

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 46

John was conspicuous, holding a bunch of colorful envelopes with a complicated expression.

Seeing Bonnie copying something while Yvette was napping, he quietly walked over and sat right next to them. "Hey, Bonnie, what's with those dark circles? How late were you up last night? You're almost turning into a raccoon."

Bonnie nodded weakly, her voice just as listless. "I didn't stay up. Forget it. Let's not talk about it."

John didn't ask any further.

Seeing John brought over a pile of envelopes, Bonnie leaned in curiously. "John, who knew you were so popular? Someone sent you love letters and so many of them! I never saw that coming"

She sized him up after saying that.

John shook his head with a wry smile.

Bonnie was puzzled, unsure of what he meant.

"Not mine," he said, pausing to glance at the sleeping Yvette and pointing at the latter. "They're for our goddess. Guys from another faculty asked me to give them to her. They cornered me outside my dorm this morning."

Bonnie looked at the colorful envelopes, then at John's helpless face, and finally understood. "Let's wait until Yve wakes up then

John nodded as he thought, 'Better let Yvette handle her own things

While the two were whispering, someone outside the door came to deliver a message for Yvette to visit the Principal's office. The physics classroom went silent as everyone turned to look at Yvette, who was slumped over her desk.

Everyone wondered, Who exactly is this transfer student, some kind of big shot? Mr. Sunderland personally invited her? At Argrol University, who else could have the principal send someone to find them besides Ryan?'

Bonnie knew Yvette would be grumpy if woken up, guessing it would take Yvette about an hour to get up by herself. But with Simon personally calling, they couldn't delay. Bonnie gathered her courage and gently nudged Yvette.

Her hand barely touched the edge of Yvette's shirt when Yvette's eyes flew open, full of alertness and a hint of fierceness.

Bonnie jolted in surprise. Her hand froze, and her body tensed.

Yvette returned to her senses and realized she was in a classroom instead of an arena in Afria.

The intensity in Yvette's eyes slowly faded, and her usual laid-back attitude returned. She glanced at the dumbfounded Bonnie and said nothing. She couldn't care less about her perfect image.

Bonnie then said, "Ms. Gorgeous, Mr. Sunderland wants to see you in his office."

Yvette nodded, casually threw on her jacket, and walked leisurely toward the Principal's office. She bumped into Patrick on the way.

Patrick gave her a look without saying anything and left.

The fact that Jeremiah managed to bankrupt the Sullivan family in just half an hour yesterday was a shock for Patrick. Until he knew more about Jeremiah, he didn't dare cause trouble for Yvette.

After Yvette left, Bonnie looked down and kept silent. John didn't understand why she suddenly acted this way like something had dampened her spirits.

He asked, "What's wrong, Bonnie?"

Bonnie stayed silent for a while before answering, her voice muted and downcast. "John, what do you think Ms. Gorgeous is like?"

To me, she's the best person in the whole world. John nodded firmly, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

Seeing the determination in John's eyes, Bonnie hesitated and said, "Earlier, Yve's glare was really scary, like... Bonnie struggled to find the right words before she continued, "Yeah, like a wolf. It was intimidating."

John thought it over for a while. He understood why Bonnie was acting differently. She found out that Yvette wasn't how she imagined.

He asked, "Bonnie, why do you enjoy spending time with Yve? Is it just because she's pretty or cool? You've created an image of her in your mind, but maybe that's not the real her. So if you're not sure you want to be friends with her, then I'd suggest keeping some distance."

Bonnie's face went pale. She thought, John is right. I had always imagined what Yvette was like without really knowing her past. How can I be worthy of being Yvette's friend if I'm acting this way? No matter what, Yvette is Ms. Gorgeous, and nothing can change that

After figuring things out, Bonnie perked up, shaking off her earlier gloom. Patting John on the shoulder, she returned to her usual carefree self. "Thank you. I get it now. I'll explain to Yve later!"

John gave a helpless smile. He thought, "Wow! Bonnie is the fastest person to change moods I've ever met.

In the Principal's office, Simon sat on the main couch while Yvette sat across from him.

Wearing a white T-shirt and jeans, she lazily slouched against the couch. Her sharp gaze was icy, giving off an air of casual defiance.

When facing Simon, she showed no trace of fear or anxiety, completely different from the usual students.

Simon thought, "Yvette put herself on equal standing with me. What an interesting kid. Rebellious and free-spirited. Such a unique personality!"

Simon pushed the freshly brewed coffee over to Ms. Zeller,

his voice was gentle, his action humble, like a kind old gentleman. "Try some,

Yvette didn't hesitate, reaching over to take it. Nodding politely, she thanked Simon, then downed the coffee in one go before placing the empty cup on the rosewood table.

Simon wasn't annoyed. He happily refilled the empty coffee cup "Ms. Zeller, do you know why I called you here?"

Yvette nodded. "I know. It's about Siren, right?"

Simon didn't expect Yvette to be so direct by immediately bringing up the question he wanted to ask, leaving him temporarily unsure of what to say.

Simon, being the principal, only took a few seconds to regain his composure, though his tone became much more serious. "Ms. Zeller, since you know, can you tell me what your relationship is with Siren?"

Afraid that Yvette might evade the question, Simon quickly added, "Don't even try to say you don't know him. His papers are extremely valuable, yet he gave you a special recommendation for admission. I won't believe it if you say you two don't know each other."

Yvette's fingers rhythmically tapped on the armrests of the chair making Simon's heart pound with anxiety.

Yvette glanced up at Simon, her voice calm and

"I know Siren, but don't waste your time. She won't show up again.

Persistent, Simon asked, "Is there truly no chance, Ms. Zeller? Siren is crucial for our nation's new chip research. Mr. Owens from the capital's physics lab has been searching everywhere for Siren and even..." Simon paused suddenly,

He sighed. "Ms. Zeller, please convey my sincerity, I hope Siren will consider it carefully"

I'll pass it on your message, but don't get your hopes up, Yvette replied.

Hearing Yvette say that, Simon couldn't help but feel a little relieved, even the slightest hope was worth the effort.

At the moment, only Yvette could contact Siren, so Simon had to put all his hopes on her.

"If there's nothing else, Mr. Sunderland. I'll be going now," said Yette.

Simon noticed Yvette seemed a little tired, so he didn't say more and just told her to get some rest.

When Yvette walked to the door, she heard Simon's sigh from behind.

A hint of irritation showed on Simon's face as he grumbled inwardly, 'Forget it. I'll just send a few more emails!

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After leaving the Principal's office, Yvette didn't go back to the physics classroom but went straight to the nearby arcade.

When Eagle King arrived, Yvette was there playing a basketball game with some kids and enjoying herself. It was rare to see her act so playful and childlike, so he didn't disturb her.

Eagle King was dressed in a floral tank top today, and his tattoo of an azure dragon across his arms was fully exposed outside. People passing by didn't dare to look at him for long.

up the deepest

Standing at the entrance, he took out a cigarette and lit it. Wisps of white smoke gently rose, stirring up memories buried in his heart.

In a daze, his mind drifted back to that rainy night seven years ago

Back then, he had just finished a mission but was ambushed due to his carelessness. He was gravely injured and fled into a narrow alley using his last strength.

By that point, he was too weak to move and could only wait for death. In their line of work, life and death had long since been unimportant.

But then, in a half-conscious state, he heard a cold, piercing voice. "Do you need help?"

His strong will to survive forced him to use his last breath to reply. "Yes" Then, he slipped into a deep coma. When he woke up, he was already in Yvette's apartment.

What happened next!

"What are you thinking about?" Yvette turned around, holding some candy she'd won from the kids, and noticed Eagle King standing at the entrance, looking distant and lost in thought.

The latter stubbed out his cigarette and smiled mischievously. "Boss, you might want to look behind."

Yvette glanced back in the direction Eagle King pointed. Those kids she had just played basketball with seemed about to cry

at any moment

'Come on, it's just some candy, right?' she thought.

Juggling the candy in her hand, she sighed and walked back to return it to the kids. However, she kept one pink piece for herself.

Eagle King saw her sneaking move but decided not to say anything to avoid getting into trouble.

Suddenly, his expression turned serious, and his tone became formal. "Boss, people in Mysonna have been asking around about you. Word is it's from the Goodman family. When did you cross them? Braydon Goodman is infamous. If he's after you, it won't be easy to shake him off."

Yvette kicked a pebble at her feet, her voice calm and unconcerned. "Don't worry about it He can't reach me here. Let him make a fuss on his own."

Eagle King chuckled wryly. "What's it like having a boss who fears nothing?" he wondered.

The Goodman family from Mysonna... Just hearing their names made people shudder. For decades, they had dominated the underground gangs in Mysonna

Braydon, especially, became notorious at a young age.

He was known for being ruthless, with a reputation for killing without a trace. His subordinates were unmatched, with no

one daring to oppose them in Mysonna

Eagle King turned worried on Yvette's behalf.

"All right, let's head back to school," Yvette said, the irritation in her heart mostly dissipated. The hostility in her eyes also disappeared, replaced by a carefree look.

Eagle King looked at her with a pitiful expression. "Boss, seriously? You called me over, but before I even get comfortable, you're telling me to leave? That's so unfair!

Yvette's profile was sharp and alluring, radiating undeniable sharpness and arrogance, but her voice was soft as she commented, "You got a problem with that?"

Eagle King trembled inwardly. "No problem at all. By the way, are you really not taking that 100 million dollar deal?"

Yvette waved her hand dismissively, leaving behind only her lean figure. Under the fading light of sunset, she appeared even more frail. "Nope," she answered.

After Yvette left, Eagle King headed back to the bar.

Not far away, Winona quickly ducked aside, pretending to look at something, when she saw Eagle King turn back. Little did she know, the latter had already spotted her.

"Ha! Where'd this stray come from, thinking she could spy on us?" he muttered to himself.

Winona had stumbled upon Yvette by chance.

She was originally planning to visit the Carter residence. Rebecca, for some unknown reason, had insisted she come over for dinner. Normally, Winona would've been thrilled, but now, she had new goals and ideas, and she wasn't as interested in Victor anymore as well. She was only going to the Carter residence out of obligation.

When she passed by the arcade, she saw Yvette playing games with a group of kids, and she stopped. A few minutes later she saw a man with an intimidating tattoo, wearing a tank top and blue flip-flops, strike up a conversation with Yvette.

Winona quietly used her phone and snapped a picture of the two of them looking quite close.

She was ecstatic. With the photo, she was confident that the distinguished man in the auditorium wouldn't want to be with Yvette.

After watching Yvette part ways with Eagle King, Winona gathered her courage and started tailing the latter.

Eagle King, however, deliberately led her in circles. Wearing high heels, Winona had blistered feet from walking. She didn't dare to cry in pain and could only force herself to keep up.

Eagle King stopped at a newsstand and bought a newspaper. He glimpsed at Winona's disheveled appearance from the mirror above the stand.

He smirked with a wicked gleam in his eyes. He had already recognized her as Winona

After two hours of wandering, Eagle King finally returned to Night Bar.

Winona watched him go inside but didn't dare follow. The bar wasn't open yet, hence entering now might raise suspicion. She already knew where the guy hanging around Yvette worked, so she wasn't worried about missing her chance. Victor had sent her over ten messages, asking where she was and urging her to hurry, but she ignored them all. Finding a quiet spot, she took a picture of her swollen, bleeding ankle and sent it to Victor along with her location.

Victor rushed over as soon as he got Winona's message, and he found her looking disheveled in a café. He asked her what had happened.

She quickly went up

With teary eyes and a vulnerable expression, Winona explained "I accidentally got hit by a cyclist and twisted my ankle, which is why I couldn't make it to your place. I'm sorry"

Victor couldn't care about the dinner anymore. He called for his driver and rushed Winona to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Rebecca was waiting at home. Seeing nobody return, she tried calling Victor, but he didn't pick up. Her call came in just as Victor went out to get medicine for Winona, so he missed it.

Winona glanced at the phone and saw it was Rebecca calling. She stared at it for a long time but made no move to answer.

At Argol University's cafeteria, Yvette ordered a ribs platter and was quietly enjoying it by herself. A few people nearby recognized her but only dared whisper among themselves.

Bonnie had been searching all over the school for Yvette. Finally she thought of checking out the cafeteria. To her relief, she found her there. Yvette's eyes were lowered, her long and thick eyelashes hiding her gaze.

"Yve. I finally found you!" Bonnie exclaimed while wiping off the sweat on her face. She was panting from the running and grabbed the bottled water on the table and chugged it.

Yvette slowly picked up a piece of rib and murmured, "Not scared of me anymore?"

Bonnie scratched her head, a little embarrassed, but her tone was now firm. "Yve, I'm not scared of you."

Yvette took a bite of the rib and nodded approvingly. It's tasty, she thought.

"Have a seat," she said.

Bonnie knew it meant that Yvette had forgiven her. She happily sat down and animatedly began recounting the day's events in physics class,

"Yve, guess what? We've got a new teacher in the physics department. Guess who it is?" she said.

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Yvette glanced up at Bonnie's mysterious expression. A brief flicker crossed her eyes as she spoke coldly. "Jeremiah."

Bonnie almost choked, coughing. "We, you're amazing!" She rolled her eyes playfully and whispered, "I bet it was Top Dog who told you."

Yvette sighed, rubbing her temples exasperatedly. Does Jeremiah know that Bonnie called him "Top Dog?" she wondered,

Bonnie rambled on, recounting everything that happened earlier that day. "Yve, you missed quite a show today! Top Dog was on fire today. Some guys from the physics department who usually think they're all that because of their good grades decided to challenge him, but he answered all their questions without missing a beat, shutting them down completely. You should've seen it; it was epic"

Seeing Yvette listening without surprise, Bonnie thought. Of course, how could someone like me ever hope to reach the heights of these powerhouses?

As Yvette was finishing her meal, she bumped into Zeke and his group of rowdy friends. Zeke had heard about the recent events at school and was looking for an opportunity to meet Yvette.

He mainly wanted to ask about the guy who was backing her. Someone who could make the Sullivan family bankrupt in just half an hour and related to InnoCrest Technologies was no small fry.

He felt like someone was coveting what was rightfully his

One of Zeke's friends started to make a scene. Zeke had been boasting to them that he was close with Yvette. Therefore, it wouldn't make sense if he didn't greet Yvette.

With a wide grin, Zeke walked over. "Yvette, you're having lunch here too?"

Yvette looked up to see that it was Zeke. She ignored him and focused on eating her ribs.

Bonnie stood quietly on the side, too afraid to speak. It was clear to her that Yvette didn't want anything to do with him.

Zeke had no choice but to call out to Yvette again. His heart fluttered with excitement as she looked up.

"Get lost, Yvette ordered.

Zeke's expression changed immediately. Luckily, his friends were seated further away, or he'd be embarrassed. Not wanting to be the butt of jokes, Zeke forced a smile despite Yvette's cold attitude,

"I just came here to say hi to you. I'll leave now. Oh, by the way, Dad asked me to remind you to come home for dinner sometime." With that, he turned and went back to his table.

He lied to his friends, telling them that his conversation with Yvette went well and that she was too shy to come over to say hello. And they believed him, agreeing that Zeke was right. After all, girls could be shy when they were in front of charming people.

After finishing their meal, Yvette and Bonnie went back to the physics classroom together. Zeke watched them leave, his gaze dark and unreadable.

The atmosphere in the physics classroom was buzzing with excitement.

Ryan had returned from his competition in another province, bringing home another trophy for Argrol University, along with a cash prize of 30 thousand dollars.

Though 30 thousand dollars wasn't much to Ryan, whose family could spend the same amount for a single shirt, he had planned to donate the money to the physics department to buy new lab equipment. However, Simon insisted that he keep half of it to treat his classmates to a meal of sorts.

Ryan knew Simon meant well, trying to help him build better relationships with his classmates, but he just wasn't used to socializing like that.

He thought about just letting it go, but students from the physics department overheard in the office and spread the word

back in class,

Reluctantly, he agreed to take them all to Sky Nimbus for a meal.

As soon as the students heard that Ryan was treating them at such a fancy place, they were over the moon and could hardly focus on the lesson after that.

When Yvette and Bonnie entered the classroom, they immediately noticed Rynn surrounded by an excited crowd, looking overwhelmed.

"Yve, see that guy surrounded in the middle?" Bonnie asked.

Yvette glanced over. It was hard not to notice. A guy. Pretty good-looking. That was what Yvette could think.

To her, men were either alive or dead, and now, she could add a new category, a meal buddy.

Yvette wasn't interested in who he was and just acknowledged it casually. "Yeah."

"That's Ryan. He's the top student in the physics department and Mr. Sunderland's favorite. It's no wonder Mr. Sunderland favors him; he's exceptionally smart, always coming first in every exam, leaving the second place far behind. He had won countless competitions. Most importantly, he's the sole heir to the Lewis family, one of the four major families in Seacrity. However, it seems he's not interested in finance. He spends all his time in the physics lab. There's a rumor circulating that his goals were not in Seacrity but in the national physics lab in Betrico. He's weird though, pretty introverted, and reclusive. You never see him getting close to anyone, and given his prestigious status, not many dare to approach him, so he doesn't really have friends at school," Bonnie explained

Ryan felt uncomfortable being surrounded by the crowd. The constant chatter around him was making him restless. His eyes wandered, trying to find something to distract himself.

That was when his gaze met with Yvette's unexpectedly.

Ryan was taken aback.

The girl stood lazily at the entrance, her blue jacket casually draped over her shoulders, with a carefree smile on her lips. Her entire demeanor screamed of a nonchalant defiance.

Confident. Arrogant. That was Ryan's first impression of Yvette, but later, he would come to realize that she w

than that.

far more

At that time, Yvette had already reached a level unreachable by everyone else, becoming a figure he could only look up to

The crowd noticed Ryan's fixed gaze. Turning around, they saw Yvette and Bonnie and went silent simultaneously. Ryan had just returned, so he naturally didn't know what had happened. He was confused by the situation.

"Yvette, Bonnie, you're back!" someone exclaimed.

Yvette responded with a simple hum. Her cold demeanor was nothing new to her classmates, and they were used to it. If Yvette suddenly started talking more, they'd probably think something was really off.

Bonnie, as the class representative, was quite popular with everyone.

Everyone started to explain what was going on to Bonnie. Apparently, Ryan had offered to treat the whole class to a meal at go too.

Sky Nimbus. As soon as Bonnie found out, she immediately asked Yvette if she wanted to the whole class to a meal at

Yvette shook her head at first but eventually gave in to Bonnie's persistent persuasion.

Behind them. Ryan paused in the middle of flipping through his book when he overheard Yvette agreeing to come. He adjusted his glasses, then quietly returned to reading.

That afternoon, the physics department's students went back to their dorms early after class to get ready. The girls put on makeup: the guys styled their hair. Everyone was taking this dinner very seriously.

In their department, there wasn't much room for entertainment. It was either writing papers or conducting experiments, day in and day out. It was nothing but data. So when a chance like this came up, it was hard to pass. Furthermore, it was Sky Nimbus that they were going.

Everyone was excited and eager to relax and enjoy themselves, and there was good reason for their enthusiasm.

Sky Nimbus was the largest club in Seacurity that offered dining, leisure, and entertainment elements. The annual membership fee alone was at least 660 thousand dollars, taking it a symbol of prestige and status by having a membership

there.

Being just a bunch of broke students, none of them had ever set foot in such a place.

If it weren't for Ryan, some of them might never have had the chance to dine there in their lifetime. Therefore, most of the students in the physics department put extra care into their preparations for the night

It was said that the people who dined there were all suited-up, successful business types. To avoid looking out of place, the students had agreed that the men would wear suits, while the women would don cocktail dresses.

In the dorm room, Bonnie shared the group chat messages with Yvette.

"No!" Yvette said, pulling the blanket over her head, intending to continue her nap.

Bonnie pouted. Feeling resigned, she went to her wardrobe to find a c**t dress. After all, she wasn't an effortless beauty like Yvette

She had observed Yvette closely, noticing that even though she never used skincare, her skin was flawless and soft. Fairies didn't have to deal with mortal problems, she thought and sighed.

By now, Bonnie was used to feeling defeated. She bet Yvette would still look stunning in a potato sack.

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At 8 pm., Ryan and the rest of the physics department students arrived at Sky Nimbus. Bonnie had dragged Yvette, sprinted the entire way, and barely arrived on time with just a minute to spare.

The group, led by Ryan, marched confidently into Sky Nimbus

The cool air greeted them as soon as they stepped inside, a refreshing relief in the scorching summer heat. The spacious, spotless lobby, with its gleaming marble floors and grand chandeliers, and the uniformed staff at the reception areas made them feel nervous and uneasy.

The duty manager approached with a professional smile, his gaze precise, as he headed straight toward Ryan in a respectful

demeanor.

“Mr. Lewis, your reserved room is 101 Let me take you there personally, the manager said.

Ryan nodded. Although he wasn't dressed in formal attire, his presence was completely different from when he was at school. Now, he embodied the presence as the heir of the Lewis family in Seacurity, one worth over 3.3 billion dollars.

The students exchanged glances. At that moment, they collectively realized that even though they attended the same classes, Ryan was someone far beyond their reach, and they respected the latter even more.

The manager had an eye for detail. After sitting in that position for so many years, he could immediately tell the status of a guest, even though the students wore what they thought were their best and most formal clothes.

I didn't take long for him to recognize those outfits only cost about 600 dollars, with the most expensive not exceeding 670 dollars. He knew the elite society well. He'd heard that Ryan was studying at Argrol University, so he knew that the latter might be just showing his classmates around.

Other than Ryan, he held no regard for the others.

The group moved past the lobby to the back area, where their eyes were drawn to crystal-like tables surrounded by leather. couches and a large flat-screen TV hanging from the ceiling, providing a full surround experience. It was clear everything

there was state-of-the-art.

The manager deliberately described the specific services offered in Sky Nimbus. I assume this is the first visit for most of Mr. Lewis' friends, so allow me to give a brief

introduction. Every member here has access to their private luxury suite that comes with a gym, lounge, bath, and entertainment system. Should there be any need, we also offer professional personal trainers and spa skin treatments. As a diamond cardholder like Mr. Lewis, who pays an annual fee of 3.3 million dollars, he has access to every facility without the need for a reservation.”

The more the manager spoke, the more the students were in awe.

To them, it was not just a club, but a money pit. Just the membership fees alone cost 3.3 million dollars, and that didn't even cover additional expenses.

Their initial excitement started to fade as uneasiness set in.

Unaware of his classmates growing discomfort, Ryan didn't stop the manager's endless commentary. To him, it was something ordinary

Just as the manager was talking endlessly, an impatient voice interrupted. “Are you done?”

The manager's voice abruptly stopped.

From the beginning, Yvette had been quietly following behind the group. Dressed in black casual cap, she was hardly noticeable to most people.

1/3

othes and a matching

Since she was with Ryan, the manager knew better than to say anything inappropriate, so he held his tongue,

“Miss, my apologies. I just thought that since it's your first time here, unlike Mr. Lewis, you might need an extra introduction. It'd be easier if you decided to get a membership card next time, the manager said.

The students all understood his words well. They might not have much money, but that didn't mean they were too dumb to miss the sarcasm in his tone.

Their faces flushed with embarrassment, as they wanted to speak up but couldn't find the right words.

Bonnie was too frustrated to stay silent. She was about to step forward to argue but was pulled back by Yvette's delicate and soft hands.

In a voice as cold as ice, she asked, "Does your family own this place? Are you a member?"

The manager was taken aback, his expression turning sour

He'd been the manager of Sky Nimbus for years and knew at least a hundred wealthy clients personally. With his position, everyone had always given him respect. This was the first time he was openly mocked by a college student.

"That's enough. We're at the entrance. Just have the waiter come over and take our order," Ryan interrupted.

The manager dared not show any attitude toward Ryan and only smiled. He called a waiter over and excused himself. His face darkened as he passed by Yvette.

Inside Room 101, there was a massive table that could seat around 40 to 50 people.

The private room had all kinds of entertainment systems and leisure equipment. One could spend an entire day there and not get bored at all.

Once everyone was seated, Ryan ordered the dishes and even thoughtfully asked if anyone had dietary restrictions. His manners were impeccable, leaving no room for criticism.

After the waiter left, a tense and uneasy atmosphere settled over the table. After what had just happened with the manager earlier, no one was thinking about the meals anymore.

They were all top students from Argrol University, yet here they were, being looked down upon over a simple dinner.

After Yvette sat down, she took out her phone, put on her headphones, and started testing a new game. She was unbothered. by others.

Everyone's mood was down. Seeing everyone's low spirits, Bonnie decided to brighten the mood. "Hey, Ryan, how's the food at Sky Nimbus?" She was making small talk to break the silence,

Ryan didn't have much experience with social interactions, so he wasn't too concerned with the emotional shifts of others. He nodded earnestly. "It's delicious. The chefs here were hired by the owner, Harry Golden, from all over the world

"Harry Golden?" Bonnie exaggerated her surprise, successfully capturing everyone's attention.

"What an interesting name," someone said.

“Yeah, his parents must’ve had big hopes for him. It’s like they want him to be rich!” the other commented.

“Right? Who’d have thought the owner of a place like this would have such an interesting name!” another chimed in.

“Exactly. His parents really set him up to be someone impressive one said.

“Well, he lived up to it. Look at how successful he is now!” the other said.

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16:16 Tue, Oct 8 BB.

Chapter 49

“I feel like my name might be why I haven’t made it big yet, one commented.

‘Oh, please. Even if you were named ‘Emperor, you wouldn’t be able to run a club like Sky Nimbus,’” the other said.

A burst of laughter was heard. The atmosphere in the room lightened, and soon the tension lifted as the group started chatting more freely.

“Yve, don’t you think this name is hilarious? I bet it was his grandpa who came up with it! Bonnie said.

Yvette had just finished her game with a perfect score. She pulled off her headphones and adjusted her collar.

“It wasn’t,” she said.

Bonnie was puzzled. “Wait, not what?”

Yvette stared intently at the phone screen, where a stream of codes was flying through. “It wasn’t his dad or his grandpa. He chose the name himself. Thought it sounded powerful.”

As she spoke, her fingers danced over the phone screen faster and faster, dazzling those watching.

Bonnie thought Yvette was just guessing and didn’t take her seriously. Seeing how busy the latter was on her phone, she

turned to chat with others.

Ryan was seated not far away from the two and overheard their conversation despite Yvette's quiet voice. He was surprised

his own name. It was something Ryan knew because his dad mentioned it to that she was right. Harry had indeed cho

him once.

Ryan was the main character of the night. Whenever he got lost in thought, everyone's eyes naturally turned to him.

Bonnie, in her usual carefree manner, was the only one among the group aside from Yvette who was not affected by what happened earlier.

"Ryan, what's got you daydreaming?" she asked.

Ryan blurted out, "Thinking about Yvette's words."

As soon as his words fell, the entire table turned their heads and focused on Yvette.

Yvette, still wearing her headphones, slowly lifted her head and looked around, confused. "What's going on?"

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Ryan snapped out of his thoughts. His cheeks flushed slightly. He deemed it impolite to keep staring at a lady.

Wette took out her earbuds. !

Ryan, looking at Yvette, asked, "I'm sorry. I was thinking about what you just said. How do you know Harry gave himself that name?" He wasn't the kind to meddle or get to the bottom of things, but on that particular day, his curiosity got the better of him.

One of them asked, "What do you mean? Could it be that Yvette was right, and he did choose that name himself?"

Another added. "No way, it feels too..."

"I guess it's possible..." someone murmured.

Ryan said, "Harry, the owner of Sky Nimbus, is an expatriate. His entire family moved abroad years ago. He picked the Clusian name to make things easier in the country. His real name is possibly Lisandro,"

Yvette frowned slightly. She glanced at Ryan, seeing only curiosity in his eyes, no hostility. Her voice was husky and cold. "Just a wild guess."

Bonnie said. "Wow, Yve, even your wild guess was precise. Maybe we should set up a booth under the academy bridge and make some big bucks..."

The crowd burst into laughter.

Yvette gave a soft laugh, both doting and charming.

Another person said, "Come on, Bonnie. We're the future of our motherland. Remember harmony, prosperity, and democracy."

Bonnie put her hands on her hips, pretending to be fierce, which made everyone happy and finally brought the room to life.

Just then, the waiter arrived with the dishes, leading them to conclude the topic.

Waiters at Sky Nimbus underwent rigorous training and exams before beginning employment. The basic requirement wasn't only hospitality; they had to know everything about every dish, from the ingredients to the cooking procedure, and even where the name came from.

The waiters knew it like the back of their hands. "Everyone, here we have chicken vesuvio, roasted squab, buffalo wings, meatball soup, shrimp remoulade, cedar-plank salmon, mushroom soup, and cioppino..."

The lead waiter clapped his hands. A line of waiters then set a small bowl in front of each person. "This is our signature top-tier sunchoke soup, flown in from Jugrea this morning. Enjoy."

The waiter took a respectable stance in front of Ryan. He bowed politely and gently, saying, "Mr. Lewis, if you need anything, call me. I'll be just outside."

Ryan nodded.

The lead waiter led the staff, and within a minute, they had silently exited the room in an orderly manner.

After they left, everyone breathed a sigh of relief, musing, "No wonder this place is so upscale. Even the staff are professional and attentive..."

Ryan invited everyone to start eating. Everyone exchanged glances, feeling hesitant to begin eating, as well as Bonnie, except for one person. Yvette crossed her legs, headphones around her neck, and picked up her fork, tasting the food before her.

She said, "Not bad!"

Seeing this, Bonnie swiftly grabbed her fork and started eating too. When they saw Yvette start eating, everyone relaxed and began to eat one after the other.

Finally, the meal they had been waiting for all day started. Everyone drank wine throughout the meal. The atmosphere gradually improved. They drank, played games, and sang cheerfully, enjoying themselves.

After a few bites, Yvette found a couch away from the crowd, lay down, covered herself in a jacket, closed her eyes, and fell asleep. The TV next to her was still tuned to the financial news channel.

Regardless of how wild the physics students were, everyone appeared to have a mutual agreement to stay at least seven feet away from Yvette's area, knowing her grumpiness when she awoke was no joke.

Ryan turned down the guys' invitation and sat alone on the side. They knew he didn't enjoy lively interactions, so they didn't push him.

However, Ryan was preoccupied with the new chip research article that Simon had shown him. Simon said nothing; all he knew was that it was written by someone named Siren.

After reading the article, Ryan knew that anyone who could write such arguments must be a physics genius. His mind kept rearranging the data he saw that day, scrambling and reorganizing it in an infinite loop.

"Oh, look who we have here. Isn't this Mr. Lewis?" A sarcastic voice came out loudly and clearly

As everyone turned toward the voice, they noticed a young man in his early 20s approaching, accompanied by a few young men and women. They were dressed in trendy attire, with a novel style that demonstrated their street smarts.

The music was turned off, and even those playing games paused. All activities in the room came to a halt.

"Ethan?" Ryan called out, frowning slightly.

The young man casually found a spot to sit, while the people he had brought along stood behind him, looking unfriendly. Although they were roughly the same age, the physics students appeared to be far more well-behaved.

"I thought such a noble person like you would have forgotten lowly people like me. I just came over to say hello," Ethan Brooks said, laughing loudly but with irony.

Ryan cast an obvious disdainful look at him, responding, "Just get straight to the point. We're having a private gathering with our department pals today. No outsiders are invited."

Ethan smiled indifferently, saying, "Well since we ran into each other today, how about we take a gamble?"

Ryan frowned, musing. I don't know about gambling. Is he truly attempting to stir trouble? It would be fine if I were alone, but with so many classmates here, if I refuse to accept the bet, who knows what Ethan will do?

Observing Ryan's hesitation. Ethan turned up the pressure and cast an ill-intentioned glance at those behind him, his gaze malicious. "Mr. Lewis, if you refuse, what if your classmates happen to have something occur to them tonight and get hurt, don't blame me for that."

The physics department students had heard stories about Ryan and Ethan. Ethan was a junior in the physical education department.

According to Ethan's girlfriend fell for Ryan and wanted to break up with Ethan to pursue Ryan, but Ethan

disagreed, and Ryan turned her down too. She got so upset that she jumped into a lake and couldn't be rescued. Since then, the two had harbored grudges,

From then on, Ethan grasped every chance to cause trouble for Ryan. In truth, it wouldn't have mattered for Ryan if it had been anyone else, but Ethan wasn't an ordinary person.

He was the only son of Seacriety's deputy mayor, Daniel Brooks. Daniel got him in his old age, and he became so spoiled that he developed a reckless personality. He blamed Ryan for seducing his girlfriend and causing her death, so he held a grudge

One was the deputy mayor's only son, and the other was the heir of the prestigious Lewis family. Neither could touch the other, but confrontations persisted.

Ryan was forced to accept this losing bet owing to blatant threats He knew he couldn't win against Ethan, who spent all his time at nightclubs, playing dice with others. Losing money wasn't the main issue. Most importantly, he couldn't bring the Lewis family into public shame.

Ryan found himself in a quandary, unable to advance or retreat.

"How about I take the gamble with you?" When those words were spoken, the entire room was stunned.

Ethan surveyed the room until he spotted someone in an obscure corner with a jacket concealing her head. He mused, 'Looks like a lady's outfit. These legs are gorgeous.'

Aside from Ethan and others who accompanied him, Ryan and the students from the physics department knew who was speaking.

Ethan said, "You want to gamble on his behalf, huh? How can someone who never shows their face boast like this? We're betting way more than thousands of dollars."

Yvette removed the jacket from her head, stood up, and strode over.

The crowd parted, automatically clearing a path, musing, "How could we have forgotten that Yvette is also here?"

Looking at Yvette walking over, Ethan was completely stunned. He swore she was the most beautiful lady he'd seen in years. with a perfect figure, an impeccable face, and a cool, untamed aura. This was what people meant by the combination of angel and demon.

Ethan regained his composure. He spoke again, this time in a much softer tone. "Pretty lady, are you sure you want to gamble on Ryan's behalf? Our bets start at 1.5 million dollars, with no upper limit, and we only accept cash. Have you thought about this?"