

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 281

The prestigious young men in the private room went silent when they saw the face revealed after the cap was removed.

They now understood the true meaning of a perfect match.

They thought the celebrities should take a look at Yvette's face to see what real beauty truly looks like.

Even Keira, who had been bawling her eyes out moments before stared blankly at Yvette, utterly mesmerized.

She thought, 'Her flawless beauty is clearly natural—there is no sign of any cosmetic enhancement. If only I had been blessed with such a divine appearance, I wouldn't have needed to go through so many surgeries. With looks like that, I could easily dominate the entertainment industry.'

Jealousy burned within Keira, so intense it almost drove her mad.

She also knew that the man standing at the door was none other than Jeremiah, the one Joel had mentioned.

She felt that Jeremiah's aura, appearance, and presence completely outshone Joel and the others by far.

Wiping away her tears, Keira steeled herself and began to plot.

The other men were speechless.

They had thought, just for once, they might beat Jeremiah in the "girlfriend competition."

It turned out that they were completely wrong.

They glanced at the women they'd brought—overly made-up—and then at Yvette, who was effortlessly beautiful without a trace of makeup.

The men couldn't help but feel both bitter and envious.

Once again, they found themselves utterly defeated.

The pair standing in silence at the door stirred a kind of reverence in everyone present, as though their very presence demanded submission.

These men had assumed that, at best, a girl from a small place like Seacuity might be pretty, but now they realized—she was beyond that, otherworldly.

The first to break the silence was Samantha.

She rose from the sofa, her black dress accentuating her graceful curves, and walked elegantly toward Yvette in her high heels.

It wasn't until she moved that the crowd snapped back to reality.

Jared, afraid she might act impulsively, quickly stepped forward with a troubled look..

He cautiously asked, "Samantha, maybe don't go over there?"

After all, everyone in their circle knew that if it weren't for Yvette, Samantha would marry Jeremiah.

So Jared believed that the meeting between Samantha and Yvette was practically a declaration of war.

He couldn't decide whose side to take.

Samantha had been his ultimate crush since he was a child.

Jared's eyes darted around as he thought about how likely he was to keep Jeremiah in check.

Samantha patted Jared's head. "Move aside."

Then she continued walking.

With each step she took, everyone's anxiety heightened.

They thought, 'Oh no, this is about to get ugly. Samantha has a seventh-degree black belt. If a fight breaks out and Jeremiah doesn't step in, his girlfriend will be in real danger.

Keira, head down, smirked maliciously as Samantha walked past.

She thought, 'Go on. Fight... Just make sure to ruin her face while you're at it!

Samantha stopped in front of Jeremiah and Yvette, her red lips curving into a smile.

She thought, 'Andrew hasn't exaggerated—this girl, even in a simple white t-shirt and jeans, possesses an undeniable, distant beauty. She isn't even wearing any makeup. I've never acknowledged anyone's beauty as greater than my own, but I have to admit, today, I'm impressed.'

Glancing at their outfits, she noticed they were wearing matching clothes.

She thought, 'Jeremiah is so cunning; anyone can see they are dressed as a couple.'

Jeremiah looked at Samantha standing in front of him.

His voice turned stern as he asked, "What are you doing here?"

His blunt tone surprised everyone; they all thought he was being too harsh and heartless.

In reality, the rumors about Jeremiah and Samantha were nothing but hearsay, spread through word of mouth.

The two rarely crossed paths at social gatherings.

Even when they did, Jeremiah always kept a straight face, never showing much interest in anyone.

Everyone had thought it was normal, assuming they didn't want to be too affectionate in formal settings.

Now, though, things seemed... off.

Samantha wasn't fazed by his attitude—she was used to it. Jeremiah had been this way since they were kids.

Samantha let out a cold snort.

Turning her head, she looked at Yvette and asked in a husky voice, "Yvette Zeller?"

The way Samantha pronounced the two words had its own unique charm.

Yvette looked up, her expression sharp yet playful, her jawline strikingly pretty.

She raised an eyebrow and replied leisurely, "Samantha Mitchell?"

Jared's mouth twitched slightly as he listened to their conversation.

He thought, 'These two sure know how to greet each other with the utmost brevity. Could you possibly say more?'

Everyone held their breath.

They felt like the scene resembled the exchange of names before a fight.

Samantha was momentarily taken aback.

Then she smiled, her dimples faintly visible as she tucked her hair behind her left ear.

She said, "Andrew was right—you are interesting. Let me officially introduce myself. I'm Samantha Mitchell, Andrew's sister. It's a pleasure to meet you."

She extended her hand.

Yvette glanced at her slender hand but didn't take it.

Instead, she nodded slightly and said, "I'm Yvette Zeller."

Joel and Jared watched as Samantha's hand was left hanging and exchanged a glance.

They thought, "This is unbelievable! In all of Betrico, very few people ever received such a gesture of goodwill from Samantha. Yvette is the first to ignore it. Where on earth did Jeremiah find this bold and impressive girlfriend who shows no respect even to Samantha?"

Jared covered his eyes—he didn't dare watch what would happen next.

He thought that Samantha wouldn't tolerate being slighted like this and was bound to have a confrontation or fight with Yvette.

Samantha withdrew her hand without fuss.

The feeling of being rejected was new to her, but she found it oddly refreshing.

She had heard from Andrew that Yvette disliked physical contact with strangers, and now she knew it was true.

It made sense that Yvette and Jeremiah were a couple, given their shared aversion to being touched by strangers.

Samantha took another step forward.

She whispered, "I'm sure you've heard all those rumors about me and Jeremiah. They're nonsense. Honestly, I prefer beautiful women. Like you."

She winked flirtatiously as she said this.

Jeremiah's lips twitched. He thought, 'Does Samantha think I am invisible? She is trying to flirt with my girlfriend right in front of me!'

He warned, "Samantha, stop it."

Yvette studied the mischief in Samantha's eyes for a moment before replying calmly, "Good to know. I like beautiful women too, and you're definitely my type."

Stunned, Samantha looked at the serious Yvette and saw only her own reflection in Yvette's deep eyes.

She felt her face grow warm beneath her makeup.

She thought, 'Wait—am I getting flirted with now?'

Jeremiah ground his teeth, thinking, 'Why are they staring at each other so affectionately? I am still here!'

He felt a twinge of jealousy as Yvette had never looked at him that way.

The two women locked eyes for a full minute before Samantha finally looked away, defeated.

She thought, "This girl is impressive. But it makes sense; Jeremiah will never find a girlfriend who's just an ordinary woman.'

Coughing to cover her slight embarrassment, Samantha muttered, "You're good."

Yvette looked away and calmly replied, "Not bad."

Samantha was speechless and thought, "This girl is all action, no talk.'

She offered, "Want to sit with me? I'll mix something special for you."

The two exchanged smiles.

"Sure," replied Yvette.

One was all charm and allure, the other distant and stunningly beautiful.

Some people just clicked without needing many words, and Yvette and Samantha were exactly that.

The crowd felt as if they had been taken on an emotional rollercoaster by the unexpected twist.

They thought, 'Aren't these two supposed to fight over Jeremiah? Now they look like best friends. Meanwhile, Jeremiah seems like the one left out, standing alone at the door looking rather pitiful. What's happening?'

The crowd couldn't help but want to revel in his misfortune.

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Jeremiah watched the two women walk away, speaking quietly.

He sighed and followed them—he had been used to such a situation.

The rest of the group quickly made way, knowing they didn't have the same standing as Yvette to act so casually around him.

As the three took their seats, Jared began to liven up the atmosphere.

Everyone was now more reserved and cautious, casting furtive glances toward the trio on the couch every now and then.

To be fair, the sight of the three of them sitting together was truly pleasing to the eyes.

Keira, seeing things not going her way, clenched her teeth in frustration.

She turned to Joel, who had just recovered from his shock, and tears instantly welled—up in his eyes.

“Joel, please forgive me! I'll never do it again, I swear!” she sobbed.

Joel looked at her impatiently and forcefully shook her hand off.

Without mercy, he said, “Keira, let's part ways amicably. Leave now.”

Irritated by Joel's ruthlessness, Keira snapped and lost control of her emotions.

She thought, ‘Without Joel's backing, those I've offended through his influence will surely retaliate against me. I can't let that happen; I might as well go all out and take him down with me.’

With a crazed expression, she screamed, “Joel, since you're so heartless, don't blame me for being ruthless!”

Joel's heart skipped a beat as he looked at the frantic Keira.

He thought, ‘What is this woman planning to do?’

Keira's outburst brought the lively atmosphere to an abrupt silence.

Just as Samantha finished mixing a cocktail for Yvette, the music halted, and all eyes shifted toward the commotion.

Only Jeremiah and Yvette remained unaffected.

Jeremiah was focused on peeling an apple for Yvette without even lifting his head.

Yvette sipped her cocktail with her eyes lowered, contemplating whether or not to have another.

'What if I get too tipsy and start a fight?' she thought, then glancing at Jeremiah, who was concentrating on peeling the apple. 'Can he take a hit? To drink or not to drink—that's the question.'

Keira, furious at being ignored by the trio, yelled, "Ms. Zeller, did you know that before you arrived, everyone was saying Samantha was Mr. Chavez's childhood sweetheart and that they were the perfect match? They said you came from a small city and weren't good enough for him!"

Of course, Keira embellished that last part.

Everyone present froze in fear upon hearing this.

'Is this reckless woman trying to get us into trouble?' they thought.

Joel was even more frightened.

His panic heightened as he caught Jeremiah's sharp gaze fixed on him.

He hurriedly stopped Keira. "Shut up! When did we ever say that? Are you out of your mind? Don't try to pin this on us!"

The others quickly joined in to explain.

They hadn't forgotten about the women locked away in prison.

"Jeremiah, Ms. Zeller, she's lying. We never said such thing!"

"Yeah, Jeremiah, we're innocent. You have to believe us! How could we possibly talk like that behind your back?"

"Jeremiah, Ms. Zeller, this woman is crazy. She's just mad because Joel wants to break up with her, so she's randomly accusing us."

"We swear we didn't say anything like that!"

Samantha watched as the crowd anxiously tried to explain.

She tilted her head, looking at Yvette's expressionless face, and said, "They're smart enough to know what they can say. They didn't have the guts to say anything like that. This woman's just trying to stir up trouble."

Hearing Samantha speak up for them, everyone gave her grateful looks.

Now it was up to Yvette to decide what to do next.

The attention of everyone in the room returned to her.

They had completely understood how much Yvette meant to Jeremiah.

Yvette rest her arm lazily on the couch, her shirt sleeves rolled up casually.

Her pretty, cold eyes swept over the room, and her delicate brows arched slightly.

She set down her cocktail, tilted her head slowly, and asked Jeremiah, "I'm not good enough for you? Is that so? Do I not deserve you?"

Jeremiah glanced around at the uneasy crowd.

Then he said sternly, "Not good enough? I'm the one who's not good enough for her, not the other way around. Got it?"

Everyone in the private room looked up in disbelief.

This statement carried a lot of weight.

Jeremiah was practically humbling himself for his girlfriend.

They thought, 'What kind of charm does Yvette have to make him say something like that? If even Jeremiah isn't good enough for her, who else would dare claim they are?'

Yvette looked at the disbelieving crowd with her clear, bright eyes.

In a flat tone, she asked, "Did you all hear that clearly?"

Everyone in the room instinctively nodded and said in unison, "Yes."

Their response was more synchronized than a military drill chant.

After speaking, they exchanged glances, thinking, 'How embarrassing! How did we let ourselves be so completely intimidated by one woman?'

Yvette turned to look at Samantha, motioning with her eyes toward the empty glass on the table.

It was a silent request for another glass.

Samantha's eye twitched; she found Yvette rather hard to please.

Without a word, she resignedly began mixing another drink.

She never imagined that she, a powerful CEO, would be reduced to a bartender for someone else.

She swore she couldn't help it.

She simply couldn't refuse a stunning beauty with such a commanding presence.

Keira's face turned as pale as a sheet.

Right now, she felt like someone who had tried to gain something but ended up losing instead.

Her attempt to stir up trouble had completely backfired.

Seeing that her tactic didn't work, she planned to use her usual dramatic antics of crying and throwing a tantrum.

She screamed like a lunatic at Joel, "If you break up with me, Joel, I'll kill myself right here! Let's see how the media spins that story!"

After saying this, she looked around at everyone, pointed at them, and continued, "And the rest of you, with your privileged backgrounds, what will you do if you're labeled as murderers?"

Keira's words hit the group where it hurt most, and they were shocked and scared.

They glared at Keira, a crazy woman in their minds, gritting their teeth in anger.

If she died here, the media would spin stories without regard for the truth, and those reports would undoubtedly tarnish their family's reputation.

Keira, thinking she had everyone under her control, looked at Joel with arrogance and said, "Joel, are you breaking up with me or not? Just say it!"

Joel was furious.

If he had known Keira was such a woman, he wouldn't have been with her.

Joel swallowed his humiliation from the threat and planned to agree to Keira's request to stay together.

Just as he was about to speak, a calm, cold voice rang out. "You want to kill yourself?"

Everyone turned to look at the sofa.

The speaker was none other than Yvette, who had quietly downed three cocktails.

Yvette uncrossed her legs and stood up, ready to help Keira.

This was the first time Jeremiah had seen Yvette drink.

He thought, 'She's only had three cocktails, and they're not even strong. She'll be fine, right?'

Yvette put her hands in her pockets.

She walked in a perfectly straight line and stopped right in front of Keira.

With an intense gaze, she asked again, "Are you really thinking of killing yourself?"

Eagle King once told her, after drinking, always ask twice before granting someone's request.

That was what she was doing right now.

Keira braced herself, thinking, "There's no way I'm backing down now. What could a woman possibly do to me?"

She shouted, "Yes, if Joel breaks up with me today, I'll throw myself against the wall and kill myself!"

Yvette kept her eyelids slightly lowered, her eyes bloodshot and her expression serious.

She lifted her eyelids, her eyes now bright, clear, and focused.

She mumbled slowly to herself, "I've already asked twice."

No one in the private room understood what she meant. They thought, 'What does asking twice have to do with anything?'

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In the next moment, everyone was shocked.

Before they could react, Yvette had already lifted the arrogant Keira with one hand.

She then tossed Keira aside as effortlessly as if she were throwing away a rag.

Keira flew through the air and crashed by the wall, her knees slamming into the ground with a heavy thud that made everyone's hearts tighten.

Yvette's movements were fluid and swift, as if she'd done this a thousand times.

Her face was filled with hostility, her lips pressed into a cold line, and her eyes slightly drooping.

Her action left all the political scions in the private room utterly stunned.

Their eyes were wide open, nearly popping out of their sockets

"Who the hell is this violent maniac? someone thought, stunned,

Samantha's eyes lit up instantly as she thought, D***n, that toss was so ***da***

Jeremiah, observing Yvette's back with deep eyes, pressed his lips together and thought, "Have I overestimated her alcohol tolerance?"

Keira let out an ear piercing scream that seemed like it could shatter the roof.

Her hair was disheveled and her lipstick was unrared across her face, making her look more like a crazed woman than the refined model she was.

Glaring at Yvette, she screamed. "You ps**ho! Who gives you the right to hit me?"

Yvette stood in front of Keira, her gaze unfocused

She slowly lifted her head and raised her eyes; her face was blank and icy, her eyes cold and bloodshot.

She said lightly, "I asked you, did you say you wanted to die?"

Keira was struck speechless.

Under Yvette's gaze, her hands trembled with nervousness, and she was unable to form coherent words. "I-I did say that, but 1-

Before Keira could finish, Yvette cut her off, thinking. What is the point of saying so much if she wants to die? Eagle King once said, after drinking. I shouldn't listen to anyone-just help them fulfill their wishes and then go to sleep.

While everyone else was still in shock. Yvette lifted Keira off the ground without saying a word and, forming a fist with her right hand, delivered a punch straight to Keira's left eye.

The force knocked out Keira's contact lens, instantly turning her eye into a swollen mess.

She struggled frantically, trying to escape Yvette's grip, but it was useless.

She was like a helpless chick in Yvette's hand.

Yvette glanced at Keira's left eye and muttered, "No, it's not symmetrical."

Everyone's eyes twitched, and their faces froze.

Now's the time to care about symmetry? someone thought.

Yvette spun the wildly struggling, crying Keira around and, without hesitation, punched her in the right eye.

Now, they were perfectly symmetrical.

Keira screamed at the top of her lungs, looking even more unhinged.

But no matter how much she thrashed, she couldn't escape Yvette's grasp.

The onlookers huddled together in fear, not daring to say a word, afraid of becoming the next target.

They thought, Yvette is so strong. She could easily take down eight of us if she wanted to; we can't afford to upset her. The once-arrogant Keira is now reduced to this pitiful state.

Keira was really scared now.

She crawled and scrambled to get as far away from Yvette as possible.

Yvette fixed her gaze on Keira, and with a faint smile, she raised an eyebrow

She thought, "Why is this woman Bering! I haven't fulfilled her with yet

She then held Keira's throat tightly, her eyes cold and fierce. Suddenly, there was a cracking sound.

Keira's agonizing scream set chills down everyone's spine.

Her right hand was broken and hung limply

Another cr****k sounded, and Keira's left shoulder was dislocated

Yvette released Keira, who rolled on the ground in agony

Everyone turned to look at Yvette and was shocked and frightened to see her smiling in a moment like this.

But somehow, they found her smile strangely endearing and thought of her as a mix of angel and devil.

Everyone unconsciously touched their own right hand, feeling as though it had broken as well.

They couldn't help but think. Oh my goodness... this is terrifying... I want to go home!"

Then they turned their attention to Jeremiah for his reaction.

After all, the scene was quite bl***dy, and normally, no girl would act so violently in front of her boyfriend.

Jeremiah gave a calm glance to those looking at him

Then his gaze turned sharp as he said, "If this woman dies, I'll handle the aftermath."

The people in the private room once again realized that Jeremiah would go to any lengths to indulge his girlfriend.

Kriza was truly scared

knew that if he didn't beg for mercy, she would die here by the usual rules at all; she wasn't human-she was a devil Keira didn't dare to pretend anymore.

She knelt on the ground and kept bowing fervently, crying and begging for mercy. "I'm sorry! I was wrong! I'll never threaten you again. I'll leave right now. Please let me go, Ms. Zeller."

The sudden turn of events left everyone stunned.

Just moments ago, Keira had been so smug, and now she was utterly pathetic.

Everyone knew who was responsible for this reversal.

Yvette gazed at Keira for a few silent seconds..

Her beautiful face was a mix of wildness and rebellion, her eyes cold as ice.

Her voice was icy. "Do you still want to die?"

Keira shook her head frantically.

She was certain if she nodded, Yvette would kill her right here.

She said, "I don't want to die, Ms. Zeller. I really don't want to die! Please, let me go."

Yvette shifted her gaze away from Keira and tilted her head slightly, looking at the others with their complex expressions.

Her eyes were filled with innocence and purity, which was captivating.

Her voice was emotionless. "She said she doesn't want to die. Is that right?"

The people around nodded even more frantically than Keira, eager to answer.

"Yes, Ms. Zeller, she said she doesn't want to die."

"Yes, she said it, Ms. Zeller."

"We all heard her!"

They were scared too. Nobody wanted a murder on their hands.

They thought, 'Who else could handle a girlfriend like this but Jeremiah? A devil of a woman paired with the Living Reaper—a perfect match. Even with all the courage in the world, we wouldn't dare to be with someone like Yvette'

Joel was already dumbfounded, his soul seemingly knocked out of him.

A stray thought crossed his mind. 'Is Jeremiah... the one on the bottom? It's hard to say.'

Jared shuffled over to Samantha, shrinking his neck.

In a quiet voice, he said, "Samantha, Jeremiah's girlfriend is even more violent than you"

Samantha gave Jared a look and said with admiration, "She's definitely tougher!"

Samantha decided she liked Yvette even more.

If she were a man, she would definitely pursue Yvette-what a thrill that would be!

Yvette turned to Keira curled up in the corner, her lips curving into a faint smile.

She said, "I really am a good girl. I just saved a life."

Everyone was stunned by her words.

They thought, 'Saved a life? Is she serious? Who saves a life by beating someone like that?'

Keira, in her current state, was beyond being just miserable right now. She'd probably go insane from the trauma.

Jeremiah's eyes narrowed slightly, and a smirk formed on his lips.

Now, he was sure Yvette was drunk-there was no way she'd say something like that otherwise.

After finishing her declaration, Yvette didn't spare Keira another glance. She turned around, walked up to Jeremiah, and gave a smile.

Then she looked him in the eye and asked earnestly, "Am I a good girl?"

Jeremiah looked at her intently, brushing a loose strand of hair from her forehead.

His voice is low, raspy, and gravelly, like sandpaper scraping against the heart-deliberately slow and teasing. "You're good. You're the best."

Yvette's smile widened.

She thought, 'Eagle King says I cause trouble when I drink. Nonsense. I never cause trouble.'

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The compound kids in the private room finally understood what birds of a feather flock together' truly meant. Watching the two flaunt their love as if no one else was there, they hoped that they could blind themselves with this public display. And sneaking peeks at the couple instead. they wanted to look but didn't da

If it weren't for Keira passed our on the floor, the two in this scene truly were a picture-perfect couple.

Yvette grabbed Jeremiah's hand, giving it a little rub, but looked unimpressed. She pursed her lips. There was a callus on the base of his thumb, which was pretty

She gave a slight smile and look, "

their hearts start to beat faster.

actually.

around at the people. Her face was the picture of innocence. Everyone she glanced at felt

Yvette slowly began, "Do any of you have wishes? Feel free to share them, I actually have some free time today." Her gaze first rested on Samantha.

Samantha managed to force a difficult smile. She extended a hand to reassure Yvette, "I don't have any wishes. I'm beautiful, wealthy, my parents are alive, and my family is happy. I don't need anything." Her words were very sincere. The main thing was, she was scared too because she also noticed that Yvette might have been drinking.

Family vacation packages

Yvette sighed a bit disappointedly, then turned her attention to Jared. "Hey, do you have any wishes, bro?"

Jared jolted in shock. The scene earlier had left him mentally scarred; he didn't plan on making any more birthday wishes after today. He shook his head energetically. He was almost in tears, "No, Ms. Zeller, I have no wishes."

Yvette looked at him seriously for a few moments. She was confused and thought, 'Why is he crying? It's not like anyone hir him.' Yvette cracked her knuckles. She then turned to look at the group huddled together, her gaze sincere and her demeanor exceptionally pleasant. "Do any of you have any?"

At her words, everyone stepped back. They waved their hands frantically, "No, we don't."

Yvette closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, there was a hint of sleepiness in her gaze. She said softly, "Alright, if not, then forget it."

Jeremiah noticed she was getting drowsy. He drawled on with a lazy voice, faintly smirking... His voice was deep and strong with a rich, masculine magnetism. "I do, I'm ready to head home and sleep now."

Yvette tilted her head, stared at Jeremiah, then grabbed his hand and started to walk out. "Alright, let's go home and sleep," she agreed.

Seeing the two of them about to leave, everyone finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Yvette led Jeremiah to the door, then paused for a moment. She turned around.

The compound kids felt tense again. They thought, 'What is Ms. Zeller going to do now?'

Yvette waved warmly to everyone inside as she said goodbye, “I am leaving, bye! See you next time, guys.”

Everyone had the same thought: ‘Next time, no way, I’m not going to meet this couple again. After tonight, they decided together to put Jeremiah and Yvette on the blacklist for future parties, definitely a top-level threat.

After this, whenever the Chavez family’s ture mistress Yvette was mentioned, everyone went silent out of fear.

After tonight, a new saying spread around Betrico. Crossing Jeremiah might still leave you a way out, but upsetting Yvette meant the end of the line.

Jared watched as the two finally left. He out a deep breath and felt like he had been suffocating. “Wow, that was terrifying.

Mr. Chavez’s girlfriend is really something. I’m totally impressed,” he admitted.

As he spoke, the others in the room finally snapped back to reality, except for Keira, who had fainted and was still being ignored.

Joel chimed in, “When Yvette looked our way earlier, I felt like I was skating on thin ice. I was sweating bullets.”

“Don’t even mention it. It was so creepy. I felt the same way, and my back is drenched now,” someone else added.

“I know, right? It’s crazy! We should’ve guessed that Mr. Chavez’s girlfriend wouldn’t just be some nobody. She’s seriously impressive,” exclaimed one of the guys, amazed.

“Yeah, if it weren’t for Ms. Zeller, we’d still be at the mercy of that model,” another added, relieved.

Everyone suddenly remembered Keira. They glanced at Keira, who was passed out on the ground like a ragdoll. With a smirk, they expressed their disdain.

In an unusual show of kindness, Joel called Keira’s agent to have her taken to the hospital.

Samantha didn’t have time to discuss with them here. This trip was definitely worth it for her. She met Yvette, who was quite an interesting person. Well...She had a strong feeling that because of Yvette, Betrico might not stay peaceful in the future.

With a smile, Samantha picked up her handbag, waved goodbye to everyone, and left. She sped back home in her luxury car. As soon as she entered the house, she saw her father, Tim, sitting on the sofa reading the newspaper. Samantha slipped off her high

heels and handed her bag to a maid. Sliding into her cozy slippers, she walked over casually. “Dad, why are you still awake so late? Isn’t the military district busy these days?” she asked.

Tim removed his glasses and rubbed his temples; he’d been sitting there for an hour. Seeing Samantha so upbeat, he asked, “What’s going on, Samantha? Why are you so happy today? Weren’t you feeling a bit down just the other day?”

Samantha took a sip of the orange juice she had poured. She tilted her head slightly. “Oh, nothing much. I just happened to see Mr. Chavez and his girlfriend today. She’s pretty interesting,” she said, intrigued.

Tim was already aware that Samantha had been seeing someone for a while. He was fully aware of who he was. There was absolutely no connection between his daughter and Jeremiah—it was just unfounded gossip.

Hearing Samantha’s words, Tomorrow paused briefly and set the newspaper aside. “You said you saw Jeremiah with his girlfriend, is that right?”

Samantha nodded, and there was a mix of admiration and a hint of regret. “Yeah, today we had a gathering, and they happened to show up. I have no idea how Jeremiah got so lucky to find such an interesting girlfriend,” she said.

Tim was momentarily stunned. He thought, ‘Can Jeremiah’s girlfriend really earn such high praise from Samantha? I know how high my daughter’s standards are. There aren’t many people in Betrico that she’d compliment like that! It piques my curiosity. Just how outstanding is this girl?’ He had heard about the dessert shop incident. Helping her future mother-in-law in a spat was indeed quite impressive.

Tim said, “What’s going on with you and that Zion? Still sulking? Listen, these artsy types love being dramatic. If it doesn’t work out, just dump him, and I’ll find you someone better and more attractive, alright?”

At the mention of Zion’s name, Samantha’s eyes flickered. She looked up at Tim casually. “Does anyone in our Mitchell family not manage to tame a wild horse?”

Tim was left speechless for a second serious tone, she said, “Dad,

Samantha continued, “If the little toy gets fussy, I’ll let him be for a few days. Don’t worry, Dad, I can handle it. If he doesn’t listen, I’ve got plenty of ways to make him behave.” She smiled confidently.

Tim looked at Samantha with satisfaction. His daughter had never failed to get what she wanted, whether it was a person or a thing. He thought, ‘It’s just a man, after all, nothing to worry about!’

Tim nodded. "Alright, I won't interfere. But if things get tough, just be assertive with Zion. His genes are good, so give me a grandkid and then dump him if you like. Our family can afford to raise the child, you know,"

Samantha smirked. Being assertive was an option. The man loved her deeply but was just pretending to be tough to save face. She was curious to see how long Zion could keep up the act before speaking up.

The next day, at ten o'clock. In the master bedroom of Skyland. Yvette promptly opened her eyes. She turned her head to glance at the dent on the bed beside her. There was a faint mint scent, which was very faint.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 285

Yvette was quite sure that a certain man had slept beside her all night. She looked down at her pajamas. They were new, and it was the first time she had worn them. She thought, 'Who changed them?' It was obvious, no questions needed.

Yvette got up, put on her slippers, and got out of bed. She opened the door and walked to the stairs, where she ran into Jeremiah, who was on the phone going up. Jeremiah paused when he saw her. Then he said to the person on the other end, "Got it, I'll handle it." He hung up the phone afterward.

Jeremiah looked at Yvette gently and said. "Awake? Hungry? I made you some breakfast, your favorite little pierogies, this time with shrimp filling." This was a new filling Jeremiah had recently learned. He thought that Yvette would get tired of eating the same thing all the time, so it was necessary to try different flavors.

Yvette lifted her eyelids. Her eyes still held a touch of sleepy laziness. She said slowly, "Did you eat?"

Jeremiah had bloodshot eyes, as he barely slept last night. Jeremiah replied, "Not yet, I'm waiting for you."

At the dining table. Yvette took a bite of the small pierogies, still warm and perfectly seasoned. Jeremiah's cooking skills were improving greatly.

Yvette wiped her mouth, looked up, and her gaze landed on Jeremiah. His deep, dark eyes were slightly narrowed. She cleared her throat, "I drank yesterday, did I hurt you?" Based on past experiences, whenever she got drunk, someone ended up being the victim, and it was usually Jeremiah.

She looked around. She thought, 'He didn't have any injuries? Could it be my stamina have dropped recently? Didn't manage to hurt him? But that seemed unlikely!

Jeremiah put down his chopsticks, seeing her act like she forgot everything. There was a hint of amusement in his eyes. He thought, 'Yvette's memory loss from drinking is impressively complete. She almost beat someone to death last night and now is totally oblivious?'

Jeremiah didn't answer right away. He pulled out the newspaper from the table and handed it to Yvette.

Yvette took it without hesitation. She took a glance and thought, 'A tabloid?'

There was a large headline: [Famous Model Was Brutally Attacked, Suffers Multiple Injuries, And Announced Retirement From Modeling Today.], [Is Keira Quitting Modeling Due To An Accident, Or Was It Orchestrated By Someone With Ill- Intentions?], [Who Attacked Keira? She Remains Silent.]

Yvette looked closely at the face in the photo. Her fingers tapped gently on the table, and she was silent for half a minute. Then she lifted her eyes to Jeremiah and asked with confusion, "This woman looks familiar. Why are you showing me this?"

Jeremiah looked into her eyes, genuine and sincere, his voice soft and amused, "Last night, at Sky Nimbus, you beat up this woman."

Yvette lowered her eyes to the picture of the woman in the newspaper, looking a bit puzzled. She couldn't recall how it happened. She thought, 'Did I harm someone innocent? This might be difficult to handle. Usually, when she drank too much, she'd spar with skilled fighters, and most of the time, it was the Eagle King. This was the first time she hit an ordinary person.'

Yvette frowned and thought, 'In situations like this, should I offer compensation? How much should I pay? Would 100 million dollars be enough?'

Jeremiah noticed her conflicted expression and had a pretty good idea why. He thought, 'How could Yvette be so adorable? She probably didn't even remember why she hit the model.'

Jeremiah cleared his throat, his gaze serious and focused. "Don't worry, she was set on ending it all, but after having a good talk with you, she realized she wanted to live and make the most of her life. You're literally her lifesaver."

Yvette, still doubtful, asked-again, "Really?"

Jeremiah looked at her sincerely and replied, "Really, you saved her life."

Only then did Yvette believe him. She never thought that a night of drinking could end with saving a life. She should tell the Eagle King about this. So he wouldn't always think she was just hitting people randomly when drunk-this time she did something good.

Seeing that she believed him, Jeremiah picked up his spoon and continued sipping his soup. He thought, 'Is this what it's like to soothe a child?' Today he finally got the hang of it.

Jeremiah finished his meal and set off again for the military base. There were only five days left until the Ybaullan delegation visited Clusia. Recently, he's been coordinating with Betrico University to decide on someone to compete against Kaiden Harper and Robin Jenkins. The candidate selection was still hotly debated and Jeremiah would have the final say. This was no small matter. The match's outcome would impact Clusia's honor and reputation, so extreme caution was necessary.

With Jeremiah gone, Yvette was alone at Skyland. She curled up on the sofa, cross-legged. FastPulse Technologies' beta game had reached its final phase, and what she held was the last version. Whether they could launch by the end of the year depended on how quickly Yvette could finish the game.

She was halfway through the game when a call came through from Howard. It was the first time the two had contacted each other since the Smith family in Seacurity dealt with the Chambers family. Howard knew this person's temperament-unless there's something important, Yvette rarely initiates contact.

Yvette paused her game, lightly tapped her finger, and answered the call. The voice on the line was as cold as ever. "Howard."

Howard skipped the pleasantries, and got straight to the point. "Ms. Zeller, you asked me to reach out to the head of the biochemistry lab, Director Rashad, about investing in his suspended project. There's been some progress. Could we meet?"

Yvette glanced at the wall clock. It was exactly 11:30. She paused for two seconds. "Okay, Howard, 1 PM this afternoon at 401, Building 3, Skyland."

The place was not too far, but not too close to Jeremiah's villa. It was the set James had given Yvette. Howard was momentarily surprised at the mention of Skyland. "Ms. Zeller, are you in Betrico now? Are you staying at Zeller?"

Yvette had her eyes half-closed. "Yeah, I came a few days ago and will leave once everything's settled.",

Howard was delighted. He thought, 'Finally, Ms. Zeller is just at my doorstep. This time, no matter what, even if I had to cry my heart out in front of Ms. Zeller, I had to get her to visit the company to see how InnoCrest Technologies is progressing, and maybe even ask for some advice. The InnoCrest Technologies had been established for many years now. He had put a lot of effort into inviting Yvette to Betrico repeatedly. He also wanted to reveal her identity to the public. But it just never seemed to work out. The reason was simple, she just wanted to avoid the hassle. A reason that left Howard confused and amused for years. In the whole world, perhaps only Yvette didn't care for money or

power. She simply wanted a quiet and peaceful life. This mentality was something he truly admired without complaint.

Howard quickly replied, “No problem, Ms. Zeller. I’ll be at Skyland. See you there!”

Yvette hung up and went back to her game. She furrowed her brows slightly and still thought it was a bit too easy.

Meanwhile, at InnoCrest Technologies, Howard pressed a button on his phone to call his secretary, Liam, to reschedule all his afternoon appointments. Seeing Yvette was more important than anything else. Even if the world ended now, he needed to stay by the Yvette’s side. Not for anything else, just for that sense of safety.

Liam noticed Howard was excited. He was a little puzzled and thought, ‘How did it become just like when they worked with the Chambers family in Seacurity again?’ He suddenly remembered that the boss had just made a phone call from the office. He thought, ‘Really? Can it be that he’s going to meet Ms. Chambers from the Chambers family again? No wonder I am suspicious. Last time before Liam met Ms. Zeller, he was just like this.’

Liam cautiously asked, “Mr Yates, are you going to see Ms. Zeller?”

Liam’s heart was pounding. Last time Howard met with Yvette, he gave away 45 billion dollars. It was as if he didn’t even think about it. The contract with the Chambers family was basically InnoCrest Technologies giving them 45 billion dollars as a gift. He even gave away the game development and core departments. To Liam, it seemed like Howard had gone crazy. After Howard returned to Betrico, he seemed normal again. Liam thought, ‘It’s not even two months, and he wants to meet this person again? With years of experience as a secretary, I have a strong hunch that there are even more things to send this time.’