

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 273

“One hour, you come up with your questions, and I’ll answer them. That’s all,” said Yvette.

These words made every researcher’s heart skip a beat.

Spencer, the boy with glasses, paused, his eyes deeper. “Alright, as you say.”

Suddenly, a pleasant and magnetic voice emerged from the crowd, “Yvette?”

Even though it was a question, he called out those two words with confidence.

Although his voice wasn’t loud, everyone around heard it and turned to look at him.

Ryan couldn’t believe he saw Yvette here.

It was the first time the two had met since the Seacurity Library, and Ryan thought it was incredible to see Yvette again in this case.

Ryan’s mind went blank for a moment when he saw Yvette come in. Especially seeing James being so kind to Yvette, he felt like he was dreaming.

Even though he’d only been in the physics lab for a week, he had already known Mr. Owens’ strictness. He thought, ‘I have never seen Mr. Owens be so pleasant with anyone before. And it just so happened to Yvette, a girl I knew and felt guilty about. That’s weird.

Ryan knew that Yvette was the long-lost Ms. Chambers. But now, he started to wonder how Yvette lived those past twenty- something years and how she knew the famous Mr. Owens.

Just Seacary.

ek ago, Ryan was recruited into James’ physics lab after winning first place in the national physics competition in James turned his gaze towards Ryan and had a vague memory of this boy.

Simon had highly recommended him, mentioning that he was from a well-known family in Seacurity.

Family vacation packages

However, students who were newcomers to the outer lab had to go through many basic experiments and tests before joining the core team.

James didn't know much about Ryan but was not surprised that Ryan knew Yvette. After all, they were in the same place, school, and major. James thought, 'Yvette was so fabulous. There should be a lot of boys admiring her. How could Ryan not know her?'

Yvette gave a slight nod, her face expressionless, showing no hint of surprise.

As she looked at Ryan, her delicate eyes and brows remained cool before she turned her head to James. "Shall we go? Is there anywhere else to see?"

Everyone was stunned again when she said that and puzzled, 'How could she treat Mr. Owens as a tour guide?'

The students here had all experienced James's temper before and thought he would definitely get angry with her tone. While everyone was speculating, James just smiled and nodded kindly, "Let's go and meet the core group."

Whether it was the senior students or the new ones, everyone was completely confused and thought Mr. Owens was different.

However, the next moment they realized Mr. Owens was still the same as always.

James looked at everyone. His expression suddenly changed, and his voice became serious. "You have one hour to print out all your unresolved questions related to the experiment."

James paused again, a hint of seriousness in his eyes. "Cherish this opportunity. It knocks but once. Understand?"

After saying this, James walked away with Yvette.

Everyone watched James walking beside Yvette and couldn't quite believe their eyes because it looked so much like an ancient queen touring with a servant by her side.

When James and Yvette stepped through the core lab's doors, everyone snapped back to reality.

They were stunned that James took her into the core lab and thought, 'We've never been inside, so how did she get in just like that?'

Spencer, who had made a pact with Yvette, turned to look at Ryan.

The others followed his gaze to Ryan at the same time.

Spencer asked, "Ryan, do you know this girl named Yvette?"

“Yeah, Ryan, do you know her? Who is she? She’s really bold, right?” another person asked.

“Did you see how Mr. Owens treats her? My God, she’s more important than Michael.”

A petite girl, the winner of last year’s physics competition in Alpineshire, said to Ryan, “Ryan, you were a bit off just now. Do you have any story with her?”

As a seasoned fangirl, besides doing experiments, she shipped her favorite couples and would appear wherever there was a po couple in the lab.

Everyone who knew her wasn’t surprised by her words.

Ryan tightened his fingers, feeling much easier than before. He noticed the curious looks from those around him and explained, “She is Yvette, from the physics department of Argrol University, just like me. She transferred in this year, and she’s our campus beauty.”

Ryan didn’t reveal Yvette’s family background, which made everyone else even more puzzled.

They didn’t know how a student from Seacriety’s Argrol University could brag about handling any challenge they got.

As known to all, they were all top talents from various regions.

Spencer still thought that James’ last sentences were warning them to seize this opportunity, or they would regret it for the rest of their lives.

Spencer then asked Ryan, “She’s in your department, right? Is she good in her studies? You came first in the Seacriety’s physics competition. How about her?”

Ryan lowered his head but raised his eyes when he heard this. “I don’t know. She hasn’t taken any exams yet and has been on leave for some reason. She didn’t sign up for the physics competition either. I’m not around school much, so I have no idea.”

Some people had contempt and thought Mr. Owens must have gone crazy. They didn’t want a student who didn’t even attend classes regularly to teach them.

Ryan paused, recalling Ethan’s incident, and added, “She’s good at gambling. She once won 100 million dollars overnight.

Hearing her spend 100 million dollars on gambling, the onlookers thought she was a prodigal and quickly labeled Yvette as a big gambler

Originally, Ryan intended to defend Yvette but ended up causing those researchers even more misunderstood. However, he didn't notice it and was still caught up in the fact that Yvette appeared at the national physics lab.

"Holy shit, Mr. Owens was crazy. How could he make a girl who was always absent teach us?"

"She even said we could come up with any question. Is she kidding?"

"She's insulting our intelligence. Whoever wants to ask questions can do it. I won't."

"Me too. I have experiments and a bunch of reaction tests to do. I don't have time to waste here."

The girl with glasses who had just defended Spencer calmly watched them making a fuss. "Guys, calm down. Mr. Owens agreed with what she said for a reason. Spencer has already settled it, so we should do it. Listen, I have a suggestion. There are twenty of us. How about each person come up with one question?"

Hearing this, the others felt much better and nodded in agreement that one question per person was indeed a good idea.

Seeing everyone agree made the girl with glasses feel relieved. She was worried about troubling Spencer.

"Alright, guys, please go back to your seats. We only have an hour. Since Mr. Owens advised us to take it seriously, just pick out a problem you don't understand."

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Ryan glanced at the girl with glasses but said nothing.

He agreed with the suggestion.

However, when it was his turn to write a question, he deliberately chose something simple.

He didn't want Yvette to embarrass herself.

Honestly, he didn't expect her to get all the answers right anyway—just hoping she could answer one more question to avoid looking too bad.

The petite girl named Isabella Jarvis was right after Ryan..

After getting the test paper, she purposely glanced at Ryan's question.

She thought, 'Isn't this way too easy? His intention is quite obvious.'

She sneakily looked around and after seeing that everyone around her was busy, she leaned over to Ryan and whispered in his ear, "Ryan, this question is way too simple! Aren't you afraid people will notice that you're giving her such an easy question? You've made it so obvious. Do you like this girl, Yvette?"

Ryan was momentarily stunned as he looked at Isabella. His expression flickered with discomfort.

He thought, "This girl is obsessed with pairing people up. She even read those cheesy romance novels while eating. Why do people like reading such brainless stuff anyway? They're obviously just trying to deceive young girls.'

Ryan looked seriously at the excited Isabella and said, "No, I don't. I already like someone else."

Hearing Ryan's serious answer, Isabella was momentarily taken aback.

Then she casually waved her hand and said, "Alright, alright, no need to be so serious. You don't like her—fine."

Ryan sighed and said nothing more.

Meanwhile, he was leading Yvette to the core lab.

Halfway there, he glanced at Yvette's expressionless face and asked, "Yvette, are you sure you're okay with them coming up with random questions like that?"

James didn't doubt Yvette's abilities, but with such an open-ended challenge, nobody could guarantee a perfect score.

Yvette's lips curved slightly. She looked at James, who seemed a bit uneasy, and said lightly, "No problem."

The two words were like a stabilizing force, instantly easing James's worries.

He had complete confidence in Yvette—if she said there was no problem, then there truly wouldn't be.

Besides, even if she missed a question or two, she would still be impressive.

The core lab of the National Physics Lab had only five people.

These five had an average age of over thirty.

Three were out conducting experiments, and only two remained in the lab.

The two were intensely debating something, their faces flushed, neither willing to back down.

It looked like they were about to come to blows.

James coughed lightly, causing both of them to turn toward the door.

“Mr. Owens!”

“Mr. Owens, you’re here.”

These two were Jay Maxwell and Marcus Decker, who had been working with James on the renewable energy project.

James raised an eyebrow and asked, “What are you two arguing about now?”

Jay and Marcus shared the same department and dorm room at Betrico University.

Their relationship could best be described as that of bickering buddies, and they shared one major thing in common: both were highly intelligent and, at 35, still single with no romantic experience.

Jay, looking more refined, better fitted the current ideal of the “mature man” that many women liked.

He was staring blankly at Yvette. When he heard James’s question, he snapped back to reality, remembered what had happened earlier, and pointed accusingly at Marcus.

He said angrily, “Mr. Owens, Marcus insists that part of my research on Experiment No. 1 is wrong. How could that be? I’ve conducted this experiment countless times!”

Marcus, calm and composed, glanced at the furious Jay through his thin gold-rimmed glasses.

His eyes flickered as he said, “He made a mistake, so I told him to redo it. Right is right, and wrong is wrong.”

Jay, whose refined demeanor gave way to an explosive temper, shot back. “He’s just being petty, trying to get back at me for eating his sausage yesterday when I was starving! Now he’s making me redo the experiment again and again! Such a miser. Fine. I’ll pay you back for the sausage!”

Marcus glanced at Jay, who was angrily sticking his neck out, and replied, “The sausage you ate was made from Silaria ham That little piece cost at least 1,500 dollars. Cash or card?”

Jay was du founded.

He thought, ‘No wonder the sausage tasted so good—it is so expensive!’

In the next second, he scooted closer to Marcus with a fawning expression. “Hey, look, I’ve already eaten it. Talking about money between us feels so crass. How about I wash your white shirts for a week to make up for it?”

Marcus glanced at Jay’s soft hand resting on his shoulder and, without any expression, nodded. “Deal.”

One moment they were ready to tear each other apart, and the next they were acting like best friends again.

James felt quite embarrassed by the behavior of his co-workers.

He turned to Yvette with an apologetic smile. “These two are Jay and Marcus, core researchers here. They’re always like this.”

He then introduced Yvette to them. “This is Yvette, the person you’ve both been eager to meet.”

Jay’s face instantly flushed red.

He sheepishly scratched his head, clearly shy.

Marcus’s eyes, however, turned cold as he glared at Yvette, his gaze filled with hostility.

He sized her up sharply, a hint of anger in his eyes.

Yvette looked up at Marcus, who had suddenly grown hostile, her bright eyes slightly narrowing, brimming with calm indifference and quiet arrogance.

“Trying to intimidate me?’ she thought. ‘He’s not even close.’

Instinctively, Marcus felt a chill and took a step back.

At that moment, the bashful Jay glanced at Yvette, and his face turned even redder.

He stammered, “Uh, Yvette, hi. I’m Jay Maxwell. I’m 35. I have residency in Betrico, a car, a house, no major loans, and some savings. If you find my qualifications acceptable, maybe we could explore a relationship. I’m a really obedient guy, and my

biggest dream is to find a wife. I might be a bit older than you, but no worries. Older men take better care of their partners.”

He rattled all this off in one breath, not giving James a chance to chime in.

The other three stared at the bashful Jay, each wearing a different expression: shock on one face, sadness on another, and a hint of murderous intent on the third.

James sensed that Jay wanted to say more and quickly stopped him.

He thought, “This guy is about to get carried away with his imagination again. If he keeps talking, he’ll probably end up planning the future of his kids with Yvette. It isn’t easy for me to cultivate such a talent. If Jeremiah knows Jay is imagining a future with Yvette, he’d probably want to skin Jay alive.

“Jay, you’ve misunderstood. Yvette isn’t here for a blind date. What were you thinking? Stop talking now!” James said.

Marcus visibly relaxed, his earlier hostility toward Yvette fading.

He even greeted her, something he hadn’t intended to do earlier. “Hello, I’m Marcus Decker.”

Yvette’s lips curled into a smirk. Her bright eyes sparkled with mischief as she glanced at both men, her posture relaxed and her expression unreadable.

“Yvette 7-ler,” she replied curtly.

Jay, realizing he had made a fool of himself, wished he could crawl into a hole.

He asked awkwardly, “So who is she then, Mr. Owens?”

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James was momentarily at a loss for words. “Who is she? Didn’t you already make everything crystal clear yourself?”

Jay’s face got even redder.

He helplessly glanced at Marcus for backup.

Macrally stepped forward, slightly positioning himself naturally Jay and James.

With a trace of exasperation in his voice, he said, “Mr. Owens, you know timid. Don’t scare him.”



James looked at the two of them and sighed. "Fine, I know he's timid, and you're the brave one. This is Yvette. Haven't you two always wanted to meet Siren? Well, here she is."

Jay and Marcus were stunned when they heard that.

Jay, losing his composure, dashed out from behind Marcus, face full of shock.

He felt as if something was stuck in his throat, unable to go up or down as he exclaimed to himself, 'Holy cow!'

Jay had always imagined Siren to be an elderly person—at least in their fifties.

The groundbreaking research papers and key theories certainly didn't seem like the work of someone in their twenties.

He couldn't believe his ears.

This revelation was the greatest shock Jay had experienced in over thirty years.

Likewise, Marcus, though more composed, couldn't fully hide his disbelief.

He thought, "The great Siren I have been eager to meet is this young woman in her twenties?"

He, too, found it difficult to accept.

Both hem stared at Yvette, who stood there with an impassive expression.

Jay struggled to get his words out. "Mr. Owens, are you saying... are you saying that she twenties? You must be joking, right?"

Siren? This young woman in her he had

Marcus's hands twitched slightly as he regained a bit of composure, but even to ask, "Mr. Owens, is she really Siren?"

James remembered how he, too, had been completely dumbfounded when he first learned that Yvette, barely in her twenties, was Siren.

That was indeed hard to Nerd F beltent, so he found Jay's and Marcus's reactions an James said seriously, "Yes, Yvette is Siren, the person you've both admired for so long."

Jay let out a startled gasp. In a sudden burst of enthusiasm, he rushed forward to shake hand.

However, before Yvette could react, Marcus quickly pulled Jay back.

He held Jay's hand down firmly, his face cold, and asked through gritted teeth, "at do you think you're doing?"

Jay was momentarily stunned and confused. "What's wrong with you? I just want to shake hands with the great Siren and maybe absorb some of her brilliance."

Marcus's expression flickered briefly with discomfort before he let go of Jay.

Then he said nonchalantly, "Sorry, it was just a reflex. Fine, go ahead. No need to be so eager."

Yvette watched the exchange, lips curving into a slight, mischievous smile, her eyes a bit cold.

Having been interrupted, Jay abandoned the handshake but continued to gaze at Yvette with eyes full of admiration.

He then said, "Um, hello, Siren. I'm Jay. I'm one of your biggest fans. If it weren't for the papers you sent over, which provided clear guidance, we might still be stuck in place, and who knows when the new energy project would've succeeded. But, wow, I didn't expect you to be so young! I apologize for earlier. That was all because Mr. Owens didn't explain properly?"

As he said this, he shot a look of indignation at James, letting out a soft huff.

James was momentarily stunned and thought, 'Why am I getting blamed for this?'

Marcus's attitude changed quite a lot, too.

Though he still hadn't fully processed it, he could now acknowledge the reality of Yvette's identity as Siren.

He looked at Yvette and thought, 'The younger generation is really outshining the older one!'

Then he said with a note of admiration, "To think that Siren is a young woman in her twenties... It really shows that there are always greater talents out there."

James nodded in agreement.

Then he said, "Alright, Yvette's identity stays between the three of us. She doesn't want it to become public knowledge."

Jay and Marcus nodded in understanding.

Jay couldn't help but glance at Yvette again, coming to a conclusion of his own—apparently, a beautiful woman wasn't necessarily just a pretty face; she could also be a highly skilled and mysterious expert.

Jay then said, "Siren, I'm currently working on Experiment No. 1, related to electromagnetism. Marcus keeps saying there's something wrong with my process. Would you be interested in joining me? We could work on it together."

Yvette nodded slightly and replied with a faint smile, "Sure. I've got something in an hour, so let's start now."

Jay's mouth twitched as he thought, 'Isn't she a bit too fast-paced?'

He gently reminded, "Siren, maybe you want to review my previous experiment data first? One hour might not be enough. Time is a bit tight

Yvette glanced at both him and the equipment behind him, already knowing which experiment he was talking about.

She had already completed it before—it wasn't difficult.

Half an hour was enough for her.

With her hands in her pockets, she appeared relaxed and casual.

Frowning slightly, she looked at the troubled Jay, then Marcus and James, and asked in confusion, "One hour? Is it that hard?"

Marcus narrowed his eyes and thought, 'Her question really makes me want to punch her.'

James, however, chuckled. He didn't see anything wrong with what Yvette said.

He thought his granddaughter had every right to be this confident.

"You two go ahead. I'll wait here," James said with a smile.

He then turned to Marcus, his expression growing serious as he said, "You stay. I have something to ask you."

Marcus was surprised. "Okay, Mr. Owens."

Jay cheerfully led Yvette into the lab, while James and Marcus sat in James's office.

James made himself a cup of coffee, while Marcus helped himself to a glass of water, clearly familiar with the place.

James looked at Marcus, his concern evident.

He thought, 'Only Marcus and Jay are still single among the lab members. They've been on countless blind dates, but none have worked out. Why is that? They aren't bad-looking, have good jobs, and definitely aren't short on money, yet no one seems interested in them.'

"Have you been on any blind dates lately?" James asked.

Marcus took a sip of water, looked up with deep eyes, and said, "I have, but there was no chemistry."

James bristled with frustration. He didn't believe Marcus.

James snapped, "No chemistry? The girl said you only spoke three sentences the whole time: 'Hello, I'm here, and 'Goodbye.' Is that how you approach a blind date? You were treating it like a business meeting!"

Marcus set down his glass and replied coolly, "We had no common interests."

James, at this point, pulled out his heart medication from the left drawer and took a couple of pills.

Marcus's eyes flickered.

He was used to James needing medicine whenever they talked.

James calmed himself down.

Marcus was the type of person who wouldn't speak unless he absolutely had to, and when he finally did, his words could drive anyone crazy.

Half an hour later—right on time—the lab door opened.

Yvette emerged first, removing her face mask as she walked, while Jay followed closely behind. His body was stiff, and his eyes glazed over as he stared at Yvette,

No one knew what he was thinking.

But it was clear he was massively shocked.

James and Marcus immediately got up to greet them.

James fussed over Yvette. "Yvette, how was it? Are you tired?"

Yvette tilted her head slightly, her face expressionless, her eyes as cold as ever.

In a calm voice, she replied, "Not tired."

Marcus, on the other hand, went straight to Jay and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

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Jay swallowed hard and lifted his head.

He pointed to Yvette, who was sitting, and asked in a shaky, stunned voice, "Marcus, how many methods can be used to verify Experiment No. 1?"

Marcus, his face serious, held up three fingers. "Three. After five years of repeated experiments, we've determined there are only three methods."

Jay wiped the sweat from his brow and shook his head. "No, Marcus, there are five."

Marcus stood frozen, looking at the excited expression on Jay's face.

He seemed to have guessed what was going on, and the thought made him feel disoriented.

"In just half an hour, Siren came up with two more methods?" asked Marcus.

Jay looked into Marcus's eyes, blinked, and swallowed again.

Then he replied, "Yes, at first it was just one, but then during the experiment, another method was discovered."

Marcus suddenly turned his head, looking at Yvette, who sat with her legs crossed, calmly sipping water.

He finally understood what James meant when he said, "Some people are just born gifted."

He and Jay were regarded as geniuses out of reach.

But today, he truly grasped the meaning of an unmatched genius.

Completing an experiment in half an hour was already an incredible feat.

Discovering new methods during the experiment and actually succeeding was terrifying.

to recruit Yvette, even Marcus finally understood why the director had gone to such great lengths considering dropping everything to fly to Seacurity.

He used to think the effort was excessive, but now he realized how shortsighted he had been.

Any remaining doubts Marcus had about Yvette being Siren vanished completely.

If he had been even slightly unsure before, now he was 100% convinced.

James overheard their conversation.

He knew that the news of five solutions to Experiment No. 1 would surely create quite a stir in the physics community.

Yvette took another sip of water, her throat slightly hoarse. She pressed her lips together and said in a flat tone, "Let's go."

James said, "No rush. There's still half an hour left. You can rest a bit."

Yvette stood up. "No need. I'd rather get it over with. Jeremiah's waiting for at for dinner."

F Nghe had it been fit with a wave of affection. "Alright the?"

James if he Jay, seeing them about to leave, hurried to stop them, asking, "Mr. Owens, Siren, what are you two going to do now?"

James paused for a moment before waving his hand.

Then he said, "Nothing major. I wanted Yvette to take some time to go over a few problems with the students. Those outside the core lab aren't convinced of her abilities, so they made a bet. They pose the questions, and Yvette answers."

Jay, remembering how Yvette had calmly and effortlessly conducted the experiment earlier, felt a pang of sympathy for the students outside.

He could already foresee their brutal defeat.

He thought, 'Who could they possibly challenge? Of all people, they chose this master? Clearly, they've grown too comfortable and are now seeking excitement.'

Jay's eyes sparkled with curiosity. Missing this would be a blow to his gossip-loving soul.

He said, "Mr. Owens, I'm free too. Mind if I come along?"

Marcus, standing beside him, said nothing, but his interest was obvious.

Yvette didn't care. "Sure, if you want to watch," she said, before heading out the door.

Jay eagerly followed, with Marcus close behind.

In the outer lab, a test paper consisting of twenty questions was created.

Ryan's question was relatively standard and simple, but the others were clearly designed to be tricky, intentionally difficult.

Another person's question was also quite standard: it was Spencer, who had made the bet with Yvette.

He had meticulously organized the tough questions that had troubled him for a long time.

He had a feeling that if he didn't take this seriously, he might regret it later.

So, unlike the others who merely wanted to make things difficult for Yvette, he included a question that posed a real challenge.

Led by Yvette, the group of four returned to the outer lab.

As the door opened, the people who had been writing papers or conducting experiments immediately paused what they were doing.

When they saw two more people had entered—and realized who they were—everyone was stunned.

They were puzzled about why the core lab members were present.

Though they shared the same lab space, core members were elusive and rarely

Each of them was extremely busy.

The statuses of Jay and Marcus were unmatched. seen.

Every new lab member hoped to be mentored by them, but they had only taken on a handful of students.

What happened next left everyone even more amazed.

They watched in disbelief as Jay personally fetched a soft chair for Yvette.

Even more shocking was that the ever—stoic and stern Marcus quietly went to the coffee station, poured a glass of orange juice, and placed it on the desk next to Yvette,

As the situation escalated into new levels of shock, the outer lab members were left in a state of numbness.

Yvette sat down on the chair, propping her chin on her hand.

She scanned the room with her bright eyes filled with coldness, radiating an intimidating aura.

Jay and Marcus, wearing serious expressions, stood behind her, sending a chill down everyone's spine.

Those who didn't know better might mistake Yvette for a mob boss.

The one person most familiar with this scene was Ryan.

A few months ago, at Sky Nimbus, Yvette had behaved the same way, resulting in Daniel fainting from anger and suffering a concussion.

With him done for, the Brooks family collapsed over James took a seat as well, addressing the dazed crowd. "Are the questions ready?"

Family vacation packages

The girl with glasses stepped forward. "Mr. Owens, yes. Each of us wrote one question, adding up to twenty in total. These are all challenging problems we've gathered from our daily studies."

Yvette smirked slightly, cutting straight to the point. "The test paper."

Not a word more was said.

Spencer stepped forward, slightly pausing at Yvette's relaxed demeanor.

Then he said, "Ms. Zeller, we've all agreed that there's no time limit for this test. Take as long as you

With that, he handed the paper to Yvette.

Jay took it and glanced at it, with Marcus also peeking over.

The more Jay looked, the angrier he got. need."

He thought, 'This isn't a test. It is clearly designed to be difficult. To answer all the questions will require mastery not only in physics but also in chemistry, biology, and more. Only two questions are reasonable. I knew these students were resistant to



having Yvette as their teacher, but I didn't expect them to display such a lack of basic decency.

With a cold snort, Jay passed the paper to Marcus.

Then he said with a stern face, "Are these supposed to be physics questions? Only two or three are related to physics. What are the rest?"

Marcus, having also read the paper, shared the same sentiment.

These questions were completely outside the scope.

James took a glance at the paper, feeling disappointed.

This was clearly a set of questions designed to trip someone up, not a real test of ability.

The students hadn't heeded his earlier advice after all.

He said nothing, handing the paper to Yvette. "Take a look at this. You can choose not to answer the questions. This test is meaningless."

Yvette gave the paper a quick look, her expression unchanged, as if everything was under her control.

A faint smile tugged at the corner of her lips.

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Though James was usually strict with students, he rarely lost his temper.

However, upon hearing this, he slapped the test paper on the desk and said in a cold, stern voice, "If none of you want to ask, then we'll let this go today. Just hope you don't regret it later."

James knew that, even though Yvette didn't want to reveal her identity as Siren now, it was only a matter of time before it would be exposed in the future.

By the time it happened, it would be too late for these students to have any regrets.

Jay nodded and said to Yvette, "Let's not bother. Instead of working on these questions, wouldn't it be better to discuss things with me?"

Yvette turned around and rolled up her sleeves, exposing her slender wrist.

She tapped the test paper with her fingertip and looked up, still looking nonchalant..

It was clear that the test hadn't affected her mood at all.

Glancing around the room, she said, "Since we're betting, there should be stakes. What can you put up?"

Everyone was stunned for a moment.

Suddenly, they remembered Ryan mentioning that Yvette had once won 100 million dollars in just one night.

They all respond in unison, "We don't have any money."

Yvette crossed her legs, her expression indifferent, and glanced at Ryan, who was staring down at the floor.

Her tone remained indifferent as she said, "Whatever you have, put it up."

Spencer's face twitched slightly as he forced himself to say, "Ms. Zeller, this feels inappropriate. Isn't this just gambling?"

Yvette nodded, her expression completely natural. "Yes, it is."

Everyone turned to look at James, thinking, 'How can Mr. Owens possibly allow open gambling?'

To everyone's surprise, James nodded in agreement. "Let's go with what Yvette said. If you've got money, put it up. If not, I can lend you some. Just sign an IOU."

Jay's eyes widen in disbelief.

He thought, 'Wow!! The way this master makes money is so unconventional; who would have thought this could actually work? It looks like Mr. Owens has also gone astray.'

Standing nearby, Marcus said, "I can lend too, at a lower interest rate than Mr. Owens. Feel free to come to me."

Once in range and Jay were possessed.

They had seen Marcus and Jay leave the core lab, or they might have suspected that Marcus and Jay

The twenty people from the outer lab gathered to discuss.

Every now and then, they glanced at Yvette, who was sitting there looking completely relaxed.

Ryan stood quietly to the side, saying nothing and keeping his eyes lowered.

Ten minutes later, Spencer, the first to place the bet, stepped forward and said, "Ms. Zeller, since Mr. Owens has approved, we agree too. We can only gather 15,000 dollars. Is that acceptable?"

Propping her chin on her hand, Yvette nodded slightly at the mention of 15,000 dollars.

She replied in a crisp and clear voice, "That's fine. If I lose, I'll give you 150 thousand dollars, ten times the amount."

Hearing that, some couldn't help but feel a tinge of excitement.

They thought, "This money is too easy to win. Yvette must just be a rich fool. If we had known, we would have made the test even harder... What a missed opportunity."

With that, the bet was officially set, with 15,000 dollars at stake.

Spencer breathed a sigh of relief.

He then said, "You can take as long as you want with the test. We've got experiments to run and can't wait around. Ms. Zeller, you can head to the second room on the left, and just call us when you're done."

Yvette looked up, noticing the crowd looking even more annoyed after pooling their money.

Narrowing her eyes, she replied casually, "No need. Twenty minutes will be enough, and I'll do it here."

As soon as she finished speaking, the lab fell into silence.

In the spacious lab, the only sound was breathing.

Jay and Marcus knew Yvette was Siren, who excelled at physics.

But the test covered not just physics but also biology, astronomy, and mathematics.

They couldn't help but think that finishing it in twenty minutes seemed a bit too incredible.

James didn't say anything. He believed that if Yvette said she could finish, she would.

Yvette ignored the looks of disbelief and casually pulled a pen from the table.

Her foot tapped lightly on the ground as a slight smile appeared at the corner of her lips.

Then, she lowered her head and started working on the supposedly difficult questions.

Yvette wrote quickly, her pen barely stopping.

Except for James, Jay, and Marcus, who were closest to her, the others could only see her scribbling constantly.

She just glanced at the questions and didn't seem to need time to think.

Everyone exchanged doubtful glances.

Someone whispered, "She's so good at pretending. Is she not even reading the questions?"

A petite girl said, "Exactly. Who does she think she is, some kind of genius with a photographic memory? What is Mr. Owens thinking, asking her to be our teacher? We're all top [science](#) students from our respective hometowns. What makes her so special?"

The girl with glasses shot them a look. "Do you really think Mr. Owens is that clueless? If she wasn't capable, do you think he, Maxwell, or Mr. Decker would treat her this way? Have you even thought about it?"

The two who were whispering fall silent, embarrassed.

They thought that even if Yvette was somewhat talented, she wouldn't be able to finish twenty questions in twenty minutes. And even if she did, there was no way they'd all be correct.

At the fifteen-minute mark, Yvette's writing speed slowed noticeably.

Spencer guessed that she'd reached his optics question, which had stumped him for quite some time.

He had included it in the test just hoping to try his luck today.

Seeing Yvette's writing slow down even further, he sighed, thinking he would be disappointed again.

Only James, sitting beside Yvette, and Jay and Marcus, standing nearby, could see that Yvette hadn't paused for a single second on any of the questions.

Two of them didn't even require any calculations; she just wrote down the answers directly.

They thought, 'Is she even human? Her brain works at the speed of a computer.'

The three of them wear the same expression—utter shock.

Even Marcus, who was usually calm, felt this scene was simply too surreal.

He thought, ‘People like her are truly on a different level. I’ll never dare to call myself a genius again. She is the true genius.’

At the nineteen–minute mark, Yvette set down her pen, twirling it briefly before placing it back in its holder.

She looked up, raised an eyebrow, and said calmly, “All done.”

Everyone wore an expression that screamed, “You must be joking. How is this possible?”

They then stared at the test paper Yvette casually laid on the desk, both shocked and anxious.

James stood up and cleared his throat softly.

His eyes scanned the room before he said, “The test is done. For fairness, I’ll project the answers on the big screen at the back so we can all grade them together.”

“Sounds good, Mr. Owens.”

“I agree, Mr. Owens.”

“That’s a great idea.”

Yvette pulled out her phone and tapped it gently. The screen lit up.

A message from Jeremiah appeared. [I’m at the door, waiting for you. No rush.]

Yvette replied with a simple “Okay” and stood up.

She tilted her head slightly and said, “I’m leaving now. Jeremiah’s here to pick me up and he’s already at the entrance.”

James was taken aback and asked, “You don’t want to stay for the result?”

Though James was usually strict with students, he rarely lost his temper.

However, upon hearing this, he slapped the test paper on the desk and said in a cold, stern voice, “If none of you want to ask, then we’ll let this go today. Just hope you don’t regret it later.”

James knew that, even though Yvette didn't want to reveal her identity as Siren now, it was only a matter of time before it would be exposed in the future.

By the time it happened, it would be too late for these students to have any regrets.

Jay nodded and said to Yvette, "Let's not bother. Instead of working on these questions, wouldn't it be better to discuss things with me?"

Yvette turned around and rolled up her sleeves, exposing her slender wrist.

She tapped the test paper with her fingertip and looked up, still looking nonchalant..

It was clear that the test hadn't affected her mood at all.

Glancing around the room, she said, "Since we're betting, there should be stakes. What can you put up?"

Everyone was stunned for a moment.

Suddenly, they remembered Ryan mentioning that Yvette had once won 100 million dollars in just one night.

They all respond in unison, "We don't have any money."

Yvette crossed her legs, her expression indifferent, and glanced at Ryan, who was staring down at the floor.

Her tone remained indifferent as she said, "Whatever you have, put it up."

Spencer's face twitched slightly as he forced himself to say, "Ms. Zeller, this feels inappropriate. Isn't this just gambling?"

Yvette nodded, her expression completely natural. "Yes, it is."

Everyone turned to look at James, thinking, 'How can Mr. Owens possibly allow open gambling?'

To everyone's surprise, James nodded in agreement. "Let's go with what Yvette said. If you've got money, put it up. If not, I can lend you some. Just sign an IOU."

Jay's eyes widen in disbelief.

He thought, 'Wow!! The way this master makes money is so unconventional; who would have thought this could actually work? It looks like Mr. Owens has also gone astray.'

Standing nearby, Marcus said, "I can lend too, at a lower interest rate than Mr. Owens. Feel free to come to me."

Once in range and Jay were possessed.

They had seen Marcus and Jay leave the core lab, or they might have suspected that Marcus and Jay

The twenty people from the outer lab gathered to discuss.

Every now and then, they glanced at Yvette, who was sitting there looking completely relaxed.

Ryan stood quietly to the side, saying nothing and keeping his eyes lowered.

Ten minutes later, Spencer, the first to place the bet, stepped forward and said, "Ms. Zeller, since Mr. Owens has approved, we agree too. We can only gather 15,000 dollars. Is that acceptable?"

Propping her chin on her hand, Yvette nodded slightly at the mention of 15,000 dollars.

She replied in a crisp and clear voice, "That's fine. If I lose, I'll give you 150 thousand dollars, ten times the amount."

Hearing that, some couldn't help but feel a tinge of excitement.

They thought, "This money is too easy to win. Yvette must just be a rich fool. If we had known, we would have made the test even harder... What a missed opportunity."

With that, the bet was officially set, with 15,000 dollars at stake.

Spencer breathed a sigh of relief.

He then said, "You can take as long as you want with the test. We've got experiments to run and can't wait around. Ms. Zeller, you can head to the second room on the left, and just call us when you're done."

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## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 278**

Yvette put her hands in her pockets with a half-smile and a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Tilting her head slightly, she said lazily, “No need. I already know the result. There won’t be a second one.”

Jay’s mouth twitched.

He couldn’t argue with that. The confidence Yvette carried left him in genuine awe.

As Yvette began walking out, hands in her pockets, the crowd instinctively parted, creating a clear path.

They swore it was involuntary and unplanned.

Somehow, they just all stepped back in unison and then watched Yvette leave.

Spencer stared at Yvette’s back, then turned to James, and asked, “Mr. Owens, isn’t Ms. Zeller not staying to wait for the result?”

James glanced at him and shook his head. “No need. There won’t be any surprises.”

The crowd was left speechless and wondering where James’s confidence came from.

Half an hour later, the people in the lab were standing in stunned silence, their faces frozen in disbelief.

They stared blankly at the screen, which displayed the result that James and three senior professors had just finished grading.

All twenty questions were answered correctly.

What shocked them even more was that Yvette had used two different methods to solve the final problem, the one Spencer had submitted.

Everyone finally realized that it wasn’t that Yvette was slow in answering. She had simply taken her time to solve the problem using two distinct approaches.

The students in the outer lab felt a mixture of emotions, realizing why Yvette had left without waiting for the result.

It wasn't arrogance; she simply knew she had it in the bag.

They couldn't help but wonder where James found such a genius and how they were supposed to keep up.

The students now thought of Yvette as a master of all trades.

Reflecting on how they had initially underestimated her and intentionally created challenging questions to make things difficult for her, they all looked completely embarrassed.

Ryan, standing amidst the group, stared at the screen without moving.

Suddenly, he walked out.

But no one noticed, except for Marcus, who barely gave it any thought.

James, seeing the dispirited expressions on everyone's faces, said seriously, "I gave you all an opportunity to learn, but you wasted it. The issue is your pride. You refused to believe that Yvette was better than you. Yes, you were all top students back in your hometowns, but entering this lab is just the beginning of your journey, not the end. You should know there's always someone better out there. Take some time to reflect on this."

With those words, he walked into his office without looking back his figure appearing particularly frail and lonely.

After all, this man, who had single-handedly shouldered the responsibilities of the National Physics Lab for years, was getting old.

The crowd remained silent, regret clearly written across their faces.

They finally understood James's well-meaning efforts.

Many began to reflect on whether they had lost sight of their original goals and their sense of self. Today's event served as a wake-up call.

Jay and Marcus watched the disheartened group.

Marcus's eyes were complicated as he said, "Don't think you're that special. There are people who are far more talented and yet remain humble."

Everyone knew who he was talking about.

After saying that, Marcus pulled Jay along and left.

But midway, Jay stopped, turned back, and spread his hands, saying, “15,000 dollars. Don’t forget. Make sure Mr. Owens gets it, alright?”

Everyone’s faces flushed, tinged with embarrassment.

Spencer stepped forward. “Don’t worry, Maxwell. We’ll hand the money to Mr. Owens by tomorrow.”

Marcus’s lips twitched. He thought, “This guy always has a way of ruining the moment. Always the little miser. Even at this moment, he’s worrying about the 15,000 dollars for Siren. I really don’t know what to say about him.”

After running out of the lab, Ryan wandered aimlessly until he reached a gazebo.

After hesitating for a moment, he pulled out his phone and called Simon.

Within seconds, the call connected.

“Ryan? Why are you calling at this time? Isn’t the lab keeping you busy?” asked Simon.

They had kept in touch regularly.

Ryan took a deep breath, his voice slightly shaking as he asked, “Mr. Sunderland, when you said I might run into a familiar face in the lab someday, were you talking about Yvette?”

There was a brief silence on the other end before

Simon replied, “Yes. You met her?”

Hearing the answer he had expected, Ryan couldn’t quite describe his feelings.

He recounted today’s events to Simon over the phone.

Simon sounded unsurprised. “That’s normal. You’ll get used to it”

Ryan really wanted to ask, “How is any of this normal?”

Back when they were at Argrol University, rumors swirled about Yvette that she was only good at drawing and knew nothing about physics because she frequently skipped exams.

Ryan couldn’t help but think, ‘If that were true, then what was all this today? Was it all just a dream?’

Before ending the call, Simon reminded Ryan, “Don’t mess with her. Understand?”

Ryan put his phone away and stood still.

He thought, ‘Everyone always called me the genius of the physics department at Argrol University, the future hope of the field. I believed it too. But now, it just seems laughable.

Meanwhile, inside the Jeep, Jeremiah was driving while Yvette sat in the passenger seat, legs curled up as she nestled into the chair, a thin blanket draped over her.

She looked completely relaxed, holding a banana milkshake in her hand, her face as effortlessly beautiful as ever.

Jeremiah turned his head slightly and asked, “How was the tour today?”

Yvette took a sip of her milkshake.

It was just how she liked it.

She glanced at Jeremiah, who was casually driving with one hand, and replied, “It was interesting, and I made 15,000 dollars.”

Just two minutes ago, James had transferred her the money, even adding an extra zero for spending money.

Jeremiah’s hand briefly paused on the wheel, his bright eyes filled with amusement.

He thought, ‘She won money at the physics lab? Someone must have been foolish enough to mess with her again.

He asked, “15,000 dollars? That made you happy?”

Yvette sat cross-legged under the blanket, only her head poking out, looking much more obedient than usual.

She nodded slightly. “Kind of.”

Money didn’t mean much to her; she’d never lacked it.

For years, she’d measured wealth in billions.

On the way back to Skyland, Jeremiah received a call.

The person on the other end sounded incredibly respectful. “Jeremiah, we all know you’re back and gathering. Are you free to join us? We’re already at Sky Nimbus.”

Sky Nimbus in Betrico is the largest and most luxurious of all the chain leisure clubs.

Want to have a

It's at least ten times better decorated than the one in Seacuity, and naturally, the cost of the decor is several times higher as well.

emiah said, "Hold on."

Then he looked at Yvette and asked, "Do you want to go? It's nearby. If you don't feel like it, we can head back to Skyland."

Yvette lowered her clear, bright eyes slightly.

Her voice was calm as she said, "Sure."

Earlier, there had been some noise at the other end of the phone, but now it was completely silent.

In Sky Nimbus, a man suddenly pushed open the door to Room and strode inside.

In an easygoing manner, he said, "Did you call Jeremiah? Samantha's already at the door."

Then he noticed that everyone in the room was staring at him in shock.

Just now, they heard Jeremiah's voice on the phone along with a girl's voice.

They knew it had to be Jeremiah's girlfriend from Seacuity, the one who had been causing a stir lately.

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 279**

Inside the car, Jeremiah put away his phone, showing no reaction to whether Samantha would be there or not.

Yvette clearly heard the name "Samantha" and raised her eyes, the corners of her lips curling.

That name had come up quite often since she arrived in Betrico.

She raised an eyebrow and asked lightly, "Childhood sweethearts? Longtime friends? Destined lovers?"

With every phrase she uttered, Jeremiah gripped the steering wheel tighter.

He thought, 'Am I in trouble? She is being so scary!'

Jeremiah slowed the car, shifted slightly, and held Yvette's hand with one of his.

His voice was low and deep as he said, "What kind of descriptions are those? Samantha is Andrew's sister, and we grew up together. Our families did try to set us up, but neither of us liked each other."

Family vacation packages

He paused, glancing at Yvette's expressionless face, deciding that someone had to take the heat.

He gently grazed Yvette's palm with his fingertips.

He coughed awkwardly and continued, "It was mainly my grandpa. He's always been trying to pair Samantha and me up."

Jase was dragged into this for no reason at all.

Yvette withdrew her gaze from Jeremiah and stretched, revealing her slender waist.

Her clear, bright eyes twinkled faintly with amusement as she said calmly, "I see. Just focus on driving."

Meanwhile, in one of the private rooms at Sky Nimbus, the group of people looked unsettled after hearing the phone call hang up.

The one who mentioned that Samantha would be coming was Jared Welch, a political scion closest to Andrew.

He stared at the silent crowd, who were looking at the phone, and asked nervously, "What's going on? Why are you all frozen? Samantha is coming-why do you look like that? Come on. Let's get hyped!"

The others wore sullen expressions.

The one holding the phone was Joel Turner, one of the few people in the room who had Jeremiah's number.

Even though they all grew up in privileged circles, there were significant differences among them.

Jeremiah had long surpassed them.

He barely hung out and partied with them.

Over the years, he rarely went out to have fun, usually only when Andrew was around.

Joel's father also worked in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

It was thanks to his father that Joel even had Jeremiah's number and could speak to Jeremiah once in a while.

Glaring at Jared, Joel gritted his teeth, thinking, 'This idiot had to show up and mention Samantha, of all times, while I was on the phone with Jeremiah! There can't be two leaders in one territory. Everyone in Betrico already knows how much Jeremiah dotes on his girlfriend. He's already blown up for her sake, and those gossiping women are still sitting in jail. Even

Mr. Jase Chavez has made it clear there will be no leniency. It's obvious he's accepted this girl from Seacriety. Bringing up Samantha now is like signing our death warrant! One is the former rumored fiancée of Jeremiah, and the other is his official girlfriend. It's like lighting a match in a room full of gasoline-this place is about to explode! We're done for!

Joel had a worried look on his face as he said, "Jared, you are getting us in big trouble! Why would you do that?"

The others chimed in. "Yeah, Jared, you sure picked the right time to mention Samantha. You're on your own for this mess."

"Yeah, you better kneel and beg Jeremiah for mercy later. We can't help you. Good luck!"

"Jared, every year on this day, we will honor you with offerings. Next year, we will send off your favorite limited-edition luxury car. Rest easy, amen."

"Don't forget the four beauties too-we'll make sure they get sent along. Rest in peace!"

Jared jumped to his feet. "What's wrong with you guys? I'm perfectly fine; how could I possibly die? How dare you curse me like that? You're horrible!"

Joel waved his phone. "It's not a curse. I was on the phone with Jeremiah just now."

Jared was stunned. "You called Jeremiah? And how does that have anything to do with me mentioning Samantha? It makes no sense. Is Jeremiah coming?"

Joel gave a troubled laugh. "When you brought

up Samantha, Jeremiah's girlfriend was sitting right next to him

In truth, it wasn't Yvette that frightened them. It was Jeremiah himself.



The nightmares he'd left from their childhood haunted every single one of them.

Whenever they made a mistake, they'd hear their parents scold, "Why can't you learn from Jeremiah?"

That sentence was a childhood nightmare for everyone around here.

And it had left them feeling really frustrated.

They couldn't surpass Jeremiah academically, nor could they outfight him.

They gradually became accustomed to their frustration.

Eventually, they just gave up, convinced they couldn't compare to Jeremiah at all.

When they learned that Jeremiah had a girlfriend from Seacriety and brought her to meet the Chavez family, they even began to feel a little better about themselves.

After years of defeat, they finally had something—their girlfriends—that allowed them to feel superior to Jeremiah.

All of their girlfriends were top-tier in

terms of looks, figure, and education level.

They were confident that their girlfriends could outshine Yvette.

At this point, Jared's face twitched.

He thought, "I am finished—I've just mentioned Jeremiah's rumored old flame right in front of his girlfriend. There really is no way out now."

Without another word, Jared turned and headed for the door.

Seeing he was trying to flee already, everyone was astonished at how cowardly he was.

They were also amazed by how terrifying Jerer's. But just as Jared reached for the handle, a woman's presence was pushed the door open.

She had long, flaxen, wavy hair. She was beautiful but not seductive, stunning yet not bewitching, with impeccable features and flawless skin; her eyes were clear and bright.

She had a natural elegance and refined grace, with a touch of captivating allure in her poised demeanor.

Her bright red lips stood out against her long black dress, the latest summer collection from Vibe.

She looked elegant and dignified.

Everyone in the private room was stunned into silence by her breathtaking beauty.

They completely admired Samantha's beauty.

She had always been gorgeous; while others aged under the pressures of the business world, she remained stunning.

Jared scratched his head and said, "Samantha, you're here."

Samantha glanced around at everyone in the room.

Her bright eyes and radiant smile lit up the place.

Every man she glanced at grew nervous.

If Jeremiah was the dream of every woman in the elite circles of Betrico, then Samantha was the woman every man knew he could never win.

The thing they had in common was that they were both unattainable.

Samantha had been swamped with work recently, and she had finally gotten some time off, so she decided to relax a bit.

Knowing her longtime friends had organized an event, she thought it'd be nice to come out for a drink and unwind. are you rushing off to?"

Samantha furrowed her brows slightly and said, "Wh

Jared, of course, couldn't admit he was trying to run. He laughed awkwardly.

Now that Samantha had arrived, Jared knew he couldn't escape.

Nothing, just need the bathroom."

He slumped back into his seat, casting anxious, desperate glances at the door, like a lover waiting for his sweetheart.

But the one he awaited was a grim reaper.

Samantha paid no attention to him and walked toward the sofa.

The others automatically made space for her in the center.

They also poured her a glass of vodka, as everyone knew she only drank vodka

From childhood to now, Samantha had always been the queen among th

It was so natural to them by now the one they all revolved around.

But the women they brought along-famous models, no less-were uncomfortable.

Their shine faded the moment Samantha walked in, and they weren't taking it well.

## **Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 280**

The model Keira, whom Joel brought along, had recently gained a lot of fame. She starred in a reality show, which caused her popularity to soar.

She was introduced to Joel, and they quickly hit it off. Joel soon acknowledged her as his girlfriend.

With her newfound connections, Keira's job offers improved significantly, and everywhere she went, people catered to her.

She prided herself on her looks and figure, believing herself to be top-tier.

Just moments ago, all eyes had been on her, but the second Samantha walked in, the attention vanished.

A wave of jealousy and anger surged through her.

But she wasn't clueless either.

She knew Samantha was a legendary and powerful woman in Betrico and that she couldn't afford to provoke her.

Samantha's jewelry company was currently looking for an endorser, and Keira had hoped Joel could introduce her to Samantha so she could try to secure the job.

If she could land this, it would undoubtedly push her into the top ranks this year.

Now, the opportunity was right in front of her.

Of course, Keira, a mere model, had no idea about Jeremiah's true identity; she only guessed he was probably also a political scion.

She had picked up some hints about the relationship between Samantha and Jeremiah from the earlier conversation.

This kind of relationship dynamic was nothing new to her, having seen plenty in the entertainment industry.

Keira kept sneaking glances at Samantha, who was sitting on the sofa sipping her vodka.

Seizing the right moment, she took her wine glass and walked over.

Samantha sat on the sofa, silent, with her eyes downcast.

Her mind was already elsewhere.

Her little “toy” had been acting up, throwing tantrums and being difficult, which she found amusing.

After all these years, he was still not obedient.

She wondered how she should remind him that she was the unshakable force he relied on.

Keira walked over gracefully and said, “Hello, Samantha, I’m Keira.”

Samantha, hearing her voice, snapped out of her thoughts.

She lifted her gaze slightly, her eyes landing on Keira, who stood before her in hot pants and a halter top, her face unmistakably altered by cosmetic surgery.

The political scions were never short of women.

Samantha didn’t even have to guess to know what kind of person she was dealing with.

She said calmly, “Call me Ms. Mitchell. Do you need something?”

Keira’s face briefly showed embarrassment.

She thought, ‘As the rumors say, Samantha is indeed sharp-tongued and difficult to approach. But I’ve navigated situations like this before, and sometimes, swallowing pride is necessary. If I were too concerned about pride, I wouldn’t be where I am today!’

Keira flashed a smile.

Suppressing her discontent, she continued, ‘Ms. Mitchell, I forgot to introduce myself. I’m Joel’s girlfriend. You might have seen me on TV recently. I was the crossover star of—’

Samantha interrupted her and said, “I haven’t seen it. If you have something to say, just say it. I don’t like beating around the bush.”

Even Keira, with her thick skin, found it hard to keep her composure after being disrespected multiple times.

But she took a deep breath and pressed on.

She said, “Ms. Mitchell, I know your jewelry company is looking for an endorser. Do you think I might be a good fit? I’d love to take on the role, and the fee is negotiable. After all, Joel and you grew up together, so I’m sure you wouldn’t mind doing me this little favor, right?”

Her words implied that if Samantha didn’t agree, it meant she wasn’t treating Joel as a friend.

Before Samantha could respond, Keira added, “Ms. Mitchell, you weren’t here just now, so you may not know that Jeremiah and his girlfriend are coming soon. You might want to be careful

She said this to earn some favor with Samantha.

Samantha lit a cigarette, exhaling a swirl of smoke that partially obscured her pretty profile.

‘Be careful?’ she mused. ‘What exactly do I need to be careful about?’

With a smile, she abruptly slammed her wine glass on the table.

It shattered instantly, pieces flying in all directions, with a shard grazing Keira’s leg.

Keira shrieked and stepped back—her legs were her livelihood, after all, and any injury could ruin her career.

The previously noisy and lively room fell silent in an instant.

Everyone turned to look at the grim-faced Samantha on the sofa and the terrified Keira, puzzled about what had happened.

Joel, who had been happily drinking and having games moments ago, was scared at the sight.

He hurried over and asked nervously, “Is everything okay, Samantha? Did Keira upset you?”

Joel’s words made Keira’s heart sink—he had just publicly pinned the blame on her.

She felt a chill run through her and didn’t dare to look at Joel.

Samantha snuffed out her cigarette on the table and cast a glance at Keira before looking back at Joel.

She then remarked, “Your taste in women has really gone downhill. What’s the matter? Is your company bankrupt, or are you so broke that your girlfriend has to beg others for a job?”

Joel instantly grasped what had happened.

A few days ago, Keira had been pestering him to arrange a gathering, but he now realized she had ulterior motives.

His expression darkened as he turned to Keira and said coldly, “We’re done. Get out now.”

Keira’s face drained of color.

She had worked so hard to latch onto Joel; she couldn’t accept the breakup just like that.

Despite the many people around her, she immediately began to cry, disregarding her dignity.

She sobbed, “Joel, I didn’t mean to. I swear I didn’t. Please, give me another chance! I was just mentioning it casually. I’ll forget about the job, I promise!”

Feeling pity, Joel wavered for a brief moment, but seeing that Samantha didn’t relent, he knew Keira had to go.

Meanwhile, Samantha remained unmoved by Keira’s tearful display.

She lit another cigarette and asked calmly, “Jeremiah’s girlfriend is coming? I should be careful?”

The rest immediately understood why Samantha had become so furious.

They thought, ‘A mere model dared to speak so casually about such matters in front of Samantha? What gave her the nerve? She’s even bold enough to discuss Jeremiah, something we don’t have the right to do.’

Joel's face darkened further.

The momentary doubt vanished, replaced by unwavering resolve.

Keira had no idea that her attempt to cozy up to Samantha had sent her straight into the fire.

At that moment, the door to the room swung open.

Jeremiah appeared unexpectedly at the doorway, with Yvette standing to his left.

Upon seeing the situation inside the room, he frowned, eyes deep and unreadable.

Yvette had her baseball cap pulled low, obscuring half her face. Only her sharp jawline and bright red lips were visible.

Jeremiah's voice cut through the tense atmosphere, cold and commanding. "What's going on here?"

Everyone in the room was in a daze once Jeremiah showed up.

Those seated stood up, and all of them were as stiff as boards, moving with great caution.

They looked at Jeremiah as if they were mice staring at a cat.

Even Samantha, who had been lounging on the sofa, stubbed out her cigarette and sat up straight.

Her eyes gleamed with curiosity as she stared at Jeremiah and Yvette by the door.

She hadn't expected to run into Yvette, the person Andrew had mentioned, here,

According to Andrew, Yvette, though still in her twenties, was exceptionally capable and even more beautiful than his own sister—her beauty was almost overwhelming.

Samantha trusted Andrew's judgment and had been wondering just how stunning Yvette must be to win the heart of Jeremiah, who had always been cold toward women.

Yvette casually tucked her hands into her pockets and removed her baseball cap, letting her hair cascade down her b