

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 241

Two big shots were in love. Gifts given at a whim could really irritate someone..

Emmett recalled yesterday when Aurora asked him what Yvette liked.

Emmett felt helpless. Aurora was even more extravagant.

She gave a lot of things, from jewelry to companies under her control and to a rose manor. Unbelievably, she even considered gifting Yvette a private island in the Pacific.

And these were just a few small meeting gifts' in her opinion.

Skyland has been well prepared ahead of time. Except for some of the traditional Clusian style preserved, every piece of decor was chosen according to Yvette's taste.

Efforts could really be seen in it..

Yvette's room featured a minimalist neutral style, mainly in black, white, and gray.

Jeremiah didn't spend much time in Betrico during his missions, and his visits were brief, so Aurora decorated Skyland in her favorite traditional Clusian style.

A while back, Jeremiah had Emmett start the remodeling, so now Skyland had been transformed and all products of the villa were high-tech gadgets.

Yvette wandered around and got a general idea of the villa.

Jeremiah's room was still next to hers, as usual.

The most intriguing part was the sliding door within a door."

The old manor of the Chavez family was a true military compound with its own private entrance.

Jeremiah's mother, Aurora, was fifty-three this year.

You could still see traces of her youthful beauty; even now, she looked as young as a girl.

She had Jeremiah in her twenties, and after she recovered, she took over her family's business, diving into the business world.

With the Chavez family's open-mindedness and Clifford Chavez's doting love, Aurora lived a fairy-tale life.

With understanding in-laws, a loving husband, and a talented son, everyone in Betrico envied Mrs. Chavez's fortunate life.

One might wonder how many good deeds she had done in the past to earn such a life.

It was not until last year that Aurora gradually retired to focus more on her family.

She stopped appearing unless it was for something essential at the company. She didn't even attend important parties.

Jeremiah's father, Clifford, was a director at a department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

He could retire next year.

Whenever they had a vacation, they would travel the world to enjoy different cuisines.

Aurora already knew Jeremiah and Yvette's flight schedule.

08:15 Sat, Oct 19

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Early in the morning, she was restless, pacing around the living room and constantly glancing at the door.

Clifford took a sip of orange juice, set down the newspaper, and adjusted his glasses.

He was the image of sophistication. The sharpness he displayed on TV was gone.

When he looked at his wife, he completely softened.

He coughed softly, feeling a bit jealous when Aurora didn't look at him.

He thought, I have already lost my status even before my daughter-in-law arrived. Even breakfast isn't my favorite quiche and milk. The table was filled with the favorite foods of Jeremiah"

He glanced at the very noticeable lobster on the table and thought, "Who even ate that so early in the morning? It is all because Jeremiah mentioned his girlfriend loved lobster. Is it really necessary?"

I am allergic to seafood! People say that once a young guy gets married, he forgets his mother. But, in my wife's case, it is more like she forgets about me after she gets a daughter-in-law. Where could I even voice my complaints?"

Getting older... losing respect more and more. I was treated like a treasure in my youth and was wooed and coaxed into bed. But once it was committed, the responsibility disappeared. If I hadn't caught her at the airport back then, she might have wandered off with Jeremiah still in her belly

Clifford coughed heavily a few more times.

Even the servants nearby could tell Clifford was just seeking attention.

A few maids exchanged glances, trying their best not to laugh.

They were all longtime staff of the Chavez family and were quite used to the way Clifford and Aurora interacted.

They had been bickering like this consistently for decades.

Every time, it was Clifford who ended up finding ways to cheer Aurora up.

Clifford usually ended up sleeping in the study for a few days each month.

If three days went by and Aurora was still not talking to him, they might see him pitifully knocking on her door at midnight with a blanket

Cara, who had been with Aurora since her childhood, caught Clifford's pleading glance and sighed.

At the moment, Aurora was only focused on her future daughter-in-law that she hadn't even met yet. She was not concerned with Clifford.

But nobody really could blame Aurora.

Jeremiah was already thirty and had spent all those years in the army. Finally, he had found a girlfriend.

Aurora had almost accepted the idea that he would remain a bachelor for life.

As soon as she heard he had a girlfriend, she flew back from overseas and hadn't gone anywhere since, eagerly waiting for the girl to come over for a casual meal.

Cara approached Aurora respectfully and said, "Madam, Mr. Chavez hasn't eaten much today."

Aurora turned around, displaying a figure that disguised the rounded forms typical of her peers. She stared at Clifford, who was pretending not to care.

She cleared her throat. Are you going to eat or not? If not, hurry up and go upstairs to change. What if Jeremiah brings his girlfriend over and you look too casual?"

Clifford was left in a difficult spot, unsure if he should continue eating his churro.

Annoyed, he put the churro down.

He looked at Aurora, who was dressed very formally in a lavender dress paired with an emerald necklace.

She looked absolutely exquisite.

With a frown, he spoke in a serious, slightly jealous tone, "Isn't that a bit too formal? You're just meeting Jeremiah's girlfriend, and there is no need to go all out for someone younger."

Aurora, hearing this, sat on the couch, crossed her arms, and said. "Someone younger? That girl saved your son from a life of loneliness. Without her, your son would be single forever. You know how difficult he is. Do you remember all those ladies in Betrico who tried to impress him a few years back? No one was successful! So, Clifford, I'm telling you, when your daughter-in-law comes over for dinner, you'd better not scare her off with that serious face, or you're not getting back in my bed for the rest of your life, alright?"

Seeing she was genuinely upset, Clifford quickly reassured Aurora, "Honey, I didn't mean it that way. I mean that he probably won't bring anyone over today, so there's no need to prepare such a big dinner. I'd be thrilled if he did bring his girlfriend over. I'll change my clothes, okay? And stop talking like that, would you? We're not young anymore, and let's keep it respectable."

Clifford was frustrated but didn't dare to show it.

If he kept talking, it would only backfire on him.

He'd already been sleeping in the study this month, and his old back couldn't take much more of it. They weren't young anymore, yet she still liked to punish him this way.

She was never getting tired of it.

Aurora let out a haughty "humph," looking all generous, like she wouldn't bother arguing with him.

The servants all twitched their mouths.

Clifford seemed to have been completely wrapped around his wife's finger his whole life.

It was not true that there was no love in high society, only interests.

Clifford and his wife married out of genuine love.

They'd been in love for so many years. Whenever Clifford wasn't working, he always came home to be with his wife right away.

If Aurora asked him to go east, he would never dare West.

Because Aurora had chronic headaches, he personally studied with a traditional doctor for six whole months, massaging her every day without ever complaining of difficulty.

That was love.

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Jeremiah leaned forward, and his gaze locked onto her eyes, looking into her clear depths.

His body stiffened slightly. His eyebrows drew together softly.

His fingers rested on the back of her hand, with his pads gently ribbing her palm.

His eyes were blue and deep, his jaw clenched tightly, and his throat moved without him realizing

Suddenly, he felt a bit parched.

His voice was warm. "Want a bite?"

Yvette paused her hand, looked at his earnest face, and pinched his chin.

Her delicate collarbone was a cool, pale shade, luminous, with an irresistible charm, full of audacity.

"Want me to take a bite?" she asked.

Jeremiah's lips curled into a smile, his blue eyes shining with mischief. The girl always had a knack for surprising him.

In the next moment, before Yvette could react, Jeremiah stepped forward again, suddenly cupping the back of her head and kissing her, gently biting her lower lip

Yvette narrowed her eyes a bit, and her brows dropped as she licked her lips, a move that drove Jeremiah crazy.

Yvette was speechless.

After a moment, Jeremiah lowered his voice, gently squeezing her waist, his eyes deep and unfathomable. Jeremiah lowered his voice, gently squeezing her waist, his eyes deep and unfathomable.

Their breaths mingled. "Pretty sweet," she said.

Yvette lifted her eyes and brushed her lips, her eyelashes trembling softly. "Mint-flavored," she added.

Jeremiah let out a chuckle, drawing out his words and nodding slowly as if fully embracing shamelessness.

"How's the technique?" he asked.

Yvette pulled her hand out of Jeremiah's grip and tugged him forward as he was about to sit back down.

She cupped his chin, her palm resting against his chest, and leaned in to kiss him.

Jeremiah froze completely, unable to stay calm anymore. He thought, 'Is it okay for her to sit there?'

He was speechless.

A few minutes later, Yvette stood up with a blank expression, leaned toward Jeremiah's car, and spoke in a low voice.

Her breath gave him a tingling feeling.

She said, "Jeremiah, don't act so bold. Your skills aren't great. You should practice more."

Jeremiah asked, "Not great?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, looking both alluring and mischievous and let out a soft hum without speaking

Jeremiah pointed to a spot slight, elusive smile appearing on his lips, Yvette's gaze moved down, her expression momentarily uneasy, and there was a deep look in her eyes as she licked the corner of her lips.

"What's that got to do with me?" she said casually.

Jeremiah wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her into his embrace and resting his chin on her head.

His fingers played with her hair, gently twirling it.

“Do you like boys or girls?” he asked.

Yvette was silent for a few seconds, and then looked up at Jeremiah, her fair arm resting on his leg. She answered, “Don’t like either.”

Jeremiah’s fingers paused momentarily. He looked down, and after holding her gaze for a few seconds, he spoke softly, “If you don’t like it, we don’t have to have any.”

Yvette’s heart fluttered a bit. She furrowed her eyebrows slightly and, fixing her gaze on Jeremiah, she said, “No regrets?” Jeremiah gently ruffled her hair, and said, “No regrets at all. Whatever you say, we’ll do as you decide.

Yvette shifted slightly, and her carefree expression disappeared as she spoke lightly and slowly. “Are you going down?”

Jeremiah was speechless.

The next morning, as usual, Jeremiah prepared breakfast – quiche, orange juice, and bread.

Every day, he would spoil her with different treats.

But Jeremiah noticed that no matter how much Yvette ate, she never gained weight, and her waist stayed slim without an ounce of extra flesh. It was quite worrisome.

In the car, Jeremiah was driving. Yvette was lounging lazily in the passenger seat, eyes downcast, fiddling with her phone. She yawned, looking a bit listless, and her indifferent profile showed a hint of casual nonchalance.

Jeremiah glanced sideways and asked in a deep voice. “What’s wrong? Didn’t sleep well last night?”

Yvette lifted her gaze, letting it fall on him, and her blue eyes grew deeper.

“Aren’t you just asking knowingly?” she said.

Jeremiah coughed awkwardly and asked, “How about some steak

Yvette clicked her tongue, slowly put away her phone, and smiled.

She said, “You switch topics pretty fast

Jeremiah insisted that driving required intense focus, saying, "I didn't hear anything."

11:00 AM on Wednesday. Jeremiah and Yvette's flight landed in Betrico on time.

As soon: him.

they left the airport, they saw Emmett standing at the entrance with a black, understated business car behind

Luxury cars were common in Betrico.

Most people weren't surprised, but Emmett's presence made passersby turn their heads. They paused and watched,

Because this ordinary-looking black business car carried a license plate recognized by everyone in Betrico.

The plate began with 'Betrico' and had five zeros. It was invaluable.

It was a definite symbol of prestige and status.

Emmett stood there, expressionless and upright.

He stared straight ahead. His expression only changed slightly when he saw two familiar figures.

He stepped up to meet them, slightly howing, and said, "Mr. Chavez, and Yvette."

Jeremiah was wearing a black casual outfit, and there wasn't a single wrinkle on his shirt from top to bottom.

He gave off an aura that said "stay away, and yet there was something intriguingly restrained about him.

Yvette dressed in a relaxed manner.

She wore a simple white T-shirt and shorts, with a baseball cap on her head, revealing only half of her face.

Her long, straight legs were strikingly sun-kissed

Standing together, they had a combined presence like a seven-foot aura. Even with only half her face visible, Yvette's aura stood out distinctly.

Yvette nodded too. Jeremiah said, "Let's head back to Skyland first."



Skyland was a villa Jeremiah purchased when he was eighteen, right in the center of the city, where every inch of land was invaluable.

Since Jeremiah acquired the villa, its value had multiplied beyond measure, and now its worth couldn't be quantified by money.

After Jeremiah and Yvette got into the car, Emmett sat in the driver's seat.

He lightly pressed a button, and invisible car covers automatically rose on both sides.

From the inside, you could see outside, but those outside had no idea about what was happening inside, not even a shadow.

Emmett glanced at the two people in the backseat and found Yvette a bit strange.

He thought, 'Is her lips swollen? They are so red. Does a mosquito bite her?'

Emmett withdrew his gaze and said, "Mr. Chavez, the deputy commander at the base mentioned there was an urgent matter that you needed to take care of personally. Should I drop Yvette at Skyland if you handle the military affairs first?"

Jeremiah wrapped Yvette, who was on her phone, in his arms, his blue eyes lifting slightly

'No need, let's head to Skyland first.'

Emmett's cheek twitched as he looked at their posture and sighed.

He finally understood what people meant by the power of love.

Mr. Chavez, who had been a workaholic for ten years without a single day off, took a month's leave just to accompany Yvette in Seacriety.

No single person dying in the dating world was without couples being partly to blame. If he ever died of jealousy, there was no escaping Mr. Chavez and Yve's role in it.

Yvette stood at the entrance of Skyland.

With slightly closed eyes and a bland expression, she lifted her eyelids, her her gaze calm.

She glanced at the man beside her.

Quite the brag, huh? It was supposed to be a regular place for us to stay.

But this "tiny" villa in front of her was anything but small.

Jeremiah lowered his voice. "Let's go, we'll be staying here for the next few days."

Yvette nodded, tilting her head slightly as she slowly spoke. "Mm-hmm."

Emmett walked silently behind them. Little did she know, Mr. Chavez had already transferred the ownership of this villa to her name.

Now she was the true owner of this place!

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In the Chavez family's old manor, Jase Chavez's personal guard, Yusef, entered the room.

He saw the elderly man sitting up straight in his chair, energetic and looking sharp in a suit.

Adjusting his clothes, he came in and bowed politely before speaking.

He said, "Mr. Jase Chavez, Mr. Jeremiah Chavez's girlfriend just arrived in Betrico. Our staff reported she's already at Skyland. Jeremiah has returned to the military base because the deputy commander has military affairs that require his immediate attention. Emmett went with him, so Ms. Zeller is the only one left at Skyland now."

Even though Jase was already eighty years old and his hair was turning gray, he remained strong and full of vitality, showing no signs of weakness.

Jase was one of the few who had come through the war-torn era with substantial military achievements, and he was among the few elderly from those times still alive.

His status throughout Clusia was indisputable.

Therefore, even at this age, those in power still hoped he wouldn't retire just yet, because with Jase around, stability was assured

Jase lifted a cup of coffee and took a sip. It was his favorite blend Grandos, "Is there any update on Clifford?"

Yusef nodded and stood respectfully to the side. He said, "Mr. Jase Chavez, Mr. Clifford Chavez doesn't seem affected too much, but Aurora got quite animated. She was up early bustling around. I heard..."

He wasn't sure if he should say the rest.

Jase paused for a moment and lifted his head, his gaze falling on him with a touch of authority in his voice. "Hmm? What's wrong?" he asked.

Yusef quickly continued, "Mrs. Chavez prepared a whole table of dishes that Mr. Jeremiah Chavez and his girlfriend like, and Mr. Clifford Chavez got a bit jealous. Aurora gave him a piece of her mind and it seemed she wasn't satisfied. Now, Clifford is trying to make peace, but he'll probably be sleeping in the study again tonight."

Yusef's father was once Jase's personal guard, and now Yusef took on the same role.

He and Clifford grew up together.

The two had been playmates since childhood.

He knew all about Clifford and Aurora's relationship and understood their dynamics better than anyone.

Even Jase could hear the gloating and sarcasm in that last comment.

Jase put down his coffee cup and gave him a glance.

He said, "Okay, they will probably be like that for a lifetime. Aurora used to worry herself sick over Jeremiah's marriage, and now that he has suddenly gotten a girlfriend. She's probably excited. And Clifford, he's tough on the outside but soft inside. If he doesn't care, why does he take a day off to stay home with them today? He's just pretending not to care, so let them do what they want.""

Yusef was genuinely happy for the Chavez family

He had watched Jeremiah grow up and thought he would never find a girlfriend and settle down. No one would have thought there would be a girl like Yvette who could win him over

Honestly, he was eager to meet Yvette-such an amazing person.

"Understood, sir. Should we pull back our people? Skyland's security in Betrico is top-notch, so remote surveillance should be enough."

Jase lowered his eyes, thinking for a few seconds.

"No need to pull back. Stick to the plan. Get the car ready and prepare that gear for me. I'm going myself. Everything has to look very real. Make sure Tim keeps Jeremiah tied up so that brat doesn't come back and mess up my plans."

Yusef twitched his lips. His expression was indescribable.

He thought. Mr. Jase Chavez is like a playful kid, going a great length to stage a show to test Jeremiah's girlfriend, despite his

“And he strives to be authentic. Who would actually dare to hit Mr. Jase Chavez? This was such a headache

It was hard to find people who were brave enough to play along with Mr. Jase Chavez’s act.

He nearly turned over the Goodman family’s daredevil squad to find a few newbies who reluctantly agreed to play along. with some coaxing and deception

“Mr. Jase Chavez, have you really decided? Are you sure you want to test Ms. Zeller like this?” Jusef asked.

Jase got up from the sofa and waved his hand.

Go ahead and set it up. We’ll leave in half an hour.”

Yusef had no choice but to nod.

In the Skyland, Yvette had just changed into the loungewear that Jeremiah had prepared for her when the phone rang.

She walked over and picked it up.

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“Hello, is this Mr. Chavez’s home? We have a package that needs your signature. Could you come to the gate? Would you like a shuttle to pick you up?”

Yvette paused, raised an eyebrow, and spoke in a flat voice. “No need, and I’ll go myself.”

The voice on the other end suddenly became cheerful “Alright, alright, we’ll be waiting for you.” She hung up the phone. Yusef was wearing a security uniform. He shifted his position slightly.

He looked at the old man sitting nearby, dressed in tattered clothes, with a face full of dirt and ash. His fingers trembled slightly.

He asked cautiously, “Mr. Jase Chavez, she will arrive soon. Everyone around is set up. Are you really going to sit by the roadside now!”

Jase stroked his beard and seriously asked Yusel, “Take a look. Do you see anything wrong with my disguise?\*

Yusef confidently said, “Mr. Jase Chavez, you look real enough now. There’s definitely no problem. Ms. Zeller won’t notice anything

Jase finally relaxed, pushed open the security booth door, and walked to the nearby roadside.

There were already a few baskets of vegetables prepared, along with a couple of “customers.”

Everything was ready.

They were just waiting for Yvette to arrive.

10 minutes later, Just as Jase and his team started to wonder if she’d show up, Yvette walked over casually from a distance.

Yusef recognized her immediately from the photo and quickly signaled from afar that she had arrived.

Mr. Chavez surely had a discerning eye.

Yvette was stunningly beautiful.

She was not just typically pretty – she had a unique, cool, and aloof aura.

Even as she walked over, she exuded such a strong presence,

He was starting to worry whether Mr. Jase Chavez’s plan had all been for nothing.

Upon receiving the signal, Jase plopped down on the ground, completely disregarding his image.

Now he looked nothing like a marshal of Clusia.

He was just like an aging country farmer, as real as they came.

The dozen or so guards hidden around the grove all turned their heads.

There was no way the brilliant and commanding Mr. Jase Chavez.

Yvette had one hand in her pocket.

She wore a simple white T-shirt and shorts.

When she reached the security booth, the door opened before she could knock

She thought, “Yusef, whose face is full of wrinkles because of smiling, looks like a strange uncle!

Yet he seemed unaware of it himself.

“Hello, are you Mr. Chavez’s girlfriend? This is his package. Could you sign for it, please?”

Yvette nodded slightly. Her face was expressionless, with a hint of coldness between her delicate brows.

She reached out her slender hand to take the package and was about to leave.

Yusef was momentarily stunned. She couldn’t leave yet, as the act wasn’t over.

Without hesitation, he called out.

“Oh dear, Ms. Zeller, look over there! It seems like a fight has broken out!”

The sound was deafening.

Sure enough, as soon as the words were spoken, the outside, which had been quiet, suddenly became noisy.

Yvette stopped in her tracks and turned around. She cast a playful look at Yusef, her lips curled into a faint smile, and her eyes partially closed

She looked outside. A roadside vegetable stand in front of an old man was completely knocked over by a few large men.

The old man also fell to the ground. His face was covered in dust. He stood there at a loss.

The whole scene made him appear very pitiful.

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A few large men standing with Jase had their backs to Yvette, toppling over the vegetable stand,

Their expressions were both fearful and peculiar.

They muttered. “Is this enough. Mr. Jase Chavez?” while looking at the old man’s face on the ground.

Jase ignored them, sneakily glancing at the security room instead

He wailed loudly in pain, as if afraid no one would hear.

Inside the security room, Yvette stood in place, observing the “scene” outside. She was unmoved.

Her face showed no extra expression.

Yusef was internally conflicted.

He thought. A girl, when seeing a situation like this, is supposed to be overwhelmed with a sense of justice and rush up to stop it, or she would be scared enough to hide.

Ms. Zeller just stands here watching, without reacting or showing any expression. What is she thinking?”

Yusef realized this wouldn't work...

The sun was blazing. If Mr. Jase Chavez got heatstroke, it would be serious. He could only pretend to be scared and said cautiously to Yvette, “Ms. Zeller, if we let this continue, that old man might really be in danger. Why don't we go out there and stop it?”

Yvette tilted her head, and her delicate brows showed a relaxed, rebellious charm as she lazily stared at him for a few seconds.

Her eyes lowered, the corners of her eyes captivating and beautiful.

“Ms. Zeller?” she said in a cool tone.

Yusef nodded without hesitation

His mind was completely focused on Jase, missing the hidden meaning in Yvette's words.

Yvette withdrew her gaze and nodded. “Let's go.”

With that, she stepped out of the security booth.

Yusef was still a bit stunned, thinking he'd have to work hard to convince her to go.

Surprisingly, she agreed easily. Yusef quickly followed her.

By the side of the road, the three ‘burly men’ were almost at their limit.

Their ‘fierce’ faces were hard to keep up.

They were giving it-their all for this performance, silently hoping the person their marshal was waiting for would arrive

Jase, lying on the ground, was almost 80, and under the blazing sun, even he was struggling to keep up the act.

Finally! He saw Yvette walk out of the security room.

Yusef followed closely behind, giving him a reassuring look as if to say. "Hang in there..."

Jase suddenly got into character, showcasing his acting skills. He tilted onto the ground,

I'm begging you, gentlemen. Please let me, a poor old man, go. I will pay back the money my worthless grandson owes. Just give me some time. Otherwise, even if I sacrifice my life, it's no use to you, right?" he said.

The three burly men collectively twitched their mouths, and their fierce faces showed a hint of "fear" because Mr. Jase Chavez greeted them "gentlemen."

They thought, In this way, we will lose our lives. Besides, "gentlemen" sound strange. For some reason, it felt really familiar, but it was the wrong occasion.

Jase saw people approaching and quickly reminded the three dazed hulks. In a whisper, he said, "Keep acting, and they are almost here. That's an order. Right now, I'm not Mr. Jase Chavez understand?"

The three burly men exchanged glances and had no choice but to continue their performance with determination....

One of them, with a square face, pretended to kick Jase.

From a distance, it seemed like he kicked, but he didn't actually touch him, using a visual blind spot.

Jase let out another wail, making the act even more convincing. Even he had to admire his own acting skills.

Yvette stopped about seven feet away from them, still not saying a word.

Yusef tried every way to force Yvette to get involved, immediately shouting loudly.

"Hey, what's wrong with you guys beating up an old man in broad daylight? Don't you have any decency left?"

Yvette glanced at him, and then looked towards the people ahead, especially Jase, who was lying on the ground. Her cool gaze fell on his face.



Her gaze lingered for a moment. There was a significant resemblance in their brows and eyes.

She raised her eyelids, and slowly curved her lips, with her hands in her pockets, revealing a hint of amusement in her eyes.

Her tone was indifferent. "Are you done?" she asked.

The three burly men were baffled. This wasn't how it was supposed to go according to their plan.

She was supposed to be heroic. Then they just scared her a bit and the task would be finished.

The three of them were a bit flustered by Yvette's unexpected behavior.

One of the men, who was more muscular and a veteran among the three, finally had some initiative.

He steadied himself, put on a stern face, and spoke to Yvette, "Do you really think it's your business to interfere, girl? What happens between us is none of your concern. Do you want to play the hero? If you want to step in, then pay off his good-for-nothing grandson's debt, 330 thousand dollars, and we'll leave."

The other two backed him up, and finally, the three of them had a little bit of a "thug" vibe.

Jase, trembling, stood up and brushed the dust off his clothes.

With a dirty face, he wailed to Yveue. "Young lad

please help me. If they keep beating me, I'll be done. I'll be indebted to you for life if you save me. I'm begging you, young lady," he said.

Yvette ignored their "dramatic performance."

She turned to Yusef behind her and said slowly, "Could you get me a chair, please?"

Yusef looked puzzled and asked again. "Ms. Zeller, you said you wanted a chair?"

Yvette nodded and said, "Yes."

Yusef glanced at Jase, saw him nod lightly, and then quickly said, "Alright, I'll grab a chair right away. Just hang on?"

Jase already knew Yvette had some martial arts skills. He guessed she might be planning to swing the chair.

Exactly! He liked her personality. It was feisty enough.

Jase was worried the three might accidentally hurt Yvette, so he quickly gave them a warning look.

The three immediately got the hint.

Even if the granddaughter-in-law of Mr. Jase Chavez wanted to hit them with a chair or a stick, they wouldn't dare to fight back.

She was really the girlfriend of Mr. Jeremiah Chavez, the Living Reaper. They didn't have the courage to go against her.

The place fell silent for a moment.

Everyone was trying to figure out what the others were thinking

One minute later, Yusef hurriedly returned with the chair, handing it to Yvette with an eager smile.

Yvette put down the chair.

Just as the three prepared for a beating and Jase was about to disclose his identity, Yvette sat down

She crossed her legs, rested her chin on her pale hand, and slowly looked up.

Her eyes were blue and deep

A faint, subtle smile was on her lips, exuding a mix of mischief and roguishness.

Her voice was cold and detached. "If you're not finished with your fighting, just keep at it. Take a break if you get tired, and resume after you've rested."

The three of them looked utterly confused.

They thought, "What on earth is going on? This isn't just playing by unconventional rules. It is a complete plot twist! No wonder she had caught the attention of the Living Reaper.

She opens her mouth and seems ready to take Mr. Jase Chavez's life, and then suggests we rest and fight again. Isn't she practically telling us to fight Mr. Jase Chavez to the death? What a ruthless person!"

Yusef was completely stunned and thought, 'The girl who loves Jeremiah is not an average person.

Jase heard her words and gave Yvette a complicated look.

The pitiful 'old farmer' act disappeared in an instant.

His bent back straightened a bit.

For a moment, an elderly voice, full of authority, echoed. "When did you realize this was all just an act?"

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Yvette lowered her eyes and then looked up at Jase, who had stopped pretending.

His eyes were blue and intense.

She gave a slight smirk, tilted her head, and glanced casually at Yusef

Her voice was gentle and slow. She said, "First of all, how would a simple security guard know my last name is Zeller? How could he call me Ms. Zeller the very first time we met? Is he psychic or can he predict the future? There's only one

Planation-he already knew who I was. When he saw I was about to leave, he was desperate to involve me in this. Isn't that suspicious?

Yusef rubbed his nose.

It was definitely a rookie mistake. He had been too concerned about Mr. Jase Chavez's safety, which was why he slipped up.

Jase maintained a stern face, although he couldn't help the smile that tugged at his lips.

He continued to ask, "Just based on that? What does his mistake have to do with me, a simple farmer being chased for debts?"

Yvette crossed her legs, leaned back, and showed no fear at all in response to his questioning. She raised her eyebrows. Her boss-like posture left everyone else in the room at a loss for words. That was true audacity.

She remained so calm under Mr. Jase Chavez's questioning – Yusef had only seen one other person do it before.

It was Jeremiah, who had never been afraid of Mr. Jase Chavez even as a child, and now, Yvette was the second. A whole. family of rebels.

Yvette cleared her throat.

She looked at the three burly men standing there, like kids who had been caught doing something wrong.

She replied lazily, "Second, that kick just now was pretty fake. Were you trying to use a blind spot? Sorry, but I saw it clearly. With the righteous aura those three have, anyone with eyes should notice. Plus, the color on that dragon and tiger tattoo is fading

The three of them quickly looked at their tattoos and their hands

Sure enough, the too colors had started to fade, and some of the colors had smudged onto their hands.

They lowered their heads in embarrassment. They especially got tattoos to make the play look more realistic, with a dragon on the left, and a tiger on the right.

Jase noticed the tattoos fading colors, with his mustache twitching slightly. His eyes grew intense

He examined Yvette closely. "Alright, even if what you said is true, what does that have to do with me?" he asked.

Yvette looked at Jase, clicked her tongue, and replied slowly.

Her voice was calm. She said, "Old man, didn't you look in the mirror before putting on

Jase paused. "Look in the mirror?"

He looked completely puzzled. What did a mirror have to do with his act?

this act?"

09:54 Sun, Oct 20

Chapter 243

Yvette chuckled softly, with an indifferent tone, and her blue eyes half-closed.

She said, "You and Jeremiah have at least a seventy percent similarity in bone structure."

Jase immediately retorted, "I was way more handsome than that brat Jeremiah when I was young!"

Yvette shot back, "I don't think so,"

The conversation had reached this point.

Jase finally stopped asking questions. The girl's eyes were as sharp as a hawk's

And her observations were spot on. He said, "Yvette, since you saw through my act from the beginning, why did you just watch me perform instead of helping? It's not easy for an old man like me, you know. Why didn't you cooperate with my show in the end? It would have left a good impression if you saved me in this situation and showed your kindness."

Yvette stood up from the chair, her face showing indifference and her aura cool. Carelessly, she said, "It's not important."

Jase puffed his mustache in anger and stared wide-eyed.

Given his high rank, the other three thought he was truly angry and didn't dare to breathe loudly.

The old man was a veteran of the battlefield. When he got angry, his intimidating aura was something most people couldn't withstand.

He said, "Young lady, you must have guessed who I am by now, right? Aren't you afraid I'll get upset and stop you from marrying into the Chavez family? Force Jeremiah to break up with you and part you two lovebirds?"

Yvette was silent for a few seconds, When she looked up again, her eyes were blue and devoid of any warmth.

She asked straightforwardly, "Do you want Jeremiah to break up with me?"

Jase was momentarily at a loss for words.

He was just trying to scare the girl.

If they broke up, his grandson might never find someone else, just like his father who loved only one person for his entire life.

The men of the Chavez family were firm about their choice – there was no such thing as breaking up, and only death could separate them.

In the car, Jeremiab lowered his eyes, and then suddenly opened them, a look of understanding in his deep, cold eyes.

L

He spoke to Emmett, who was driving, "Turn the car around now

Emmett's hands moved faster than his mind, and he quickly made a U-turn.

He was puzzled as to why they suddenly turned back and thought. We have just left Skyland. Is Mr. Chavez missing Yvette again?

Emmett said, "Mr. Chavez, if we turn back now, we might not make it to the military base on time. Should we inform the deputy commander in advance?"

Jeremiah's fingers drummed on the armrest. Tap, tap, tap.

Emmett was baffled by the statement. "No need. His task has already failed."

20 minutes later, Jeremiah and Emmett were back in Skyland.

As soon as they got to the door, they saw three people standing in the yard... What a coincidence.

They were all familiar faces from the military. The three had been personally mentored by Jeremiah and were exceptional soldiers.

Emmett vaguely recognized them and was confused why they were there..

That was indeed a strange situation.

The three stood straight, eyes fixed ahead. They clearly preferred guard duty over acting.

As soon as they noticed Jeremiah approaching, they instantly stood even straighter, bodies tense, and their expressions stiffened.

To these soldiers, Jeremiah was like a hero.

The three saluted together.

"Good morning. Mr. Jeremiah Chavez, they greeted in unison.

Jeremiah had already pieced together most of the situation. He nodded slightly, his face expressionless.

Emmett asked, “Why are you three here?”

The three quickly explained, “Mr. Jeremiah Chavez, Emmett, we came with Mr. Jase Chavez

Jeremiah remained calm.

Emmett couldn't keep his cool. “Came with Mr. Jase Chavez, huh? So, where is he now?” he asked.

The three of them looked into the room. The meaning was clear, Emmett finally understood why Mr. Chavez was in such a rush to get back.

Mr. Jase Chavez came all the way to Skyland just to see his grandson's wife.

Emmett quickly figured it all out, No wonder Mr. Chavez said there was no need to inform the deputy commander. It was clear Mr. Jase Chavez and Mitchell were in cahoots to get Mr. Chavez out of the picture.

Emmett thought. What was going on inside? It is quite possible that trouble will arise considering their personalities. Yvette isn't afraid of anything, and Mr. Jase Chavez is aged and stubbornly – what if they don't agree? Are they arguing inside! If they really start fighting, who would Mr. Chavez support? One is the grandpa who has cared for him for years, and the other is the woman he loves deeply

That was a tough choice.

While Emmett was lost in thought, Jeremiah was already heading inside, snapping Emmett back to reality. He quickly followed.

In the living room, Yusef had just stepped out of the coffee room with coffee, running into Jeremiah and Emmett as they were coming in from outside.

With a broad smile, Yusef greeted Jeremiah, “Jeremiah, you're back already! Why so soon?”

Jeremiah nodded slightly, “Are they inside?”

Yusef nodded, “Yeah, Mr. Jase Chavez is inside, and Ms. Zeller is with him.”

Emmett chimed in. Tello, Uncle Gunnell.”

Yusef gave Emmett a quick look and said, “You look much stronger with your internal energy than before, kid.

Being a martial arts expert himself, Yusef immediately noticed the substantial improvement in Emmett's internal energy.

Emmett nodded sheepishly and said, "Thanks to Yvette

At that moment, a deep voice came from inside. "You rascal, back already and still dawdling?"

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 246

Jeremiah walked into the living room, with Yusef following behind him carrying two cups of coffee.

In the living room, Yvette and Jase were each sitting on opposite sides of a partially played chess. Obviously, the two were engaged in a game.

Jase and Yvette saw Jeremiah and the others come in but didn't feel like talking.

Yusef placed the two cups of coffee beside them and stepped back.

Emmett looked at the scene before him, unsure what to say.

Mr. Jase Chavez was in sync with Yvette.

Jeremiah went over, sat next to Yvette, and stayed quiet.

Jase gave him a sidelong glance.

That was typical of someone who forgot his granddad when he had a girlfriend.

The black pieces on the chess were already losing.

Jase stroked his beard, a hint of smugness in his eyes, maintaining his composure.

He deliberately said, "Hey, Yvette, look at this board, do we even need to continue?"

Yusef stood by Jase's side, while Emmett stood by Jeremiah and Yvette.

Both of them looked at the chessboard.

Mr. Jase Chavez's white pieces had indeed taken the lead, and the black pieces couldn't make a comeback anymore.

It was obvious that Yvette had lost the game and she lost badly.



Jeremiah speared a piece of sliced apple with his fork and held it up to Yvette to feed her.

Yvette naturally opened her mouth and ate it.

Emmett was already accustomed to it. He'd seen this so often that he was numb to it

But for Jase and Yusef across from them, it was the first time they had seen such a scene.

It was quite a shock.

Especially Jase, who felt extremely conflicted.

He never imagined his grandson could be so considerate when in love.

He thought, 'He feeds her apples? Are they not afraid of the sour

Jeremiah tilted his head and tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear.

His voice was gentle. "Let Grandpa win?"

Yvette slightly tilted her face, with a smile tugging at the corners of her lips, and her clear eyes focused on him.

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Chapter 240

She said. "Nope, just killing Jime out of boredom."

Jase wasn't having it, "Yvette, you can't back out. A bet's a bett

Yvette turned her head to Jase, her voice calm. "Continue)

Jase thought she wouldn't give up until the very end, but he was sure he'd win anyway, so he didn't mind waiting a bit longer.

So, they continued their match.

Half an hour later, the expressions of everyone, except for Yvette and Jeremiah, were filled with shock.

That was because they had watched Yvette cleverly turn the tables step by step during the half hour. It was a comeback victory against all odds.

In the end, the outcome of the board was clear the black pieces dominated

Yvette won. Jase's eyes twitched.

He finally realized that Yvette's boredom had been a ruse to let him win most of the game earlier.

Jase blushed slightly, coughed awkwardly, and took a sip of coffee.

He said, "This round is yours, Yvette."

Yvette twirled the black chess piece in her fingers, raised her chin, and teased, "Does it count?"

Seeing everyone looking at him, Jase replied with a hint of grievance, "You really don't give your grandpa any face, do you, girl?"

His tone was slightly pitiful.

Jeremiah paused for a moment, looking at Jase with an indifferent expression.

He said, "Grandpa, you're overacting."

Emmett... realized whose side Mr. Chavez would take if Yve and Mr. Jase Chavez had a conflict.

Jase was momentarily choked up and thought, "What an ungrateful kid! He is always trying to undermine me

Seeing this. Yusef quickly gave Jase a way out.

He said, "Mr. Jase Chavez, Mr. Clifford Chavez just called. He asked if you're coming back for dinner today."

L

Jase nodded in satisfaction, finally feeling comforted. At least his son still thought of him.

He was happy, glanced at Jeremiah, and gave a light snort.

Putting on airs, he said, "Tell Clifford I'm not coming back for dinner today. I'll head to Walter's place instead."

Yusef nodded and immediately called Clifford back...

“Chifford, Mr. Jase Chavez says he’s not coming back, so you dont need to go out of your way to prepare anything

On the other end of the line, Clifford’s voice came through the phone and was heard clearly by Jeremiah, Yvette, and

Erumelt.

“Alright, sounds good. It’s Aurora. She let me ask if Dad is coming home for dinner. Let’s just have him eat at Uncle Walter’s place, so Aurora won’t have to work all day. She’s already exhausted. That’s settled. Hanging up.”

Chapter 246

Jase’s smug smile froze un his face.

He took a deep breath and told himself. This is my very child, my child... Forget about my childr

He felt the urge to go back and strangle that little rascal,

He was just another one who forgot his dad once he had got a wife.

The scene was filled with awkward silence.

Yusef quickly hung up the phone.

Act

Yusef thought, “I have planned they would act as firefighters. They are just making things worse.

Yvette carefully placed her black chess piece down, looked up at Jeremiah, and said, “Tm hungry. Let’s have some steak.”

Jeremiah nodded, stood up, and gently ruffled her hair. It was soft and smooth.

Tll go and get some materials now, Wait for me,” he said.

Turning to Jase, he said, “Grandpa, want to join us?

Jase considered pretending to shrug it off, but he was really afraid that his grandson would actually leave him out.

It would be awkward.

Yvette gave him a quick glance. A small smile tugged at her lips.

“The loser has to grant the winner one request. Mine is that you stay and have steak with us.”

Jase was secretly pleased but put on a reluctant front and nodded.

“Alright then, I’ll stay and have a meal with you, young lady,” he said.

an

He was a man of high status. Usually, he was too busy to enjoy a simple home-cooked meal, and with Jeremiah’s naturally cold demeanor from a young age, the chances they had dinner together were rare.

Emmett and Yusef both noticed how happy Jase was.

The two of them volunteered to take on the task of preparing the materials.

Once everyone left, only Yvette and Jase were left in the living room.

Jase looked at Yvette with a kind expression.

He took a sip of the coffee and spoke in a gentle, lingering tone, International youth painter Cyanbird? Brilliant physicist S who played a crucial role in developing the new energy project? True behind-the-scenes investor of Sunrise Group? Founder of the brand Vibe? Top-level confidential officer for Interpol?”

Jase’s status meant that Yvette’s identities could never stay hidden.

Honestly, Jase

e was quite surprised when he discovered all these. His grandson certainly had a sharp eye.

Yvette was only in her early twenties but had all these positions. Any one of them would put her at the top of the pyramid.

But Yvette was so calm and unperturbed by honor or disgrace. Just that poise alone was enough to qualify her as the future matriarch of the Chavez family

Yvette didn’t have any reaction to these remarks, and she merely lifted her eyes slightly

With stunning features her deep, blue eyes had a cold, trembling look. “So what?” she asked.

Jase paused slightly with the coffee cup in his hand, a flicker in his eyes. In a soft voice, he asked, "So which one is the real you?"

Yvette curled her lips, leaned back, and crossed her legs, giving off a lazy and carefree vibe.

"Every single one of them is me. There's no conflict," she answered.

Jase stared at her. For a long moment, "You've passed the test."

Yvette casually tapped her foot, meeting Jase's gaze.

She said. "Actually, from the start, today's test was a setup. You wanted me to find a flaw. You were more interested in testing my skills in observation and how I handled the situation. In other words, if I had arrogantly jumped in to help you, helpless farmer. I bet you wouldn't be sitting here right now."

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 247

Jase's eyes were sharp as he looked at Yvette, stroking his beard.

He spoke with a voice that held the cold authority of someone in charge.

"Yvette, you're indeed very clever. If you had stepped in to help me just now, I'd have been disappointed. The Chavez family doesn't need a hostess who's overly kind and naive, easily trusting others without forming her own opinions. I'm glad you're so calm and rational.

Yvette's fingers gently tapped the tabletop in a steady rhythm.

Her usual cool demeanor showed in her raised eyebrows and the corners of her eyes.

She said. "It won't happen again."

Jase had some understanding of her personality.

She had a reputation that didn't quite match her presence, and meeting her, his granddaughter-in-law, felt like meeting a thorny rose.

Yet, he couldn't deny that there was something impressive about her. Only those with real talent could afford a temper

Someone like her was truly suited to be the hostess of the Chavez family.

Jase wasn't upset by her words. Instead, he paused and switched the topic.

He muttered, Jeremiah really has a great taste, doesn't he? How did he manage to win you over? My grandson doesn't have the best personality or charm and isn't great at-making girls laugh. Besides inheriting my handsome looks, how did he catch your eye?"

Yvette's eyes were expressionless. Her usual laziness was apparent as her lips curled into a mischievous grin.

She glanced past him. With a light and slow voice, she asked, 'Is it strange that I have a crush on him?"

Jase cleared his throat and was about to say something when a familiar, cold voice interrupted. "Grandpa, what is strange?"

Jase's face froze, and his back straightened, as an icy chill swept over him.

That was when he realized he had been outsmarted by the girl

Emmett was with Jeremiah. The grandpa was caught talking badly about his grandson! It was awkward.

The thing was that neither the grandpa nor the grandson were average people. One was a marshal in Clusia, and the other was a Major General.

If that wasn't handled well, it could easily turn a family conflict into a political scandal.

The girl was really tough. It was totally a situation to avoid!

Jase turned around and gave Jeremiah a warm, yet nervous, look.

"Oh hey, grandson, how did you get back so fast?" he said.

Jeremiah narrowed his eyes, staring intently at the smiling old man, and a smirk formed on his lips.

Jase always found that smile a bit intimidating.

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His grandson's smile never-geant anything good

And right in the next moment, it was just as he predicted.

"Grandpa, is it true that Grandma said she wasn't that interested in you and only gave in because you kept bugging her?" Jeremiah asked.

Emmett moved at lightning speed, immediately covering his ears with a sincere look directed at Jase.

His eyes expressed his loyalty. It meant “Mr. Jase Chavez, I didn’t hear anything.”

Jase’s mouth twitched. His anger made his blood pressure soar. The brat just stabbed him right in the heart without a second thought.

It was his wife who was infatuated with him and pursued him first. But finally he was the clingy one.

His entire reputation was ruined by this cheeky kid.

Jase felt like even eating steak wouldn’t prevent indigestion.

Anyway, he’d already met that girl, and staying any longer might just give him a heart attack.

He might go and find Walter for a game of chess.

Jase stood up, his eighty-year-old body still quite agile.

He waved his hand and said, “Alright, alright, I’ve been busy for a while now. My old bones can’t take it. You guys go ahead, and enjoy your meal without me.”

He then turned to Yvette and said, “Girl, if you have time, come back to the old manor to see this old man. I wasn’t serious during our chess game today. Just wait for next time. I’ll surely bear you. Come by the old manor in a couple of days. My daughter-in-law is eager to see you.

Emmett had been by Jeremiah’s side for so many years.

Every time they went to see Mr. Jase Chavez was during formal events.

Mr. Jase Chavez was very serious. Even a slight frown from him would make those below tremble with fear.

However, the attitude of Mr. Jase Chavez toward Yvette was extremely kind and friendly.

It seemed Mr. Jase Chavez had accepted Yvette.

No wonder she was brave enough to kill a giant python in the rainforest without a blink. She managed to easily handle such a significant figure like the old man in less than half a day.

It was remarkable. He was completely convinced.

Yvette also stood up, calm and composed, and her brows slightly furrowed. "Okay," she said.

Jase felt that he had lost face today and needed to find a way to regain it.

So when he reached the entrance of the living room, he paused and glanced at Yvette, and then at Jeremiah.

"I have photos of little Jeremiah dressed as a girl when he was three. Do you want to take a look when you visit?" he asked.

Yvette lifted her eyes. Concise and to the point, she said calmly. Sure, I'll take a look."

Jeremiah was speechless.

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Chapter 247

Emmett thought, This grandparent–grandchild duo is going all out to mess with each other.

He really wanted to see Mr. Chavez in women's clothing too!

There was no need to guess it was definitely Aurora's doing. She was famously known for preferring girls over boys,

96%71

People outside didn't believe she was biased towards girls. In high society, all people would want a son to secure their status.

But everyone in the Chavez family knew that before Mr. Chavez was born, all she prepared were baby girl items and a princess bedroom.

When Mr. Chavez was born, she almost fell into depression.

Her dream of having a sweet, soft little girl turned out to be a boy.

Aurora was simply obsessed with appearances,

Mr. Chavez, when he was a child, completely won back Aurora's affection with his "looks."



Jase and Yusef walked to the door.

Jase's personal car was ready, with two military vehicles following behind.

His safety was a national priority, allowing no room for error.

He required round-the-clock personal protection.

It was safe to say that assassination was impossible in Clusia. Even if an assassin shot once, there was no chance for a second shot.

The three soldiers who were acting earlier had also changed back into their uniforms.

They looked completely different from before. Jeremiah quietly followed behind.

Seeing this, Yusef knew they wanted to talk and stepped aside.

He gave them some space, Jase's expression was stern. He turned around, glaring at Jeremiah.

"Instead of going back to keep Yvette company, you're here to see me off. Just say what you want to say."

Jeremiah stood in the sunlight with his lips pursed, his deep, blue eyes were intense and cold.

"Grandpa, it won't happen again."

Jase heard this twice in an hour and didn't know what to say.

They were playing a telepathy game with him. They really were in sync.

He initially planned to tell his grandson about Yvette's true identity. Now? No way, he'd let the kid guess for himself.

If one was going to set up his grandson, he might see it all the way through.

"Listen, you brat," Jase said, "I haven't done anything about Yvette yet. Look, I'm not that idle. That girl is truly remarkable. Since you acknowledge her worth, treat her well. I'm too old to interfere with your love matters. Anyway, I'm off.."

After Jase and the others left. Jeremiah's phone rang in his pocket, and he answered it.

It was an international call from Bruce. "Mr. Chavez, Frankie has already obediently gone to Afria. The gold mine there is expected to be completely tapped in about a week."

Jeremiah held the phone; his face expressionless, and respond

Bruce continued, "Mr. Chavez, I've informed Braydon of your dispatched his personal guardsman, a hitman known in the str kill you. Our people are keeping a close eye on The Phantom"

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 248

Jeremiah was calm and composed. He was silent for a few seconds and said, "he informed Phantom about my whereabouts. in Seacrity. Does he think Clusia is a place where he can come and go as he wishes? Since he's here, make sure he stays permanently

Jeremiah's voice was calm, but Bruce sensed the strong threat in his last words, and thought, "We finally face off against the Goodman family in the open

"Understood, Mr. Chavez. I'll pass the information on to Braydon. As for Phantom, should we keep him on hold for you to handle personally, or take him out on the spot?"

Jeremiah paused for a moment, his gaze cold. He said the most ruthless words in the calmest tone.

Jeremiah said. "Take his body to the Goodman family"

Bruce showed that he understood.

The Phantom, who had recently received a task from Braydon while far away in Mysonna, never thought he would be immediately captured upon landing in Seacrity. Before he could even meet Jeremiah in person, he died and his body was sent to Mysonna

Jeremiah hung up and returned to the living room, where Emmett washed vegetables in the kitchen, and Emmett looked professional.

Jeremiah didn't like strangers coming to his house, so Emmett took care of most of Skyland's affairs.

Occasionally, Aurora would send a servant from the Chavez family to clean, and it'd been for years.

Yvette was idly playing with her phone, lounging lazily on the couch. Just a moment ago, she received a text from an unknown number.

[Hello Siren, it's James. Simon mentioned you've arrived in Betrico. Are you free to meet up tomorrow?]

Yvette's pale fingers tapped lightly on the phone screen, sending a brief message.

Yvette: [Sure, when and where?]

In less than half a minute, a response from an unknown number appeared,

[10:30, at Bamboo Hall Don't miss it.]

Yvette heard footsteps approaching, so she tilted her head slightly to casually glance at Jeremiah who had entered. Yvette put her phone away and looked at his deep eyes, She propped up her chin and chuckled softly. "Women's clothes?"

Jeremiah paused and casually walked over to the couch and sat next to Yvette.

Jeremiah was a little embarrassed, pulling Yvette into his arms with a raised eyebrow, and said slowly, "Jase was just making up stories."

Yvette leaned back comfortably into Jeremiah's arms, looking up at him naturally. Her eyes were cold, and she asked, "Really?"

Jeremiah tidied Yvette's hair gently and cleared his throat and said, "It was just that once."

Jeremiah thought, "Why does getting caught in a lie happen so quickly?"

Yvette smiled and said in a soft voice, "I bet it looked pretty good"

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Chapter 248

Emmett stepped out of the kitchen wearing an apron, having just finished washing the vegetables. He interrupted the intense gaze between Jeremiah and Yvette.

Emmett said, "Mr. Chavez, Yvette, the veggies are-"

Seeing them, Emmett abruptly stopped talking and thought, "I need to pretend I see nothing"

The next day, Jeremiah headed to the army base early in the morning to handle some military affairs.

Yvette casually picked a sleek black scooter from the parking garage, which was so inconspicuous as it was tucked away

the corner.

Yvette hopped on, secured her helmet, and headed straight for Bamboo Hall, conveniently close to Skyland

Inside the security booth, the guard who was swapped out yesterday was back at his post. As he looked up, he saw the beautiful girl Yvette riding a sleek black scooter out of the gates.

The guard rubbed his eyes in disbelief. It was the first time he'd seen someone using a scooter at Skyland.

in

The residents here were either high-ranking officials or wealthy tycoons, and they traveled in luxury cars. Even the servants drove BMWs for grocery shopping, so seeing a scooter was surprising for the guard.

Yvette parked her scooter at the entrance of Bamboo Hall. The scooter was surrounded by an assortment of luxury making it stand out quite a bit.

cars,

Yvette walked up to the entrance and saw two young women in gowns with their hair elegantly styled who were elegant. The two young women saw Yvette step off her black scooter, so their attitudes inevitably became dismissive.

Since all patrons at Bamboo Hall came from the social elite, the servants here were arrogant. The two servants were jealous of Yvette's beauty and looked even more disdainful at the unknown brand-name clothes Yvette was wearing.

So the two exchanged a knowing glance and adopted an air of superiority.

One of the two girls said, "Hello, are you here to dine? Bamboo Hall is a members-only restaurant. We don't admit walk-ins The minimum for a membership card is 1.5 million dollars. If you're interested, please come with me to handle the application

Yvette's face showed no emotion, and her cold, beautiful eyebrows were exceptionally striking.

With one hand in her pocket, Yvette walked up the steps. Her long legs were straight and fair-skinned. Her eyes were cold, with brown pupils that were aloof and indifferent. When she raised her eyes, her gaze was as calm as a deep pool.

Yvette asked, "1.5 million dollars? Is that enough?"

The two servants looked even more disdainful when they heard this.

The thought, 'Is this pretty girl out of her mind to ask if 1.5 million dollars is enough? Her pocket is probably empty. 1.5 million dollars? She probably can't even pull out 150 dollars. With only a pretty face, what is she trying to do here?'

One of the taller servants grew a bit impatient and mocked Yvette. "Miss, if you don't have 1.5 million dollars, stop lingering here. We're about to host an important guest, Mr. Owens, the director of Betrico's physics lab. You might be better off trying the diners two blocks away because they're more suited for ordinary people."

The other servant, with his newly done nose, added, "Miss, there are plenty of food stalls on the next street. They'll fill you up

Just then, a man in a well-tailored suit came out, glanced at Yvette, and said rudely. "What are you two doing here? Get that irrelevant person out quickly. Don't let her delay the important quests we're expecting"

The two servants gave the man a flattering smile and said, "Okay, Mr. Lake. We're not sure what's wrong with this girl. She acts like she doesn't understand us. She's trying to come in and spend money without a membership. We kindly explained the store rules to her, but she didn't listen."

The underlying message was that Yvette was stubbornly hanging around here and wouldn't leave.

Yvette glanced at the three of them casually, bent one knee, took out her phone, and called right in front of them. The person on the other end answered quickly.

Yvette was concise and clear. "Withdraw the investment from Bamboo Hall,"

The person on the other end of the line didn't hesitate to agree and asked, "What happened? Did someone from Bamboo Hall foolishly offend you? Do you want me to handle it personally?"

Yvette replied, "No need."

Yvette hung up the phone after speaking.

In a skyscraper located in the busiest business district, an attractive woman in business attire appeared around twenty-seven years old. Her makeup was flawless, and her hair was casually styled.

The girl looked at the phone that had just been hung up, shook her head in resignation, and thought, "Yvette hasn't changed

The girl had just learned three days ago that Yvette would be coming to Betrico, so she insisted on inviting Yvette for a meal. only to be met with a firm refusal

There was nothing the girl could do but wait for Yvette to come to Betrico and make an early reservation for the next time.

But the girl thought Bamboo Hall must have a death wish to dare to offend Yvette, and she immediately called the internal line for her secretary.

Bamboo Hall had been waiting for the investment from the girl for almost a year. It was supposed to be finalized soon, and, she was glad she didn't go through with the proposal.

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 249

Yvette hung up the phone..

The three people at the door stared at her. The general manager and the young heir of Bamboo Hall was Samuel.

Samuel just returned from abroad this year to take over Bamboog Hall. He was trying to operate Bamboo Hall more internationally, always looking for overseas companies to collaborate with to expand the business

Samuel gave Yvette a cold look, subtly sizing her up.

Samuel thought, 'Sure, she's pretty, but stupid. She talks about withdrawing investments. What a joke!

Samuel said. "Miss, that call you made was so phony. I don't know where you heard that I was looking for investment and who you called. Have you ever found out what Bamboo Hall is? You think you can just act here?"

The two girls tried hard to impress Samuel, so they were doing their best to make a great impression. A girl said. "Miss, our manager already asked you to leave. Why stick around and humiliate yourself?"

Another tall girl didn't want to miss out and said, "Miss, are you up to something?"

That thought hadn't crossed Samuel's mind, but hearing it from the tall girl made his vanity grow.

Samuel thought. The girl's look and charm were indeed great. If she wants to be with me, I will agree.

With this thought, Samuel's attitude improved, and he looked at Yvette with an arrogant gaze and said, "Miss, if you want to date me, I will agree, but today isn't the best time. Mr. Owens is coming to dine with an important guest soon. There's no time for me to date you now. Come back tomorrow, and we can talk then."

The two servants were furious.

They thought they had set things up for Yvette on a silver platter because they didn't expect Samuel to like Yvette.

They didn't dare complain in front of Samuel and could only glare at Yvette, seething with anger.

Yvette stayed silent from start to finish, watching the three of them put on their act.

Yvette looked up, and her eyes sparkled with coldness, exuding a frightful aura, her gaze as icy as ever

The two servants instinctively took a step back, scared by Yvette's gaze.

At that moment, Samuel's phone suddenly rang in his pocket, and a sudden nervousness washed over Samuel without reason

Samuel took out his phone and relaxed when he saw his dad's name. He thought it was probably another call urging him to come home for dinner.

Samuel didn't wait for his dad to speak before jumping in, 'Dad, I told you that I'm not coming home for dinner today. Mr. Owens is coming over and I'm busy at Bamboo Hall. Just eat by yourself.

A loud angry shout came from the other end, and the two servants shivered with fear.

"What have you been busy with all day? The investment deal fell through, and FastPulse Technologies mentioned that their manager rejected our investment proposal. Over a year of effort has gone to waste. What happened? Wasn't this supposed to be a done deal? Something must have gone wrong. Check it out and see if there's any chance of saving it."

Samuel held the phone, shocked, suddenly recalling the call Yvette made earlier.

Samuel's jaw was tightly clenched, and he stared at Yvette in disbelief, his face flushed with anger.

Samuel's voice trembled, no longer arrogant, as he spoke into the phone, "Dad, I know what's going on. I'll talk to you later."

Samuel quickly hung up the phone.

The two servants heard every word spoken over the phone. Like Samuel, they remembered the scene that had just happened and were frozen. Then they lowered their heads, feeling ashamed, not daring to make a sound,

The two servants knew they just offended Yvette, an important person.

The two servants thought, "It's over. We will be fired.

Samuel was stunned. He had never run into Yvette during all his time in Betrico, and he was shocked that Yvette could make FastPulse Technologies pull their investment in a short time,

This was so ridiculous that no one would believe it.

The general manager of FastPulse Technologies, Lucy Raglan, was known as a formidable woman who never followed anyone's orders.

Samuel gritted his teeth. Given the situation, he had no choice but to apologize.

Samuel thought, 'She is a girl, and some sweet-talking will work

Samuel put on a gentlemanly demeanor as if the arrogant and harsh person from earlier wasn't him.

Samuel gently explained to Yvette. "Miss, I truly apologize for my rudeness earlier. I was swayed by these two servants' words and formed a bias. I'm sincerely sorry and hope you'll forgive me. Of course, I apologize for my impulsiveness and hope it won't affect your dining experience"

After saying this to Yvette, Samuel turned and sternly scolded the two servants.

"You two, come over here and apologize to this young lady. If she doesn't forgive you, you can't work at Bamboo Hall. You might as well pack your things and leave."

The two servants couldn't care less about dignity and burst into tears immediately, and they said, "We're sorry, miss. We shouldn't have treated you so rudely. Please don't take it into your heart and forgive us. If we lose our jobs, we're done for."

Yvette stood on the steps with her hands in her pockets, looking at them casually, and she slowly curled her lips into a cool smile.

Yvette thought. They are so ridiculous. Does an apology mean I have to forgive?"

All three thought they had convinced Yvette with their words, thinking she would forgive them, Yvette's words crushed their hopes completely.

Yvette said, "Forgive you?"

The three looked at Yvette expectantly, waiting for Yvette to say she wouldn't hold a grudge.



The next second, Yvette continued to say, “No way.”

Yvette was so determined.

The three were instantly stunned

Samuel was furious, and he couldn't hide his anger.

But thinking of FastPulse Technologies investment, Samuel held back his anger and had to blame it on the two servants.

Samuel thought the reason Yvette was upset was because of the two servants, so he was going to fire them.

Samuel said coldly to the two servants, “Since this young lady won't forgive you, don't blame me. Go and process your resignations, and you can't work at Bamboo Hall anymore.”

Upon hearing this, the two servants finally stopped crying, and they glared at Yvette with hatred but didn't dare say anything, so they had to step aside and wait.

Samuel ignored them because his priority was to salvage the investment from FastPulse Technologies.

Samuel wore a big smile and said, “Miss, I've resolved the issue and fired them. Could you ask your friend, Ms. Raglan, the general manager of FastPulse Technologies to reconsider withdrawing? A partnership between Bamboo Hall and FastPulse Technologies benefits both parties, right? It's a win-win situation, and it would be a shame to let such a minor issue ruin it.” Samuel believed he had clearly explained the pros and cons of the situation, so he thought Yvette would agree.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, a mischievous smirk on her lips, her eyes icy. “Are you done?”

Samuel nodded and said, “Miss, I don't know what kind of relationship you have with Ms. Raglan, but in Betrico, the Lake family has some influence and connections. Getting too tense won't help you.”

Samuel words were full of threats but he showed his respect to Yvette.

Samuel thought he was playing a clever game.

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Upon hearing this, Yvette turned to look at Samuel, his brow raised, exuding defiance.

Just then, a white car pulled up in front of the Bamboo Hall, with a black car following behind.

The car doors opened, and an old man got out of the vehicle whose hair was gray and neatly combed.

The old man was dressed in a dark patterned suit that was handmade and worth a lot.

Then, a young boy stepped out. The boy was thin, and he immediately moved closer to the old man as he got out.

The boy lowered his head, counting on his fingers and muttering words under his breath that no one else could understand.

A bodyguard from the car behind handed over a cane that had been prepared in advance.

The old man took the cane and looked at Yvette and Samuel standing on the steps.

From the old man's position, only Yvette's back was visible, but he could see Samuel

The old man frowned slightly.

Samuel saw that Yvette was unfazed by his tactics.

Just as Samuel was about to threaten her, he noticed the old man getting out of the car.

Samuel quickly adjusted his suit and walked over, speaking with respect and modesty when he reached the old man.

"Mr. Owens, you're here. The private room is ready, and I'm waiting for you and your esteemed guests."

The old man was James, the director of the National Physics Lab in Betrico, one of Clusia's three most respected elders. James had been a leading figure in Clusia's physics field, one of the first to study abroad and return to contribute.

It was fair to say James dedicated his entire youth to Clusia's physics projects.

James witnessed firsthand Clusia's physics achievements reaching their present level and played an indispensable role. Samuel had only encountered James twice, and this was the second meeting, so they weren't familiar with each other.

Even ten families like the Lake family wouldn't get the attention of the Owens family.

Samuel deliberately acted very friendly with James to send a message to Yvette, letting her know that Bamboo Hall shouldn't be underestimated.

James observed Samuel's behavior but didn't say anything because he didn't see the point in fussing over the youngster Samuel.

James tilted his head and smiled kindly, looking at the boy who was mumbling with his head down. James said softly, "Michael, go in with me. Soon, you'll meet the person you've been eager to see." Michael with his head down suddenly looked up, and his delicate face showed. Michael's eyes were shiny. There wasn't a trace of evil thought in his gaze, and it was as clear as a baby's. Michael nodded excitedly, clutching James's sleeve tightly and urged. "Grandpa, let's hurry. I can't wait

Seeing this, Samuel curled his lips with disdain and thought, "The boy named Michael is probably the fool of the Owens family. James is so poor to have such a fate. His son and daughter-in-law died young, and his grandson became mentally challenged in that car accident

Michael immediately sensed the hostility from Samuel and quickly stepped back, looking fearfully at Samuel while shaking his head.

James didn't truly understand what Michael meant, so he could only reassure Michael not to be scared

Samuel seized the chance to chime in. "Mr. Owens, should we go inside first? Has your guest arrived? Do you need me to wait here personally?"

James watched Yvette who was slowly turn around to face him, and a look of excitement washed over his face. James leaned on his cane, moved past Samuel who was waiting for a reply, and headed straight toward Yvette.

Michael followed closely, not lifting his head, maintaining every step.

Samuel, bewildered, quickly followed them.

James, using his cane, walked to the bottom of the steps and stood before Yvette.

James' voice quivered slightly. "When do you get here? Why don't you send me a message? Have you been waiting long? Are you tired? Come inside quickly, and the sun is so strong out here. You're a fair-skinned girl, so you shouldn't get tan."

Samuel's footsteps came to an abrupt halt not far away, and he looked blankly at the scene ahead, his face turning a shade of gray. A deep sense of despair rose within him.

If FastPulse Technologies wouldn't invest in Bamboo Hall, they could seek another company.

But Yvette being so familiar with James made things serious.

If James found out about what just happened, judging by James's attitude towards Yvette, Bamboo Hall would go

business.

Many people find it hard even to meet James, let alone have a conversation with him.

The scene was too overwhelming for Samuel, and he felt he could barely breathe.

Yvette stayed calm, nodding politely at James. She said calmly. "Let's choose another."

out of

James paused for a moment, turned his head, and looked at Samuel who had a look of avoidance and fear. James had already guessed something bad must have happened before he arrived that upset Yvette.

James suddenly appeared more imposing

James tapped the floor with his cane, which left Samuel who was farther away completely flustered.

Samuel was extremely panicked.

Michael stared directly at Yvette, and when Yvette's gaze swept over, he shyly looked away.

Michael hid beside James, stealing glances at Yvette, and Michael's eyes were shining.

James said. "Let's go to another place. We've been eating at Bamboo Hall for so many years, and it's become old news and it's time to try something new.

Hearing this, Samuel collapsed onto the floor in despair. He knew James was the key figure responsible for Bamboo Hall's current status and prestige.

In Betrico's upper-classeireles, it was due to James's calligraphy for Bamboo Hall that intellectuals initially supported Bamboo Hall.

If James's words today were to spread around, Bamboo Hall would surely lose many of its upscale clients.

Bamboo Hall wouldn't have such a bright future. The ordinary person would not spend 1.5 million dollars on a membership card to dine.

Right now, Samuel felt like he was about to faint.

Yvette nodded slightly.

Samuel could only watch helplessly as the three of them left. He shakily took out his phone and called back.

The call went through.

Samuel said, "Dad, our Bamboo Hall is over."

After the three left, James found another restaurant that was especially discreet and also required membership.

Although the decor wasn't as nice as Bamboo Hall, the food was even better.

After sitting down, James told his bodyguards to leave and only Yvette, James, and Michael were in the private room

James was the first to speak, with a hint of reflection. "Hello, Siren. If I hadn't seen you for myself today, I would find it hard to believe that you're Siren."

Yvette pursed her lips, slightly lowering her gaze, her elegant fingers lightly holding the coffee cup. Yvette spoke gently, "Call me Yvette, and it was just a lucky break."

James waved his hand and spoke sincerely, "Yvette, the new energy projects have also been researched by labs abroad. If you had given your thesis and experimental data to them, I'm sure you would've gotten a significant reward. But you didn't, and you gave it to Simon anonymously in exchange for a spot at Argrol University. That's an unfair trade. With that data, you could have gotten into Mysonna's top university, not to mention an unknown one like Argrol University. It shows you love your country."

Yvette took a sip of water and set the glass down, her eyes flickering momentarily. She said, "No."

James chuckled, looking at Yvette with a confident expression. "You can't deny it. Even if you did, I wouldn't believe it."

James thought Patriots were always so humble.

Yvette was speechless.