

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 36

At 1:25 PM, the highly anticipated Frixyia speech competition kicked off at Argrol University amidst the enthusiastic applause of faculty and students.

The host, a friend of Sharon's, said a few words to liven up the atmosphere before inviting Patrick to the stage.

Eager to see Yvette make a fool of herself, Patrick didn't resort to his usual formalities. The students of Argrol University had prepared themselves for a lengthy speech, but to their surprise, Patrick spoke only a few sentences before declaring the competition officially started.

The students were relieved to avoid his long monologue, and the applause grew even more enthusiastic, which pleased Patrick. Unbeknownst to Patrick, the applause was indeed for him, but not in the way he had imagined.

The host had previously conspired with Sharon, fixing the draw in the box so that Sharon would be first and Yvette second. As the stage lights illuminated and the curtain lifted, the two contestants were supposed to show up together, but only Sharon stood alone, inciting a wave of murmurs from the audience.

"What's going on? Why is Sharon standing alone here?"

*Could it be that Yvette ran off at the last minute?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"Are we going to leave here without seeing anything today?"

Winona looked down, biting her lip, the smile at the corners of her mouth sinister and malicious.

The host glanced at the script, confirming that the process was correct. According to the plan, both Sharon and Yvette were supposed to stand behind the curtain and draw lots together.

The host felt powerless, unsure where the problem had arisen, and could only look to Sharon for an explanation. Sharon was unhappy; she had wanted to shine in this competition and had gone so far as to buy an expensive outfit and perfect her look, eagerly waiting for this moment. But now Yvette was missing right before the event was set to begin. Seeing the crowd growing restless, Sharon knew she had to step forward. She took the microphone from the host's hands. "Hello, everyone. As you can see, Yvette appears to be missing. Perhaps she had an emergency or simply ran away. Regardless, the competition may not continue today, and as for who wins or loses, I

think we all know the answer.” Once Sharon finished speaking, the audience’s reactions grew louder and more disdainful.

Some students had become Yvette’s fans because of the basketball court incident and had even made banners to cheer her on. Now that Yvette was absent, they could not accept it and started throwing their banners on the ground.

John, sitting in the cheering section, saw them toss their banners and silently picked them up from the floor. He worried that Yvette’s absence was due to something serious and felt an urge to go outside and find her.

Jeremiah sat in the back row, motionless. The veins in his neck were clearly visible beneath his black collar, and his subtly trembling Adam’s apple had a certain unspoken allure.

Andrew was about to lose his patience. ‘Running away at the last moment is simply too embarrassing. Is this really Jeremiah’s type? Andrew felt a bit of disdain, thinking that even if Yvette lost, it wouldn’t be a problem for him to help her out. But to lose without a fight was just too shameful,

The students were preparing to get up and leave when Victor grabbed Winona and started to walk away. Just then, a soft voice spoke up. I’ll compete in Yvette’s place.

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Everyone turned to the source of the voice, and at the entrance of the auditorium stood a figure. It was Bonnie, who had gathered her courage to stand there. Seeing everyone looking at her made her nervous, causing her palms to sweat and her body to tremble, but she forced herself to remain composed.

In her heart, Bonnie cheered herself on, and when she lifted her head again, her eyes sparkled with determination.

She walked step by step toward the stage, ignoring the murmurs around her. Despite the pressure, she pushed herself to reach the stage.

Those who were about to leave saw this situation unfold and sat back down, Winona held onto Victor, staying behind; she recognized Bonnie as the girl who had been rude to her for Yvette earlier, now coming to Yvette’s defense.

Sharon glared at Bonnie with disdain, her tone mocking. "You're going to compete for Yvette? Why? She's a coward, and you're going to step in and embarrass yourself for her? How stupid."

Bonnie shook her head firmly. "Yve must have had an urgent matter; she wouldn't just bail at the last minute. I'm willing to compete. What are you scared?"

Sharon sneered, looking smug. "You think I'm scared? Fine. If you lose, you have to say 'I'm a pig' three times in front of everyone. If you agree, I'll compete with you."

Bonnie knew she couldn't back down at that moment. If she gave in for Yve, it would only fuel the rumors gritted her teeth. "Fine, I agree

"Sorry, I don't agree, Yvette said.¹

even more. She

The door to the auditorium swung open again. The moment everyone heard that chilling voice, they knew the newcomer was Yvette. There was no other voice like hers in all of Argrol University.

Yvette stood in the doorway, wearing a crisp shirt, her long legs straight and elegant. There were slight bloodshot threads in her eyes, adding an ambiguous fierceness to her appearance.

All eyes were instantly drawn to Yvette. Even Victor couldn't help but look over.

As Yvette passed the last row, she noticed Jeremiah and Andrew sitting upright in their seats, and paused for a moment. No one caught that little action, but Jeremiah saw it clearly. He realized Yvette wasn't as indifferent as she seemed.

Andrew's jaw dropped at the moment Yvette walked in. He had lost hope in Yvette, thinking she wouldn't show up, but to his surprise, she had returned.

He glanced at Jeremiah, who didn't appear surprised at all. It seemed Jeremiah had believed from the very beginning that Yvette would come, which is why he was so calm.

Andrew couldn't help but wonder, 'Could someone really trust a person they have only met a few times?

Eventually, he understood that true love at first sight does exist, along with unwavering trust and support, because he himself had met someone like that.

Bonnie watched as Yvette approached her step by step, tears cascading down her cheeks, hitting the stage below.

“Look, it’s Yvette! Yvette really came back!”

“Yealt, she didn’t bail at the last minute.”

“So what if she did? Isn’t that even more humiliating?”

“Hey, at least she shows courage.

Tobias sat at the outer edge of the front row. As Yvette passed by him, he caught her attention despite Patrick’s unfriendly.

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glare. “Don’t push yourself; I’ll step in and handle this for you.”

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Patrick, of course, disagreed and replied sharply, with a hint of reproach in his tone. “Mr. Sunderland, the competition between students is scheduled; we can’t just interfere. He then pretended to be supportive and said to Yvette, “Go ahead, Ms. Zeller. I know you won’t disappoint us.”

Yvette politely thanked Tobias and then walked up to the stage. Patrick’s irritation only deepened as he watched Yvette ignore him; he felt like he could grind his teeth to dust.

“Don’t be a crybaby,” Yvette said to Bonnie.

Seeing Yvette, Bonnie finally released the tension she had built up, relaxing completely as her voice trembled with emotion. Yve, you finally made it.”

Honestly, Bonnie was anxious too; she feared that Yvette might actually bail at the last minute. But her heart reassured her that Yvette wasn’t that kind of person, and sure enough, Yvette didn’t disappoint her.

Yvette’s delicate features still bore their usual coldness, though there was a hint of softness in her eyes. “Just sit back and watch closely

Bonnie cheered Yvette on before stepping off the stage. When Bonnie returned to her seat, Yvette finally turned to face Sharon directly.

Sharon refused to back down and glared right back, only to realize that Yvette’s cold eyes seemed to notice her as if she didn’t exist at all.

“No need for a draw; you can start first,”

Yvette said.

Sharon and the host were unable to use any of the elaborate lines they had prepared. Under Yvette’s gaze, both felt a pang of awkwardness, as if Yvette was aware of their plan.

With confidence, Sharon walked to the center of the stage and placed her prepared speech on the podium, ready to begin her presentation.

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Sharon was extremely confident in her speech.

The theme for this speech contest had only been finalized the day before, centered around arts, allowing for a free expression of ideas. The winning criteria would be based on the content and spoken delivery, determined by audience votes. Patrick had 30 tickets in hand.

Sharon had written her speech a long time ago and had polished it repeatedly. What many didn’t know was that she had even won a minor award with this arts-themed speech. She believed that her level of preparation was enough to outshine Yvette.

For half an hour, Sharon spoke eloquently. As she noticed the awe-struck expressions from her classmates and the approving glances from their department’s professors, she felt certain that she had already won.

During her speech, Sharon took the opportunity to glance at Yvette, who was still leaning against the side of the stage.. looking as if she hadn’t fully woken up. This made Sharon look down on her even more.

Once Sharon finished speaking, the auditorium erupted in enthusiastic applause.

“Sharon truly stands out as a top student in the Frixylia department! Though she can be a bit arrogant, her professional skills are undeniably impressive,” one student remarked.

“I agree. Her spoken Frixylia sounds fantastic! Didn’t you see how the Frixylia professors were applauding her?” another added.

“Oh no, what will Yvette do now? I heard she’s been cramming every day; I hope she doesn’t lose too embarrassingly,” someone else chimed in.

As Sharon walked past Yvette after her powerful speech, she huffed dismissively, flitting toward Winona like a butterfly. The two embraced, appearing to share a sisterly bond.

Sharon sat next to Winona. The two whispered to each other in a voice only they could hear. Meanwhile, Victor watched Winona with a dotting gaze.

“Next, we have Yvette from the Physics Department, the host announced.

The moment the name was called, both applause and jeers filled the auditorium. Sharon and Winona exchanged smug glances, satisfied with the situation.

Yvette walked leisurely to the center of the stage, capturing the attention of the entire hall, Remnants of doubt and uncertainty lingered as her eyes scanned the audience. She saw Bonnie nervously wringing her hands, Tobias looking worried, and John holding up a banner in support. In the last row, she spotted Jeremiah and narrowed her

eyes slightly. Patrick noticed that Yvette wasn't carrying any speech notes. “Ms Zeller, where's your speech? Even if you're from the countryside, you should know that a speech is the most important part of a speech competition,” he asked

With a blend of defiance and nonchalance, Yvette met Patrick's gaze. “I don't need one.”

Patrick forced a smirk. “Oh, well, since you don't need it, let's get started and not waste any more time.”

Sitting nearby. Tobias realized that Patrick was specifically targeting Yvette. Concern etched on his face, he hoped that the three days of cramming with Bonnie had paid off for her.

The moment Yvette began to speak, the entire auditorium fell silent. Students and faculty alike were stunned, unable to believe what they were hearing.

Is this fluent Frixylia coming from Yvette?” They felt as if they were experiencing an auditory illusion Yvette's pronunciation was indistinguishable from that of native speakers.

Winona and Victor were taken aback, while Sharon looked up in disbelief. Even Patrick was momentarily speechless. However, a few, like Tobias and Bonnie, looked on in surprise and happiness, reveling in Yvette's performance under the spotlight.

At that moment, Yvette radiated brilliance. Everyone was riveted, utterly astonished.

As Sharon listened to Yvette speak, she realized that Yvette's pronunciation was even more refined than her professor's, which was absolutely impossible to master in just three days. It was evident that Yvette had likely been fluent all along. The realization hit Sharon hard; she felt like being tricked. Yvette wasn't indifferent; she was assured and hadn't considered Sharon a threat at all.

Defeated, Sharon bowed her head, understanding that she had lost spectacularly. Without any prepared notes in hand, Yvette had spoken effortlessly, with a fluency that made Sharon's stutters seem all the more glaring.

Tobias didn't know much Frixylia, but he found Yvette's speech captivating. He turned to Emily for her opinions.

Emily nodded and looked at Tobias seriously. "Mr. Sunderland, your student is exceptional. Her speaking skills suggest at least ten years of dedication. Yvette's outstanding performance without a speech script shows that, given her abilities, she should be able to win awards at a provincial speech competition!

Tobias, astonished by Emily's words, looked up at Yvette on stage and felt as if he had stumbled upon a treasure. He remained puzzled as to why someone with such talent in Frixylia would choose physics as her major.

Later, he realized that Yvette considered her Frixylia proficiency to be just average. By that time, he had already become accustomed to Yvette's talents.

Meanwhile, Winona was fidgeting in her seat, unable to grasp how this country girl could speak Frixylia so fluently.

Despite her disbelief, the sight of Yvette standing confidently without any speech drafts made it clear that this was real. A wave of fear washed over Winona as she realized that Yvette's talents were beyond anything she had ever comprehended. "Winona, it turns out Yvette really does speak Frixylia! Oh my gosh, she's absolutely amazing. Who said she's just a country girl? Now Yvette has no reason to be embarrassed, someone said to Winona.

Winona nodded stiffly. "Yeah. I didn't know Yvette's Frixylia was that good either."

Sharon felt a twinge of discomfort at Winona's words. She suddenly found herself resenting Winona a little; if Winona had known earlier and had told her about this, she wouldn't have had to embarrass herself in front of so many people.

"Yvette speaks Frixylia? Victor snapped back to reality, his gaze darkening as he questioned Winona. Winona became flustered. She and Zeke had often commented in front of Victor that Yvette was just a bumpkin who wouldn't know anything

Winona bit her lip, her eyes welling with tears. "I didn't know Yvette speaks Frixylia; she never mentioned it. How can you question me because of Yvette?"

Seeing Winona's distressed state, Victor felt a pang of guilt, his tone softening. "I was just asking casually. Whether she speaks Frixylia or not doesn't change anything, Winona, the only person I want to marry is you"

Nearby, Sharon's expression shifted upon hearing this, but when she looked up again, her demeanor was as if nothing had happened.

"Jeremiah, am I dreaming? Yvette's Frixia is even better than yours; it's incredible!" Andrew exclaimed.

Jeremiah focused on Yvette on stage; she was both beautiful and proud, her gaze defiant. Yvette's clear, cold voice echoed in the auditorium, drawing everyone's attention. Even the air seemed to hold still as they listened intently.

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Jeremiah murmured. "Yeah, she's better than me."

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Andrew was still puzzled about how Yvette could speak Frixia so fluently, wondering if rural education had now expanded. to include Frixia

Unlike Sharon, Yvette didn't meander on for long. Her speech lasted only ten minutes.

Students from other departments who didn't understand Frixia relied on the Frixia department students to translate. By the time Yvette finished, the audience had a fair grasp of the content of her speech.

Argrol University students were once again filled with confusion. This competition required original speeches. From the content of her speech, Yvette's insights into art were astonishing

They wondered whether Yvette, coming from the countryside, truly understood what art was. But the evidence proved that she did understand art. Only someone with true understanding could possess such profound insight.

Once Yvette stepped down from the stage, the audience slowly began to react, starting to applaud for her. One person clapped, then another, until finally a united wave of applause erupted. The auditorium thundered with applause that carried on for a full five minutes.

At that moment, Patrick stood up.

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"Everyone, please be quiet, Patrick said.

The students of Argrol University assumed Patrick was about to praise Yvette and announce the results of the competition. After all, the superiority of the two speakers was evident, and there was no need for a vote. Everyone could see that Yvette had won, and decisively at that,

Adjusting his tie, Patrick looked at Yvette on stage and asked in an accusatory tone, "Ms. Zeller, your speech was indeed impressive. However, I have one question that needs your explanation."

Yvette inclined her head slightly, her tone steady and confident, "Go ahead."

The students at Argrol University were captivated by Yvette's audacity. It was clear she had every right to be proud.

Patrick was known for being penny at Argrol University. In the past, when he taught classes, he often summoned students to his office for minor infractions and kept them there for hours.

Many students had been recorded for misconduct, yet no one dared to confront him, as everyone wanted to graduate smoothly and avoid antagonizing a dean.

Patrick paused for a moment, but in front of so many students, he couldn't afford to lose his temper. However, his expression instantly darkened.

"Ms. Zeller, you are as headstrong as ever. I want to ask if this speech was truly written by you. As we all know, you come from a rural background, and your record shows that you lack even a basic education. How could you possibly speak Frixylia? And how could you give an off-the-cuff speech in just three days?" he asked.

Patrick's sharp gaze betrayed an insidiousness that seemed unsettling; he stared directly at Yvette. She returned his gaze with a mixture of coldness and impatience, and those around her could feel the tension.

Students at Argrol University couldn't help but feel a tingle of doubt creeping in. After all, it was indeed puzzling that country girl could master Frixylia; that was, to some, quite unbelievable. Some, influenced by Patrick's insinuations, began to harbor doubts.

"Mr. Williams is right; how could Yvette possibly speak Frixylia? This does seem odd."

"Indeed. Frixylia is difficult to learn; we all know that."

"Let's hear what Yvette has to say."

Bonnie and John stepped beside Yvette, and Tobias stood up from his chair and walked straight to her side. The three silently supported Yvette.

Seeing so many people start to question Yvette again, Andrew felt a surge of anger and was ready to rush forward. However, Jeremiah was quicker; he strode over to Yvette with long strides

Jeremiah exuded an immense presence, possessing an air of nobility and aloofness that couldn't be ignored. The surrounding students instinctively parted to create a path leading directly to Yvette

Patrick attempted to admonish Jeremiah but, upon catching a glimpse of him, found himself frozen in place by his icy stare.

At that moment, it felt as if a sharp blade were aimed directly at him, and his reprimanding words caught in his throat, unable to be voiced. He understood right away that Jeremiah was not someone to be trifled with.

"Let's go get some steaks, Jeremiah said to Yvette, his voice deep and charming.

Andrew, following closely behind, cast an annoyed glance at Patrick, thinking he was nothing but a fool. "Yvette, let's go.

Let's go and forget about that old bastard!" Andrew's tone was filled with a haughty arrogance. get

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The students surrounding them were taken aback by the handsome looks of both Jeremiah and Andrew. Not only were they attractive, but their fashion sense was also striking.

Some girls glanced at them and then at their boyfriends, their expressions suddenly tinged with disdain. What shocked everyone the most was Andrew's audacity to call Patrick "old bastard."

Winona saw Jeremiah stand beside Yvette, her jealousy spiraling like a vine, wildly growing within her heart. She couldn't understand how Yvette had only been here for a few days and managed to meet such an exceptional man and friends who would stand up for her. Even the professors from the physics department seemed to trust her immensely.

Sharon, seeing this sudden arrival who backed Yvette, felt both jealous and a bit relieved. With everyone's attention focused on Patrick, Yvette, and this striking newcomer, Sharon thought perhaps she wouldn't need to apologize after all. She hoped the situation would escalate further so that people would forget about her losing the competition.

Thinking about the steaks they were about to eat lifted Yvette's spirits. She looked up, her irritation fading as she pursed her lips and glanced past Jeremiah at Patrick Frixia is quite simple, I learned it when I was young and reviewed it just three days ago!

This declaration stirred up a wave of envy among the crowd. To claim fluency from having learned it as a child and reviewed it only three days prior was clearly a testament to Yvette's genius.

If anyone else had made such a claim, it might have been dismissed as boasting. However, coming from Yvette, no one dared to question it.

"Oh my god, do all talented people talk like this?"

"I'm definitely going to be a fan of Yvette. She's too cool!"

"Imagine how incredible her memory must be! I can't even fathom it."

The students who had thrown down their banners earlier, sensing no one was watching, quickly retrieved them. Then, in unison, they began to shout, "Yvette, you're a genius! You're amazing!"

Yvette facepalmed; this flattery made her feel a bit overwhelmed for the first time. Patrick, now intimidated by Jeremiah, found himself at a loss for words.

"I've never heard that Yvette has such a good memory!" Winona suddenly exclaimed. At this, the students in the auditorium fell silent for a moment.

Bonnie couldn't hold back any longer. Her cheeks puffed up with anger. "Hey, Winona, don't think everyone can't tell what you mean Yve has only been here for a few days; it's not surprising that you don't know her abilities. I think you're just afraid that Sharon will have to apologize to Yvette for losing: you're just a hypocrite!"

It was the first time Winona noticed the suspicious looks directed at her from those around. She felt utterly miserable, the image she had worked so hard to maintain was shaken by Bonnie, Winona tried to summon tears, hoping to garner everyone's sympathy.

"Hey, you're not actually going to cry, are you? Bonnie's right; you're definitely a hypocrite. Yvette is your sister, yet I can't shake the feeling that you don't want her to do well at all, someone said.

As this was said, another wave of whispers broke out around them. Winona didn't know if she should cry; her tears were caught in her eyes

Sharon attempted to minimize her presence, wanting to sneak out quietly. She felt grateful to have avoided a close call, but just as she was about to step out of the auditorium, Yvette suddenly said, "Sharon, apologize to me."

Yvette's voice was not loud, but it was clear enough for Sharon and the others in the auditorium to hear. Everyone's gaze shifted back to Sharon, who had reached the door.

Suddenly, everyone understood: Sharon had lost but was refusing to own up to it, trying to sneak away. The room erupted in laughter, and Sharon could no longer take it.

"I'm not apologizing: what are you going to do about it? You're just the daughter that the Chambers family pulled back from the countryside. Besides, Winona says your dad kicked you out to stay in the dorms; what do you have to be so proud of? My dad is friends with the head of the Lewis family, so you can't force me to apologize!" she shouted.

Upon hearing this, even Emily felt embarrassed. Losing a competition wasn't shameful; what was truly disgraceful was that Sharon tried to threaten Yvette with her family background.

"Sharon, just apologize. Losing isn't shameful; acting like this is. I'm very disappointed in you," Emily urged.

Sharon lifted her chin defiantly, refusing to back down. She wore a look of stubbornness, as if she hadn't heard a word anyone said. Seeing that she remained obstinate, Emily sighed and left the auditorium, deciding that Sharon wasn't worth

her concern.

"The Sullivan family? The Lewis family? I've never heard of them," Andrew remarked, breaking the tension.

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Andrew wore a proud expression, and his words sent the students of Argrol University into another uproar.

Everyone knew that the Lewis family, mentioned by Sharon, was at the top of the four major families in Seacriety. In Seacriety, the Lewis family was practically a household name.

Their enterprises spanned the entire country, and rumors suggested they were also planning to expand overseas this year. The fact that such a colossal family was being belittled by Andrew, who seemed to have appeared from nowhere, struck some as dangerous; a few wondered if Andrew had just sealed his own fate by offending the Lewis family.

quite foolish.

There was a sense of pity for Andrew among the crowd. They felt that although he was handsome, he was o Andrew, noticing the sympathetic glances directed at him, was utterly confused.

He believed he hadn't said anything wrong. To him, the Lewis family and the Sullivan family were nothing significant. In his eyes, these two families barely qualified as third-rate in Betrico, and he didn't regard them at all. In Jeremiah's eyes, these families were as weak as ants.

Andrew's sister Samantha ran a small business but still had assets far exceeding those of the Lewis family. Of course, the students at Argrol University had no idea of Andrew's thoughts; to them, the Lewis family seemed an unattainable existence. Yvette, who had remained silent, slowly lifted her head, her eyes darkening and her face devoid of expression. She glanced at Sharon and said slowly, "Apologize, or else the Sullivan family will go bankrupt and disappear in Seacriety within an hour."

Sharon froze for a few seconds before scoffing dismissively. "Yvette, stop talking big. You think you have what it takes to make the Sullivan family go bankrupt and disappear? Ha! I'll be right here to see how you do that."

Jeremiah, standing beside Yvette, had not spoken until then, but no one dared ignore his presence. He retrieved his phone and spoke in a cold, deep voice, "Ensure the Sullivan family goes bankrupt within half an hour."

Sharon looked up at Jeremiah in disbelief, a sense of panic creeping into her heart. Jeremiah truly seemed unlike an ordinary person, but she didn't believe he could bring down the Sullivan family in just half an hour.

At that moment,

someone in the crowd said. "I know him; this guy is a librarian here."

Everyone fell silent again, surprised that this seemingly noble and powerful man was actually just a librarian. They couldn't understand how a librarian could make such grand claims.

Some boys, who were already jealous of how Jeremiah attracted the girls' attention, seized this opportunity to mock him. "A mere librarian dares to talk big

"Right? And he says he'll inake the Sullivan family go bankrupt

"He's just boasting. I thought he was some big deal.

The girls, however, remained unfazed; they hoped that at a critical moment like this, they'd have a guy willing to stand up for them, even if he was just a librarian.

"Hey, you guys are just way too jealous. What's wrong with being a librarian? Look at how he's defending this girl! Can any of you do that?"

Yeah, exactly!

The auditorium was now in complete chaos, with everyone shouting. That was what Simon saw when he arrived at the auditorium.

In front of the auditorium stage, the crowd had split into two groups. One group was led by the arrogant Sharon, will.

Winona, Victor, and Patrick standing beside her.

Facing them was another group led by Yvette, which included two men; Simon didn't recognize them, but he could tell they were not ordinary people. There was also a boy and a girl he couldn't name. To Simon's surprise, he spotted Tobias. Tobias. usually avoided getting involved in things, and Simon wondered why he was here.

"Mr. Sunderland is here, someone announced as they turned to see Simon standing at the entrance. The previously raucous auditorium fell silent instantly.

Simon had barely been on campus for the past year, except for a few major events. Now that he suddenly appeared, everyone was taken aback and greeted him. Simon acknowledged them with nods.

Patrick quickly stepped forward, eager to please Simon. "Mr. Sunderland, what brings you here? Didn't you have a meeting this morning?"

With a serious expression and an air of cultured elegance about him, Simon responded to Patrick's flattery with indifference. "The meeting finished early. I heard there was a speech contest today, so I thought I would come by and take a look. Has the competition concluded?"

It seemed he was asking Patrick, but his gaze slipped toward Tobias. Tobias avoided Simon's eyes and lowered his gaze. Disappointed, Simon redirected his attention, understanding that Tobias still hadn't put his concerns to rest.

Next, Simon's eyes landed on Yvette and Jeremiah. Their striking appearances and distinct presence made them impossible to be ignored. Among the crowd, Simon's eyes were drawn instantly to the two of them.

Yvette had a cold elegance, her rebellious spirit evident in her eyes. Jeremiah was sharp and reserved, exuding an air of nobility. Simon had encountered many people, but none made him feel a sense of danger simply by standing there like Jeremiah did.

Patrick wanted to say something, but Tobias spoke up first. "Ms. Zeller from our department won, but Ms. Sullivan from the Frixia department wants to back out and won't apologize to Ms. Zeller.

Patrick's face darkened, having been interrupted, and he reprimanded Tobias sharply. "Mr. Sunderland, I'm still here; what are you butting in for?"

Upon hearing Patrick chastise Tobias, Simon gave Patrick a displeased look. However, Patrick was too caught up in scolding Tobias to notice Simon's expression.

"Is what Mr. Sunderland said true?" Simon asked.

With all eyes on him, Patrick couldn't lie and could only nod. "Yes, But Ms. Zeller threatened Sharon, saying she would bankrupt the Sullivan family. The man next to her is a librarian here, and he just helped Yvette threaten Sharon. People like him don't belong at Argrol University; they'll corrupt the students."

Simon turned to Yvette after hearing Patrick's statement. "Ms. Zeller, do you have any explanation?"

Yvette stood nonchalantly, her gaze unfettered and her demeanor haughty. Even in front of Simon, she remained casual, a trait that earned her admiration from the students at Argrol University for her composure.

"I was speaking the truth, not making a threat, she replied.

As Sharon noticed Simon's presence, she realized the situation was beyond salvaging. Patrick was in a different league than Simon, their power and status were too disparate. Sharon felt emboldened to act defiantly in front of Patrick, but she wouldn't dare do so in front of Simon.

Yvette's words were clearly intended to inform everyone that her threat to bankrupt the Sullivan family was not a mere bluff.

Simon had probably pieced together the situation. He glanced at Sharon, and in doing so, he noticed Winona and Victor, who both instinctively took a step back.

They didn't dare speak in front of Simon; Victor had just gotten scolded by Simon and then reprimanded by his grandfather, making him wary of attracting Simon's ire again.

Sharon instinctively lowered her head, as if she wasn't the aggressive person who had just refused to apologize.

“Ms. Sullivan, you must accept the consequences. The first rule of campus is honesty and integrity; apologize,” said Simon.

Just then, Sharon’s phone rang from her bag. A wave of panic filled the faces of the onlookers as they recalled Jeremiah’s words.

The timing of the call was suspicious. Several people glanced at their watches; it had been exactly half an hour, not a minute off. In a flurry, Sharon picked up the phone.

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As soon as Sharon answered the phone, her father’s voice boomed across the auditorium, loud enough for everyone to hear.

“idiot! What the hell have you done? If I had known you would cause such a disaster, I should have suffocated you at birth. The Sullivan family is ruined because of you; it’s all over!” he said.

Sharon trembled, her voice filled with fear. “Dad, what are you talking about? How can our family be over? What’s going on?”

“Are you seriously asking me? Do you know who’s targeting us? It’s the Sunrise Group from Betrico. In their eyes, we are nothing. They said this is because you’ve crossed someone you shouldn’t have. You need to go apologize to that person right away and beg for forgiveness, whatever it takes. Hurry up, or you’ll be kicked out of our family!” And with that, the phone was abruptly hung up.

Terror washed over Sharon as she looked at Yvette and Jeremiah, uncertain which of the two had such formidable power. Compared to Yvette, she subconsciously believed more that it was the mah standing next to Yvette who was responsible for

this situation

Everyone heard the words on the phone, and they looked at Yvette and Jeremiah in disbelief.

Few people in this country didn’t know about the Sunrise Group. It was the largest technology company in the country. having established itself as a leader in the domestic tech industry within just five years. Its owner was extremely mysterious, never having made an appearance since the company was founded; only the general manager attended various large events.

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Speculation about this behind-the-scenes boss was rampant, but it remained nothing more than unverified rumors. The Sunrise Group had taken action against the Sullivan

family, leaving them with no way out. The disparity in power between the two was too great.

Now everyone knew that Yvette and Jeremiah were telling the truth. Within half an hour, the somewhat notable Sullivan family in Seacrity had been finished. But people were still wondering how Yvette and Jeremiah could make the Sunrise Group take action. After all, they thought Yvette was just a girl from the countryside, and Jeremiah was a mere librarian.

“Is the Sullivan family really bankrupt?” someone asked.

Simon took another careful look at Jeremiah, suddenly feeling that he looked familiar. This man bore a striking resemblance to a prominent figure he knew,

If Jeremiah were indeed that man’s son, everything would make sense. “But why would he personally come to Security? Simon thought for a moment, and then dismissed the thought as unlikely.

Winona and Victor were nervous. They both sensed that Jeremiah’s identity was surely not simple, thinking that Yvette was acting so arrogantly because she had found a man to back her up, the man beside her was her source of confidence.

Victor scoffed. “Hmph, relying on a man isn’t a real accomplishment!”

Winona glanced over at Yvette and Jeremiah, who looked like a perfect match, and felt a wave of jealousy. She knew that in the same situation, Victor would not step forward to support her, She couldn’t understand why Yvette was so lucky.

Looking at Jeremiah’s handsome face made Winona’s heart race. She began to imagine that perhaps she could be the woman standing next to him. Winona firmly believed she was a hundred times better than Yvette. Whatever Yvette could do, she could do, too.

She stole a sidelong glance at Victor, who was muttering to himself, then looked back at Jeremiah, lowering her gaze and quietly planning in her mind.

After hanging up the phone, Sharon suddenly came to her senses. She rushed toward Jeremiah, trying to grab his sleeve. But before she could touch the corner of his clothing, he kicked her own.

Sharon fell to the ground her carefully prepared outfit for the competition now in disarray, her hair disheveled, looking almost like a madwoman. The students of Argrol University were stunned by this sudden scene.

Jeremiah's kick shattered Sharon's pride completely. Looking around at the pity, disdain, sympathy, and amusement reflected in the eyes of those around her, her emotions spiraled out of control.

Realizing she had truly provoked someone she shouldn't have, Sharon disregarded everything and crawled towards Jeremiah, but this time she no longer dared to touch him. Tu sorry. Please spare my family: I'll do anything you ask, please....

Upon hearing the last two sentences, everyone understood her intention. Sharon was clearly trying to seduce Jeremiah.

The crowd looked at the disheveled Sharon. While her character was questionable, her looks were certainly appealing. Everyone was curious how Jeremiah would react to such a pretty girl throwing herself at him.

Jeremiah grinned slightly, his cold eyes fixed on Sharon, which made her feel a flutter of hope; Jeremiah's smile seemed to suggest that he might have some interest in her.

She quickly tidied her hair and smoothed her wrinkled clothes, then flashed a flirtatious smile at Jeremiah, appearing coy, before throwing a provocative glance at Yvette.

Yvette didn't even lift her head, continuing to stand lazily to the side. Seeing this, Winona felt a pang of anxiety, worried that Jeremiah might actually be interested in Sharon

Jeremiah's voice was slow and sounded utterly relaxed. "You don't deserve that. The one you owe an apology to isn't me; it's

Yvette

Sharon's face turned pale. The murmurs began again among the crowd.

Sharon truly did not want to apologize to Yvette. She looked desperately at those around her, first glancing at Simon, hoping the president might speak up for her. But Simon completely ignored her, lost in thought as he stared at Jeremiah.

Panicking, her eyes darted around, realizing she had no one to turn to for help. Tobias, Bonnie, John, even students from the Frixia department looked at her with disdain. The once arrogant Patrick was now cowering in the back like a turtle retreating into its shell.

Finally, she spotted Winona, hidden in the crowd, and Victor standing next to her. Desperate, Sharon called out to Winona as if she had found a lifeline. "Winona, please help me! Tell your sister not to do this, okay?"

Winona was annoyed; she had tried to stay under the radar, yet Sharon had still noticed her. She responded gently, "Sharon, since you lost, you should apologize to Yvette. Isn't that how it should be? I can't help you, even if you beg me."

Winona's words felt like the final blow to Sharon. She had approached Yvette for a competition on Winona's behalf and now faced disgrace while Winona remained unmoved.

Sharon felt foolish. She knew Winona was using her, yet she had been naive enough to act as Winona's pawn. Suddenly, she remembered she still had Victor, so she turned to look at him, who was standing next to Winona.

Thinking of his relationship with Sharon, Victor felt a little guilty. But he wasn't foolish, he understood that he couldn't offend the Sunrise Group. Not only him, but even the entire Carter family couldn't go against the Sunrise Group. Victor averted his gaze, avoiding Sharon's pleading eyes,

Sharon was left in utter despair. After a moment, she suddenly burst into manic laughter, her eyes filled with malice as she locked onto Winona. "You know what, Winona? You are the most hypocritical person I've ever met. You still don't know that Victor and I slept together behind your back, do your

"He held me close, saying he was forced to get engaged to you. If you weren't Ms. Winona Chambers, Dennis Smith's beloved granddaughter, he wouldn't even be with you. Oh, by the way, I had an abortion because of him; it was a baby who never got to be born" Sharon laughed out crazily.

The biggest regret of her life was listening to Victor's sweet words and having an affair with him for two years, only to end up suffering from an abortion, which had ruined her health. In the end, Victor abandoned her when she needed him the most. Sharon felt that after all she had done, she had gained nothing.

What Sharon said was like a bomb detonated in the crowd.