

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 61

“Let go. Andrew,” came the command. Everyone’s eyes turned toward the door.

Jeremiah strode in, clad in his military uniform, emphasizing his sleek, upright physique. Tall and imposing, his sharp, well- defined features-blade-like eyebrows and a sculpted straight nose-added to his cold, emotionless eyes and calm, distant expression.

He had just finished a brief meeting and flew back to Seacriety from Betrico on a private jet without even changing out of his military uniform. One could imagine how urgent the situation must have been.

Emmett followed behind, carrying a black briefcase, his expression equally stoic, focused solely on Jeremiah’s affairs. though he didn’t understand why Jeremiah was in such a rush to return.

As Jeremiah approached, everyone froze in place at once.

The gold star on his uniform immediately drew everyone’s attention. It clearly symbolized his rank as a major general in his twenties, an undeniable force in Clusia.

“Where’s Yvette?” Jeremiah asked, his words met with a sense of numbness from those present. Clearly, he was there for the girl who had just been arrested.

But who exactly was she? The principal of Argrol University, the Chambers family, the mayor, and right then, even a major general had shown up. The entire police station was on the verge of being turned upside down.

Andrew let go and pushed Daniel away. He stumbled and fell, struggling to get up.

The moment Jeremiah arrived, Daniel realized that he was finished, thinking, ‘A major general had personally come to the police station for Yvette.

Andrew shouted. That jerk locked Yvette in the isolation room! Don’t stop me! I’m going to beat him up!”

Following quietly behind Jeremiah and almost unnoticed, Emmett shot a subtle, unreadable glance at Andrew.

Andrew’s words confirmed Emmett’s suspicions. ‘Jeremiah had rushed back to Seacriety for this girl, Yvette, even bringing in that force for her, Emmett thought.

Normally, Andrew would have noticed something off in Emmett’s demeanor, but he was too consumed by thoughts of Yvette being locked up.

A storm brewed in Jeremiah's icy and unforgiving eyes as his gaze zeroed in on Daniel, who was still sprawled on the ground.

Daniel trembled under that stare, struggling to breathe and rise.

Jeremiah stepped forward, towering over him, then kicked him back down with his military boot. Everyone in the police station lowered their heads further.

Wyatt felt a headache coming on, thinking. 'Andrew's impulsiveness is one thing; now, even Jeremiah is losing his composure:

He continued to ponder, 'Daniel's the deputy mayor of Seacurity. How's he ever going to show his face in politics again after that kick?

After some deliberation, he finally stepped forward and spoke carefully. "Jeremiah, Daniel is the deputy mayor of Seacurity,

after all You."

Jeremiah glanced at Wyatt coldly, his eyes filled with undisguised disdain, causing the latter to shade

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Without a word, Jeremiah-headed straight to the room at the end of the police station's hallway, with Andrew and Bonnie close behind.

Zachary stood there frozen, dumbfounded as he witnessed Jeremiah kick Daniel without hesitation.

He just kicked the deputy mayor like it was nothing. Who on earth is this Yvette to have someone so powerful back her?" Zachary struggled to understand it.

Today's events are simply unbelievable. Even a major general from Clusia stood up for Yvette, Zachary thought it over and decided to stay where he was, waiting for Yvette to come out.

The isolation room was located at the far end of the police station. Dim and oppressive, it had a way of breaking most detainees down **I** entered.

Wyatt felt uneasy, worried he had said something wrong.

Just then. Jeremiah approached with a briefcase. He glanced at the anxious Wyatt and pulled out a stack of documents, placing them in front of him.

“Mr. Langford, here’s the evidence of Daniel’s bribery, collusion with officials, and embezzlement of public funds. You know how to handle this, right?” Jeremiah remarked.

Wyatt was shocked. He quickly reached out to take the documents and flipped through them.

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The more he read, the more alarmed he became. Just how many atrocities had Daniel committed over the years he questioned silently.

Even more troubling was how Jeremiah had uncovered everything, even from ten years earlier, in just half a

A cold sweat broke out on Wyatt’s back. The influence and capabilities of Jeremiah from the Chavez family were far greater

day. than he had ever imagined.

Meanwhile, still lying there motionless, Daniel had no clue about the conversation between Jeremiah and Wyatt.

He only saw Wyatt take the documents, and then, after looking through them, Wyatt’s expression changed.

With Jeremiah gone, Daniel regained some confidence and shouted in Wyatt’s direction, “Mr. Langford, I’m still the deputy mayor of Seacurity! Are you just going to stand there while he humiliates me?”

Wyatt heard the shout and looked at Daniel sympathetically as he lay limp like mud.

He let out a sigh, thinking, ‘He still doesn’t get it. Jeremiah’s evidence is enough to ruin him. This once-proud deputy mayor, prominent for decades, is heading to prison.

Daniel had only himself to blame. Of all people, he had chosen to target Jeremiah’s love interest.

“Take Daniel into temporary custody, Wyatt ordered.

The police exchanged confused looks. How had they gotten to the point of arresting the deputy mayor?

But with Wyatt’s order, they had no choice. They approached Daniel, helped him up, and handcuffed him.

Naturally, Daniel resisted, yelling, "Why? Even if he's a major general, he can't just act recklessly! You have no reason to arrest me. I'll appeal and sue him! Wyatt, you're helping the enemy, and I'll report this to the higher-ups!"

As Daniel continued his defiant rant, Wyatt's expression grew cold. 'Still trying to threaten me?' he thought.

Without a word, Wyatt threw the documents in his hand at Dani

As he read, his face turned—from gray to ashen, then deathly pale Those were his darkest secrets from the past. 'How did they all get uncovered?' he thought.

Upon realizing the gravity of the situation. Daniel ceased resisting, despair radiating from him. If those documents went public, his political career would be over, and he would also spend the rest of his life in prison.

As the deputy mayor for so long, he understood the seriousness of his crimes better than anyone.

Accepting his fate, he allowed the police to cuff him, his posture slumping as he suddenly looked ten years older.

As Daniel shuffled past Wyatt, he paused his shaky steps and asked, still unwilling to accept defeat, "Who is that man? Even if he's a major general, you don't have to be so humble, do you?"

Having worked together, Wyatt saw no reason to hide the truth. He glanced at Jeremiah, who stood silently nearby, and leaned in to whisper to Daniel, 'He's Jeremiah from the Chavez family in Betrico.

Daniel's eyes widened in shock as he realized. Jeremiah? The Cluvez family? No wonder he's a major general at such a young age. Only the Chavez family in Betrico could produce someone like that.'

He should have figured it out sooner. No ordinary major general would command such deference from Wyatt. But it was too late.

If he could do it all over again, Daniel would never have dared to mess with Yvette

His biggest regret was having her arrested. Sadly, there was no way to reverse that.

The door to the isolation room creaked open.

el's face, sc**g the papers at his feet. Daniel broke free from the police, knelt down, and picked one up to read.

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"You young people shouldn't overindulge too much, Yvette said casually as the door swung open. Andrew and Bonnie froze, disbelief etched on their faces. Jeremiah strode in calmly, his expression unchanged. They exchanged baffled looks, both silently questioning what they had just heard

Jeremiah immediately spotted Yvette. She lounged lazily in a chair, one leg crossed, her left hand propped on the table, her foot swinging slightly. She looked completely at ease. Across from her sat two police officers-one older, one younger- staring at her with utmost seriousness.

Andrew and Bonnie couldn't help but think, "What on earth is happening here?"

Yvette tilted her head slightly, watching Jeremiah as he stepped in. She paused for a beat, then, as if nothing unusual had happened, spoke mischievously to Nolan across from her. "If you don't get a grip, you're going to be in real trouble."

Lachlan and Nolan, thinking it was Daniel who had entered, straightened up in a flash and pretended to interrogate her. One of them said, "You better start talking, or else"

Yvette pointed a finger toward Jeremiah. "No need to fake it. It's not the deputy mayor

They turned to look, their jaws nearly dropping in surprise. Rubbing their eyes, they realized that the man who had just walked in, wearing a single gold star on his shoulder, was a major general.

They scrambled to their feet, stunned. Neither had ever seen such a young major general before. Meeting Daniel earlier had been enough to fuel their bragging rights for weeks, but that was something else entirely. They stammered, "H-He... Hello,

Jeremiah gave Yvette a quick once-over, his eyes scanning her from head to toe for any signs of injury. Upon seeing that she was unhurt, his icy expression softened slightly. "Did you have fun?"

There was an unconscious hint of affection in his voice. Yvette's gaze remained cool as she replied flatly. "It was fine."

Bonnie finally mustered the nerve to ask, her voice timid, "Yve, are you okay?"

She hesitated as she stepped into the isolation room, a shiver running down her spine. The place gave her the creeps; even her friends couldn't convince her to play escape room games, and right then, she was there. Wisely, she waited until Jeremiah and Yvette had finished talking before speaking up.

Yvette nodded, her tone softening. "I'm fine. Didn't I tell you to stay at school? Why did you come here?"

Andrew jumped in, feigning drama. "Yvette, I came to rescue you, too! The least you could do is look at me. Poor me..."

Jeremiah shot him a sideways glance. "Poor you for what?"

Andrew instantly deflated. He thought, Poor me for being ready to go through hell and back for Yvette because of Jeremiah, who doesn't even appreciate it.

With a sheepish grin, he replied, "Nothing. This place just creeps me out. Let's get out of here-I reserved a table at Sky Nimbus to help us get rid of Yvette's bad luck"

While the group chatted away, Lachlan and Nolan exchanged incredulous glances. 'Do they even realize they're in an Isolation room? If anyone saw this, they'd think these guys were here for a friendly visit, not an investigation. And they're talking about food? one of them thought.

Once they left the police station, Yvette noticed Zachary and Lucas waiting near a sleek black Bentley parked nearby. She felt a flicker of surprise. I didn't expect him to show up, she thought.

Zachary stepped forward quickly, casting a cautious glance at Jeremiahs before turning to Yvette. "Are you okay? Come home

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with me."

Standing on the top step. Yvette looked down at Zachary, who stood below with a pleading expression. She rubbed her temples, irritation clear on her face. "I'm not going home. You go by yourself."

The distance and indifference in Yvette's voice made Zachary uncomfortable, but he knew he had no one to blame but himself. If he hadn't driven her away, maybe things would be different then, and she wouldn't treat him as a stranger.

Sighing, his voice heavy with regret, he said, "Yvette, I really messed up. Can't you forgive me, just this once?"

Jeremiah's casual but commanding voice cut through the tension. Let's go. We're running late for dinner."

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Zachary swallowed hard, his words dying in his throat. Embarrassed, he quickly found an excuse to leave. "Yvette, you're always welcome at the Chambers residence. I'll be waiting for you to come home" With that, he turned and walked away.

Lucas followed him to the car but hesitated before returning to Yvette. He bowed slightly, his tone respectful. "Mr. Chambers had his reasons, Ms. Zeller. As soon as he got Ms. Chambers' call, he postponed the hospital checkup and rushed here. He didn't mean to make you stay in the dormitory"

With Jeremiah present. Lucas didn't dare say more. Yvette's expression was cold, her gaze distant and unfeeling. Once Zachary's car was out of sight, she stood for a moment. Then, she casually pulled out her phone and removed Zachary's number from her blocked list. "Let's go," she said.

Jeremiah was driving a black Jeep that day that had been airlifted from Betrico-so ordinary it couldn't have looked plainer. But Yvette knew better. She ran her hand over the vehicle's exterior, a flicker of recognition in her eyes..

It was Mysonna's latest bulletproof material-a single piece worth several hundred thousand dollars, not yet available for sale in Clusia. Mysonna hadn't started selling it publicly, yet Jeremiah had reinforced the Jeep's body and windows with it. It

was extravagant,

There was no way Clusia could have gotten their hands on that yet, and even for a major general, there was no way Jeremiah could have obtained it so quickly. Looks like Jeremiah has another identity. Interesting,' she thought

Yvette settled into the passenger seat while Andrew and Bonnie took the back. From the moment they got in, Andrew and Bonnie began to bicker non-stop. Andrew wasn't sure why they always clashed, but he didn't realize their connection was complicated until later-like a fate meant to be.

Jeremiah driving himself was unusual, but it made sense since Emmett had left with Wyatt before they all went out of the police station.

Suddenly, Bonnie's expression changed as if she remembered something important. She glanced at Yvette in the front seat and Andrew beside her, hesitation written all over her face,

She said, “Yve, I forgot to tell you-Mr. Sunderland showed up at the police station today. He wanted to bail you out! Can you believe it? He’s our principal, and we’ve never seen him step in for any student before. You’re the first!”

As Bonnie spoke, Andrew remembered the same news. Jeremiah had arrived too late to see Simon, but that piqued his curiosity “Wait. Yvette, you know Mr. Sunderland? Why would he bail you out otherwise? He even stood up to Daniel for you. Be honest—did you, like, save his life or something?”

Yvette didn’t even look up from her phone, her tone indifferent. “We’re not close. I didn’t save anyone’s life.”

Outside, the chaotic blur of neon lights from the square mixed with the darkness, creating a hazy glow that illuminated the night sky. Soft rain began to fall, misting the windows as the night deepened. The dark sky was sprinkled with stars, and everything felt wrapped in a quiet, peaceful stillness

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As they entered the lobby of Sky Nimbus, Yvette and Jeremiah immediately attracted everyone’s attention. They were quite the striking pair. Everywhere they went, they became the focus of attention.

Not to mention, Andrew and Bonnie were pretty good-looking, too. They were noticeable in any crowd but tended to get overlooked around Jeremiah and Yvette.

Those who had witnessed the gambling yesterday were deeply impressed by Yvette—the first woman who had made the son of Seacrity’s deputy mayor cough up blood from anger.

The crowd whispered among themselves.

A person said, “See that lady in black over there? She won 100 million dollars from Ethan in one go yesterday.”

Someone asked, “Really? I don’t believe it!”

The person responded, “Don’t you believe it? You’re so outdated! I saw it with my own eyes. Ethan was so angry that he actually coughed up blood.

Every word the crowd said reached Jeremiah’s ears. He leaned slightly toward Yvette and whispered, “Was the win thrilling?”

A tingling sensation slowly spread on the back of Yvette’s neck, making her slightly uncomfortable. She subtly moved aside. Unperturbed, Jeremiah casually stepped closer to her.

Yvette pulled up the black hood attached to her jacket and stayed quiet. Jeremiah wasn't upset and laughed lightly.

The next second, Yvette took a candy from her pocket and put it in her mouth. In less than a minute, her rapidly beating heart calmed down. Her old condition seemed to act up again.

That day, another manager, Jimmy Lowe, was on duty at Sky Nimbus. He had heard about yesterday's events from the staff.

Jimmy was very busy that day. The headquarters had informed him that the general manager would arrive at Sky Nimbus/ by 8 p.m. He had been preparing for the reception all day.

The general manager was the chairman's close confidant. Usually, the regional managers would be sent for inspections. For the first time, the general manager would come in person. The entire Sky Nimbus was buzzing with excitement.

Jimmy had his own motives. He had been in that position for a long time, and whether he could transfer to Betrico's headquarters or not depended on that opportunity.

Amid the busy moments, the staff reported to Jimmy that Yvette was there again, dining in the VIP room. However, he didn't take it seriously.

Their place wasn't short of rich and powerful people. It wasn't worth his while to personally greet someone who had won 100 million dollars. He casually told the staff to attend to the guests and then proceeded to check on the dishes in the kitchen.

Jeremiah, Yvette, Andrew, and Bonnie took their seats in the VIP room. Only Bonnie felt uneasy while the other three were used to it.

To hide her unease, Honnie casually flipped through the menu. She hadn't looked closely when Ryan had treated them to the meal and was shocked to find that a plate of pasta cost 300 dollars. Is it food or gold they serve here? she thought. Jeremiah ordered 12 dishes, all of which were Yvette's favorites. The waitress was surprised, wondering if they could eat all

that

Andrew and Bonnie knew about Yvette's appetite and said nothing. No matter how much food there was, nothing would

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to waste as long as Yvette was there.

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Andrew acted all mysterious. Yvette, I heard from Bonnie that a big guy came to give you money yesterday. Are y involved with some mafia? How is it? Is the maba world exciting? Do you think I have what it takes to join them?" He appeared completely serious with no hint of joking.

Yvette took her eyes off her phone, picked up a glass of water, took a sip, and gave Andrew a long, steady look. "T'll ask around for you later. Joining the maha means cutting off a hand or something. Be prepared

"In that case, I'd rather not join. My hands are important. I'll pass Andrew chuckled awkwardly.

Yvette nodded. Her neck looked unusually tanned and alluring under the light. "Sure-- think about it and let me know."

Andrew felt a chill as if his hand had already been chopped off and pulled his suit jacket closer around him. "No, no--I don't need to think about it anymore."

Yvette put the glass down, and Jeremiah casually refilled the empty glass with water. Yvette took another sip. Jeremiah said, "Don't scare Andrew. He had this idea when he was eight. Then

Bonnie, her curiosity piqued, bravely asked, "What happened next, Top Dog?"

After hearing Bonnie call him that nickname again, Jeremiah paused, then glanced at Andrew. "Then, his dad tied him to a tree and gave him a lecture until he quieted down."

Andrew seethed. He racked his brain for dirt on Jeremiah and finally gave up.

Jeremiah was Betrico's top elite and Clusia's youngest major general at the age of 27. He could live a comfortable life just with his company shares. Besides, he had various skills and talents.

He had been a nightmare for Betrico's young scions since childhood. Everyone wanted to compete with him, but nobody could outdo him. Worst of all, they had to live in his shadow.

Three luxury cars parked outside Sky Nimbus, and about a dozen bodyguards got out of the two at the back.

The door of the remaining car opened, and a pair of black leather shoes came into view. The man, in his forties, was dressed in a black suit, his face reflecting the passage of time.

It was Hector Kirk, the general manager of Sky Nimbus and the most trusted person of the chairman, Harry. He was there that day because of yesterday's gambling incident.

Hector hadn't seen Yvette for years, and she had grown into a young lady. He wondered how she was doing and was relieved to know that she could easily afford 100 million dollars. He sighed, thinking, "What Mr. Ross did back then was ruthless!"

Upon seeing Hector arrive, Jimmy straightened his uniform and hurriedly stepped forward, welcoming the former in an ingratiating manner. "Good evening, Mr. Kirk. I'm the manager here, Jimmy Lowe

Hector interrupted Jimmy. He didn't go there to waste time with unrelated people. Once he found Yvette, he would fly back to Mysonna to handle some matters. "Mr. Lowe, let's get to the point. Do you have the membership information of the lady who bet 100 million dollars with Ethan here yesterday?"

Jimmy looked completely bewildered. It turned out Hector wasn't there for inspection but for Yvette, who didn't seem to have anything to do with Hector. "Mr. Kirk, this lady isn't our member. So... we don't have her information," he said, sneaking glances at Hector's face. After seeing Hector's grim expression, he broke out in a cold sweat.

A waiter behind Jimmy recognized Yvette and knew that she had dinner in a private room that day. He quickly stepped forward and said, "Mr. Kirk, the lady you mentioned is dining in the VII room."

Jimmy suddenly remembered that the waiter had mentioned that earlier, but he had been busy preparing for Hector's reception at that time and forgot about it

As Hector thought that his effort would be in vain again, things took an unexpected turn. Coincidentally, Yvette dined at Sky Nimbus that day. Over the years, Hector and his boss had been disappointed countless times.

"Let's go. Take me to the private room now. Hector glanced at the waiter, then turned to Jimmy. "Promote him to team

leader."

Sky Nimbus' system was strict. It took at least five years to be promoted from an ordinary waiter to a team leader. Besides, passing three assessments without any mistakes was required.

The waiter was almost in tears with joy. With a salary three times higher, he finally felt hopeful about his life, thinking of his bedridden father at home.

Jimmy nodded and led Hector to the private room. Sky Nimbus private rooms were exceptionally soundproof, and they couldn't hear anything inside.

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Jimmy saw Hector stand still at the door for a long time. He couldn't figure out what Hector was thinking, so he stayed by the latter's side and kept him company.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Bonnie came out of the room.

Hector looked past Bonnie and onto Yvette, who was eating. His eyes narrowed slightly. With just one glance, he recognized Yvette. Even with her head down, Yvette's features from her childhood years were still vaguely visible.

Bonnie was startled by the sudden appearance of a strange man. Politely, she asked. "Hello, sir. Can I help you with something?"

Bonnie's words caught everyone's attention, including Jeremiah's and Andrew's, who were chatting with their backs toward

the door.

Jeremiah and Andrew turned to look at the door. Jeremiah even gave Hector a blank yet piercing and cold look.

Instantly, Hector's body tensed up. He sensed that Jeremiah was dangerous.

Similarly, Andrew frowned. After all, no one would be happy to be interrupted during a meal. "This guy looks decent, but what is he up to?" he thought.

Andrew wondered if news got out earlier at the police station, so people were trying to approach Jeremiah now that they knew his identity. With that thought. Andrew's expression also seemed grim

On the other hand, Hector was slightly confused. He didn't understand how he had offended the two men without saying a word.

Meanwhile, none of them noticed the brief moment of shock in Yvette's eyes when she looked up.

“Yvette, it’s me, Hector,” said Hector.

Jeremiah didn’t expect the man at the door to know Yvette, not to mention how Hector seemed like a well-acquainted elder. Thus, Jeremiah withdrew the coldness he exuded.

“Sir, you know Yve? Come on in, then.” Bonnie invited Hector politely.

However, Hector didn’t move. Instead, like a friendly old neighbor, he thanked Bonnie kindly.

“Let’s talk outside, Yvette said coldly,

Hector wasn’t surprised and showed no displeasure at Yvette’s attitude. Instead, he looked at her affectionately and nodded, saying, “Okay, I’ll wait for you outside. No rush. Take your time to finish eating.”

Jinuny’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets when he heard that.

After all, Hector was known for being stern and cold at the company, showing no emotion. When had he ever shown such an attitude to anyone? I find it hard to accept how she spoke even as an outsider, thought Jimmy as he saw that not only was Hector not mad, but he was also being very gentle.

Jimmy questioned his life so much that he even wondered if the world was ending.

Meanwhile, Hector closed the door, walked to the other end of the corridor, and instructed Jimmy to have his bodyguard bring the briefcase from downstairs.

Juside the private room, Yvette stuffed herself absentmindedly and proceeded to take off her jacket. She wore a simple white crew-neck T-shirt underneath, paired with casual pants, and those familiar worn-out canvas sh

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Andrew found Yvette quite interesting. One might say she was poor, but Yvette could easily wager 100 million dollars against Ethan and not care much about the money she won since Bonnie said she passed it to the guy who delivered her the money without much thought.

Yet, it seemed sort of true to say Yvette was poor because she was always in the cheapest white T-shirt and casual pants with a black jacket and canvas shoes.

In fact, if it weren't for Yvette's stunning looks and undeniable demeanor, she would be invisible in a crowd in that outfit.

"You guys should eat first. I'm heading out for a bit," said Yvette in a low voice as she walked out calmly.

Andrew joked. You better hurry back, or we'll finish everything, and you'll end up starving!"

Yvette smiled but didn't say anything.

Jeremiah watched Yvette's slender back as she left, thinking. How is this girl not gaining anything with everything she eats? She's still so skinny. I should bring her out for meals more often

Yvette stepped outside and saw Hector in the distance, smoking. His figure was slightly hunched. She sighed softly as she thought. Why did he show up when we're not meant to see each other again?

Then, Yvette returned to her carefree, slightly rebellious demeanor. She lifted her foot and walked over. Hector looked up.

and their eyes met.

Hector was excited, but Yvette's gaze remained calm and steady. Under her gaze, Hector gradually calmed down.

He put out his cigarette and asked, "Yvette, have you been doing well all these years?"

Yvette nodded nonchalantly, lazily leaning against the wall, and replied indifferently. "It's not bad, Hector.

Hector shuddered as Yvette's voice brought back memories. He remembered how Lawrence Ross chose her among 1000 children when she was little.

At five, Yvette had shown remarkable talent. While other kids took three days to learn the piano, she only needed half an hour. No matter how challenging the piece or obscure the notes were, Yvette could master them all effortlessly.

Lawrence also raised Yvette to be his successor. She might already be a world-famous pianist if it weren't for that incident.

Yvette was the most talented and outstanding child Hector had ever seen. It was a pity that Lawrence destroyed such a genius because of his selfishness.

From age three to eight, Hector treated Yvette like his own child. However, Yvette left after that and was gone for more than ten years, only to reappear then.

Hector, a man in his forties, teared up as his voice trembled. "Yvette, Lawrence regretted what happened during his final moments. He said he was sorry. If he could choose again, he definitely would..

Upon hearing that, Yvette lifted her head and sneered. "He would what? Expose his son for plagiarizing a student's compositions? Mr. Ross wouldn't do that. Hector, you know it very well."

Hector's face changed because he knew Yvette was right. No one knew Lawrence's selfish nature better than he did.

"Yvette, Mr. Elliot Ross has been resting on his laurels for all these years. He has no talent. He's still using the compositions you left behind Mr. Derek Ross said that if you want, he'll reveal the truth and return wha

rightfully yours," said Hector.

Hector looked at Yvette with hopeful eyes. He truly wished Yvette could return to music and not waste her talent. He was confident that it wasn't too late even if Yvette started then. With her talent, her future was limitless.

Yvette looked down, feeling both irritated and indifferent. She looked at her hands, thinking about how much blood had

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stained them. Thus, she decided not to touch the piano anymore.

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"I'm done playing. Tell Derek not to look for me anymore." said Yvette. Yvette knew that Derek was looking for her all those years. However, she didn't care to respond. She hadn't expected to be discovered in a place like Seacurity. So annoying, she thought.

Hector wanted to say more, but he knew it was pointless when he saw Yvette's increasingly cold face. Since she was a child, nothing could change her mind once she had decided.

Still, Hector lowered his voice and pleaded, 'Give me your number, Yvette. I'm heading back to Mysonna tomorrow and won't be in Seacurity for a while.'

Yvette paused, gave her phone number, then turned and left.

Hector stood still for a long time, staring in the direction where Yvette had disappeared. His gaze was distant and heavy as if he was seeing through the past, observing all the dust and glamour throughout the years.

After a while, a bodyguard came up and handed Hector his briefcase. Hector glanced inside to ensure that everything was okay. Then, he instructed the bodyguard to deliver it to Jimmy with a message before flying back to Mysonna

Before he boarded the plane, Hector made a phone call after some consideration.

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After dinner, Jeremiah sent Yvette and Bonnie back to their dorm before he and Andrew headed home to their opulent, last-minute acquisition—a sprawling 3,000-square-foot condominium in the city's center.

They returned home at midnight. Andrew was so exhausted and had fallen into a deep sleep that even a storm could not

wake him.

The mansion stood in serene silence, broken only by the soft, lonely glow of the study lamp, where Jeremiah stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows, gazing out at Seacurity's towering skyline. His eyes were as dark and unfathomable as the night sky that seemed to pierce the distant horizon.

The soft cigarette glow illuminated his sharp features, the shadows playing across his strong nose, giving him an enigmatic presence. Just then, the phone on the table rang abruptly. Jeremiah turned, picked up the receiver, and put it to his ear.

"Jeremiah, I traced the email address you gave me. We had three of the world's best hackers on it for three days and finally pinpointed Siren's last known location—Seacity, informed the person on the other line.

Jeremiah's voice remained as icy as ever when he replied. "Noted. No need to dig any deeper. With that, he ended the call.

Jeremiah had come to Seacurity at James' request to investigate Siren. The moment he stepped into the Night Bar, he recognized her—the girl from James picture, now fending off some pushy guys. She was Siren's only known connection, so Jeremiah discreetly followed her as she slipped into the alley behind the bar.

Jeremiah had a clear vision of his own path from a young age. His mother envisioned him taking over the family business and living a stable life, while his father pushed for a secure government job. He followed neither path, opting to join the army instead, where he had served to the present day. Little did he know he would fall for the girl, Yvette, one day and experience the consequences. A deep sigh echoed through the darkness of the night from the ever-resilient Jeremiah, who had never wavered.

The next day was painted with clear blue skies, the aftermath of a heavy rain shower that had passed overnight. Ethan stayed home, waiting for Daniel to return with good news about Yvette. He was hoping Daniel would tell him that Yvette had been taken to the police station and tortured.

Time passed as he waited, and Ethan was about to leave when the doorbell rang

He opened the door excitedly, expecting Daniel's return, only to be greeted by a line of uniformed prosecutors and police.

"Who are you two?" he asked. The visitors that day were the famous prosecutors from Seacurity. They had been hastily called into the office the night before as Daniel's case was too significant to ignore. They had spent the entire night working with the other prosecutors and had only finished their work in the morning

Daniel's case involved a staggering total of 300 million dollars, excluding the embezzled city construction funds. It was the largest corruption scandal Seacurity had seen in the last decade. Headquarters acted quickly, issuing a search warrant to search Daniel's home comprehensively.

With a respectful tone, the lead prosecutor asked, "Hello, is this Daniel's residence?"

Ethan, lost in thoughts of revenge against Yvette, nodded absently and replied, "Yeah, what do you want?" Accustomed to his own arrogance and bolstered by Daniel's support, Ethan did not take the group seriously.

In response to his rudeness, the prosecutors felt no need to play nice. After all, Daniel's time as deputy mayor would be over by the end of the day, and his son would be nothing. This is standard procedure. Here's the warrant. Please step aside," the prosecutor said.

Ethan took the document and checked the official seal to confirm its authenticity. He stood there frozen as disbelief washed over him. A sudden thought struck Ethan, and

he hurriedly grabbed his phone to call Daniel. He dialed once, twice, and three times, but each attempt went unanswered

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The prosecutor, growing impatient, repeated. "Please step aside

Ethan stood in the doorway, gripping the door frame tightly. He knew exactly what was hidden inside the house. His mind raced, thinking. They must not find them. If they do, Dad's finished! Then, Ethan demanded, "What are you trying to find? Where's my dad? He's Daniel, the Deputy Mayor of Seacriety! Do you have any idea what that means?"

The lead prosecutor noted Ethan's stubbornness and wasted no time informing him that Daniel had been arrested earlier that day "Mr. Ethan Brooks, you may not know this, but your father was arrested earlier today. As for the consequences. we're just following the rules. There's nothing for you to worry about." With that, the prosecutor motioned for the police to take Ethan aside

Two officers moved forward and grabbed Ethan, who, accustomed to a life of luxury, was no match for their strength. With minimal effort, they pulled him aside. He struggled desperately, but the officers were unyielding, pinning him to the ground. After a dozen minutes of futile struggle, he lay there, gasping for breath like a beaten animal.

Throughout the morning, the prosecutors removed several large boxes and five safes, and it was clear to everyone what might have been hidden inside. By the time they finished their work and left, it was well after 1 pm.

Eventually, Ethan relented and stopped fighting. The police allowed him to sit in a chair at the mansion's entrance. He could only watch as boxes were carried past him, followed by the heavy safes being loaded onto trucks.

Ethan's color drained, thinking, What happened to Dad? The prosecutors wouldn't be so bold as to search the deputy mayor's house without solid evidence.

The prosecutor took one last look at the distraught Ethan as he left and mused, "It's about time. Mr. Brooks has been abusing his authority for years. At last, someone has had the courage to bring him down. I don't know who it is, but it feels immensely satisfying. Seacriety is finally rid of the corrupt figure.

After everyone left, Ethan returned to the mansion and picked up the landline to call Daniel, but there was no answer. His anxiety grew as he called government officials who often visited and had a close relationship with Daniel. He tried about a dozen times,

but each call went unanswered. Ethan pondered, “Even if something happened to Dad, how could they all be in trouble, too? Dad won’t expose these connections so quickly—they’re his trump cards!

Unbeknownst to Ethan, Jeremiah’s influence forced Wyatt to be more vigilant. Within an hour of returning to the office, Wyatt ordered everyone connected to Daniel detained for interrogation. The political scene in Seacriety was shaken, and Daniel’s party was completely removed from power because of the information Jeremiah provided.

Ethan’s hands trembled as he clung to his last shred of hope and made one last call. After several rings, the line finally connected, and joy flooded him. “Uncle, it’s me, Ethan. Can you tell me what happened to my dad? The prosecutors just arrived.” he said urgently

On the other end, Ethan heard the sound of shuffling, like someone tidying up as they spoke, “Ethan, your dad’s finished. He’s been reported for corruption. You must leave Seacriety immediately, or it might be too late.”

The call was abruptly cut off before Ethan could push for more information. He sank back onto the sofa, clutching the phone that had just been cut off. A wave of confusion and helplessness washed over him as he struggled to understand who had been offended or how the report had come to light.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 66

“Have you heard? Our deputy mayor, Daniel Brooks, has been dismissed and is under investigation for embezzlement and bribery. For that piece of land in the southern district a few years ago, he took about 200 million dollars all by himself. It’s unbelievable, someone said,

“I saw it this morning, too. No wonder Ethan hasn’t been to class the last few days. He’s probably too embarrassed to come,” another commented.

“His dad might end up in prison for life, someone added.

“What are you talking about? How come I don’t know anything?” said a guy in a blue checkered shirt, scratching his head. He had been so busy preparing for the school festival that he was completely out of the loop on current events.

Just as his friends were about to explain what happened. Ethan, who had not shown up for days, walked toward them. Today, Ethan wore a suit, tidying himself up early in the morning. He couldn’t stand the idea of embarrassing himself in front of his classmates, but little did he know that wearing that in the middle of summer made him look even more ridiculous.

Ethan was there to undergo the school withdrawal process. His granddad had tried everything but couldn't save his father. The only way to keep Ethan from getting involved was to send him abroad, cutting off ties. Ethan was unwilling to, but eventually, he agreed. He would be done if even his granddad gave up on him.

Ethan had been going through a rough time lately. Ever since Daniel had been arrested, everyone in the upper echelons knew about it, and no one wanted anything to do with him. Those who had been close to him were nowhere to be found.

Ethan was at his wit's end. In just one day, his father's associates were taken down. Even the uncle he last spoke to couldn't escape and was also taken away by the authorities. Still, Ethan kept his pride and looked arrogantly at the group approaching him, waiting for them to greet him. He even coughed a few times on purpose, afraid they might have not noticed him. However, the three of them exchanged glances and quickly lowered their heads as they briskly walked past Ethan, avoiding him like the plague. In the blink of an eye, the three were already far away.

Ethan's face turned gloomy, and his anger reached its peak as he almost spun around to chase after the three people, wanting to ask them what they meant. They used to almost idolize him, eager to please him, but now they acted like he did not even exist. Ethan thought to himself, Even though my dad is gone, I can still stand on my own and build my career from the ground up. There's no way I'm going to let those poor students look down on me! He suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked ahead in disbelief.

Yvette strolled leisurely with her hands in her pockets, looking content and in good spirits. Next to her was John, carrying pile of physics test sheets. The two were chatting about the physics problems Tobias had assigned that day. Actually, it was more like John was talking all the time while Yvette occasionally added a comment or two.

I'm telling you, you only did three out of those thirty basic physics questions from last week. Mr. Sunderland is practically ambushing me in alleys!" John said, giving Yvette a sad look.

Yvette was confused and asked, "Why is that?"

John sighed and replied, "Oh, my goddess! Isn't it obvious it's because of you?"

Yvette took a piece of candy out of her pocket and started to eat it. She had not really been into candy lately. Now she realized there were things tastier than candy, like steak, BBQ, and lobsters. Ever since Jeremiah showed up, Yvette discovered her passion for food.

"Because of me?" Yvette asked, confused.

John looked seriously at Yvette and replied, "Goddess, you haven't forgotten that Mr. Sunderland told us to form a study group so I can help you with your homework, have you?"

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Yvette had indeed forgotten, She smiled apologetically and asked sincerely. Is it okay if I don't do them?"

John was a bit dazed by her beautiful smile, His heart pounded hard, reminding himself to stay strong and not get smitten. but who could resist such a smile? John's face instantly turned red.

Yvette did not think much about it, assuming he was sunburned, and even showed him some concern.

John firmly said, "No, goddess. You have to do it. Mr. Sunderland mentioned it's a waste not to use your photographic memory. If you concentrate, you can catch up. Plus, your basics are too weak. You chose C on all three questions. It's not wise to do that even if you were guessing. He rambled on, and Yvette could feel a headache coming on.

"Wette, why are you here? Shouldn't you be at the police station? Ethan asked, running up to Yvette like a madman. The meat suit he wore in the morning was now wrinkled, with sweat stains around the collar and a bad smell.

John knew Ethan well. Ethan and Victor were the school's known bullies. One came from a wealthy family, and the other had influence. They got along well and often hung out together, partying and chasing girls. Almost everyone in the upper-level students of Argrol University knew them, including John.

"Police station? What police station?" John asked in confusion. That day, he had some personal matters, so he did not go to Sky Nimbus. Thus, he had no idea what had happened. Ryan told those who went there not to disclose what happened at Sky Nimbus that day. The students from the physics department, not wanting any trouble, agreed to keep it a secret, so John

Yvette's smile disappeared as she turned her eyes to Ethan, her voice turning cold as she said, "You're still able to attend school Looks like life in prison for Mr. Brooks isn't so bad after all!"

When Ethan heard that, he was immediately furious. He glared at Yvette and tried to control his rising anger. He stepped forward to grab Yvette, intending to teach her a lesson.

When John saw that things were about to turn violent, he quickly stepped forward to protect Yvette. Given Ethan's strength. Yvette would surely get hurt if he acted.

Ethan's fist flew forward, and John rushed in front of Yvette, ready to take the blow for her. As the first blow approached, John reflexively closed his eyes and thought, 'One second... three seconds... Eh, why doesn't it hurt?' John stealthily opened

At some point, Yvette stood in front of John and grabbed Ethan's wrist with just two fingers. Ethan struggled desperately, but Yvette's two fingers didn't even budge.

Once again, John realized the great power of his goddess.

Yvette's gaze at that moment was incredibly wicked. Her icy eyes cut through Ethan, making it hard for him to breathe.

She's terrifying' Ethan thought. He felt a presence, powerful and overwhelming, making him feel like a dying fish gasping

for air

Moments ago, Ethan had shown his fangs, but now his body stiffened, and under Yvette's gaze, his mental defenses crumbled. Ethan admitted defeat, crying and begging for mercy. Please let go! I was wrong. I'll never bother you again!

However, Yvette did not let go. Her eyes were filled with a wicked aura. The next second, John heard a "crack sound. There was silence in the air.

A few seconds later, Ethan let out a howl that sounded like a ghost's wailing.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 67

"Why are you still standing there?" Yvette said to John.

John mechanically nodded, giving a sympathetic glance at Ethan, whose wrist was twisted, and then looking at the casual, indifferent Yvette. He wondered. 'She's so ruthless. How strong is she to break someone's bones like that?'

He also made a mental note, I have to avoid infuriating Yvette in the future. My small arms and legs can't take it. I'll be more tactful when asking her to finish her homework! John then hurried to catch up and replied, "I'm coming, I'm coming! Wait for me, my goddess!"

Neither of them paid any attention to Ethan, who was groaning on the floor. Ethan took out his cell phone and called Lucas to pick him up and handle his school withdrawal.

When Ethan got back, he angrily told his granddad what had happened. Only after his granddad repeatedly promised to take revenge for him did Ethan agree to leave the next day to recuperate and study abroad.

Ethan's granddad was no fool. Daniel's arrest at that time meant that he had offended someone important. How else could a deputy mayor have fallen from grace so easily? Many people had been investigated in just one day. That was not something an ordinary person could do.

He had gone to ask around and found out that Daniel had been taken to the police station, possibly because of a young girl. However, the girl had walked out of the station unharmed while Daniel had been interrogated. As a veteran, Ethan's granddad was quick to understand the situation. When he had found out that Ethan had been the cause, he had lost all hope in him.

The girl's identity or the people supporting her weren't something his small family could afford to challenge. He would not risk that for a worthless grandson. Over the years, he had seen the father and son's wrongdoings firsthand. No matter how many times he had tried to put a stop to it, nothing had changed. So, he finally gave up.

Years ago, when Daniel married his daughter, it hadn't taken long for him to start having affairs, which ultimately led to his daughter's tragic death.

The Brooks family was negatively influencing Ethan. The problem was deep-rooted, but since Ethan was the child of his only daughter, he couldn't just sit by and do nothing. So he sent him abroad, hoping to reform him. He wouldn't mind leaving him an inheritance for support if he turned out well. However, he would let Ethan follow Daniel's path if he remained stubborn and hopeless.

Ethan was unaware of the situation and thought he was going abroad to live a lavish lifestyle as before. Only later did he learn that his granddad had placed him in a strict boarding school, where he was left to his own devices, except for some pocket money that was sent periodically.

In the end, he fell in with a wild group of rich kids overseas, developed a drug addiction, and tragically died on the streets, but that was another story for another time.

Meanwhile, Simon received an e-mail from Siren in the Principal's office early in the morning. He opened it excitedly. It contained the third phase of the discussion about the new chip. He quickly forwarded it to Betrico, then sat back in his chair, feeling restless. It was quite unexpected to receive an article from Siren about the chip after such a long time.

Simon took a sip of his coffee, calming his nerves. He had a pretty good idea why Siren had emailed him again. It must be about what happened with Yvette a few days ago. Maybe Siren was repaying him for going to the police station that day. He thought. It seems Siren values Yvette even more than I thought. Simon put down his coffee cup and stared blankly at a tree outside the window, wondering. Has that person found any clues?

In the meantime, a crowd had gathered around the bulletin board of Argrol University that day. Students from various faculties were eagerly rubbing their hands together in anticipation, each one more excited than the last.

As Yvette and Jolin passed by, Bonnie struggled to make her way out from the crowd, but the sea of people made it impossible, She was jostled around, losing hope with each push

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Bonnie had just fueled herself up and was ready to dash when the bustling crowd suddenly fell quiet. “What’s going on? Could it be that the heavens have heard my silent plea? Bonnie wondered. Confused, she saw Yvette and John standing just a few feet away. “Ah, no wonder. It’s Yve! she thought to herself.

Almost every student at Argrol University knew Yvette. Several incidents had caused quite a stir, and now she was the trending topic on the school forum. In second place was Winona, Before Yvette came, Winona was the well-known campus belle of Argrol University. Now, Yvette was way ahead in the campus beauty polls. It was hard to predict who would be the next campus beauty queen. Even the lecturers of different faculties knew about Yvette.

Some people at the scene had never met her before and thought her photos were heavily edited, unable to believe that a girl could be both beautiful and have flawless skin. When Yvette appeared, everyone fell silent. Those who saw Yvette for the first time were amazed by her beauty.

Bonnie waved her hand excitedly and called out. “Yve, you’re here! The cafeteria is serving your favorite pork ribs today!”

Yvette nodded slightly. The cafeteria’s pork ribs were very delicious. One would miss them if they were late, and with the lunch lady’s unsteady hands, one would only get a few pieces per serving, which was never enough.

Bonnie's voice was very loud. Now, everyone knew that the cafeteria was serving pork ribs.

John, holding the documents to his chest, looked puzzled as he asked Bonnie, "What's happening today? Why is everyone gathered here?"

Bonnie wiped the sweat from her hands before saying, "John, have you lost your mind? Our school's annual Art Festival is coming up! Don't we put up annual posters and have each faculty prepare candidates to participate? You've been in the lab so long. You're foggy! Remember last year you helped the finance department with... Oh, what was it called?"

John quickly interrupted her, looking awkwardly at Yvette, feeling nervous. "That's old news, Bonnie. Can we not talk about

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Bonnie gave him a look that was a sign of her understanding.

John did not know whether to laugh or cry. He knew Bonnie was probably daydreaming again. He thought, If she doesn't become some entertainment reporter, her talent will be wasted!

"Art Festival?" Yvette asked.

Bonnie thought Yvette was interested, so she quickly explained. "Yve, this Art Festival is quite interesting. It's a unique tradition at our university, different from other schools. We use a point system because Mr. Sunderland values traditional culture, so there are only four events: piano, chess, calligraphy, and oil painting. Each year, the winners in these areas can earn 70,000 dollars for their faculty. Starting with our class, Ryan won first place in chess last year, giving the physics department a win."

Bonnie paused for a moment before continuing, "As for the oil painting... Winona won it last year. She's on her way to being accepted as a student by Mr. Griffin of the Art Association. So, she definitely knows her stuff. When Bonnie saw that Yvette was not upset, she added, "As for piano and calligraphy, I didn't pay much attention last year, so I don't know which faculty

won.

As the three of them were talking, a very arrogant voice rang out from the distance, "Are you Yvette?"

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A group of girls, all wearing student council uniforms, marched assertively toward Yvette and her friends.

The leader was a girl with short, ear-length hair. Her face looked like it had gone through several cosmetic procedures, and in the sunlight, one could almost see the translucent prosthetic in her nose.

Bonnie quickly turned around and tugged at Yvette's sleeve, her voice so soft it was barely louder than a whisper. "Yve, they're from the student council. The one leading them is Ruby Scott, our student council president."

Yvette responded with a casual hum...

Bonnie grew flustered, thinking. The student council seems to mean trouble!"

She said. "Yve, Ruby used to be Ethan's girlfriend. After they broke up, she swore she'd win him back. Everyone at school is wary of her. The student council is a tight-knit group, and they're not easy to handle."

Yvette stayed indifferent, speaking with an air of nonchalance. "What does that have to do with me?"

Bonnie and John were already used to Yvette's calm demeanor. Besides, even if the student council meant trouble, it was hard to say who would come out on top. John recalled Ethan, down on his knees, begging for mercy. Yvette's strength was not something to be underestimated.

Bonnie forced a smile, though it looked more like a grimace. "Hello, Ruby, Hello, everyone."

John chimed in with a greeting as well.

Ruby didn't even spare them a glance. She was there for one reason to ca

cause trouble for Yvette.

Earlier that morning, Ruby had learned from her parents that Daniel had gotten into trouble and was detained, while Ethan was preparing to go abroad. She tried contacting Ethan immediately, but he wouldn't answer. Desperate, she called Ethan's grandfather using a number she had memorized in secret back when they were dating. She was told that Ethan would be flying out of Seacriety the next morning and that she shouldn't try to contact him again.

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Ruby spent the entire morning crying at home, her eyes swollen from the tears. She genuinely liked Ethan-not because he was the deputy mayor's son or for his money, but for who he was. They had a big fight and broke up after she found out Ethan had been cheating on her with a young model. Then, she regretted it and wanted to reconcile, but Ethan had never given her the time of day since.

Ruby had watched the girls around Ethan come and go, but she never gave up hope. She believed that even if Ethan wasn't ready to get back together, if she kept trying, she'd eventually win him back. But before she could convince him, she found out he was planning to go abroad.

Frustrated and with no outlet to vent her anger, she ran into Winona from the student council.

Winona started singing Yvette's praises. Yvette had been the talk of the school, making waves wherever she went. This only furred Ruby's curiosity. She wanted to know what was so special about this girl. Yvette had been at Argrol University for less than two weeks, and it already felt like the place had become her territory.

"Are you Yvette?" Ruby asked, leading a group of girls toward the trio and repeating the question with a tone full of sarcasm and arrogance.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, remaining as calm as ever, her gaze steady and relaxed. "Let's go!"

Under the intense stares of the other group, Bonnie gave a stiff nod and was about to leave with Yvette.

Ruby had no intention of letting Yvette leave so easily. With just a glance at the girls beside her, they immediately understood and quickly surrounded Yvette, Bonnie, and John.

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Then, Ruby strutted toward them, arrogant and full of attitude. Yvette, a senior is asking you a question. Isn't it a bit rude not to respond?"

Yvette turned around calmly, her tone composed. "Who are you?"

Ruby stuttered, her anger flaring even more. She believed Yvette was pretending not to know her as a way of humiliating

her.

However, Bonnie and John knew that Yvette genuinely didn't recognize Ruby. Yvette wasn't the type to lie-she truly had no idea who Ruby was

"Yvette, you're quite the actress. No wonder you've stirred up so much trouble since you got here. Now it all makes sense. Haha!" Ruby sneered

"Ruby is the student council president, and you say you don't know her? Stop pretending already!" one of Ruby's friends

said.

That's right. What's with the act?" another added.

"You need to apologize to Ruby right away, another exclaimed,

The girls trailing behind Ruby chimed in endlessly, demanding that Yvette apologize to Ruby. Meanwhile, Ruby stood there, arms crossed, waiting for Yvette's apology.

John couldn't take it anymore. Under Ruby's leadership, the student council had become nothing but a mess. Students had complained to the dean, but Patrick always brushed it off, saying Ruby was an excellent student who just needed time to improve. Nothing ever came of it.

"Ruby, if there's nothing else, we're leaving now. The teacher is waiting for Yvette's assignment, so please excuse us. John said firmly.

As soon as John said that, Ruby had a different expression, thinking, 'Such a sly fox, even John is standing up for her. Ruby often saw John in the teacher's office and knew he was the favorite student of Tobias Sunderland, the physics teacher Although she wanted to give Yvette a hard time, Ruby wasn't foolish enough to let the teachers find out.

'Hmph, I won't do anything to Yvette today. I have plenty of ways to handle her. There's no need to rush, Ruby thought. Today, she had come for a different reason.

Yvette remained unfazed by Ruby's provocation, and Ruby wasn't bold enough to make a move at school. Though she felt like she was about to explode inside, she kept up the appearance of being generous,

"It's fine. If Yvette doesn't want to apologize, I won't force her. I'm actually here for a different reason today. I'd like to invite you to participate in the school's Art Festival. As

students, it's our duty to support the event. The physics department has four spots, and aside from the ones reserved for Ryan and a few others, there's one more open. I think you'd be perfect for in Yvette. I'm personally inviting you. Surely, you won't turn down the opportunity?" Ruby was brimming with confidence. She didn't believe that Yvette would turn her down in front of everyone.

However, in the next moment, Yvette lowered her gaze and turned slightly to the side, her voice cold. I'm not interested

Ruby's face darkened, and the girls around her fell silent when they noticed her change in expression. "Yvette, don't push your luck. I'm not asking for your opinion-I'm informing you. Argrol University has a rule that allows the student council to assign one spot to any student. Ruby was trying to use the campus rules to force Yvette to comply.

Bonnie stepped forward and whispered in Yvette's ear. "Yve, what Ruby said is true. This rule was put in place by the student council a long time ago and has been used ever since. It's meant u give talented students a chance to shine, and while it's mandatory on paper, both sides generally reach a consensus. Ruby's definitely pushing it by trying to force you to participate in the festival."

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Ruby looked smug. The rule was legitimate, so she wasn't concerned about getting into trouble. If anyone questioned her. she'd simply insist that she chose Yvette because she believed Yvette was talented, leaving no room for criticism. On the other hand, if Yvette refused. Ruby wouldn't hesitate to spread the word that the so-called celestial being was nothing more than a shallow figure. By then, people would hesitate to support Yvette.

A sly smile crossed Yvette's face, a blend of both charm and mischief. Her lips parted slightly as she said, "All right, I'll join."

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John quickly stepped forward to intervene. "You don't have to listen to Ruby, Yvette. We'll talk to Mr. Sunderland. If you don't want to join, then you don't have to."

Hearing that Yvette had already agreed, Ruby quickly jumped in "Since you've agreed to join Arts Festival, I'll be looking forward to it. The application forms will be sent to each department by the student council.

With that, she led her group away, clearly eager to leave before Yvette could change her mind.

Yvette noticed the worried looks on Bonnie and John's faces, and she felt a bit touched by their concern.

“Come on, let’s go. If we don’t hurry, the pork ribs in the cafeteria will be gone Bonnie suddenly remembered the ribs, slapped her thigh, and quickly pulled Yvette along.

John followed behind, carrying the documents, watching as Bonnie rushell ahead while Yvette strolled calmly, completely unfazed. He sighed, wondering how these two could be thinking about pork ribs at a time like this.

This is a competition in front of the entire school, and sometimes even media sponsors come to broadcast it live. If we don’t do well... John felt sick with worry. But then he remembered the last Frixyan competition, and that thought calmed him a little-

She always has a way of surprising people. If she agrees to join Art Festival, she must have something up her sleeve! John thought. Ever since he met Yvette, John couldn’t help but feel like he’d turned into a nagging mom.

Wait for me. I want

it some too, John called out.

In the cafeteria. Andrew stared at his bowl, then glanced at his dish and Jeremiah’s. He felt a surge of unfairness. Why did the cafeteria lady pile so much food on Jeremiah’s plate but skimp on mine? Jeremiah’s plate is overflowing with ribs, while I only have three or four pieces-for the same price! This is blatant discrimination, he thought.

“If you keep staring like that, you’re going to burn a hole through your bowl, Jeremiah teased.

Jeremiah’s long legs didn’t quite fit under the cafeteria table, forcing him to bend them slightly, looking a bit uncomfortable. The girls nearby casually glanced over at Jeremiah and Andrew, though most of their attention was naturally focused on Jeremiah.

Andrew glanced at Jeremiah, who was slowly chewing his food. Jeremiah, what’s going on with you today? Trying to relive your high school days or something with that outfit?”

Jeremiah was wearing a white T-shirt, track pants, and a pair of sneakers. Even back in college, Andrew had never seen him dressed like this. He was completely shocked.

Jeremiah hesitated slightly, his cutlery in hand. “Just threw something on,” he replied casually.

Andrew was speechless. Does Jeremiah think I’m blind? He spent half an hour picking out that outfit before coming here. And he calls that “Just threw something on?”

It might look simple and ordinary, but Andrew wasn’t easily fooled. Jeremiah’s outfit was all custom-made from the exclusive old designer brand in Betrico, and those shoes? They probably cost him tens of thousands of dollars.

When did Jeremiah start lying so blatantly? He's changed! He's gone completely downhill! Andrew remarked silently. Andrew examined Jeremiah's outfit again. Why does this look so familiar?"

Then, Yvette walked in, and it hit him. They're in matching outfits! Isn't this how Yvette usually dresses? No one would believe they aren't a couple after seeing their outfits.

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"Yvette, Bonnie, over here, over here!" Andrew called out.

The table with Jeremiah and Andrew stood out in the whole cafeteria, drawing everyone's attention.

Even from ten feet away, one could feel Jeremiah's commanding presence. Aside from a few bold girls who tried to get closer and strike up a conversation, everyone else kept their distance. Despite this, Andrew, having grown used to eating with Jeremiah, didn't find it strange.

When Andrew called out to them, Bonnie quickly dragged Yvette over. To be honest, even without Andrew's call, their table was hard to miss.

It was lunchtime, and everywhere else was packed. Their table was the only one with empty seats, making it impossible to ignore.

"Andrew, Top Dog, you're eating here too? What a coincidence... Bonnie said.

Jeremiah nodded in acknowledgment, then looked over at Yvette. Tve got your ribs and rice ready; sit down and enjoy:

Yvette casually pulled a candy from her pocket and placed it in front of Jeremiah. The message was clear-a candy in exchange for the meal.

Jeremiah chuckled, picked up the candy, and slipped it into his pocket.

The other three felt like they were already full from the couple's sweetness before even starting their meal. Bonnie, not expecting Jeremiah to serve her, winked and nudged John to go get some food.

Andrew felt slightly upset seeing Bonnie's carefree attitude, as it she had no concern for maintaining proper distance between men and women. 'Doesn't this girl know there's a difference between boys and girls? All that pulling and tugging isn't appropriate!

Andrew cleared his throat and said, "Hey, John, you just stay seated. Bonnie and I will get the food."

Then, Andrew pushed John into a chair and dragged Bonnie off to get food. Even from a distance, one could hear the two of them bickering.

"Hey, don't drag me around! This is the cafeteria, and I'm the physics department representative. Show some respect!" Bonnie protested.

Andrew let go of his hand. "All right, I'll show you some respect.

"Hmph, that's better. Bonnie huffed.

John felt like a huge third wheel right then. It's creepy how these two even eat at the same pace! he mused.

Right now, John wished he could just disappear into thin air.

When Bonnie and Andrew returned, they saw John sitting exactly the same way as before. When he saw them, his eyes lit up, as if they were his saviors.

Bonnie couldn't get any food, but Andrew, using his charm on the cafeteria lady and saying a few kind words, managed to snag the last two servings. Bonnie and John each got a portion.

With this small victory, Andrew regained his confidence. Indeed, as long as I'm not standing next to Jeremiah, I still have my own charisma

At the dinner table, apart from an occasional conversation between Andrew and Bonnie, it was mostly silent.

Yvette was focused on eating ribs, while Jeremiah refilled her glass.

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John kept his head down, eating without lifting his gaze much.

After the meal concluded, everyone was full.

Bonnie sneaked a look at Yvette, glanced at Jeremiah, and then observed both of them for a while. Jeremiah and Yvette were both very observant, and they noticed Bonnie's gaze right away, but they both ignored her.

It wasn't until Bonnie let out a curious huff that Yvette looked up and asked, "What's up?"

Bonnie slapped her forehead and shouted. "I finally figured out what's wrong!"

Even John, who was focused on his meal, reflexively looked up. "Bonnie, why the fuss?"

Bonnie suddenly realized

everyone was looking at her. She scratched her head awkwardly and quickly sat back down. To Dog. I just realized you and Yve are wearing matching outfits today-like a couple's outfit," Bonnie remarked.

Jeremiah kept a calm expression but gave Bonnie an approving look. Godd. She's more observant than Andrew. She's definitely worth keeping an eye on.

Yvette set down her cutlery, glanced briefly at Jeremiah, and shook her head. "Not really," she replied.

Jeremiah felt a bit disappointed and thought, 'What does "not really" mean?

Bonnie nodded with a simple smile. "Yeah, now that I think about it, it doesn't really look like it. Yve, you usually wear canvas shoes, while Top Dog here sticks to sneakers."

Andrew laughed in disbelief. "Where did these two completely clueless women come from? What kind of explanation is that? The most baffling part was that Yvette looked like she totally agreed with it'

Andrew was starting to feel a bit sorry for Jeremiah. He felt Jeremiah still had a long way to go to win Yvette over.

At that moment. John's phone suddenly rang. He pulled it out, saw it was Tobias, and quickly answered.

After exchanging just a few words, John hung up and glanced over at Yvette, who was busy eating ribs. "Hey, someone's looking for you in the office."

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Yvette slowly responded. "Got it. You guys keep eating. I'll go over there."

Jeremiah stood up, looked at Andrew, and tossed his car key to him, saying, "Drive the car back to the mansion. Emmett is waiting for you there..."

Andrew was confused. He thought they had only bought an apartment in Seacriety for convenience. He had no idea when they had bought a mansion. Jeremiah, did you buy another mansion?" he asked, bewildered.

Jeremiah nodded. "Yeah. Emmett finalized the paperwork a few days ago. The mansion's in Nusridge. Contact him for the exact address

Andrew felt a headache coming on just thinking about living under the same roof as Emmett. He could already picture the endless nagging

Bonnie and John exchanged a knowing glance, their thoughts completely in sync. How do some people buy a mansion like it's nothing? In Nusridge, land is as valuable as gold! A single mansion must cost at least 66 million dollars. Honestly, comparing yourself to others can be so depressing!

Yvette and Jeremiah left the cafeteria together. Meanwhile, a pair of jealous eyes watched them intently from behind. Victor and Winona were eating at the cafeteria. They spotted Yvette and her friends right away when they entered the

Victor muttered something about how shameless Yvette was for always hanging around with guys. Normally, Winona would have been quick to add her own remarks, but this time, she was unusually silent. Her gaze was locked on Jeremiah's table, sharp jealousy rising as she watched how in sync he and Yvette seemed.

Victor called Winona's name a few times, but she didn't respond. Frustrated, he noticed her zoning out, eyes fixed on the back of Yvette and Jeremiah. It enraged him, knowing exactly who Winona was really focused on the guy who had stood up for Yvette at the auditorium.

Victor slammed his cutlery down, the clatter snapping Winona back to reality. When she saw the anger written across Victor's ashen face, her heart skipped a beat. She had been so absorbed in watching Yvette that she'd completely forgotten Victor was sitting right there

Winona quickly tried to smooth things over with a sweet smile, tucking her hair behind her ear and speaking gently, as if completely unaware of Victor's anger. "What's the matter, Victor? Does the food not suit your taste today?"

Jeremiah snorted coldly, staring straight at Winona with clear suspicion and anger in his eyes. "Winona, why did you come to the cafeteria for lunch today?"

Winona's hand clenched suddenly under the table, her face turning pale as she struggled to remain calm. "Did Victor find out something?"

Winona put on a sad expression, adding a slight sob to her voice, "What are you talking about, Victor? I just heard they're serving pork ribs today, and everyone says they're

really good. I thought I'd bring you to try them. If you don't like them. that's fine, but why get upset with me?"

Winona's acting skills were impressive. She could pull off a convincing emotional scene with ease. As Victor listened to her explanation, the doubt in his eyes slowly faded.

Winona knew exactly what kind of girl Victor liked, and she had been playing the part perfectly. Victor was convinced that Winona was madly in love with him, willing to tolerate anything for his sake. Just like with the Sharon incident, he believed a little sweet talking would make Winona forgive him and not dig any deeper.

'How could a woman like her possibly fall for someone else? This thought made Victor's expression brighten, the rough

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edges in his attitude softening. His tone became gentler.

"Winona, I was just asking. Don't take it to heart." As he spoke, he reached out to hug her. Winona playfully punched him. her voice shy as she said. "Everyone's watching. It's not appropriate. Go back and finish your meal."

Seeing Winona's shy demeanor made Victor's heart flutter, and he nearly lost control right there in the cafeteria.

"All right, all right, I'm not doing anything. Winona, come home with me later. My parents have been wanting to see you for a while. You skipped out on meeting my sister last time, and she wasn't too happy about it. You should give her a call and apologize to smooth things over, okay?" Victor said.

Winona was grinding her teeth in frustration, yet she had to keep a forced smile, thinking, 'Why should I apologize to

Rebecca?

Since childhood, Winona had always been inferior in front of Rebecca. Whenever there was a conflict, she was the one apologizing, always taking the blame. After the last incident, Winona had thought that Victor would distance himself from Rebecca, but to her surprise, all it took was a limited edition can for him to act like nothing had happened. He treated Rebecca's words as if they were sacred, constantly saying, "My sister said this," or "My sister said that..."

Winona was tired of hearing it all. She had her sights set on a new goal. She knew that if she could find someone wealthier and more powerful than Victor, her mom wouldn't push her to marry him.

From the moment Winona laid eyes on Jeremiah, she was captivated. It wasn't just his striking looks and demeanor—it was also the fact that he was close to Yvette. Winona was determined to win Jeremiah over, just to make Yvette truly feel heartbroken..

Winona knew Nellie all too well. For as long as she could remember, besides loving Zachary, Nellie had only loved money and power. Nellie's determination to marry her off to Victor was all about securing the Carter family's influence in Seacriety.

Winona put on a troubled expression and said, "Victor, I'm sorry. My mentor is coming to Seacriety next week. I've been at home painting to prepare myself for the apprenticeship ceremony. I need to stay focused, so I might not be able to visit your family. Please apologize to your parents on my behalf

Victor understood the significance of the apprenticeship ceremony, so he didn't say much.

Meanwhile, at the Principal's Office at Argrol University, Simon, Tobias, and Jimmy were all present.

When Yvette knocked and entered, Jimmy quickly stood up, nervously straightening his clothes. Simon and Tobias exchanged puzzled looks. 'Why is Mr. Lowe acting so tense? After all, he is just meeting a young woman who hasn't even graduated yet. Why does he act like he is meeting someone important?'

When Yvette strolled in casually, Jimmy immediately stepped forward respectfully and said, "Hello, Ms. Zeller."

Yvette paused, took her hand out of her pocket, and politely replied, "Hello,"

Jimmy was flattered. Yvette didn't even show regard for their general manager, so he was quite surprised when Yvette was so polite to him. Besides, he might soon be working under her.

After finishing her conversation with Jimmy, Yvette turned to Simon and Tobias, greeting them calmly, "Hello, Mr. Simon Sunderland and Mr. Tobias Sunderland"

If Jimmy hadn't seen Yvette confidently strutting around their casino with her carefree attitude and rebellious charm, he might have believed she was just a pretty, innocent student.

Simon smiled warmly. He had grown a liking to Yvette since Siren had just sent him her third paper.

Meanwhile, ever since the library and Frixia competition incidents, Tobias had held a consistently favorable opinion of Yvette. He didn't really see her as a typical student. More often, he viewed her as a peer, given her maturity and boldness beyond her years.

"Did you finish the physics problems I assigned you?" Tobias asked.

Yvette nodded with a cheeky and relaxed demeanor. "I did, Mr. Sunderland. Do you and Mr. Simon Sunderland called for me

Simon and Tobias both shook their heads.

Yvette quickly realized the situation. With three people in the room, if Tobias and Simon weren't seeking her out, then it must be the other man. She turned to Jimmy. "Is there something I can help you with?"

Jimmy first nodded and then shook his head. "It's not me, Ms. Zeller. Our general manager asked me to send this document to you."