

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 271

Ronald and Walter turned to James with puzzled expressions, both exclaiming, “Where did you get a granddaughter from?”

They had just been skeptical, but now it was confirmed that this old man was definitely losing his mind. They thought, ‘With only Michael as his grandson, where could a granddaughter come from?’ Ronald said nothing and headed into the house, leaving the other two baffled. They thought, ‘Is there someone else who’s lost their mind?’

Jase called out to Ronald, who was about to head inside with his cane. “What are you up to now?”

Ronald stopped in his tracks at the words. “No way, I need to get a psychologist for this old fool. His mind is definitely not right. Poor old friend, he’s been burning the midnight oil in the lab, and now he’s completely lost it.”

James was furious upon hearing this, jumping to his feet to rebut, his voice strong. “The granddaughter I’m talking about is my newly recognized god–granddaughter. What are you three old fools thinking?”

The three old men were left speechless, wondering why this guy, at his age, was still getting into the business of recognizing relatives.

Ronald turned back, scrutinizing James with doubt etched on his face. “Are you sure you’re not the one with mental issues?”

James’s face turned red with anger as he repeatedly insisted that he was perfectly fine. The scene was quite comical—three men looked on, their expressions a mix of confusion and skepticism, watching as he passionately defended his sanity.

Yusef stood at the doorway, his eyes twitching. He couldn’t shake the feeling that this scene made all four of these high- ranking elders look a bit unhinged.

Jase raised his head and asked James, “What made you think of adopting a granddaughter? Are you trying to find a wife for Michael?”

This was the only reason Jase could think of; James was a man of high social standing, and anyone he acknowledged as a granddaughter would certainly rise to prominence. He wasn’t the type to act irrationally, after all.

James paused, a crack of surprise forming on his face as he looked at Jase, a bemused smile playing on his lips. “Oh, I wish But she’s already got a boyfriend. The problem is, her boyfriend’s grandfather is incredibly annoying. In his youth, he used his looks to charm other people’s wives, and now he still steals people’s companions. So annoying, yet he’s completely oblivious. What a shame for my granddaughter.”

Jase felt a strange unease at James's words, sensing something off. The way James looked at him made him wonder if there was a hidden meaning behind those comments. He thought, 'Is he subtly criticizing me?' The thought lingered in Jase's mind, making him more cautious about their conversation.

Ronald and Walter didn't overthink it; they figured if James wanted to acknowledge a granddaughter, she must be a good person. After all, with James's standards, anyone he chose to recognize would have to be exceptional.

Ronald said, "Alright, when your granddaughter comes, I'll definitely prepare a grand gift for her. You can count on it."

Walter also said, "I'll get ready too, ensuring it's something you'll be pleased with."

Only Jase was left to respond, and just as he was about to say he'd prepare a gift too, James interrupted, "You don't need to bother."

Jase was taken aback again; it was unusual for James not to try to get something from him. He thought, 'Has he grown a conscience?'

James mumbled, "Anyway, when you're gone, everything will go to my granddaughter."

However, Jase, Ronald, and Walter missed it. Only Yusef heard, and he couldn't help but chuckle. Only these old men would dare to say such things. While he didn't fully understand, he kept quiet. It seemed that James had truly gone a bit loopy from all the time spent in the lab, rambling nonsensically. He thought, 'Even if Jase loses everything, the inheritance still belongs to the grandson; it has nothing to do with James's newly recognized granddaughter.'

As he was leaving, James turned back and fixed his gaze on Ronald and Walter without saying a word. They were both startled; having those old eyes staring at them in broad daylight was unsettling, to say the least. Given that James was clearly not in his right mind, they couldn't hold it against him.

Walter couldn't take it any longer and finally asked, "You old coot, if you have something to say, just say it. Why are you staring at us like that?"

Ronald nodded, "Yeah, if something's up, let us know. Don't just stare like that, it's creepy in broad daylight."

James thought for a couple of minutes before speaking. "The gift you two are preparing for my granddaughter needs to be nicer and more expensive, understand?"

Walter and Ronald paused for a moment. They seemed a bit hesitant. "Isn't that not quite right? Jeremiah's girlfriend is supposed to be the future matriarch of the Chavez

family. If we make the gift for your adopted granddaughter better, wouldn't her girlfriend be upset?"

James snorted and confidently assured, "No, don't worry about it."

Ronald and Walter wanted to discuss the matter further. James's expression fell again; these two were truly impossible to deal with. It was just a gift, yet they were making such a big deal out of it. Not wanting to provoke James any further, they quickly nodded in agreement, "Alright, alright, no problem. It'll definitely be a valuable one, you can count on that."

James finally looked satisfied, his mood lifting. "They'll come on the same day. Ronald, you prepare that blue-and-white porcelain. As for you, Walter, the emerald screen will do; my granddaughter isn't picky." With that, he waved his hand and left, looking quite carefree.

Ronald and Walter exchanged glances, realizing how outrageous James was being. They thought, 'And this isn't being picky?' The blue-and-white porcelain had cost Ronald 30 million dollars, and the emerald screen was a family heirloom of Walter's. Just this request alone felt like it was going to break their backs. To make matters worse, James expected the two girls to come on the same day. They thought, 'Isn't this asking for trouble? These two old men can't stand a day without bickering. Do they really have to come together for this?' This simple act of giving had turned into a major headache for them.

Ronald gritted his teeth and pulled out his phone. "Son, find me the best psychologist you can."

Walter thought for a moment and also took out his phone. "Sweetheart, find me a spot in a mental health care home just in case."

Outside the National Physics Lab. When James arrived, Yvette was sitting on the curb under a small tree, Sipping a milkshake.

James couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at his granddaughter's casual posture. She was a great girl, but her occasional rough-and-tumble demeanor was truly exasperating. He shook his head and hurried over, his steps surprisingly steady for someone his age.

"How long have you been here, Yvette?" Before he even arrived, his voice called out from afar.

Yvette stood up, brushing off the leaves that clung to her clothes before tossing her empty cup into a nearby trash can. As she looked at James approaching, the dappled light made her striking features even more captivating. She raised an eyebrow, her

voice cool, adding a hint of chill to the hot summer day. “Only just arrived two minutes ago.”

James walked up and glanced at the milkshake in the trash can. With a concerned tone, he said, “Girls should drink less milkshake. If you like it, I can have the housekeeper make it for you. This stuff has additives, and it’s not good for your health.”

Yvette nodded, “The homemade ones aren’t as tasty as the store–bought ones, and they lack additives.”

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James hung up, looked at his granddaughter, and said in a gentle voice, “Come on, Yvette. Let’s go to see my physics lab.”

Yvette nodded slightly and said, “I’m going back to Seacurity soon, so you don’t have to open a milkshake shop for me.”

James waved his hand and thought it was no big deal. “It doesn’t matter. If you come to Betrico close it. Take it easy. Whatever I give you, just take it.”

I’ll have

open. If not, I’ll

Speaking of which, James remembered something. He added, “I’ve bought you a villa at Skyland yesterday. It’s small and only cost 100 million dollars. I’ll hand you the keys this afternoon, and you should check it out. Everything’s designed and furnished. You can just move in. You’re going to get married to Jeremiah, and we definitely can’t let him take advantage of you, understand?”

Yvette thought, ‘Does a few kisses count as taking advantage?’

James continued to speak earnestly to Yvette, “Luckily, Jeremiah doesn’t play the field like his grandpa. Otherwise, I would never let you marry him.”

The grudges between James and Jase in recent years stemmed from Mary, the president of the National Performing Arts Association, mentioned by Michael.

Yvette watched James, who had been talking beside her, and softly said, “Thank you.”

James didn’t hear clearly and turned his head to ask her, “What did you say, Yvette?”

Yvette paused, relaxed and calm, shaking her head. “Nothing.”

The national physics lab used the most advanced iris recognition in the world and five-tier security systems. As soon as the alarm was triggered, the army stationed there would arrive in no more than three minutes.

If the intruder was unlucky, the Navy, Army, and Air Force would all be there and send him to prison.

James and Yvette changed into white lab coats that were waterproof, electricity-proof, and radiation-proof.

The lab coat was made from material that's difficult to cut even with a knife, and each piece cost tens of thousands of dollars.

That meant that even if there were no special projects in the physics lab, lab coats cost millions of dollars, not to mention other basic expenses. What a money-burning lab!

James and Yvette had already passed through four levels of security checks before entering the most ordinary area of the lab.

As the door opened, the researchers in the outer area all stopped their experiments.

This elevator was exclusive to James, so others couldn't use it.

James led the way, and Yvette followed.

Everyone was surprised to see a girl following James because they had never seen James bring anyone in before, except for his grandson.

They wondered why James brought a girl into the lab and speculated that the physics lab might be getting a new member.

With every new researcher that came in, the pressure on the low-level staffers increased because the risk of being fired at the end of the month improved.

The researchers in the physics lab were divided into ordinary and core. Needless to say, core talents were physics prodigies picked from a million, or even ten million.

Ordinary researchers were very talented too, but still not enough. They were all on thin ice, never daring to let their guard down even for a moment.

They used this pressure to stimulate themselves, while others felt a little resentment, which was normal because everyone had been through this.

As the top talent in the nation's physics field, all researchers were fully aware of the trials they faced. After all, people tend to become lazy without pressure. That's why James was always strict during evaluations.

All researchers stood respectfully, watched as James approached, and took the initiative to greet him.

“Hello, Mr. Owens.”

“Morning, Mr. Owens.”

“Hi, Mr. Owens.”

Yvette walked alongside James, with her hands in her pockets, at a relaxed pace.

As James and Yvette got closer, everyone could finally see the girl’s face clearly, and they gasped.

Researchers thought, ‘She’s so pretty and looked more like a glamorous movie star than a researcher. Wasn’t she a bit too bold? Come on, next to her was Mr. Owens.’

James was very kind, nodded to everyone, and turned slightly to explain to Yvette, “Yvette, this is the outer area of the lab

They are the top students from each region every year and usually do some basic experiments. When you have time, come by to give them a lecture.”

James didn’t find anything wrong with what he said, but some proud top students couldn’t accept. They thought, ‘Mr. Owens’ must be kidding. She was just a girl younger than us. What qualifications does she have to teach us?’

Yvette glanced around at the researchers who were not convinced, her eyes stopping on someone for a moment and looking away.

Her expression was indifferent as she raised an eyebrow. Her stunningly beautiful eyes were calm. She thought, ‘Not convinced? Well, guess what? I’m good at dealing with rebellion. You all have to know what I’m capable of.’

“After an hour, you can ask me any questions you have.” Her voice was devoid of warmth, making the atmosphere of the already chilly lab even colder.

James heard Yvette’s words and glanced at the researchers, who were desperately trying to conceal their emotions. Only then did he realize that these geniuses couldn’t accept a girl who appeared out of nowhere.

James blamed himself for being messy. He spoke that because he knew Yvette was Siren. However, he forgot that the others didn’t know. So it was understandable that they were bitter.

James wanted to clarify Yvette's identity because everyone in the physics lab greatly respected Siren. If they knew that Yvette was Siren, they wouldn't be so arrogant.

Yvette tilted her head and gave James a look, prompting him to withdraw his words.

James thought, Yvette wanted to stay low-key. It's really hard to deal with. But she could make these researchers learn that there's always someone better than them. It's good. After all, complacency will make them step back, and facing some challenges can be quite beneficial

Thinking about this, James decided to let Yvette do anything she wanted. "It's not a bad thing for them to take a hit," he thought, choosing to stand by.

These top students had no idea that James had already left them to their fate and were all angry, thinking, 'Why are you so arrogant? What a cocky attitude you have! You even let us ask anything. Do you think you're an encyclopedia or Einstein?'

A boy who had been in the outer lab for a while, wearing glasses, looked at Yvette and said, "Hey, even though I'm not sure why Mr. Owens asked you to be our teacher, you must be quite talented. But do you think you're too confident? Are you certain you can handle all questions?"

Another competent girl took off her lab goggles and said with a good attitude, "Spencer is right, miss. I believe you're not boasting. But honestly, we find it hard to trust. Even our core researchers won't dare to make such bold claims."

"Yeah, we don't believe her either. Mr. Owens, are you going to recruit the little girl into the lab?"

"Is she one of the core talents?"

"The assessments at labs everywhere have already ended this year, so how could she still be joining?"

Since Yvette came in, only one boy was standing among the crowd and was silent and shocked.