

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 81

John rushed back into the physics classroom in a hurry. He could not even catch his breath. “Yve, something happened!”

Bonnie’s nap was quite a rollercoaster. She was first woken by Ruby’s piano playing in the auditorium, and then, just as she was about to nod off again in class, John burst in shouting.

Bonnie rubbed her messy hair. “What’s going on? Weren’t you supposed to be in the physics office helping the teacher sort some files? Why are you back so early?”

Yvette lazily leaned against the chair, her legs propped up on the windowsill. She casually typed on her phone: [The game is too easy. Redo it.]

Somewhere in Betrico, there was a young man who wore a red checkered shirt. He had a charming baby face, cute dimples on his pale cheeks, and large black-rimmed glasses.

The table was full of unopened lunchboxes. Scattered around the table were white sheets of paper, all scribbled with messy markings.

The phone screen lit up for a moment. The young man eagerly picked up the phone to read the message before feeling a pang of disappointment.

‘As I’ve expected, Boss isn’t impressed with my designs, he thought.

The hard-working man put down his phone, lowered his head, and resumed typing on the keyboard.

After sending the text, Yvette glanced at John, who had just walked in. Her expression remained neutral, revealing nothing. “What’s going on?”

John took a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it over with a serious expression. “Yve, look at this. Your name is on this list.”

Yvette took it and glanced at it. The big, bold letters read: [20th Art Festival Participant List]

Bonnie leaned in. “So what? You know Yve is participating in a painting event. Why the surprise? Didn’t you bet on her to win? Are you getting forgetful? What’s so interesting about this?”

John shook his head. He would not be so worried if there were not any issues with the list. However, the list not only had problem but it was a major one.

He said, "Take a closer look at the event listed after Yve's name."

Bonnie carefully searched for Yvette's name. The next second, her eyes widened in surprise. In disbelief, she rubbed her eyes, thinking perhaps she was still drowsy.

After she was sure she did not see wrongly, she stammered, "Y-Yve, when did you sign up for four

events?"

a

Yvette glanced at the list and lifted her gaze. Her eyes darkened while her expression remained calm with a slight hint of tiredness.

Her tone was calm and steady. "It's not me."

Bonnie and John naturally knew it was not Yvette who signed up for the events herself. It was clear someone was trying to embarrass the latter.

Only a few could tamper with the registration, and they thought of someone simultaneously.

Bonnie and John stated in unison, "Ruby."

Yvette slightly lifted her chin, nodded faintly, and said softly, "Yes. It's probably her."

Bonnie rolled up her sleeves, ready to rush out. Her face turned red with anger.

Yvette asked, "Where are you going?"

Bonnie was so mad she almost started swearing.

"Yve, Ruby has gone too far. Isn't she purposely trying to set you up? I was wondering who changed the Art Festival rules to let one enter four events out of nowhere. It makes no sense unless it's to set you up. I'm going to talk to Mr. Sunderland about this. I can't believe there's no fairness. Docs Ruby really think she runs the student council?"

John also thought clarifying things with the teachers was necessary and that Ruby's actions were outrageous. He exclaimed inwardly, "This is outrageous!"

"Yve, I agree with Bonnie. We can't simply ignore this. I overheard people talking about you earlier, saying you're overestimating yourself. The forum about you entering four events is going viral. Let's go talk to Mr. Sunderland about having the list changed."

Bonnie was surprised. “John, did you say the forum? How could the news spread so quickly on the school forum?”

John looked frustrated and helpless. “As soon as the list was released, the student council posted it on the school forum. The post quickly rose to the top, so now it seems the whole school knows about it.”

A few classmates in the classroom overheard John and immediately grabbed their phones to log into the forum. Sure enough, they saw the top post: [Art Festival Highlights (The Physics Department’s Campus Beauty Yvette Signs Up for Four Events)]

The comments below had already reached over a thousand.

[Wow, is that Yvette from the physics department who defeated Sharon? Or could it be another person with the same name?]

[Yes, it’s her. She signed up for four events. Music, chess, calligraphy, and painting. How impressive.]

[No way. Do you really think she can do all that? I think she’s just trying to seek attention.]

[I agree. That’s what I think too.]

[Agreed!]

Bonnie exclaimed, “Yve, how can you still be so calm? Come on, let’s quickly remove your name.”

Yvette propped her chin up with one hand, shaking her head slightly as she gazed out the window, her eyes reflecting a vast

sea of stars.

“There’s such an interesting thing? I should surprise the planner, but I wonder if it’s what she wants, she thought.

Yvette said, “No need. Just let her have her way.”

Bonnie and John stood there stunned but didn’t say anything. They respect Yvette’s every choice, supporting and trusting her unconditionally. “Yve, we believe in you.”

Ryan rushed back as soon as he heard the news. Before he even entered, he heard Yvette’s cold and distant voice.

He thought, Seems that she already knows someone has registered her for four events. Doesn't she know that many celebrities are invited to the Art Festival? Did Ruby plan this to embarrass her? How can she still be so unconcerned and calm?

Ryan froze in place, his expression cold. Since Yvette already knew, he did not need to take any further action.

Yvette turned and smiled, her features refined and striking in the sunlight.

Bonnie was sure the Art Festival was going to be spectacular. She secretly glanced at Yvette, and her intuition told her that Ruby's schemes might backfire.

Not only that, but Ruby could end up losing more than she gained.

As Yvette's hardcore fan, Bonnie was confident that the former would definitely impress everyone again at the Art Festival two days later.

'She might unlock a new skill. Maybe not just one, but four. But can that really happen?' Bonnie thought and was a bit worried.

To support Yvette, Bonnie brainstormed all sorts of ideas.

On the day of the competition, Bonnie's enthusiastic support left Yvette and everyone else feeling completely shocked. As night fell and the sky darkened, a bright moon slowly rose in the east. Stars twinkled in the night sky, dazzling and mesmerizing.

Bonnie returned to the dorm, showered, and immediately fell asleep. Soon, soft snores sounded.

In the darkness, Yvette stood on the balcony in black clothes, almost blending into the night as the moonlight illuminated her. It had been a while since she last dreamt of nightmares.

Yvette rubbed her temples. Her eyes were bloodshot as she recalled the scene of an endless sea of blood and unrelenting violence.

The sudden ring of the phone pulled her back from her memories. She took out her phone and glanced at the number momentarily before finally answering.

The person on the phone said, "Hello. It's me, Jeremiah."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 82

Yvette paused momentarily with the phone in her hand. Her voice was steady. "I got it."

In a farmhouse in South East Aplot, Jeremiah stood in casual black clothes under the moonlight. Fresh blood dripped from his sleeves.

Behind him was a group of men with tanned skin in traditional local attire, pinned to the ground by his men.

They cursed loudly in their native language and spoke an incomprehensible dialect.

Yvette's clear and cold voice made Jeremiah's heart skip a beat. I saw the school forum."

Yvette looked up at the stars and placed the candy she had held back in her pocket. She paused momentarily and softened her voice. "It's okay.

Jeremiah chuckled. His tone was gentle and indulgent.

Beside him, the soldier who had rushed over to report stood frozen in place and dared not move.

'Oh my. Did the fierce major general-the military's devil-smile? Do I have a fever?' thought the soldier, who touched his forehead, confirming he had no fever. 'He actually smiled!' he exclaimed inwardly.

Jeremiah noticed the soldier opposite him and nodded faintly. The soldier instinctively stepped back as he did not dare eavesdrop on Jeremiah's call.

Jeremiah said, "Okay. If you need anything, find Andrew. He's free."

Andrew was soaking in the bath and humming a song, unaware that Jeremiah had volunteered him as labor for Yvette.

Suddenly, Andrew sneezed and muttered to himself, wondering which beautiful woman was thinking about him. "Okay," replied Yvette.

Jeremiah added, "Sleep early."

She said, "Sure."

Even through the phone, Jeremiah could feel Yvette's indifference. Feeling disappointed, he said, "Bye, then."

"Wait," said Yvette.

Jeremiah immediately put the phone back to his ear, a hint of anticipation growing inside him.

“What does Yvette want to tell me?” he wondered. He awkwardly cleared his throat and asked in a low voice, “What is it? I’m still here”

On the other side, Yvette adjusted her clothes, lowered her eyes, and pressed her lips together. “Those guys said the last batch of goods is in the basement of a guy named Gamma’s house. No one can find out,” she stated.

Jeremiah was taken aback. The next moment, he understood what Yvette meant and thought, ‘Yvette actually understands

Strange

dialects?

The captives were part of an international human trafficking organization. They used various tricks to drug women and children, smuggling them abroad to places to sell in lawless areas like the Golden Triangle, profiting immensely from their crimes.

If anyone disobeyed, these traffickers would brutally harvest the o***ns and sell them to different countries

Jeremiah came to South East Aploth to uncover their hideouts and take them down at once.

The traffickers knew that the last group of women and children was their only bargaining chip and refused to surrender.

Jeremiah had already thought of a way to get them to talk, but Yvette surprised him. “Okay. I got it.”

After the two hung up, the soldier rushed over anxiously and said, “General, they won’t talk. What should we do now?”

Jeremiah’s eyes flickered, his gaze fierce and deep like a night fire. His handsome face turned somber. After hanging up, he returned to the vicious devil figure feared internationally.

He spoke coldly, “Nothing. The captured people are at the house of a man named Gamma from this group.”

The soldier rejoiced that they finally discovered the whereabouts of the last group, although he did not know their situation.

The soldier hated the criminals. After seeing the miserable condition of those who had been captured, he wished he could shoot those criminals on the spot. They deserved severe punishment.

They were not people but animals. The youngest among the kidnapped children was only four, and they injured their legs and forced them to beg on the streets. Young women were harassed and killed, their bodies left on hillsides unattended.

Although the soldiers had witnessed such evil doings, the traffickers' cruelty still shocked them.

However, there was not anything they could do. In such international cases, they had to keep them alive for higher authorities to judge. After all, it involved two countries, and a soldier like him could not make such decisions.

Jeremiah glanced at the men who were still struggling desperately in the distance. His darkened eyes narrowed, gleaming with a sharp chill. "Execute them!"

The soldier suddenly lifted his head and stared at Jeremiah. In the darkness, his eyes sparkled with admiration.

"Yes, General." The soldier finally understood why Jeremiah commanded such high respect in the military.

Even he understood the implications, so there was no way Jeremiah did not know, but the latter still issued such an order.

The reason could only be to bring justice to those who were brutally killed.

From that moment on, Jeremiah had become a figure of faith in the soldier's heart.

In the dorm at Argrol University, Bonnie got up in the middle of the night to use the bathroom. On her way back, she noticed flickering lights on the balcony and sleepily went over to check it out.

She asked, "Yve, why aren't you asleep yet? It's already three o'clock."

Yvette turned around and turned off her phone. "Just about to."

Bonnie asked no more questions and climbed back into bed to continue sleeping.

The next day, Simon frowned in the principal's office, holding the list for the Art Festival. He could tell someone was deliberately targeting Yvette. Given her personality, she would never sign up for four events.

Being in the spotlight was not her thing. Given her trouble-averse nature, she probably did not even sign up for any of the events herself.

Simon usually stayed out of these minor conflicts among the students. He was always busy, so he did not have time to handle them. However, he could not stand by idly since it was Yvette being targeted.

Besides James' request, Simon felt a certain connection with Yvette.

If someone was plotting against Yvette, he could not just stand by and let it happen, and he thought the university could not allow such chaotic behavior to take root.

Simon picked up the phone and made a call. "Mr. Williams, can you come to my office for a moment?"

Patrick immediately stopped working on his lesson plan when he got the call. When he arrived at the office, Simon handed him the list and asked, "Who finalized this list?" His tone was ambiguous.

Patrick instantly felt a bit guilty. He knew exactly who had compiled the list because he was also involved.

He did not expect Simon, usually very busy, to pay attention to such a minor issue. The only problem with the list was Yvette's name. He thought, 'So, is Mr. Sunderland stepping in for Yvette again?'

Patrick felt slightly regretful but realized he could only play dumb at this point.

Patrick explained, "Mr. Sunderland, the student council made the list. What's wrong? It was released yesterday afternoon. I've been busy with work and haven't had a chance to look at it yet."

Simon stared at Patrick, who grew more uneasy.

Eventually, Simon looked away. "It's nothing. I was just curious. I noticed Yvette from the physics department signed up for four events. Are you sure there's no mistake?"

Patrick glanced seriously at the list in his hand. "Mr. Sunderland, there shouldn't be any mistake. The student council wouldn't make such a mistake. I'm sure they've confirmed with her, so don't worry."

Simon listened to Patrick and thought he made some sense. He wanted to call Yvette to ask her about it but decided not to avoid putting any pressure on her.

Simon would never have thought that the person framing Yvette was the student council president, Ruby.

"I understand. You can leave now. If Yvette wants to back out, don't make it difficult for her. Just remove her name from the list," said Simon.

Patrick nodded repeatedly, and when he returned to his office, a teacher asked him why he had rushed to the principal's office.

He did not explain and just glossed it over. 'Back out? I'll never let Yvette know what Mr. Sunderland said,' he thought.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 83

It was a Wednesday morning at the Chambers residence.

Zachary returned last night. Thrilled, Nellie instructed the housekeepers to prepare his favorite breakfast in the morning and asked Zeke and Winona to come downstairs earlier to eat.

Nellie's words a few days ago had made Zeke behave himself for several days. Recently, he had been coming home early to have dinner with her.

Winona had not contacted Victor often lately. Aside from attending classes, she had been home practicing her painting.

She considered next week's apprenticeship ceremony more important than anything else.

Winona kept a secret that nobody knew. With each passing day leading up to the apprenticeship ceremony, she grew more anxious.

Recently, Winona lived in fear daily and even dreamed of her secret being exposed, leaving her troubled.

Nellie noticed it but did not think much of it, assuming the stress was taking a toll on Winona,

She did not comfort Winona, believing that pressure was what drove motivation. Winona was expected to outshine the other girls.

The others picked up the forks only when Zachary sat at the table.

Zachary noticed most of the dishes were his favorites, and when he saw Nellie looking at him expectantly, he nodded and uttered in his usual tone, "Thanks."

Nellie felt disappointed. No matter how hard or perfect she tried, Zachary always treated her this way, indifferently. Although Nellie was not happy deep down, she still maintained a facade of grace and virtue. "Don't mention it. As long as you and the kids enjoy the meal, that's all that matters."

Winona glanced at the bourbon-glazed meatballs before Zeke, then at the pistachio cake closest to her..

She lowered her eyes, thinking, 'What a great mom. I bet she has forgotten that I've been allergic to pistachios since I was young. She only remembers what Dad and Zeke like to eat. How ridiculous.

Lucas walked in with an invitation card. Winona and Zeke immediately recognized it was the university's Art Festival invitation.

Zeke asked, "Lucas, is it the university's Art Festival invitation?"

Lucas nodded respectfully. "Yes, Mr. Zeke Chambers. This just arrived from Argrol University."

Zachary motioned for Lucas to bring over the invitation. The latter understood and respectfully handed it over with both hands.

Zachary opened it and saw that the Art Festival was on Friday, only two days away.

Argrol University would invite the four major families to attend the Art Festival yearly. He was away on business trips and missed them in the past two years, so he was determined to attend this year.

After their unpleasant parting at the police station last time, Zachary did not have a chance to see Yvette again. He had countless questions and was determined to ask her face-to-face.

During this period, Zachary could not sleep well. The thoughts of Yvette and the people around her had become a knot in his heart.

Zachary said, "Keep it safe. I have no plans on Friday, so I'll go."

Nellie assumed Zachary was going to support Winona, so she was excited. Turning to Winona, she said, "Winona, your dad is coming to watch your competition. Make sure you do well!"

Although Zachary did not have feelings for Nellie, he was quite fond of Winona. "Winona, you're still participating in painting this year, right?"

Winona nodded with a smile, a hint of pride in her voice. "Yes, Dad, oil painting. Our department's teacher helped me register right away."

Zeke chimed in with a hint of amusement, "Mom, Dad, you probably still don't know. Yvie is competing too."

Surprised, Nellie shot Winona a reproachful look, wondering why she had not been told earlier.

Winona's fingers tightened around her fork as she hastily picked up a piece of food and popped it into her mouth, only to realize it was her least favorite-pistachio cake.

Nellie chuckled and felt a bit relieved seeing Zachary's calm expression. "Which event has Yvette signed up for?"

Zeke stated, "Mom, unlike Winona, Yvie didn't just sign up for oil painting. There is also music, chess, and calligraphy."

Zachary's hand, poised to pick up food, froze mid-air as he glanced at the grinning Zeke. "Really? Doesn't the Art Festival allow one to sign up for only one category?"

Zeke restrained himself, knowing how highly Zachary valued Yvette, and quickly stopped smiling. "Yes, it's true. If you don't believe me, ask Winona."

Winona lifted her head. "Yes, Dad. Yvie has signed up for four events, and the list is already out."

Zachary stayed silent for a long time before leaving with Lucas.

Nellie, Zeke, and Winona were left behind, exchanging glances.

Nellie exclaimed, "Has Yvette gone crazy signing up for four events? Does she think she's so smart?"

Zeke agreed with Nellie. They vented their frustrations about Yvette at home.

This time, Winona did not say anything and kept her head down as she ate. She despised Yvette and disliked the two in front of her just as much. One was her mother, while the other was her brother.

The Argrol University Art Festival started as scheduled.

Early in the morning, the university was already bustling with activity. When one stepped onto the campus, huge banners were hanging on both sides of the road, with the prominent message: [Wishing the Argrol University Art Festival Great Success].

The auditorium had been decorated early, filled with balloons, string lights, flowers, and various small decorations, which created a vibrant atmosphere. Every seat even had colorful ribbons tied to it.

The students were excited.

Throughout the year, aside from winter and summer breaks, all departments were free from classes only during the three days of the Art Festival's opening and competitions. The students were allowed to enjoy the event freely.

Since the auditorium had limited seating, a large screen was set up on the field for a live broadcast so the students could watch the performances and competitions..

The Argrol University Art Festival committee not only invited some renowned entrepreneurs and artists from Seacriety but also media outlets for interviews.

The entire Argrol University was filled with the vibrant spirit of youth.

In the VIP room at Argrol University, Ruby prepared a luxurious lounge, separating it from the main guest area to curry favor with the four major families.

However, this year, Simon decided to take an interest in such minor matters. He rejected the suggestion and insisted on treating all guests equally, mandating that everyone use the same room.

With no other choice, Ruby had to rearrange everything again. However, she was clever enough to list the Lewis and Carter families first, with the Chambers and Smith families following behind.

Zachary arrived with Nellie.

Nellie wore a purple gown that accentuated her curvy figure. Around her neck hung a stunning emerald necklace while matching emerald earrings dangled from her ears. Her thoughtful choice of attire added to her allure, making her stand out at the event.

Zachary did not look much different. He was still wearing his usual dark suit from the office. Standing together, they looked like a perfect match.

When Zachary and Nellie arrived, they coincidentally met Rebecca at the gate.

Unlike Winona, Nellie was older than Rebecca. In front of so many people, Rebecca politely showed respect, greeting her with a warm smile. The media at the scene quickly captured this moment.

While taking the pictures, they even thought of a headline: [Ms. Carter Goes Out of Her Way to Win Over the Chambers Family for Her Brother's Marriage to Ms. Winona Chambers.]

The three of them smiled awkwardly, posing for the cameras, but secretly, they were plotting their plans.

"Rebecca, Mr. Chambers, Mrs. Chambers, it's been a long time," someone said.-

Those still in the photo shoot were momentarily taken aback. They were surprised to hear the voice.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 84

Zachary, Nellie, and Rebecca all turned to look toward the roadside.

Beside a vintage car stood an elderly man leaning on a walking cane, dressed in a dark suit with intricate embroidery. His gemstone thumb ring was particularly striking. His thin face was wrinkled, and only a few black strands remained in his almost completely white hair. His gray-white eyebrows hovered over eyes that shone with authority, so commanding that no one dared meet his gaze.

Zachary, Nellie, and Rebecca felt their hearts skip a beat at the same time. They thought, 'Why is the old man here?'

The person coming was Jaiden Lewis, the head of the four major families.

A young reporter at the scene was clueless and tactless, still trying to ask for more photos. A senior reporter immediately snapped at him, telling him to be quiet. The young reporter felt aggrieved but did not dare to say anything.

Zachary was the first to step forward and shake Jaiden's hand, greeting him, "Mr. Lewis, what brings you here today? This Art Festival is truly honored by your presence!"

Nellie, following Zachary, bowed slightly and greeted Jaiden politely, "Hello, Mr. Lewis."

Rebecca, realizing she was a step behind, quickly followed the other two with a broad smile and greeted, "Mr. Jaiden Lewis, I've wanted to visit you for a long time. Mr. Lionel Lewis told me that you were resting at the old manor, so I didn't want to disturb you. I never expected to see you here today. How is your health?"

When Zachary noticed Rebecca's eagerness to ask about Jaiden's health, he scoffed inwardly, 'She's too young and impatient. Everyone knows about Jaiden's health. In the past few years, he's been in and out of the hospital seven or eight times for various illnesses. Can he really be healthy? Isn't it just asking for trouble to ask that now? How could I not realize how clueless Rebecca was before? I've overestimated her!

With a walking cane in his hand, Jaiden fiddled with the thumb ring, his eyes filled with depth. He looked at Rebecca before saying, "This body of mine won't have many years left. I thought I'd make the most of my good days by spending time with my unruly grandson." Jaiden coughed several times as he spoke, and someone beside him quickly handed him a handkerchief.

Zachary said with concern, "Mr. Lewis, it's windy outside. Let's go inside." Jaiden's eyes shone with approval at those words. Rebecca felt frustrated, thinking, 'Zachary got

ahead of me again. She still did not realize that it was not just about being ahead. From the beginning, everything she said was always wrong, causing Jaiden's constant disapproval.

Lionel had originally planned for Ryan and Rebecca to get engaged, but Jaiden's opposition ruined the plan and ended it before it even began.

After everyone went inside, the young reporter, Mason, was frustrated. He asked George, the senior reporter, "Why didn't you let me take more pictures?" Since Mason stood at a distance, he did not hear much of the conversation, and he assumed Jaiden was just an ordinary old man.

George pulled him aside, lit a cigarette, and said, "Are you out of your mind? Do you know who he is? That's Jaiden Lewis, the former head of the Lewis family in Seacriety. He was a big shot long before you were born!"

Mason, feeling arrogant after covering some hot news, muttered, "So what? I'm just taking some pictures. What's he going to

do about it?"

George let out a puff of smoke and sighed. "You're still young and don't know how Jaiden acted back then in Seacriety. All four major families have shady backgrounds. If this were happened in the past, you would probably be thrown into the sea to be fed to the fish," he said.

George recalled some events from his past. Back then, he had been in his twenties, just starting out in the media industry. always thinking about how to catch explosive news and make a name for himself. There had been a time when an informant had given him a tip about some big news involving Jaiden. Just like Mason, his strong desire for success had pushed him to follow the lead, even though he had known the risks of dealing with Jaiden.

He had finally uncovered some big news, but it had not been about Jaiden. Instead, it had been about a rival company related to him. The company's factory had severely polluted wastewater, posing a significant environmental threat. He had dedicated an entire page to reporting on the issue, so he had stood out among many other reporters. Later, however, he had stumbled upon something that seemed wrong and had decided to investigate further. Eventually, he had found out that the factory had not been at fault-it had all been a trap set by Jaiden.

Just as he had been about to make the matter public, he had received a package. Inside the package had been photos of his wife and son, 330 thousand dollars in cash, and a "thank you" note that Jaiden had signed. George had been aware that he had already exposed himself, causing him immense pain and conflict inside. In the end, however, he had suppressed his conscience and destroyed the evidence. Later, George

had heard that the company's chairman had gone bankrupt overnight and lost his family. The chairman had been unable to cope with the shock, so he had decided to end his life by jumping off a building.

That incident had become a lifelong nightmare for George, as his conscience had been constantly tormented by guilt. He had realized that he had been used from the beginning. It had all been Jaiden's plot.

When he looked at Mason, he was reminded of himself back then.

Apart from Arthur Chambers, the former head of the Chambers family, who had passed away from illness, the other three who were still alive were all ruthless individuals. The tactics of those upper-class people were beyond what ordinary folks could imagine.

Meanwhile, the auditorium seats were almost full, with only the two front rows of VIP seats remaining empty. Students of Argrol University knew those seats were reserved for important figures invited to the Art Festival.

On the first day of the arts festival, after the opening ceremony performance, the piano competition immediately followed. Argrol University valued efficiency, so the four competitions had no unnecessary segments. Each event had a main judge.

The contestants took turns performing, and the judges scored them. The highest score determined the champion of each event. Of course, anyone with an objection could voice it under the principles of fairness and transparency. However, it had never happened in recent years, as the judges for each event were authorities in their fields with absolute credibility.

The current Art Festival had just announced the list of judges for the four competitions on the public notice board outside. They were the young pianist Zion Holmes, who judged the piano competition; Alexander Reed, Vice President of the Seacriety Chess Association, who judged the chess competition; Simon Sunderland, President of Argrol University, who judged the calligraphy competition; and Vincent Marsh, Vice President of the Seacriety Painting Association, who judged the oil painting competition.

The significance of those four individuals was undeniable, making the current Art Festival lineup the most prestigious in recent years.

Meanwhile, Ruby stood at the auditorium entrance in her white dress, beaming with confidence. She was certainly not there- to greet the ordinary students attending the event but rather to greet important figures like the Lewis family, Simon, and Zion.

The group was led by Jaiden, followed by Zachary, Nellie, and Rebecca, who were among the first to arrive. The Smith family did not send anyone then, so Nellie represented them.

“Kuby composed herself and stepped forward. ““Hello, I’m Ruby Scott, the organizer of this Art Festival and student council president from the finance department. Please follow me,” she said.”

The group, all prominent figures, nodded in response.

Ruby led the way, introducing herself as they walked, and the group politely complimented her efforts. She was secretly pleased, thinking they were praising her excellent planning. Little did she know, they were just being polite. Those people had seen everything. A hall and stage design like that did not even catch their attention.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 85

“Yve, come here, there’s a seat, Bonnie called. Ruby had made her do the backstage cleaning early in the morning as payback for something she had done and had just finished. Bonnie had looked around for a seat, but the only available ones were in the second row.

As soon as Zachary heard Yvette’s name, he immediately looked toward the stage. Rebecca and Nellie, who had been chatting with Jaiden, stopped to look over. Curious, Jaiden followed their gaze and saw a gorgeous girl standing by the stage.

Yvette was still wearing her usual black tracksuit and canvas shoes, though they were new at the time, replacing the worn–out pair she used to wear. All eyes quickly fell on her. She frowned slightly, obviously annoyed by the attention.

When she looked up, the fierceness and defiance in her eyes were hard to miss–dangerous yet captivating. Zachary suddenly stood, saying, “Yvette, do you need a seat? Come sit here.”

The auditorium had quieted down upon the group’s arrival. Most of the students at Argrol University knew who Jaiden and the others were. They kept their voices low, hoping to make a good impression. Everyone knew that being on the right side of those people could lead to job offers after graduation.

After Zachary spoke, hushed whispers filled the room. Jaiden narrowed his eyes and asked. “Who’s that?”

Rebecca looked at Nellie, her tone mocking as she spoke. “You probably haven’t heard. She’s the daughter the Chambers family just found–the child of Mr. Zachary Chambers’ ex–wife. Despite the irritation on Nellie’s face, Rebecca continued, “Mr. Chambers really dotes on her; she’s his beloved daughter”

Nellie forced a smile and thought, ‘What is Rebecca up to? Is she trying to embarrass me?’ Then she replied, “You are right, Ms. Carter. A daughter is the apple of her parents’ eye. I hear you are even more treasured than Victor at the Carter residence.”

Nellie's words struck a chord. Everyone knew that Rebecca's high standing in the Carter family had little to do with parental love and everything to do with Claude. Matthew had often made it clear that girls should have stayed at home, supporting their husbands and raising children rather than pursuing careers.

Rebecca's face immediately hardened, clearly indicating that Nellie had struck a nerve. Jaiden, however, was not interested in their bickering. His focus was on Yvette, who leaned casually against the wall, hands in her pockets, completely at ease. She looked so much like her mother, Lilian.

Jaiden remembered meeting Lilian at a banquet over 20 years ago—her beauty had been unforgettable. No wonder Zachary had fallen head over heels for her back then, even going so far as to cut ties with the Chambers family.

Yvette tilted her head slightly, giving Zachary a cold, assessing glance. Her voice was low and lazy as she said, "No need."

Everyone had expected Zachary to be annoyed by her tone, but to their surprise, he smiled warmly and replied, "Yvette, how about I help you find a seat?" His words left the room in stunned silence.

Most of the students at Argrol University believed, based on Winona's subtle gossip, that Yvette had been neglected by her family—unloved and sent to live in the dorms as an afterthought. However, Zachary's reaction left them baffled and wondered, 'Isn't she supposed to be ignored? Look at Mr. Chambers. His tone and that warm smile—he can't possibly dote on her any more than he already does!'

It became painfully clear that the rumors about Yvette being unloved were nothing but lies. Nellie, seething with jealousy, wondered, 'Does Zachary not care about Zeke and Winona at all! Is Yvette the only one who matters to him? Nellie clung to Zachary's arm and smiled sweetly, saying, "Darling, if Yvette doesn't want to sit with us, that's perfectly fine. The school has probably already arranged seats. No need to worry."

Rebecca suddenly took Nellie's side and sarcastically interjected. "Mr. Chambers, I'm sure the seats are already assigned. We're just guests here; there's no need to bother the school. Besides, look at Victor and Mr. Lewis—they're sitting with the students. It wouldn't be appropriate for Yvette to sit with us, dont you think?"

After Rebecca's comment, Zachary found himself unable to argue any further. He shot Nellie a look of clear dissatisfaction, but she did not care. She couldn't stand to see Zachary treat Yvette so well.

Meanwhile, Ruby was leading Simon and Andrew through the auditorium when she overheard someone mention Yvette. Andrew immediately picked up the pace, with Simon close behind. Ruby, not knowing why they were speeding up, had to practically jog in heels, which were three inches high, to keep up. A few moments later, Simon and

Andrew entered the room. Ruby was no fool. She knew Andrew was someone important with only one look at him.

Anyone who could keep Simon at his side was no ordinary man. Ruby had already noticed Andrew's shirt and jacket were the latest LV—luxury items that few people in Seacurity could obtain so quickly. Ruby had tried to engage him in conversation throughout the walk.

Andrew, however, was unimpressed. He had seen countless beautiful women and was not interested in Ruby. He only responded to her occasionally, enough to make her happy.

“What’s going on here? It looks lively,” Simon roared as he entered the room.

The students turned to greet Andrew and Simon as the doors swung open. “Good morning, Mr. Sunderland,” several students greeted.

The students at Argrol University did not recognize Andrew, so they naturally greeted Simon instead. Andrew quickly spotted Yvette and Bonnie in the corner before glancing at the group in the front row. Except for Zachary, whom he had seen at the police station, Andrew did not recognize any of the others.

Before Andrew could say a word, Ruby, still in her high heels, stormed forward, ignoring any questions about what had happened and heading straight for Yvette in a huff. “Yvette, why do you always cause trouble wherever you go?” Ruby snapped, her irritation palpable.

Andrew’s expression darkened as he thought, ‘What is she doing? Who gave her the nerve to talk to Yvette like that?’

Yvette lifted her gaze, her eyes icy and sharp. “Just remember to take your medications,” she shot back, implying Ruby was acting crazy.

Ruby froze, and the auditorium erupted in laughter. Yvette had put Ruby in her place with that one line. Andrew, who was about to intervene, stood still. He knew Yvette would not back down, but he had not expected her to be so sharp.

Andrew thought, ‘Impressive! She’s clearly Jeremiah’s partner—there’s a reason she’s at the top of her game. If she weren’t capable, the sharks at Betrico would have taken her down by now!’

Simon cleared his throat, and the room fell silent again. “Can someone explain to me what just happened?” he asked, his voice calm but commanding.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 86

“Mr. Sunderland, it’s nothing serious. Just now, Yvette and her friend couldn’t find a seat, so I invited her to sit with me. Suddenly, this girl, Ruby Scott, came in and accused my daughter without knowing anything. Who is she to accuse my daughter when she’s just a nobody?” Zachary said.

Ruby, who had been frozen in place, turned pale after hearing Zachary’s words. In that situation, she could only keep her head down. She couldn’t figure out what went wrong.

Didn’t Winona claim that Yvette wasn’t favored by her father in the Chambers family? And that’s why Yvette was kicked out? It seems like Winona deceived me. If what she claimed was right, why would Zachary step up for Yvette in a place like this, disregarding his status Ruby pondered.

Ruby despised not only Yvette but also Winona. She kept her head down, not daring to say a word. At that moment, Ruby caught a glimpse of Andrew’s figure, steadily walking toward her,

Ruby, who was feeling dejected moments before, saw a ray of hope. ‘Is he here for me? Is he my prince charming, here to save me in my time of need?’ she wondered. Her heart pounded, and her pale face began to turn red

Jaiden, Nellie, Rebecca, and the other students in the auditorium kept an eye on Andrew. Everyone expected him to be Ruby’s knight in shining armor. Only Simon, Zachary, and Bordie, who was clasping her hands, knew Andrew wasn’t there to help Ruby.

Everyone thought Andrew was heading toward Ruby. Nellie and Rebecca eagerly awaited the outcome of Yvette’s fate, expecting a good show. Jaiden remained uninvolved, staying neutral in the situation. He was over 70 years old and had no intention of mocking a young girl he didn’t know..

Andrew stopped in front of Ruby, who looked up excitedly and asked, “Mr. Mitchell, are you here for me” However, Andrew walked past Ruby before she could finish her sentence and approached Yvette, who was behind her. Ruby’s eyes widened in disbelief. She just stood there, watching Andrew walk toward Yvette. “Impossible...”

Yvette leaned against the wall, her gaze as cold and indifferent as ever. Her stunningly beautiful face remained expressionless, unresponsive to Andrew’s approach. Andrew was used to Yvette’s occasional cold demeanor, just like Jeremiah. He was more used to it than anyone.

Andrew rubbed his chin, ignoring the stares from everyone around, and piped up in a playful tone, “Come on, let’s sit together. You better not turn me down. Someone has ordered me to take care of you.” He had a cheeky grin on his face.

Yvette's expression changed subtly, and an expression that others couldn't read flashed across her fair face. The next moment, she returned to her usual indifferent expression.

After speaking with Yvette, Andrew turned to face Bonnie, who was cowering in a corner, counting on her fingers. Where's the usual boldness she showed around me? She looked completely helpless!" he wondered. "Come over here, Bonnie. Sit with us."

When Bonnie heard Andrew call her, she looked up to see everyone's eyes on her. She suddenly grew nervous. 'Oh my gosh. I'm not Yve, who could remain calm in every situation. This is the first time I've received this much attention from so many people,' she mused.

Bracing herself, Bonnie shouted, "I'm coming!" She shouted with all her might to conceal her nervousness, and her voice echoed through the auditorium. Blushing, Bonnie bolted over to Andrew and Yvette's side hurriedly.

Simon was dumbfounded, wondering what was going on. He didn't know much about Ruby, the student council president. Normally, Patrick handled any dealings with her. But now, seeing how unreliable she was, Simon felt that she was impulsive and impatient.

With a stern expression, Simon furrowed his brow, making it clear to everyone that he was displeased-Without raising his voice, he said with dignity, "Ruby, didn't I instruct the student council to reserve several seats!"

When Ruby heard her name, she didn't have time to dwell on her previous humiliation and dashed over to Simon, answering respectfully, "Mr. Sunderland, we've reserved a few seats for you. It's in the front row, right beside yours"

Simon glanced at Ruby, then at Yvette. His face remained stern, and his voice was cold, full of authority. "Ruby, as president of the student council, why didn't you prepare a seat for Yvette, who is a participant in the competition?"

Andrew let out a sarcastic snort. "Isn't it obvious? She did it deliberately"

Ruby's expression turned gloomy as she looked around. She thought Andrew was there to help her, but he was actually Yvette's ally, and he was now mocking her. 'Yvette's relationship with her father wasn't as strained as I expected. Now, even Mr. Sunderland is publicly questioning me on her behalf. Why does she have so many people supporting her?' Ruby wondered

Ruby regained her composure. The situation was unfavorable to her, and the only way out was to play the victim. Her eyes reddened as if she were about to cry. Her tactic worked. Some of the students around her began to sympathize.

“Mr. Sunderland, the issue with Yvette’s seat was a mistake by the student council. I’m sorry,” Ruby apologized. Then, she turned to Yvette and said. “I’m sorry.” She had learned how to use reverse psychology to her benefit. Those around her sympathized with her actions and spoke up for her.

“I think Ruby’s pitiful. It’s normal to overlook small things like this,”

“Yeah, they don’t need to be so harsh.”

“Exactly. She’s just a girl. It’s not easy for her too.

Simon also felt troubled. As the principal, making a student cry would be disastrous if word got out. Furthermore, because Ruby had already apologized, he couldn’t take the matter any further. “All right. This was an oversight by the student council. I hope you learn from your mistake and don’t repeat it again, Simon uttered.

Ruby nodded and purposefully wiped her eyes with her sleeve, her voice trembling with emotion. “Understood, Mr. Sunderland.

Next, Simon smiled gently at Yvette, expressing kindness. His expression changed almost instantly. “Yvette, come sit with me. I’ve reserved a seat for you in the front row. Your friend can join us too.”

The auditorium fell silent. Bonnie was almost certain that Simon was referring to her. It was another lucky break in her life,

Jaiden, who was obstructed by the crowd, was surprised by Simon’s attitude toward Yvette, which differed significantly from how he treated Ruby. He had known Simon for many years. Simon had never been so courteous to anyone, let alone a student. Thus, Jaiden was certain that something was off.

Ruby kept her head down, her fingernails digging deeply into her palm, almost into her flesh. So the seat Mr. Sunderland had reserved was actually for Yvette. The front row is where all the top figures in Seacurity would be seated. What right does Yvette have to sit there?’ she thought.

But, in front of those people, Ruby didn’t have the right to speak her mind. She had no choice but to remain silent and keep everything to herself. The atmosphere became subtle. Zachary, Andrew, and Simon all wanted Yvette to sit next to them

Everyone wondered whether Yvette would choose Zachary, Simon, or the mysterious man who had come with Simon. Everyone was waiting for Yvette’s response.

“Sorry, I was delayed due to an incident.” Another voice suddenly rang out from the auditorium entrance.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 87

Zion and Sawyer hurried all the way and only managed to arrive at the university half an hour before the opening Ceremony of Art Festival. Their car had broken down halfway, Hereause it broke down in a remote area, the two of them had to wait for a long time by the roadside before a taxi came by.

eliable

After a morning of frustration. Zion was fine, but Sawyer was furing. He complained about how unreliable Argrol University was for not sending a better car to pick them up. He looked upset the whole ride.

“Mr. Holmes, the crowd murmured. Inside the auditorium, many of the art students recognized Zion. As a world- renowned pianist, he was a role model for all piano students in Clusia. Zion wore a dark blue suit that day, indicating how much he valued Art Festival.

Those familiar with him knew that Zion only wore suits on special occasions and at concerts. Otherwise, he usually dressed casually. Zion approached Simon with courtesy and extended his hand to greet him. “Hello, Mr. Sunderland.”

Even though Zion and Simon were close, formal occasions require a certain level of etiquette to avoid unnecessary rumors. Simon also extended his hand returning the handshake. “Hello, Mr. Holmes”

Nellie and Rebecca had both attended Zion’s piano concerts before, so they were familiar with him. Rebecca was especially excited.

Rebecca not only admired Zion but also harbored feelings for him, which she kept hidden well enough that no one noticed. “Hello, Mr. Holmes. I last saw your solo concert two years ago, and it was an amazing experience.” Rebecca smiled, her beautiful eyes full of admiration.

If Yvette hadn’t been there, Rebecca would undoubtedly have been the most beautiful woman in the auditorium. Zion nodded slightly in acknowledgment. He knew that Rebecca was the daughter of the Carter family, one of the four major families in Seacrity.

Whenever he held a concert in Seacrity, she would always attend to see him perform. However, Zion didn’t have a favorable impression of her because when she first attended his concert, she subtly boasted about her family.

There was also one time after a concert when he left a little later than usual and saw Rebecca slapping her bodyguard on the side of the road, her expression fierce and malicious.

Zion remembered it clearly. Later, Rebecca repeatedly expressed her admiration for him and invited him to dinner several times, but he had declined each time.

He had been busy with his concert tours in Mysonna in recent years and hadn't returned to Clusia often, so he hadn't seen her in a long time. "Hello, Ms. Carter."

Nellie had only attended two of Zion's concerts. Knowing her place, she didn't take the initiative to greet him. She knew it would be awkward if he didn't recognize her.

Ruby was the happiest of all the people when Zion arrived. She was convinced that Zion was the one person who would side with Yvette. She was about to go and greet him when she saw Zion finish greeting Simon and others, then look around until his gaze landed on her.

Ruby immediately gave him a charming smile. But to her surprise, Zion's gaze didn't linger on her. His gaze swept over her and settled on someone behind her. When Ruby noticed that, her heart fell

Zion was overjoyed and pleasantly surprised. He didn't expect to run into the girl he had met a few days ago. With so many students at Argrol University, he couldn't check with everyone. "What a coincidence. You're here too," Zion said as he briskly walked toward Yvette.

The auditorium fell into silence again. Everyone was speechless, unsure what was going on. However, they were aware of who Zion was approaching. Andrew, seeing him approach, nudged Bonnie with his elbow. "Yvette knows him!"

Bonnie nodded vigorously and then shook her head, leaving Andrew confused. "Does she know him or not?" he asked.

Bonnie hesitated for a moment. "Probably not. A few days ago, during Art Festival's rehearsal, he gave Yve his business card, but she didn't even look at it."

Andrew chuckled mischievously. He had heard of Zion a few times while in Betrico. His sister was a huge fan of Zion, and his sister and Zion seemed to get along pretty well.

He never cared much for piano or guitar, or any of that stuff. His family would occasionally receive concert tickets from a maestro or a celebrity, but he never attended them.

Zion, now entirely focused on Yvette, didn't pay any attention to Andrew beside him. If he took a closer look, he would realize that Andrew slightly resembled the person he liked.

Yvette slowly raised her head and arched her brow. Her long legs stretched out as she stood up straighter, exuding a relaxed but cool demeanor. Behind Zion, Sawyer was surprised by Yvette's striking beauty, but her casual demeanor displeased him.

In his opinion, someone of Zion's status who was willing to speak kindly to a student deserved the highest level of respect. Yet, Yvette was acting nonchalant and indifferent. Sawyer immediately took a dislike to her.

"I forgot to introduce myself the other day. I'm Zion Holmes. Nice to meet you. Could you tell me your name?" Zion inquired. Everyone was surprised by his attitude.

After all, Clusia's most famous pianist was being so courteous to a student who hadn't even graduated from the physics department. Zachary was unfazed. His daughter was friends with a major general and the mayor, so a pianist wasn't a big deal.

In a corner where no one noticed, Nellie's face darkened, and she almost tore her gown's sleeve in frustration.

Rebecca's jealousy grew as she observed Zion's behavior toward Yvette. 'Why is Zion so cordial to Yvette? Why? I've spent so much money on concerts just to have a meal with him, and it never happened. Yvette seems indifferent to Zion, yet he's eager to know her name. How ironic. All of my previous efforts seem ridiculous, she commented inwardly.

Im Yvette Zeller, Yvette replied.

Ruby stood stiffly to the side, too scared to turn and look at Yvette. She had no interest in whatever Yvette and Zion were talking about. Nonetheless, she couldn't help but overhear Yvette and Zion's conversation.

Ruby was on the verge of breaking down at the time, and she realized what it was like to be isolated and helpless. She had met Zion more than anyone else there. She knew how cold he could be because she had experienced it firsthand.

Nonetheless, Zion, who remained distant and unyielding even in the presence of wealthy tycoons and high-ranking officials, inquired about Yvette's name. He nodded. "It's a nice name. I like it"

Everyone present was utterly shocked. They found it unbelievable that Zion, a well-known artist, was making an awkward attempt at conversing.

Even Zion felt a bit embarrassed after saying that. He scratched the back of his head, clearly embarrassed. He had never complimented anyone so awkwardly before. He looked at Yvette's expression, which was difficult to read.

Zion scratched the back of his head again, looking a bit sheepish for a man in his thirties. His attempt at flattery was clearly unsuccessful

He didn't care what others thought of him. His priority now was to find a chance to talk to Yvette privately. "Yvette, after Art Festival, I was wondering if you'd have some time to chat? You can decide the time. I'm fine with any time."

Yvette remained quiet for a moment before she looked up. The light highlighted her elegant profile. "Sure."

Bonnie, noticing that the two's conversation had ended, approached Yvette and whispered, "Yve, where should we sit?" She

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 88

The seating drama finally settled down, and everyone returned to their places. Yvette chose to sit with Andrew, while Bonnie took a seat nearby.

"Really? Was it that serious? It's just a matter of two or three seats Do they really have to make such a big deal? We're all in the front rows anyway. Does it even matter where we sit? Bonnie thought, rolling her eyes.

Simon didn't mind. With so many people around, even if he wanted to talk to Yvette, it wouldn't be easy. Zachary was used to Yvette's indifference, so her not sitting with him didn't surprise him. The most disappointed was Zion, who felt he had missed a great chance to chat with her.

Jaiden, meanwhile, sat next to Simon. Originally, Simon thought Lionel from the Lewis family would attend, but it turned out to be Jaiden instead. Since they hadn't seen each other in a while, they switched seats on purpose to catch up.

Backstage. Ruby stormed into the dressing room, tears in her eyes. She slammed the door shut and, in a fit of rage, trashed the makeup on the table. She stared at her furious reflection in the mirror. Wiping away her tears, she clenched her fists.

I swear I'm going to take Yvette down in the piano competition,' she thought to herself. The piano was Ruby's domain-her true stage. The people backstage heard the loud crashes from the dressing room and backed away cautiously, not wanting to get caught in Ruby's fury.

At 9:30 am., Art Festival officially kicked off. Four hosts led the opening ceremony, and Simon was the first to take the stage. His speech encouraged the participants to compete with both grace and skill, ending with a wish for the festival's success.

Then came the moment everyone had been waiting for—the musical performances. Ruby was set to play the piano, and despite her earlier outburst, it barely dampened the crowd's excitement.

Backstage, Ruby redid her makeup and changed into a flowing white dress. As she stepped under the spotlight, the audience's attention was solely on her. This was her place, where she felt she truly belonged.

With a small, confident smile, she brushed off her earlier frustration. Determined to stay positive, she didn't even glance at Yvette. Taking her seat at the piano, Ruby began to play. Her fingers danced across the keys, producing an enchanting melody that captivated everyone.

However, while the audience admired her performance, Zion frowned slightly, thinking, 'She's playing it just like she did in rehearsals. There's no emotion in it—only bitterness. Ruby might have masked her emotions outwardly, but her resentment seeped into her music, dulling the performance.'

Sitting behind Zion, Sawyer watched with a smug expression, unimpressed by Ruby's playing. He thought, 'Is this the person Mr. Holmes recommended to me? Her playing's so average. She even missed a few notes. And this is the opening performance? Give me a break.'

He glanced around at the audience, many of whom seemed entranced by Ruby's playing. It only made him feel more incredulous. But when his eyes landed on Yvette, he paused.

Among the crowd of admiring faces, only Zion and Yvette appeared unimpressed. Yvette, in particular, sat with a neutral expression, her brows slightly furrowed. Sawyer raised his eyebrows, surprised by their shared reaction.

"Ruby is playing so well!" Nellie said, glancing over at Yvette, who had pulled her hood down over her eyes and crossed her arms, already asleep. How tacky, falling asleep at an event like this, Nellie thought with disdain.

Dressed in a gown and trying to hold in her stomach, she was focused on maintaining her image, even though her ribs ached. The only thing keeping her motivated was the thought of the upcoming piano competition. She couldn't wait to see Ruby crush Yvette on stage.

The mere thought of it made her feel giddy with anticipation. Next to her, Zachary noticed the excitement radiating from Nellie but couldn't figure out why.

Rebecca, however, was focused on the performance. "Ruby's playing is really impressive. No wonder she passed Level 8 in piano," she said.

Andrew, sitting nearby, seemed less interested in the music and more focused on Yvette. He glanced at Bonnie, who was casually munching on snacks. "Bonnie," he said, trying to get her attention.

Startled, Bonnie jumped, spilling her snacks everywhere. "What?" she exclaimed, looking up at Andrew. "You scared me! What's wrong with you?"

Andrew pointed at Yvette, who was still asleep. "Aren't you worried about her?"

Bonnie waved him off, unbothered. "Worried? Nah, Yve knows what she's doing. Relax. Here, have some chips," she said, offering him the bag

Andrew chuckled, patting her on the head affectionately. "All you do is cat."

Nearby, Nellie overheard the conversation about Ruby passing her Level 8 in piano and felt a spark of satisfaction. If Ruby has passed Level 8, there's no way Yvette stands a chance, she thought. She could practically taste the victory.

When Ruby finished her piece, she basked in the applause, her confidence fully restored. The earlier frustration melted away as she stepped off the stage and returned to her usual smug self. Now, all she could think about was how great it would feel to defeat Yvette in front of everyone.

Art Festival's opening ceremony was lively, featuring performances from various departments that lasted for two and a half hours. Once it wrapped up, everyone anticipated one of the main events-the piano competition.

Rows of chairs lined the field, packed with students eager to see who would take the championship. Most of the audience was rooting for Ruby, a pianist who had passed Level 8, a significant achievement in the university,

However, Yvette had her share of supporters, too. News of her entry into four events had reignited her fanbase, who cheered her on through university forums. Every year, after Art Festival, students voted for the "Most Popular Award" on the forums, and this year the competition was fiercer than ever,

The winner of that award would receive a piece of Simon's calligraphy, a rare and coveted prize. Since Simon was an honorary member of National Calligraphy Association, his works were not only treasured collector's items but could also fetch a hefty price on the market

Only one piece was awarded each year, and last year it had gone to Ryan, Who would walk away with it this time?

The piano competition's order wasn't determined by drawing lots; instead, it was randomly generated by a computer, and the lineup was finalized the day before the

festival. By sheer coincidence, Ruby was second to last, with Yvette going right after her.

Ruby was thrilled with this arrangement. She was confident that her performance would intimidate Yvette so much that she would barely have the nerve to step on stage. To top it off, Ruby had chosen to perform “Dream,” the most famous piece in Bryan’s repertoire.

This legendary composition was written as a tribute to Bryan’s beloved wife-and Ruby had been practicing it for three years. She had perfected every note, but until today, she had never performed it in public. This would be her moment.

In Ruby’s eyes, Yvette was nothing more than a stepping stone, and this song was her ticket to triumph. Her thoughts were consumed by her desire to secure a spot in Zion’s prestigious studio.

The performance order was displayed on the big screen for everyone to see. The audience quickly noticed that Ruby and Yvette were performing back-to-back. Excitement filled the auditorium as whispers spread among the attendees.

Some people thought, “This is fate! Destiny’s design. When rivals clash, who will emerge victorious?”

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 89

The first on stage was a cute round-faced girl named Giselle.

She had chosen a Level 6 piece, “Alternating Thirds,” which was unremarkable. It wasn’t special, but she performed without mistakes

Zion gave Giselle a score of seven and gave her some encouraging words..

Giselle knew she didn’t have much chance of winning, so she left the stage cheerfully upon Zion’s encouragement.

Subsequently, contestants performed one after another, but most chose Level 5 or Level 6 pieces. Only one girl from the chemistry department attempted a Level 7 piece and upon watching her performance, Zion didn’t hold back his praise

Given everyone knew the highlight today wasn’t these performers, they all appeared disinterested. Ultimately, they knew the highlights were Yvette and Ruby.

After all. Ruby was recognized as Argrol University’s best pianist and had the most advanced piano grade among the contestants. She already reached Level 8.

Meanwhile—Yvette, who came from the countryside, had only been at Argrol University for just over a month. Although she won a Frixyian contest, and everyone acknowledged her intelligence, this was a piano competition—all competing students had been learning to play the piano since young.

Everyone knew one couldn't excel at piano simply by having a photographic memory. Piano required years of consistency, ongoing practice, and continual practice. Even if Yvette was smart and talented, there was no way she could master the piano in a few days.

Even if Yvette had learned some basics, she wouldn't compare to them, let alone Ruby, who had already passed Level 8.

The outcome was obvious.

After three full hours, the majority of Argrol University students couldn't sit still any longer. Even Andrew and Bonnie felt their backsides grow sore from sitting for so long.

Meanwhile, Sawyer grew completely disinterested after watching a few performances, and when Zion wasn't looking, he sneakily glanced elsewhere and daydreamed.

Simon and Jaiden were older, thus sitting for such a long time was hard on them. However, it wasn't appropriate for either of them to leave earlier in this event, so they just sat there idly and chatted occasionally to pass the time.

Rebecca wanted to put down her ego and speak to Zachary, but he didn't spare her a glance. Moreover, with so many watching, she knew she couldn't force a conversation, or it could disgrace the Carter family.

Zachary and Nellie were fine overall. However, Nellie persevered out of sheer willpower to see Yvette embarrass herself. Her back pain was excruciating, but she had to maintain her image as a dignified lady, so she forced herself to maintain her posture.

The only ones who were comfortable there were Zion and Yvette.

Zion carefully critiqued each contestant's performance, pointing out their strengths and weaknesses with precise comments, and offered them appropriate advice.

Except for a few sips of water, he had barely moved because he knew everyone could see his every action.

Everyone's regard for Zion rose considerably at his dedication. It was no wonder he was Clusia's most outstanding pianist. His serious and responsible attitude alone deserved admiration and respect.

15:08 Thu, Oct 10 @ Y

Chapter 89

Π

Knowing Yvette was participating in the piano competition today, Andrew came to support her, hoping his presence would help her stay relaxed and calm.

However, when Andrew turned, he saw Yvette leisurely leaning back in her chair, bouncing her foot with her legs crossed.

An incredulous expression appeared on Andrew's face as he thought, 'Huh. I was worried for nothing. She doesn't look nervous at all. Hah! I might be more anxious about the competition than she is. How funny

Andrew's gaze was so focused on Yvette that she opened her eyes, rested her chin on her hand, tilted her head, and shot him an indifferent look. "What's up?"

Andrew really wanted to shout. Yeah, something up! Something big is happening. Can't you see there are only two more contestants before Ruby's turn? After Ruby, you're next! he exclaimed internally.

He wanted to ask where she got her confidence but instead, he questioned, "It's almost your turn. Aren't you going backstage to prepare Then, he glanced at Yvette's outfit. "Where's your dress! If you don't change soon, you won't have enough time."

Yvette narrowed her eyes and then lifted an eyebrow. She declared nonchalantly, "I don't have one."

Andrew had just picked up his water for a sip when his hand froze mid-air. "Are you saying you didn't even prepare a dress?"

Yvette nodded.

Andrew put down the glass and briefly wondered about the success rate of simply taking off with Yvette now. He pondered, This is ridiculous. Yvette never even prepared a dress. Is she really just going to perform in black sportswear!

Amazing music would be wasted. All the performers earlier wore carefully selected attire and looked stunning and elegant.

Pfft. You'd think anyone who can spend 100 million dollars like that could afford a dress. There's only one explanation- Yvette never intended to wear one. Andrew sighed and wondered. Why's my life so difficult? How did I end up mingling with eccentrics like Jeremiah and Yvette?

There is nothing we can do now. It'd be futile to say anything more. All I hope is Yvette won't lose too badly. With me here, surely Ruby wouldn't dare to misbehave, right?"

Finally, the moment everyone had been waiting for had arrived.

All other contestants had finished performing. Now only Yvette and Ruby were left.

The entire audience suddenly livened up, as if they had just been revived. Those who were dozing woke up, sneaky snackers stopped eating, and those chatting quietly stopped talking.

Almost everyone had waited three hours for this. Even the students peeking in from outside sat in their seats with anticipation.

Just like everyone inside, they might not have known what happened before the event, but Yvette's reputation at Argeol University was no joke.

The showdown between Yvette and the student council president Ruby was highly anticipated; no one wanted to miss it.

From backstage, Ruby walked onto the stage with a powerful aura once the host finished announcing. There were no signs of her earlier embarrassment.

In those past few hours, Ruby had already rewired her mindset.

Ruby firmly believed that as long as she won today's competition, no one would care about what happened before. Once she won, whenever people talked about her and Yvette, they'd only mention that she beat her.

Ruby glanced briefly at the few people in the front who had stood up for Yvette earlier and scoffed inwardly thinking, Pfft

No matter how many people speak up for Yvette, this competition is judged based on skill.

With so many people watching. Yvette wasn't worried Zion would be biased toward Yvette. Unless he wanted to destroy his reputation and cheat openly, she was sure she would win today's competition..

Ruby's piece of choice for today's competition was "Dream" by Bryan Brooks

This was one of his most famous pieces. It was graded at Level and far more difficult than the "Second Life Concerto" piece. she played at the opening

This would be her most brilliant moment.

Ruby bowed to the audience, walked to the piano, sat down, and took a deep breath. Subsequently, beautiful music flowed seamlessly from her fingertips.

This time, even Zion nodded in agreement. He had to admit Ruby played this piece very well. Unlike before, her music now carried a deep sense of romance.

Zion glanced sideways at Yvette, who had her eyes closed, and wondered if she was going to surprise him later. Ruby had truly excelled, and Yvette would have a hard time topping her performance.

Yet, Zion still had high hopes for her. After all, anyone who could offer such critiques must have profound piano expertise. Thus, he highly anticipated Yvette's performance.

Ruby infused her feelings for Ethan into the music and transformed the entire piece.

She took a big risk given Zion often critiqued that her playing lacked emotion. This time, she was determined to impress

Entranced, the audience listened attentively as her moving and emotive music struck a chord. Once Ruby ended her piece, the auditorium erupted into enthusiastic applause, Everyone was cheering.

"Ruby played excellently, a member of the audience praised.

"I may be clueless about music, but I feel like Ruby's performance now is better than the opening one," another commented

"Bro, you're not the only one. I agree," another said.

"Seems like Ruby showcased her best this time, another said.

"That was incredible!" One applauded.

Ruby stood on stage. Now, she appeared humble instead of her usual arrogant self and asked politely and respectfully, "Mr. Holmes, could you please share your thoughts on my playing?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 90

Zion paused for a moment, then raised the scorecard in his hand. "Nine points."

The entire audience gasped in surprise, buzzing with conversations. The highest score for the previous contestants was only eight-point live, so everyone knew about Zion's strict judging.

With Ruby scoring nine points, it practically assured her victory. Was there any suspense left now?

Nellie couldn't hide her glee, and Rebecca gave Yvette a gloating look. They thought, "Why didn't she have any reaction? Is she just pretending? Let's see if she can keep up that nonchalant attitude later..

Only Zachary looked at Yvette with concern. Yvette was so mysterious. Zachary couldn't quite figure out Yvette's piano skills whether she could play at all, and how good she might be. But deep down, he still doubted Yvette could win against Ruby

Zion looked at Ruby, who was trying her best to hide her joy on stage, and spoke softly. "Well done. You've made great progress. It's clear how much effort you've put into this piece 'Dream' by Mr. Brooks. You've truly grasped the mood of the piece"

He continued. "I hope you always remember your mindset while playing 'Dream' today. Only by staying true to yourself can you go further on the piano path." Zion subtly emphasized the importance of "attitude" to Ruby.

Ruby was already dazed by the high score. She only knew she had scored the highest among everyone and simply ignored

Zion's comments.

Ruby had another plan, she was determined to accomplish something at this event today. If she succeeded, she could finally join Zion's studio, something she had always dreamed about

Ruby clenched her fingers, staring straight at Zion, with ambition and desire plainly visible in her eyes. "Mr. Holmes, do you think my playing is good enough for you to give me a chance to join your studio?"

Zion frowned, his expression turning cold. Such petty tactics-he hadn't expected Ruby to ask such a question in front of

everyone

Zion remained composed. "Ms. Scott, my studio has an annual assessment. If you're interested, you can apply for that. At that time, the instructors will assess and decide whether to accept you. For now, let's focus on the competition."

Ruby gritted her teeth and clenched her fists, her nails digging to her palms. She thought she had performed well enough this time, and even Zion had already praised her. Why wouldn't he give her a chance?

Why did she have to wait for the studio instructors to review? She knew that in the end, Zion would have the final say in his studio. In short, Zion just wasn't willing to give her the opportunity.

Ruby forced a smile, knowing she wasn't yet capable of confronting Zion. She could only find a way to back down with so many people present, suppressing her anger and dissatisfaction.

"All right, Mr. Holmes," she replied.

After Ruby stepped down, everyone knew who was up next. In unison, all eyes looked to the first row. It was quiet. Why wasn't anyone moving?

Bonnte lowered her head and whispered, "Yve, it's your turn."

Yvette instantly opened her eyes, still a bit sleepy, and yawned.

Rebecca and the others in the first couple of rows were speechless. This was a competition; why was she so laid back? Did Yvette think this was just a game?

Even Jaiden was a bit surprised this time. Yvette's composure was impressive. However, whether she had the skills or was just acting remained to be seen.

Jaiden glanced over at Simon and cautiously asked. "You're quite interested in Yvette, aren't you?"

Simon and Jaiden have been friends for many years, but they still have secrets between them. Lewis Group also invested in chip research

Yvette's identity as "S" was top secret. James had repeatedly warned her not to let anyone know of her identity.

Regardless of whether Yvette wanted to join the lab or not, she would definitely become a highly protected national talent in

the future.

Simon didn't trust Jaiden, as he was ultimately a businessman. He absolutely couldn't allow anything unexpected to happen. to Yvette right under his nose.

Simon waved his hand casually. "It's just that the kid caught my eye, so I paid more attention to her."

Jaiden nodded, still a bit doubtful. He thought, What could a kid from the Chambers family in the countryside possibly be capable of? She really has nothing worthy of

Simon's attention. I must be her quirky personality. But since when did Simon start liking such quirky students?"

On the other side, Yvette lazily rolled up her sleeves, tilted her head slightly, and lifted her gaze; her eyes were cold and

calm

She stood up and walked onto the stage. Even the way she walked showed a hint of nonchalance. The stage lights followed Yvette as she moved.

Yvette shot a glance at the distant platform, feeling a bit annoyed. Didn't the lighting crew notice that? Winning aside, who wouldn't want to take a longer look at such a stunning beauty? Everyone could see that attractive people received special

UcanchL.

Considering the previous performers, the lights only came on after they sat down to play the piano. But for Yvette, the lights followed her even before she got on stage. It was a good move

Under the dazzling lights, Yvette's face was flawlessly like ivory; even her slightly lowered jawline was perfectly without blemish. Her gaze was both rebellious and alluring, causing a collective gasp from the audience.

Yvette slowly walked to the piano and extended her right hand to casually press a few keys. The sound was okay, considering the piano was a beginner-level model.

Sitting in the audience, Ruby felt disdain. She felt that Yvette was just wasting time. Zion stared at Yvette, who had just sat at the piano, his eyes full of anticipation.

The host on stage felt a bit awkward. All the pieces were impromptu, with no pre-arranged order. This was an idea Ruby and the student council came up with to add mystery and excitement to the piano competition.

The host thought Yvette would change into another dress backstage or something, so she didn't hurry to ask for her piece.

Unexpectedly, she didn't follow the norm and just casually wore her sportswear onstage. It was the first time the host had seen such a situation. She had hosted many events, but Yvette was the first to perform in sportswear.

The host had to bite the bullet and ask, "Ms. Zeller, what's the piece you'll be performing?"

Yvette lowered her gaze, her eyes distant, her voice soft but clear. "Dream

“All right, let’s have Ms. Zeller bring us... What Dream?” The host’s mind went blank for a moment. She thought, ‘Isn’t this the same piece Ruby just performed?’

With uncertainty and hesitation, the host asked again, “Ms. Zeller, what is your Dream?”

Yvette shifted her gaze from the piano to the host, feeling annoyed. “Dream by Bryan.”

The auditorium, which had just quieted down, erupted once more. Ruby suddenly shot up from her seat. She couldn’t believe it: her mind was buzzing

Had Yvette gone crazy? Choosing the same piece as her? What was she trying to achieve? “Did I hear that right? Yvette chose the same piece. Dream? Pinch me, I must still be asleep

Another replied, “No... I heard it too.”

“Seriously? Wow, this Yvette is really daring. Ruby just scored a high nine,” someone said.

“I think she’s taking on more than she can handle,” one commented.

Another said, “Not necessarily, have you all forgotten? What happened in the Frixia competition...”

Zion was also quite surprised. He cleared his throat. “Ms. Zeller, since you’ve made your choice, let’s begin.”