

## Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 369

After Layla finished speaking, she shot Wyatt a look that was just shy of leaping into his arms. To be honest, Wyatt was her ideal choice. She thought, 'So what if he is a bit older? He is still elegant and charming!

At Wyatt's age, he was already a mayor, and becoming a governor was practically within his grasp. She had already looked into it—Wyatt's family was from Betrico.

If she could get her hands on him, being a mistress wouldn't be out of the question. After all, anyone with power and influence was her target.

Wyatt avoided Layla's gaze. He thought, 'This woman must be crazy. What in the world does she see in me?'

Zachary asked, "Yvette, could you tell us what she did?"

Hearing Zachary's tone, Layla felt uneasy. Zachary didn't sound like he was about to reprimand Yvette at all.

Yvette looked up and glanced at Layla, who was quietly wiping her tears and acting like a victim. With a daring lift of her eyebrows, she seriously replied to Zachary, "She asked me to help her find a rich and powerful man in Betrico."

Hearing this, Wyatt struggled to hold back a laugh. Seeing Yvette's deadpan face, it was surprisingly funny to hear her make that comment.

Zachary rubbed his temples. He really hadn't expected Layla, who normally seemed so honest, to show her true colors now. She wanted Yvette to introduce her to some guys. Truly shameless she had no shame saying something like that.

Layla was shocked that Yvette actually said it out loud so directly. She was flustered for a moment, but luckily, she had strong nerves and quickly regained her composure.

Layla quickly explained, "No, that's not what I meant. I just... I just thought since Yvette knows some promising young men in Betrico, maybe I could meet them and make some friends. It is a misunderstanding, honestly a misunderstanding by Yvette."

Anyway, since there was no third person around earlier, as long as she stuck to her story that she never said those words, then it would all be Yvette's doing – she'd still have a chance.

Yvette looked at the stubborn Layla and said calmly, "There's a camera above your head. Want to take a look?"

Those light words made Layla, who had just been denying everything, freeze. Cold sweat started trickling down her back and her hands, resting by her sides, instinctively clenched.

She never expected the Chambers residence to have a camera at the entrance. Back when she used to hang out with Winona and visit the Chambers, there was no camera. She wondered, 'How come they installed one suddenly?'

Zachary had been so busy these days that he was completely frazzled. He even forgot that just a few days ago he installed cameras at the entrance, making it easy to see who was doing what and saying what.

But he didn't even need to check; he trusted his daughter wouldn't stoop telling such a lie.

Zachary spoke coldly to Layla, "The camera footage is always available; if there's a misunderstanding, we can all take a look and clear it up."

Layla quickly shook her head and said through gritted teeth, "No need, Mr. Chambers, I just remembered something I have to do. I won't bother you any longer; I'll be going now."

After speaking, Layla wanted nothing more than to flee the Chambers's residence at lightning speed in her high heels, ignoring the curious glances from the household staff as she made her hasty exit.

Wyatt and Zachary watched Layla's embarrassed retreat with the same thought, 'She brought this on herself!'

Wyatt had achieved his goals for the day, showing interest in Yvette and indicating friendliness with the Chambers. It was time for him to leave, as staying longer would only be awkward.

He thought, 'The father and daughter haven't seen each other for so long, they surely have a lot to catch up on.'

Thinking of this, Wyatt said, "Mr. Chambers, Ms. Zeller, it's getting late, so I won't keep you any longer. I'll visit again another day when the time permits."

Yvette nodded and said, "Take care, Mr. Langford."

Zachary escorted them to the front gate, only returning to the living room after watching the car drive away. He looked at Yvette sitting on the sofa, his eyes lingering for a moment with a trace of guilt.

He thought, 'This child became such an outstanding person in times and places I wasn't aware of. How much effort did it take? What hardships did she face as a young girl? Perhaps only she knows.

Zachary took the fruit platter from the servant and walked over to sit on the couch. He placed the fruit platter in front of Yvette and gently asked, "How long do you plan to stay this time"

Zachary knew Yvette couldn't be confined by a small town like Seacriety. She had her own vast world, and all he could do in Seacriety was to be her silent support.

Yvette looked at Zachary. He seemed much older than when she first met him, with hints of gray already showing at his temples.

"I'm not sure. Maybe two weeks, a month," Yvette said. Her main reason for coming back this time was for her exams at Argrol University.

Zachary nodded, his voice grew deeper, with a touch of pleading. "Can you promise to stay at home during this time?"

Meanwhile, Layla finally spotted her driver by the roadside. Once she got into the car, with no other way to vent her pent-up anger, she yelled and screamed like a crazy woman, even giving the driver a slap.

Over the years, the driver had become accustomed to this. Layla would always vent her frustrations on those around her. In public, she acted like a refined lady, but no one had a darker heart than Layla.

The driver had no choice; he had to endure it for the sake of the high salary.

Layla finally let off some steam. She looked at herself in the rearview mirror, her eyes bloodshot. After thinking for a moment, she took out her phone and called a number she hadn't dialed in a long time.

As soon as the call connected, Layla began to cry and complain, Winona, where are you? Can you come out? I miss you so much.

"My family has been keeping a close watch on me and didn't let me contact you, but they've finally given me some freedom. The moment I got my phone, I called you.

"How have you been? Can you come out for a while? I really want to see you, is that okay?"

At the Carter residence, Winona was surprised to receive a call from Layla. Since her incident, her friends treated her like an outcast, cutting her off completely. Even Layla, who used to be her best friend, did the same.

Winona thought they would remain strangers for the rest of their lives. Unexpectedly, Layla called, and Winona hoped that maybe Layla had her reasons.

Winona pushed Robert off her. She said, “Layla, it’s not convenient for me right now. How about we meet tomorrow morning at the club we often visit downtown?”

Seeing that Winona believed what she said, Layla felt secretly pleased and immediately agreed. “Alright, Winona, see you tomorrow.”

Winona looked at Robert, who started snoring right after she pushed him aside, feeling a bit disgusted. This old man had exhausted himself with drinking and women. Now that her pregnancy had stabilized, they hadn’t held back when they were together.

She had already lost Victor’s favor, so she couldn’t afford to lose Robert’s too. For the sake of the baby she was carrying, she had to keep Robert firmly by her side.

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At night in the Carter residence, Winona hung up the phone and sat on the bed, her eyes filled with uncertainty. She suspected that Victor might have learned something recently. Otherwise, she couldn’t explain why his attitude toward her changed so much.

She felt uneasy and thought, ‘If Victor had found out about my affair with Robert, how could he possibly have remained silent?’ Winona gritted her teeth.

She had secretly taken the baby in her belly for a check–up without the Carter family’s knowledge and confirmed it was a boy. If her child was going to inherit everything from the Carter residence, then Victor couldn’t be allowed to live.

Winona looked at Robert, who was sleeping like a log beside her. She pinched her arm hard, let a few fake tears fall, then reached over and shook Robert awake.

Robert was shaken awake by Winona, feeling a bit annoyed. He glanced at Winona’s belly, which kept him from getting really angry, but his tone was still a bit grumpy. “What’s wrong? It’s the middle of the night, why aren’t you asleep and making a fuss?”

Winona felt a little wrong. Recently, Robert had started chatting again with a college student, and she had seen their messages, which made her sick to her stomach.

But she had to endure because she couldn’t confront Robert directly yet. During her pregnancy, she risked her own well- being to keep him close.

Winona shed a tear and looked at Robert, saying with a choke in her voice, “I just had a bad dream and needed some

comfort. Are you losing patience with me? I knew it. Your declarations of love for me were nothing but lies.”

Robert couldn't understand why a pregnant woman could be so sensitive, always complaining about not eating well and having nightmares. There was never a moment of peace. However, his feelings for Winona were special, so he felt a bit more sympathetic towards her.

Seeing her genuinely scared, he had no choice but to calmly comfort her. “Nightmares aren't real, they don't count. You're just overthinking things, which is why you have nightmares. It's late, so just go to sleep.”

Winona paused, looking a bit lost, which only confused Robert more. “Winona, what's really bothering you? What did you dream about?”

Winona lifted her head, tears streaming uncontrollably down her face, looking incredibly pitiful. In a soft voice, she said, “I think... I think Victor might have found out about us.

“The way he's been looking at me lately is really strange like he wants to kill me. Honey, if he finds out and tells someone, we're doomed. Mr. Carter won't let you off the hook.”

Robert was completely jolted awake. He shot up from the bed, eyes wide with shock, looking utterly horrified. “What did you say? You said Victor knows about us? No way, that's absolutely impossible.”

Robert kept denying it. He just couldn't believe it. He thought, Victor knew about this, how could he possibly stay silent? It would've been a huge uproar by now.’

Robert stared at Winona with suspicion, questioning, “Was it you? Did you tell Victor?”

Winona quickly shook her head, denying it. “No way, am I crazy How could I have told Victor?”

Calming down, Robert also thought it was unlikely. But what Winona said reminded him of Victor's strange behavior lately; sometimes his words really did sound odd.

Doubt began to grow in his heart. Once the seed of suspicion was planted, it latched onto his mind, eventually taking root and growing uncontrollably,

Robert lifted his head, his gaze dark and brooding. He stared at Winona's belly, lost in thought for a long time.

Finally, he spoke, his voice was rough and grating like a chainsaw. “Is it a boy or a girl in your belly?”

Winona felt a bit scared seeing Robert like this. She gritted her teeth and said, "It's a boy. I went to the hospital myself a few days ago, and the doctor said it's a healthy boy."

Robert laughed eerily, sending chills down anyone's spine. If he failed at raising Victor, he could always start over with a more obedient one; after all, he still had time to cultivate another heir.

Robert said, "Even if Victor knows, he hasn't said anything. No matter what he's thinking, as long as we ensure he never talks, no one will find out."

"You just need to quietly have this baby. I'll raise him to be the next heir of the Carter residence."

Winona's heart filled with joy upon hearing this. This was the result she wanted.

She thought, 'Blood is thicker than water? Robert is selfish; as long as he is okay, he doesn't mind sacrificing his own son. I have known this about him for a long time.'

Winona pretended to be surprised, her eyes narrowing as she whispered, "You mean... to..."

Robert/nodded. With a fierce tone, he said, "After all, Victor is my son. I'll let him live, but he'll spend the rest of his life bedridden, unable to move."

Looking at Robert's face, Winona suddenly remembered that the luxury car Victor recently bought overseas was about to arrive in Seacurity.

She thought, 'Isn't making someone unable to move forever basically turning them into a vegetable? The best way to become a vegetable is through a car accident. Winona touched her stomach.

She deliberately said, "Isn't that very difficult? Besides getting into a car accident and ending up as a vegetable in bed, what other way is there?"

After speaking, she immediately contradicted herself. "Oh, I'm just talking nonsense, don't take it seriously." Robert's eyes lit up when he heard Winona's words; it was clear he took them to heart. After the lights went out.

Winona lay on Robert's left side, and turned around, her lips curling into a sly smile. What a perfect scheme.

The father and son were fighting each other, and in the end, she could gain without any effort. Once Victor was gone, it would be Robert's turn, and then the one in her belly would be the future heir of the Carter family.

At the Chambers residence. From the afternoon until now, the servants at the Chambers's residence had been bustling around because the eldest daughter had agreed to move back and stay for a while.

Zachary had the servants clear out the entire second floor, leaving only the master bedroom, the study, the gym, and the art studio that had been prepared long ago for Yvette, turning the entire floor into a personal entertainment zone.

Watching Yvette eating a late-night snack in front of him. Zachary couldn't help but be amazed. He thought, 'This girl has a great appetite, already having two servings of pasta, a quiche, two milkshakes, and a dessert.'

Yvette looked up, thought for a moment, and put the quiche into Zachary's bowl.

Zachary was momentarily stunned. Looking at the quiche in his bowl, he was so touched he could almost cry tears of joy. He thought in his mind, 'Daughters truly are little treasures close to parents' hearts.'

Zachary exclaimed with surprise, "Is this for me?" Yvette nodded

The next words made Zachary's feeling of being moved vanish instantly. In a serious tone, she said, "This one is yours, and these are mine."

Zachary looked at the tray of quiches, caught between laughter and tears. So, out of the whole tray of quiches, he only got one.

Zachary asked, "Yvette, how did you get by after Lilian was gone?"

Yvette leisurely finished the last quiche, wiped her hands, and looked up.

With a casual tone, she said, "Using my fists and my brains, I'm doing pretty well."

Zachary hesitated and thought, 'Yvette is indeed unique; if it had been someone else, they might have been seeking sympathy right now.'