

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 21

Eagle King paused mid-shake and said, "Flying Fish has been all over the place lately. She's totally obsessed with some boy band star named Claude. As a killer, she's been acting like a fangirl, chasing a star around. Boss, you might want to have a word with her. At this rate, she could lose her spot as the number three assassin."

A killer in love? Interesting, Yvette let out a laugh at the jealousy in Eagle King's eyes. Just as she reached for another drink, she found her glass was empty.

Eagle King had seen her empty cup a while back but deliberately chose not to refill it. Yvette might be exceptional at everything, but her drinking was a whole different story—pretty awful, to be honest.

As a top assassin, when Yvette drank too much, she'd grab whoever was sitting next to her and just stare at them in silence. If they wanted to leave, their only option was to hit her hard enough to knock her out. But after a few drinks, Yvette became way stronger—like, next-level strong.

The first time Yvette, Flying Fish, and Eagle King drank together, Eagle King was sent flying with just one punch from Yvette. He ended up hurt and took days to bounce back. But the worst part? The next day, Yvette completely forgot how brutal she'd been while drinking.

That painful memory made Eagle King vow never to let Yvette down more than two drinks. Unless, of course, someone really wanted to get knocked around a bit.

"Another drink!" Yvette said.

Eagle King waved his hands, and less than thirty seconds later, he had packed away all the bartending tools.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, confused. 'Is he really not going to let me drink?'

"It's all gone," Eagle King explained.

Yvette held up two fingers, signaling for him to lean closer. Reluctantly, he lowered his big head. "Do you think I'm blind?" she asked.

Eagle King shook his head, steadying his gaze. "You're not blind. You just can't control yourself after drinking."

Yvette locked eyes with him, her stare intense.

After about ten seconds, Eagle King realized he was losing. Fine, he'd let her have this one-he could always be the punching bag later. With a sigh, he got back to mixing three more drinks. He only stopped when Yvette nodded, looking satisfied.

Yvette and Eagle King chatted casually with Eagle King as the bar started to fill up. After half an hour, the group of guys who had been scared off by Eagle King, seeing Yvette drink more and more, started to act up again.

They were regulars at the bar-guys with a little extra cash and a belief that fortune favored the bold. Who wouldn't be tempted by a stunning woman like Yvette? So what if she was with the bartender? They weren't strangers to flirting with taken women.

As they usually did, they sent their best-looking friend over to spark a conversation with Yvette.

Confident and smooth, the attractive guy walked up, ordered a whiskey, and made a show of minding his own business for a few minutes. Then, he casually turned to Yvette and asked, "Hey, is this your first time here?"

Who does this guy think he is, hitting on my boss?' Eagle King was ready to step in. But Yvette shot him a quick glance, signaling him to stay out of it.

At that moment, Eagle King actually felt a little sorry for the guy He paused to watch the scene unfold, thinking with a grin, 'Boss is drunk? Great! Here's someone willing to take the heat for me!

Seeing Eagle King's chill response, the guy thought he had the upper hand. Feeling bold, he leaned in closer and said, "Wanna grab some fun, Miss?"

Yvette set her drink down, her cheeks flushed. The alcohol seemed to make her even more dazzling. "Fun? Sure. Let's go."

She pulled a box of candy from her pocket and tossed it to Eagle King, reminding him to take it later, then walked off with the guy, not looking back.

Eagle King held the candy box, wiping it on his sleeve a few times. 'Boss is something else!'

A bartender, watching the scene unfold, approached Eagle King. "Dude, you're just sitting there while your girl walks off with them? You do know those guys do this all the time, right? You should go check on her."

Eagle King waved him off and shrugged. "Nah, it's cool. She can handle herself. Who knows who's really in trouble here?"

He sneered silently, These clowns really think they can mess with her? What a joke!'

'Is he insane? His girl is taken away and here he is, grinning with a box of candy? Doesn't he realize what's about to happen? Anyway, if he's not worried, why should I be?' The bartender shook his head and turned back to his work, leaving it all behind.

At the back of the bar, two guys lounged in a comfy booth. One of them had striking features, casually holding a cigarette between his fingers. His charming eyes were deep, as if he could see through everything but was still unfazed by the world around him.

Before Yvette walked in, every woman in the place had their eyes on him. But his cold vibe kept them at a distance. A few oblivious ones tried to make a move, only to be gently shooed away by Andrew Mitchell, the younger guy with the babyface sitting next to him.

*Come on, Jeremiah Chavez, lighten up! This is a bar, not a funeral. You've already scared off three groups of girls. I get that you think they're all shallow, but have a heart for me, okay?" Andrew said helplessly.

Jeremiah glanced over and stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray. His voice was deep and smooth. "Didn't you just swap numbers with some of them?"

Andrew chuckled awkwardly.

"Stop laughing. You look silly," Jeremiah remarked with disdain.

'Well, his words still sting. Poor me, putting up with it all these years. Andrew sighed. Among their friends, he was closest to Jeremiah, and everyone else envied him. Who wouldn't want to be connected to the Chavez family? But only Andrew knew just how hard Jeremiah's words could hit.

Jeremiah didn't come to bars often, only popping up when he had a mission or was hanging with Andrew. Andrew loved partying, drinking, and racing, while Jeremiah was all about missions.

Watching Jeremiah sip his drink, Andrew couldn't help but admire him. 'Is it even possible to look that good while drinking? Doesn't he see all the girls ready to swoop in?'

In the upper circles of Betrico, Jeremiah was seen as a rising star, While their friends indulged in lavish feasts and entertainment, Jeremiah had quietly served in the military, keeping his true identity under wraps.

After five years, he earned several prestigious awards and, in his final act of bravery, snagged a top honor that pushed him to the rank of major general. Only then did more people start to know him-the only heir of the powerful Chavez family and now the youngest major general in the country.

'How could our worlds be so different?' Andrew thought to himself. 'Sure, Jeremiah has faced challenges I can't even imagine, and he definitely deserves his success. But I still prefer being a carefree p**oy, riding on his coattails and enjoying life-messing around with cars, chasing girls, and just having a good time.'

"Report to Argrol University tomorrow and don't be late," said Jeremiah suddenly.

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Yvette stumbled out of the bar, feeling a little buzzed. The cool night air hit her, helping her head clear up. She glanced at the group of eager guys nearby, her eyes cold, almost hostile, as if they were already done for.

Yvette halted in her tracks. The guys kept chatting about their next moves and the kind of fun they were chasing. It took them a moment to notice she wasn't following. They turned back, ready to grab her.

"Let go of me, or I'll chop off that hand and feed it to the dogs," Yvette warned.

The guys froze, taken aback by her fierce words. But they quickly regained their swagger, spitting on the ground and laughing crude jokes. Come on, darling, you're with us. No need to play hard to get."

"Let's go to the back alley." Yvette rolled up her sleeves casually and stretched, thinking a little venting could help her shake off the effects of the drinks faster.

Seeing Yvette not pushing back and even suggesting the back alley, the guys eagerly followed her lead.

Ten minutes later, down the alley behind the bar, the cocky group was now scattered on the ground—some with busted heads, others with broken legs, and one guy had a crushed nose. The worst off was so beaten up that you couldn't even recognize his face anymore.

They had tried to use some kind of drug on Yvette, thinking they had knocked her out cold. Just as they were about to make their move, she suddenly opened her eyes—sharp and focused. She hadn't been drugged at all.

Of course, Yvette was ready for anything. A drug? Please! She knew all about that stuff. How dare they use a quick-acting drug that lasted only an hour on her?

Ten minutes had gone by, and now they were pinned to the ground, taking a beating. Every time one of them tried to sneak in an attack, it was like she had eyes everywhere. They felt like their insides were being crushed with every hit.

They couldn't believe how utterly they were losing to a woman. Every attempt to fight back only led to more pain. These guys were truly scared now, tossing aside all ideas of pride. They realized that if this kept up, they might end up paying with their lives.

Yvette leaned in slightly, giving off an air of both arrogance and playful mischief. Disgusted with the blood on her hands, she tore a piece of fabric from her jacket, wiped off the stains, and tossed it carelessly to the ground.

The group watched in stunned silence, too frightened to even breathe. They felt as if she wasn't just ripping fabric but their souls. One by one, they bent down deeply, begging for mercy.

"Please, we were wrong! Just let us go!"

"We've got cash! We can pay you all!"

"Don't hurt us! It's our first time. We swear we won't do it again!"

"Please, I'm begging you..."

It was a surreal sight—grown men begging a girl. Yet Yvette stood firm, her chilling gaze fixed on them. "First time?"

Under her piercing stare, the man started to sweat nervously. Finally, he stuttered, "I meant this is the second time! Yes, the second time! We've paid before!"

The others quickly echoed him, "Yeah, right! We've paid."

With a smirk, Yvette stepped closer, pulling out a black pill from nowhere, and shoved it into the mouth of the lead bald guy.

Before the bald guy could react, he swallowed it. Panic set in as he started gagging, clawing at his throat.

"It's a dissolving pill—no need to waste your energy. I don't like wasting time on nonsense. Want to leave a last message?" Yvette said coldly.

"I'll talk, I swear! Please, just give me the antidote!" he pleaded.

Two years earlier, a girl celebrated her birthday at a bar. She was new at such a place—just a good student dragged along by her friends. They spotted her and, when her back was turned, slipped something into her drink. They assaulted her, recording the entire act to blackmail her. If she dared to report it, they threatened to post the video online. A few days later, that girl took her own life, leaving behind a note.

“Her grandmother wanted to file a report. We paid off the deputy chief of police, and he fooled the old lady, claiming there wasn’t enough evidence. They even took the note the girl left behind. The poor grandma couldn’t handle it and ended up taking pills.”

“We really didn’t mean for any of this to happen.”

“We were just having fun. But that girl took it too seriously.”

“Right! We never thought it would end like this.”

After their confession, they didn’t even dare to look up.

Yvette lit a cigarette, watching the smoke curl into the night silently. A wave of irritation bubbled up inside her, giving her eyes a fierce, unsettling glint. Just as the flame was about to singe her fingers, she pinched it out and shot a text to Eagle King. Gradually, her urge to lash out faded.

She tossed a small box onto the ground, lightly kicking it with her foot. With a stern expression, she glanced toward a shadowy corner of the alley and then to the men standing in front of her. “Eat this, and you can leave.”

The men opened the box to find it full of colorful candies that looked surprisingly tempting.

They couldn’t believe Yvette would really carry poison disguised as candy. Instead, they started to think she was just bluffing -maybe nervous since they had brought up knowing the deputy chief.

Despite feeling a bit overconfident, they didn’t want to push their luck. They snatched a piece of “candy” and swallowed it before sprinting away, as if they were being chased. In an instant, they were gone.

The once noisy alley fell completely silent. The night air was crisp and cool, lit only by the dim glow of the moon. Streetlights cast long shadows behind Yvette as she stood alone against the chilly wind. “Come on out. How long are you going to hide?”

Jeremiah, who had been watching her for a while, stepped out. “Good moves.”

Their eyes locked in a tense standoff, neither willing to back down. Yet at that moment, they both recognized something familiar in each other—they were both lone wolves, wandering through life without anyone to save them from their pasts, each carrying equal power and pride.

“Did you want to kill them but hold back because of me? You noticed me quite a while ago. You had plenty of chances to take me out, so why didn’t you?” Jeremiah asked.

If Andrew had been there, he would have been shocked at how “wordy” the cold, distant Jeremiah had become.

“It’s a hassle. Annoyed, Yvette tugged at her collar, instinctively reaching for a piece of candy from her pocket, only to remember she had given her last ones to Eagle King.

‘A hassle? That’s

that was the fun she didn’t kill me? Just how scared of trouble is she?’ Jeremiah amused. After more than twenty years, thing he’d ever heard.

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After Jeremiah left, Andrew had initially planned to ask the girl he was hitting it off with to grab a drink, chat a bit, and maybe... Yet at the crucial moment, Jeremiah called, demanding that he meet him in the back alley of the bar in three minutes.

“The back alley of the bar? What’s doing there?’ Regardless, Andrew didn’t waste any time. He hurriedly sent the girl off, barely managing to throw on his jacket before rushing over, wondering if there was an emergency

But when he arrived, he found Jeremiah there, totally still, smiling at a cigarette butt on the ground. Jeremiah was actually smiling? Andrew rubbed his eyes, thinking he must be seeing things, only to see that Jeremiah was indeed smiling.

Andrew was shocked. He had grown up with Jeremiah, and he could count on one hand the times he had seen Jeremiah laugh. Jeremiah had always been cold. Getting him to chuckle was like pulling teeth. After all, no one would be silly enough to ask Jeremiah—the heir of the Chambers family, the youngest major general in the country—to smile for him.

‘What’s going on? Why’s Jeremiah chuckling at a cigarette butt? This is more unsettling than being in the dark alley. Should I run away now? Uh, seems too late for that...’ Andrew sighed.

“Get over here,” Jeremiah ordered.

“Alright, I’m coming!” Andrew replied. ‘Great! This is classic Jeremiah—still as cold and terse as ever, insisting on using fewer words than necessary.

Andrew scurried over to Jeremiah while stealing a few glances. Oddly enough, he felt like Jeremiah was in a good mood. It made Andrew itch with what had happened in the last half hour, but he didn’t dare ask, worried about unaffordable consequences.

Jeremiah slowly shifted his gaze away from the cigarette butt, his tone tinged with annoyance. "Get the surveillance footage from the bar's back alley for the past hour. Back it up and send it to the current mayor, Wyatt Langford."

Andrew had thought Jeremiah changed moods way too fast. But after seeing the video footage, he understood why and felt furious at those lowlifes. Still, now his focus was all on the conversation at hand.

"Wyatt Langford? David Langford's second son? The one sent to Seacurity to polish his reputation? Wow, he's made it to mayor now?" Andrew was taken aback. A forty-year-old mayor had endless potential.

"No wonder David stepped down early. He was setting his favorite son up for a bright future. What a good dad!" Andrew felt a wave of envy. Living off his dad's success was impossible for him. His dad cared only about discipline and barely acknowledged Andrew's existence.

"Tell him I want results by tomorrow," added Jeremiah coldly.

Andrew nodded. 'Well, I guess I'm just meant to be a lackey. But it seems not bad. I must be a bit of a masochist. No matter how hard Jeremiah pushes me, I still treat him with affection!' He never really thought about how he was the son of the deputy commander of the military district- except for Jeremiah, no one dared mess with him.

When Yvette returned home, it was already past midnight. The Chambers family was fast asleep. Only Lucas was waiting for her in the living room.

As soon as Lucas saw Yvette walk in, he noticed a tear in her jacket, like it had been ripped. He rushed over, worry written all over his face. "Ms. Zeller, is everything okay? Did someone bully you? Who would be foolish enough to mess with the Chambers family's lady?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow. The fierce energy she'd had earlier had faded. She appreciated Lucas's concern and replied politely, "It's nothing. I was the one doing the hitting."

"You were hitting someone? Ms. Zeller, you have quite the sense of humor." Lucas let out a sigh of relief as he thought to himself, 'Who could this little lady possibly take down? She must be exaggerating.'

Sensing Lucas's disbelief, Yvette didn't want to argue. Anyway, she had told the truth.

“What do you need?” Yvette yawned, feeling drowsiness creeping back in. She glanced at Lucas and figured he was too weak to handle a fight. She decided it was best to head to bed now.

Lucas was there at Zachary’s command, ready to deliver a message. “Mr. and Mrs. Chambers have planned your welcome home party and Ms. Winona Chambers’ apprenticeship ceremony both for the 5th of next month. If you’d rather not have it, Mr. Chambers said he could make other arrangements.”

“They can do whatever they want.” Yvette didn’t care about any of that.

“Then, Ms. Zeller, get some rest. I’ll take you to school tomorrow,” said Lucas respectfully before leaving.

Thanks to her drunkenness, Yvette ended up having a pretty good night’s sleep.

On Monday morning, Seacuity was buzzing with two major stories. First, the deputy chief of the Seacuity police station, Henry Zimmerman, was fired after reports of his corrupt activities surfaced. And the second was about what happened last night—a big deal that even the cleaning ladies were discussing it.

“Those guys are the worst! They treated that young lady so badly it drove her to despair. They even disrespected her grandmother.”

“Seriously! They should go to hell! Anything less isn’t enough for those jerks. It’s just tragic.”

“Exactly! I need to keep a close eye on my granddaughter and make sure she knows to steer clear of bars. Yeah, I should hurry back home.”

Last night, on the busiest street in Seacuity, a group of guys started stripping, laughing and acting ridiculous. They even went so far as to engage in lewd behavior, leaving passersby in shock and disgust.

Some people couldn’t resist recording everything and posting it online. Eventually, the police showed up and took the men away, but the chaos didn’t end there. Less than an hour later, a new video appeared online.

In that video, the men openly discussed their vile acts—how they had drugged a girl and even made threats about her grandmother. They also revealed that there were more victims, and they had filmed their shameful actions to intimidate the girls into silence.

Within just two hours, the video spread like wildfire on social media, igniting outrage among netizens. People lost sleep over the scandal, flooding official platforms with

messages demanding justice, especially for the deputy chief featured in the video. They insisted he faced serious consequences.

Meanwhile, Henry was enjoying a cozy moment with his new mistress, completely oblivious to the chaos outside. When he arrived at the police station the next morning, officials were waiting for him at the door. Without a word, they arrested him, not even giving him a chance to defend himself.

The situation was extremely serious, prompting Wyatt the mayor to quickly address the public. He assured everyone that no criminal would escape justice and vowed accountability for the victims. Only then did the crowd, who had been outraged online all night, begin to calm down, but they remained eager for results.

After finishing his press conference, Wyatt rushed back to his office. His secretary was puzzled by his urgency and suddenly recalled the mysterious man who had come in earlier that morning. A chill ran down her spine—who was this big shot making the mayor act so submissive?

As Wyatt reached the door to the Mayor's office, he took a deep breath, straightened his jacket, and double-checked with his secretary to ensure everything was alright before entering. "The task you assigned has been completed," he said.

Jeremiah, standing by the window, turned around slowly, extinguishing his cigarette in the ashtray. He had a calm yet intimidating presence that made everyone around him uneasy—his silence spoke volumes.

Wyatt thought to himself, 'Mr. Jeremiah Chavez really lives up to his reputation. Not only is he a high-profile heir, but he's also the youngest major general in the country. I've heard he commands a secret unit handling overseas matters, work most folks in Betrico would never see him do. His vibe is just terrifying!'

Last night, Wyatt had received a mysterious call. At first, he thought it was just another spam call and hung up. But the caller kept trying, and he eventually answered. Shockingly, it was Andrew, the troublesome grandson of the Mitchell family.

Andrew sent over a video, and after watching it, Wyatt knew what it was about. The problem was, Andrew didn't quite fall under their typical chain of command. Even with the Mitchell family behind him, could he not talk about this tomorrow instead?

Wyatt initially planned to brush Andrew off with some official jargon. After all, this video involved Henry, a man whose family held significant sway in Seacurity and even some support from Betrico. Dealing with Henry wouldn't be easy, and Wyatt needed time to figure out how to handle this situation.

But when Andrew simply mentioned a name, Wyatt felt his stomach drop and couldn't say another word—"Jeremiah."

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Wyatt realized he had been careless. 'How could I forget that behind Andrew the spoiled boy is Jeremiah, the key player in Betrico? What kind of luck does Andrew have to get on Jeremiah's good side?'

Jeremiah's arrival in Seacriety was significant, no matter the reason. Wyatt couldn't afford to make any mistakes. If things went south, Jeremiah could ensure Wyatt would never get reassigned to Betrico.

Wyatt hung up the phone and wasted no time. He woke up all his team leaders and ordered an overnight investigation into the issue. By dawn, he finally figured out the arrangements and punishments for those involved.

What Wyatt didn't expect was for Jeremiah to show up in his office. His heart raced, fearing Jeremiah was there to blame him.

"You handled it well, Mr. Langford," Jeremiah said.

Wyatt wiped the sweat from his brow and quickly replied, "I appreciate that, but it's all thanks to you for providing the evidence. Without it, we couldn't have brought the wrongdoers to justice."

Jeremiah didn't have time for small talk. After his comment, he left without saying another word. Wyatt saw him to the car respectfully, watching it drive away for what felt like an eternity before he finally headed back to his office, still trying to digest everything.

In the Maybach, Andrew was driving. He had been busy for most of the night too. Technically, he could have gone to sleep after his call, but after watching that video, he felt too frustrated to rest.

"Jeremiah, are you really going to Argrol University? You're not joking, right? You graduated years ago!" Andrew said, glancing in the rearview mirror. "You were at the top of your class, remember? They would be lucky to have you as a teacher."

Jeremiah, sitting in the backseat, chose to ignore Andrew's endless questions. He looked down, his expression weary, the top button of his white shirt undone, leaving a hint of well-defined abs-definitely eye-catching.

"Just to clarify, I'm not going to be a teacher. I'm going to be a librarian," Jeremiah said calmly.

“What?” Andrew nearly shouted, disbelief coloring his voice. “You’re telling me you’re going to Argrol University and can’t even get a teaching job? A librarian? Come on, you’re kidding me, right? Oh man, I think I’m going to faint. Jeremiah...”

Before Andrew could finish, Jeremiah cut him off. “If you keep talking, I’ll agree to your grandfather’s request and send you to the military.”

Andrew instantly fell silent, even making a “zip-it” gesture. He figured the idea of Jeremiah being a librarian at Argrol University was way better than the thought of himself in the military.

With Andrew focused on driving, the car was filled with radio chatter until he decided to turn it off, plunging the vehicle into silence.

Jeremiah didn’t come to Seacrity to rest or work as a university librarian. He was there for Siren—a genius in physics and a top hacker the country wanted to recruit.

However, he had found someone even more interesting. What happened on the street yesterday must have been due to those pills. That girl may be small, but she has quite a temper. She clearly inhaled something mind-altering, yet she still fought back. Resistance to drugs? Interesting...

At the Chambers residence, Yvette was coming down the stairs when she saw Nellie, Winona, and Zeke in the living room, reading newspaper and chatting about something.

Seeing Yvette, both Nellie and Winona fell silent. With Zachary not around, they didn’t even bother to put on an act.

Zeke took the initiative to greet Yvette, pulling out the chair next to him so she could sit down. Yvette ignored him and chose to sit across the table instead. Undeterred, Zeke chuckled, “Did you sleep well, Yvette?”

Yvette gave a nonchalant “uh-huh” in response, barely paying any attention to him, but Zeke just smiled wider, unfazed by her indifference.

Nellie couldn’t stand watching her precious son trying to get Yvette’s attention only to be brushed off. Fuming, she snapped, “Yvette, Zeke is trying to talk to you. Can’t you just be decent for once?”

Yvette slammed her fork and knife onto her plate, leaning back lazily in her chair, crossing her legs. There was still a trace of yesterday’s hangover in her eyes. Her tone dripped with sarcasm. “Oh, so a dog bites me, and I should comfort it?”

Nellie was furious at Yvette’s c**y attitude. She glared at her, her face twisted. “Who do you think you are? How dare talk about Zeke like that?”

Yvette toyed with her silverware casually, spinning it in her hand, making the servants feel uneasy. "Why aren't you pretending anymore, Mrs. Nellie Chambers?"

Nellie scoffed, trying to maintain some dignity. "What do you mean by that? I've been nothing but good to you since you came home, but you show no appreciation whatsoever. I'm Zachary's wife now, the lady of the house, yet you keep disrespecting me. Enough is enough. Today, I will teach you a lesson so you don't embarrass yourself out there."

Winona kept her head down, silent. Zeke glanced at Nellie's face and decided to stay out of it. He didn't want to get on his mother's bad side. The living room felt like a battlefield, with all the tension between Yvette and Nellie.

Yvette still maintained her nonchalant attitude. Teach me a lesson? Yeah, there have been a few who tried, but they seem to have all said goodbye to this world.

She stood up and walked over to Nellie. In one quick motion, she flashed the knife-she preferred actions over words. Nellie felt something warm trickling down her neck. Instinctively, she touched it and found blood flowing down her skin.

Time seemed to freeze. Winona and Zeke were both stunned, while the servants stood frozen in fear-Yvette had actually cut Nellie!

The most panicked was Nellie herself. She stared at Yvette, who was smiling back at her. At that moment, Nellie saw a devil in her.

In a daze, Nellie felt her vision blur, and Yvette slowly morphed into Lilian. Over twenty years ago, Lilian looked just like this-except back then, it was Lilian begging Nellie. Consumed by madness, Nellie flailed her arms wildly, shouting for Yvette to get away, her scream cutting through the entire mansion, so loud it reached the cleaners outside.

Yvette tossed the knife down in front of Nellie with a dismissive laugh and turned to leave, her exit swift and decisive.

Once Yvette walked away, the living room erupted into chaos. Zeke rushed to help Nellie up while the servants hurried to assist her as well. By the time Nellie settled down, an entire hour had passed.

Zeke headed downstairs, his face was dark. He couldn't believe Yvette had the guts to act out at home. Even he had been taken aback by her ruthlessness. "Where did Winona go?" he asked.

The servants shook their heads. In the midst of all that chaos, no one had noticed where Winona went.

Winona had left for school earlier. Just before entering, she gave Zachary a quick call, exaggerating the whole situation.

She planned her arrival-carefully, stepping out of the car in a crowded spot at Argrol University's entrance. As soon as she stepped out, she drew everyone's attention.

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Winona was something of a celebrity at Argrol University. With her stunning looks, charming personality, and wealthy family, she had built a loyal following on campus. Recently, she was the talk of the school because everyone heard that Richard from the Betrico Art Association was set to take her on as a disciple.

After stepping out of the car, Winona pretended to sniffle, her eyes slightly red as if she had been crying. She looked pitiful and vulnerable.

"What's going on? Winona looks like she's been crying."

"Yeah, she definitely has."

"Being beautiful is truly a blessing. Even when she cries, she looks amazing."

"Winona should be feeling proud lately. Why would she be crying? It's puzzling."

"Totally..."

Just then, Winona's good friend, Sharon Sullivan, arrived with a group of girls. Upon seeing Winona's tear-stained expression, Sharon rushed over. "Winona, what's wrong? Why are you crying? Who bullied you?"

Winona shook her head, sobbing. Her tears filled her eyes, but she held them back. This only made Sharon more anxious. "Winona, please tell me what happened. I'll defend you!"

In a weak voice, Winona replied, "It's nothing, Sharon. It's just that Yvette lost it this morning and hurt Mom with a knife. I was crying because I felt so bad for Mom. How could Yvette do that to her?"

Sharon was furious. She raised her voice, "Yvette? That long-lost sister of yours is back? When did she come back? How dare she harm your mom?"

The girls hanging out with Sharon chimed in.

"Yeah, she must be insane!"

"She's from the countryside, right? She probably doesn't know how to behave."

“Exactly.”

“Why didn’t your mom call the cops? This is serious-she’s intentionally hurting someone.”

Listening to the crowd condemning Yvette, Winona felt a surge of joy. Back then, she didn’t even bother to check on Nellie. All she cared about was getting to school quickly to spread the word. ‘So what if Yvette enrolled at Argrol University? If no one cares about her here, how will she manage?’

Winona tugged at Sharon’s sleeve. “Sharon, please don’t be mad. Yvette probably didn’t mean it. I’m okay, so just don’t make things harder for her.”

Sharon’s anger boiled, and she felt Winona was just too kind-hearted and Yvette had clearly mistreated her. She pulled Winona into the campus, reassuring her as they walked.

Outside, a small group of students had gathered to discuss the incident. Soon enough, news that Winona’s half-sister had harmed her mom spread like wildfire across Argrol University. Before Yvette even stepped foot on campus, her story had been everywhere.

At Argrol University Principal’s office, Patrick was complaining, “Mr. Sunderland, this Yvette has gone too far. I’ve heard she hurt her stepmother, and we can’t have a student like that at Argrol!”

Patrick had been holding back his anger ever since returning from the Chambers residence. Today, as he arrived at work, he was bombarded with conversations about what happened at the gates that morning. When he heard Yvette’s name, he felt compelled to dig deeper. It turned out she was nothing but trouble and had even dared to lay hands on her stepmother. Shocked, Patrick decided this was the perfect chance to kick her out.

After half an hour of gossiping, Patrick painted Yvette as nothing but a troublemaker in front of Simon. Simon listened quietly, his head lowered over his coffee. After a long pause, he slammed his cup down on the desk, startling Patrick and interrupting him mid-sentence.

“Patrick, as a dean here, you need to choose your words carefully. “Troublemaker”? Is that how you talk? Our main job as educators is to teach and guide our students. How can you judge Yvette based on rumors? No matter the issues, it’s our responsibility to help her find her way, not to badmouth her behind her back. Do you understand?” Simon scolded.

Patrick felt heat rush to his face, realizing Simon was clearly defending Yvette. Suddenly, he recalled that letter and began to wonder about the real connection between Simon and Yvette. "I'm sorry, Mr. Sunderland. I didn't mean that. I was just worried that Yvette might hurt Argrol's reputation."

"Alright, just go handle the forum situation. If we let this drag on, the students will just gossip about it all day." Simon waved his hand, signaling Patrick to leave.

Meanwhile, Yvette had arrived at Argrol University. She grabbed a milkshake, but after finishing it, she still craved more, so she got another one. The sweet and tangy drink was pretty good, but she felt a little sorry for herself when she realized she only had 10 dollars left in her pocket.

Just as Yvette was wrapping up her third milkshake, she got a call from Eagle King. She took her last sip leisurely before answering the phone.

"Sorry, Ms. Zeller. I didn't get a chance to act yesterday. Some unexpected things came up," Eagle King explained.

Yvette tossed the empty cup into a nearby trash can, nailing the shot from a few feet away. "Oh, got it."

This morning, while passing a newsstand, she glanced at the headlines and quickly pieced together what happened last night. If Eagle King had stepped in, things wouldn't have gone smoothly for those guys. Yvette figured it was probably Jeremiah's doing.

"Someone placed an order for you on the website-a hundred-million-dollar deal," Eagle King added.

"I'm not taking it." Yvette hung up and strolled onto the campus, drawing multiple attention from both guys and girls.

"Wow! When did Argrol University get such a stunning girl?"

"She must not be from here. If she were, I'd definitely know her

"Does anyone know what department she's in? I need her number. I want to take her out."

"Me too!"

Yvette casually pulled a guy aside to ask for directions. He was completely stunned that such a beautiful girl was talking to him. After pointing her in the right direction, he blushed and dashed off like a startled rabbit.

Yvette was about to say thanks, but by the time she opened her mouth, he was already gone. She touched her face, wondering, 'Do I look that intimidating? Why did he run away?'

The university's online forum was buzzing again after the incident with Winona this morning. A student had snapped a photo and paired it with a catchy headline: [New Campus Beauty at Argrol University? Stunning Looks That Will I Breathless!]

The post read: [Has the campus beauty been dethroned? A showdown between Queen Rebecca and Ms. Mysterious Newcomer, and who will reign supreme? Get the latest scoop on the beauty! Check it out at the school's report desk.]

As soon as Yvette walked up to the report desk at Argrol University, the staff's eyes brightened. She had heard that a new student was arriving today, supposedly the newly-found daughter of the Chambers family. Since she had just come back from a business trip and missed the morning news about Winona, she had no preconceived notions about Yvette and helped her get her paperwork sorted out.

An hour later, Yvette walked out with all her documents in hand. She was now officially a student in the physics department at Argrol University.

"Your advisor is Tobias. He's in the office next door, so you can go find him now," one of the staff members said.

Meanwhile, a group of girls gathered, buzzing with excitement over a picture of Yvette. Winona had caught a glimpse of the photo too. Although she couldn't see clearly, she recognized Yvette.

One girl with a lantern jaw chimed in sarcastically, "How could she look that perfect? Must be some serious work from a plastic surgeon, right?"

"Exactly I was thinking the same thing," another girl replied.

"I don't think that's the case. She doesn't even look like she's had anything done," a different girl countered.

"Well, if that's true, I guess the campus beauty crown wouldn't be going to Rebecca or Winona anymore," someone else added with a chuckle.