

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 231

“Oh, if you’re unhappy with the outcome, feel free to report it wherever you want. But don’t say I didn’t warn you. The Carter family didn’t achieve its status easily, so don’t end up shooting yourself in the foot. If something really goes wrong, it’ll be too late for regrets!” After speaking, Zane left without looking back. If some people were determined to get themselves into trouble, no one could stop them.

Robert stood bewildered, watching Zane leave just like that.

At that moment, Victor’s phone started ringing in his pocket.

He picked it up immediately, and then he nodded repeatedly, saying “Okay, I got it, Grandpa. Dad and I will head back right

away.

Victor hung up and looked at Robert. Grandpa wants us home, and Rebecca is at the old manor too.”

Robert really didn’t want to go back, and he was thinking about running away.

Victor instantly understood what Robert meant and added, “Grandpa said we must return, or face the consequences of the family rules.

Robert was at a loss for words, so he just nodded awkwardly. “Then go back to your grandpa first and tell him about this. Our Carter family was insulted by others. If your grandpa finds out, he won’t let it go so easily.”

Victor kept silent. Dad is truly daydreaming. Doesn’t he know what kind of person Grandpa is? Vena! If Grandpa knew how Wyatt and Zane treated Jeremiah and Yvette... He wouldn’t stand up for Winona!

Yvette was lazily slumped in the car’s passenger seat, her eyes downcast. Her long lashes cast shadows on her face, making her look distant and cold. Her long legs couldn’t stretch out fully and had to remain bent. Her fingers lightly tapped on her phone.

It was a classic game. A game that even ten-year-olds no longer play, yet Yvette had been really into it lately.

Andrew watched Yvette play the game with a bemused expression. ‘Isn’t this game a bit too outdated? Could it be that Yvette is no good at playing games? That would be quite amusing”

“Uh, Yvette, isn’t this game a bit...old-fashioned?”

Upon hearing this, Yvette slowly put her phone away, squinting slightly as she tilted her head. "Any problem?"

Andrew hurriedly waved his hands in denial. "No problem at all, absolutely not! Whatever game you play is perfectly fine."

Jeremiah glanced at Yvette, pressing his lips together, his eyes deep. A faint, almost imperceptible smile appeared on his face. "You like this game so much?"

Yvette turned slightly and lifted her eyes. "It's okay, just something to pass the time."

She left the rest unsaid. In fact, she had already completed all the games she was truly interested in.

When the four of them got to the restaurant, the waiter led them to their seats, and since the dishes were prepared in advance, the food arrived less than two minutes after they sat down.

A large table full of barbecue dishes of all sorts left Bonnie completely amazed. "It's got everything! Creatures that fly, swim, and run. It's like a feast from land, sea, and airt What I had before wasn't barbecue, it was like eating.

Jeremiah sat next to Yvette, dealing with the seafood for her and then placing it on her plate

The plate in front of Yvette was full of food, and, in contrast, Jerniah's plate was mostly empty except for a few scattered

08:13 Sa Oct 19

Chapter 231

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Yvette paused for a moment, her deep gaze not revealing much on her gorgeous face. But the upward curve of her eyes. suggested she was in a good mood.

Casually, she picked an oyster from a plate and placed it in front of Jeremiah. Her tone was indifferent. "You should eat, too."

Jeremiah's hands paused from shelling a crab.

Even while Jeremiah was peeling shrimp, his defined slender fingers were a pleasing sight.

His gaze lingered on the oyster on his plate.

Lifting his chin, his eyes full of amusement, he said in a light, slow voice, "One might not be enough."

Yvette raised her eyes, a bit puzzled, but didn't say anything. She picked another one from the plate for him. "Two."

Jeremiah nodded with satisfaction. "Alright, I'll do my best."

Yvette heard this and was a bit puzzled. Why is this guy acting so strange all of a sudden?

Andrew, watching them from the side, was almost bursting with laughter. Isn't this just a classic case of a straightforward girl and a reserved guy?' He tried to hold back his laughter.

Bonnie shifted slightly. 'Has this person suddenly lost it?' "Why are you laughing"

-Jeremiah and Yvette both looked at Andrew.

Jeremiah shot him a warning glance, while Yvette just gave him blank look.

Andrew was going through a rebellious phase. He looked at Yvette with a strange expression, trying hard not to laugh, and said, "Yvette, you're giving Jeremiah oysters..."

Yvette didn't understand what Andrew meant by that. She nodded and glanced at Jeremiah sideways. "Can't you eat oysters?"

Jeremiah's eyes slowly darkened as he met her clear, bright eyes. He felt a little restless inside. "I can."

Hearing he could eat them, Yvette didn't say anything more and continued eating the lobster meat in her bowl.

Andrew was struggling to hold it back. If Yvette had asked even one more question, he would have definitely blurted it out.

Jeremiah shot Andrew another look, and Andrew swallowed his words entirely. 'Fine... Just let Jeremiah keep his thoughts to himself...

As soon as Robert and Victor walked into the old manor of the Carter family, an ashtray flew right at them

Victor, being young and quick, dodged out of the way.

Robert, being less nimble, got hit squarely by the ashtray. With ashes all over him, Robert let out a loud shout, "Who? Who dares to throw at me?"

Claude sat on the sofa with a cane, next to Rebecca, who was impeccably dressed in professional attire.

Both of them had serious expressions, making people feel nervous,

Victor was the first to greet them respectfully, "Grandpa, Sis."

Recently, Claude was quite satisfied with Victor.

2/3

08:13 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 231

Victor had finally settled down and was willing to work at the company, looking more like an heir, so Claude didn't look down on him like before. His attitude to Victor had become much softer. "Come and sit."

Victor nodded, walked over, and sat quietly beside Claude. He was very well-behaved.

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Claude turned and saw Robert looking so pitiful, which made him furious. "What did I do to deserve a child like this, who is only good for squandering the family fortune? "It was me. What? Do you think you can hit me back?"

When Robert heard that voice, childhood nightmares rushed back. He quickly shook his head.

He lowered his head, not daring to look at Claude. "No, Dad, I didn't mean it like that. Why did you hit me for no reason?"

Speaking of which, Robert felt somewhat wronged. I haven't done anything wrong lately, right? Why did Dad start hitting me? That's just unreasonable.

Claude gripped the cane tightly. His face worn with age and furrowed with anger. His droopy eyes, shaped like an inverted triangle.

Just seeing Claude sit there without saying a word, Robert trembled in fear, too scared to speak.

Rebecca smoothly took a pill out of her pocket and gave it to Claude, helping him calm down.

“Grandpa, please don’t get upset. Let’s talk it over calmly. Getting angry won’t solve anything now. We need to think hard about how to remedy this situation and minimize the losses.”

Robert listened, completely puzzled and confused.

He never thought much of his daughter Rebecca. Even when she pleaded for him, he just thought it was fake sympathy.

But now, in front of Claude, Robert didn’t dare make a sound.

Claude spoke after taking his medicine, “Rebecca, tell him exactly what happened this afternoon. Let this rebellious jerk

know what he’s done.”

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 232

Rebecca looked at Robert, her teeth clenched in frustration. Robert is more of a hindrance than a help, having damaged the company just to stand up for a woman like Winona

She was supposed to be in Betrico today but hurried back on a private jet this afternoon.

Rebecca stared at Robert, her eyes dimmed with disappointment “Dad, did you and Victor argue with Yvette!”

Robert was taken aback. ‘How did Rebecca find out about this?’ He stood there, bewildered.

Victor sat on the couch, glanced up at Rebecca, and his fingers twitched slightly.

“Yes, how did you and Grandpa find out about this? Today, Yvette ran into Winona at Skyline Plaza. They got into an argument over a girl, and Yvette was carrying a gun. Winona ended up in the hospital, but she’s okay now. Dad wanted to stand up for Winona, and we ran into Yvette at the police station, but nothing serious happened.”

Rebecca paused. I told you all a long time ago not to mess with Yvette. Why didn't you listen?" Thinking about all the hard work going to waste made Rebecca feel like she could kill someone.

Victor bowed his head. He had almost forgotten about it until Rebecca brought it up.

Back when Yvette first started school and Victor had that clash with John, Rebecca had warned them to avoid Yvette. But they just ignored it.

Robert still didn't understand why Rebecca and Grandpa were so angry. Yvette? She's just relying on that so-called Mr. Chavez, What's there to be afraid of? The Carter family isn't just nobodies. Is there really anything to be that scared of? Claude often mingles with the elites from Betrico. I don't believe that Jeremiah's influence could really be so overwhelming

Robert muttered to Rebecca, "What's so scared about Yvette?"

Rebecca's expression was cold, with no warmth in her eyes. She finally understood that her dad still didn't realize how serious the situation was "You all know about my plan to expand the Carter family business to Betrico, right? I've been preparing for a whole year. As soon as I secure the deal for renewable energy, our family can break into Betrico's high society and secure a place."

Rebecca paused for a moment. At this point, she could barely control her anger.

Rebecca spoke each word clearly, and now anyone could hear the anger and frustration in her voice.

Thanks to that great daughter-in-law, Winona, and also your contribution, our Carter family won't be able to enter Betrico's business community in our lifetime."

Victor's expression shifted slightly at these words, and Robert was equally shocked.

The living room was completely silent.

Victor looked stern because he knew how serious the situation was. With his sister's stubborn personality, if she spoke so definitively, it meant that the Carter family's path was entirely blocked with no more opportunities. Not only had Rebecca's year-long planning completely collapsed, but more importantly the Carter family must have offended someone important. Victor struggled to utter a few words, expressing his own doubts. Is this related to Yvette?"

Rebecca furrowed and looked up. Her perfect makeup failed to mask the stubborn look on her face, and beneath it was a hint of exhaustion.

She gritted her teeth. "Yes, within just four hours, all our projects in Betrico fell apart. Even the most important renewable energy project... I was told just half an hour before the signing that they weren't going to sign. I've already discovered that

1/3

08:13 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 232

94

two parties went after the Carter family this afternoon. One is Zachary's benefactor, Howard Yates. And the other.. I never imagined we'd offend her." Rebecca's voice was filled with frustration.

'Did this person strike against the Carter family? It effectively cut off all our future possibilities in Betrico: Robert swallowed nervously and asked, "Who else is involved?"

Rebecca sighed deeply, "It's Samantha, the General Commander's daughter in the Betrico Military District and a legendary figure in the business world. She joined the business scene at sixteen and has a ruthless approach. Even though she's only twenty-seven, she holds absolute power in Betrico's business circle. She shut down all my options at once, forcing me to urgently return to Seacurity."

Victor expressed his suspicion, "Sis, what kind of connection could Samantha and Yvette have?"

Rebecca sat on the couch, turned her head, and looked at him. It's no big deal. It has something to do with the girl who fought Winona. Samantha didn't even bother to send someone with a message for me. Our Carter family hit her future sister-in-law. Samantha will not forget this slap, and the Carter family can forget about entering the business world of Betrico again,"

Victor repeatedly denied it, "That's impossible. How could a poor scholarship student get involved with someone as important as Samantha? Did the rumors get it wrong?"

Rebecca let out a bitter laugh. She also wished the rumors were wrong, but unfortunately, she heard every word clearly and accurately.

A single slap from Winona destroyed all the hopes of the Carter family.

Robert now realized the seriousness of his mistakes.

He bowed his head deeply and shrank back.

Claude, looking displeased, slammed his cane hard on the ground, which startled Robert.

He angrily scolded Robert, who looked completely defeated, 'Are you out of your mind? I already told Rebecca to tell you all not to anger Yvette. What foolishness have you done for someone like Winona, an orphan from a broken home? Are you determined to drag the Carter family to ruin? Why don't you just drop dead? What's the point of you living

Claude had raised Robert with these kinds of scoldings since he was young. In his eyes, even if he ended up beating Robert to death one day, it would be justified.

Though Rebecca was utterly disappointed in her father, Robert, she couldn't help but feel a slight pang of pity seeing him

like this.

Victor didn't show any reaction. He suddenly remembered what happened with John last time and had been upset with Rebecca for quite a while because of it

"Sis, why did you insist I apologize last time? Was it because of Yvette? What exactly happened?"

Rebecca glanced at Claude, and only after he nodded in agreement did she begin recounting what had happened back then.

"Yes, it was also because of Yvette. Yvette apparently knew a top-level hacker who breached our company's computers, causing us to lose 160 million dollars. If you hadn't apologized that day, who knows how far things would've gone? We could've faced unforeseen losses."

Victor felt a bit guilty upon hearing this. It turned out he had wrongly blamed his sister. Yet, thinking about Yvette's scary network of connections back then sent a chill down his spine. 'Could a girl who is always carrying a gun in her pocket just be an ordinary person?"

He said. "I'm sorry, Rebecca

Rebecca nodded, rubbing her temples. Things had reached this point, and there was nothing more she could do. She had tried her best.

Claude's sinister eyes glared at Robert and Victor, who were hanging their heads.

He warned the two of them, "That Winona is nothing but trouble. Are you sure the child's even Victor's? The Carter family

won't keep her around, especially since we don't even know her background. As soon as the baby is born, we need a DNA test. If it's really ours, I'll take care of raising it myself. I don't trust any of you."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 233

Victor stood quietly for a moment. With bloodshot eyes, he looked up at Robert.

After some inner struggle, he silently swallowed the words he wanted to say.

Robert felt a chill from a nervous sweat down his back and was stunned.

It seemed that the truth that Winona's child wasn't Victor's, but his was destined to remain a secret forever.

Otherwise, with Claude's current dislike for Winona, even he might end up in big trouble.

Victor said, "Grandpa, once Winona has the baby, I'll personally see her off. Don't worry, I won't marry a woman like her. There's no way she could be the future hostess of the Carter family

Robert was so flustered that he couldn't help but stand up for Winona, Victor, let's discuss this later. She's carrying your child, after all. Isn't it too heartless to be so cold!"

Robert's words made the three others on the couch turn to look at him.

Even Rebecca was a little surprised when her dad became so kind-hearted.

Victor clenched his fists silently, his face showing a fierce expression.

Claude, in anger, grabbed the coffee mug from the table and threw it right at Robert's head.

Robert let out a pained cry, completely losing his cool.

He clutched his injured, swollen head. "Dad, did I say anything wrong again? Winona's baby is definitely the child of the Carter family. She's usually so nice. And Yvette, she's no angel either, daring to wield a gun in broad daylight. What's it got to do with Winona? It's only natural for a pregnant woman to faint from fright, right?"

Even now, Robert was still adamantly blaming Yvette and believed she was at fault.

The gaze of Claude darkened slightly when he heard this.

A chilling gloom took over the murkiness in his eyes.

He picked up his cane and struck Robert's leg fiercely.

He used a lot of force. Robert was hit so hard that he fell to the ground, grimacing in pain.

"You useless creature, how did I end up with such a worthless child like you? Once Winona has the baby, she must be sent away. Whether she survives or not has nothing to do with our Carter family. Got it? That girl Yvette is so mysterious that she might have a bigger force supporting her. Look at the Smith family-it's the perfect example. Do you really think the fading Chambers family alone could make the Smith family go bankrupt in just a few days? You're way too naive I'm sure that Yvette has gotten behind this along with her boyfriend. I've already asked my contacts in Betrico-to look into it. You guess what? As soon as they hear his name, they don't even dare to respond and just hang up. What does that tell you? It means this man is someone our Carter family can't even touch."

Robert and Victor had no idea this was happening.

Utterly terrified, Robert didn't dare to speak again.

He picked himself up from the floor and settled back on the couch. He was dispirited as his face was swollen and his leg was

hurt.

Claude took a sip of coffee and calmed his breath, his expression icy. The situation is what it is now, Rebecca. Withdraw our

08:13 Sat, Oct

Chapter 233

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company from Betricons quickly as possible, and reclaim all investments to minimize the losses. Let's cut ties with Betrico and focus on Mysonna for the next five years"

Rebecca nodded and her tense expression slightly eased.

She replied respectfully, "Sure, Grandpa, give me a week. I'll handle everything and even personally visit the Mitchell family to apologize."

Claude looked a lot better now and nodded with satisfaction.

All the effort he had put into mentoring Rebecca was finally paying off.

Claude thought, In every way, my granddaughter Rebecca was top-notch. If it weren't for the drag of Winona, our Carter family would have been a part of the elite circles of Betrico because of her hard work!

His tone had softened quite a bit. "You must bring a generous gift and personally deliver it, no matter how the Mitchell family reacts. Got it?"

Victor's eyes were deep and unreadable. He looked at Claude and said, "Grandpa, I'll personally visit Bonnie tomorrow and apologize to her."

be humble Learning to be humble Claude looked at Victor with affection and thought, 'My grandson has finally learned isn't embarrassing. Getting what you want and achieving your goals is more important than anything else.

"Good, you've finally matured. Don't be like your father, just taking up space."

Robert's face turned red because he was criticized by his dad in front of his kids. His dignity was completely gone.

Robert suddenly felt a bit of resentment toward Claude.

Jeremiah was making beef pasta he had recently learned for Yvette in the kitchen in the villa.

It was his first attempt. Everything was organized and he moved at a relaxed pace. His tall and straight silhouette looked particularly captivating under the warm yellow lights.

Yvette had just finished her shower. Her head was covered with a white towel, her features striking and delicate, the oversized T-shirt making her skin perfect.

In the glowing cool lights, she walked over to the couch, sank into the big sofa, and lazily leaned back.

Her delicate eyebrows arched slightly as she rested her chin on one hand, feeling quite at ease.

Jeremiah put the steak into the oven and then turned and went to the living room, handing the freshly made lemonade to

Yvette,

Jeremiah took the towel and gently helped her dry her hair. "Drink soute water. It's just the right temperature."

Jeremiah's fingers wove through Yvette's hair, their eyes meeting

Jeremiah was the first to give in, raising an eyebrow with a low voice. "Don't look at me like that, or I might lose control"

Yvette wiggled her tiny toes, a smile on her lips, amusement twinkling in her eyes.

"You're quite skilled," said Yvette lazily

Jeremiah turned off the hairdryer. His eyes were deep and intriguing and grew deeper, which reflected only her image. "Are you a pro driver? You're pretty fast," said Jeremiah

08:13 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 233

Hearing this, Yvette leaned slightly forward, her blue, bright eyes sparkling. "Not bad."

Jeremiah casually pinched her fingers, his expression unchanged, and spoke calmly. "Interpol?"

Yvette paused, her voice lazy as she pressed her lips together, her stunning face appearing even more captivating.

She hummed softly, "Yeah, just casually get a badge."

A hint of a smile appeared at the corners of Jeremiah's mouth. Looking at Yvette, he said slowly in a soft and light voice, "Yeah, it is pretty good to just casually get a badge

She casually managed to get a top-secret Interpol badge.

They didn't dwell on the issue any longer; some things just didn't need to be overanalyzed.

Yvette leisurely finished her beef pasta and set down her fork.

Turning her head slightly, she looked at Jeremiah, yawning, with a hint of red at the corners of her eyes.

She politely extended an invitation. "Want to sleep together?"

Jeremiah paused with his hand holding the steak plate, glanced up, and chuckled deeply and softly.

His tone was affectionate and indulgent. "No, I'm afraid you'll sleep poorly. Go to bed, and I'll take you to school tomorrow."

Yvette stood up, a faint smile playing on her lips as she glanced at his hand holding the plate, and thought, "Oh... he's putting on quite the show!"

Jeremiah saw her expression, pulled his hand back from the plate, and stared at her intently

"How about going upstairs and sleeping together." Yvette, with one hand in her pocket, waved, amusement flickering in her blue eyes.

She walked off without looking back, not even a trace of hesitation.

Jeremiah was left standing there, watching her walk away, his eyes slightly narrowed.

Jeremiah thought, 'It was not ok for her to leave after flirting with me'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 234

Robert, bruised and battered, kept muttering on the way back to the Carter residence.

Victor didn't want to hear a word and used an excuse to get out of the car and leave.

In the end, Robert decided not to go back to the Carter residence either.

Robert thought, Facing Yulia, the nagging wife, was less appealing than visiting Winona at the hospital.

In Ward 305, the clock on the wall had already struck twelve, but Winona wasn't asleep yet.

She stood by the window in her hospital gown, her body still slim except for a slight bulge in her belly.

Her face was as pale as a ghost. With wide eyes, she stared at the moon, lost in thought.

Winona thought, 'Did Yvette get caught or not?'

Winona couldn't sleep unless she knew the result.

Robert mumbled as he pushed the door open.

Hearing his voice, Winona eagerly looked towards the door. "You're here," she said.

Robert didn't notice that Winona was standing at the window and was startled by her sudden voice. "Who is that?"

Once he realized it was Winona, Robert patted his chest and said in a tone that was slightly off. "Why aren't you sleeping in the middle of the night? What are you doing?"

Winona quickly changed her expression to look sweet and innocent. "I... how can you yell at me? I was scared all day. Your phone was off! I couldn't sleep, worrying something happened to you.

Robert was deeply moved upon hearing her words.

After being humiliated by Claude, Robert regained his confidence with Winona.

He quickly went forward to hug Winona, and she leaned into his embrace.

A sinister smile appeared on Winona's face in places out of Robert's sight.

"Winona, I'm sorry. I got scolded by Claude, and I took it out on you," he explained.

Winona's heart sank when she heard Claude had gotten involved

She cautiously asked as she slipped out of Robert's arms, "What's wrong? Why did Claude call you back? Was Yvette arrested? Is she still at the police station? How could a girl like her have a gun? That's terrifying."

There was a touch of hope and a tremble in Winona's voice, but Robert didn't notice it,

Robert knew Winona would ask about it, was momentarily speechless, and didn't know how to tell her about today's events. After much thought, he finally spoke.

"Well, Winona, Yvette has been released. Let's not pursue today's incident at the mall. How about this: Didn't you say you wanted to buy some villas in Mysonna? I'll buy two for you, all under your name, and let's just put this behind us. Besides, the baby in your belly is fine."

Winona instinctively stepped back two steps. Her face was clearly filled with anger. She was trembling with anger, as if deeply wronged, and tears welled up in her eyes but wouldn't fall. She wanted to say something but chose to remain silent.

1/3

08:14 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 231

Seeing this broke Robert's heart, yet he felt helpless.

Even Claude couldn't do anything about Yvette, let alone him, a person without any real power.

Besides, the slap Winona played had undone years of hard work of the Carter family.

If it weren't for the child in her belly, Claude and Rebecca wouldn't have let her go.

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"W-what are you saying? How could that be? Yvette pulled a gun in front of everyone and wanted to kill me. How could she just walk away like nothing has happened? Is it because that guy Jeremiah stood up for her and the Carter family just let it

for me?" slide? I'm going to deliver a baby for your family, and you're not going to do anything? Aren't you going to stand up demanded Winona.

Robert explained patiently, "Winona, this is really complicated. Yvette is not a straightforward girl. As for Jeremiah, his background is even more mysterious. Let me be honest with you, the Carter family really can't mess with these two people. Do you even know the background of the girl you hit?"

Winona was taken aback, she looked at Robert, not understanding what he meant. "The girl that I hit is Bonnie; what kind of background could she have? She's just a poor student."

Robert gave a bitter smile, looking at Winona, his tone carrying a hint of reproach. "Are you sure that girl, Bonnie, you hit doesn't have any background? She has a big background and is going to be the future daughter-in-law of the Mitchell family in Betrico. Do you know the Mitchell family? They're the most well-established family in the high society of Betrico, way beyond the Carter family. Plus, let me tell you, the head of the Mitchell family is the deputy commander of Betrico military district. You hit their future daughter-in-law, and because of that, they've ruined Claude's plans to expand into Betrico. If it weren't for the baby you are carrying. I'm afraid he would have killed you now. I know my father too well, Winona. If you want to deliver this baby, you'd better stay out of trouble."

Winona was shocked and stood there frozen and stunned.

Her body couldn't stop trembling as if her blood had turned cold; her face was completely drained of color.

Winona really did not know Bonnie was keeping her true self hidden.

Winona thought, 'How could she who didn't even have a boyfriend suddenly become the daughter-in-law of the Mitchell family in Betrico?'

Robert hadn't told Winona about Claude's plan to get rid of her after she delivered the baby because he intended to keep her secretly hidden by sending her to Mysonna

Winona took a deep breath and gradually calmed down.

She knew she had no one to rely on now except for Robert and Victor.

Winona thought, Lately, Victor had been acting strange. At first, he was thrilled when he found out I was pregnant, but now he was becoming more and more impatient with me. So my biggest support was still Robert and I couldn't afford to lose

him

As for Yvette, Winona was really scared of her. Winona thought, If firing a gun in public was brushed off so lightly, what else did Yvette have to fear?

But Winona wouldn't give up any opportunity.

Winona thought, 'Every dog has its day. If I'm accepted by the Carter family, I will have the leverage to stand up to Yvette! Thinking of this, Winona suddenly felt excited. She glanced at Robert and thought, 'What if Claude, Victor, Rebecca, and...the entire Carter family were wiped out?

The child in my belly is the only legal heir. After I give birth to this child, Yulia, a loser, has to let me play around if only she

08:14 Sat, Oct

Chapter 231

loses her husband, her son and, her daughter. Yeah... as long as the Carter family is finished...

This wild idea took root in Winona's mind and wouldn't fade.

She steadied herself and lowered her stance, appearing fragile and gentle.

"I get it and won't say anything more. Don't worry about it. Please plead with Claude for me. I'll give birth to this child to carry on the Carter family name and will stay at home and not go out," said Winona.

When Robert saw Winona's "aggrieved" expression, he quickly spoke to make up for his hasty words.

“I’m sorry for the trouble. Winona. I’ll open an account for you with 15 million dollars. Buy whatever you like. I know handbags are your favorite and get them all,” said Robert.

Winona lowered her head, silently crying.

Hearing this, she gave a small smile that quickly disappeared.

Winona thought, “Since I couldn’t use this to set up Yvette anymore, I might as well take advantage of the situation to get something out of it.

Winona was very good at handling a guy like Robert.

Winona thought, ‘He would follow my instructions as long as I do a little trickery on my part, right?’

Winona now had a new plan. First, she would take over the Carter family and then go after Yvette.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 235

The next morning, Jeremiah dropped Yvette off at the school entrance and then drove away to the market. Inside the car, Jeremiah picked up the phone.

The caller was Bruce. Given the jet lag between Seacriety and Mysonna, it was night in Mysonna. “Mr. Chavez, greeted Bruce.

Jeremiah replied in a low voice, “Yes.”

Bruce’s voice carried a hint of seriousness. “Mr. Chavez, someone with significant influence was looking into your information a few days ago, even using hackers. However, we intercepted them quickly, and they couldn’t uncover anything important. Our hackers did a counter-investigation and tracked the IP address to the Goodman family residence, where Braydon was currently living. It was likely that Braydon himself is the one investigating you.”

Jeremiah’s gaze sharpened, and after a few seconds of silence, a cold glint appeared in his eyes. “Why?” asked Jeremiah.

Bruce paused for a moment as he wasn’t sure of it either.

“Mr. Chavez, I think it’s because of Yvette. After she left, Frankie told us that Nathan had visited our villa to bother Yvette’s friend Sienna. Then..

Jeremiah frowned, his expression becoming even colder. “Go on he urged

Bruce continued, "Yvette then shot Nathan. According to Frankie's description, though Nathan was furious, he didn't show any disrespect toward Yvette. His words carried a hint of familiarity and fear. This is suspicious that Nathan, a person with his status, is afraid of Yvette?"

Jeremiah pursed his lips, his voice deep and serious. "Yvette has another identity, an Interpol agent."

Bruce struggled to hold onto his phone and took a deep breath, trying to sound calmer. "Mr. Chavez, are you saying Yvette is an Interpol agent?"

Jeremiah replied without hesitation, "Yes, something happened yesterday, and she couldn't keep it hidden anymore; her cover was blown."

Bruce felt like he'd been shocked too many times because of Yvette and would be scared to death if there were any more such surprises.

Bruce thought, 'How many identities does she have that I don't know?'

"Now she has been revealed as an Interpol agent. I knew exactly how high the standards were for that organization.

"Mr. Chavez's choice of women is definitely not ordinary, and I am completely convinced.

"Of course, a big shot's woman is also a big shot. There is nothing wrong with it.

Bruce asked, "Mr. Chavez, could it be that Yvette had some involvement with the Goodman family during her time at Interpol and Nathan is cautious of her because of that? As for Braydon, we still don't know-why he's investigating you."

Jeremiah frowned, his voice cold, and said, "Get the Goodman family busy with something so they can't focus on us. I'll be heading to Mysonna soon."

Bruce nodded. "Got it. Mr. Chavez. I'll take care of it. The Goodman family is currently expanding into water transport. I'll focus on that to keep them distracted for now."

"Okay, reveal a bit of my identity to them. I want to see what the Goodman family plans to do," said Jeremiah.

Bruce paused for a moment, immediately understanding Mr. Chavez's intention.

Chapter 235

Bruce thought. It is more interesting to trap someone like catching a turtle in a jar.

This is Mr. Chavez's strategy. He would never just stand there waiting passively.

'Mr. Chavez doesn't make a move often, but when he does, it is accurate, ruthless, and strikes the enemy right in the heart. It has always been like that.

The Goodman family could have ruled the underground of Mysonna peacefully, yet they chose to provoke Mr. Chavez. If someone is set on a path to their doom, no one can stop them.

"Alright, got it, Mr. Chavez. I'll willingly leak some information to the Goodman family," replied Bruce.

The two were about to hang up, Frankie had just returned from outside and overheard Bruce on the phone with Jeremiah. He insisted on saying a few words

Bruce handed the phone to him. Frankie paid a compliment to Jeremiah and then immediately asked about Yvette.

"Mr. Chavez, how's Yvette? I feel that life here is dull without her back in Mysonna Sienna's child is gone now and Sienna is in the hospital. Could you tell Yvette that we'll head over to Clusia to visit her once Sienna is well? Mwah, mwah!"

Jeremiah's hand paused on the steering wheel, his blue eyes became even deeper. "Who are you blowing kisses to?"

Frankie immediately denied it, knowing he couldn't mess with Mr. Chavez, who was notoriously jealous.

His voice was filled with as much sincerity as he could muster. "Mr. Chavez, I swear, those kisses are just a figure of speech and just an expression!"

Jeremiah smirked. "Okay, give the phone to Bruce."

Frankie felt a bit uneasy as he reluctantly handed the phone to Bruce.

Bruce took the phone back and said, "Mr. Chavez. They hung up after Jeremiah said just one thing.

Curious, Frankie asked, "What did Mr. Chavez say?"

Bruce gave Frankie a sympathetic look.

Pausing for a moment, Bruce said, "Mr. Chavez said you're heading to Afria tomorrow and you will be in charge of the new gold mine."

After saying that, he patted the dumbfounded Frankie on the back, grinning with mischief. I don't think you dare say 'mwah mwah anymore. Now you're off to Afria to blow kisses with the locals there. It serves you right for running your mouth. I'm booking your flight. Should I arrange a private jet to speed things up for you?"

Frankie had a mournful expression. "Get lost! Is this how you treat a brother? Come on, help me talk to Mr. Chavez. I really don't want to go."

Bruce shook his head. "Do you really think that's possible?"

Frankie sighed, feeling defeated. He knew it was impossible too. Mr. Chavez's decisions were never reversed.

After the call ended, Jeremiah drove to the market.

Jeremiah thought. This morning, Yvette mentioned she wanted to eat fried chicken wings. I should fulfill her wish. When Yvette returned to school, rumors had already spread through the grapevine.

The forums had been especially lively these days. As soon as she entered the school, various candid photos of her were uploaded

08.14

Chapter 235-

Yvette first reported to Tobias and then headed straight to Simon's office.

At the entrance of the Principal's office, she knocked gently. "Hello, Simon, I'm Yvette."

The door was immediately opened. Simon stood inside with a welcoming smile.

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He had been waiting in his office since early morning, and the computer screen still showed the page he hadn't closed yet.

Apex Urban University forum was displaying a student's candid photo of Yvette entering the school gates, which was zoomed in

Yvette walked in and glanced briefly, her gaze lingering for a few seconds.

Simon looked visibly uncomfortable and thought, I'm afraid that she would think me a creep if I don't make an explanation

Feeling awkward, he rubbed his nose. "Well, you know, I have applied a new username recently and have been browsing around. I happened to see this. What a coincidence. He laughed.

Yvette tilted her head slightly and raised an eyebrow. "Simon, your username is pretty trendy," said she in a soft and slow voice.

Yvette sat down on the couch after she finished speaking, noticing the snacks prepared on the table..

He had gotten some new kinds and there were also a few bags of well-known spicy snacks.

Hearing this, Simon's face flushed when he thought about the username he'd chosen- The Protector of Ms. Zeller.

This all started because someone on a forum criticized Yvette, and he couldn't take it and defended her.

A student asked him if he was a fan and wanted to join the Protector Group.

He thought it sounded okay and joined, but then he was caught up in it, as joining the group meant changing his username,

He spent two nights pondering that username and even got a few gray hairs.

Simon calmly walked over to turn off the computer and then casually sat down across from Yvette.

This was a classic case of "If I'm not embarrassed, then others are"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 236

Simon pointed to the spicy snacks on the table. "I asked Tobias about these. He said you young folks all love them."

Yvette turned her face slightly, paused for a few seconds, and then spoke slowly. "I've never tried them before."

Simon was taken aback, feeling a bit disappointed. It seemed like he had bought the wrong thing as Yvette wasn't fond of it.

Yvette gave him a brief glance, her expression as calm and indifferent as always, paused for a few seconds, and said, "I guess 1 might like it."

Simon's old face lit up with joy, though he looked a bit awkward

Yvette lowered her gaze and gently rubbed the rim of the cup with her fingers. She wondered, 'Should I not say that?'

Simon had a serious reason for finding Yvette. Recalling the instructions from Betrico, he quickly straightened his posture.

His tone became more serious and his face turned serious

Looking at Yvette, he said, "James from the physics lab in Betrico invited you to attend the new energy conference there to witness this important moment personally. After all, without your involvement, this breakthrough wouldn't have happened so quickly. James sincerely hopes you'll consider this offer carefully."

Yvette pressed her lips together and looked up at Simon, her eyes calm. "No," she replied.

Simon paused slightly and thought, "Is she really turning down such a great opportunity? If it were anyone else, they would probably be ecstatic. This is an once-in-a-lifetime chance!

But then, thinking about Yvette's other identity, Cyanbird, he could somewhat understand.

Simon thought, 'If she were the kind to crave attention, just this one identity would have attracted many people to curry favor with her

He picked up his coffee mug and took a sip. After contemplating for a few seconds, he spoke again and his tone was even more earnest than before. "You know James has been working on this new energy project for many years. Your sudden involvement gave him a fresh direction, allowing it to be completed successfully in just a few months. You've made a major contribution. Are you going to give up this credit?"

Yvette tore open a bag of chips without lifting her head, her tone indifferent, showing no concern. "Yeah," she hummed.

Simon had already figured it out for he knew Yvette's personality. "Is it troublesome for you?"

Yvette raised her eyes to look at him, as calm as always. "Yes, I think it is troublesome."

Simon's hand holding the cup of coffee paused. "I have guessed that is it. That's why James raised another idea. You can go without showing your face. Your name should be included in the research results and you can use "S" as a code name. Does that work?"

Yvette leaned back lazily and asked softly, "Have you already agreed on this?"

Simon nodded without hesitation. "Yes, James suggested this method. He sincerely hopes you will think about this suggestion carefully."

Yvette's delicate eyebrows rose slightly, a hint of annoyance on her face.

Afraid she might get upset, Simon quickly added. "James has no intention of pressuring you. If you don't want to go to Betrico, then it's fine and it's your choice."

1/3

0814 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 236

Yvette half-closed her eyes, a deep darkness in them, and the tension around her eased a bit. "Time and place."

Simon jumped up excitedly to take out the invitation in the drawer and placed it in front of Yvette on her desk.

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"This is the invitation for the launch event. The time and place are included. Do you need someone to meet you when you arrive in Betrico?" asked Simon.

Yvette looked up, turning her head slightly towards Simon, her voice cool. "No, thanks"

Simon nodded. "Alright."

Simon thought. Yvette was Mr. Chavez's girlfriend. Once she got to Betrico, Mr. Chavez's territory, there was no need for me to arrange any pickup service!

Before leaving, Yvette paused at the doorway and gave Simon a half-smile. Her eyebrows were slightly raised and her voice was soft and slow. "Change the username as it doesn't sound nice"

Simon was taken aback and his face flushed. Being denied by her was really embarrassing.

Simon thought, 'Change it to what?'

He decided to leave this kind of thing for Tobias to think over. It was too challenging for someone with a science background like him.

Simon coughed lightly to cover his embarrassment and thought, "Passing the buck to Tobias is just right; after all, nephews are meant for things like this, aren't they?"

"That username was Tobias's idea. I told him long ago not to use it, but he insisted. I'll make him change it soon. Don't worry," said Simon.

Yvette kept a neutral expression, gave a polite nod, and then left the Principal's office.

As she was leaving, she happened to run into Patrick, who was there to deliver something to Simon.

Patrick intended to give Yvette the cold shoulder, trying to act superior, but she walked right past him without even glancing

up.

Patrick was so angry that he stomped his feet in frustration. But, he was unable to do anything about it.

Passing students noticed it, took photos, and uploaded them to the forum, which caused teasing among the Apex Urban University students.

Everyone was speculating that Patrick might be mentally unstable.

When Patrick saw the forum, he was enraged. He hated Yvette even more but couldn't find any chance to get back at her, so he just fumed internally.

In the physics classroom, Bonnie was discussing a physics problem with John.

Just then, a classmate came in and told Bonnie that someone wanted to talk with her

Not thinking much of it, Bonnie stepped out and saw Victor hanging around the door, looking around. "Here, here," said

Victor.

Seeing Victor approach, Bonnie quickly stepped back, staying alert, and put on a guarded expression.

Bonnie thought. Is Victor the person who wants to talk with me? As a fox saying Happy New Year to a hen, it is up to no good."

08:14 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 236

“What’s up? Were you the one wanting to talk with me?” asked Bonnie.

In the hallway, people were passing by, occasionally glancing at them.

Passers-by thought, ‘How could they who have nothing in common be chatting together?’

Victor was a famous figure at the school, so naturally, he attracted quite a bit of attention.

Victor stared intently at Bonnie for what seemed like ages, making her so uneasy that it sent a chill down her spine.

After a while, Victor bowed deeply right in front of all the students in the hallway, directing it straight at Bonnie.

This gesture left everyone stunned, their jaws dropping in shock

Even Bonnie was so frightened by Victor’s odd behavior that she stepped back twice.

Victor lifted his head and spoke seriously to Bonnie, ‘I’m sorry. Everything that happened yesterday was Winona’s fault. Please forgive the Carter family. I’ll do anything you order if you could just forgive us

Bonnie looked at Victor, horrified, and blurted out, “Are you out of your mind? Winona was acting like a lunatic yesterday, causing trouble for me, and now you’re here apologizing to me? What are you two up to?”

Victor’s gaze deepened, his fists clenched tight. He struggled with himself for a long time before he finally said. ‘I’m really sorry, Bonnie. Please forgive the Carter family. Otherwise, should I get on my knees for you?’

Once again, everyone in the hallway was completely stunned and thought, ‘Is this the same Victor, the once invincible bully. who ruled the school? Is he really about to kneel to Bonnie? Are we dreaming?’

The people in the hallway glanced at each other, sharing the same doubt in their eyes.

The long corridor was as silent as a grave.

Victor saw Bonnie standing there without speaking and thought she truly wanted him to go through with it.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 237

Victor clenched his teeth and slowly bent his knees, about to kneel before Bonnie.

This action snapped Bonnie out of her daze. Bonnie thought, 'What is going on?

She quickly stepped back and thought. If he has to kneel, it shouldn't be to me, right? I am afraid it might jinx my luck or something!

"Hey, Victor, what kind of act are you putting on here? Do you really think I'm that naive? Do you think I can't see that you're doing this in front of everyone to push me to forgive Winsona? Stop with the moral pressure; I'm not buying it. If you sincerely want to apologize, talk to me in private, but not stage it in public." Bonnie smiled slightly, but her words left Victor completely embarrassed.

He thought Bonnie was just a simple-minded girl who would certainly forgive the Carter family if he acted pitiful.

With so many people watching, he assumed she would back down for her reputation. To his surprise, she spoke openly about what he really thought.

Victor was half-bent. He had no choice but to stand up again, keeping the act up to the end, only able to grit his teeth and continue speaking.

"Bonnie, you've gotten it all wrong. I didn't mean it like that. I thought being more formal would make it easier for you to accept. I really don't have any other intentions."

Bonnie straightened her back and gave a cold snort.

She wasn't the smartest, but that didn't mean she was dumb.

Bonnie thought, Victor is clearly trying to guilt me, but no way, In the past, maybe I would've given in, but not now."

Ever since she became friends with Yve, she realized something important: you couldn't live your life worrying too much about what others thought or you would wear yourself out. So now, Victor's tricks wouldn't work on her anymore.

"Let me tell you something, Victor. I'm someone who clearly knows what's right and wrong. It was Winona who acted yesterday, and I've already slapped her twice to settle it. What's it got to do with your Carter family? It's ridiculous. If you're having trouble thinking straight, maybe you should visit a mental clinic,' said Bonnie, who said the last sentence with the utmost sincerity.

Bonnie thought, 'He comes here like a lunatic, apologizing and asking for my forgiveness. None of these makes sense. The only explanation is that Victor must have something wrong with his mind

Victor was momentarily at a loss for words but also felt much more relieved. He took a glance at Bonnie's unfriendly expression.

He really didn't expect her to be so secretive and had connections with the Mitchell family in Betrico. It was like she had been hiding in plain sight all along.

Victor said, "So, Bonnie, does this mean you've forgiven me? If so, please tell your fiancé's sister to back off and stop targeting the Carter family. We have realized that we were wrong

The crowd went wild upon hearing this; most of them were students from the physics department.

Some of Bonnie's friends started shouting out, "Bonnie, you didn't mention having a fiancé. That's not cool!"

"Yeah, Bonnie, who is your fiancé? Does he also attend our school? Do we know him?"

"No way, Bonnie. There are few girls in the physics department. Are you taken too? That's way too soon!"

1/3

08:14 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 237

"Bonnie, when's the wedding? You can't secretly get married without telling us. You have to let us know!"

Bonnie's face turned completely red from embarrassment as everyone teased her.

Bonnie thought, "What a mess! Where does this fiancé come from? Victor must be here just to ruin my reputation"

Bonnie marched up and kicked Victor. "Hey, you jerk! Where does this fiancé come from? Are you out of your mind? If there's something wrong with you. Go to see a doctor and stop slandering me here!"

Bonnie's agitated reaction made Victor doubt.

Victor thought, 'It must be true or she would not get so angry. But why did Samantha say that Bonnie is her sister-in-law?'

At the same time, Andrew was on the phone with Samantha in the physics classroom on the same floor.

"Got it. Samantha. Don't worry, I'm serious this time. You know how stubborn Arnold is- if I dare to mess around with Bonnie, he'd kill me."

Samantha sat in the office flipping through the paperwork that had just been delivered today, listening to Andrew's earnest

assurance.

She paused for a moment and sighed helplessly.

Samantha thought, "My younger brother Andrew is always so playful. For so many years, he had just been drifting without a thought for his future. He refuses to join the army and it makes Arnold furious every time. If Andrew hadn't followed Mr. Chavez, my dad would have already gone to Seacurity to bring him back."

While signing the documents, Samantha said, "Alright, as long as you're certain this time. I thought it was something major when you suddenly called me yesterday to take action against the Carter family from Seacurity. Is it settled now? Do you need me to step in again? Remember, I taught you to deal with enemies by removing the problem at its root and showing no mercy. Otherwise, you would never know when they might come back to bite you. Do you get what I mean?"

Andrew took a moment to clean his ear and thought, "My sister Samantha is well known as the Rose of Betrico. No one dares to mess with us. If one messes with my sister, she would really make things tough for them.

Andrew thought, The Mitchell family is like this; my sister Samantha is exceptionally rational ever since she was young. Without her unwavering determination, the Mitchell family wouldn't have become the leading company in the industry." "Samantha, don't worry. The Carter family isn't worth your attention. They won't dare to do anything. I have to go now. Talk to you later. Bye, my dear, beautiful, and endlessly charming fairy sister!" said Andrew.

Samantha couldn't help but laugh. "Okay, I bought the horse riding arena in the outskirts of Betrico that you like. We'll handle the paperwork to transfer it to your name once you're back"

Andrew felt cheerful after chatting with Samantha for a bit. He decided to find Bonnie to share his good mood.

Andrew wondered, 'Does she like riding horses? That clumsy girl might not be into it, but that's okay. If she's interested, I can teach her slowly; I have plenty of time anyway.'

When Andrew got to the floor of the physics classroom, he saw a large crowd gathered ahead.

He didn't think much of it until he saw Bonnie kick Victor. Their eyes happened to meet when she turned around.

Bonnie's face turned red with anger.

Andrew quickly stepped out of the crowd as he thought she was being bullied.

08:14 Sat, Oc

Chapter 237

With a chill in his tone, he went up to Bonnie and asked quietly "What's wrong? Did he upset you?"

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Bonnie was startled as she looked at Andrew for a moment, pointed at Victor, and spoke to Andrew, "It's nothing. This crazy guy insisted I forgive Winona and the Carter family. The most absurd thing is that he says I've got a fiancé. Seriously, how could a young lady like me get a fiancé?"

Everyone who was cheering earlier looked down and remained silent.

Andrew didn't expect it because of this kind of thing. As he scratched his nose, he realized he was the one who started this

trouble.

Andrew gently tugged on Bonnie's sleeve. "Don't be mad. It's not a big deal. Having a fiancé means you're not single anymore. Isn't that good?"

Bonnie stared at Andrew. "How would you feel if you suddenly got a fiancée out of nowhere!"

Andrew muttered, "If it were you, I wouldn't mind."

Sadly, no one but him heard it.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 238

Andrew turned his head to look at Victor standing not far away. His face was cold.

Andrew thought, 'It seems like the Carter family hasn't learned the lesson yet and you still dare to mess with Bonnie.

ut, "Is it you?"

Victor was taken aback but quickly realized who Andrew was, Victor blurted out,

His voice was incredibly strained. "Is Mitchell your last name? Are you from the Mitchell family of Betrico?"

Andrew lifted his chin defiantly, his words were enough to infuriate anyone.

"It's me. I didn't know the Carter family would fall apart so easily. I just moved a finger, and you all fled Betrico so pitifully. If

I had known. I would have been gentler. Did I overestimate the Carter family?" said Andrew.

Victor clenched his hands tighter and tighter when he listened to the harsh words.

His eyes drooped, and a fierce expression spread across his face. He remained silent for a long time.

After a while, he lifted his head and put on a polite smile as he faced Andrew, showing no sign of his earlier malice.

His tone was excessively pleasant, with a touch of flattery. "Hello, Mr. Mitchell. I'm apologizing to Bonnie, and I didn't mean to bother her. You can ask anyone around. I'm sincerely apologizing to her. I hope she can forgive the Carter family; The incident yesterday was Winona's fault. If Bonnie is still upset, I can have Winona apologize to her personally," said Victor.

Andrew looked at Victor and put on a faint smile.

Andrew thought, "This guy changed his behavior so quickly. Did he experience some shock?"

Andrew tilted his head to ask Bonnie in his soft voice. "Do you need Winona to come over herself?"

Bonnie shook her head quickly like a rattle and hurriedly said, "No, I don't have the time to get tangled up with Winona. They can just stay far away from me."

Andrew couldn't help but laugh. He flicked her forehead and then ruffled Bonnie's soft hair.

Andrew thought, 'Feels pretty good.' He whispered softly, "It's up to you."

Bonnie stood there stunned, staring at Andrew with a sudden flutter in her heart.

Bonnie thought, Andrew actually looks quite handsome!

The next moment, Bonnie thought, 'Oh no... It must be my imagination. I must have a fever to think Andrew looks attractive.

Andrew sneered at Victor. "Did you hear that? Keep your fiancée away from Bonnie from now on. What happened in Betrico is just a heads up," he warned.

With that, Andrew pulled Bonnie away, leaving Victor standing by himself.

The surrounding students were gossiping curiously about Victor

Victor controlled his anger and walked away.

After today, probably everyone at Apex Urban University would know about this; his reputation and dignity were completely ruined.

In the Carter family, Winona sat on the sofa, sipping the milk prepared by Yulia.

1/3

08:14 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 238

The only person in the Carter family that she could manipulate currently due to the child in her belly was Yulia.

No matter what she said or wanted. Yulia had to listen and obey

With Yulia, Winona found her confidence again.

All the morning Winona directed Yulia to do errands for her and even to bring her water.

Seeing Yulia's frustrated but quiet expression, Winona felt a twisted sense of satisfaction.

This was the life she had always wanted, where she could have the upper hand.

Victor drove quickly away from the school and sped back to the Carter family.

He saw Yulia serving coffee to Winona, Furious, he stormed in and without saying a word, pulled Winona off the couch.

With a look of innocent confusion on Winona's face, he slapped her hard.

Winona fell onto the carpet, immediately protecting her belly.

She knew her unborn child was her best chance of survival and nothing could happen

to it

Yulia quickly realized what had happened, crouched down, and anxiously checked Winona's belly. "Is your belly okay? My grandchild! Hurry, get Mark and a doctor over here!"

Winona's pregnancy was just under three months, and it wasn't stable yet.

Yulia feared this fall might end her hopes of having a cherished grandchild.

Winona felt certain her belly wasn't seriously hurt. She bit her lip, terror in her eyes, and looked up at Victor, crying pitifully. "Victor, why did you hit me? What did I do wrong? How can you treat me like this when I'm carrying your child?" Yulia also scolded Victor. "Victor, what are you doing? Can't you just talk calmly? Winona is pregnant!"

Victor's blue eyes were unreadable, with a hint of red at the corners, and his lips curved into a mocking smile..

His eyes were full of hostility as he looked at Winona, his gaze cold and devoid of any emotion.

Victor's demeanor made Winona increasingly uneasy.

Originally confident, she didn't know why her confidence began to fade away.

For a long time, Victor's gaze was cold as he glanced at Winona, who had been supported onto the couch by Yulia.

He said mercilessly, "Do you not know the mess you caused? You shameless woman. With just one slap, you ruined the path my grandfather and sister had carefully planned for years. The Carter family could have reached greater heights, but because of you, it's all ruined now."

Winona knew she had caused this and didn't dare to argue. She could only look at Victor with pleading eyes.

With eyes full of deep emotion, she said, "I'm sorry, Victor, I know I was wrong. I really didn't know Bonnie had such strong backing. Otherwise, I wouldn't have clashed with her. Mom was there too; you can ask her about it. I got slapped by Bonnie twice as well. Didn't you see how swollen my face was yesterday?"

Yulia, worried that Victor might hurt the child, could only agree with Winona despite her conscience. "Yes, Victor, that Bonnie hit back too. How did things get so out of control?"

Victor looked at the timid Yulia, wishing to tell her the truth but fearing it might be too much for her health to handle,

08:14 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 238

The words he was about to say were swallowed back down forcehilly.

With eyes like a wolf, he stared at Winona and spoke each word clearly. "Let me tell you, Winona, my mom is the hostess in the Carter family. You're just carrying a baby. If I accept the child, he's a Carter. If I don't accept him, he's illegitimate. If I see you bossing my mom around again, you're out of here. Do you really think you're some kind of heiress? The truth is, you're just an illegitimate child. Zachary doesn't acknowledge you, and the Smith family is bankrupt. Right now, you're just a burden on our family. If you don't get that, take your kid and leave."

Winona's body shook. In disbelief, she looked up at Victor, unable to understand why he would say such ruthless things.

After speaking. Victor suggested Yulia to go upstairs with him.

Yulia was worried about Winona's baby, but she couldn't go against Victor and followed him upstairs.

Winona sat on the sofa, her expression slowly becoming distorted as she stared at Victor's room upstairs.

She silently made a firm resolution, thinking that if Victor was going to be unkind, she wouldn't be kind either.

Winona took out her phone and dialed Robert. As soon as the call connected, her voice changed immediately. It was tinged with a slight sob. "I'm so scared, Victor wants to kill me. Hurry, come save me."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 239

It was the first day Yvette came back to class. Right before class ended, Tobias assigned her a lot of basic homework

Yvette walked out of the school just when Jeremiah's black Jeep had pulled up at the school gate.

No matter how many people were around, she was always the most eye-catching, impossible to ignore.

Yvette gave a quick glance of Jeremiah's car and went straight over to open the door and got in

Jeremiah leaned over to fasten her seat belt for her.

His tone was natural. "I got you the wings you wanted and a milkshake from the place near the gate and some lobster. Is there anything else you want to eat?"

Yvette raised her gaze and a smirk appeared on her lips. Her delicate brows were mischievous and wild, her eyes slightly lifted with a hint of a smile. Casually, she said, "Are you fattening me up?"

Jeremiah looked into her eyes, which were blue and bright, yet particularly clear.

As always, she maintained a cool composure. Yet it still inexplicably drew him in and he was addicted to it,

Jeremiah slightly lifted his lips, wearing a subtle smile, his voice carrying a mesmerizing tone. "No, I'm just taking care of my future wife."

Yvette hesitated for a moment. Her gaze settled on his prominent Adam's apple, then slowly moved upward before she withdrew her stare.

She remained quiet. When a man wanted to be charming, no woman stood a chance.

Jeremiah noticed her silence. He became uncertain and thought, Did I mess up? In Andrew's collection of pick-up lines, this one is supposed to work like magic

Usually, when a girl heard this, she would playfully hit her boyfriend's chest and acted adorably. Why does Yvette not react at all? Andrew is completely unreliable and the books he recommends don't work!

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Jeremiah restarted the car without any change in his expression.

Jeremiah went to the kitchen after he came back to the villa.

Yvette went upstairs to take a shower. When she came back downstairs, the table was already set with fried chicken wings, lobster, and milkshakes.

After cooking, Jeremiah changed into casual home clothes, which made him seem less sharp.

He was standing by the window talking on the phone. His tall and upright silhouette was prominent. Hearing the footsteps on the stairs, he turned around with a deep gaze. His eyes quietly landed on Yvette.

Yvette was wearing an oversized white shirt. The shirt hung loosely, paired with baggy shorts, and the sleeves were casually rolled up. It fit her surprisingly well.

His gaze traveled down to her feet. He noticed she wasn't wearing any shoes. Jeremiah walked over, grabbed a pair of her slippers from the entrance while still on the phone, and went to Yvette.

Yvette obediently lifted her foot, Jeremiah put the slippers on her and gently said, "Always wear slippers when you come down. It's not good for girls to be barefoot; the floor is too cold"

The chattering voice on the phone suddenly stopped, which was followed by a scream.

08:14 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 239

The voice was loud enough that even Yvette could hear it.

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"Jeremiah, have you and that little girl already moved in together? Oh my gosh! Is this true? I can hardly believe that you live together. My son is really living with Yvette, just like his old mom back in the day. If I hadn't been so assertive with your dad, he would still be shy. Jeremiah, you're amazing. Hurry up, when are you coming back to Betrico? Bring Yvette home for dinner."

Jeremiah held the phone away from his ear his mom's voice was too overwhelming.

"Mom...just as he was about to speak, the voice on the other end of the line interrupted him.

"Mom? What mom? Listen, son, you need to bring her home sooner rather than later. I trust my son's judgment, so once you bring her home, it's settled. If she stays around

too long, she might get fed up with your cold and unexciting personality and leave. To stop that from happening, we'll use the family angle. Just bring her back, and I'll treat her so well that she won't want to leave, Aurora said.

Jeremiah sighed helplessly, "Mom, aren't you tired of saying so much?"

Aurora answered. "Not at all. By the way, I heard from your grandpa that that girl is quite young. I wonder what she likes. Houses? Cars? Jewelry? Antiques? Designer brands? Forget it, I'll just prepare everything. My estate in Mysonna, valued at 1 billion dollars, can be her welcome gift. No, that's a bit too cheap. Ill add some of my jewelry collection, and then it's perfect. Alright, that's settled. And where's your wedding house going to be? I need to start designing the nursery, right? Thinking about it, I'm quite busy. Does your wife prefer boys or girls? I like girls. I wouldn't want a moody kid like you, who always comes with a serious face, no fun."

Yvette slipped one hand into her pocket, with her gaze steady. She heard everything clearly

She chuckled softly and made a gesture to Jeremiah, walked past him, and sat down at the dining table.

With her leg crossed and chin resting on her hand, she looked directly at Jeremiah.

Jeremiah looked at her and calmly said into the phone, "Mom, I heard everything you said."

The breathing on the other end of the phone became heavier, and after a few seconds of silence, the voice turned mechanical. "Hello, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable. Please try again later.

Then the call was disconnected. Even Jeremiah didn't expect his mom to pull such a strange stunt. For a moment, he was stunned.

Even though Yvette was a bit further away, she heard everything clearly.

She smirked, flipped her hair, and crossed her legs.

She took a sip of her banana milkshake. With a faint smile, she said. "Auntie is way more interesting than you."

Jeremiah walked over to the table, sat next to Yvette, put on gloves, and started peeling lobsters for her. He did it slowly. Even his fingers, with their distinct joints, looked attractive while peeling these greasy things. In just a few seconds, he'd peeled them and placed them on her plate.

His deep-set eyes were thoughtful, and the sharp lines of his profile were more pronounced.

“Do you want to meet my family?” he asked.

While munching on shrimp, Yvette was playing with her phone replying to a text from Charles: [Book a flight to Seacurity.] She left in a hurry without notifying Charles, leaving him stranded in Mysonna, who was still hiding from Braydon’s pursuit. Hearing Jeremiah’s words, Yvette lifted her gaze and gave him a nonchalant glance.

08:15 Sat, Oct 19

Chapter 239

She replied casually, “Sure, I have to go to Betrico the day after tomorrow to take care of some things,”

The invitation from James was scheduled for five days later.

Yvette planned to meet someone before then, and she had more than enough time to visit the Chavez family.

After all, interesting people were always worth of taking the time to meet.

Jeremiah didn’t expect her to say yes.

He was just asking casually, and it didn’t really matter if she didn’t agree. It was just a matter of time, so there was no rush.

Yvette’s easy agreement took him by surprise.

Jeremiah’s lips curled into a smile.

He said, ‘Okay, I’ll set things up and we can head back together. I have my parents and grandpa at home, and there are no swarms of relatives. So relax. It’s just a simple meal.’

Not just anyone could join the Chavez family as relatives.

Jeremiah’s girlfriend didn’t have to deal with those distant relatives at all.

When Yvette heard that, she looked up, put away her phone, and leaned back lazily. “Jeremiah, you’re really growing on me. What am I supposed to do about that?” she asked.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 240

I'm Vernon Chavez and my nickname is Vern Chavez. My dad is Jeremiah, and my mom is the super cute and pretty Yvette

I am already a little man who can hold his own as I am twelve old this year.

Grandma said that on the day I was born, my mom was wildly racing with a professional driver.

Mom gave birth to me within half an hour after she reached the hospital.

The first thing my silly dad said when he saw me was how wrinkly and ugly I looked.

Humph, my dad was the ugly one.

I had inherited Mom's beauty and charm. All the kids in the kindergarten said that I was the most handsome.

There were always little girls who fought over to sit next to me.

Grandpa says Dad was like that when he was little too.

Grandpa was the one who gave me my name.

Andrew and Bon mentioned that my name almost led to a debate.

Great grandfather thought a simple name would be better for me and wanted to name me Big Baby,

Grandpa refused, and Grandma disagreed with the name that Grandpa had chosen for me.

As for my unreliable dad, he didn't even get involved in naming me.

Finally, three days after I was born, the family agreed on one name-Vernon.

Grandpa picked this name for me.

When I was three years old, my annoying dad threw me into the army, ignoring the objections of my great grandfather, and my grandparents.

He said it was to train my physical abilities from a young age and to develop my character.

In reality, he just wanted to have Mom all to himself, and he thought I didn't know. I was dissatisfied with him Humph....

I had a little notebook where I jotted down all of Dad's "misdeeds."

I had decided that when I grew up, I would send Dad to that little island in the Pacific that Grandma gave to Mom to completely cut off him from the world.

When I was four, some bad guys kidnapped me, but I wasn't scared at all. They pointed a gun at my head.

I've been playing with guns since I was little.

Eagle King and Flying Fish would send every new weapon on the market to Skyland on time every year.

The guns they had didn't even have bullets loaded.

Were they trying to fool me? It was to look down on me.

I reminded the few bad guys of it.

They looked at me with a dumbfounded expression, but clearly, they were the clueless ones.

Later, Mom and Dad came to rescue me.

Mom was so cool that she didn't say a word and just took down those bad guys one by one.

They cried miserably and begged her for mercy, but she didn't even glance at them.

> matter what I said. Of course, Mom didn't look at me either. I knew Mom was angry and wouldn't listen to me, no i

My pesky dad didn't scold me. He asked me, "Did you think it was fun to leave with the bad guys even though you knew it was dangerous? Did you consider how my great grandfather, grandparents would feel?"

At that time, I naively shook my head as my dad squatted down and picked me up. He looked at me intently. His face was serious.

He said. "Your mom isn't upset because you were having fun, but because you made the elders worry about you. Do you know what you should do?"

That day, when I was four, I came home crying and apologized to my great grandfather, and my grandparents who was in Seacriety.

Later, when I grew up, I realized that the day I was kidnapped, Betrico was in chaos.

To look for me, my great grandpa almost mobilized Mr. Mitchell's troops to turn Betrico upside down.

My grandparents stayed up all night worried, and Grandma had a headache that lasted for half a month.

Mr. Yates, Andrew, Bonnie, Flying Fish, and Eagle King all rushed back from Mysonna just to find me.

When I grew up, I asked Mom why she wasn't worried when everyone else was desperately looking for me, Mom just gave me a calm look

"If you're brave enough to go out with someone, then you should be able to come back on your own," she said.