

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 251

Yvette figured it was pointless to explain, so she stopped talking and sipping her coffee silently.

James shifted his gaze and turned to look at Michael who was sneaking glances at Yvette. James' gaze softened.

James said. "Michael, this is the person you've been wanting to meet, Siren, or Yvette. You can call her Yvette."

Yvette just lifted her eyes a bit, silently accepting the familiarity

Michael timidly lifted his head to sneak a peek at Yvette, and his eyes were full of joy. Then Michael shyly lowered his head, nervously fidgeting with his hands, hesitatingly managing to say complete sentence.

Michael said. "Yvette, I'm Michael"

James reassuringly patted Michael on his shoulder and he glanced at Yvette, feeling a bit embarrassed.

James said. "I'm sorry. Yvette. Michael has a few quirks. He likes your papers and has wanted to meet you. I hope you don't mind."

Yvette lifted her gaze and casually glanced at Michael, showing no curiosity.

The calmness in Yvette's gaze was completely free of malice, which made James feel a bit moved..

For years, others had looked at Michael with a hint of malice and disdain. They wouldn't dare to show it in front of James, but James noticed it

James sighed. "Michael is..."

Yvette put down her cup and calmly said, "Autism."

James was taken aback for a moment, then nodded at Yvette.

As James remembered past events, a deep sorrow appeared on his face. He spoke solemnly, "Yes, Michael is an autistic child." Yvette raised an eyebrow and narrowed her eyes, and her fingers were lightly tapping on the table.

Yvette said, "Autism, also known as autistic disorder, is a key condition of pervasive developmental disorders (PDD). Currently, PDD is categorized into five types: autistic

disorder, Kett's syndrome, childhood disintegrative disorder, Asperger's syndrome, and unspecified PDD. Among these, autistic disorder and Asperger's syndrome are the most common."

James was shocked for a few seconds and thought, 'Yvette knows such professional terms, so it's obvious she's done some

research.

James asked, "Yvie, have you also done research in this area?"

Yvette said politely, I've read a few books when I was bored, so I wouldn't call it research

James made a sound of acknowledgment, feeling a bit disappointed.

It would be great if Yvette had autism research. Maybe Michael could be helped.

James didn't know why but had an inexplicable confidence in Yvette.

James believed that a genius shone in any area.

James reminisced with Yvette. "Yvette, Michael's condition is mainly because of me. Over twenty years ago, I was working on a crucial research project we could develop that technology, our country would of physics I didn't go home for three years because I was always in the lab. That one the gap with Mysonna in the field

year, during Christmas. I finally managed to take a day off. My son and daughter-in-law were in a car accident as they hurried back to reunite for the celebration. They both died in that crash, leaving Michael as the only survivor. Witnessing the entire accident left a major mark on his heart, and that's why he is like this now."

As James spoke, his voice caught with emotion.

For all these years, James had been tormented by guilt. If it weren't for him, the accident wouldn't have happened.

En out

James felt responsible for the deaths of his son and daughter-in-law, and for causing his only grandson Michael to turn like this.

Michael looked at James with confusion, watching James crying made Michael feel panic.

Michael said, "Don't cry... Don't cry."

Michael awkwardly wiped James's face with his sleeve.

James quickly comforted Michael. "Don't worry. I'm not crying

Seeing that James wasn't crying anymore, Michael hesitantly put down his sleeve, and then he lowered his head and started counting his fingers and mumbled words that no one else could understand.

That was a series of strange numbers.

Seeing Michael like this, James felt even more heartbroken because Michael still didn't understand anything

Yvette watched the scene and listened to Michael's mumbled words. A hint of understanding flashed through her charming eyes:

Yvette said to James, "All these years, you've been consciously guiding Michael's interests and nurturing his focus, haven't you?"

James was surprised that Yvette noticed this, and he quickly nodded, and his hand, holding the cane, trembled slightly. James said, "Yes. When Michael was seven, I noticed he had an amazing ability to focus for his age. He seemed to have a natural knack for physics. Once he started on experiments, he ignored everything else. I could only teach him by myself. I've grown old and perhaps a bit selfish, so I don't want him to follow the path I took. I hope he can have a simple and safe life.

Yvette looked steadily at Michael and said, "Lift your head."

James gave a wry smile because Michael would never listen to a stranger.

Just as James was about to say something, he heard Michael say, "I'm good, and I lift my head."

In shock, James turned around stiffly and saw Michael had already raised his head, staring intently at Yvette.

James could hardly believe what he was seeing.

After all these years, this was the first time Michael listened to one's advice.

Tears streamed down James's wrinkled face.

At that moment, James wasn't the revered elder known to all, just an ordinary grandpa.

Yvette pressed her lips together, meeting Michael's gaze. "How old are you?"

Michael said. "I'm twenty-five years old now?"

Yvette paused and asked. "What did your grandpa do three days ago?"

Without thinking. Michael said, "Grandpa got up in the morning and had some soup"

Yvette patiently listened as Michael explained what James had done over the past three days, and there wasn't a hint of impatience on her face.

Michael said, "Grandpa spent half an hour on the phone with Mary, and she said Grandpa was frivolous"

James quickly covered Michael's mouth, and his face flushed. He hastily said. "Yvette, don't listen to what Michael is saying. Mary and I have a strong and simple relationship between colleagues."

Yvette nodded and smiled, her eyebrows lowered slightly. She slowly said, "Yeah, that's true."

James felt his cheeks turning crimson with embarrassment, knowing this was a mess he couldn't easily clean up.

Yvette turned her gaze back to Michael, her fingers rhythmically drumming on the table.

Yvette said. "He has talents associated with autism. Some people excel in music, calculations, dates, mechanical memory. and recitation, but his brilliance is in physics. With your guidance over the years, he has developed his own complete thought system. He's a genius.

It was the first time James had heard such a statement.

Previously, all the doctors had told James how difficult, dull, and manic Michael was. Now Yvette was telling James Michael was a genius.

Yvette's words were heartfelt, and he could tell they were genuine

Suddenly, a long-held burden in James' heart dissolved.

James suddenly didn't feel the need to hold on anymore.

As long as Michael was doing well, nothing else mattered more.

And it was all thanks to Yvette.

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 252

James composed himself.

James had somewhat lost his composure today.

At his age, James couldn't stay as calm as Yvette.

James said. "Yvette, I'm really embarrassed today. I'm sorry."

Yvette nodded slightly, her expression as cool as ever. "It's fine."

Yvette had a lot of respect for James who devoted his entire life to the country.

James spent a whole lifetime to his career, which was easy to say, but hard to do.

mate

As the food arrived, the three of them ate quietly..

While eating. James noticed Yvette liked the shrimp, so he even called the waiter to order another plate of shrimp.

As the meal was coming to an end, James brought up the new energy launch again. "Yvette, are you not planning to show up at the new energy launch? The world's media will be there."

Yvette took a sip of her juice and said casually, "Nope."

Wette decisively turned down James's invite again, and James wasn't surprised because he thought Yvette was indeed, as Simon said, indifferent to fame and fortune.

James thought, "Yvette is so young, but I have to admire her placid attitude"

James said, "Alright, let's stick to the original plan, and you don't turn down the credit."

Yvette responded unhurriedly, "Okay."

During the meal, James was pleasantly surprised to discover that Yvette was like a hidden treasure.

No matter what James said, Yvette could follow up with sentences that were right on target. Her insights into physics were exceptionally original, which made James feel like he had finally met a kindred spirit, even though it was late in life..

James said, "Yvette, have you considered joining the physics lab? With your talent and abilities, you'd excel there?"

James essentially gave Yvette a backdoor opportunity.

Usually, getting into the physics lab required passing a series of rigorous evaluations, and only the cream of the crop made it in.

Those who worked in the lab couldn't afford to slack off.

The physics lab conducts evaluations every quarter, and the lowest performer would be eliminated.

Over the years, James had never given anyone special treatment, and this was the first time he had extended such an invitation to Yvette, a young woman in her twenties.

Yvette paused and looked at James who was expectant and nervous, and she said in a cold voice. "Thank you for your invitation, but I already have other plans, so I don't intend to go to the physics lab."

James sighed, realizing that since Yvette already declined, so he couldn't insist.

Just at this moment, Michael suddenly piped up, "Yvette, let's eat fish, big fish"

Yvette nodded. "Alright, you eat some too?"

Michael grinned sheepishly, scratching his head.

Seeing this, a thought sparked in James' mind. The physics lab might have been a lost cause, but there was another way that might work out.

James considered for a moment and then gave Yvette a kind smile, and the wrinkles on his face seemed to bunch up together.

James asked, "Yvette, what do you think of me?"

Michael's forks dropped onto the table.

Yvette paused her hand in midair, and her bright eyes were fixed on James.

Yvette said, "What?"

James suddenly realized that what he'd said didn't come out right, and he quickly tried to explain. "Yvette, I'd like to become your grandpa. If you agree, I'll host a small gathering with friends and family to celebrate in a few days. What do you think?"

James, afraid that Yvette might turn him down again, quickly exclaimed, "Yvette, I've always wished for a granddaughter

and years. my wish still hasn't come true. Can you make this dream come true for me? I'm since I was young. It's been practically one foot in the grave, and this is my only wish."

With that, James seemed on the verge of breaking into tears.

The whole scene seemed odd.

There was a girl with a calm expression and an old man pretending to cry without tears.

Seeing Yvette not agreeing, James decided to make a bigger effort.

James didn't care about losing face and was determined to bring Yvette into the Owens family.

Yvette calmly sipped some sweet soup, wiped her mouth, and looked at James, who seemed ready to make a bold move.

Yvette crossed her legs and spoke slowly, "Did you and Mr. Chavez attend the same school?"

James paused for a moment, not immediately understanding. "Are you talking about Jase?"

James was sure that when Yvette mentioned Mr. Chavez, she meant Jase.

After all, in Betrico, the only Mr. Chavez known was Jase.

James never expected that Yvette would know Jase.

James asked, "You know Jase?"

Yvette nodded slightly. "I met him yesterday, and you two are quite similar."

James immediately got all worked up.

For years, neither he nor Jase would back down to the other.

Though now Jase was an old commander, Jase and James grew up together as carefree kids. They knew each other well.

"Yvette, don't let that old guy, Jase, fool you. His acting skills are far behind mine.

Yvette put down her glass of water and stayed silent.

Meanwhile, Jase suddenly sneezed during a meeting

Jase's security guard immediately rushed over, anxiously asking Jase needed to call his doctor.

Jase said it wasn't necessary and thought, 'How strange it was to suddenly yawn on such a hot day?'

Inside the private room, James enthusiastically recounted all the embarrassing stories from when he and Jase were kids.

Mostly, they were about Jase.

James talked for half an hour before stopping to sip his coffee.

James' throat felt and Yvette listened quietly for the whole half-hour

This was good. Yvette thought maybe she had been following too much gossip lately.

Yvette glanced down at her phone.

[I'm coming to pick you up. What's the address?]

Yvette tapped the screen to send the address and then looked up "I agreed."

James suddenly stopped talking and thought, 'Happiness comes so suddenly that I'm a bit taken aback.

James kept saying, 'I never thought I'd live to see the day I have a granddaughter.'

After finishing. James looked at Yvette with anticipation and asked, "Dear, could you call me Grandpa just once? It's okay if you can't

Yvette stared at James for a few seconds and then said, "Grandpa

Michael clapped and grinned foolishly.

Hearing Yvette call him Grandpa, James, overwhelmed with excitement, immediately took out a simple box from his pocket, which was the gift he wanted to give Mary.

Yvette thought, Is it the emerald hairpin that Michael mentioned as belonging to Mary!"

James acquired the emerald hairpin through a friend from an antique auction, and it was valued at thirty million

James placed the box in Yvette's hands and said with excitement. "Yvette, keep this gift. I'm not sure if you will like it. If you do, wear it. If you don't, just set it aside for now, and it's up to you. I don't have anything valuable to give you, only this small trinket. Hold onto it, and maybe one day when you visit me, I'll have my collection to show you. You can choose whatever you like."

There were a hundred ways James spoiled Yvette, and it was just the beginning.

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 253

After the three of them finished eating, James asked Yvette, "Do you need a ride home? Where are you staying now?"

Yvette looked up and politely replied. "No need, Grandpa. Someone is coming to pick me up"

Leaning on his cane, James quickly asked, "Your boyfriend?"

Yvrene nodded slightly. "Yeah."

James' heart ached instantly. He had just become acquainted with Yvette, and she already had a boyfriend. Who could he complain to? Today, he wanted to see who was dating Yvette and see if he could drive that guy away. James thought, What's so great about getting married anyway? It's not good at all. Constantly revolving around cooking, cleaning, and other chores. Someone as talented as Yvette should be shining in the field of physics. In conclusion, no one is truly worthy of her

James stood smiling by the roadside, not saying a word about leaving and instead keeping Yvette company.

Yvette tilted her head slightly, her stunning profile looking even more beautiful under the streetlamp. "If you're tired, go ahead," she said.

James guessed he wouldn't sleep well unless he saw Yvette's boyfriend tonight. He quickly shook his head. Obviously exhausted, with his eyelids drooping, he still kept waiting there. He stubbornly told Yvette, "I'm not tired. But you know, Yvette, it

pretty dangerous for a girl like you to be out here alone at night. And your boyfriend seems pretty unreliable, if I may say so. He's already ten minutes late, showing he has no sense of time!"

James hadn't even seen Yvette's boyfriend yet, but James began to speak ill of him.

Right after that, across the street, a black SUV stopped. The driver side door opened, and Emmett stepped out in a black suit.

Emmett was handsome enough to stand out even in a crowd. But people tended to judge by comparison. Always being with Jeremiah, no matter how handsome Emmett was, he was just a backdrop.

But now, he came alone, so he immediately caught the attention of people on the street, especially when they noticed the license plate, their gazes turned even more intrigued. They wondered which wealthy family he was from.

James noticed Emmett too. On closer inspection, Emmett was a familiar face. He was the personal assistant to Jeremiah, well known for being cold and reserved.

James had met Emmett a few times at some parties, even Jase couldn't stop praising Emmett.

Jase had a keen eye for talent, and for him to praise someone so highly meant Emmett was truly outstanding

James wondered what had brought Emmett here. While James was contemplating, Emmett noticed Yvette standing casually by the roadside with one hand in her pocket.

Emmett's eyes lit up. He thought, I finally got there, though ten minutes late. Is Yvette upset? Emmett was feeling uneasy, afraid if Yvette got angry, something terrifying would happen.

Emmett took another look at the person next to Yvette, and when he realized who it was, he was taken aback, thinking, Yvette came to meet James. This is really astonishing. How long has it been since James showed up? Yet he knows Yvette. What other surprises does she have for us? It's nothing. With Yvette, anything can happen. Maybe I should ask her if she knows i

the president of Mysonna? If she does know him, that'll be incredible: Emmett tried hard to stay calm.

Emmett walked nervously toward Yvette and the others, complaining inwardly. 'Mr. Chavez went off to save people, leaving me here to take the fall. Is that fair?'

James saw Emmett coming over, glanced at Yvette, who had a blank expression, and suddenly thought, "Could it be that Emmett is Yvette's boyfriend? Although he is quite presentable, he seems not good enough for Yvette. What a shame!

James forgot the compliments he had given Emmett earlier. Now James' mind was filled with complaints.

Emmett was speechless. He walked over, slightly bowed, and politely greeted James. "Hello, Mr. Owens."

James nodded. At the moment, he couldn't put on a friendly face for the man who took Emmett away from him.

Emmett didn't even know what he had done wrong. James' eyes were full of hostility toward him.

Emmett awkwardly said to Yvette, 'Sorry, I'm late.'

Yvette slightly lowered her brows, one hand in her pocket, her beautiful eyes cold and deep. "Where is he?"

Emmett immediately explained. "Mr. Chavez and I encountered a bus accident on our way. The driver had a sudden heart attack, causing the bus to lose control and resulting in a multi-car collision. Over a hundred people were injured. Mr. Chavez is handling things at the site. He asked me to take you back to Skyland first. He'll return once everything is taken care of

When James heard this, he quickly asked, "Is it serious? What about the casualties?"

Emmett replied. "Don't worry, Mr. Owens. It didn't seem too severe. Mr. Chavez has already called in military doctors, so it should be under control.

Yvette showed no expression, turning to James and saying, "Grandpa, you can go back first."

Hearing the word "Grandpa", Emmett was startled, his face blank with shock. He thought, 'How did Yvette get a new grandpa in just a few hours? This is a big shot. An old marshal and a national treasure? This combination is enough to make anyone feel envious.'

Hearing this, James nodded and said, "Come over when you have time." Then he got in the car with Michael and left.

Standing where she was, Yvette took out her phone from her pocket and dialed a number, getting straight to the point. "Hello, do you need my help?"

Yvette's help was something many people could only wish for,

There was a pause on the other end of the line. "No need. The doctors just arrived. The initial checkup shows no big issues. You and Emmett head back to Skyland. I'll return once I finish up here."

Hearing Jeremiah say that, Yvette understood it wasn't anything serious.

There was a lot of noise from the other end. Yvette simply said "okay" and hung up..

Emmett, who was standing nearby, twitched his lips. He thought, What an unromantic woman! I thought Yvette called just to show concern for Mr. Chavez. And all she asked was whether he needed any help. The love life of bigwigs is so unusual.

James only realized what was happening after getting in the car. He seriously watched Michael counting his fingers. "Michael, did that man just now mention Mr. Chavez?"

Michael stopped counting his fingers, looked at his grandfather in confusion, and then suddenly clapped. "Mr. Chavez, Mr. Chavez, Mr. Chavez!"

James took a deep breath. Emmett's words were perfectly clear to him. James thought, 'So it wasn't Emmett who took Yvette away, but Jeremiah, the notorious demon from the Chavez family. He's flawless

Even though James was unwilling, he had to admit Jeremiah was truly outstanding. In Betrico, Jeremiah was definitely the leading figure of this generation. Nobody would dare claim to be more excellent than him. Back then, he graduated as the top student from Betrico University. Both James' physics lab and Rashad's biochemistry lab tried to recruit him. Unfortunately, Jeremiah only ever wanted to join the military and never gave either of them a chance. Because of this, Rashad was furious.

James thought. That petty, unscrupulous old guy. Humph. Why hasn't this anger driven him to his grave? Jase is so lucky to have such an exceptional grandson Yvette is really impressive Jeremiah is famously distant when it comes to women. All these years in Betrico, there's never been even romantic gossip about him. But I have some idea about Jase's plans. It seems that old guy favors Samantha. But if he wants to separate Yvette from Jeremiah. I'll go all out to make him regret it

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 254

James suddenly recalled something Simon had mentioned.

Yvette's relationship with her father didn't seem very good, and her mother had passed away.

James thought. In that case, I have to support her. Oh right, saving up for her wedding. When she marries into the Chavez family, I must give her many gifts. All these years of private savings are finally coming to use. No one can talk behind

Yvette's back."

Thinking of Jeremiah, James glanced at Michael and felt bitterness. It would be so much better if Michael didn't have autism

Meanwhile, Emmett was driving while occasionally glancing at Yvette through the rearview mirror.

He wondered, 'How did Mr. Owens become Yvette's grandpa? What's going on?' He was so curious.

Yvette sat in the back seat with her eyes closed, appearing to be asleep.

When Emmett looked back for the fourth time, Yvette suddenly opened her bloodshot eyes and said in a calm voice, "If you've got something to say, just say it."

Emmett paused and cautiously asked, "Yvette, how did Mr. Owens become your grandpa?"

Yvette looked at Emmett, squinted her eyes, and showed no expression. Just by chance."

Emmett figured she didn't want to talk about it, so he didn't ask further, thinking, "Yvette's good at joking. Who can be so lucky to have a grandpa like James just by chance? It's like winning the lottery!"

After dropping Yvette off at Skyland, Emmett left. He still had matters to attend to at the military base.

At midnight, after her shower, Yvette pushed open the bathroom door and came out wearing a loose shirt. Her long, slender legs were as fair as snow. She slightly curled her lips, her cold eyes softening. With lightning speed, she kicked open the door in the middle of the room. The "hidden door Jeremiah had meticulously constructed was opened just like that.

A shadow flashed out from behind the door. Under the bright lights, Jeremiah, dressed in his military uniform, stepped out. His high nose, thin lips, and thick eyebrows were revealed. He had a handsome side profile and a perfect facial outline.

Yvette fixed her gaze on his eyes and grunted softly, looking casual and cold. In just a few strides, she rushed right towards Jeremiah. Her fist flew straight at Jeremiah ruthlessly in no time.

Jeremiah easily dodged

with a touch of affection in his eyes, though a bit frustrated

Yvette's punch definitely held some anger. Jeremiah didn't know when this door was discovered. He only backed away without fighting back.

Half an hour later, Jeremiah swept Yvette into his arms, and Yvette seized the chance to pin him to the bed.

She looked down at him. Her gaze swept over every inch of him like a queen inspecting her territory. As her eyes moved, Jeremiah's breathing grew heavier.

Yvette noticed this. Her eyes were deep. Her clothes had been ruled in the fight earlier. A bright light glimmered at her collarbones. She was a blend of seductiveness and innocence. She was captivating yet completely unaware of it..

Jeremiah was beneath her, staring into her eyes and holding back the desire churning inside him. "You want to be on top?"

Hearing this, Yvette rolled off him, and Jeremiah casually pulled her back onto his chest. In a flash, their positions shifted. They stood face to face.

Chapter 251

95%

Yvette's legs were wrapped around Jeremiah's strong waist. They held each other's gaze intensely, neither willing to give in,

In the end, it was Jeremiah who conceded, gently pinching her earlobe. He gritted his teeth slightly. "Don't tempt me anymore, or I might not wait until the wedding

Yvette raised an eyebrow with a slight, alluring, yet cool smile. She gently pinched his fingers with one hand. "Explain the door to me," she demanded.

Jeremiah paused, pressed his lips, and said calmly, "I just wanted to be nearer to you."

After he said this, Yvette was amazed to see that half of Jeremiah's cars had instantly turned red. This was a rather intriguing discovery. She thought, 'So this man is actually shy?'

Yvette poked his ear. Jeremiah's body tensed up. With a slightly dazed look, he quickly released Yvette's waist. He took two steps back. Yvette couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Jeremiah's voice was deep, and he seemed a bit unsettled, his chest heaving slightly. "I'll go make you food," he said, his voice slightly shaky.

He turned, pushed open the door, and left, looking like he was making a hasty exit. A soft snort from Yvette sounded from behind him.

Jeremiah quickened his pace as he went downstairs. Once he was in the kitchen, he finally calmed down a bit and lowered his head. He sighed, feeling his resistance to Yvette's charm was weakening

Half an hour later, Jeremiah prepared some simple beef pasta. The plate was filled with beef and just a little bit of pasta. This was authentic beef pasta, completely different from what was sold at the supermarket.

Yvette came downstairs. She sat on the custom-made dining chair that Jeremiah had bought for her. It was big and soft enough. She could snuggle up in it.

Yvette glanced at the big plate of beef pasta in front of her. It was an impressively generous portion.

Jeremiah changed into his loungewear. Their outfits were almost matching. Anyone could tell they were wearing couple

outfits.

Jeremiah casually sat down on the chair next to Yvette. The chair was made of wood, nothing special.

Jeremiah gently peeled an orange for Yvette and asked quietly, "Did you meet with James today?"

Yvette nodded nonchalantly, not trying to hide anything. "Yeah

Jeremiah handed her the peeled orange and said softly, "Did you get a new grandpa by chance?"

Yvette bit into the orange. It was a little sour, not her favorite taste. Raising her eyebrows, she looked composed. "Yeah, he's kind of like your grandpa, always putting on an act."

Jeremiah's hand paused for a moment as he peeled the orange. He turned his head slightly to look at Yvette. "These two old men grew up together, always competing with each other. Even now, they bicker like kids. They worked hard for Clusia when they were young, and now, each time they meet, they start squabbling. Just like two kids."

Yvette put down her fork, took a sip of water, and crossed her legs. She said with a relaxed look, "He's quite an interesting old man. Do you know Michael?"

Jeremiah's eyes darkened. "Michael was a genius when he was young, but then a car accident ruined him. Once at a party. someone pushed him into a river. James banished the person from Betrico. After that, James kept him protected and hardly let him meet anyone.

Yvette tilted her head slightly, her eyes drooped. Her voice was soft and slow. There's a possibility his autism will be treated, but it's risky. The success rate is only 60 percent. If it doesn't work, his autism may become worse?

Jeremiah's bright eyes were locked on Yvette for quite a while. He nodded. "Does James know about this?"

Yvette shook her head. "No. 60 percent is too low."

Jeremiah chuckled softly, thinking, 'Come on. 60 percent is too low? We're they can cure it. Yvette is quite good at showing off, isn't she?'

in about autism. Very few

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 255

The next day, Jeremiah left Skyland early again.

Every day in Betrico was so jam-packed for him that he wished he could extend the hours. When he wasn't spending time with Yvette, he was handling various military tasks. In a week, he would be responsible for the security throughout the Yhaullan Prime Minister's visit to the country.

Even if he didn't like them, when visiting a great nation, they were still guests. A lot of coordination needed to be prepared properly.

The First Military District under Jeremiah's command was classified as top secret. Even reaching the outskirts required rigorous checks.

Emmett observed as a few people came into the conference room, his eyes settling on the man in the front row.

He was a bit surprised, wondering, "Why has Clifford come here personally?"

Emmett approached with respect. "Mr. Clifford Chavez. deputy commander Tim."

Besides the two of them, some officials also came along. Thanks to Clifford's influence, they got access to the First Military District. Otherwise, it would have been difficult given their ranks.

Clifford wore a black suit that looked quite plain.

But in reality, all his clothes were custom-made by a fashion company owned by Aurora, impossible to find anywhere else.

Since his job required him to face international media daily, his attire represented national dignity, so he paid close attention to it.

Tim was better off in military uniform, though the stars on his shoulders were hard to overlook.

Clifford gave a slight nod. He sized up Emmett and frowned, "Why do you look so thin? Isn't Jeremiah feeding you?" Tim and a few others behind him twitched their mouths, awkwardly turning their heads. They thought, 'Only Clifford dare to say something like that. After all, he's Jeremiah's father'

Emmett explained seriously to Clifford, "No. Mr. Jeremiah Chavez always tells me to eat more. I eat quite a lot."

Clifford snorted without saying anything Jeremiah's temper was terrible, yet his subordinates were extremely loyal to him.

Tim remarked, "Where's Mr. Jeremiah Chavez? I heard there was an accident at the bridge last night, and he was busy at the scene until dawn."

The people behind him also chimed in, "Yeah. I also heard about it. Luckily, Jeremiah was in charge, or the loss would've been much greater."

"Mr. Jeremiah Chavez handled the crisis calmly. He's amazing. Yesterday, he quickly organized medical help from three military districts. His decisiveness is truly impressive."

"Exactly, if my son were half as outstanding as Mr. Jeremiah Chavez, I'd be thrilled."

Speaking of the car accident at the bridge yesterday, thanks to Jeremiah being in charge, there were hardly any injuries. This event hit the news early this morning, and Jeremiah was specifically praised by the top officials.

Many people in Betrico were envious of Clifford for having such a talented son like Jeremiah. Because they found their own sons really hopeless when compared to Jeremiah

173

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Chapter 243

Clifford heard about the situation early in the morning. He had a small, sly smile but purpose/ he heard Tim speak. "What's there to commend? It's just what he should be doing."

kept a straight face when

The group exchanged glances. They all thought Clifford was modest while didn't understand his dismissive expression

After Clifford and Tim took their seats, the conference room doors swung open when the clock struck nine.

Jeremiah walked in, wearing the same military uniform as Tim. Everyone glanced around, noticing the significant difference between the two. Even in his uniform, Jeremiah walked with the elegance of a runway model.

Tim noticed it too and awkwardly cleared his throat. His face fell. He felt unfairly targeted and so wronged. He was quite the looker when he was young, but now in his old age, he was really taking a blow.

Jeremiah's dark eyes scanned the room, eventually landing on Clifford. He paused for a few seconds. Then, he quietly shifted his gaze away.

He walked in with his military boots, heading straight for the main seat. In the First Military District, only Jeremiah could ever sit in that position

Jeremiah didn't show much expression as he calmly said, "Let's begin."

Everyone present was familiar with Jeremiah's approach. He never liked wasting words.

Emmett stood to the side, took out a laptop, and added his comments. "Everyone, the focus of today's meeting is the visit of Ybaulla's Prime Minister to Clusia. Reliable sources indicate that Prime Minister Kyle is visiting not just for trade agreements. They're bringing a few people along, and their intentions might be unfriendly."

Emmett seemed indifferent. He thought, 'It's not necessary to maintain appearances just to be polite to this group if Mr. Chavez didn't say so. How dare they bring people to cause trouble! They're courting death!'

Clifford's expression turned serious. His voice became colder, matching his disdain. The younger generation might not hold that deep national and personal grudges. But the generation of Clifford had lived through those difficult years. They had battled through blood and tears to secure absolute influence on the global stage today.

He asked, "Is the information accurate? Who is accompanying Kyle? A few years ago, they used their visit as an excuse to engage in exchanges with Betrico University. It looks like the same old tricks."

Tim scoffed loudly with a soldier's bravado and a booming voice, "Are these guys from Ybaulla bored or something? Back in the day, we didn't have this much drama!"

Everyone else was already used to this kind of thing.

Competitions between nations weren't just about military power. Technology and talent were crucial too.

One of the more composed men spoke up. "Sir, it is quite tricky

The others were frowning too, all aware of how tough this issue was.

It was an "exchange" match they simply couldn't afford to lose. Under the guise of cultural exchange, if Ybaulla won, they'd probably brag about it all over the world.

Ybaulla came prepared, leaving them to react passively as they went.

Jeremiah's fingers tapped lightly on the conference table, each joint distinctly outlined. He raised his eyes. A chilling glint was terrifying in his gaze as his features grew colder. "With Kyle comes Kaiden, who is skilled in kendo, along with the chess expert, Robin."

The people present were momentarily stunned. They wondered. Did Jeremiah even find this out? If Ybaulla intended to keep these two men's information hidden, it should be classified, not easily uncovered. Unless Jeremiah's influence was really huge. They knew Jeremiah wasn't one to make things up. If he said it, it must be true.

The meeting lasted for a full hour.

After the meeting. Tim and the others wisely left on their own, leaving the space for Jeremiah and Clifford Emmett was also there.

Clifford took a sip of his coffee and looked at Jeremiah. He wondered, 'How come this brat keep getting more handsome? It's odd.

Jeremiah's eyes, dark and deep like a freezing pond, glanced at him. Clifford was only serious at work. But for the rest of the time, his thinking was just on a totally different wavelength from everyone else.

Clifford asked, "When are you going to bring your wife home so I can meet her?"

Jeremiah spoke slowly, "Tonight."

Clifford was overjoyed inside, thinking. A lovely daughter-in-law is much better company than this brat. But he kept a stern face and waved his hand like he didn't care.

Emmett, standing to the side, thinking, Jeremiah's acting is nowhere near the Clifford's level.

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 256

Meanwhile, after being bombarded with texts by Lucy, Yvette finally agreed to meet her.

They arranged to meet at a café.

Lucy arrived first. She knew Yvette's temper. Every extra minute waiting incant more irritation.

While agitation might not matter to others, with this person, it was definitely dangerous.

Yvette wore her usual simple look with a t-shirt, denim shorts, same old canvas shoes, and a black baseball hat.

Her hair was tied up, with only a few strands hanging over her brows.

Lucy kept looking towards the entrance from her booth, and finally spotted Yvette's silhouette.

She found Yvette's outfit was just like five years ago, not a bit different.

She stood up excitedly, waving.

Yvette saw Lucy, raised an eyebrow, and walked over.

After Yvette sat down, Lucy immediately called the server and ordered a cup of coffee.

Yvette spoke slowly, "No need. I'll have three cups of milkshake please."

The waitress froze for a moment and asked again, just to be sure. Three milkshakes, right?"

Yvette nodded. "Yep."

After the waitress left, Lucy glanced at Yvette curiously. "Yvette, since when did you switch to milkshakes?"

Yvette replied casually, "Well, I've recently found milkshakes more enjoyable."

Lucy chuckled. As long as Yvette was happy, nothing else mattered.

Even after ten years, Yvette was just as quiet. She definitely would say anything if no one spoke to her,

Back then, Lucy was in a tough spot when she met Yvette.

Her family was pressuring her to marry a man twenty years older than her

She ran away from home without a penny, ended up on the streets, and was almost harassed by beggars.

Fate could be both dramatic and strange.

At that time, her rescuer wasn't a prince on a white horse but Yvette, who appeared in blood-stained clothes with a big suitcase full of cash.

Yvette simply asked her one question before handing over the entire suitcase of money. "Here's some money. What do you want to do?"

T

She remembered clearly how she had replied with determination back then, "I want to start a game company and make a lot of money. This life, I just want to focus on making money."

Lucy gave her a brief look before tossing the suitcase to her.

Yvette, who was only twelve at the time, gave

Lucy had to persistently ask for a way to contact her. Otherwise, she would be able to stay in touch with Yvette.

Later, she used the money to establish FastPulse Technologies, a game company.

In ten years, she turned it into the largest game company in the world.

On the surface, she was the chairperson. But in reality, 31% of the shares belonged to Yvette.

Yvette was the largest shareholder of FastPulse Technologies, holding absolute control.

It was just that Yvette never showed up. Honestly, she probably didn't even care about these things.

For years, Lucy worked tirelessly and never got married or had children, because that would only slow down her money-making.

She had proven everyone wrong long ago, and now she had more money than she could count.

So lately, she's been feeling a bit lost.

Just then, Yvette came to visit Betrico.

She thought she might get some new insights chatting with Yvette.

Lucy took a sip of her black coffee, feeling a bit down. This was a side she never showed to others. "Yvette, what do you people live for?"

think

Yvette took a sip of her milkshake, her eyes deep as she stayed silent for a few moments. “Are you thinking about dying? Lucy choked on her drink, caught off guard. It was indeed too hard to get Yvette’s comfort. Lucy shook her head with a sigh. Yvette, with all this money, why would I think about ending it all? I’m just contemplating life.”

Yvette put down her milkshake, her eyes partially closed, lips pressed together, her gaze icy. “If you don’t want to die, you just have to keep living.”

Lucy noticed her serious yet expressionless answer. A slight silence fell between them. She found Yvette had a point. She thought. Why worry so much? If you don’t want to die, you just need to live. Am I being too dramatic? Why do I start thinking about all these unnecessary things now that I have everything? Maybe it’s because I’ve been too idle lately. That’s no good. I need to find something to do. Maybe I should just buy another company for fun.

Just then, a group of

roup of women entered the booth next to theirs.

Their outfits showed they were clearly affluent housewives, each around fifty years old. Each one carried an LV handbag in her left hand and an Hermes one in her right. They looked absolutely elegant.

As soon as they walked in, a waiter led them to their reserved seats. Coincidentally, it was right next to Yvette’s table. Both Yvette and Lucy could clearly hear their conversation.

Suddenly, a sharp woman’s voice rang out. “Did you hear that Jeremiah from the Chavez family is dating someone? Is it

Truc?”

“I heard about it too. My son’s group chat has been buzzing with the news, so it must be true?

“It’s definitely true. Andrew, who’s been by Jeremiah’s side since they were kids, mentioned it. He wouldn’t lie.”

“Which young girl managed to snag this prince from the Chavez family?”

“I know a bit about it. She’s not one of our Betrico socialites, but rather, she’s from the small town of Seacrity. I’m not judging, but what’s Jeremiah thinking? Ignoring all the esteemed ladies in Betrico for someone from Seacrity? The status of the Chavez family is way beyond reach for a girl like her

“I bet that girl used some sneaky tricks to get close to Jeremiah. Otherwise, how could she have caught him so quickly?”

## Chapter 256

Their Were buzzing with heated gossin

voices speculation. Iwas as noisy as the women at a market stall, selling their vegetables.

Lucy didn't seem to react to all this chatter. She had already heard about it. After all, the Chavez family's status was so significant that their every move grabbed the attention of Betrico's upper class.

She was worried Yvette might not know about it, so she made sure to explain it to her. “The Jeremiah they're all talking about is none other than the grandson of our legendary elder, General Jase Chavez. He's a leading figure among the third generation in Betrico and was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Now, he's the youngest major general in Clusia. I have some business dealings with his mom, Aurora, but not a lot. I've only heard about his legend.”

Lucy more or less understood what they were discussing. They were just jealous. Major General Jeremiah had a girlfriend. They were here, dissatisfied and combative. If Lucy guessed correctly, probably almost all of them had considered marrying their daughters off to Jeremiah

Lucy sighed once more, “Mr. Jeremiah Chavez is famously known for not being interested in women. There's not even a the hint of scandal over the years. This girl must really be something to have caught him. I'd like to meet her if I ever get chance.”

Yvette had already finished two milkshakes by the time she heard Lucy's comment, swinging her leg up and down. She lifted her eyes with a chilly gaze, a touch of mischief in her expression. She slightly raised an eyebrow, her look calm and composed. Her tone was calm. “Nothing but two eyes and a nose. Nothing remarkable to look at.

Lucy assumed Yvette just wasn't interested and thought no further of it. She thought, ‘It makes sense. Yvette doesn't know about love Yvette didn't say anything.

If Yvette ever got into a relationship, it might take forever. Because Lucy firmly believed no man could ever win over Yvette, Just then, a new round of discussion began next booth. “Did you guys invite Aurora over today?”

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 257

“Gloria you invited Mrs. Chavez, didn't you? You've been quite close to her lately, righton's voice was irritating-

Her tone was sarcastic.

Gloria, who was mentioned, immediately denied it. "Oh, come on. What

Chavez recently. Her status is way above mine. We're the same, don't you saying? I've just been a bit closer to Mrs. so that. I'm just passing on a message."

The woman next to Gloria was named Eleanore. Her husband was a deputy minister at Betrico's Ministry of Finance.

She usually couldn't stand Aurora, who never seemed to age, unlike them even though they were the same age. She once asked if Aurora used any special skincare or makeup while Aurora said it was because of a positive attitude and regular spa visits. She didn't believe that at all.

This group went to spas often enough. Yet they didn't get results like Aurora's. So she thought Aurora must have a secret recipe she was not sharing and keeping to herself. She thought Aurora was very petty.

Almost everyone present was a high-society wife from the upper class of Betrico, but none had a status as prestigious as the Chavez family. Setting aside the achievements of Jase and Clifford, even Jeremiah was far more accomplished than their kids. This disparity left these women feeling uneasy. So they often banded together to gossip and say bad things about Aurora. If anyone became too friendly with Aurora, they would deliberately exclude her.

Eleanore spoke up. "We all know what kind of temper Aurora has, and with Gloria's personality, there's no way they could be close. So don't make baseless assumptions.\*

A few of the women nodded. Gloria was indeed too shy to be close friends with someone like Aurora. As for why Eleanore defended Gloria, it was because Gloria gave her a limited-edition necklace yesterday

Eleanore continued, "I bet Aurora won't show up. We've invited her ten times, and she'd only show up once. With her status, she probably thinks she's too good for us."

As soon as she said that, the women in the booth started chatting noisily.

Lucy took a sip of her coffee and found it tasted bland. A perfectly nice private cafe was turned upside down by this group of women. They were chattering like crows, making her ears ring.

She thought, 'How come I picked this place out of all places? I finally get the chance to meet with Yvette, the whole atmosphere is ruined. Yvette may not want to see me anymore. It's such a disappointment, Those loud ladies could do nothing but gossip behind people's backs. If Aurora was here, they wouldn't be able to say anything'

Yvette maintained a neutral expression the whole time. She just focused on sipping her milkshake, quietly listening to the conversation next door. She didn't stop until she finished her milkshake. A sly smile tugged at the corner of her lips. She seemed to radiate a dangerous aura.

The women over there were still talking about the Chavez family, and once again the topic shifted to Jeremiah's girlfriend coming from a small town. "Do you think Clifford would approve of Mr. Jeremiah Chavez dating a girl with such modest background from Seacurity?"

Two of the women took exaggerated sips of their coffee, speaking in low tones, "I don't think so. Mr. Jeremiah Chavez is probably just playing around, and he'll break up with her when he's tired of her

"That can't be right. Mr. Jeremiah Chavez doesn't seem like the kind of person for casual affairs. Everyone knows Mr. Clifford Chavez is devoted, and Jeremiah seems the same."

The other women frowned at the one who spoke, clearly displeased.

Eleanore sneered sarcastically, "Oh, come on. You can't compare father and son like that. Times have changed. Nowadays, it's common for men to have a few lady friends.

## Chapter 257

Their husbands had too many female friends, but they all chose to turn a blind eye. They were used to it

Another lady with her hair in a bun nodded along in agreement Yeah. Do you think everyone is as fortunate as Aurora! Mecting someone like Clifford? I suspect that Mr. Jeremiah Chavez is just attracted by her looks. Give it some time, and the novelty will fade, Honestly, when it comes to someone truly suitable for him, it's definitely Samantha, the heiress of the Mitchell family from Betrico"

One could hear the jealousy in their words.

As for Samantha, the mention of her name made the group of women fall silent for a moment.

At the booth, Lucy stirred her coffee, the gossip going in one ear and out the other. She found it quite exciting

Yvette had already finished her three milkshakes and arranged the empty cups neatly on the table.

When she heard Samantha's name from next door, her brow twitched slightly, her pupils dark and deep. Her delicate features maintained their usual composed demeanor. Her hand gave a slight pause on the table, her voice calm. "Samantha?" Lucy didn't expect Yvette to be interested in Samantha and quickly added, "Samantha is quite a formidable woman. She started in the business world at just sixteen, with a strong background. Her dad is the deputy commander of the military district in Betrico, and even though her grandpa is retired, his influence is still significant. I've dealt with her a few times. She's challenging to handle, but she's brilliant. In terms of status, the Mitchell family and the Chavez family are indeed well-matched. Samantha and Jeremiah? It might actually work as a solid political alliance."

Yvette lifted her gaze, her eyes deep, and said slowly. "Well-matched?"

Lucy nodded without hesitation. "Yeah. They really are a good match."

Just at that moment, a woman in the next booth said, "Aurora usually acts all high and mighty, but now Mr. Jeremiah Chavez's dating someone from a small town. Isn't that funny? I bet she'd be really mad"

No sooner had she spoken, there was a loud bang. The entire floor of the café shook.

Yvette paused for a moment before calmly standing up and heading out.

Lucy followed her. She couldn't shake the feeling that there was some juicy gossip going around.

The door of the room next door had been kicked down, lying flat on the ground. Clearly, a lot of force had been used.

Inside, a group of women stood frozen, their mouths open in shock.

At the door was Aurora, dressed simply in a white shirt and blue jeans, wearing a pair of high heels.

She'd been standing there for a whole fifteen minutes.

If it hadn't been for the traffic jam, she might have missed this whole scene.

Normally, these women fawned over her with fake smiles, making her feel uncomfortable, and Aurora had no desire to hang out with them.

Today was purely impulsive. Feeling bored, she thought she'd step out for a bit. If it weren't for this chance, she wouldn't have realized just how two-faced these women were.

Now, these wealthy ladies were staring at Aurora standing at the doorway, her face as cold as stone. They all fell silent, too scared to make a sound. The few whose families weren't in high positions didn't even dare to lift their heads. Talking behind her back was one thing, but they dare not to say anything to her face. They didn't want to ask for trouble.

Gloria, who was slightly closer to Aurora, managed to muster a shaky smile and cautiously asked, "When did you get here. Mrs. Chavez? Why didn't you come in?"

Everyone else perked up their ears.

If Aurora had just arrived, they might still have some leeway.

Aurora, already tall, looked even more imposing in her two-inch heels. This group of wealthy women of various shapes and sizes seemed like they belonged to another era compared to her

Aurora casually placed her expensive handbag on the table and took a seat on the chair closest to the door.

She glanced around at the women gathered together, all showing awkward expressions.

Her eyes were cold and icy. She thought, "Who the hell are you to meddle in my son's affairs?"

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 258

There was a slight hint of anger on Aurora's charming face.

She let out a cold laugh. "If I hadn't come, I wouldn't have known you all were always badmouthing me behind my back. So, when did this start? Since you claim you're not familiar with me"

Gloria's face turned rigid. She realized her plan to be on good terms with both sides had completely collapsed. She remained silent awkwardly.

The other women exchanged glances. They quickly shook their heads, denying and saying nice things.

"No, Mrs. Chavez, definitely not. Why would we ever speak badly of you? It's all a misunderstanding"

"Yes, it's really a misunderstanding. We were just chatting casually.

“Mrs. Chavez, you really misunderstood us. How could we dare talk about the Chavez family’s matters?” Everyone hurriedly explained to Aurora.

Aurora was already intimidating in the business world. And the Chavez family backing her was an even more formidable presence.

The rich ladies were now terrified that Aurora would go home and report them, which would escalate the matter. Clifford was famous for being insanely obsessed with Aurora, and the person they were gossiping about was none other than Jeremiah, the Living Reaper. He was old Jase’s most cherished grandson, Clusia’s youngest general.

The rich ladies were all scared.

Aurora sat in the chair. She curled her fingers. A few women hurried over.

Aurora kicked the stool beside her, causing a loud crash.

Everyone shivered in fright. They had never seen such a scene before. They wondered, ‘Is this how a high society lady is supposed to act? Aurora’s posture is just like a street thug

Aurora spoke coldly. “Go on. You were talking so freely when I wasn’t here, weren’t you? And you’re bold enough to talk about my son. Who gave you the courage? My son could be interested in a girl from Seacriety or even from the countryside, and it’s none of your business. If the Chavez family wants it, we’ve got money to spare. I’ve got plenty. I could drown you in it. If my daughter-in-law’s broke, I’ll support her. Who are you to gossip like busybodies? Whether she’s a match or not, my son will decide. Who do you think you are?”

This group of high-society ladies had ever been so publicly embarrassed. Their faces turned bright red. They all thought Aurora’s words were too sharp, showing no mercy at all.

A few wealthy ladies gathered the courage to argue back, “Mrs. Chavez, we’re speaking the truth. A girl from Seacriety doesn’t match Mr. Jeremiah Chavez at all.”

“Yes. We’re just being fair to the Chavez family. Your words are a bit too harsh.”

Aurora casually picked up a coffee cup and threw it across. The expensive coffee cup shattered on the floor.

Everyone shivered, feeling she was just like a brute. They thought. ‘She’s so brutal. How come Clifford falls in love with at tomboy? What a bad taste!

Aurora rolled up her sleeves and took off her high heels before anyone could react. Like a gust of wind, she lunged forward and grabbed Eleanore’s hair.

## Chapter 258

95%

While pulling, she snarled. Do we need your nosy opinions on the Chavez family's matters? Don't think I don't know your intentions. If Jeremiah fancies someone, she's the best woman in the world! If you keep badmouthing. I'll tear your mouths. apart."

The other wealthy ladies stood there, shocked.

They watched Aurora pulling Eleanore's hair, strands falling out Too scared to intervene, they just watched.

Eleanore screamed like a stuck pig, a chilling sound. Let go of met Aurora, you crazy woman! Let go! My hair! My hair! Help me!"

Yet, nobody dared to move.

Aurora, taking advantage of her height, pinned Eleanore firmly Weren't you the one asking about my son earlier? I told you the truth, but you didn't believe me! What's wrong with my natural beauty, my happy marriage and my caring husband and dutiful son?"

The room was in an uproar. Nobody noticed Lucy and Yvette standing at the door.

Yvette leaned lazily against the doorframe, hands in her pockets. Her eyes were half-closed, with her eyebrows slightly furrowed. She looked at the scene inside the room, a mischievous smile slowly curled at the corner of her mouth, and her delicate brows and eyes looked both enchanting and roguish

Lucy was left completely speechless. The Aurora she had known before always appeared as a sophisticated city woman. She thought. 'Is she now unleashing her true nature because of these women? Wow, the greatness of motherly love. Her fighting spirit for her son was incredible! Wait. From the way she talks, its clearly for her daughter-in-law. What a good mother-in- Jaw!

Lucy looked at the woman whose hair was being pulled by Aurora, and her mouth twitched slightly. Turning to Yvette, she said, "Yvette, did you see that? That's Aurora. Imagine which girl is lucky enough to marry into the Chavez family with such support. She's not even married yet, and Aurora's already this protective. If she gets married in, she might as well be queen! I'm so envious."

Yvette gave a slight glance at Lucy, who wore a look full of envy. Then she turned her head to look at the woman who was trying to sneak out of the room. She lightly tapped on the wall, because the door had already fallen.

With a slight chuckle, she casually called out to Aurora, who was happily pulling at someone's hair. "Need any help?"

Everyone in the room, including Aurora, paused and looked at the two stunning beauties who had just appeared out of

nowhere.

Aurora let go the woman in her left hand, tidied her hair with her right, and gave Yvette a polite smile, her eyes sparkling with admiration. She found Yvette to be the kind of ideal daughter she'd always hoped for.

If one ignored how Aurora was currently holding down Eleanore, she still looked very graceful. For someone who valued looks above all, beauty was the ultimate weapon to win her heart.

Yvette replied to Aurora with a smile, pointing at the women trying to sneak out. With an innocent expression, she quietly said. "They're trying to run"

Lucy looked at Yvette in shock, Yvette really knew how to stir things up. The commotion she'd caused made Lucy want to drop to her knees.

Aurora let out a cold snort. Her cold gaze fell on the women trying to sneak away.

They were so scared that they stepped back. They quickly expressed their stance, "No. Mrs. Chavez, Don't listen to her nonsense. We weren't planning to run."

Aurora looked at the well-behaved girl standing there. The pretty young girl said if they're going to run. Even if they hadn't run yet, they intended to.. to run, then they're going

Aurora feared scaring Yvette. She gently nodded. "So, young lady, keep an eye on them for me. I'll settle the score with them one by one before they leave."

Yvette stood straight, slightly bending her knee. Her legs were very long. She nonchalantly pulled up a stool and sat at the doorway. Her voice was low and husky. "Okay, Continue. They won't get away.

Lucy was speechless. Yvette's relentless. These women won't escape this time.

Aurora smiled with satisfaction. She turned back to continue pulling Eleanore's hair.

Five minutes later, Aurora's hand was getting tired. Most of Eleanore's hair was gone, and she had screamed herself hoarse before fainting. The other women were desperately begging for mercy.

Aurora singled out some of the women who had spoken earlier and pulled their hair. Those with short hair got a few kicks. Anyone who tried to run was kicked back inside by Yvette.

This large-scale showdown among the women went on for half an hour. After that, Aurora was utterly exhausted.

Being fifty years old was definitely not the same as being young. Aurora looked around at the crowd of women sprawled on the floor, moaning without any sense of dignity. She was afraid of scaring Yvette, so she quickly straightened her clothes. Lucy was at a loss for words, seeing this action. She was thinking, 'Isn't it a bit late to think about saving face after what just happened?'

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 259

Aurora walked to the side and slipped back into her high heel. She didn't even glance at the women writhing in pain on the floor.

With a captivating air, she walked across the threshold toward Yvette. She immediately flashed her a charming smile, "Hi there, young lady. Thanks for helping out. What's your name?"

Yvette pulled back her bent legs, raised an eyebrow, and nodded casually. "Yvette."

Aurora found Yvette delightful no matter how she looked at her, "Young lady, let me treat you to some coffee. Not here, though. I know a better place that you'll definitely like."

Yvette lowered her eyes a bit. Her demeanor was always cool and composed. When she heard such a clichéd line as if enticing a child, she just nodded calmly. "Alright. When she heard such a clichéd line as if enticing a child, she just nodded calmly."

Aurora immediately smiled even more cheerfully. She loved girls who were so straightforward. Unlike those pretentious and overly cautious elite ladies from Betrico who would politely turn down such an offer, which would be so dull. Even if it was the norm, they definitely wouldn't be on the same wavelength as her.

"Great. Oh right. I haven't introduced myself yet. I'm Aurora. I run a company that does a little bit of everything. After saying this, Aurora tilted her head slightly."

She looked at Lucy as if she had just noticed her. Suddenly, as if something occurred to her, she asked with uncertainty. "Are you Lucy, the CEO of Fast Pulse Technologies?"

Lucy was on the verge of tears. Sure enough, being next to Yvette made her feel invisible. She and Yvette had been standing here for a while, and only now did Aurora notice her.

She thought, 'Oh, what a pity! After all, I'm a stunning girl with smooth skin, long legs, and a gorgeous look. The rumors are true. Aurora is totally obsessed with good looks. Is it just because I'm slightly less beautiful than Yvette that I'm so completely ignored? It's so annoying

But she could totally admire Yvette, yet she absolutely couldn't accept losing a beauty contest to anyone else.

Lucy nodded. "Hello, Aurora, I'm Lucy"

After Aurora finished speaking, she might have felt a bit embarrassed too, so she extended an invitation to Lucy. "Would you like to join us?"

Lucy instantly realized how "sincere Aurora's invitation actually was. She definitely wasn't going to bother with that. So she politely declined Aurora's offer.

Aurora didn't seem the least bit upset about being rejected. In fact, she seemed even happier.

Lucy noted that having her heart broken was something she had become used to. Lucy assumed everything had been taken care of, as she clearly understood those women wouldn't dare mess with Aurora, even if they had the nerve. So, she said goodbye to Yvette first. She'd already knew that Yvette was in Seacurity. If Yvette didn't come to Betrico, she could always go to Seacurity,

After Lucy left, Aurora was just about to leave with Yvette to grab some coffee when Eleanore, who had fainted earlier, came, to on the ground and saw the two standing in front of her. Remembering what happened before she passed out, she quickly touched her head. But this touch shocked her as she ended up grabbing a handful of her hair, Eleanore screamed wildly, and it sounded utterly miserable. The sound was chilling-

Yvette and Aurora both looked at her.

Eleanore seemed shocked, but she still retained a bit of sanity. She dare not to beat Aurora. But she didn't know Yvette. This meant she was not from the elite in Betrico, so it was no big deal. Since that was the case, she was determined to vent her anger.

Eleanore stood up with the aid of a few other ladies, not daring to look at Aurora. But they all glared ominously at Yvette

Eleanore spoke, her voice trembling. "You silly girl, this isn't over yet. We won't let you get away with it."

Hearing this, Aurora quickly turned and stood in front of Yvette. Her expression was cold. "Do you have any shame? Trying to bully a little girl without even considering what

1, Aurora, think? If you have the nerve, come at me. What kind of bullies target a little girl”

Eleanore was even more furious seeing how Aurora defended Yene. Today’s humiliation was too much for her to bear. If she couldn’t even deal with an ordinary girl, it would be completely shameful. She couldn’t believe Aurora would really jeopardize her reputation to protect her no matter what.

The other ladies with Eleanore weren’t in nearly as bad a situation as she was. So when they heard this, none of them reacted as strongly as Eleanore did. They collectively shrunk back. They genuinely couldn’t afford to provoke that Aurora.

Eleanore gritted her teeth and said to Aurora, enduring the intense pain in her scalp. “Mrs. Chavez, you’re going too far. You’ve hit us, and we’ve let it slide. But why should we forgive this girl? Step aside. It’s none of your business. The one we want to deal with is her.”

The other wealthy ladies nodded in agreement. They were all influential figures in Betrico, and if they didn’t find a scapegoat to handle this, they would be able to maintain their reputation.

Eleanore thought she’d compromised, and Aurora should understand what was appropriate.

But Aurora just gave them a cold glance. She observed the women who were aggressively confronting Yvette. Her temper flared up again. Maybe she hadn’t been forceful enough earlier. That was why these women were still here, chattering away.

Aurora wondered if she needed to fully embrace violence, subdue them by force. “Didn’t you understand? I’ll tell you again. I’m protecting this person, so bring your issues to me.”

Just as the standoff continued with no one speaking, the sound of police sirens suddenly came from outside the dessert shop..

Yvette lifted her eyes and glanced calmly at the woman across from her. She noticed one of them, a woman in a cheongsam, smiled slightly when she heard the sirens.

Though the smile was brief, Yvette saw it very clearly.

Eleanore was also taken aback. Her expression was somewhat comical. She wondered, Who called the police? If this blows up, what good will it do us? Especially with how protective the Chavez family is? Alas

Aurora wasn’t worried at all by the sound of police sirens. If she had to make a trip to the police station, she’d just consider it a little excursion.

She had gone to the police station once when she was younger for bravely hitting a sleazy guy harassing a girl with a brick. She never thought she'd have another chance to experience it.

Worried that Yvette might be scared, Aurora quickly shifted and reassured her, "Yvette, don't be afraid. I will protect you Let's just act like we're having fun at the police station for a while, okay? Give me a moment. I'll call my husband to get us

out.

Yvette looked up, noticing the worry in Aurora's eyes and hesitated for a moment. She nodded obediently and said, "Okay"

Aurora patted her shoulder, exuding the air of a big sister. She glanced at the people in front of her, snorted coldly, and said, "When we get to the police station, let's talk it out and see why we're here, okay? Don't say I bullied you. You better call your husbands over."

Eleanore and the other ladies heard this and, seeing the look of fear on each other's faces, were quite scared. If their husbands found out they had offended the Chavez family, they might be in serious trouble.

Eleanore, enduring the headache, tried to say a couple of good words to Aurora, "Mrs. Chavez, let's just call it off, okay? We won't go to the police station. You've already let out your anger on us, haven't you? Let's just pretend this never happened. alright?"

Aurora disliked Eleanore the most for her constant gossiping and criticizing others. She didn't care about the frightened look on Eleanore's face across from her. She took out her phone and dialed number one, which was Clifford's exclusive contact.

As soon as the call went through, Aurora's demeanor changed immediately. Her first words left the woman across from her completely bewildered.

The fierce tigress turned into a harmless kitten with just one phone call. "Honey, I was bullied. I'm so scared. My hand hurts"

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 260

At the office. Clifford had just returned from the military base and had only taken a few minutes to rest after a meeting. He hadn't even settled into his chair yet when he got a call from Aurora. This was unusual since she knew he was busy, and she never called him during work hours.

After answering the call, the sound of Aurora's sobbing made Clifford's face instantly darken.

Having known Aurora for so many years, Clifford was more aware of her strength than anyone. Aurora had never cried

before.

Clifford's usual composure was nowhere to be found. He asked urgently, "What's wrong, sweetheart?"

Looking around at the trembling women opposite her, Aurora said, "Come to the police station," Then she hung up.

Clifford quickly got dressed, had a car ready, and rushed to the police station. He was nervous the entire way, growing more anxious with each unsuccessful call to Aurora.

At the dessert shop, the deputy chief of the Betrico police station, Darnell, had arrived this time. With an expressionless face, he led over a dozen officers storming into the dessert shop,

As soon as they entered, they spotted Aurora and Yvette coming out of a private room. Their appearance was striking, to say the least, One was someone he knew very well, and the other amazed him with her beauty. It was hard not to notice these two standing together right away. Then he noticed the group of wealthy ladies standing together, looking injured

Darnell immediately put away his serious expression and walked over. He went straight past everyone to stand in front of Aurora. His attitude was pleasant, completely different from how he looked when he first walked in. "Oh my, isn't this Mrs. Chavez? What brings you here? What's happening?"

Aurora knew Darnell. She didn't waste words and told him directly. "Oh. Just a group of gossiping women who unfortunately got caught by me. I went too easy on them. And now you see how it is. No one knows who called the police. Let's go."

Darnell could pretty much guess what happened from that. It must have been that the women across had nothing to do and talked badly about Mrs. Chavez. Aurora must have overheard them and beat them up. Darnell glanced at the group of women opposite, and they indeed looked quite beaten up. They either had bald spots, red handprints on their faces, or ripped clothes.

Aurora's fighting ability was no joke. She took on ten at once.

201

Darnell found that women could indeed be scary. They couldn't even open a bottle cap normally. Yet, when it came to fighting, they were all like warriors. No wonder the rumor was that Clifford was henpecked. Now he believed it.

Darnell chuckled. "Mrs. Chavez, I don't know who was thoughtless enough to call the police over something so minor. How about we handle this privately? After speaking, Darnell glanced over at the group of women. His attitude was noticeably less cordial compared to when he spoke to Aurora, looking very businesslike. He cleared his throat. "Ladies, what do you think? Do you want to settle this privately or publicly? If privately, we can discuss it here. If publicly, please come with me to the police station and have your family members come over to follow the procedure."

Just as Darnell finished speaking, the women across from him quickly started talking over each other, "Privately. Let's settle here."

"Yeah, let's settle it privately. It wasn't a big deal from the start. No idea who called the cops, busybodies."

"Yeah, this mess is our fault. We had it coming. Mrs. Chavez did the right thing."

"Agreed. Let's keep it private. Don't bring the families into this. My husband's really busy these days."

Except for Eleanore, who was the most injured and remained silent, everyone agreed to settle it privately. Finally, everyone's

Sun, Oct

Chapter 200

gaze fell on her.

Aurora crossed her arms and said, "Hey, what about you? Do you want to settle it publicly or privately?"

Eleanore bit her lip. She was feeling dizzy and lightheaded. Aurora might have given her a concussion, but she didn't even dare to pursue it.

Unable to withstand the pressure of everyone's gaze, Eleanore nodded reluctantly, holding back her resentment. Through gritted teeth, she said, "I agree to settle it privately."

As expected, everyone was relieved and satisfied.

Aurora was indifferent.

Darnell nodded in satisfaction. If they had gone the official route, he would have had to escort Aurora to the police station. Clifford and Jeremiah wouldn't be okay with this.

Darnell turned and cautiously asked Aurora again, "Mrs. Chavez, does Mr. Clifford Chavez know about this?"

Aurora gave him a serious look. "Yeah, he knows. He's probably on his way to the police station by now

The smile froze on Darnell's face. He said anxiously, "Mrs. Chavez, since the issue's already been resolved, there's no need to trouble Mr. Clifford Chavez about it, right?"

Everyone else listened quietly, not daring to say a word.

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Aurora cheerfully replied, "Alright. I'll let him know and tell him to head back."

Darnell quickly nodded. "Mrs. Chavez, please contact Mr. Clifford Chavez right away."

Aurora took out her phone and sent a text to Clifford. Seeing this, everyone finally relaxed.

Darnell finally felt at ease and continued speaking, "Mrs. Chavez, since everyone has agreed to settle this privately, do you have any other requests? If not, let's consider this matter closed.

The women who had been hit felt indignant. Clearly, they were the ones injured, while Aurora was the one making demands. They were dying of frustration but didn't dare to speak up.

Aurora stared calmly at the women who were beaten and said coldly, "Apologize to Yvette."

Everyone's gaze shifted to the girl beside Aurora. It was obvious that the girl was Yvette.

From beginning trend. Yvette stood by Aurora without saying a word, Yet her presence was impossible to ignore. Her cool demeanor and striking appearance were truly uncommon.

Some wealthy ladies were willing to swallow their pride and apologize to Aurora because of the Chavez family and their own status. But they didn't know Yvette at all, so they weren't willing to apologize to her.

They all stayed silent, curious to see what Yvette would say. If Yvette was sensible, she should just act as if nothing had happened and let it go.

Her eyes were dark and somber, with her brows slightly furrowed, making it hard to discern her emotions.

She glanced over the crowd, noting their varied expressions. She spoke slowly and calmly towards Yvette. "Pretty lady, they are glaring at me. I'm a little scared because I'm kind of shy."

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone was momentarily taken aback.

Seeing Yvette looking so "fragile" instantly triggered Aurora's maternal instincts. The words "pretty lady" made Aurora overjoyed.

Aurora immediately swooped Yvette under her protection like a mother hen shielding her chick.

Yvette lowered her eyes and noticed Aurora's movements, a faint hint of a smile in her gaze.

Aurora said, "This won't end until you apologize. Do what you feel is right."

The women were still reluctant to back down at this moment. Getting beaten by Aurora wasn't embarrassing. Apologizing to an unknown girl was truly humiliating.

Right at that moment, the dessert shop door opened again, and the person who walked in left everyone dumbstruck. Even Darnell's eyes grew wide with disbelief. He wondered, 'Why is he here? Did someone go and complain to him?' Yvette glanced at the door. Her expression was calm and indifferent. She pressed her lips. Her fingers twitched slightly. Aurora paused for a moment, looking a bit confused, then instantly she dashed towards the door like an arrow released from a bow. Even her 2-inch heels couldn't slow her wind-like speed.

Amidst everyone's shocked stares, Aurora stopped in front of the man. She was so excited that she could hardly form words.