and became even more respectful.

“Chief Braydon, Ms. Zeller isn’t the kind of woman who just stays home. She’s too strong for that. If you want to keep her by your side, you’d have to clip her wings and crush her spirit to make her stay, otherwise...” Carson stopped before finishing his sentence.

Braydon lost himself in his thoughts.

Seeing this, Carson quietly slipped out. His ability to read the situation was the reason he had lasted so long by Braydon’s side.

I am not like Charles, who is stubborn and inflexible, still preventing Chief Braydon even though he knows about Chief Braydon's feelings for Ms. Zeller That is just looking for trouble, Carson thought.

Yvette walked into Jeremiah's villa.

Four people were playing cards in the living room. Among them, Frankic looked excited. Bruce was expressionless, Chris seemed a bit unsure about his cards. And Sienna sat cross-legged on the couch with a sly smile. Such a group was oddly harmonious.

They were so focused on their game that they hadn't noticed anyone had entered, Sienna glanced at the pair of deuces in her hand, while Frankie gave her a wink from across the table. Sienna tossed out the pair of deuces and chuckled, waving the cards in her hand.

"Hey guys, sorry about this, but I've got a pair of deuces here. Let's see if you can top this. I'm down to my last card, so if no one else is playing, I'm about to lay it down, Sienna said.

Chris quietly put down the cards in his hand.

It seemed like he lost. He didn't know how to play cards and was called in by Frankie to make up the numbers. He had already lost 150 thousand dollars..

Bruce lifted his eyes to glance at Frankie and Sienna, who were both celebrating. In the next moment, he drew two cards from his hand and gently placed them on the table.

"Sorry guys, I've got a royal flush," Bruce said.

Sienna froze, staring in disbelief at the royal flush on the table, while Frankie exchanged a wide-eyed look with her.

In unison, Frankie and Sienna shouted to each other, "Didn't you have a wild card?" Only then did they realize their mistake. They thought each had one wild card.

Frankie and Sienna slumped their shoulders, feeling dejected. They watched as Bruce swept all the chips in front of them.

Frankie and Sienna glanced again at the tall stack in front of Bruce, both thinking. 'One wrong move and it's game over.

Yvette took off her coat and walked in.

Seeing Yvette return, Frankie quickly gathered up the cards. He looked as guilty as a kid caught playing games instead of doing homework.

Yvette didn't say anything and walked straight to the couch, and sit down, with no expression on her face. Her eyes showed indifference.

Yveure tilted her face slightly and was just about to pour herself glass of water. Frankie, who was as quick as a wink, stepped in and filled the glass for Yvette. With a bit of a brown-noser move, Frankie presented it to Yvette with both hands Frankie's actions were incredibly smooth and natural.

Watching the whole process left Sienna thinking, 'Why haven't I figured out how to flatter Ms. Zeller like this? Check out how Frankie is handling this.

'I am still too young. I have a lot to learn about flattering Ms. Zeller

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Yvette sat on the couch, resting her hands to one side, and crossed her legs. She took the cup from Frankie, smirked a little, and leaned back a bit. She tapped the scattered cards on the couch with her cool fingers.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, stayed silent for a few seconds, then asked plainly. How much are you betting?"

Startled, Frankie looked up, feeling a bit confused.

Sienna quickly replied, "Yve, it is Frankie who sets up the game. The cap is 150 thousand dollars"

Yvette glanced at the chips in front of them.

Chris had just a few chips. Sienna and Bruce had about a dozen each. Frankie had a towering stack, almost overflowing. It was clear to tell who won and who lost at a single glance.

Suddenly, Frankie's eyes lit up, thinking, I can't take back the courtyard house Mr. Chavez tricked me out of. But I could win a little money from Yvette: So Frankie sincerely extended an invitation.

"Yve, do you play? Want to join us?" Frankie asked

Yvette nodded and promptly joined them at the poker table. They sat around, with Frankie bringing snacks, juice, and sweets from the fridge.

In the first ten rounds, Frankie won eight times. By then, he was thrilled.

"Yve, it seems you're not good at playing cards. If we'd known, we wouldn't have played for 150 thousand dollars," Frankie said.

Bruce dropped a deuce on the table without any change in expression. Then he glanced at Frankie, who was already floating. on cloud nine.

Yvette propped her cheek with her hand. She was too lazy to move. After taking a slow sip of her juice, she looked up at Frankie, a sly grin on her lips.

Her gaze shifted slightly. She was completely relaxed and carefree, asking Frankie, "How much do you want to play for?" Frankie thought seriously for a moment, then amidst everyone's gaze, held up three fingers.

Yvette casually toyed with the poker cards between her pale fingers, lounging entirely on the couch.

"3 million dollars? Okay," Yvette said.

Hearing Yvette's words, Chris paused for a moment, then quietly took out his phone to transfer 3 million dollars from his bank account.

'I might not know how to play, but I sure know how to lose,' Chris thought.

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Bruce and Sienna didn't car

This amount of money was trivial to them.

Frankie had originally meant to say 300 thousand dollars. He felt awkward winning too much from his friends. "Y've hadn't won a single round out of ten, probably because she isn't familiar with the game, Frankie thought.

But he didn't expect Yvette to start with a 3 million dollar bet. 'Well, then I can't be blamed for what's gonna happen, Frankie thought

Sienna shuffled the cards again. The game changed to just comparing card values. Everyone's stakes turned to 3 million dollars

In the last round, Frankie won 500 thousand dollars. Bruce won 100 thousand dollars. Yvette lost all 150 thousand dollars.

Emmett also came down from upstairs. Serving as the dealer, after dealing five cards to everyone, he said, "Place your bets" He looked like a real dealer.

Chris, Bruce, and Sienna each glanced at their cards and then tossed in a few chips.

Yvette didn't look at her cards. Her eyes were half-closed. Her slender, fair fingers tapped lightly on the cards now and then.

Frankie glanced at his cards and then looked up. He was full of confidence.

Yvette held her juice, took a sip, and spoke up unhurriedly. "Single round to decide the winner?"

Frankie had already looked at his cards. His hole cards were a straight flush up to the King. Unless Yvette had a straight flush up to the Ace, he was bound to win.

The other three folded their hands, flipping their cards face up one by one. None of them had much to brag about. The best anyone had was Bruce's pair. Now only Yvette and Frankie's cards were still hidden.

Frankie frowned. He didn't reply to Yvette.

If I go all-in, there wouldn't be a chance for a comeback. I am a bit insecure. Yve might have a trick up her sleeve. But how could she be so confident if she hadn't even looked at her cards Frankie thought.

Yvette wasn't in a hurry either. She leisurely drank her juice, taking a moment to glance at her phone without pressuring Frankie.

Frankie hesitated for a bit. He was confident in his gambling skills and he believed that even if Yvette was a genius, she could not also have extraordinary talent in gambling.

"I'm all in. Yve, Frankie said.

Yvette's face was serene, with her delicate eyebrows slightly arched as she lightly touched the rim of her cup with her fingers

"Okay," Yvette responded

Noticing that both of them agreed to go all in, Emmett cleared his throat, saying, "Since both Yve and Frankie agreed, let's decide this in one round. Who's going to show the cards first?"

Frankie wore a confident smile as he eagerly revealed his cards. It was a straight flush to the King. That was already a very strong hand

"Yve, a straight flush. Unless you have an Ace, your 3 million dollars will be gone in less than a minute. Thank you, Yve, and thanks everyone for watching," Frankie said with a smile.

Emmett, Bruce, and Chris weren't too surprised.

Frankie's gambling skills were learned from the master gambler at a casino in Mysonna. He picked up about thirty percent of the skill. Winning was no surprise.

Yvette raised her eyebrows. She set down her juice. Then she slightly turned her head, speaking with a calm and steady voice, "Thank you for the 3 million dollars. Sorry for your expenses today."

Emmett was taken aback. Bruce sighed and thought, I lost another 3 million dollars.

Sienna eagerly reached out and turned over Yvette's cards one by one. It was another straight flush, clear as day. It perfectly topped Frankie's hand. Yvette won completely.

Frankie was greatly frustrated. "Where's the so-called heir to the master gambler's legacy? Where's the next big shot in the casino scene? Do I just lose like that? Frankie thought.

Frankie finally realized that Yvette was just playing dumb to outsmart her opponents.

Yvette shifted her posture and stood up gracefully. Her voice was cool and indifferent, saying, "I'm going upstairs, you guys take your time playing."

After speaking, she glanced at Frankie, who looked thoroughly defeated and downcast, and offered him some words of comfort by saying, "You did pretty well."

Frankie didn't know how to react. "Thank you. But why do I feel no comfort at all?" he thought.

The rest of the people were speechless, thinking, "Yve is both casual and precise with her teasing"

The next day, in the apartment, Flying Fish was still groggy in bed when she was abruptly awakened.

The doorbell rang outside.

Flying Fish, with her face bare and hair all messy from just waking up, stomped to the door to see who dared to interrupt her beauty sleep at this time.

The door opened. Flying Fish was about to start yelling when she saw an elderly man standing there, perfectly groomed and wearing a suit.

Her eyes widened with surprise. In an instant, she quickly shut the door from inside. She knew this old man. It was Silas Walson, the dean of the medical lab in Mysonna

Why is this important figure personally visiting my apartment? Flying Fish wondered.

She had previously gone undercover as a maid in Silas's house for a week and had stolen an antique vase.

“This is a case of enemies meeting unexpectedly. If he recognizes me, given all the random poisons he has developed, I might end up dead just like Charles, Flying Fish thought.

Flying Fish suddenly paused.

“Silas Walson, Charles? Right, Boss has mentioned someone would bring the antidote today. Could that someone be Silas? Oh my God! It is Silas, the head of the top medical lab in Mysonna. He’s like a national treasure, always under Mysonna’s government protection, rarely seen by anyone.

Who exactly is Boss? How can she get Silas to personally deliver the antidote? Flying Fish thought.

She just had to accept it. To be safe, Flying Fish decided to make a call to double-check.

Flying Fish dialed Yvette’s number and cautiously asked, “Boss, do you know who’s bringing the antidote for Charles!”

Yvette had just gotten up and picked out a random white tracksuit from her closet. Holding her phone, her voice was cool and clear, asking back, “Is it Silas?”

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After Flying Fish got a direct confirmation from Yvette, she was stunned.

She took a deep breath before speaking, “Boss, Silas is the director of the top medical lab in Mysonna. How did you manage to have him lower his status and come to my apartment to deliver the antidote to Charles? My gosh, it’s unbelievable!”

While they were talking, Yvette had already changed her clothes into a simple tracksuit, familiar canvas shoes, and a black baseball cap. Her androgynous style was incredibly cool.

She noticed the small hair tie on the table, paused slightly, then picked it up and casually tied her hair. Her voice was indifferent, saying, “I’m heading over now,”

Silas was sixty this year, but he was so well-preserved he looked no different from a man in his forties. His hair was perfectly combed and his eyes were bright and full of energy.

He glanced down at the vintage watch on his wrist. It had been ten minutes since the door had closed. He didn’t show a trace of impatience on his face.

The door opened again. Silas remained as gentlemanly and composed as ever.

“Hello, miss, sorry to bother you. I’m here to deliver the antidote of No.7 Toxin for Mr. Jameson, Silas said.

Flying Fish had already changed into everyday clothes, and she was taken aback by Silas’s polite words.

She had seen Silas’s temper firsthand when she was undercover as a maid in Silas’s house back in the day. Silas was the type of person

who wouldn’t hesitate to scold his son.

I have kept him waiting for almost ten minutes. His pleasant demeanor nearly makes me want to swear. It is terrifying Flying Fish thought.

Flying Fish quickly composed herself, shifted sideways, and politely extended her hand.

“Hello, Mr. Walson. Please come in, Flying Fish said.

Silas gave a slight smile as he walked into the apartment. A seemingly unremarkable trinket in the entryway caught his eye,

It was the first one-of-a-kind item auctioned at last year’s West Auction House. It was eventually sold for 3.3 million dollars.

“What an impressive gesture! How could someone just casually place it right at the entrance? Silas thought.

With his impeccable manners, Silas kept his eyes forward as he proceeded to the couch and took a seat.

Trailing behind, Flying Fish noticed Silas’s gaze pause on a spot in the entryway. Though it was just a few seconds, observation was key for Flying Fish as an assassin. So she didn’t miss a beat with what Silas was up to.

There isn’t much in the entryway, just a few knick-knacks I have collected. What could have caught his attention? Flying Fish wondered.

The atmosphere in the living room was filled with an awkwardness that was hard to describe.

Silas sat upright on the couch, with a glass of water that Flying Fish had just poured sitting in front of him.

Flying Fish sat across from Silas, trying her best not to make eye contact, afraid Silas might recognize her past as a little

Silas spoke in a neutral tone, “Ms. Fish, can you tell me where the patient is now? I can give him the antidote right away.”

Flying Fish’s eye twitched slightly, thinking, “Seriously? Ms. Fish

She glanced at the black suitcase by Silas’s left foot, guessing it probably held the antidote for No.7 Toxin.

“Well, Charles is in the next room. Let me take you to him.” Flying Fish replied.

Silas nodded. He felt a bit disappointed. He had come in person to meet Yvette, but since Yvette wasn’t there, he felt deflated. and just wanted to finish the task and leave.

Flying Fish’s thoughts matched Silas’s. She also didn’t want to spend more time with Silas.

Charles, lying in bed in the room, had been excited all night. Hearing the faint sounds from outside, he wished he could go to the living room to welcome them

‘Could I really get my life back! Every moment before the door was knocked on, Charles was consumed by this question.

“Come in, Charles lowered his voice, struggling to utter those two words. After one night, he could only open his mouth. Hel couldn’t move a finger.

When Charles finally saw who entered through the door, his reaction was even more intense than Flying Fish’s. Even though his body stayed still, his wide eyes and facial expression revealed how surprised he was,

It is Silas Walson, Charles thought.

Charles knew Silas, who led the medical lab that Braydon had been desperately trying to win over. Despite offering a fortune, Silas never even accepted an invitation for dinner.

For an ordinary person, the Goodman family could ensure one would disappear without a trace.

But Silas wasn’t just anyone. With the support of Mysonna’s president and a background in a distinguished family, it wasn’t easy for the Goodman family to make a move against Silas.

Braydon tried every conceivable method but eventually had to give up since Sillas couldn’t be persuaded.

Seeing Charles also looking shocked made Flying Fish feel a bit more balanced. Sure enough, anyone would feel bewildered seeing someone like Silas, Flying Fish thought.

“Hello, Mr. Watson, Charles composed himself and greeted. Just saying those words took quite a bit of effort.

Silas was also aware of Charles’s identity. He might not be involved with the underworld, but he had heard some rumors about Charles’s reputation.

Silas was well aware of how powerful No.7 Toxin was. Enduring it for this long was truly commendable

Silas had consistently refused the Goodman family’s attempts to win him over. But unexpectedly, he let his guard down, and members sent by the Goodman family managed to infiltrate.

Silas had high hopes for Fiona. She was young and talented. Although she couldn’t compare with Wette, with proper training. Fiona had potential. However, she unexpectedly turned out to be associated with Braydon

Silas smiled gently, thinking, “Ultimately, I bear some responsibility for this. No.7 Toxin has originated from my medical lab. Charles is Yvette’s friend. It is only right to save him.’

Silas’s tone held a hint of admiration, saying, “Hello, Mr. Jameson. You’re incredibly strong. Making it this far is nothing short of a miracle.

Charles’s stiff tongue managed to utter two words, “Thank you.”

Without delay, Silas grabbed the black case and walked to the bedside. He opened the case and took out a syringe filled with light blue liquid.

Silas squinted. Pressing down on Charles’s numb left arm, he injected the liquid.

As the light blue medication in the syringe diminished, Charles gaze gradually became clearer. His fingers could move slightly.

ind

Silas the syringe back into the black case. The syringe needed to be taken back for special handling. Besides being the antidote for No.7 Toxin, it would be poisonous to anyone who wasn’t infected.

Seeing Charles trying hard to move his fingers, Silas reassured him, saying, “Mr. Jameson, there’s no need to rush. In about an hour, your bodily functions will gradually recover. With your physical condition, you should be back to normal in two

hours”

Charles calmed his excitement.

He thought he was doomed, but he didn't expect Yvette to know Silas and save his life.

I no longer owe the Goodman family. From now on, my life belongs to Ms. Zeller, Charles thought.

Silas picked up the black case and left the room. Flying Fish noticed and followed.

Silas reached the door and was about to leave but paused and turned back. He stared at Flying Fish, who followed behind.

His gaze subtly carried a hint of inquiry. His expression was stern. Yet his whole demeanor exuded a gentle and scholarly quality.

Flying Fish felt a chill run down her spine as Silas's gaze seemed to pierce through her. But she quickly composed herself and smiled casually.

Her alluring demeanor instantly shifted to that of a cute young girl in a second.

“What's going on, Mr. Walson? Is there something on my face?” Flying Fish asked.

Just as Silas was about to speak, Flying Fish didn't give him the chance and continued talking, “You don't need to say it, my face has something called beauty. Lots of people have mentioned it.”

Even someone as experienced as Silas was momentarily struck speechless by Flying Fish's audacious confidence.

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Silas turned around and pushed the door open.

“Ms. Fish, at my age, making a living isn't easy. It's been difficult earning money, working day and night in the medical lab, and only now could I afford an antique 1 like. Please, when you have the time, I'll send someone to take it back. I wouldn't want to trouble you to keep it safe,” Silas said. After this, he left.

Flying Fish's smile froze on her face.

Silas, that old fox, has recognized me from the start. It's true what people say, experience does make the difference. He is waiting for me the whole time.

How could a dean of a top medical lab like him have the nerve to play the victim? Flying Fish thought.

Flying Fish was worried. "How am I supposed to get back that antique when I have already given it to my employer?"

If it weren't for Boss knowing Silas, I would've made a run for it. Now that my hideout is exposed, what's the point of running! Flying Fish thought.

Silas reached the ground floor.

The driver stood respectfully to the side, holding the car door open. Just as Silas was about to step inside, he noticed someone approaching from afar.

H

Silas handed the black suitcase to the driver, then strode toward the distant figure.

He walked with a commanding presence. His face had a healthy rosy glow. There was not a single trace of an old man about him at sixty.

"I finally got to see you! I thought I was going to make this trip for nothing again today," Silas said with relief.

Yvette paused, lifted her eyelids slightly, and gave a nonchalant nod in response to Silas's words.

The two of them formed a stark contrast. One was very enthusiastic, and the other showed almost no expression.

The driver watched the scene from a distance, shocked.

'Is this still the usually serious Mr. Walson? How could he be so attentive to a pretty girl when she seemed barely interested? The driver wondered and was beginning to question everything.

'Even if the top officials from Mysonna come, they would treat Mr. Walson with respect, What is happening now? Who is this extraordinary girl? the driver thought.

Silas, now used to it, looked at Yvette with hopeful eyes and asked, "Do you have some time to sit down somewhere

Yvette, with one hand in her pocket and an intimidating aura, lowered her gaze.

The side of her face under the baseball cap was glowing white in the sunlight, and her slightly raised eyebrows looked

delicate.

She was concise and direct, replying, "Let's go."

Silas could barely contain his happiness. Finding Yvette even once was not easy. It had been years since the last time, and he could hardly remember.

The two of them casually chose a dessert shop.

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Silas, at his age, usually had a personal pastry chef at home to satisfy his sweet tooth. He definitely wouldn't be found in a place like this.

Yvette ordered a milkshake that cost just a few dollars, while Silas went for a coffee that cost hundreds,

Yvette was sipping her milkshake with enjoyment, legs crossed, looking quite indifferent. She glanced at Silas casually.

Silas took a sip of the coffee, found it unbearably cheap-tasting, and set it down.

After a minute of thought, Silas spoke up, "You should sign up for the first-level test of this year's Mysonna Medical Competition."

Yvette leaned back. She positioned herself in the most comfortable spot and pursed her lips, her expression was bland. Her slender white fingers tugged at the straw.

"Not signing up, Yvette said.

Silas spoke with heartfelt sincerity, "Come on, kiddo, just sign up. Another certificate won't hurt. You have no idea how many times the President has urged me, saying not to waste your talent. Once you pass the first-level test, the lab can be handed over to you. I'm sixty, I should be retiring and enjoying my golden years, right?"

Yvette's eyes were half-closed as she gazed at Silas, her brow furrowed slightly,

"I'm not signing up. You're good for another 20 years, Yvette replied.

Silas felt like he had a lump in his throat.

Is it my fault for looking young? In twenty years, I would be eighty. She is a wicked capitalist, shamelessly exploiting me without a second thought, Silas thought.

Silas wore a gloomy expression, saying, "Come on, sweetheart, look at me. In twenty years, I'll be eighty. How could you bear to keep me cooped up in the lab every day?"

Yvette propped her face on her hand, giving a lazy smile. She took a sip of her milkshake without saying anything

Silas leaned in closer, pouting, looking upset and helpless, like a sixty-year-old child.

People around them started giving them curious looks, whispering among themselves.

"Look at those two. They must be father and daughter. How did the girl get so pretty and manage to upset her dad so much?" someone said.

"I bet she's not looking after her parents properly and said something rude again. Her dad looks so sad and pitiful. I can't even watch, another person said.

"Every family has its struggles, and we don't know their situation Let's not gossip and just move on," one person said.

These whispers reached Yvette and Silas's ears, making Silas feel quite guilty.

"This shows that gossiping is in people's nature. These people must have wild imaginations. I don't have the qualifications to be Yvette's dad, Silas thought.

Yvette swung her leg, looking at Silas across the table with a playful smile. Her lips curved into a mischievous arch.

"Dad?" Yvette teasingly said..

Silas's hands shook, spilling half the coffee he had pretended to sip, and reacted with lightning speed.

"You're my dad," Silas said.

Silas blushed, realizing how embarrassing that sounded. But he valued his life more than his pride.

Yvette gently tapped her finger against the edge of the table. She rested her chin on her hand. Her voice carried a hint of coldness, asking. "Did you manage to extract the unstable substance from No.7 Toxin?"

Hearing this, Silas immediately straightened his posture.

The toxin that Fiona stole, known as No.7 Toxin, was flawed. It wasn't the real one. So Silas had the antidote.

It was all just rumors out there about the antidote. If it was the real No.7 Toxin, even the greatest of immortals couldn't save one.

"We have undergone thousands of tests. The unstable elements have now been narrowed down to a range. Unless something unexpected happens, it will take another six months to compare the reactions of these elements and draw a conclusion," Silas said.

Hearing this, Yvette raised an eyebrow and nodded slightly. Then she focused on sipping her milkshake.

Silas suddenly thought of Flying Fish and asked, "By the way, today at the apartment you asked me to visit, I ran into a girl who used to be undercover and stole a relic from my house. Are you friends with her?"

Yvette hesitated for a moment. She looked away from her milkshake, pursed her lips, saying softly, "How much is the relic worth? I'll write you a check later."

Silas was speechless. He pretended to think for a moment, his eyes sparkling with cleverness, then waved his hand, generously.

"It's no big deal! For a friend like yours, not just one relic, I could give away a few if you ask. But maybe you don't know, the one she took was my favorite blue and white porcelain plate. I used to sleep with it by my side, couldn't sleep well without it. Ever since it was stolen, my insomnia hasn't improved," Silas said.

Yvette looked up, her cold eyes flickering slightly, thinking, "Who are you trying to fool, old trickster? Do you sleep with it? Won't it poke you?"

Yvette was silent for a few seconds before speaking, "Just tell me what you want."

Upon hearing this, Silas's face lit up with a wide grin, his old face blooming like a flower,

He didn't hold back and stated his demands since opportunities like this don't come often. It would be silly of him to let this chance slip away once he finally had it.

"That's easy. We've got some new interns in the lab, and I'm honestly overwhelmed. They're all geniuses who don't respect each other, turning the lab into a chaotic mess. I'm so busy every day. I don't have the time to handle them. So, please help me train them for a week, and if you agree, we'll let bygones be bygones, Silas said.

Yvette glanced at Silas, thinking, "He's good at taking advantage of situations without holding back."

"Deal," Yvette agreed.

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Silas and Yvette agreed that Yvette would come to Mysonna in three months to help supervise the interns for a week.

Silas was satisfied. They chatted casually for a bit more before going their separate ways.

As soon as Yvette entered the apartment, she saw Flying Fish sitting on the couch, looking troubled.

To run or not to run, that is the question. Flying Fish thought,

Flying Fish looked at Yvette as Yvette walked in. Flying Fish said firedly, “Boss, you’re finally here.”

Yvette nodded. She figured out why Flying Fish had that expression.

The antique thing?” Yvette asked.

Flying Fish felt nervous. She thought, “Who could have guessed Boss knows Silas? If Lhad known, I would never have taken the job.

Yvette’s delicate eyebrows raised slightly, her expression indifferent, with a subtle smile on her lips. Her voice was deep, saying, “It’s sorted out. Silas won’t pursue it anymore.”

Upon hearing this, Flying Fish leaped up from the sofa and rushed in front of Yvette quickly. Then, under Yvette’s cool gaze, she came to a sudden stop.

“Boss, is it sorted out? That old guy isn’t going to follow up? I can finally relax. He’s got all those toxins, what if he played a trick on me? I’m really scared, Flying Fish said.

Yvette took off her canvas shoes, put on her slippers, and hand in her pocket. She walked unhurriedly towards Charles’s room. She gave a slight nod in response to Flying Fish’s words.

Seeing Yvette head towards Charles, Flying Fish decided not to follow. Instead, she flopped back onto the couch and made a call to the Eagle King.

Eagle King said he took a job and had been gone for three days without a word.

After Silas left, Charles lay on the bed, feeling strength slowly returning to his body. First, his facial features, then his hands and feet, and now he could move his whole body.

As Charles tried to get up, Yvette pushed the door open and came in, raising an eyebrow at his movement.

Charles looked up and then struggled to prop

“Ms. Zeller, you’re here,” Charles greeted.

himself up and sit

Yvette, with one leg bent, lounged lazily in a bean bag chair, exuding a very relaxed vibe. Charles sat awkwardly to the side.

Aside from these past couple of days, Charles’s impression of Yvette was still stuck on that six-month hell training from years ago. They had barely kept in touch since.

Yvette took out her black phone, lowered her gaze, and logged into a game. Charles stood quietly on the side, not daring to -interrupt

Yvette didn’t look up. She continued playing her game, speaking in a detached and cool voice, “What are your plans now! Charles was silent for a moment, then he looked at Yvette and shared his thoughts.

“Ms. Zeller, my life was saved by Damian, Now that Braydon has acted against me, I feel I’ve repaid that debt. I don’t owe the

Goodman family anymore. Can I... Charles hesitated as he got to this point, feeling embarrassed to continue.

Yvette turned off the game, glanced up at Charles’s slightly flushed face, and pressed her lips together,

“Spit it out, Yvette said.

Charles shifted uncomfortably, struggling to find the right words. He said, “Ms. Zeller, I want to follow you.”

There was a pause.

Receiving no immediate reply, a wave of sadness came over Charles, as he guessed what Yvette meant.

‘Her silence seems like a silent refusal, Charles thought. Just as Charles was about to say something else, Yvette spoke up.. “Okay.” Yvette replied.

Charles couldn’t believe it, his face lit up with joy. ‘Does Ms. Zeller agree? Really? Charles thought with surprise.

The enormous surprise almost left Charles stunned. It took him a moment to get back to normal, and he seemed more energetic than before.

“Thank you, Ms. Zeller, Charles said.

Yvette paused and looked at the ecstatic Charles, feeling it was still necessary to remind him.

“I’m attending college in Seacuity at Clusia. Prepare yourself. We leave the day after tomorrow, Yvette said.

The joy on Charles’s face instantly turned into horror. Is Ms. Zeller going to college? What a joke!’ he thought.

Charles asked cautiously, “Ms. Zeller, does Professor Fry know you’re going to college?”

Yvette shrugged indifferently, saying, “He doesn’t know, and there’s no need for him to.”

Charles didn’t know what to say. Probably only Yvette dared to be so blunt with Professor Fry, the principal of the top university.

Professor Fry’s students were more than qualified to be professors at the top university. Yet Yvette went to a small city in Clusia to go back to college. “Who can even understand this decision?’ Charles thought.

Back then, Yvette graduated as the top student in the finance department at the top university. But now she was going back to Clusia to study again. Just thinking about it was pretty exciting.

Yvette stood up, getting ready to leave.

Seeing Yvette was about to leave, Charles quickly said, “Ms. Zeller, you should remind Mr. Walson to watch out for Braydon. He might be planning something soon.”

Yvette nodded. She pushed the door open and left.

When Yvette returned to the living room, Flying Fish was video chatting with Eagle King. They were in a lively argument, going back and forth.

Seeing Yvette come out, Flying Fish instantly turned the camera towards her. A face of extraordinary beauty showed up on

the screen.

Eagle King was taken aback by Yvette's face for a second. Then he shouted, "Boss, boss, I'm here!"

Yvette's delicate expression softened. She tilted her head slightly and glanced at Eagle King on the video.

It looks like he has pretty good food there to get him rounder, Yvette thought.

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Yvette responded with a simple "Hmm." She remembered she had to meet someone later, so she didn't stay long and left after saying a few words.

West Isle was where Damian, the former patriarch of the Goodman family, now resided.

A few years ago, Braydon drove Damian out of the center of power in the Goodman family, banishing him to this place.

Damian had ruled the Mysonna underworld for decades but had long since retired to a tranquil life, free from worldly concerns.

Who was Damian?

About forty years ago, when the Mysonna underground was in chaos, he started from nothing, using his sharp insight and ruthless methods. In just a few years, he formed the Goodman Clan and spent the next ten years conquering and unifying the Mysonna underworld gangs.

It wasn't until a few years ago when Braydon came to power that Damian's influence began to wane, ultimately resulting in his exile to the remote West Isle..

Inside a magnificent villa on West Isle, Damian with graying hair, leaning on a cane, stood by the fish tank wearing dark, traditional Clusian attire.

He held fish food in his hand, watching a variety of exotic fish scramble for it.

A deep smile slowly appeared on his wrinkled face as he tossed all the fish food in. Then he turned and walked over to the couch..

He rubbed the dragon head of the cane with his hands. He narrowed his eyes, seeming lost in thought.

Soon, another elderly, plain-looking man with a slightly fierce appearance entered from outside.

This old man was Tyson Stonewall. He was the infamous ancient martial arts expert of the Mysonna underground. He was also Damian's inseparable butler, who had been through thick and thin with Damian for decades.

Damian looked up, a chilling glare appearing in his cloudy eyes

"Have you confirmed it? Is she back?" Damian asked.

Tyson's expression darkened slightly as he nodded, showing respect towards Damian

"Mr. Goodman, she's back. Mr. Braydon Goodman has already met with her, but it didn't go well. They parted on bad terms. Reports from the Goodman family insiders say that Mr. Braydon Goodman got so angry because of her that he wiped out over a hundred members of the Tiger Head, Tyson said.

Damian let out a cold laugh, his drooping eyelids casting a shadow over his face.

'Braydon is still so incompetent. Over the years, I have given him many opportunities to practice. Yet he loses his composure as soon as he sees her. He's utterly unreliable, Damian thought.

"Make arrangements. I need to return to Mysonna. Since she's back, we should at least meet, Damian said.

Tyson nodded.

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Tyson asked. "Mr. Damian Goodman, how should we proceed this time? Are we still keeping it from Mr. Braydon Goodman? His men are still outside West Isle

Goodman maintained a neutral expression. His wrinkled face broke into a cold smile.

'Does Braydon think those worthless individuals can keep me trapped? That's laughable,' Damian thought.

"This time. I'll leave openly. My grandson needs to know who's really in charge of the Goodman family," Damian said.

The news of Damian leaving West Isle to return to the head of the Goodman family quickly spread throughout the underworld of Mysonna

By the time Braydon received the news, the people he had sent to guard Damian had already been wiped out. His eyes showed no surprise, only an endless chill, with hints of blood in their depths.

Carson stood by the side, trembling with fear.

He was a staunch supporter of Braydon. He hadn't expected Damian to have someone able to overcome Braydon's obstacles and return to Mysonna. Damian's power and ruthlessness were truly alarming

Years ago. Braydon asked Carson to send Damian to West Isle. Now that Damian was back, it was like Carson's life was hanging by a thread.

Braydon played with the lighter in his hands. In the flickering firelight, his face shifted between light and shadow, and that small scar added an eerie touch.

After a long pause, Braydon chuckled lightly, then burst into laughter, his voice sharp and piercing.

Carson didn't dare lift his head. He tried to make himself as inconspicuous as possible, but with only two people in the room, he had nowhere to hide.

Braydon's gaze fixed on Carson, cold and mocking

His voice was smooth and shadowy, saying, "Damian is something. All these years, he stayed on West Isle just to mislead me. I naively thought he had no followers left, and no chance to rise again. Today, he's truly slapped me in the face."

Carson bowed his head even lower, feeling even more frightened by Braydon's words.

"Chief Braydon, since Chief Damian left West Isle this time, he didn't leave anyone behind. It means he's declaring war on you. It won't be easy to send him back this time," Carson said.

Braydon pursed his lips, his dark eyes cold and deep, with a hint of madness.

"What if he's declaring war? He's not the underground king he used to be. And I'm not the Braydon who could be easily pushed around anymore," Braydon said.

Hearing this, Carson's fear grew stronger,

He knew a little about Braydon's past. It was a taboo in the Goodman family that no one dared to mention. Before leading the family, Braydon was not like he is now.

Braydon looked up, glancing coldly at Carson, asking, "How are things on Yvette's side? Any news?"

Carson outlined the latest intelligence he had gathered, reporting, "Chief Braydon, we've discovered where Ms. Zeller is staying. The place was purchased by a man. We've been investigating for a long time and even used government connections, but

we still can't identify him. The officials we've bribed in the Mysonna government say the villa owner's identity is classified as top-secret, and they don't have the authority to access it. As for Ms. Zeller, her counter-surveillance skills are too powerful. Our operatives lost her after just a few minutes, leaving us unable to track her movements. But.

Carson paused, uncertain whether he should continue, worried that Braydon's reaction might be intense.

Braydon curled his lips into a cold smile, his voice stern, asking, "Continue. But what?"

A cold sweat dripped down Carson's face. Not daring to linger, he quickly continued, "There's not just M. Zeller living in the villa. There are also four men and one woman. We've identified the woman as Mr. Nathan Goodman's girlfriend, Sienna. But we haven't been able to find any useful information about the other four men since they haven't shown up."

Braydon tossed the lighter in his hand. It hit Carson's head directly, causing blood to gush out instantly.

Carson didn't dare to move at all, letting the blood flow down. It kept flowing more and more until his whole face was covered, looking extremely frightening.

"Useless, all of you are useless! Yvette is in Mysonna, and I still don't know anything about her. What exactly is the punishment hall under you doing? I'll give you three more days. If you can't find out those people's information by then, you can forget about being the head of the punishment hall. Get out!" Braydon shouted.

With a bloodied face, Carson bowed ninety degrees, turned around, and walked out. As he reached the door, he heard Braydon say, "No wonder Yvette chose Charles instead of you back then."

Carson clenched his fists tightly for a moment, then he casually pushed the door open and left.

What's the point of being great? Charles is just a dead person. The real power lies in who lives longer, Carson thought.

Royal Phoenix was the largest private club in Mysonna. It combines leisure and entertainment with high privacy, making it the favorite spot for Mysonna's wealthy.

Usually, it was bustling with people, but today it was eerily quiet, with only the club staff on high alert and no outsiders to be

SPEIL

There was only one reason. Damian was here.

Some people who wanted to enter and have fun were stopped by the staff and were ready to get angry. After hearing Damian's name, they didn't dare make a fuss and left dejectedly

There were also some curious onlookers watching from afar, not leaving. The staff mentioned Damian was hosting an important guest here.

"Who could it be? What significant guest would warrant a personal invitation from Damian? How impressive must the man be?" those curious onlookers wondered,

That was Damian, after all. When he unified Mysonna's underworld, some of them weren't even born yet. Damian was a legendary figure. Anyone wanted a chance to see him.

Tyson stood at the door in a black suit, back as straight as a rod, his face cold and expressionless,

Some onlookers from high society recognized Tyson and quickly filled in those around them on who Tyson was. The way people looked at Tyson changed immediately.

According to an informed source, Tyson was the legendary tough guy working for Damian. He had once single-handedly wiped out an enemy gang overnight

Everyone automatically gave Tyson a wide berth, Yet now, people were even more intrigued by this distinguished guest. Tyson personally came to welcome the guest. That said it was all about the guest's status.

Word was that Damiair hadn't even returned to the Goodman family house or seen his grandsons before coming straight here..

Who could this person be? Everyone wondered. Their curiosity was piqued. The crowd waited eagerly.

All sorts of people walked past the entrance of Royal Phoenix, yet Tyson didn't budge, maintaining a robotic demeanor.

Just as the crowd was growing impatient, finally, Tyson moved. Tyson's eyes flickered as he looked at the person who got off the bus across the street.

She is always so unpredictable. Tyson thought.

Yvette glanced at the thick crowd around, adjusted her baseball cap to reveal just a bit of her chin, and walked slowly toward Royal Phoenix with her hands in her pockets.

The crowd's attention was all on Tyson, naturally missing the person getting off the bus. They would never have guessed the person Damian invited would come by bus.

Tyson approached Yvette and bowed. He greeted Yvette in a cautious and respectful voice, "Ms. Zeller, please, Mr. Goodman is waiting for you in the gun room"

Onlookers glanced at each other, with some just realizing that Yvette had just gotten off the bus. It was unbelievable for them. Suddenly, it was like a bomb had exploded

They didn't hear what Tyson said. From Tyson's actions and expressions, it was clear how respectful Yvette was.

A girl who just got off the bus?' everyone wondered.

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After Yvette and Tyson went inside, the onlookers finally dared to speak up.

A girl in fancy clothes, who had also been turned away from the Royal Phoenix, covered her mouth in shock.

"Oh my gosh, did you see that? The important guest invited by Damian was actually a girl who got off the bus?" the girl said.

Everyone nodded in agreement, their expressions complicated. A well-dressed man added. "The news about the Goodman family has spread all over Mysonna. I heard Damian is back to take over the family again."

"I heard about that too, but it's not going to be that easy. Damian has been away from Mysonna for so long, and now Braydon is in charge. Regaining power won't be simple, a middle-aged man said.

"The affairs of the Goodman family are way beyond our reach. We better leave before trouble finds us," someone suggested.

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As the crowd heard this, they remembered the ruthless ways of the Goodman family and quickly dispersed. Some were still jittery, thinking they must have been out of their minds to gossip about the Goodman family.

Tyson walked ahead, his expression icy, signaling people to keep their distance.

Yvette strolled behind with her hands in her pockets as if she were in her backyard, completely carefree.

Tyson was completely unfazed.

Actually, expecting Yvette to wear a formal suit to this meeting would be the odd thing to do, Tyson thought.

Royal Phoenix's gun room was crafted with the most advanced technology, costing over 30 million dollars. Naturally, the service prices were also high. The guns here were the latest ones available on the market.

There were even some guns here that one wouldn't find elsewhere, and not just one or two.

Someone said that whoever's behind Royal Phoenix must be an arms dealer. Otherwise, how could they have all the newest guns so quickly?

At the entrance of the gun room, Tyson knocked softly on the door.

Inside, Damian was meticulously polishing a gun that gleamed with a dark shine.

His eyes were shadowy, and his murky gaze held a sharp glint, while his hands, dry and wrinkled like old twi

gun.

Hearing the knock, Damian looked away from the gun and said two words, "Come in."

Tyson stepped aside, opened the door, bent down slightly, and gestured respectfully.

"Please, Ms. Zeller, Tyson said.

Yvette nodded slightly at Tyson, her hands still in her pockets, and walked in with a casual air.

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As soon as Yvette entered the room, she pulled out a chair and sat down without any hesitation. She crossed her legs and rested her chin on her hand

With a blank expression and a relaxed, rebellious demeanor, Yvette took off her baseball cap and glanced up at Damian with a crooked grin. Her mischievous energy was evident as she calmly poured herself a glass of water and drank.

Damian eyes grew colder as he watched Yvette from across the ble

“She is still so rebellious. If back then she had agreed to be with Braydon, she would now be the mistress of the Goodman family. Why does she vanish for years and show up now?” Damian thought.

In the end, it was Damian who couldn't hold back and spoke first “Long time no see, Yvette.”

Yvette set down her cup, relaxed yet with an indifferent expression, a mix of coolness and mischief. Her voice was monotone, replying. “I didn't expect to see you again. It is pure coincidence this time.”

Damian was taken aback by these words, his expression darkened, clearly provoked.

Her words are as sharp as ever: Damian thought.

Tyson was expressionless, his eyes wandered between Damian and Yvette before he looked down.

In Mysonna, only she would dare to speak to Mr. Goodman like that, Tyson thought.

Damian placed a black gun on the table, the dark barrel pointed directly at Yvette.

Yvette continued to rock her crossed legs, her pale face seemed radiant. Her eyes were as cold as ever, she flexed her wrist and her gaze was quite arrogant.

Seeing Yvette like this, Damian discreetly turned the gun in a different direction.

“What did you come back for this time? Have you met Braydon yet?” Damian asked.

Yvette's eyes were cold as she looked at Damian. She lifted her eyelids slightly. Her voice was completely devoid of warmth, saying. “Whether I met him or not, don't you already know? You've been playing this old cat role for years, aren't you tired of it?”

Damian's coffee caught in his throat, and his face flushed red with anger.

Tyson's expression also shifted.

Damian swallowed the coffee, but now this expensive brew tasted dull and unimpressive.

“You not considering my grandson?” Damian cautiously asked. He was worried that Yvette might regret it, though deep

he knew it was unlikely.

Yvette toyed with her coffee cup, her slender fingers tapping lightly on the table. Her lips curled up, giving a half-smile.

“Keep him in check. The last time was the final straw. If it happens again, you’ll be dealing with the consequences yourself,” Yvette said.

Damian’s face slightly shifted, growing tense. Yvette was someone who followed through on her words. Her gratitude for Damian saving her life had finally run out.

“I’ll keep him in check, but I hope you stop showing up in front of him. You know how unstable Braydon’s personality is

weak Can’t you be a bit more forgiving? You’re aware of how rough his childhood was, Damian said. He was trying to appear

in front of Yvette.

His words clearly implied that even if Braydon did something wrong, he hoped Yvette wouldn’t be too harsh.

Yvette glanced at Damian and leaned back in her chair with a cold look in her eyes. Her voice was low and raspy, asking. “Ang I his dad or his mom?”

Damian’s face turned pale, his eyes fierce with malice. What could I say after a remark like that?’ Damian thought.

Damian took a sip of his coffee to cool down his anger, then replied coldly, “Fine, I get what you’re saying.”

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Unbothered by Damian’s furious state, Yvette took out a piece of vanilla toffee from her pocket and put it in her mouth.

Her black phone buzzed, catching her attention. It was a call from Jeremiah. The coldness faded a bit from her expression as she answered in front of Damian and Tyson.

“Hello!” Yvette greeted. At this time of day, Jeremiah would usually call or text me.

Jeremiah asked, “Have you eaten yet?”

Yvette glanced down, saying. I have.”

Jeremiah added, “The weather’s been changing in Mysonna lately. Remember to wear an extra coat when you go out. Avoid cold drinks. Stay warm, and don’t open the windows at night. Be careful not to catch a cold.”

The soldiers around Jeremiah stood completely still, afraid to make a move.

Listening to Jeremiah’s words, the soldier wondered if Jeremiah was still The Living Reaper feared throughout the rank.

Isn’t he acting just like a fretful mom? the soldier thought.

Jeremiah and Yvette exchanged a few words before Jeremiah hung up. Even amid a military meeting. Jeremiah had found a moment to call Yvette.

After ending the call, Damian fixed his gaze on Yvette, his eyes mysterious and sharp, full of suspicion.

“Got yourself a boyfriend?” Damian asked. He didn’t seem convinced, wondering who would date someone as fierce as Wette.

Yvette put her phone away, crossed her legs, tilted her head, and gave Damian a nonchalant look.

“None of your damn business,” Yvette snapped.

Tyson couldn’t stay silent any longer. With a stern face, he sharply reprimanded Yvette, “Ms. Zeller, regardless of your feelings, remember to respect your elders when you speak.”

Yvette didn’t turn her head or even glance at Tyson, fiddling with the cup in her hands.

She retorted, “Seems like I’ve been too polite, making everyone think they can act like they’re my elders.” Her words were outrageously arrogant.

Such words would sound jarring if they were from anyone else. When Yvette said them, Tyson was momentarily speechless.

Yvette wasn’t wrong. From start to finish, her relationship with Damian was purely about mutual benefits. Yvette had already repaid the life-saving debt completely.