

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 301

Jeremiah rubbed his cheek and glanced at Andrew, who was all excited. He thought, 'If someone is beyond saving, just let it be He can't go against fate.

Samantha leaned closer to Andrew and said, "Little brother, I wish you all the best. In another life, remember to choose a good family." Now's the time to show some real sibling affection.

Andrew snorted indifferently. Jealousy, he thought, 'my sister is obviously jealous, but I am not going to fall for it!

"Yvette, I have quite a few wishes. Are you really going to help me fulfill them all?" Andrew had a flattering look on his face as he eagerly asked Yvette.

Samantha twitched the corner of her mouth as she looked at Andrew. The scene was just hard to watch, her brother was so dumb it left her speechless.

Charles must have felt something was wrong. He just sat there without even striving for anything. Actually, he had already noticed something was off with Yvette; her eyes shouldn't have been that blank. Plus, the way Jeremiah and Samantha were acting was hard not to be suspicious.

Andrew turned his head and said to Charles, "Bro, I'll take it this time, but next time it's all yours."

Charles sat on the bench and smiled, giving a look that suggested "do as you please."

and was silent for a few Yvette looked at Andrew, who was smiling at her in a flattering manner. She lowered her gaze seconds. Then she looked up at him, thinking, 'I knew this guy, so I couldn't just take his life. How should I fight?' Yvette glanced at him with a hint of disdain in her eyes.

Andrew noticed the clear disdain in Yvette's eyes and quickly said, "Yvette, don't worry. I have only three wishes, and I won't make things difficult for you." He was afraid she might regret it.

Yvette looked up. Her fingertips lightly rested on the sides of the couch, revealing a slender and toned wrist. She said slowly, "Oh, in that case, come over."

just then, Jeremiah suddenly stood up, leaned over, and gently tucked Yvette's short blonde hair behind her ear. His gaze lingered on her flawless face. With a small sigh, he spoke in an intoxicating and enticing voice, "Be good and remember to be gentle."

Yvette lifted her dewy eyes, gazing at Jeremiah, who was inches away. She swallowed hard, thinking, 'His face looks so tempting! What if it's just too tempting?'

Before anyone realized it, she gave Jeremiah a quick kiss on the cheek. As if it wasn't satisfying enough, she gently nibbled on it, not exerting much force.

Jeremiah was taken aback. He looked at Yvette's rosy, delicate face, feeling the gentle touch on his left cheek. His back stiffened slightly. His fingers tightened into a fist; no one knew what he was feeling at that moment.

The other three people in the gazebo immediately turned away, wondering, 'Should we really be seeing this?' Charles, Samantha, and Andrew moved as if they had planned it.

This was Charles' first time seeing such a close moment between Yvette and Jeremiah, and he honestly couldn't figure out his feelings. The god in his heart was pulled right off the pedestal by the man in front of him!

Samantha was just about to start clapping and cheering. It's yet another day of being a fangirl for Yvette. She thought, 'Who could handle this sudden moment?'

Andrew was probably the calmest one of them all. After all, in Seacurity, he was always the big third wheel between them. He thought, 'What haven't I seen? Forget it... This was the first time I've ever seen something like that! You're amazing, Yvette!'

Yvette had no idea that her tipsy, casual action left everyone in the room completely shocked. After Yvette kissed Jeremiah, she immediately pushed him aside with seamless ease.

Samantha, Andrew, and Charles, all had the same two words flashing through their minds, 'Slag female! Isn't this just hit-and-run flirting?'

Jeremiah looked at Yvette and chuckled dotingly. Yvette was born to keep him in line, and he had long accepted it.

Yvette politely asked Andrew, "Why haven't you come over yet?"

Upon hearing this, Andrew happily scampered over, replying, "Coming."

Observing Yvette's clearly inebriated state, Charles pondered, 'Yvette had two drinks and got wasted? This is practically unbelievable. Is the almighty Yvette really a lightweight? This can't be true, right? It's unbelievable!'

Andrew confidently strutted over, waving sinugly at Samantha and Charles.

Jeremiah briskly walked over to Samantha and Charles and coldly said, "Let's go inside."

Momentarily surprised, Charles thought, 'That petty man actually left Andrew alone with Yvette in a gazebo? Everything about this seems strange. He didn't move and turned his gaze to Samantha.

Samantha didn't want to stay here either. Every additional minute just increased the danger. She reached out and patted Charles, speaking earnestly, "Hurry up, if we don't leave now, it'll be too late, you know?"

Charles became even more suspicious seeing them talk like that. He glanced back at Yvette's expressionless face and Andrew's grinning one as they sat on the bench. Feeling resigned, he got up and followed them back inside.

The living room had a great view, and everything happening outside could be seen clearly. The soundproofing was excellent.

Charles stood by the window for a good half hour, not from a lack of desire to move, but because he couldn't believe the intense scene unfolding before him. Yvette lifted Andrew as if he were a child and tossed him into the air, then playfully hung him on a tree branch. After lowering him down, she had him perform squats and push-ups, his form lacking precision. Without hesitation, Yvette fetched a vine from the yard and repeatedly struck Andrew's palm with it. Midway through, when Andrew attempted to flee into the house, Yvette caught him by his collar just as he reached the door, pulled him back, and continued her scolding.

Charles pondered, 'Why does this scene feel so familiar? It seems like I have experienced something similar before.

From inside the house, he could see Andrew's expression shift from initial confusion to a painful grimace. The soundproofing was so good that he couldn't hear Andrew yelling, but he could read his lips. It was clear that Andrew was calling for help. Andrew was now tied to a post, mouthing words. It seemed like he was reciting poetry.

Charles noticed Andrew looking repeatedly towards the house, his expression pleading for help. He looked quite pitiful.

Turning around to glance at Jeremiah and Samantha, who were drinking coffee in the living room, Charles felt unsettled, 'Jeremiah was one thing, but Samantha was pretty ruthless. That was her own brother! If Yvette kept going like this, Andrew might not survive.'

Charles walked over and sat down on the sofa. He watched the two of them drink their coffee as if nothing were happening. He hesitantly spoke, "So, does Yvette always act like this when she's had too much? I don't think Andrew can hold out much longer."

Samantha heard this and her expression remained unchanged as she glanced up slightly. She said calmly, “No worries, as long as he’s still breathing, it’s fine. Come on, have some coffee.”

Jeremiah looked up and glanced at the two people in the yard. Yvette’s posture was like that of a tiny bândit, so cute.

At that moment, Yvette was sitting cross–legged on a chair, fiddling with a small vine stick. Her chin was resting on her hand. She was swinging her little feet, making some random small talk with Andrew, possibly about geography judging by the movement of her lips.

Charles turned to Jeremiah, “Jeremiah, should we really not step in to help Andrew?”

Jeremiah’s blue eyes were in different, casually curving into a smile. “Yvette hasn’t had enough fun yet.”

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Charles was at a loss for words.

Right now, Andrew was just like a poor toy for the drunken Yvette.

Samantha got up and walked to the window.

Charles glanced over and thought, ‘Samantha’s just pretending to be careless. After all, Andrew’s her little brother.

But the next moment, Charles was almost knocked out of his senses when Samantha said to Jeremiah with her hands on her chin, looking at Andrew tied to the post in the yard, “Mr. Chavez don’t you think Yvette is being too nice to the brat? That model from last time was wretched compared to him. Yvette is sjich a kind girl”

Jeremiah put down his coffee cup, leaning back on the sofa with his legs crossed casually, and gave a slight nod.

“Yvette has always been kind.”

Shocked at their conversation, Charles thought, ‘What are these two talking about?

‘Even I as a devoted fan of Yvette find it unbelievable.

‘Kind? Yvette? Isn’t she the one in charge of the Seventy-Two Chambers and infamous for her cruelty throughout Mysonna’s underground world?

Imust have misheard. That’s the only explanation.’

In the yard, Andrew excitedly drew circles on the ground with his foot when he saw Samantha through the window.

He could have used his hands instead if he was not all tied up.

Both mentally and physically exhausted, Andrew never imagined that the opportunity he fought so hard for would end up like this.

Not only were his wishes shattered, but now his life might end here.

By now Andrew would be a fool if he couldn't tell that Yvette was drunk, but he wondered in puzzlement, 'How come she got drunk so easily?'

'Didn't she claim she was good at drinking?'

'And why is she so scary when drunk?'

Samantha waved at Andrew after noticing his distress signal and walked back to the couch.

She sighed while sitting down. "Mr. Chavez, if I were a man, I'd compete with you for Yvette."

Jeremiah glanced at Samantha and said casually, "Sorry. You missed your chance."

Undiscouraged, Samantha thought, 'So what? I could at least be sisters with Yvette.'

Charles quietly took a sip of coffee and thought, 'I pray for you, Andrew.'

'But there's nothing else I can do for you.'

'Besides, I don't want to look strange among people.'

Then Charles joined the conversation with the other two, completely forgetting about Andrew.

The next day at eight o'clock, Yvette opened her eyes right on time, finding the space next to her as empty as usual except for a faint hint of inint.

She briskly got up to wash, selected a simple tracksuit from the closet, and went downstairs where Samantha, Andrew, and Charles were already waiting for her with a dazzling variety of breakfasts on the table.

Yvette walked over, but as soon as she sat down, Andrew sprang up from his chair and exclaimed, "Andrew reporting for duty. Your orders, Madain!"

Amused by Andrew's face, Samantha and Charles struggled to hold the laughter.

Yvette paused, lifting her eyes with a mix of confusion and curiosity.

She glanced at Andrew who was saluting, and thought, 'Why does his face look like that?'

Then she looked at Charles and Samantha, both trying hard not to laugh.

Finally, Yvette asked, her eyes innocent and bright, "What's your deal? Didn't you sleep well?"

Speechless, Andrew thought, 'What? The black circles under my eyes were bruises left by her punching. My body is aching even after the entire night. If it weren't for Charles who applied me some medicine, I wouldn't have been able to get up morning.

He recalled the torment last night when Yvette not only forced him to recite poems but insisted on playing a trivia quiz.

Question: [Why does your mom say you should "learn to live on air" if you idle around?]

Answer: [Because the air can starve you to death.]

Andrew thought, 'What kind of stuff was that? And if I got it wrong, out came the stick, with no mercy whatsoever. Now Yvette forget about it all? I doubt there is anyone more miserable than me in this world.

Andrew cautiously asked, "Yvette, have you forgotten everything that happened last night?"

Yvette took a sip of her orange juice and said with a cool voice while looking seriously at Andrew, "I had two glasses of red wine, and after that... I can't remember."

Andrew gave her a pitiful look and gritted his teeth.

With a miserable face, he said, "Yvette, you're an amazing drinker, but don't drink next time."

'Or could you pick someone else next time?' Andrew thought and slumped back into his chair, with a catchy tune stuck in his head. [Let it go...]

Looking at Andrew covered in bruises, Yvette pressed her lips and thought, 'Did I do this to him?'

Yvette glanced at Samantha and Charles and asked, "Was it me who did it?"

Andrew looked at the two with eager anticipation and thought, 'Please be honest and tell her the truth!'

Samantha looked at Yvette with a bright smile and shook her head. "No, it wasn't you. How could you hit Andrew? He fell on his own."

Yvette turned to Charles. "Is it true?"

Charles nodded seriously. "Yes, Yve."

Andrew, sitting beside them, raised his finger in silence at Samajiha and Charles.

Dumbstruck, he thought, Liars! I wonder where is the justice!

Just then, Jeremiah came out of the kitchen and placed a plate of pierogies in front of Yvette.

"It's beef and radish. Have a try!"

Yvette took a bite and casually said to Andrew, "Be careful next time"

Hearing her kind words, Andrew had no choice but to swallow his tears and replied, "I got it, Yvette."

Jeremiah sat down next to Yvette.

Samantha looked at the sandwich in her hand and then at the steaming pierogies in front of Yvette.

Suddenly, her sandwich didn't seem so appealing.

That biased man, Samantha thought and glanced at the TV, remembering that today was the day for the Ybaullan delegation to visit Clusia.

Samantha asked, "Mr. Chavez, is the visiting Ybaulla delegation arriving this afternoon? Are they still staying for a week?"

Jeremiah took a sip of black coffee and said, "They're arriving at three in the afternoon and will stay for ten days"

Samantha was concerned because many of her businesses were involved this time.

She sneered, "Mr. Chavez, do they have some other purpose?"

Jeremiah replied, "The delegation has two additional members, Kaiden Harper and Robin Jenkins."

When Charles heard the names, his fork slipped from his hand and clattered onto the table.

Everyone's eyes turned towards him.

Charles calmly picked up the fork, nodding apologetically.

"Sorry. You guys continue," he said.

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Jeremiah gave Charles a casual glance.

An unexplainable feeling of pressure overcame Charles, making him feel out of breath for a moment.

Charles looked at Yvette who was enjoying her pierogies, and thought, 'How calm Yvette is! If Kaiden knew she was here, would he dare to show up?!

Samantha and Andrew in a disdained face, paying no attention to Charles whatsoever.

After all, Ybaulla was their least-liked country.

Andrew nodded and said, "Mr. Chavez, are they trying to challenge our Clusian students at the exchange banquet as before? That's all they can manage. Such a tiny country, thinking they can compete with us. Ridiculous!"

Samantha gave Andrew a sideways glance and thought, 'I almost forgot that though sometimes looked foolish, Andrew was an outstanding graduate of Betrico University.

Samantha was familiar with those two family names.

The Harper family was the well-known mafia in Ybaulla, and the Jenkins family had produced many famous individuals in the art world.

It was not difficult to guess what these two families were planning by sending people over together.

Jeremiah took a sip of black coffee and said, "Yeah, they do have that plan."

Andrew let out a cold snort. "Mr. Chavez, do we know what these two are skilled at?"

Without a word, Yvette took a sip of the milk handed by Jeremiah, her eyes staying calm and cool, yet flickered slightly.

Jeremiah replied, "Fencing and chess."

Samantha frowned and thought, 'It looks like they have made adequate preparations!

Andrew's expression also turned serious. "Mr. Chavez, are we still choosing the contenders from Betrico University?"

Last time, the competition ended with a draw.

Jeremiah' thin lips pressed together, his voice laced with coldness. "Yes, I've already made the choice."

Samantha said, "Mr. Chavez, do you need me to check out these two people?"

She had a branch in Ybaulla, so it wasn't difficult for her to gather information.

Jeremiah raised an eyebrow and set his coffee cup down. "No need."

Hearing this, Samantha knew Jeremiah had already uncovered everything about Kaiden and Robin.

Andrew curiously asked, "Mr. Chavez, what's their background? What are their personalities like? Any weaknesses?"

Jeremiah glanced at the three people across from him, his voice deep and cold. "Robin Jenkins is twenty-eight years old, a three-time consecutive world chess champion, and the eldest son of the prestigious local artist family, the Jenkins family. He's gloomy, deeply calculated, unpredictable, and ruthlessly malicious."

At hearing those adjectives, Andrew knew Robin was a pain in the ass and thought, 'World chess champion? That title is no joke. It must have cost Ybaulla a lot to bring someone like that along.'

Andrew said, "Mr. Chavez, they've even brought out a world champion. Does Betrico University have anyone who can take him on?"

Samantha was also worried about this issue.

Jeremiah said expressionlessly, "Simon recommended me a chess prodigy, Louis Colten, discovered in this year's national competition."

Hearing this, Samantha and Andrew were relieved and thought Since this person is recommended by Simon, he might stand a chance against Robin."

Andrew went on, "And what about that other guy, Kaiden Harper?"

Anyone who ever watched a gangster movie would be familiar with the “Harper”.

Jeremiah paused for a moment, his expression darker. “Kaiden Harper is the third son of the head of Ybaulla’s largest gang, Steel Serpents, and has never appeared in public before. He came back six years ago from studying in Mysonna and is now being trained as the heir. People call him the Underworld Prince, and his father values him highly. We haven’t found much about him, as he usually remains secluded. Rumor has it that he’s a kind gentleman.”

Samantha laughed derisively. “Mr. Chavez, do you really believe that? A kind gentleman highly valued by Larry Harper? It’s impossible! I’d rather believe he’s excellent at hiding his true self. This kind of enemy is the most dangerous; we must stay alert.”

Charles listened to their discussion, a mix of indescribable emotions showing on his face.

He could only conceal his unease by drinking cup after cup of coffee.

Just as Charles was about to pour another one, Andrew suddenly spoke, “Charles, you’ve already had five cups of coffee. Are you feeling alright? Sorry, we are absorbed in our conversation of which you and Yvette might not know much. Is it getting boring for you?”

Charles glanced at Andrew without a word and thought, ‘What? Not know much? Yvette was the person who once swept through Mysonna’s underworld and founded the infamous Seventy-Two Chambers that terrified all gangsters, reconstructing the landscape. No one knows the underworld better than her.’

Samantha chimed in, “Charles, what do you think of this Kaiden Harper? Share your insights with us.”

Yvette finished the last bite of her pierogies and looked up.

She glanced at Charles with a hint of aloofness and said calmly, “I’ve done my meal. Take your time.”

Jeremiah gently pinched her fingertips and said softly, “I won’t be staying with you today. I might come back late. Mom’s com over to take you shopping. If you want to go, just go. If not, just say no. Don’t feel pressured.”

Yvette gave a slight nod and replied in a cool voice as usual, “Okay.”

When passing by Andrew, Yvette paused and looked him over for a few moments.

Andrew's heart pounded wildly under Yvette's gaze and he thought, 'Does Yvette want to put me through drills even when she's sober? Oh my god. If that's the case, I'd rather die.'

Andrew instinctively shifted a little further away from Yvette and asked in a trembling voice, "Yvette, what are you doing? Why are you staring at me like that?"

Yvette didn't reply and put her hand in her pocket.

At the same moment, Andrew sprang up from his chair and hid behind Samantha.

"Yvette, please have mercy on me. Don't make me go through what happened last night all again. I've got family. And if I'm gone, poor Jeremiah will have no friend. Can you bear that?"

Raising his eyebrow, Jeremiah picked up a fork and checked out on Andrew as if he were choosing the proper area to stab.

Samantha rubbed her temples and kicked Andrew while thinking. How embarrassing! Is such a fool like Andrew really my brother?'

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Yvette slightly turned her head and then pulled out of her pocket a candy that was wrapped in colorful paper, looking incredibly pretty.

Yvette pointed at the candy and softly said to Andrew hiding behind Samantha, "This is for you."

She had figured out that the unlucky guy who got beaten up after she went drunk last night was probably Andrew, whose face looked quite pitiful right now.

Andrew looked at the candy Yvette put on the table in astonishment and thought, 'Isn't it like comforting a child with candy after scolding him? I am a grown man, not a child. Besides, I wouldn't take what she did last night as a big deal anyway!

Feeling touched, Andrew said, "Thank you, Yvette. You're kind to me."

Yvette had her hands in her pockets, her shirt sleeves casually rolled up a few inches, showing a bit of her pale wrist.

The corner of her mouth lifted slightly yet her voice was flat. "Don't flatter yourself. I just don't know where to put it."

Andrew was speechless and thought, ' Can I take back my words?'

A hint of amusement appeared in Jeremiah's eyes and he thought, 'Yvette was trying to be nice to Andrew. She was just a bit awkward and didn't want to admit it.'

Samantha also sensed Yvette's good intentions and thought with a slight smile, 'I am not wrong about Yvette, using candy to win over a man in his twenties. Brilliant! Does Jeremiah buy this too? Maybe I should try it sometime and treat Zion some candy.'

When finished speaking, Yvette waved her hand and went upstairs.

Charles watched the scene with mixed emotions and thought, 'Finally, Yvette is not cold and detached like before. I am happy for her.'

Jeremiah watched Yvette go upstairs until she entered her room and then turned his gaze to Charles.

Jeremiah's mind was filled with curiosity and he thought, 'Charles has been acting strangely since we mentioned these two Ybaullan people. However, it seems like he cares more about Kaiden than Robin. Charles must know Kaiden well!

Since Samantha and Andrew were clueless, Jeremiah didn't ask Charles directly about Kaiden, but instead, he questioned him with an emotionless face, "What do you think of Kaiden?"

Charles was silent for a few seconds, his eyes unreadable, glancing at Jeremiah.

He knew what Jeremiah meant.

Then Charles replied with a cold voice, "Kaiden is quite a schemer. He is an illegitimate child of Larry Harper. His mother was a famous dancer in Ybaulla and gave birth to him not long after she got involved with Larry Andrew listened in shock.

Samantha was a little stunned too and thought, 'How come Charles knows all the details?'

But Jeremiah wasn't surprised.

He glanced at Charles with his eyes slightly narrowing, and said concisely in an icy voice, "Continue."

Charles had no intention to hold back as he thought, 'I believe the man Yvette chose. If Yvette is to marry Jeremiah, she wouldn't sit by when anything happened to him. Now Yvette is on the side with Clusia, then why do I care about Ybaulla at all? Besides, I owe my life to Yvette.'

Charles went on, "After Kaiden was born, Larry lost interest in the dancer and she slit her wrists in front of Kaiden when he was five. Later, Kaiden was sent to Mysonna, and was only brought back a few years ago.

Samantha didn't expect Charles to know so much and asked, "How's his fencing? He must be pretty good since Ybaulla sent him, right?"

Charles nodded with certainty and thought, 'Of course he's good at it. He learned his craft from the best teacher. His skills are truly a gift. If he hadn't used those dishonest tricks back then, things might be different now!

"His style is unique, and he's a tough opponent. You need to be careful; beating him won't be easy,"

'However, there is an easy way as to let Yvette handle him. But judging by Yvette's earlier attitude, it's clear she doesn't want to take the role. What a pity,' Charles thought.

Charles's advice was completely genuine.

Jeremiah stood up, adjusted his uniform, gave a slight nod, and then walked away in his boots, leaving the other three in the dining room.

Samantha couldn't stop thinking about how Zion would lose his mind since he had been calling her over a hundred times yet she didn't answer even once.

The game of love has its limit. When one's had enough, it's time to stop. I need to finish things up now, Samantha thought and left too.

The once lively room was now just Andrew and Charles staring at each other.

In the end, they both sighed and thought bitterly, 'How do they know the joy of being single?'

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At one o'clock in the afternoon, Aurora arrived at Skyland on time, wearing a long dress and high heels.

As soon as she entered, she saw Andrew in the yard with a man, enjoying coffee.

Unexpectedly, Aurora found herself seeing a beautiful vibe in this scene, but she shook off the distracting thoughts in her mind and walked in.

Seeing Aurora, Andrew eagerly ran over and gave her a warm hug.

“Mrs. Chavez, it’s been a while. You look so youthful! I think you almost outshine my sister.”

Hearing this, Aurora couldn’t help but laugh.

After all, Andrew was the child she had seen grow up and he did have a pleasant personality.

Aurora grinned with joy. “Oh, you cheeky boy. What nonsense are you talking about? How can I compare with your sister? You’re just trying to make me happy.”

Andrew said with an exaggerated tone, “Come on, Mrs. Chavez. You’re always as lovely as ever.”

Then he cheerfully introduced Aurora to Charles, “This is Mrs. Chavez, Mr. Chavez’s mother.”

Charles stood up politely and nodded.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Chavez. I’m Charles.”

Charles thought, ‘So this is Yvette’s future mother-in-law. It’s no wonder Andrew was so dramatic. With a face like hers, people might think she was thirty

Aurora smiled at Charles, wondering who he was since she’d never seen him before.

Seeing this, Andrew immediately said, “Mrs. Chavez, this is Yvette’s apprentice learning to paint from her. He’s been staying in Skyland since he arrived in Betrico.”

Aurora took a closer look at Charles and thought, ‘Is he an art student? He seems to me more like a mafia.

Then Aurora asked Andrew, “Where’s Yvette? Is she inside? Maybe she’s napping?”

Andrew shook his head and replied, “I’m not sure. I’ll call her later on the house phone and let her know you’re here.”

Andrew felt strange too as Yvette had never shown herself since breakfast.

Hearing this, Aurora waved her hand and said, “Don’t bother. I have Yvette’s private number. I’ll call her myself.”

Just as Aurora was taking out her phone, she looked up and asked Andrew with a cunning smile, “I suppose you don’t have Yvette’s private number?”

Andrew stood still silently while Charles thought, 'Wouldn't it be faster to just knock on the door?'

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Five minutes later, Yvette came downstairs, still dressed in a simple black tracksuit. Aurora sat on the sofa, smiling broadly as Andrew kept her entertained. Charles sat silently on the side, slightly lost in thought as he observed the scene. He actually envied Andrew's personality, so sunny and bright. 'People like them, who were born into the underworld, always maintained a so-called safe distance from others. After all, you can never tell who's a friend and who's an enemy. One minute they're your friend, the next, they could be your enemy stabbing you in the back, he thought.

When Aurora saw Yvette come downstairs, her smile grew even wider. But upon seeing the black tracksuit she was wearing, she sighed softly. 'Aren't young girls supposed to love dressing up? But her future daughter-in-law always seemed to favor black, white, or gray. Too simple. How could that be right? Such a perfect face, a body like a goddess, and divine beauty—all wasted on these plain clothes,' she thought.

Andrew noticed Aurora sighing as she stared at Yvette walking down. He was confused 'Weren't they just having a great conversation?' He asked, "Mrs. Chavez, what's wrong? Why the sudden sigh? Did I say something wrong?"

Aurora waved her hand and explained, "It's not you, just... look at Yvette."

Andrew looked at Yvette and scratched his head. "Mrs. Chavez, what's wrong with Yvette? I don't see anything off."

Aurora took a sip of coffee and said softly, "Don't you think Yvette dresses too plainly?"

Andrew nodded seriously. He thought, 'Compared to other girls he knew, Yvette did indeed dress too simply. The girls he knew changed outfits every day, from high-end brands to limited editions, and even luxury collections. Regardless of their figure, their style was always on trend.' Andrew added. "When we first met Yvette, she was wearing a tracksuit too. She usually just wears tracksuits, T-shirts, and jeans. But it doesn't really matter what she wears. With that face and aura, even if she wore a sack, she'd still be miles ahead of anyone else."

Aurora nodded in agreement and patted Andrew on the shoulder. "Exactly, I think the same. Yvette is like a perfect piece of art crafted by the heavens."

Andrew nodded enthusiastically. "Mrs. Chavez, we truly share the same taste."

Charles lifted his head and glanced at the two, who were deeply immersed in their conversation. He wanted to comment on their flattery but found himself at a loss for words. 'Well, it seems there won't be any issues between the mother-in-law and

daughter-in-law. The age-old problem of family relations doesn't even exist for the instructor,' he thought.

Yvette walked over to the sofa, nodded slightly at Aurora and said softly, "Hello, Mrs. Chavez."

Aurora patted the seat next to her with a smile. "Come, sit here. Have you gotten used to staying at Skyland the past few days? That boy must be busy with the Ybaulla's visit, so you must be bored at home. Do you want to go shopping later?" Aurora didn't insist, instead, she asked for Yvette's opinion.

Yvette sat down on the sofa, her head slightly lowered. Her jade-like skin looked a bit pale, her bangs fluttered down, her nose was sharp and straight, and her dark eyes seemed to have a faint shimmer in their depths. She curled her lips slightly. "Shopping for clothes?"

Aurora was momentarily stunned by Yvette's beauty and took a second to respond, "Yes, there's a Ybaulla gala in ten days, and I'll be attending with Clifford. I want to check out the latest haute couture gowns."

Shopping was quite a challenge for Yvette. She didn't enjoy it, nor had she ever had the time or leisure for it growing up. Did haute couture require a trip to the store? Yvette's gaze flickered slightly as she looked at Aurora's expectant face. She calmly asked, "Which haute couture brand do you prefer?"

Aurora thought for a moment and then said, "I don't have a fixed brand, but in recent years, my favorite has been "Vibe's" haute couture line. However, their owner is quite unique. They don't sell the same couture dress to any customer twice, and three years ago I bought one of their dresses, so I can't purchase another."

The regret in Aurora's voice was obvious even to Andrew and Charles. Andrew had heard about this brand from Samantha, so he had some understanding. To him, it seemed like a marketing strategy. 'Women's money was easy to make. A simple haute couture piece from Samantha could easily cost millions, and it could only be worn once, he thought. Charles, too, had heard plenty about Mysonna's "Vibe."

Yvette nodded slightly upon hearing this, her eyebrows furrowing faintly. She swiftly took out her phone, tapped a few times, then put it away. She turned to Aurora and said, "Let's pick at home. The people will be here in half an hour."

Aurora was puzzled. "Who? Who's coming?"

Yvette's deep, cold eyes met Aurora's as she calmly replied, "The people from 'Vibe. Don't you like their haute couture?"

Aurora was dumbfounded. ‘Did she hear wrong? The people from “Vibe” were coming to her house to serve her personally? That sounded like something out of a fairy tale,’ she thought. “Vibe” had two unwritten rules: first, they never sold the same haute couture piece to a buyer twice, and second, they never offered at-home service. If you wanted to order from them, you had to go to the store for measurements. It didn’t matter if you were a high-ranking official or a wealthy tycoon; everyone was treated the same.

Years ago, the wife of a major real estate tycoon in Kyoto had demanded at-home service from “Vibe” and even threatened that if they didn’t come, she would ruin them. The headquarters of “Vibe” immediately blacklisted her, and that real estate company eventually went bankrupt. After that, no one dared to ask for home service from “Vibe.” She continued thinking ‘So, what is going on now? Yvette was saying she had arranged for “Vibe” to come to the house?’ Aurora, fearing she had misheard, turned to Andrew and asked, “Andrew, did Yvette just say that the people from ‘Vibe’ are coming here personally?”

Andrew didn’t understand why Aurora was reacting so strongly. Yes, Mrs. Chavez, that’s what Yvette said. What’s the matter?”

Charles lowered the newspaper he had been reading and glanced up calmly. He had an idea why Aurora was so shocked. ‘If anyone else had said this, he wouldn’t have believed them. But if Ms. Zeller said it, then it must be true. How well-connected was Ms. Zeller to be able to make “Vibe” break their rules? That was no small feat for a brand,’ he thought. Charles picked up the conversation and explained to the puzzled Andrew, “Vibe has an unwritten rule: they don’t offer at-home service. No one has ever broken that rule. Even the First Lady of Mysonna hasn’t enjoyed such treatment. If things go as planned, Mrs. Chavez will be the first person in the world to have ‘Vibe’ come to her home.”

Andrew finally understood why Aurora was so stunned. He glanced at the expressionless Yvette, his eyes twitching. He thought, ‘What kind of powerhouse was Yvette, exactly?’ This move made him feel like kneeling before her.

Yvette lounged lazily on the sofa, her posture relaxed and nonchalant. Seeing Aurora’s confused expression, she spoke softly, “You like it, and I’m giving it to you. Aren’t you happy?”

Upon hearing these words, Andrew al

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Upon hearing these words, Andrew almost fell off the couch. ‘Wasn’t this straight out of a CEO romance novel? All those books on his shelf weren’t read for nothing!’ Charles rubbed his temples, not expecting Ms. Zeller to win over her future mother-in-law like this.

Out of the three, Aurora had the biggest reaction. Her eyes were almost teary with emotion. ‘Wow... was she about to have a CEO daughter-in-law?’ she thought. Her delicate face was filled with warmth as she held Yvette’s hand and gushed. “Yvette, you’re so cool.”

Yvette glanced at the hand covering hers, pausing briefly. Her clear, pure eyes held a faint, misty glow, with a hint of indifference in her brow. “As long as you’re happy,” she replied softly.

Half an hour later, five luxury vans pulled up outside Skyland. The doors opened, and out stepped a man in a white suit, refined and elegant, leading a team all dressed in black suits, each holding a box. Behind them followed a lineup of professional models, more than thirty in total, creating quite a spectacle.

Inside the living room, Yvette, Aurora, Andrew, and Charles sat on the sofa, watching the group change into shoe covers in an orderly fashion. Within three minutes, half the living room was filled with people and boxes. The man in white, leading the group, nodded respectfully to Yvette and politely introduced himself, “Ms. Zeller, I’m Alan, the head of ‘Vibe’ here in Betrico.” Alan looked at the commanding woman seated on the sofa, feeling a bit more anxious. He thought, “This was someone Ms. Sterling had personally instructed him to treat with utmost care. He wasn’t sure who she was, but he knew she couldn’t be offended and must be treated as a VIP. He also recognized Aurora—Mrs. Chavez from the Chavez family in Betrico, a regular customer at their store. What was the relationship between this woman and Mrs. Chavez?” Alan continued, “All of these are the latest haute couture from ‘Vibe,’ unique and exclusive. Now, is it you or Mrs. Chavez who needs them? To save you time, I brought professional models. They’ll try on everything for you—you just need to sit back and watch Yvette looked calm.

She lightly tapped her fingers on the armrest and nodded slightly. “Yes, begin. Select three models according to her figure,” Yvette said casually. Alan followed her gesture and glanced at the chosen models. Wow, this woman had a keen eye. From what he could tell, these three had almost identical measurements to Mrs. Chavez. It was clear who these haute couture pieces were for. He maintained his professional smile, nodded, and replied, “Understood. Please wait a moment while we get everything ready for the presentation.”

Aurora took a sip of tea to calm herself. She didn’t lack clothes, nor did she lack new season collections sent by various brands, but ‘Vibe’—she genuinely loved their designs. She thought, ‘Despite being a VIP, she’d never experienced such a treatment at their store. Today, she was truly benefiting from Yvette’s connections. Even the head of ‘Vibe’ in Clusia had personally come to her door. Her daughter-in-law’s influence was no joke!’

Charles and Andrew sat on the sofa, feeling that their only role now was to sip tea and wait. Fashion was something they truly didn’t understand. The people Alan brought

were highly professional, and within ten minutes, almost thirty haute couture dresses had been neatly displayed. The three models selected by Yvette were dressed in the latest pieces from 'Vibe's' new "Floral Dream" collection. As they walked out one by one, everyone was stunned—not by the models' looks, but by the dresses themselves. They were dreamlike and ethereal, with pale blue gowns wrapped around the body, paired with white sheer capes that accentuated graceful necklines and prominent collarbones. The gowns, with their flowing, moonlit pleats, exuded an understated elegance and noble aura. The chest was adorned with a scattering of diamonds, and the golden beadwork on the skirt formed geometric patterns that radiated sophistication. The ice-blue fabric contrasted beautifully against skin. At just one glance, even Charles and Andrew were captivated, finally understanding why Aurora was so enamored with 'Vibe's' designs—they were truly breathtaking.

Yvette's gaze flickered as she saw the three gowns, her eyes reflecting a subtle gleam. Sienna worked fast; the finished products were already here.

Aurora was also mesmerized by the dresses. She sat up straighter, her eyes filled with appreciation that she couldn't hide. 'Who exactly was the genius behind Vibe? Their talent was extraordinary,' she thought.

Alan noticed the reactions of the group and felt relieved. He knew no woman could resist the designs of their mysterious boss. The thirty haute couture dresses took about two and a half hours to present in total, and finally, the last model stepped forward. Alan turned to Yvette and Aurora and said, "Ms. Zeller, Mrs. Chavez, the dresses have all been tried on. Is there any piece you're particularly satisfied with? We will tailor it to Mrs. Chavez's measurements, and it will be delivered to your door in three days."

Aurora was torn—she liked every single one of them. How could she possibly choose? It wasn't about the money, but how could she let go of such beautiful pieces?

Yvette glanced at Aurora's conflicted face, lifted her chin slightly and spoke with her usual calm tone, "Which one do you like? Or do you like them all?"

Andrew chimed in. "Yvette, these thirty dresses—each one looks better than the last. If I had to choose, I wouldn't be able to either. It's too hard!" Charles nodded in agreement—even he, an outsider to fashion, could see how difficult it was to pick just one.

Alan stood nearby, maintaining a polite smile without rushing them. He had seen this scenario play out countless times. Not just Mrs. Chavez—anyone ordering haute couture from 'Vibe' faced the same dilemma.

Yvette lifted her gaze, her eyes shimmering with unrivaled beauty, and said slowly, "Why hesitate? If you like them all, just keep them."

The room fell into stunned silence. The team Alan brought stared in disbelief at the woman sitting on the sofa. They thought, 'Did she just say... keep them all? That was

absolutely impossible! No one had ever bought thirty haute couture pieces from 'Vibe' in one go—just getting one was a struggle. This was ridiculous. Having them come to the house was shocking enough, but to take home thirty dresses? If word of this got out, it would be unbelievable. Alan stiffly turned his head, unsure of how to respond. He hadn't forgotten that Ms. Sterling had instructed him to meet all of Ms. Zeller's requests -but wasn't this going too far?

Aurora hadn't expected Yvette to say such a thing either. She was momentarily dumbfounded. She thought, "Thirty haute couture dresses would cost at least five hundred million—it wasn't about the money, but rather that 'Vibe' would never agree to sell that many at once! If they were willing, she'd be happy to buy them, but that was impossible." Aurora quickly waved her hands. "No need, Yvette. How could I ever wear so many? I've decided. I'll just take the purple satin one."

Yvette's gaze sharpened slightly, and she spoke concisely, "All of them."

Alan felt that even Sienna wouldn't agree to this. He opened his mouth to respond, "Ms. Zeller, I'm afraid that's not possible..."

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Yvette remained calm as she took out her phone and dialed Sienna.

Sienna immediately picked up when she saw the call. "Hello, Ms. Zeller. How is it? Did you see anything you like?" The last time Ms. Zeller had sent her thirty sketches, Sienna had only managed to produce ten of them due to her hospital stay. She had intended to display them in Betrico, but they had all been brought over by Alan for this occasion, along with her own designs.

Yvette glanced at Allen who was standing next to her and casually said, "Hmm, can't choose, keep them all."

eyes widened as

Sienna let out a dramatic gasp, loud enough to make Alan flinch. He recognized that voice all too well. His he stared at Yvette and the phone in her hand. She had just called Ms. Sterling directly—that was bold. But even so, Alan was certain Sienna wouldn't agree to such an unreasonable request. Even if Ms. Sterling agreed, the mysterious owner of "Vibe" certainly wouldn't, he thought.

Yvette handed the phone to Alan. "Sienna has something to say

Alan took the phone with both hands and moved to a corner. "Ms. Sterling, hello. This is Alan. About Ms. Zeller's request, I think..."

Before he could finish, Sienna cut him off, “Oh, I know. Let her have all the dresses.” Sienna’s tone with Allen was completely different from how she spoke to Yvette, there was a bit more seriousness and sincerity in her voice.

Alan was stunned. His hands shook as he almost dropped the phone. Did he hear that correctly? Ms. Sterling had just agreed to such an unreasonable demand? That was absurd. Even if Sienna were a close family member of this lady, she didn’t have the authority to break “Vibe’s” rules. He glanced over at Yvette, who was lounging calmly on the sofa, her demeanor regal and indifferent. After a moment of hesitation, Alan steeled himself and replied, “Ms. Sterling, I hope you’ve thought this through. If we do this, it could become a major PR issue for ‘Vibe. If we set this precedent, what will other clients think?”

On the other end, Sienna paused and cleared her throat. “It doesn’t matter what others think. What matters is that Ms. Zeller likes it.” The truth was, “Vibe” had been created by Yvette herself, and all the rules were set by her. The rumors about “Vibe’s” marketing strategies were nonsense; the real reason behind the exclusivity was simply that Yvette was too lazy to get involved. Most designers struggled with inspiration, but Yvette was simply too uninterested to produce more, which was why she had implemented the limited–quantity rule.

Alan was taken aback by Sienna’s dismissive tone. He felt she was being biased and responded sternly, “Ms. Sterling, I can’t accept your directive. I request that this issue be reported to the owner for a final decision.” The truth was, Alan had joined “Vibe” because he was captivated by the “Dream” series. He had never seen such stunning designs before and had vowed to work at “Vibe” ever since. Despite his years at the company, his biggest regret was never meeting the mysterious owner of “Vibe.” He had always respected the owner’s vision and wasn’t about to let someone tarnish it, even if it meant standing up to Ms. Sterling.

On the other end of the line, Sienna was getting a headache. She knew Alan’s stubborn temper, and if she didn’t tell him the truth today, there was no way he’d agree. Sienna had transferred him from Mysonna to Betrico precisely because of his excellent performance, so he could help expand “Vibe’s” commercial presence. After a brief silence, Sienna finally broke it, speaking softly, “Haven’t you always wanted to know who the real owner of ‘Vibe’ is?”

Alan was taken aback. ‘Why did Sienna bring up the Boss now?’ he thought. His voice rose slightly. “Of course, I do. Ms. Sterling, you know how much I’ve longed to meet her.”

Everyone in the living room turned to look at Alan, confused by his outburst. Yvette, sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed, remained indifferent, casually playing with her phone. Aurora felt the atmosphere was getting awkward. ‘If “Vibe” refused Yvette, it would be embarrassing for her. With so many people present, word would definitely get out, and Yvette’s reputation would suffer, she thought. Aurora clenched her teeth,

determined that if it came down to it, she'd do whatever it took to make sure they left with the dresses. She continued thinking 'Money wasn't the issue—she just couldn't let Yvette lose face.'

Andrew pulled out his phone, intending to call Jeremiah for help. Yvette noticed and, without lifting her gaze, coldly said,

“Put it away.” Andrew immediately shoved his phone back into his pocket. He was bewildered, he thought, 'Yvette wasn't even asking Jeremiah for help—why was she acting so confident? Surely, they wouldn't give her special treatment, even with her connections with president of Mysonna.' He sighed, convinced that this was going to end in embarrassment.

Charles, sitting nearby, took a slow sip of water, unbothered. Unlike Andrew and Aurora, he wasn't worried. “Yvette said the dresses will stay, so they will. No need to worry,” he said.

Andrew looked at Charles, incredulous but said nothing. He couldn't understand why Charles had such blind faith in Yvette.

Ten minutes later, Alan ended the call, his body stiff as he turned to face Yvette. His eyes were wide, his pupils dilated in shock. His hands trembled at his sides. He was in absolute disbelief, he thought, 'Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that the muse he'd admired for years was a young woman in her early twenties. But now, it all made sense. Eight years ago, how young had she been when she created the groundbreaking “Dream” series? And here she was, sitting right in front of him. Now, everything clicked into place. Why had they offered home service today? Why could Yvette casually demand to keep thirty haute couture dresses? Because she was simply keeping her own creations. Alan had been the fool all along, stubbornly fighting over something that never should have been an issue.

Of course, only the owner could have Sienna personally make a phone call. Yvette was not just the owner but the chief designer of “Vibe,” and ten of the thirty dresses were her latest designs. After his initial shock, Alan felt a surge of excitement. He had finally met the person he had admired for so long. Sienna had instructed him not to reveal Yvette's identity, so he would have to pretend he didn't know.' Containing his emotions, Alan walked over to the sofa, bowed deeply at ninety degrees to Yvette, and spoke with far more respect than before. His voice even trembled slightly as he said, “Ms. Zeller, would you like us to organize the thirty dresses for you? Where should we send them? I can make adjustments to the sizes right now.

If there's anything you're not satisfied with, I can alter it on the spot. Thirty dresses—are they enough? We have another dozen at the store, and if you'd like, I can bring them over for you to choose from.”

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Alan's sudden change in attitude left everyone present utterly dumbfounded. Collective silence fell over the room, with jaws practically hitting the floor. Especially Alan's staff, who knew his temper better than anyone. They thought, 'He was never the type to be easily swayed, so seeing him agree to this request left them completely stunned. It wasn't just that he agreed—the way he spoke was overly humble, which was unbelievable. Just moments ago, he had refused. How did his attitude change so quickly?'

Everyone simultaneously thought back to the phone call 'Who was on the other end of that call? What could have been said to make Alan behave like this? And Alan's words were even more shocking: not only did he agree to leave all thirty gowns, but he also offered to bring ten more for them to choose from. What was going on?'

Aurora was equally confused. So what was happening now? Did Alan really agree to leave all thirty gowns just because of a phone call? Was she dreaming?

Charles watched the scene unfold calmly. He thought, 'For Ms. Zeller, none of this was surprising. Even Silas, a figure who could be written into history books, had brought over No.7 Toxin to have her detoxify him. What could Ms. Zeller possibly not achieve?'

Yvette lifted her gaze, her deep, tranquil eyes cold and fathomless as a winter lake. She glanced at the struggling Alan and said in a calm voice, "Just leave the thirty gowns. I'll alter the sizes myself."

Aurora blinked, confused. "Yvette, you know how to make clothes?"

Yvette nodded slightly. "Kind of, I can do a little."

When Alan heard this, he thought, 'If the boss only knows "a little," then who in the fashion industry would dare say they know how to make clothes? This left no room for anyone else. He really wanted to say that modesty is a disease. The next moment, Alan suddenly realized something 'Aurora had called his boss her daughter-in-law. Wait, Mrs. Chavez's daughter-in-law? That means she's married to the legendary Clusia First Lieutenant General, the man known as the living grim reaper of Betrico? No wonder! The boss really knows how to fly under the radar, quietly making big moves. All those socialites in Betrico couldn't win him over, but she managed to. Alan looked at Yvette with stars in his eyes, full of admiration.

Aurora glanced up and saw his expression, and doubts began to surface in her mind. 'What was going on? Why was Alan looking at her daughter-in-law like that? Could it be that he had fallen for her at first sight? No way! Aurora quickly shifted to block Alan's view, giving him a nod. "Thank you, Director Alan. You can leave the gowns here; I'll have someone organize them later. No need to trouble yourself."

Having finally met his idol, Alan wasn't ready to leave so easily. He decided to press on with his shamelessness. With a polite, gentlemanly smile, Alan said, "Mrs. Chavez,

these thirty gowns must be exhausting for Ms. Zeller to alter on her own. If she doesn't mind, I can help with a few of them."

Aurora, though reluctant to let Alan spend too much time around Yvette, couldn't deny that he had a point. She thought, "Thirty haute couture gowns were intricate works, and Yvette would surely get tired altering them all." Aurora patted Yvette's hand gently and said, "Yvette, Director Alan has a point. Let him help you with a few."

Yvette glanced at Alan, who looked both eager and excited, raised her brows slightly, and responded in her usual cool tone, "Okay."

Andrew, who had been speechless ever since Alan agreed to leave the gowns, was once again left amazed. He thought, 'Sure enough, nothing Yvette said ever went unheeded! He suddenly felt like bowing down to her. It's clear that being around Yvette really opened your eyes to how the world works.'

When Yvette agreed, Alan nearly jumped for joy. He was actually going to work with his boss? He thought, 'This was a dream come true, something he never dared imagine.'

Three hours later, Alan's hands were trembling from exhaustion. Altering thirty haute couture gowns was no joke. The staff Alan had brought with him had already returned to the store; they couldn't handle this level of craftsmanship. Now, only Andrew, who was dozing off, Charles, who was reading the newspaper, and Aurora, who stayed glued to Alan's side, remained in the living room. Alan felt utterly drained. From the beginning to now, Mrs. Chavez had been shadowing him, and every time he wanted to say a word to his boss, she'd start asking him various questions. After three hours, he'd only managed to exchange two sentences with the boss, while Mrs. Chavez had practically unearthed his entire life story. Alan glanced over at Yvette. She was still working steadily, her hands moving just as quickly as they had been at the start. 'Wasn't she tired? Was she even human?' he thought. His own hands were shaking just from holding the scissors. After finishing the last gown, Alan politely turned to Aurora and said, "Mrs. Chavez, aren't you tired? Maybe you should take a rest."

Aurora, determined to not give Alan any opportunity to make a move on Yvette, shook her head. "Not tired at all."

Seeing that there was no way he was going to have a proper conversation with the boss today, Alan dejectedly nodded, forcing a smile that looked more like a grimace. "I've finished. Mrs. Chavez, I won't disturb you and Ms. Zeller any longer. I'll be on my way now." He then turned to Yvette and said, "Ms. Zeller, I'll be leaving now."

Yvette had just finished her last gown as well, setting down her needle and thread. She looked at Alan and, in her usual cold tone, said, "Goodbye."

Alan sighed, slumping a bit as he headed for the door. But just before he left, Aurora called out to him, "Director Alan, aren't you forgetting something? You must be

exhausted and forgot to charge us. How much for the thirty haute couture gowns? I'll write you a check."

Alan turned back and first glanced at Yvette, quickly responding "Mrs. Chavez, these thirty gowns are a gift for Ms. Zeller. You don't need to pay."

Aurora froze in place. The whole day felt like a dream. Even Charles, who had been reading the newspaper, lifted his head at that. "Vibe" had just gifted thirty gowns? That's at least five or six hundred million, given away just like that? Ms. Zeller's influence was sky-high, he thought in disbelief.

Yvette poured herself a glass of water, her cold, deep eyes flickering as she glanced at the stunned Aurora. Raising a brow, she said in a low voice, "No need to pay."

Alan, after saying his goodbyes, gave a nod to Yvette and hurried out. 'As if he'd dare charge the boss—or her future mother-in-law. He'd have to be insane,' he thought.

Aurora turned to look at Yvette, who was calmly sipping her water. She couldn't help but wonder if Yvette had saved the life of "Vibe's" mysterious owner. This was too much. Just casually waving away several billion? Aurora had now truly witnessed what it meant to be willful.

Setting down her cup, Yvette said to Aurora, "I'm going upstairs. Feel free to do as you please."

Aurora nodded. Truthfully, she hadn't fully processed everything that had happened today—it had been too much excitement. But little did she know, the most shocking part was yet to come.

At that moment, Yvette's phone, left on the table, suddenly rang. Andrew, who had been woken up by the ringtone, groggily stirred. This phone call was terribly timed; he had just been dreaming about his own wedding.

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Andrew rubbed his eyes as he woke up and muttered, "Whose phone is that? Really knows how to pick the right time, interrupting my beautiful dream."

Aurora walked up and said gently, "It's Yvette's. Wait, I'll go call her."

As soon as Andrew realized whose phone it was, he woke up instantly, panicking as he tried to get up. In his hurry, he hit his arm on the table, knocking over a water glass. The water spilled out and splashed directly onto the ringing phone. Andrew quickly wiped the phone with his hand. 'Yvette's old phone model wasn't easy to replace nowadays, and if it broke, he'd be done for, he thought. Charles glanced at the black phone, knowing it had been with Ms. Zeller for almost ten years.

In his flustered state, Andrew accidentally pressed the wrong button, and a cheerful female voice came from the other end of the phone: “Hello, little boss, I have a tiny confession to make. I had no other choice just now and had to tell Alan that you’re the owner behind ‘Vibe’ and the designer of the Blossom and Dream collections. But don’t worry, I already told him he must keep your identity a secret, so no one else will know. Yvette, you’re so generous, I’m sure you’ll forgive this little cutie of yours, right?”

Every word from the phone was heard loud and clear by the three people in the living room—Aurora, Andrew, and Charles -and their expressions were identical: all frozen in shock.

On the other end, Sienna thought Yvette might really be angry about her revealing her identity, so she quickly added, “Yvette, I really didn’t mean it. Don’t worry about Alan; he’s a reliable guy and has always admired you. Plus, today’s situation was too sudden. If I didn’t explain things clearly to him, there’s no way he’d have agreed to leave all thirty custom dresses behind. Please don’t be mad. How about I promise not to ask you for any design drafts for the next three years?”

Still, there was no response—just dead silence. In the huge living room, only the sound of the three people breathing heavily could be heard. On the other end, Sienna finally sensed something was off. Yvette wouldn’t be so angry that she couldn’t even speak, right? As she started to doubt, Yvette’s cold voice suddenly came through the phone: “I know.”

In the living room, Aurora slowly turned around to look at the stairs, where Yvette stood with her hands in her pockets, leaning casually against the railing, legs bent, calm and collected. Aurora realized ‘So, what that woman on the phone was saying was that her daughter-in-law was the founder of “Vibe” clothing company?’ Aurora’s head buzzed, and she suddenly remembered catching a glimpse of the caller ID earlier—Sienna Now, she finally remembered who that was! She continued thinking “Wasn’t that the head designer of “Vibe,” a design genius admired by the entire fashion world? No wonder “Vibe” broke its usual rules and sent Alan personally to serve her. She had been suspicious all along—thirty custom-made dresses, all being left behind, and for free. Turns out, it wasn’t because Yvette saved the life of ‘Vibe’s secret owner; it was because Yvette is the secret owner. Was there anything more shocking than this? The hottest clothing company in the world was founded by a girl in her twenties? And now she was her daughter-in-law? Hmm... heaven must really have been smiling on her. This whole situation was so unbelievable, it made her want to scream. “Vibe” was established seven or eight years ago, and back then, Yvette had barely been an adult.’ Aurora looked at Yvette, feeling more and more satisfied. ‘Her daughter-in-law’s business acumen was no joke. Oh, dear... Does that mean she finally has someone to take over her company?’ she thought. Aurora began scheming about how to hand over her business to Yvette. But given what she knew about her daughter-in-law, this was probably going to be a challenge.

Sitting half-slumped on the couch, Andrew was also in a dazed state. His pants were soaked where the water had spilled on them, but he hadn't even noticed. Yvette had just revealed another mind-blowing secret? He thought, 'Cyanbird the painter? An Interpol officer? The hidden boss behind 'Vibe'? My god! Yvette's secrets were getting more and more terrifying. If she dropped one more bombshell, his heart might not survive. Turns out, Jeremiah had hit the jackpot by marrying her.' Andrew sighed—forget envying those who live charmed lives, he'd settle for finding a way to live off someone like that. 'Why couldn't he find someone like that? Beautiful? Check. Talented? Check. Unique personality? Check. And who else but Yvette could get drunk and still run military drills?' he thought in admiration.

Charles, on the other hand, was the only one keeping his composure, not as shaken as the others. He knew that a girl who could outclass a group of grown men at just ten years old could definitely be the founder of 'Vibe! With Ms. Zeller, anything was possible; nothing had to make sense—she was the master of her own world.

Andrew let out a soft sigh, and Charles glanced sideways at him. Why was he getting all sentimental just because Yvette had revealed another secret? Charles asked, "What's wrong with you?"

Andrew lifted his head slightly and said softly, "I just think that some people are born to create miracles and crush others in the process."

Charles nodded seriously and said, "You're

Yvette picked up the phone, turned off,, ht. Just get used to it."

speaker, and casually said a few more words before hanging up. Turning around, her deep, tranquil phoenix-shaped eyes seemed to hold the universe within, serene and dazzling. She had changed into a simple white T-shirt and shorts after going upstairs, her hair tied up in a ponytail, exuding a youthful and slightly alluring vibe. Looking at this girl who always wore sports clothes, white T-shirts, jeans, and sneakers, who could have imagined that she was the secret boss of 'Vibe,' the fashion label everyone in the industry chased after? Yvette glanced casually at the three people, raised an eyebrow, and said in an offhand manner, "I started 'Vibe' a few years ago, J on a whim."

The three of them were speechless.

Andrew clicked his tongue in disbelief Just on a whim? Could she be any more devastating to his fragile self-esteem? He also wanted to casually start a multi-billion-dollar company, alright?"

Charles smiled at how serious Yvette looked as she explained herself. He thought, 'A clothing company worth hundreds of billions was really just a casual side project... Ms. Zeller certainly had a way of getting under people's skin. If word of this got out, it would probably infuriate countless business people.'

Aurora took a moment to compose herself, she thought, 'Her daughter-in-law was simply amazing—what she said was so confidently bold yet endearingly cute.' Aurora looked at Yvette with high hopes and asked expectantly, "Yvette, I mean, just hypothetically speaking, if I were to hand over a company worth billions for you to manage, would you refuse?"

Yvette looked up, her tone casual. "I would. So don't even think about it."

Aurora's face fell. 'Why was it so hard to give her future daughter-in-law a company?' she thought.

Andrew sipped some water and watched the scene unfold, dying of envy. Even he could understand what Mrs. Chavez was hinting at, he thought, 'She clearly wanted to hand over her entire business empire to Yvette. But alas, Yvette wasn't the type to care about money. One wanted to give, and the other didn't want to receive? Seriously, that was money! Who wouldn't want it?' Andrew felt like his measly monthly salary of 1,500 might as well come with a noose—he felt so poor by comparison.

After chatting for a while longer, Aurora and Yvette said their goodbyes, and the Chavez family's staff packed up the dresses, loading them into two large trucks. Even the security guard at the gate was stunned. 'He'd seen plenty of rich people's lifestyles, but a whole truckload of clothes? That was the next level,' he thought.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 310

Jase, Clifford and Jeremiah were talking in the living room of the Chavez residence.

Jase took a sip of coffee and looked at Clifford, who was impeccably dressed and had just hosted the visiting Ybaulla delegation as the head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Jase asked. "How did it go?"

Clifford rubbed his forehead and assured Jase, "It's alright. I've dealt with Kyle before, and I can handle the situation."

At the mention of "Kyle," Jase's expression darkened, and he reminded Clifford, "Be cautious. The instruction from above is that our interests in the trade agreement are not to be compromised."

Clifford nodded and said, "I understand, Dad. Don't worry."

Jase emphasized. "Ensuring Kyle's safety is the top priority, particularly if anything should go wrong with the agreement. Kyle's visit amid political uncertainty in Ybaulla makes the higher authority suspicious of his motives. Ybaulla will take action if anything happens to Kyle in Clusia. It's absolute security or nothing."

Jeremiah crossed his legs and lifted his gaze, exuding an effortless elegance with his neat hair, keen eyes, straight nose and chiseled jawline.

Jeremiah nodded and thought, 'Hmm, Kyle would be digging his own grave if he were to use us against his enemies.'

The meeting concluded and Jeremiah was about to leave, when Aurora entered the living room, surprised to see all three of them. She wondered, 'What kind of chance has brought them here?'

They are usually too busy to have a family gathering.

It must be major political affairs; otherwise, they would have handled it through phone conversations.'

Aurora asked, "Jase, have you had dinner yet?"

Jase nodded and said, "Yes, and you've gone shopping with Yvette?"

It took Aurora aback a bit to find that Jase Chavez, who was typically preoccupied with state affairs, showed interest in such a trivial matter.

Jeremiah saw Aurora delighted and asked, "Have you been enjoying yourselves?"

Aurora took on a mysterious air and sat on the couch to face them, her chin slightly raised. She found it thrilling to keep a secret from them and boasted with a smirk, "There's a prize for guessing what I've got."

As Aurora's husband, Clifford tried first and asked, "Um, you just won the lottery?"

Aurora snorted and said, "Boring. What's so exciting about that? Try harder."

"Amazing outfits?" Jeremiah asked, glancing at his watch, as if talking to himself.

Aurora pursed her lips, turning to Jase.

Tapping his cane, Jase asked, "Yvette has given you a gift?"

Aurora's eyes sparkled. She had to admit that shrewdness grew with age, as Jase nailed it halfway with just one guess. Aurora declared, "Jase, you're the epitome of wisdom."

Then, Aurora clapped her hands. The servants opened the door behind her and entered the room, each carrying a large bag.

They lined up and unzipped the bags, and there it was, a bewildering array of couture gowns.

Clifford instantly knew that those were luxuries. He exclaimed, "What? Have you bought a store?"

Jeremiah looked at the gowns, impressed by the scene.

Jase, however, sipped his coffee calmly. He knew that Yvette had owned a large fashion brand, which now seemed no longer a secret.

Aurora bragged, "See, Yvette's gifts for me. Aren't they beautiful

Clifford frowned, thinking, 'Even though Yvette is a famous painter, she could not afford to spend it all like that. This won't do.'

Meanwhile, Jeremiah just fiddled with his phone indifferently.

Jase pecked at Jeremiah, who was strangely calm about Yvette spending such a fortune.

"These gifts must have costed Yvette," Jase remarked with pretended astonishment.

Jeremiah slipped the phone into his pocket and said with a faint smile, "Yvette's got the money and I've got the honey."

Jase was choked with the irony that the lionhearted men of the Chavez family were all sweetheart husbands at home.