

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 91

A beam of light shone on Yvette. Closing her eyes and ignoring the surrounding noise, she gently lifted her slender, delicate fingers.

Everyone in the auditorium held their breath along with her movements.

In the next moment, her nimble fingers danced on the piano keys. The sharp, high-spirited tune was perfectly fitting and carried an intense passion.

The second half of the melody suddenly became gentle, warm, peaceful, and quiet, stirring the crowd.

Until the last note faded. Yvette was wholly absorbed in it. Her whole being was integrated into the piece. The piano held a truly unique significance for her, after all.

The audience was dumbfounded. If they hadn't seen it themselves, they would never have believed that Yvette had played the piece.

Yvette withdrew her hands, pursed her lips, and lifted her gaze. Stage light reflected in her eyes, and the irritation in her heart had decreased significantly.

Zion was utterly surprised by Yvette's technique.

She hadn't even opened her eyes throughout the piano play. No one else in Clusia could play piano with their eyes closed. Not to mention to play it wonderfully. He thought Yvette's piano skills were already beyond his ability to comment on.

I wasn't mistaken. She's truly a genius. I've spent two years searching for someone who can secure a spot for Clusia in the international piano competition in a year's time. I believe I've found that person now, he whispered inwardly.

Zion was confident that Yvette's mastery of the piano had reached an extraordinary level. As long as she was willing to compete, she would surely surpass Mysonna's consecutive victories in international piano competitions.

Soon, everyone snapped out of the music. Their eyes were filled with excitement. Countless applause resounded, each time louder than before.

The audience burst into cheers. Someone started chanting Yvette's name, and soon, everyone joined in. "Yvette! Yvette!" The chanting was so loud that it nearly shook the roof.

Andrew, who was in the audience, took a bite of his half-eaten chips and thought his worries were unnecessary. He glanced at the carefree Bonnie and mocked himself inwardly. Fine. It turns out I'm the worrywart here.

He wondered what else Yvette could do and thought he might need to reassess the education in the countryside and see which village had produced a genius like Yvette.

Zachary watched Yvette on stage, feeling proud. Unable to contain his excitement, he deliberately turned to Simon and Jaiden and said, "I can't believe she can play the piano quite well

Simon and Jaiden exchanged glances and shared a knowing smile. They knew Zachary was showing off but didn't blame him. Anyone who had a child who grew up in the countryside for over 20 years and turned out that excellent would probably be even more arrogant than him.

Simon gazed at Yvette, who looked calm at the center of the stage, profoundly admiring her brilliance. Others might not know, but he was aware of Yvette's secret identity as Siren and wondered if there was anything she couldn't do.

He couldn't help but look forward to the chess and calligraphy competition the next day, eager to see what miracles Yvette would accomplish next.

The contestants who had mocked Yvette earlier felt a bit regretful now, thinking they shouldn't have underestimated her or doubted her before she even performed.

Nellie, who was sitting in the second row, had already dug her nails into her flesh. Next to her, Rebecca was unusually quiet. She only stared at Yvette with an unreadable expression, thinking, 'Maybe Grandpa was right. We shouldn't underestimate one like Yvette. I was too careless'

Ruby sat motionless in her seat. Her face was as white as a sheet as she locked her gaze on Yvette. Her eyes were filled with malicious intent.

She mused. 'How could Yvette be so good at piano? She's only a country bumpkin. Even if she returned to the Chambers family, how could she have learned such a complicated piece in just a few days? I've carefully prepared for it, but she...

To practice the piece, she'd blistered her fingers and stayed up late. Yet, Yvette had just played it effortlessly. Not only that. Yvette also did it beautifully.

It was the same piece, and Ruby knew she had lost completely this time. However, she didn't want to admit defeat. She forced herself to calm down and thought. There must be a way, I can't lose. Otherwise, how can I continue to be the student council president? I need to stay calm...

Zion waved his hand, and the students in the auditorium gradually quieted down. "Ms. Zeller, I'm afraid I can't give you a score," he said

The students didn't understand what he meant and began to discuss.

“What does Mr. Holmes mean by he can’t give a score? Does he have some bias against Yvette?”

I don’t think so. Didn’t he just invite Yvette to sit with him earlier? Don’t talk nonsense.”

“That’s right. Mr. Holmes did invite Yvette earlier. Let’s see what he has to say?”

Upon hearing some murmurs, Zion felt resigned as he actually hadn’t even finished speaking yet. He picked up the microphone and said, “Everyone, what I’m saying is not that Yvette doesn’t deserve a score, but I’m not qualified to judge Yvette at my level”

His words caused an uproar as everyone thought he was already holding Yvette in high regard.

Sawyer quietly lowered his head at the back, lost in thought.

Simon was taken aback. He knew Zion well. Zion wouldn’t speak like that unless Yvette’s piano skills were unmatched. He wondered if Yvette’s piano skills had reached that level.

The usual students might not know, but Jaiden and the group were well aware of Zion’s status in upper-class society. Zion’s acclaim for Yvette could already place her at the top of the music industry. No one else in Clusia could evaluate her if Zion couldn’t

Ruby was so upset that her lips were trembling. She couldn’t imagine how she would leave the auditorium later.

Yvette nodded. Her expression was as cold as usual when she replied, “Oh... I’m leaving then.”

Zion chuckled. Thinking that Yvette might really leave if he still didn’t say something, he cleared his throat and uttered, “Ms. Zeller, just a moment, please. Since it’s a competition, there are winners and losers. So, I can only give you a ten, the highest score here. Do you have any problem with it?”

Nellie clenched her teeth, whispering inwardly, ‘What problem can Yvette possibly have? It’s already a perfect score. She should be content with that

She rubbed her sore back and thought she had wasted her time there just to watch Yvette drawing attention.

Nellie started to doubt the information she’d found about Yvette who was supposed to have grown up in the countryside and knew nothing. It turned out it was all lies. She fished out her phone and quietly slipped away while Zachary wasn’t paying attention.

When everyone was cheering for Yvette, Ruby suddenly spoke. Everyone looked at her, confused as to what else she wanted to talk about at that moment.

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Ruby saw everyone's gaze and forced herself to suppress the jealousy and resentment in her heart. She glanced at Yvette, who was on the stage lowering her eyes, and said coldly. "Mr. Holmes, I just want to ask, does what you said before still count?"

The crowd was puzzled, even Zion was a bit taken aback, not understanding why Ruby suddenly asked that. He nodded and said, "Ruby, I stand by my words, rest assured."

Ruby gave a smug smile. That was exactly what she wanted to hear from Zion. "Mr. Holmes, I admit that Yvette plays better than I do. I won't argue. But you once told me that playing the piano isn't just about focusing on technique. It's about capturing the true emotions of the piece. Only by doing so can the performance truly move people, right?" she said.

Zion remembered his own words clearly. Ruby was not wrong. He had indeed said that, and not just once. "Yes, that's what I said, he replied.

Ruby looked at Yvette triumphantly, then raised her voice and said, "We pianists all know the love story of Bryan Brooks and his wife. This piece, Dream, was a birthday gift he composed for his wife. The piece expresses Mr. Brooks' love and promise to his wife. But just now, what Yvette played was completely off the mark. Did you hear any lingering love in her performance! No matter how well it was played, if it doesn't capture the composer's true intent, how can she deserve a perfect score?"

The contestants murmured in agreement. Although Yvette's performance was excellent, the emotional interpretation was indeed off. The rest of the students in the auditorium, who did not understand music, whispered to those who did, asking if Ruby was right. After receiving confirmation, some started murmuring about how unfair it was that Yvette received a perfect score despite her flaws.

Zion was stunned for a moment. He had to admit that Ruby was right. Yvette's interpretation of the piece did not align with the emotional context of the story. Based on her skill level, she surely would not have missed this backstory.

Zion could not figure out what was going on either Yvette's playing did not convey the sense of love the story was supposed to evoke, only a kind of mutual respect with a hint of sorrow for a departed soul.

Zion directed his gaze toward Yvette. Only she could answer the question now.

The people in the first two rows—Andrew, Simon, Zachary, Jaiden, and others—also turned their attention to the stage. The entire auditorium wanted to hear how Yvette would respond. They wondered if she truly deserved that perfect score.

Yvette scanned the room and narrowed her eyes slightly, pondering for a moment before she spoke, unusually serious. “It’s fake”

The auditorium erupted into chaos.

“Yvette says it’s fake? What does she mean? Is she saying the story behind the piece is fake?”

“How could that be? I learned piano too, and our teacher told us the e same story. Ruby wasn’t wrong”

“Is she just making things up to defend her perfect score?”

“Who knows?”

Ruby sneered, folding her arms across her chest. Zion wouldn’t give me a chance, why should Yvette get one? Her face was full of mockery and disdain as she said, “Yvette, are you out of your mind? If you want to argue, at least come up with a better reason. Fake? Are you saying Mr. Brooks was lying? And to think you play his music without even knowing the story behind it. How embarrassing”

She turned to Zion and asked, “Mr. Holmes, you don’t agree with Yvette, do you?”

Ruby was like a mad dog, biting at anyone she could. She no longer cared about being polite to Zion, her attitude. completely changed from before.

Andrew took a step forward, and Ruby instinctively took a step back, visibly intimidated. He said, “You... Ruby, right? You lost. Stop making excuses. If you can’t handle defeat, why enter the competition?”

Ruby could not understand why such an outstanding, handsome man always defended Yvette. She gritted her teeth in anger but said nothing, her face still showing signs of defiance as she glared at Zion. She could not provoke Andrew, but she had already gone too far to back out now. She waited, hoping to hear what Zion would say.

Zachary, Simon, and the others remained silent. Since they were not as familiar with piano, they did not feel qualified to weigh in. Ultimately, it was up to Zachary to decide whether Yvette’s perfect score was justified.

Zachary wanted to speak up for Yvette but held back. He knew that if he spoke, no one would be convinced. All he could do was anxiously wait for Zion’s response.

Everyone exchanged glances, waiting for Zion's verdict. After a long pause, Zion sighed softly. "Yvette, what's your thought on Ruby's question? Why do you say the story is fake?" he asked

As Zion's words echoed in the room, all eyes turned to the center of the stage. Under the bright lights, Yvette, dressed in all black, exuded a cold arrogance, her sharp gaze making her look fierce. Her entire aura was dark and foreboding, sending chills down people's spines.

Yvette casually put away her phone. A moment ago, during the conversation between Ruby and Andrew, Yvette's phone had buzzed, though only the nearby host had noticed.

"Wait" Yvette said calmly. Zion paused and replied, "Alright."

Ruby would not give Yvette any chances. She said, "What are we waiting for? You owe us an explanation. Over a thousand people are waiting here. Isn't that a bit too much?"

Yvette frowned slightly, giving Ruby a cold glance. That single look sent shivers down Ruby's spine, and the words she was about to say got stuck in her throat.

Yvette said, "It's here."

The next second, a phone rang, playing a unique ringtone. Zion found the melody familiar but could not place it.

Yvette answered the phone, pressing a button, and instantly, the screen displayed a video call with an elderly foreign man, around seventy, wearing reading glasses and a straw hat. His blonde hair had mostly turned white, with a few golden strands still visible. His deep-set eyes hinted at the handsomeness of his youth. Behind him was a field of vibrant roses.

In broken Clusian, the old man said, "You finally decided to call me, you heartless girl! You have no conscience at all!"

No one in the auditorium knew why Yvette was suddenly on a video call with an elderly man, let alone a foreigner. But Zion could not stay calm.

He would never forget that voice. Five years ago, he had been fortunate enough to meet and converse briefly with that very man. There was no mistake about it. He was sure it was the famous pianist.

Does Yvette know him? Zion wondered. His composure shattered as he stared at Yvette's phone, his face full of excitement. At first, no one noticed his strange behavior, but when he spoke tremblingly, everyone became aware of his shock. "Yvette, is that person in the video... is it him?"

The entire auditorium was confused when they saw Zion lose his calm. Who is it? Who could make Zion this emotional they wondered.

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Zion was very cautious, afraid of disturbing the person in the video. "Is it Mr. Brooks?" he asked,

The crowd lost its composure. However, an eerie silence followed. No one spoke. All eyes were fixed on Yvette's phone, their gazes filled with doubt, shock, and disbelief. They mused, Can anything more absurd happen? An ordinary physics student is on a call with the world-renowned pianist, Bryan: Nobody would believe such a thing.

Bryan, hearing his name called, responded, "Yes, it's me." His awkward Clusian silenced everyone in the room. It was truly Bryan.

Bryan, who was in Mysonna, had not heard from Yvette in three years. When he saw the familiar number, he quickly put down his scissors, ignoring his favorite flowers. His face on the video screen was filled with frustration.

Yvette had been Bryan's best student, or rather, a natural prodigy. The Ross family had chased her away when she was young, and he had been trying to find her since. Seven years ago, she had reached out to him after learning about his wife's illness.

She even mailed him some medicine. After that, his wife recovered, but he could no longer reach Yvette. In these past few years. Yvette had only contacted him three times, each time to send medicine.

Yvette, though cold, was more loyal than anyone else.

Yvette had no interest in small talk. "For whom did you compose Dream?" she asked in her usual terse tone.

Below, Zion wiped the sweat from his hands, stunned by Yvette's straightforward attitude toward Bryan. He was not alone everyone was collectively shocked.

That was Bryan, a world-class pianist who only appeared in textbooks and had not been seen in public for nearly ten years. Every one of his appearances caused a sensation in the music world, so much so that even the president of Mysonna struggled to invite him.

Jaiden, gripping his cane, had deep calculations in his eyes. He realized he had to reevaluate the value of the Chambers family's newly found eldest daughter, knowing Bryan was not a simple connection at all. The Lewis family was nothing compared to him. Yet, Yvette could converse with Bryan on equal terms-not even equal terms. Bryan's attitude toward Yvette was exceptionally kind.

Jaiden thought of his grandson, Ryan, who was about the same age as Yvette and from the same department. 'Could there be potential there?

y more

Zachary was thoroughly impressed. First, it was a major-general a mayor, and now a world-class pianist. How many powerful connections did his daughter have? If this continued, his heart might not survive the shock.

Standing silently to the side, Rebecca felt a chill down her spine as she watched Yvette chat with Bryan on stage. First a top hacker, and now a world-renowned pianist. There was no way it was the network of a simple girl from a rural town. Even the people Rebecca had sent to investigate Yvette came back with no results. It was as if Yvette did not exist in the world.

The most frightened person in the room was Ruby, standing rigid in one position from start to finish, unable to move. Her mind had completely collapsed. She thought she had cornered Yvette, but it turned out that Yvette even knew Bryan. At that moment, Ruby realized just how terrifying an existence she had provoked.

Bryan's voice came through the video, loud and clear. "I told you before, the piece was composed for an old friend I used to Iran piano with Some people wrongly assume it was written for my wife, and when they play it, how should I put this? In Clusian terms, it feels tangled and messy."

At this point, it did not matter whether Yvette asked the question. Knowing Bryan personally was proof enough. There was no way she could not know the barkstory.

2 No network available now. Please check your network.

Zion could not hold back any longer. He took a few large steps onto the stage and excitedly asked Yvette, "Can I speak with Mr. Brooks for a moment?"

Bryan heard this and, thinking it was Yvette's friend, did not mind. "Sure, what do you want to say?" he asked.

Yvette paused for a moment and then handed the phone to Zion

Zion took the phone with trembling hands. Seeing Bryan's familiar face, he became even more excited. He said, "Mr. Brooks, hello! I'm Zion, a pianist from Clusia. I once had the honor of meeting you briefly at the international piano competition in Mysonma. I benefited greatly from our conversation, and I never expected to see you again in such a way."

Bryan studied him for a moment, recalling the encounter. He remembered meeting Zion a few years ago when he had impulsively agreed to be a judge at the international piano

competition. Zion had represented Clusia and asked him a few questions. Bryan thought the young man was promising, so they chatted a bit. He had heard that Zion had developed quite well since then.

Bryan, kind and unpretentious, smiled warmly. He replied, "I remember you, young man. How do you know this girl? Are you thinking of apprenticing under her as well?"

Zion did not know how to respond to that. He had caught onto Bryan's use of 'as well'. Zion wondered, Who else wants to be apprenticed under Yvette? And why did Mr. Brooks think I wanted to? He was at a loss.

If it were the mysterious pianist, Dulcem, who had risen to fame internationally three years ago with an original composition, he might want to be her apprentice. But Yvette was not Dulcem.

The audience could not hold back any longer. They had just heard Bryan ask if Zion wanted to be Yvette's apprentice. That had to be the most absurd joke. How was that possible?' they thought,

Bryan, hearing the commotion from the video, realized there were quite a few people on Yvette's side. "What's going on. Yvette? Where are you?" he asked.

Yvette took the phone from Zion's hand and replied, "It's nothing I'm hanging up now

Bryan quickly said, "When will you come and visit me?"

Yvette's expression softened, and after a moment's thought, she replied, "Maybe when there's a chance"

Bryan looked visibly disappointed but knew Yvette did not like to be pressed. He repeatedly said, "Don't put it off too long. Make sure you find time to come by." He reluctantly ended the call.

Yvette pocketed her phone and glanced at Ruby, whose face was full of despair.

"Let's go." Yvette said

Bonnie immediately stood up, walking to Yvette's side without hesitation as they left the auditorium together.

Ruby collapsed to the ground. Yvette had not said a word to her, yet it felt worse than if she had been killed. The absolute disregard was crushing. From beginning to end, she was nothing more than a clown in Yvette's

After the Art Festival, Ruby was personally dismissed as student council president by Simon. From then on, whenever she encountered Yvette, she took a detour, never daring to face her again.

As Yvette left, the students also exited the auditorium in an orderly fashion, still reminiscing about the day's events. They had been incredibly fortunate. Not only had they heard a beautiful piano performance, but they had also seen the world-renowned pianist, Bryan. That alone would be something to brag about for the rest of their lives.

Once again, Yvette became the trending topic of Argrol University. The media on the field were the most excited of all. They had not experienced an ordinary university Art Festival to not only showcase a rising genius but also feature a surprise appearance by the world-renowned pianist, Bryan.

They already had their headlines for tomorrow: [Argrol University's Physics Genius Emerges: World-Class Pianist Bryan Makes a Special Appearance).

They knew that tomorrow's trending topics would surely explode

After leaving the auditorium, Yvette saw a message just sent to her phone. She frowned, her eyes deep with thought.

[Boss, Flying Fish is in trouble. Come to the Golden Triangle immediately.]

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Outside the auditorium, Yvette told Bonnie to leave first and found a quiet corner to call Eagle King.

After two rings, a familiar, urgent voice came through the phone "Boss, how soon can you get here?"

They had a tacit understanding that they didn't need to say anything extra to know what the other meant.

While talking to Eagle King, Yvette checked the latest flights from Seacurity to Thymion. Then, she said, "I'll be in Thymion's capital in four hours. What happened with Flying Fish?"

Eagle King gritted his teeth, his voice serious and slightly worried. "Boss, Flying Fish has offended the largest underworld family in Golden Triangle, the Kerton family. After sending me a message, Flying Fish disappeared. I'm already in Kransbay, where Flying Fish was last located. It's a little complicated. I'll explain more when you arrive."

"Okay" Yvette hung up the phone and sent Simon a message. Then, she returned to her dorm to grab her bag and took a taxi straight to the airport.

Simon was at a restaurant with Jaiden and Zion. Just as he was about to eat, he received Yvette's message.

He was slightly taken aback after reading the message. He then continued to entertain the two as if nothing but he seemed a bit distracted compared to before.

had happened.

Yvette asked for leave! And the duration is uncertain. Sigh. I could protect her if she were under my watch, but now she's leaving. How can I keep an eye on her?' Simon thought in worry

At the dining table, Jaiden tried to cozy up to Zion with flattering remarks. Zion, aware of Jaiden's intentions, was reluctant to engage with businessmen, so he just had some casual conversation without getting too involved.

On the contrary. Sawyer, who came along with Zion, was very enthusiastic toward Jaiden. They were engrossed in lively

conversations.

Simon couldn't help but sigh whenever he thought about Yvette being somewhere unknown. The others noticed, and Zion put down his cutlery, gently asking, "What's wrong?"

Thinking it was nothing major, Simon told them Yvette had taken leave for personal matters.

Hearing that, Sawyer scoffed. "I bet Ms. Zeller is backing out. I heard she has a few more matches in the next two days."

Zion was displeased with what he heard and glanced at Sawyer, who was gloating. For the first time, he wondered if he had chosen the wrong student. In his view, arrogance was acceptable, but not malice. He had brought Sawyer along to help him step out of his comfort zone and socialize more, but it seemed futile. 'Forget it. Once we're back in Betrico, Ill let him find his own way, he thought.

Jaiden didn't react much but just smiled nonchalantly. He remained silent and sipped his coffee, hiding the calculations in his mind.

Simon was briefly stunned. Sawyer's harsh words reminded him of an issue: how he should manage Yvette's upcoming competitions. A moment later, he came up with a solution. 'No choice. Although it's my first time, I can only pull some strings for her, he thought

That day, the university's website announced a rule change: students could no longer register for multiple events to allow more participation. That sparked brief discussions among students, with some pleased by the change as the previous rule was seen as unreasonable.

The competitions went on smoothly over the next few days, but it had nothing to do with Yvette anymore.

At that moment, Yvette was already on the plane to Thymion. A young man, Kevin Garcia, noticed her beauty and felt a desire to flirt with her since she was traveling alone.

Just one seat apart, Kevin struck a handsome pose and approached Yvette. "Hello, Miss. Are you also going to Thymion? Me too. Are you going for a vacation? I'm going with my uncle to explore Kransbay."

Yvette instantly opened her eyes and turned to look at him. He appeared to be around 19, dressed in flashy luxury brands. The only impressive feature was his charming eyes, adding a touch of handsomeness to his face.

"Kransbay," Yvette replied coldly.

Kevin shivered, not expecting such a cold voice from such a pretty lady. He felt a bit intimidated. Despite his earlier flirtatious demeanor, it was his first time doing so.

Yvette glanced at him and immediately realized he was just nervously trying to talk to her. "Why are you going to Kransbay?" she asked.

Under Yvette's gaze, Kevin spilled everything he'd promised his uncle, Martin Garcia, to keep secret. "... I'm going to Kransbay because there's an auction in three days. My uncle runs a jewelry store, and he's going to stock up."

Kevin kept his head low, deeply regretting what he had just said. Oh no! Forgive me! If Uncle Martin finds out I told a stranger so much, he surely won't let me off, he thought.

Yvette closed her eyes, her face expressionless, with a hint of coldness in her delicate features.

Kevin raised his head, sneaking a peek and wondering. Did she fall asleep?

He reassured himself, thinking Yvette might not know what an auction was. He doubted an ordinary person would go such a place, which made him feel more at ease.

Afterward, Kevin lost the desire to talk to Yvette. He preferred women who were pretty and gentle. Although Yvette was beautiful, she was too fierce for his taste.

After a four-hour flight, the plane finally landed in Thymion's capital. Known for its tropical climate, the place was notoriously hot year-round, with temperatures often over 86 degrees Fahrenheit. Especially since it was in the summer, the heat could be quite aggravating.

As soon as Kevin saw his uncle, he started complaining about Thymion's weather, saying that the climate back in Clusia was much better, with its distinct seasons.

When Yvette exited the airport, she saw Eagle King standing by the roadside.

Eagle King had not disclosed his whereabouts to anyone on his trip to South East Aploth. Dressed in floral pants, he cut an imposing figure, and the tattoos on his arms attracted the ladies on the roadside, having them frequently turn their heads.

But it was reasonable that the ladies were turning their heads to him. After all, the gender ratio was quite imbalanced in Thymion, and men as tall and handsome as Eagle King were indeed rare.

"Boss, over here... Here!" Eagle King instantly noticed Yvette and shouted

In such dreadful weather, the only person who would cover herself head to toe in black would be Yvette. Eagle King was well aware of Yvette's sensitivity to the cold.

Upon hearing the sound, Yvette glanced around and walked toward Eagle King with her black bag on her back, not noticing another person dressed in a long white overcoat nearby.

Emmett, dressed in a black suit, stood before a black car and opened the door. Just as Jeremiah was about to get in, he heard someone speaking Clusian. He paused slightly, gazing into the distance, and only saw a thin figure dressed in black.

His heart suddenly skipped a beat. He found it strangely familiar. When he tried to get a clearer look, the car had already driven away. Jeremiah mocked himself inwardly, 'We're just a few days apart, and I miss her this much?'

When he got into the car, Jeremiah took out his phone and hesitated for a while. Finally, he made the call.

However, what he heard was. The number you have dialed is unavailable."

Her phone is off?' Jeremiah thought, hesitating for a moment before sending a message to Andrew. Shortly after, he received a reply, typed [Yvette just won the plans competition. In keeping an eye on her, so don't worry.]

Andrew, too engrossed in his game, was unaware that the person he was supposed to watch over was already in Thymion.

After reading the message, Jeremiah felt relieved. Little did he know that he had just missed out on Yvette because of Andrew's text.

Putting away his phone, Jeremiah frowned deeply, realizing that things were more challenging than he had imagined. It was related to the Kerton family, the largest underworld family in Golden Triangle

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Once Yvette got in the car, she skipped the small talk and immediately asked, "What's going on with Flying Fish?"

Eagle King had dark circles around his eyes, and he looked pretty bad. He sounded tired. "Boss, a few days ago someone placed an order on the Black Gold website targeting a man from Clusia, I don't know if Flying Fish lost her mind or if she's gone stupid over that celebs, but she didn't even check the details before taking the job. She only discovered after arriving there that the man she was supposed to kill wasn't just anybody. He's a Clusian major general"

He continued. "It wasn't a big deal to go through with it, but Flying Fish found out that it was Caleb who ordered the hit. That major general had destroyed one of his transnational crime organizations. Once she knew, she wanted to call it off."

"Boss, you know that crazy woman despises human traffickers and would love nothing more than to tear them all to pieces. Why would she take the job when someone else was doing her a Livor by targeting those lowlifes!" Eagle King sighed softly. both affectionate and exasperated with Flying Fish.

He then explained. "I got her text, and that's basically what it said. Since I arrived in Kransbay, I've been investigating Flying Fish's last known location. I finally discovered her latest signal in the Kerton family's turf down south. She must've been caught by accident."

"The good news is she didn't reveal she was Flying Fish when she took the job, she used a regular account. Can you imagine what the Kerton family would've done to her if they knew that they had captured the world's third-ranked assassin? Boss, you know a lot of people want Flying Fish dead," said Eagle King.

Yvette's hand paused as she held her phone. A major general from Clusia? Golden Triangle a few days ago? So, the person Flying Fish wanted to kill must be him, she pondered.

For the first time, Yvette felt a slight headache. She was almost certain that that person was still somewhere in Golden Triangle. What if they ran into him?

A wave of inexplicable nerves rose within her—a feeling she had never encountered before, making her somewhat uneasy.

Yvette glanced at Eagle King. He probably hadn't slept for several days. She gazed downward, took a candy from her pocket, and tossed it over. Eagle King didn't turn his head and caught it with one hand. He ate it without even bothering to unwrap

She didn't say anything when she saw that. The wrapper was edible and even had therapeutic effects, though few people knew that. Eagle King was one of them. "Do you know Caleb's recent whereabouts?" she asked

Eagle King nodded. After days of investigation, he'd finally made some progress. "That old coward Caleb rarely appears in public. It's mainly his eldest son, Bradley, who's been representing him. Plus, according to my local contacts, Caleb has about ten martial arts experts he's hired to protect him day and night

He furrowed his brows. "It's a bit tricky, but just three hours ago, I received reliable info that Caleb will attend an auction three days from now. The auction will be held at the exhibition hall downtown. It's said to be a huge event that attracts gem lovers from all over the world, with strong backing from the Kransbay government. The Kerton family is reportedly the organizer behind the scene

Eagle King wasn't worried about those so-called martial arts experts. The real challenge was finding Caleb. Like a clever rabbit with multiple burrows, no one knew where he was. Any rash action would only alert their enemies.

If Flying Fish hadn't been captured, Eagle King would have already barged in with heavy weapons and smashed those scum to pieces.

Yvette's brows furrowed as she listened. Then, she took out her phone and, after briefly fiddling with it, the black device swiftly transformed into a mini handheld computer. In no time, all of the Kerton family's potential hiding spots, including their underground bunkers, were displayed on a map.

"Get us two invitations. Flying Fish won't go down that easily, she has some self-preservation. Even if Caleb catches her, he can't do anything to her. Flying Fish has the Drunken Beauty I gave her, and unless she allows it, no one can get close to her so quickly." Yvette casually put away her phone. Her eyes were clear, but the chill emanating from her grew stronger.

Eagle King felt much more relieved when Yvette mentioned that Flying Fish had the Drunken Beauty. He wondered where Yvette had met such an expert in toxins and medicine.

For example, if he hadn't tasted it himself so many times, he wouldn't have believed that the ordinary-looking candy she gave him could heal injuries. Moreover, it also regulated internal energy.

It was the kind of "candy" no one would believe if you told them about it. The first time Eagle King tried it, he had been skeptical, too. Only afterward did he realize its amazing effects.

Sometimes, when he saw Yvette eat it like a snack, Eagle King couldn't help but feel a twinge of anxiety. Eating one could easily cost millions of dollars. It's better to not think about it... Only someone like Boss can afford such extravagance. Who knows who's backing her? he thought.

"Boss, I'll drop you off at the hotel so you can rest. I'll head to my friend's place. He should have some invitations. Don't worry." Eagle King was pushing his limits. Despite his strong physique, pulling several all-nighters in a row was taking a toll on him—just like it would anyone else.

Yvette shook her head and looked at Eagle King, who was struggling to stay awake. She said firmly, "Let's go back to the hotel. Once you've slept for at least 12 hours, you can leave,"

Eagle King saw Yvette's exquisite, cold face in the rearview mirror. He paused, then nodded. "All right. I get it, Boss." He ended up realizing that he was acting a bit irrationally. If he kept that up, they might not rescue Flying Fish, and he would just be a burden to Yvette.

Yvette was pleased with Eagle King's attitude. If he hadn't listened, she would've had to knock him out.

That evening, Kevin was helping his uncle with the luggage outside the hotel when he suddenly spotted the girl he had seen on the plane earlier that day. He considered going over to say hello but then noticed a tall man walking over, helping her carry a black bag. They entered the hotel together.

Kevin patted his chest, relieved he hadn't gone over. That guy would've probably turned him into mincemeat! He counted his lucky stars that he dodged a bullet.

Yvette and Eagle King made their way to the presidential suite at the far end of the third floor. Eagle King had booked the room himself. When he wasn't on a mission, he spared no expense on himself and had high standards for accommodation.

However, he had been on the move constantly the past few days, so Eagle King hadn't had a proper night's rest there yet.

Meanwhile, in VIP Presidential Suite 301 on the third floor of the hotel, Jeremiah was sitting on the couch in silence. Beside him, Chris was reporting the information he'd gathered.

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"Mr. Chavez, we have solid information. Caleb will be attending the upcoming emerald auction with Bradley in three days. It has been five years since he last appeared at these events, and since we recently dismantled his human trafficking group, he has suffered significant losses. He has no choice but to attend the emerald auction and try to make a large profit to cover his past losses," Emmett reported solemnly.

Caleb was a tough opponent. He had been the dominant player in the Golden Triangle for many years. The local government largely ignored his actions and even offered him protection. They worked closely together, using Kransbay as Caleb's headquarters, where most of his influence was centralized. It was very difficult to find evidence to arrest him. Jeremiah's secret forces had to remain hidden, making it more difficult to rely solely on the visible ones, which worried

Emmett

Jeremiah got up, walked to the window, and looked at the busy traffic below.

The city shone brightly above, but many innocent people were buried underground. It was a place filled with crime, theft, and arson, where danger lurked around every corner.

The light cast a soft shadow across Jeremiah's face. He turned and instructed, "Be prepared. Caleb's reckless actions against Clusia have consequences. We cannot let troublemakers do as they please. Those who violate our land must be punished" The last words were chilling and sent a shiver down the spine.

Emmett nodded. He understood Jeremiah well.

The moment they discovered Caleb was the mastermind behind the international human trafficking, he considered Caleb already sentenced to death.

"Mr. Chavez, I will have everything ready for the emerald auction in three days. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now," Emmett said.

Jeremiah waved his hand with a decisive motion.

Emmett bowed and left, reaching the elevator just as Eagle King returned with supper.

As they passed by each other, both slowed down. Emmett was shocked and commented inwardly, 'Such an intense internal

energy...

Eagle King paused for a moment, sensing the presence of an ancient combat artist in Emmett.

They both turned their heads at the same time, and their eyes met as they unleashed their internal energy. There was a fierce confrontation in the silence.

Just then, a cleaning lady came out of a room into the hallway and saw them standing still. She was puzzled. "Gentlemen, do

need anything?" the cleaning lady asked Eagle King and Emmett in her Uprian accent.

you

Eagle King withdrew his energy and nodded to the cleaning lady as he replied, "Nothing."

Then, he turned to Emmett and said, "There's no winner or loser this time. Let's have another match later.

Emmett replied, "Sure."

Once Eagle King had gone, Emmett took a step back. He had only managed to hang on through sheer determination, Eagle King's internal energy was truly impressive. He would have been in trouble if it had gone on for another three minutes. Emmett thought. That expert must be here for the emerald auction. Will he mess up Boss' plan? He felt uneasy, sensing that the trip to Kransbay at the time would be full of unexpected twists

In the meantime, Yvette was sitting on the couch, reading about Caleb on her phone. In less than ten minutes, she found out everything about Caleb.

She mused. "He killed his father as a child and took over Kerton Group at twelve or thirteen? In ten years, he has greatly expanded his influence through drug dealing, human trafficking, running casinos, and supplying weapons to Africa terrorists. Not to mention money laundering with government assistance at the emerald auction? That's shocking. He has committed all kinds of crimes!

Yvette's information was more detailed than the information Emmett had gathered. It included unknown details, such as Caleb's mistress in a mansion north of Kransby and Bradley's desire to overthrow him.

As Eagle King entered the room, he noticed Yvette nestled on the couch, completely engrossed in whatever captured her attention. "Boss, it's time to eat. I thought you might not like the food here, so I bought some dishes from a nearby Clusian restaurant," said Eagle King.

Eagle King filled the table with food, including risotto, pasta, donuts, pizza, duck confit, mushrooms, and more. When he purchased the food, the restaurant owner inquired about the number of people it was served for. Upon hearing that it was for just two, the owner was surprised. Eagle King recognized Yvette's steady appetite. He noticed that when she was well-fed, her mood greatly improved.

Yvette picked up her fork and ate slowly and carefully. Thirty minutes later, every dish on the table had been entirely devoured.

After tidying up, Eagle King sat down on the other side of the couch. He pulled out two white envelopes from his pocket containing invitations to the Emerald Auction. The invitations had three levels: regular, gold, and diamond, which was the highest level

For the upcoming Emerald Auction, any bidder without an official invitation from the Kransbay government or the Jewelry Association will be required to pay a deposit of 80 million Manchenius dollars to the committee to secure their participation. Each level had a different price. The invitation in Eagle King's hand was the highest, costing 500 million Manchenius dollars

Yvette pulled out her organized map and pointed to three locations before instructing, "I've marked three places where Caleb might be hiding people, and Flying Fish might be in one of the places. To avoid alerting them, watch these places for anything unusual for the next three days. If Caleb goes to the auction, he'll probably bring a lot of security. If I go to the emerald auction, you should use the opportunity to rescue them and then meet me."

Eagle King was surprised that Yvette had found all of Caleb's hiding places so quickly. With Yvette by his side, he felt that nothing in the world was out of reach. However, there was something he found perplexing and difficult to understand. So he asked, "Boss, since you know where Flying Fish is locked up, why are you still going to the auction? Can't we just rescue her and leave, or do you have other plans?"

Yvette paused for a moment and lazily glanced down as she stretched. After some thought, she looked up at Eagle King and replied calmly. "Since we're already here, why keep those people around?"

What a coincidence! Eagle King shared the same thought, 'Caleb should face serious consequences for messing with my people! I have to get Boss and Flying Fish to safety before returning to kill Caleb. Since Boss has said to do it. I'll eliminate Caleb to save trouble, I don't want to return here because it's too hot.

Meanwhile, Caleb was upset at the mansion. He had no idea that as the leader of a Golden Triangle crime family, he was considered expendable by others.

In the basement of a luxurious mansion in northern Kransbay, woman in a red dress was locked up. She was none other than Flying Fish.

Flying Fish tugged at her dress with a hint of disdain, thinking. D**n! My carelessness led to my capture by Caleb's crew. He tricked me by using a child. How infuriating! A week has passed, and I smell terrible. Those b***rds! If Eagle King rescues me, I'll destroy this place. I won't let my reputation as the third-se***st assassin go to waste!

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Three days passed in a flash. During that time, Eagle King had roughly determined where Flying Fish was imprisoned after close observation.

Who would've thought the sly Caleb would hide Flying Fish in his lover's mansion? If it weren't for his subordinates slipping up while chatting and was overheard by Eagle King who was monitoring them, he never would've guessed Flying Fish would be held in such a place.

He truly admired Yvette. These three places were each weirder than the last, but Flying Fish was actually in one of them. Tonight, he'd show those sc****ags hell. With Yvette around, Eagle King wasn't worried about Caleb at all.

The weather in Kransbay was exceptionally good today. Huge clouds floated across the clear blue sky. Wildflowers with fiery red petals bloomed along the path. Under the sun, the ground was smoldering and dusty.

Emerald Auction was like a competition among emerald merchants, a contest of wealth, insight, and courage. Before the auction began, all the raw emeralds were numbered, indicating the quantity, weight, and starting price, though the starting prices were generally low. They were all publicly displayed for three days.

The merchants would carefully examine each exhibit, select the raw emeralds they needed, and evaluate their value to determine the best bidding price before placing them in the bidding box.

As many were competing and none knew of the other's bid prices, setting the right price for the same raw emerald was tricky. If the price was too high, they'd suffer losses. But if it was too low, someone else might buy it. In auctions, it was common to lose out on a piece worth several hundred thousand dollars by underpricing by just a few dollars.

The exhibition hall was filled with old-mine raw emerald pieces, with prices ranging from several hundred thousand dollars to several million dollars. Gigantic raw emeralds weighing several tons with excellent surface quality could reach over 30 million dollars.

This year's Emerald Auction was held in the city center exhibition hall, which could accommodate tens of thousands of people. Emerald enthusiasts from around the world gathered here, hoping to buy the best stone for the lowest price. Some people arrived at the exhibition hall early, carefully examining each stone.

Stone gambling was where one cut could lead to one's wealth or ruin. Many desperate people came here to risk it all. In short, they all had one goal-money.

Only two people differed from the crowd. One was Yvette who was already at the entrance, and the other was Jeremiah who was still on the way. They were there for Caleb.

At the entrance, Kevin and Martin held the lowest-grade invitations. The staff on both sides took a quick glance and pointed toward a random direction. In Clusia, Kevin's family was quite wealthy, and he was often addressed as Mr. Garcia wherever he went. He had never been treated so indifferently before, and felt slighted for the first time by the gatekeepers.

His face filled with resentment as he complained, "Uncle Martin, these Kransbayans are too contemptuous of us."

Martin looked at Kevin's naive expression and felt helpless, knowing he was spoiled by his family and completely unaware of the harsh realities. He scolded, "Do you know where we are? This is Kransbay, a no-man's hand. If you keep talking recklessly like that and someone hears you, no one can save you

Kevin was only complaining, so he shrank back at Martin's words. He knew this place was a hundred times more dangerous than Clusia, so he didn't dare speak out. He didn't want to appear submissive to Martin either, so he could only look around awkwardly

At that moment, Kevin spotted the girl he'd met on the plane and at the hotel. He thought it was too coincidental. As he was upset with Martin, Kevin seized the chance while Martin was engrossed in checking some raw emeralds and quickly headed toward the entrance.

Yvette wore a loose white T-shirt that revealed a hint of her collarbone with some baggy sweatpants. One would think she accompanied by ten expert martial artists, and the hall is full of his men equipped with heavy weapons. I'm afraid it's not suitable to fight here."

Jeremiah placed his cup down, his expression unpredictable and his tone mysterious. "No need to rush. There are plenty of opportunities."

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On the first floor of the exhibition hall, Kevin and Yvette wandered around aimlessly, occasionally stopping before moving along again. Whenever they encountered a promising raw emerald, Kevin would pull out a mini flashlight, magnifying glass, and other professional tools from his pocket, examining the emeralds like an expert.

But with his limited budget, he only inspected emeralds priced around several hundred thousand dollars.

They had already covered nearly half the area, checking out numerous emeralds, but Kevin was still unsure whether any would yield high-quality emeralds

Yvette trailed behind him quietly, as if she were invisible. Yet, no matter where she went, people couldn't stop murmuring words like "pretty" and "beautiful." She pretended not to notice, but Kevin was getting more attention just because she was with him:

After surveying the entire area, Kevin had pretty much made up his mind, eyeing two raw emeralds. One was a white 170- pound raw emerald, and the other was a black one of nearly the same weight. Both were within his budget, but due to his limited funds, he could only choose one.

Torn between the two, Kevin was filled with indecision as both seemed to have the potential for high-quality emeralds.

Yvette walked leisurely with her hands in her pockets, appearing completely at ease. When she saw Kevin pause in front of a raw emerald, she turned and walked back to him. Clearing her throat, Yvette asked softly, "What's up?"

Kevin was a bit surprised. He hadn't expected Yvette, this seemingly aloof beauty, to actually show concern. After a moment of hesitation, he glanced at the raw emerald in front of him and then pointed to the black emerald he'd seen earlier in Zone A "Which one do you think has high-quality emeralds inside?" he asked.

Kevin looked at Yvette with anticipation, assuming she might have some knowledge, considering her presence at the event. Surely, she wouldn't have come all this way just for sightseeing, he thought

Yvette glanced at the two emeralds before casually pulling her hands out of her pockets and pointing toward another emerald in the far corner. This one, however, weighed only around 11 pounds and was priced at tens of thousands of dollars. Kevin followed her gaze, baffled.

He had noticed that emerald earlier, but not because it stood out rather, it seemed pitifully small compared to the larger ones weighing tons. Nobody had shown any interest in it.

Typically, such raw emeralds were included by organizers as filler, meant to deceive outsiders unfamiliar with the trade. A family of jewelers as experienced as the Garcia family would never consider such a store.

Kevin glanced at Yvette's unreadable face. He didn't want to let her down, despite knowing she was likely inexperienced. Though she means well, she's just a novice, he thought.

Yvette, still calm, lowered her gaze slightly and raised an eyebrow. "Hurry up and place your bid," she said coolly

Kevin hesitated for a moment before sighing. Fine, just to please her. It's only around 100 thousand dollars. I guess it's money lost, he thought. "All right... I'll go right now. Wait here. It won't take long

For these types of bids, it's all about first come, first served. It should only take a few minutes, and I can even have the emerald cut right here. There's always someone cutting stones on-site to excite the crowd. Nothing drives impulse buying like that, Kevin reflected.

After Kevin left. Yvette leaned against a large raw emerald and pulled out her phone, scrolling casually. Suddenly, a commotion arose from the distance. Her ears perked up, and she recognized a familiar voice. With a thoughtful expression. she tucked her phone away and made her way toward the source of the noise.

In Zone D, Martin, Kevin's uncle, was engrossed in a massive, one-ton emerald. As the second eldest in the Garcia family, he was known as Mr. Garcia in the jewelry world. He was carefully assessing the raw emerald, estimating a 90% chance that it would yield high-quality emeralds.

However, this raw emerald had attracted the interest of many, including the Garcia family's long-standing rival, the Jones family. The Jones family had sent their general manager, Edward Jones, a seasoned veteran, who was also eyeing the same raw emerald.

Priced at 43 million dollars, the raw emerald was still within Man's budget, but going all in on it would severely limit his ability to purchase other raw emeralds. He was in a difficult position.

If this raw emerald didn't yield high-quality emeralds, his bidding journey could end early, leaving him with nothing for the remaining three days. On the other hand, walking away from such a potentially valuable raw emerald was a tough pill to swallow.

As Martin hesitated. Edward strolled over with a smug smile. "Well, well, if it isn't Mr. Garcia Eyeing this one too? I was just about to head to the counter and claim it. Your family's been doing quite well with emeralds this year; how about letting me have this one

As soon as Edward made his remark, the crowd around the raw emerald surged forward, excitedly discussing it was sure to contain high-quality emeralds, encouraging Martin to place a bid. Zone D quickly became the center of attention.

Martin could feel Edward's mocking gaze. The Garcia family had had a rough year, with finances strained by less successful ventures, and Edward knew it. Gritting his teeth, Martin glanced at the massive raw emerald, trying to ignore Edward's smug face. 1- Martin began.

But before he could continue, a voice interrupted, "Since Mr. Jones wants this emerald so badly, why not do him the favor of letting him have it, Mr. Garcia?" The crowd went silent in shock, unsure of who had spoken.

Yvette stepped out from the crowd, hands in her pockets, wearing a casual yet defiant smile. Her gaze was cool and unbothered. Some had noticed her earlier, but now their murmurs grew louder.

"Who is this Aplothian woman, and why is she getting involved one person muttered.

"She doesn't seem to understand how things work here. Speaking out of turn during the bidding is a big no-no," another whispered

"But she's stunning!" someone else added.

"Let's hear what she has to say," suggested another.

Martin frowned in irritation. 'She's just a woman who tagged along with Kevin. What right does she have to speak up like this?' he thought

Edward smirked, recognizing Yvette as the woman who had been with Kevin and assuming she was his sugar baby.

"Mr. Martin Garcia, surely you're not going to take advice from her, are you? I saw her hanging around with Mr. Kevin Garcia. Seems like he knows how to enjoy himself, bringing a woman along to an event like this." As he spoke, Edward shot Yvette a disdainful glance.

"You're spouting nonsense!" Kevin shouted, his voice cutting through the crowd. After completing his paperwork, he noticed the commotion and walked over, realizing Yvette was involved. There was nothing going on between him and Yvette. Hearing Edward's insults, Kevin couldn't stand by any longer.

"Kevin, stop!" Martin ordered immediately. Any conflict during a bidding event could result in both parties being blacklisted, a serious consequence neither family could afford. Kevin froze in place, his face flushed with anger, but he held back.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 99

Just minutes ago, when Emmett returned from the restroom and passed the first-floor exhibition hall, he saw Yvette standing by the raw emerald, idly playing with her phone.

Emmett thought. Her? He had seen Yvette at the police station before. Previously, Jeremiah had rushed back to Seacurity from an important military meeting to pick her up from the police station.

It was obvious how important Yvette was to Jeremiah. In all the years Emmett had served Jeremiah, this was the first time he had seen the latter show affection toward a woman.

If nothing occurred. Yvette's future status would be unmatched, ji was clear-if Jeremiah had chosen her, no one could stand in his way.

However, Emmett wondered what made Yvette so special. With all the high-society ladies in Betrico, he couldn't understand why Jeremiah would choose Yvette, a mere university student.

Emmett thought, Because she's pretty? There are plenty of beautiful ladies. Why her? Before he could ponder further. Emmett returned to the VIP room on the second floor to report the situation to Jeremiah.

Meanwhile on the first floor, Edward was still trying to prod Martin, pushing him to bid on the piece of raw emerald.

However, Martin was not foolish. There was no way Edward would be so generous. Growing doubtful of the emerald, Martin cooled off and declined, "If you like it so much, Mr. Jones, go ahead."

Edward gritted his teeth in frustration when he saw that Martin no longer wanted to bid. He had heard a rumor that the raw emerald in question was problematic, with its green surface drawing suspicion.

If Martin made the purchase, the Jones family would have surpassed the Garcia family as the leading jewelry business in Lommore this year. However, everything was ruined now because of Yvette.

Edward's eyes gleamed with malice. He had connections with the local gang, so dealing with Yvette would be child's play.

Meanwhile, Martin had a newfound respect for Yvette, though he chalked it up to the coincidence that she had interrupted him at just the right moment.

“When did you arrive?” Jeremiah’s lips curled into a smile as he strode toward Yvette. His heart raced in excitement, more so than ever before, as the person he had been longing for stood right before him.

Surrounded by onlookers, Yvette heard Jeremiah’s voice and showed a brief flash of surprise, followed by a sigh. She had not expected to run into Jeremiah here.

As Jeremiah approached, the crowd instinctively parted for him, his imposing aura leaving little choice. Behind him trailed Emmett, clad in a sharp black suit, equally exuding a don’t-mess-with-me vibe.

Jeremiah walked up to Yvette, and their eyes met. The warmth in Jeremiah’s eyes was intense and fervent. Yvette, unable to hold eye contact, averted her gaze and replied, “A couple of days ago.”

Upon hearing that, Jeremiah nodded, his tone softening with a tenderness reserved only for Yvette. “Let’s go.”

Without much thought, Yvette glanced at Jeremiah, her voice losing its earlier coldness. “All right. She followed him, showing a deep, almost unconscious trust in him, and did not even ask where they were going

Nearby, Kevin, seeing the two about to leave, mustered unexpected courage and called out, “Hey, Yvette, are you just going to leave?”

Yvette paused for a moment before turning to face Kevin. Ignoring the conflicted look from Martin, she pulled out an envelope from her pocket and handed it to Kevin. “Here. With that, she left.

Kevin stood there, staring after Yvette until she disappeared around the corner.

Edward, who had fallen silent the moment Jeremiah appeared, did not dare say a word. Moments ago, he had been scheming about how to deal with Yvette, but now, he would not even dare breathe loudly.

This was because Edward recognized the white envelope Yvette handed to Kevin. It wasn’t just any invitation-it was the highest-level VIP pass, one that money alone couldn’t buy, a diamond VIP invitation.

Edward thought. ‘If I wasn’t mistaken, she had pulled the invitation from her pocket. It was not handed to her by the man she was with. That meant she was no ordinary person

Without daring to say another word. Edward slunk away, tail between his legs.

Meanwhile, Kevin was puzzled, wondering how Edward's attitude had changed drastically. Just moments ago, the latter was sn**y, ready to take on this and that. Now, he was acting completely different.

Even Martin was baffled, staring at the envelope in Kevin's hand. If he did not realize by now that he had misunderstood, he'd have to be a fool.

It was clear that Yvette was not here as Kevin's plus one. She had come on her own- and with a diamond VIP invitation, no less. Compared to that, the regular invitation they had was nothing.

Moreover, Martin could tell the man next to Yvette was no ordinary person either.

"Uncle Martin, do you know what this is?" Kevin asked, waving the envelope in his hand casually

Martin quickly stepped forward, carefully taking the envelope from Kevin, his voice filled with excitement. "My goodness, Kevin, this is a diamond VIP invitation. With this, we can head to the second floor."

"During the auction, we won't have to fight for space in the main hall- we can bid directly from the private rooms. Where did you meet that girl? You lucky fool, you've lucked out, Martin added.

Kevin w

just as baffled. He thought, 'A diamond VIP? He had only spoken to Yvette because he thought no one was looking after her. Now, he felt embarrassed to learn Yvette was a hidden big shot.

In the second-floor VIP room, Yvette leaned back in her chair with crossed legs, while sipping coffee that Jeremiah had poured for her. She remained silent, playing a newly downloaded game on her phone.

Jeremiah, knowing Yvette's habits, did not say much either. After finishing his coffee, he refilled Yvette's cup, making sure it was full.

The proper etiquette was not to fill a cup to the brim, but Yvette found it inconvenient to keep drinking half-full cups. Hence, Jeremiah always filled hers to the top, to make sure she was comfortable.

Initially shocked, Emmett was now numb. In the last half hour, he had watched Jeremiah, who was usually serious, sneak glances at Yvette, pouring her coffee and even placing a plate of fruit in front of her.

Emmett would not be surprised if Jeremiah offered to feed Yvette if she allowed him to. In all honesty, he felt Jeremiah would be more than happy to do so.

Since entering the room, Yvette had barely spoken a word. Apart from answering Jeremiah's questions, she had remained silent. Jeremiah and her were a perfect match in their lack of words.

Emmett couldn't help but wonder how Yvette could stay so composed. This was Kransbay, not Clusia. Danger lurked around every corner.

It was suspicious enough for a young woman like Yvette to be at a stone gambling auction, but she was way too calm for someone who had just run into acquaintances here.

"Interested in stone gambling? Playing h**y?" Jeremiah pulled out a chair and sat close to Yvette, his voice warm and teasing.

Yvette set down her phone, narrowed her eyes, and replied unhurriedly, "So-so. I didn't skip class, just took a leave."

Emmett sighed inwardly. That's not the point. Shouldn't the bigger question be why she's here in Kransbay and at an emerald auction exhibition hall of all places? This isn't a place for college students.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez Chapter 100

Emmett remained wary of Yvette, as he was of anyone who appeared around Jeremiah. His duty demanded extreme caution to ensure nothing went wrong. He couldn't help but question Yvette's presence.

Yvette's sudden appearance at the auction on such an important day was highly suspicious. Even if she was here by coincidence, her presence might disrupt their plans. Nothing was certain.

Emmett thought Yvette was a hindrance. If a conflict broke out later, he would have to protect her, and it would be a burden.

After glancing at Yvette, who remained silent with her eyes lowered, Emmett hesitated before cautiously asking, "Ms. Zeller. did you come here alone?"

Yvette turned and glanced at Emmett, her eyes filled with their usual indifference. "No, I came with a friend. He went to take care of something."

Upon hearing that, Jeremiah's expression darkened, his brows furrowed, and his voice grew cold. "Pull our people out. Return to standby."

Shocked. Emmett thought, Retreat? Jeremiah had meticulously planned this for days, waiting for Caleb to appear so they could finally capture him

Emmett could not understand Jeremiah's intention in withdrawing their men, but he knew it was because of Yvette. This time, Jeremiah was being far too feratinal.

Regardless, Emmett was loyal to Jeremiah to the point of following him to death without hesitation. Still, his resentment toward Yvette grew.

If it weren't for Yvette, such a carefully planned operation that had cost much manpower and resources would not have beeri abandoned at the last minute.

However, Emmett knew he could not change Jeremiah's decision. He nodded reluctantly. "Understood, Mr. Chavez. I'll give the orders now." With that, he stepped out of the room.

Yvette rested her left arm, her beautifully tanned skin visible at her wrist. Her strikingly beautiful face followed Emmett's exit with a calm expression. Then, she pursed her lips slightly. "Did I offend him?"

Jeremiah, who had been pouring coffee, paused as he thought, 'She's sharp. Emmett thought he had hidden his displeasure well, but Yvette had already noticed it

"No. he doesn't mean any harm. He just doesn't understand why you're here," Jeremiah replied.

Yvette turned, staring at Jeremiah differently. After a few seconds of silence, her tone became more serious. "Aren't you curious why I'm here?"

Jeremiah smiled faintly. It was gone as quickly as it appeared. However, in that brief moment, Yvette was momentarily stunned. She had to admit he was the most handsome man she had ever seei

Upon noticing Yvette's distraction, Jeremiah felt a flicker of satisfaction. It seemed that Andrew's idea of using a "beauty trap" was working

Yvette was taken by it, and for once, Andrew's suggestion was not completely off the mark. Jeremiah felt he could use this trick more often in the future.

Jeremiah cleared his throat awkwardly, his voice slightly raspy, and said with a focused intensity. "It doesn't matter. You've never asked why I'm at Argrol University, either

her coffee cup.

Yvette lowered her cry

No network available now. Please check your network.

blew on it gently, and, once the temperature was just right, took a light sip.

Then, Yvette lifted her gaze slightly and exchanged a silent smile with Jeremiah. Everything was conveyed without a word.

Suddenly, a knock came at the door. "Excuse me, sir, may I interrupt for a moment?"

Jeremiah gestured toward the couch. "Rest there. I'll call you when the bidding starts.

"Okay, Yvette replied

Jeremiah collected himself and returned to his usual aloof, untouchable demeanor, exuding an air of cold elegance. His voice was as icy as ever. "Come in

The woman who entered was one of the exquisite courtesans meticulously selected to serve the VIP guests on the second floor. Their ultimate goal was to be chosen to work for the clientele on that level.

To be selected, one had to not only possess striking beauty and a captivating figure but also speak several foreign languages, as the guests hailed from all over the globe.

Despite the stringent requirements, the temptation of generous pay drew many women to compete fiercely for a chance.

Moreover, the auction operated under unspoken rules. It was understood that as long as the price could satisfy both parties, the girls at the auction could be taken away.

There were plenty of stories of girls being swept off their feet by wealthy businessmen, and their lives and statuses transformed overnight.

Lily, who had entered after knocking, had her eye on Jeremiah, a handsome, powerful, and charming man. She used every trick in the book to attract him, but he did not even glance her way.

Disappointed, Lily initially thought it was because Jeremiah was not interested in women, only to watch as he returned with an incredibly beautiful girl.

Having worked in this industry for long, Lily knew some people were simply beyond her reach. If Jeremiah did not take an interest, she'd just move on. After all, losing her life over this job wasn't worth it.

As Lily entered, she stood straight, bowed at a ninety-degree angle, and respectfully said, "Hello, sir. Someone on the first floor just opened an AAA-grade emerald"

“According to the auction’s customary rules, the guest who opens it will gift a bottle of rare wine worth 100 thousand doll to one of the guests present,” Lily explained.

“That guest asked to have it sent to your lounge and expressed his gratitude to Ms. Zeller, Lily added.

Lily hadn’t expected the wine to go to this powerful and mysterious man in front of her, but lounging on the couch. She had misjudged Yvette’s status, which was worlds apart from hers.

ther to the beautiful girl

Jeremiah turned to look at Yvette, who was on the couch. She was casually leaning back, her expression somewhat dazed, her gaze deep and contemplative, as if she hadn’t heard Lily at all.

“Just put it on the table. What’s the name of the person who opened the AAA-grade emerald?” Jeremiah inquired.

After placing the wine on the table. Lily stepped back and leaned down slightly. “Sir, that guest said his last name is Garcia, and that Ms. Zetter would know him. With that, she gracefully retreated, holding the tray.

Jeremiah furrowed his brow and turned his gaze slightly. “That gay from earlier? Did you come with him?”

Yvette sat up from the couch, her voice slightly nasal. “No, we met halfway. He... is not bad.”

Jeremiah felt a twinge of jealousy. “Not bad” meant Yvette held a high opinion of that person. He wondered what she thought of him

“He’s lucky,” Yvette nodded nonchalantly, Jeremiah felt slightly better at her indifference.

Earlier on the first floor, after Yvette left, Kevin stared at the raw emerald receipt in a daze. Having already spent a hefty sum, he had no intention of taking the raw emerald back for processing

After some pondering. Kevin thought it might be better to just cut it open here. After all, he had no idea where else to put it.

Kevin called over Martin, who, upon hearing that Yvette had suggested Kevin buy it, brushed it off. Upon closer inspection of the raw emerald, he believed it would be nearly impossible to contain such a high-quality emerald.

They both figured the money was lost and decided to cut the raw emerald in the exhibition hall, not expecting anything from it.

However, when the cutting master made the first incision, a vibrant green hue appeared, leaving them completely stunned.