

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 381

Yvette raised an eyebrow, surprised at Zachary's resolve. She replied with a calm, deep gaze, "When I have proof, I'll deal with Claude myself."

Zachary knew it wouldn't be easy. Even if they gathered evidence, the Carters had moved to Mysonna, a place riddled with powerful underworld ties. Tracking down Claude there would be no small feat. He nodded, though his face remained tense, clearly still worried.

"Alright," he said quietly, "I'll follow your lead." He tried to mask his concern, but the strain was evident.

Noticing his unease, Yvette closed her eyes, pressing her lips together before murmuring, "He won't escape."

Zachary took her words as a reassurance, thinking she was merely trying to comfort him. Only later would he understand the weight of that promise—no matter how far he ran, Claude would never be beyond her reach.

The following morning, after the police came by for their routine inquiries, Lucas handled their questions and saw them off. He then arranged the driver's duties as instructed before heading to Zachary's study.

"Mr. Chambers," Lucas said respectfully, "the police have left, and everything you requested has been handled. Ms. Zeller went to school this morning and will return in the afternoon."

Zachary put out his cigar, his face serious as he sat in contemplation. Lucas remained silent, waiting patiently by his side. After a long pause, Zachary looked up with a pensive expression and asked, "Do you think my health might not be as good as it used to be? I'm feeling a bit weak these days."

Lucas blinked, momentarily thrown off. He had no idea what to make of Mr. Chambers' words. After a pause, he carefully responded, "Mr. Chambers, you're still as strong as ever. You even had an extra bowl of yogurt this morning. There's no need to worry yourself."

Zachary eyed Lucas and wondered why he wasn't catching his hint. He thought, 'Am I being too subtle?'

Zachary sighed, rubbing his temples, appearing genuinely distressed. "My health," he murmured with feigned concern, "it must be deteriorating. If not a physical illness, then it's a psychological one—a serious ailment, indeed."

And with such an illness, how can I keep up with work at the company? And if I'm unwell, who will lead the Chambers Group?"

Zachary's tone turned wistful. "I only have Yvette, but I don't know who else could help shoulder this responsibility."

Finally, Lucas understood, a glimmer of realization dawning on him. Mr. Chambers wasn't simply concerned for his health -he wanted Ms. Zeller to step up at the Chambers Group.

Lucas chuckled inwardly at Zachary's roundabout way of hinting, knowing that Yvette would resist any direct offer. Mr. Chambers certainly had his tactics.

Lucas, playing along, asked, "Mr. Chambers, psychological conditions are quite serious. Perhaps I should inform Ms. Zeller?" Zachary nodded approvingly. "Yes, yes. Although..." he hesitated, feigning reluctance, "I wouldn't want to trouble her."

Lucas could barely keep a straight face, finding this role more exhausting than his actual work.

Just as Lucas was about to put the phone, Zachary quickly added "Yes, give Yvette a call, She's so concerned about me I can't keep this from her. No, she has to know."

Lucas nodded, fully on board now, and dutifully made the call.

The cafeteria at Argrol University buzzed with chatter as news of Winona's death hit the headlines, sparking conversation among students.

Yvette, however, sat unfazed in front of five plates, each filled to the brim with pork ribs. She raised an eyebrow, taking a moment before settling in to eat.

Andrew, poking at his measly three ribs, sighed. "Yvette, someone spread a rumor that you love ribs, huh? Looks like you've got a secret admirer doing the heavy lifting lining up for you."

With a mischievous grin, Andrew snapped a photo and sent it off to Jeremiah, knowing the jealous streak it would surely ignite in him.

Chuckling to himself, Andrew's smile faded as he thought about Bonnie. Ever since he left, she had been taking an unusual amount of time off, claiming to be back in her hometown.

Calls went unanswered, or when Bonnie did pick up, she brushed Andrew off with a rushed "I'm busy." He couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

"Yvette," Andrew asked, a bit gloomy, "have you heard from Bonnie at all?"

Yvette paused, savoring a rib before answering, "She reached out three days ago. She mentioned being busy but didn't elaborate."

Andrew sighed, losing his appetite. Sensing his mood, Charles silently pushed his own plate of ribs over to Andrew, who looked up in surprise.

"Ribs? Nah, I've lost my appetite," Andrew grumbled.

Charles was about to offer comfort, knowing dealing with love troubles is tough. But before he could speak, he saw Andrew pick up the ribs and eat them with gusto.

Charles muttered under his breath, "So much for no appetite..."

Lowering her eyes, Yvette calmly said, "One week. If she's still not back by then, we'll go find her."

Andrew's spirits lifted immediately. "Yvette, you're the best! Unlike Charles here, trying to fatten me up. What am I supposed to do if I lose my charm?"

Charles rolled his eyes in resignation.

Just then, Yvette's phone rang. Lucas's voice came through the line, unusually solemn. "Ms. Zeller, you should return as soon as possible. There may be an issue with Mr. Chambers' health."

Yvette set down her fork. Without another word, she stood, her face expressionless as she turned to Andrew and Charles. "I have to go."

With that, she left the cafeteria, her commanding presence, parting the crowd around her. No one dared to block her path- after all, a force like Yvette's wasn't something anyone wanted to mess with.

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Yvette sped all the way back to the Chambers residence. As soon as she stepped inside, she found Lucas pacing anxiously in the living room.

"Where is he? Yvette asked calmly.

Lucas, his eyes still red from being irritated by the peppers in the kitchen, approached Yvette sheepishly.

Lucas stepped forward. "Ms. Zeller, you're finally back! Mr. Chambers wasn't himself this morning, and he started running a slight fever by noon. He's been in a strange mood, sighing non-stop. He's upstairs resting now."

Lucas lowered his head, feeling the strain of his involvement in Zachary's scheme. Mr. Chambers had gone to lengths to sell the act, even sweating it out in the sauna and using hot towels on his forehead to mimic a fever.

Yvette raised an eyebrow and unexpectedly sat on the sofa, making no rush to go upstairs. She glanced at Lucas with an unreadable expression, speaking slowly, "Did he see a doctor?"

Lucas felt a flicker of doubt. He thought, 'Does Ms. Zeller actually care that much? She seems calm... maybe Mr. Chambers overestimated her reaction?'

Quickly, Lucas replied, "Mr. Chambers wouldn't allow it. Just took some medicine and went upstairs, but he didn't even eat lunch. How is his body supposed to hold up like this?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 382

Yvette looked at Lucas with a faint smile, leaning back on the sofa and drumming her fingers idly. She wondered, 'What is Zachary trying to achieve with this charade?' She couldn't quite tell but found Zachary's antics mildly entertaining.

Yvette said, "Oh, it's just missing one meal, don't make a fuss." Her attitude was as indifferent as could be, leaving Lucas even more puzzled.

Lucas wondered if something had happened between Ms. Zeller and Mr. Chambers that he didn't know about. Lucas was baffled. But since the scene had reached this point, he had to brave it, thankfully backed by decades of experience.

With a heavy sigh and a seasoned poker face, Lucas continued, "Ms. Zeller, food is essential, especially at Mr. Chambers' age. He can't go skipping meals with a fever.

His health just isn't what it used to be, and he's never been a big eater. It would mean a lot if you'd go upstairs and check on him."

Yvette raised an eyebrow and glanced toward the staircase, where she noticed a faint shadow behind the column.

With an amused smirk, Yvette gave Lucas an order. "Fine. Go tell him I'm here. If he doesn't come down and eat, he'll deal with the consequences himself."

Lucas's mouth twitched at her bluntness—Nothing like a daily dose of Ms. Zeller's no-nonsense charm.

Before Lucas could respond, Zachary emerged from behind the column, stumbling down the stairs with a hand on his forehead, face pale and moving as if every step had taken a monumental effort.

Feeling surprised, Zachary called out, “Oh, Yvette! I had no idea you’d be here. I specifically told Lucas not to bother you. You do not need to worry about something so minor.”

Lucas froze for a moment before turning to see Zachary coming downstairs. Mr. Chambers’s words, even the slyest pretenders couldn’t beat his act.

Lucas was almost in tears but could only nod reluctantly. Mr. Chambers was completely under Ms. Zeller’s control. After hearing what she said, Mr. Chambers headed downstairs without another word—a classic, doting father to his core.

Turning dutifully to Yvette, Lucas said, “Ms. Zeller, I’m afraid the call was my decision alone. Mr. Chambers didn’t ask me to call you.”

Zachary sank onto the sofa beside Yvette, coughing weakly as he gave her a pleading look. “Now, don’t be hard on Lucas. He was just worried. Next time, don’t trouble her over such a small issue,” he told Lucas, clearly trying to maintain his “fragile”

Lucas gritted his teeth, wishing that Mr. Chambers would stage his own drama next time without pulling him into it.

Yvette gave Zachary a cool, amused glance, crossing her legs as she rested her chin in her hand. ‘Not bad, she thought, ‘He’d certainly perfected the “frail heart” act.

Out of courtesy—and curiosity—she decided to play along, wondering what exactly he was up to.

“Why aren’t you taking your medicine? And why skip a meal?” Yvette asked.

Caught off guard by her direct questions, Zachary hesitated. He thought, ‘If I had actually taken medicine or eaten, she probably wouldn’t have rushed back.

But Zachary couldn’t risk saying that out loud—Yvette had little patience for nonsense. So he gave her his best pitiful look. “Yvette, the medicine is too bitter... and anyway, it won’t fix what’s really wrong,” he sighed, looking thoroughly miserable.

This is a psychological issue, you see, and medicine can’t cure that.”

Lucas kept his head down, struggling not to grimace. His inner critic marveled at his boss’s ability to “play up the charm,” while inwardly, he found the performance a bit too much.

Yvette’s delicate fingers stilled as she fixed Zachary with her striking gaze, cutting right through the act. “Speak plainly.

Zachary straightened up instantly, the power in those two words snapping him back to attention. Even Lucas gave an approving nod. It seemed only Yvette could keep Mr. Chambers in line.

Clearing his throat, Zachary patted his chest and ventured, “Yvette, I think I may be struggling with depression. I looked up the symptoms online, and... well, I fit all of them.”

His expression was so earnest that even Lucas, who knew the whole scheme, had to admit it was convincing.

But Yvette just raised an eyebrow, sipping her tea as she stared him down. “Diagnosing yourself online?” she replied, voice cool. “Well, you should know that online diagnoses start with cancer, at the very least. Didn’t you know?”

Zachary blinked in confusion and looked over to Lucas, utterly baffled. He thought the online diagnosis was popular. He clearly had a lot to learn about the subtleties of modern life.

Lucas had no choice but to step forward and ease the situation. “Ms. Zeller, Mr. Chambers has been unwell for quite some time now. He’s been feeling down, lacking appetite, and often seems lost in thought.

In fact, he’s even made a few costly mistakes at work, losing billions in revenue. The family doctor recommended he take a good rest, but he’s been too worried about the company to follow through. Things are only getting worse.”

Zachary couldn’t have been prouder of Lucas’s smooth performance. Lucas’s left leg was trembling a bit under Yvette’s gaze. You can’t blame him; no one can withstand the intensity of Ms. Zeller’s stare.

Zachary nodded, adding, “Yes. But don’t you worry, Yvette? I’ll keep pushing through. I’ll make sure the Chambers Group stays in good hands.” He then put on a show of weakly covering his mouth, faking a small cough, looking pitiful.

The Chambers Group was no longer Zachary’s; it now belonged to Yvette. In reality, Zachary was just a highly paid employee—though that was something outsiders didn’t know.

Yvette watched the two of them, and as the dots connected, her eyes narrowed slightly. So, this whole act was to convince her to take over the company. She could practically feel Zachary waiting for her to say, “Fine, let me take over for now.”

Then Zachary would effortlessly hand over the company to Yvette, which was a perfect plan.

But as Zachary looked at her with hope and anticipation, Yvette gave a calm nod and replied, "Since you're convinced you can handle it, keep working then."

Zachary's expression froze, and a wave of disappointment washed over him. Lucas shot him a sympathetic glance; the grand plan had crumbled right before their eyes. Yvette, as ever, was not one to bend easily.

Zachary's crushed expression nearly brought a smirk to Yvette's lips. After a pause, Zachary finally gave in with a sigh, ending his performance.

He said sadly, Fine. I'll take my medicine and eat. Go on back to class, then. We're having steak for dinner—come home and join us.*

Yvette looked at Zachary blankly and started to walk toward the door but paused before stepping out. 'Might as well let him have a little victory, she thought.

Without turning back, Yvette said in a cool tone, "One week. I'll manage the Chambers Group for one week."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 383

After Yvette left, Zachary's demeanor shifted completely from his earlier fragile act. He lounged comfortably on the sofa, savoring a glass of red wine with a smug look on his face.

Lucas, returning after seeing Yvette out, couldn't help but twitch at the sight. He wished Ms. Zeller could witness this scene.

Lucas said, "Mr. Chambers, Ms. Zeller has returned to campus."

Zachary took another sip of his wine, a satisfied grin spreading across his face. "Well, Lucas, age and experience have their perks. I knew Yvette would respond better to subtlety."

Lucas blinked, surprised. "So that last part... was intentional?"

Zachary nodded, chuckling slightly. He'd gone to great lengths, crafting this whole performance to set Yvette on a path to leadership.

His tone grew more serious as he turned to Lucas with a firm instruction. "Pass on a message to the Chambers Group's executive team. Starting tomorrow, Yvette will be stepping in as acting head in my place.

"During this time, all decisions will go through her, and no one needs to report to me. She's in charge."

Lucas hesitated, a bit concerned. The senior executives were a tough, set-in-their-ways group who might resist the idea of Yvette's sudden authority.

Lucas said, "Mr. Chambers, the top brass might not take kindly to Ms. Zeller's sudden role. I worry they'll make things difficult for her..."

Zachary shot him a knowing look. He had already anticipated this and saw it as a test for Yvette. After all, Yvette would eventually need to assert her authority and decide who among them was trustworthy.

This, he figured, was the perfect opportunity for her to handle things on her own.

And as for those old guys thinking they could bully his daughter, they should first see if they have what it takes.

"Don't worry, Lucas. Do you really think they can handle Yvette? The most they'll throw at her are some corporate power plays. And as for anything physical? Well, that would be their last mistake," Zachary replied with a smirk.

"Announce her new position without any fuss. Everything's in place," he added.

Hearing this, Lucas felt a wave of relief. Mr. Chambers was absolutely right. With Ms. Zeller's personality, she was always the one dishing it out; anyone who dared disrespect her would be in for quite the show.

Bus Route 1 was a direct line to Argrol University. Yvette had turned down Lucas's offer to drive her, preferring to take the bus back to campus herself,

Sitting at the very back, she adjusted her baseball cap and checked Jeremiah's message on her phone.

[How were the pork ribs? Better than mine?]

Yvette had a slight smile in her eyes, amused by Jeremiah's odd sense of rivalry, even with the cafeteria lady.

Meanwhile, at Betrico's First Military District, Jeremiah's phone chimed as a soldier was mid-report. Jeremiah picked up his phone, and the room fell silent as the soldier hesitated. Jeremiah gave a quick nod, prompting him to continue

Seeing Yvette's reply (Not as good as yours.) Jeremiah's cold and stern expression softened, and he typed back: [See you in three days.]

On Seacriety's Route 1, Yvette stashed her phone and leaned her head against the window, watching the city pass by.

Suddenly, a shrill voice pierced through the quiet bus.

“Hey, young lady, don’t you know about respecting elders? I’m old enough to be your grandma, and you won’t give up your seat? How did your parents even raise you? No consideration for us seniors! Everyone here—don’t you agree she should stand up for me?”

The voice belonged to a sharp-featured woman, likely in her sixties, who stood over a young girl seated nearby. The frail and unassuming girl looked up helplessly as the older woman loomed over her.

This kind of scene—disputes over giving up seats—was all too familiar on the bus, so most passengers initially remained indifferent. But gradually, some began to weigh in.

“Young lady, why don’t you just give up your seat? Save us all this noise—it’s disturbing everyone.”

“Exactly, respecting elders is a virtue in Clusia. You look young, probably just graduated, maybe? You should know better.”

“Right, it’s just one seat. Just get up. Why aren’t you saying anything?”

“Stop pretending you can’t hear us! Stand up and give her your seat.”

The young girl slowly looked up, her eyes brimming with unshed tears, yet she seemed to hold them back with all her strength.

Staring down at her lap, she whispered softly, “I’m sorry, I can’t give up the seat.”

Hearing this, the onlookers and the older woman grew even more agitated, showering her with sharper words that made the girl tremble as she gripped her bag tightly.

Just as the older woman raised her hand, ready to hit the girl, a tiny silver needle flew across the aisle, striking her wrist. The woman gasped, feeling a sharp pain that forced her hand to freeze mid-air. She looked down, only to find the needle had dropped to the floor—a small detail most passengers overlooked.

“Who says she has to give you her seat?”

The voice was cold and laced with authority, casting an icy chill over the bus that seemed to silence everyone.

Eyes darted around, searching for the source until they all looked toward the back row, where a girl in a baseball cap sat with only half her face visible under the brim.

The older woman glared at Yvette. “Who do you think you are? Butt out! Maybe you’re in on this with her. It’s called respecting your elders—it’s only right she gives up her seat!”

The passengers on the bus quickly split into two camps—one group siding with the elderly woman, the other opting to remain uninvolved. Clearly, Yvette, from the old woman’s perspective, did not seem as easy to bully as the other young girl.

“Oh, young lady, no one needs to make it a rule. It’s common decency! Respect for the elderly is something we all should uphold,” one woman insisted.

While another added, “You look young. Seems like people your age just don’t care about these things anymore. It’s disappointing.”

Yvette stepped forward, positioning herself between the young girl and the old woman.

Her gaze swept the crowd, her expression cold and unreadable. Oh, I see. You two over there care a lot about respect for elders, right? Why don’t you give up your seats for her?”

The old woman’s face lit up, forgetting about the pain in her arm as she looked over expectantly. The man and woman who had spoken up looked like they’d swallowed something bitter, clearly regretting their words.

Reluctantly, the man sighed and stood up, gesturing stiffly for the old lady to take his seat. He shot Yvette a glare as he moved aside, but she paid him no mind, her attention fixed elsewhere.

The old woman, pleased with herself, sat down with a satisfied smirk, oblivious to the fact that the effects of that needle jab would leave her unable to lift her arm for at least two weeks.

Yvette turned back to the young girl, who looked down and murmured softly, “Thank you.”

Yvette glanced at her left foot and replied calmly, “It’s nothing.”

The girl instinctively moved her left leg. They both remained silent all the way to the final stop at Argrol University.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 384

The next day, at the Chambers residence, Lucas was waiting downstairs for Yvette. Today was the day to visit the Chambers Group.

Following Zachary's instructions yesterday, everyone in the company knew that the young lady would be visiting today, and who knew what kind of buzz might be at the office.

Zachary certainly knew how to enjoy his free time. He went off to the countryside to grow flowers, completely handing over such a large company to the young lady. Lucas thought it was unfair that Zachary didn't take him along for the getaway.

While Lucas was lost in thought, Yvette came down from upstairs. As soon as he heard footsteps, Lucas immediately stood at attention, adjusting the wrinkles on his suit since he had made sure to dress neatly that day.

After all, he didn't want to embarrass himself standing next to Yvette.

When Lucas looked up, his smile froze. Yvette was coming down the stairs unhurriedly in a dark tracksuit with cartoon patterns, and it made his head spin.

He thought, 'Could Yvette plan to wear that to the office? Absolutely not.' Lucas could only try to hypnotize himself with such thoughts, but moments later, Yvette was standing right in front of him.

After a pause, taking her time, she glanced at Lucas' outfit, then at his face, and casually asked, "Are you going on a date?"

Lucas felt embarrassed. At his age, the idea of dating was ridiculous. Yvette was teasing him. Lucas quickly denied it, waving his hands dismissively.

He then said, "Ms. Zeller, please don't joke about that. I'm too old for blind dates. For the next seven days, I'll stay by your side, just let me know if you need anything."

Yvette nodded slightly. "Okay, let's go."

Lucas paused for a moment, following Yvette. He was caught in thought and eventually asked just before they got into the car, "Ms. Zeller, are you planning to wear just that?"

"There's a board meeting today, and I'm worried the board members might have comments about your outfit."

Yvette gave a slight smile, with her hands in her pockets, and slowly asked a question that left Lucas speechless and stunned, "Can they take a punch?"

Lucas nodded. He wasn't sure if they could take a hit, but they definitely couldn't handle one from Yvette.

In the car, Lucas watched Yvette as she relaxed in her seat with her eyes closed, resting. He silently prayed for the Chambers Group executives, hoping nothing would

happen to them from provoking her, knowing Yvette's temper could easily lead to a disaster.

At the entrance of Chambers Group's landmark building in Seacurity, the entire 30-plus floors belonged to the Chambers Group.

Zoe looked at the resume in her hand, then her empty left leg with only a mechanical prosthetic visible. Normally, it wasn't noticeable under a skirt. Gazing up at the tall skyscrapers, she appeared timid, her palms sweating.

After standing for a good half hour, she finally gathered the courage to walk into the Chambers Group.

As soon as Yvette and Lucas got out of the car, the manager, who was already waiting at the Chambers Group entrance, rushed over with a group of people, bowing deeply at ninety degrees with a respectful demeanor.

He then said, "Hello, Ms. Zeller. I'm Jackson, the manager of the promotional planning department."

"Nice to see you, Ms. Zeller.",

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Zeller."

Yvette nodded at the sharply dressed man. She exuded a cool and aloof vibe, with a strong aura that warned others to keep their distance.

Jackson felt a wave of nervousness. She was the future head of the Chambers Group and known as the "Goddess" who had represented the country and triumphed over Ybulla. It was also rumored that she was an internationally renowned artist.

Any one of these achievements could easily outshine ordinary people. If he could catch her eye, it would be like striking gold and rapidly achieving success.

In the private elevator, Lucas was surprised when he heard Yvette say she wanted to go around on her own. Then he said, "Ms. Zeller, are you planning to inspect the company? It might be easier if I come with you."

Yvette casually said, "No need, you can wait for me on the top floor."

Lucas nodded, knowing that at Chambers Group, even if Yvette caused a stir, it wouldn't be a problem..

On the tenth floor, it was the Chambers Group's recruitment day. Women dressed in elegant and stylish attire kept arriving on the tenth floor, with the whole level bustling with interviewees from diverse backgrounds and experiences.

Zoe sat in a corner, holding her number. She was number 36, and number 20 just got in. She guessed she'd need to wait a while, with over fifty people lined up behind her.

It was no surprise that everyone was vying for a spot at Chambers Group here in Seacurity. It was tougher to get into than working in the government.

Zoe clutched her resume tightly, continuously cheering herself on in her mind.

Not far away, a woman in high heels and a designer suit noticed Zoe, her look unfriendly.

The woman thought, 'An illegitimate daughter with a limp was trying to interview at Chambers Group? How absurd. Does she think this place takes in just anyone off the street?'

This woman was none other than Zoe's half-sister, Vivian. She was also here for an interview today, coincidentally for the same position.

Vivian walked over in her high heels. She looked down, pretending not to notice Zoe, and gave her a casual push. Caught by surprise, Zoe awkwardly fell to the ground, her resume papers scattering everywhere.

The scene caught the attention of everyone else waiting for the interview. Suddenly, all eyes were on Zoe, who was sprawled on the floor.

A gasp came from the crowd. "Look, she doesn't have a left leg."

"Why is someone with a disability even here for an interview? That's just ridiculous."

"Having a disabled person work at the Chambers Group would be inconvenient. I don't want to work with someone who would be a hassle."

Lagree. People with disabilities tend to have issues, and I'm sure working with them would be difficult."

People kept talking.

Vivian stood on the side as the ringleader, hiding in the crowd and watching the drama unfold. She saw Zoe desperately clutching her left leg, looking panicked and flustered.

Filled with malice, she thought, 'Serves her right. Who told her to come and ruin the interviews?'

Even without looking up, Zoe could feel the unusual stares around her. She could clearly hear every word of their whispers. In distress, she covered her ears to block them out, but it was no use.

She thought, 'I have worked so hard, yet why is it still not enough? Why couldn't I face the crowd confidently?' In her daze, she caught sight of Vivian's malicious face in the crowd.

She gritted her teeth but didn't even have the strength to stand up, left to endure the pointing and gossip.

Just when Zoe was losing hope, she heard a familiar voice. "Get up."

Though the words were soft, they somehow calmed Zoe's heart. She mustered the strength to lift her head and saw the girl who had helped her on the bus yesterday.

Though the girl was wearing a baseball cap, Zoe, naturally sensitive to voices, couldn't forget the voice she heard. Yes, it was undeniably her.

The noisy crowd instantly quieted down. Due to Yvette's presence, wherever she went, people automatically moved aside to make way for her.

Yvette, wearing a black baseball cap, walked unhurriedly to Zoe's side. Her expression was icy, with her delicate features slightly raised. When she noticed Zoe's mechanical prosthetic leg, her expression didn't change at all.

With her hands in her pockets, she said, "This little gadget is pretty cool."

Everyone there was stunned. The comment "This little gadget is pretty cool" caught everyone by surprise.

Zoe's eyes widened. For the first time, she didn't see fear, disdain, or curiosity in someone else's eyes. It was as if it was just another ordinary thing.

Yvette lowered her eyes, looking at Zoe with a gaze that grew more intense. Her voice was cold and without any warmth, "Get up on your own."

Zoe was taken aback but seemed to regain a bit of strength. She braced her legs and stood up shakily. Her voice quivered with a sobbing tone, "I'm sorry for letting you see me like this again."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 385

Yvette wore a baseball cap, her black mask covering most of her face. She took out a handkerchief from her pocket and handed it to Zoe. Her blue eyes were deep. "Dry your tears."

Zoe carefully took it and hastily wiped her tears. Yvette turned her gaze to a woman in the crowd and said to Zoe, "Two choices: pretend it never happened or fight back. You decide."

Zoe was stunned for a moment. She quickly understood what the words meant. She wanted to fight back, but with the Houston family's influence behind her, they may cause trouble for this girl.

Yvette tilted her head slightly, noticing Zoe's hesitation, and narrowed her eyes. Zoe whispered, "She's from the Houston family. I'm afraid she'll cause trouble for you. It's not worth it for me."

Yvette let out a soft chuckle. "Do you want to hit her?"

Zoe wiped her tears and nodded without hesitation. "Yes, in my dreams."

Seeing the situation turn unfavorable, Vivian realized that an unexpected protector had appeared for Zoe. Knowing it was unwise to cause trouble, she planned a discreet exit from the scene.

Just as she turned around, someone called out, "Stop!" Everyone turned to look at Vivian, and as if on cue, they all dispersed, leaving Vivian standing there alone.

With all eyes on her, she had no choice but to turn around and face Zoe and Yvette. "What do you want from me? She fell on her own. What's that got to do with me?"

Vivian, not realizing how desperate she seemed to separate herself from the situation, appeared even more suspicious. Without saying a word, Yvette stepped forward, grabbed Vivian, and pulled her over to Zoe's side.

Vivian, completely baffled, watched as she was thrown to the ground, her high heels snapping off in the process. She let out two ear-piercing screams.

She shouted, "What are you doing? Are you crazy? Let go of me. Who are you? If you have the guts, show your face."

"Ah, let me go. If you dare to touch me, the Houston family won't let you get away with it."

Zoe looked at Vivian, who lay helpless on the ground, cursing and yelling, and suddenly tears welled up in her eyes. Before she turned eighteen, she had spent every day being bullied by Vivian. But seeing her like this now, she felt a sense of relief.

The reason she was bullied was because she wasn't strong enough. If only she had been as strong as Yvette, Vivian would never have bullied her for so many years.

Before anyone could react, Zoe grabbed Vivian's dress and slapped her hard, making her cheek swell instantly.

Vivian went crazy, lunging at Zoe. "You slut, bastard! How dare you hit me? Just wait, the Houston family won't let you get away with this."

Vivian glared fiercely at Yvette. "And you, how dare you help Zoe bully me? You're finished. I'll make sure you can't stay in Seacurity anymore."

As Vivian was shouting, Jackson came down from the top floor. He heard there was a commotion on the tenth floor and rushed over. These interviewees hadn't even passed the initial screening, and they were already causing trouble.

"Move aside, make way, the Chambers Group's department manager is coming," someone said.

Upon hearing this, Vivian felt like she'd found a pillar of support Zoe was making trouble at the Chambers Group. Even if Vivian didn't do anything, the Chambers Group would blacklist her. She wondered how Zoe managed in Seacurity then.

Jackson had a gloomy look. The crowd parted, and before he could see clearly, something unidentified rushed towards him.

Frightened, Jackson instinctively kicked Vivian in the ribs. Vivian got hit hard again.

Vivian asked, "Sir, why did you kick me?"

Jackson saw it was a girl who looked alright, and her face looked weird. She had been beaten. Someone dared to start a fight at Chambers Group. They were doomed.

Vivian completely disregarded her appearance, crying and sniffing. "Sir, look, these two dared to hit me at the Chambers Group. Is there no justice? You must help me. I want to call the police and get a medical check."

Vivian was wrapped up in her accusations against Zoe and her friend, not noticing Jackson's face growing more tense, and his body trembling steadily.

Jackson's mind was buzzing. He never expected the troublemaker on the tenth floor to be Yvette. He wondered, 'What's going on?'

Jackson was so annoyed that he wished he could shut this woman's mouth. He thought, 'Call the police? Get checked for injuries?'

After Vivian finished speaking, she realized it was completely silent around her. She looked up to see Jackson approaching a woman wearing a baseball cap and mask.

Amidst everyone's incredulous stares, he bowed respectfully. "Ms. Zeller, you are here. People on the top floor are waiting for you."

Everyone's jaws dropped. One man at the interview even dropped his briefcase, swallowing hard.

"Did you hear that? The manager called the person in the baseball cap 'Ms. Zeller'?"

"We're not deaf, those words were loud enough for everyone to hear."

"So she's the Chambers family's heiress, Yvette? The Goddess of Clusia?"

"A few days ago, the news said she returned to Seacuity, and it's true. Wow, this is incredible. I can't believe I saw the Goddess here!"

"I have to take a picture. My daughter likes her."

What was supposed to be a tense fight scene instantly turned into a fan meeting. Vivian was baffled. She had no idea what was happening.

Vivian thought, 'She's the Chambers family's heiress? No way, how could the Chambers family's heiress know someone as insignificant as Zoe and stand up for her?'

Vivian couldn't believe what was happening, she stayed off to the side, now completely unnoticed.

Zoe stiffly turned her head and looked at Yvette beside her, equally surprised. Ever since she watched the competition, she had become a fan of Yvette herself.

Little did she know that the person she admired was right next to her, and not just once, but twice, Yvette had come to her rescue

Jackson was nervous. Yvette's expression was indifferent as she said calmly, "Pull up the surveillance footage for this floor, and charge her with intentional harm."

Jackson immediately looked toward Vivian. Of all the people this unlucky fool could run into, it had to be Yvette.

Vivian was scared and wanted to plead for mercy, but Yvette didn't glance at her again and went straight into the elevator.

To Zoe, who was still in shock, Yvette said coldly, "Bring your resume over."

Under the envious gazes of all the job seekers, Zoe held her resume and followed Yvette into the elevator.

Jackson turned around, looked at the trembling Vivian, and said sternly, "Go and hire a lawyer, or you'll be toasted."

Vivian came to her senses and collapsed to the ground, breathing heavily. She thought, 'Hire a lawyer? Suing the Chambers Group? Which lawyer in Seacurity will dare take the case? Even if someone does, the surveillance evidence clearly shows me intent to harm Zoe.'

In the elevator, Yvette took Zoe's resume and flipped through it casually, reading quickly, ten lines at a glance. She finished in less than a minute and handed it back to Zoe.

She asked, "Are you applying for the design department?"

Zoe nodded, a bit reserved, and now that she knew Yvette's identity, she felt not only grateful but also an admiration. Zoe explained, "Well, I majored in finance in college, but no one wants an investor with a disability, so I thought I'd try a different job."