

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of Mr S 401[1,232 words]

Chapter 401

The week passed quickly, with several changes taking place at Chambers Group. Three major events were particularly noteworthy.

Firstly, Warron and Nelson, who had been throwing their weight around at Chambers Group for years and placing their supporters thanks to their shares, were imprisoned for financial crimes. The second issue was the layoff's at Chambers Group. Yvette fired everyone who got their jobs through connections, ensuring they would never be hired back.

As for Dex, he finally got his comeuppance; not only was he sent to prison, but the mistress he supported had an abortion. She took all his money and left him with nothing, even after his release.

The third matter was about Yvette making one phone call, which resulted in the approval of all necessary documentation for the Chambers Group's East End development project.

The group had begun using resources and manpower to transform the development area. This project would be the main

and once finished, it would promise huge profits.

focus of the Chambers Group over the next three

yore!

Everyone at the Chambers Group worked harder and

evaluation system.

motivated because Yvette introduced a new promotion

With hard work, anyone can move up. The work atmosphere at Chambers Group was more enthusiastic than ever

At the Chambers residence, Zachary casually sipped his coffee while watching Jeremiah and Yvette, sitting unusually close across from him.

He thought, 'Why are they sitting so close together? It's not like there wasn't enough space.'

Zachary said, "So, Yvette, are you not going to the Chambers Group tomorrow?"

Yvette nodded and raised her eyebrows slightly, saying, "A week has passed."

Zachary knew the week was up, but he still couldn't help but ask again, hoping for a different response.

Lucas had been with Yvette the entire week, staying close to her at the company every step of the way. He watched as Yvette methodically handled various company affairs, sorted out the finances, reassigned staff across departments, and initiated corporate reforms. After witnessing Yvette handle each task with precision, Lucas was now utterly in awe of Yvette. He was truly amazed by Yvette's brain.

He thought, 'What is her brain made of? She can recall all the data instantly. Whether it is finance, architecture, design, or law, she masters them all with ease.'

Lucas finally grasped the true meaning of a certain phrase: some people were simply born to surpass others; they were like gods among men.

Zachary looked at Jeremiah, who was peeling an apple for Yvette. He said, "Aren't you busy with your duties in the military? How do you have time to hang around here in Seacrity? At your rank, you should be super busy." Jeremiah smiled slightly without pausing his apple peeling. He replied, "I'm on vacation right now."

Zachary nodded; it made sense. He had been wondering why a significant general like Jeremiah would have so much time to spend with Yvette.

Zachary wasn't aware that Jeremiah had never taken a holiday since joining the military over ten years ago. According to the

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regulations, he could take a whole year off if he started his leave now.

Zachary asked, "Are you staying for dinner tonight?"

Yvette took a bite of her apple and replied slowly, "No, I've got friends coming over from Betrico."

Zachary paused for a moment, then said, "Alright then."

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At night in the club, guys and girls danced with abandon on the floor as the DJ kept the energy up. The place was packed and vibrant with the flashing lights, wild crowd, and attractive waitresses moving through the party. Andrew sat alone in a booth, having already turned down several women who tried to chat him up.

After Andrew turned away another flirtatious woman, Jeremiah, Yvette, Charles, and Samantha, who had just returned,

came.

Andrew waved to them and called out, "Over here, Jeremiah, Yvette, over here!"

Wherever the four were, it was the

attention.

point. In

fact, from the moment they entered, they had captured most people's

The bar wasn't lacking in beautiful women, but seeing such stunning and fabulous girls like Yvette and Samantha was rare.

One was a sophisticated and alluring woman, the other an ethereal goddess unattached to the world. Many men, upon seeing Yvette and Samantha, were noticeably intrigued. Women felt the same way; Jeremiah and Charles also had an undeniable attraction for them. Men like them, with both looks and a great physique, were truly one in a million. After they sat down, Samantha glanced at Andrew, wondering, "Where's the cute, beautiful girlfriend he promised?" She ordered a vodka, took a sip, and found it mediocre. She finally said to Andrew, "You brat. Didn't you say you'd confess to your crush when you returned to Seacrity? Where's the girl? Are you going to tell me you backed out?" Charles looked up at Andrew when he heard this but said nothing.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, with a glass of orange juice in front of her. The other four weren't letting her have any alcohol.

Andrew's mood instantly soured at the mention; he had lost contact with Bonnie. Since yesterday, Bonnie's phone had been unreachable, always going straight to voicemail. No calls picked up, and she didn't reply to any texts. Andrew lamented, "When did I ever get a chance to confess? I haven't seen her since I got back. The last time we met was before I left for Betrico. She's gone back to her hometown since then."

Andrew was always on edge, feeling something was wrong with Bonnie. This strong feeling made him anxious these past two days.

Samantha paused momentarily. Seeing Andrew's clearly worried and downcast look, she decided not to say anything.

Andrew thought momentarily but couldn't resist asking Yvette, "Yvette, are you going to work at the Chambers Group tomorrow?"

Yvette half-closed her eyes. She raised her delicate eyebrows raised and said coolly, "Not going."

As soon as Andrew heard this, he quickly added, "Yvette, you have mentioned going to find Bonnie..."

Jeremiah looked up at the worried Andrew and said in a serious tone, "We've already pulled up Bonnie's records and

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reviewed them. Her hometown is in Normis, and the plane tickets are booked for the morning after tomorrow."

Andrew couldn't believe how suddenly this surprise arrived. He thought, 'Yvette and Jeremiah have already booked the flights. Does that mean I'll see Bon the day after tomorrow?'

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Andrew's gloomy mood from the past few days instantly lifted. He thought Yvette was too busy and had forgotten about this. He drank the beer in front of him in one go. Samantha asked, "Normis?"

Charles also set down his beer and looked at Jeremiah. Normis was a gathering place for minority groups, with some mysterious spots that no one dared to visit even today.

Jeremiah's expression was somewhat serious as he looked at the excited Andrew, wondering if Andrew even knew exactly where Bonnie's home was in Normis. Jeremiah was a bit surprised when he saw Bonnie's records. Bonnie's hometown wasn't just any ordinary place; it was a very mysterious minority village. That place still held on to some traditional customs.

Yvette lowered her eyes, appearing calm and indifferent.

Jeremiah said, "Bonnie's hometown is in a village in Normis. I've been there once before."

When the conversation reached this point, Samantha, Andrew, and Charles became curious. Given Jeremiah's character, he couldn't go there for a vacation. He must go here on a mission.

Samantha knew well that Jeremiah had a very secretive military unit under him. Her dad had mentioned that this unit specifically handles national secret affairs.

Samantha asked curiously, "Jeremiah, what did you go to do in Bonnie's hometown?"

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Jeremiah's voice gradually deepened, and after a moment, he said, "Dungo Village, Bonnie's hometown, is also a gathering place for poison sorcerers. They inhabit the entire village."

Jeremiah's face was serious as he delved into his memories. Five years ago, he and his team chased an international fugitive who fled to Dungo Village and disappeared.

The village had a creepy atmosphere, and its residents still held onto some mysterious beliefs.

One night, Jeremiah accidentally passed by a villager's house. He saw many villagers gathering, each with a strange look of excitement. They were performing some ritual. But when the fugitive's location was uncovered, they quickly left Dungo Village.

Later, Jeremiah looked up information about Dungo Village. He speculated that the villagers back then might have been performing a ceremony to pray for good weather and a bountiful harvest. However, the exact nature of the ceremony involved remained unknown. Andrew was stunned. Although he had known Bonnie for so long, he didn't know she was a poison sorcerer.

Charles set down his glass and looked at Jeremiah's serious face. He realized things were not that straightforward.

He thought, 'What's most famous about poison sorcerers?' He suddenly recalled something from years ago and sank into deep thought.

Samantha was intrigued and continued to ask, "Jeremiah, don't leave us in the dark. What's going on with the village? Is something wrong?"

Jeremiah's eyes were as deep as a cold pool. He said casually, "Indigenous peoples are known for their expertise in magical poisons, which are secrets passed from mother to daughter."

Andrew's hand trembled, spilling half of his drink. His expression changed instantly, thinking, 'What did I hear? Magical poisons? Passed from mother to daughter?'

Samantha was also taken aback, but she accepted it faster than Andrew. After all, Clusia had many mysterious places with a five thousand-year history. Some things were hard to explain.

But she didn't expect Andrew to fall for a poison sorcerer. She took a sip of vodka and thought, 'Although Andrew usually appears unreliable, once he commits to something or someone, he won't easily change his mind.

Andrew was the only son of the Mitchell family, so Samantha decided to join the trip to Normis as well.

Andrew asked, "Jeremiah, are you saying Bon knows magical poisons?"

Jeremiah shook his head and said solemnly, "Not sure."

In the lively bar, their corner felt strangely peaceful and isolated,

Yvette lowered her eyes as she rested her chin on her hand. Her gaze lingered slightly, and she said coolly, "No, she doesn't."

As soon as Yvette spoke, everyone looked at her, meeting her bright eyes.

Andrew felt much more at ease. He believed what Yvette said. She would never speak without certainty. He asked, "Yvette, have you been to Dungo Village?"

Yvette leaned back and replied calmly, "No, I haven't."

Yvette hadn't been to Dungo Village, but years ago, she had already dealt with people who practiced magical poisons. The

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outcome was obvious: that person died, and it was a gruesome death.

Samantha had a strong hunch that even if Yvette hadn't been there, she surely had deep knowledge.

Charles asked, "Yvette, do you know about magical poisons and poisonous insects?"

Yvette took a sip of orange juice, curled up her legs, and pursed her lips.

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Then, she said, "Humans breed poisonous insects. The method involves placing various highly toxic critters into a sealed container. These include venomous snakes, eels, centipedes, frogs, scorpions, worms, large green caterpillars, and mantises. "Flying creatures and four-legged animals that can run are excluded. Only toxic crawlers are used. After putting these twelve types into the jar, they fight each other, and the last one standing is poisonous insects."

Samantha and Andrew were really grossed out by this explanation. Charles, having seen all kinds of things in the underworld, found it more surprising than disgusting.

Jeremiah stayed calm, his expression unchanged the whole time. His gaze fixed on Yvette. He was impressed by how much Yvette knew about poisonous insects.

Raising an eyebrow, Jeremiah continued, "Ancient texts have spoken about this, and archaeologists have found related evidence. In some tribes in the Normis region, chiefs wanted to rest peacefully without disturbance after death. "They had the superior sorcerer turn their people into human statues. While the person was still alive, an insect was injected into their body. This insect fed on the person's flesh and blood, quickly turning them into a mummy.

"The insect would then lay eggs within the body, which became a vacuum environment. The larvae could stay dormant in the body for a long time. If disturbed by future generations, these larvae would break out quickly, killing the intruder." Upon hearing Jeremiah's words, Samantha quickly took a sip of her drink to calm her nerves.

Yvette glanced up at Jeremiah. He was expertly peeling nuts, which was interesting to watch. Jeremiah nodded and casually handed the nuts he had peeled to Yvette.

The other three had grown so accustomed to their public display of affection that it barely registered anymore.

Samantha held back her disgust and continued to ask, "Yvette, how did you know Bonnie couldn't do magical poisons? Didn't Jeremiah say this skill is traditionally passed from mother to daughter?"

Yvette slightly raised her chin and said calmly, "The smell. People who practice magical poisons usually have a distinct aroma on them all year round."

Andrew thought for a moment. Bonnie always had a milky scent without any other smell. He remarked that if Bonnie could do magical poisons with her simple mind, anyone could.

If Bonnie knew what Andrew thought about her, she would be speechless.

Yvette glanced at everyone and said calmly, "Over time, there are fewer people who can do magical poisons. Moreover, the conditions required are very strict: timing, location, temperature, and soil- all must align perfectly. It's not that easy."

Samantha looked at Yvette and said, "Yvette, I want to go with you all too."

Charles said, "Yvette, I'd like to go too."

Yvette narrowed her eyes. She thought for a few seconds, then nodded without expression. She agreed, "Alright."

Originally, only three plane tickets were booked, but two more were added, bringing the group heading to Normis from three to five people.

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They stayed at the bar a little longer, talking about the trip planned for the day after tomorrow and what they needed to

prepare.

As they were about to leave, Andrew said he needed to use the bathroom. When he didn't return after five minutes, they thought something was wrong. Charles went to the men's restroom but couldn't find anyone. Passing one of the private rooms, he heard Andrew's voice and immediately pushed the door open.

The room was chaotic. There was a creepy middle-aged man, a trembling young girl in light clothing holding a knife, and Andrew, who looked furious.

He had seen the creepy middle-aged man once before during the enrollment process at Argrol University. He remembered that this man named Patrick was the dean of academic affairs. Charles walked over with a serious look. He asked Andrew, "What happened?"

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Andrew pointed at Patrick and said, "I came out of the men's room and passed by this private room when I heard shouting. I opened the door and saw Patrick naked, forcing this girl.

"She had a knife in her hand, trying to fight him off. I rushed in, but you showed up before I could say anything."

Patrick stood there, shirtless, with his skin sagging. He had a bad look. He had gone to great lengths to trick this girl into meeting him today, and just as things were about to start, the girl snapped and stabbed him with a knife. While arguing with the student, neither noticed that the door had opened slightly, allowing Andrew to see what was happening.

Patrick also knew Andrew; he was the librarian. However, noticing how respectfully Simon treated Andrew, Patrick realized that Andrew's background might be more complicated than it seemed.

Patrick couldn't dare challenge Andrew, knowing that causing a big fuss would be bad for him as he was at fault. He quickly put on his clothes while Andrew and Charles were talking, then deliberately put on a stern face.

He awkwardly explained, "It is a misunderstanding. The girl and I were both willing participants. You suddenly barged in on what is a private affair between the two of us. Don't you have any manners?"

Hearing this, the woman crouched on the floor trembled, her face turning pale, her tears streaming down even more intensely.

Andrew scoffed. He sneered at Patrick and said, "Are you trying to fool anyone with that old line? Anyone with eyes can see you're forcing her. Look at you, all greasy and balding. A total eyesore! "Then look at her. Do you expect anyone to believe you both are mutual? Aren't you afraid of getting struck by lightning?"

Charles glanced at Patrick and the girl sitting on the ground. A young girl in her prime hanging out with someone like Patrick in a place like this? It must be about money or trying to achieve some goal. The girl on the ground shakily raised her head, her eyes bloodshot, with a look of sheer determination.

Seeing the girl's face, Andrew let out a surprised sound. Charles turned to look at him. Andrew whispered to Charles, "I know this girl. She often comes to the library to borrow books. She's called Amy Green." Amy flinched when her name was called. She hadn't planned to leave here alive; she wanted to take Patrick down. Unfortunately, she still hadn't managed to kill him. Amy nodded, she said. "It's me." Patrick sensed that things were taking a

completely lost about what to do.

rn for the worse. He hadn't expected Andrew to know Amy, and now he was

Charles remained calm. He said, "Let's inform Mr. Sunderland about this; he'll take care of it."

The director of student affairs involved with his own student was a massive scandal. Patrick panicked and quickly objected, "No, absolutely not."

Andrew sneered and said, "Do you think saying no will stop this: You commit such disgraceful acts but are afraid of Mr. Sunderland finding out?"

Patrick was stunned by Andrew's words, looking very grim. He thought, 'This must not get out, or my reputation will be destroyed. Patrick knew the only way out was for Amy to admit that she was a willing participant. Patrick would have been confident that Amy wouldn't say anything in the past, but he wasn't sure anymore after she talked about wanting to take him down with her.

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Patrick forced a smile and told Andrew, "Mr. Mitchell, Amy tried to seduce me. She wanted to trade for a grad school spot with her body, but I said no, so she slashed me with scissors. You have to trust that I'm innocent!" While they were chatting, Yvette, Jeremiah, and Samantha found their way to the private room and pushed open the door.

Yvette looked around the room. Seeing Amy, her expression was icy.

As soon as Andrew saw them arrive, he said, "Yvette, this jerk forced his student and is still making excuses, saying the girl seduced him for a grad school spot. Disgusting." Samantha said coldly, "Why keep people like this around? Call the police."

Jeremiah glanced at Patrick, whose clothes were messy, and his face was pale. He took out his phone and walked out. Noticing Jeremiah's actions, Yvette didn't say anything.

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Since Yvette showed up, Patrick was scared out of his mind, totally terrified. He knew he wasn't getting out of today's trouble easily.

He thought, 'Ever since Yvette started at Argrol University, we've been at odds. Now that she knows about this, there's no way she'll let me off the hook.

While everyone was talking, Amy, who hadn't spoken at all, suddenly grabbed the knife in her hand. With Patrick off guard, she rushed forward and plunged the knife into his stomach. Patrick fell to the ground immediately, his face full of anger as he pointed at Amy. He said, "Y-You witch. How dare you stab

me!

"I won't let you get away with this. Just wait till you're locked up for good. Call the police. I need to call the police."

Yvette, Samantha, Charles, and Andrew all watched the scene with calm expressions; they felt it was no big deal if scum like Patrick died.

Amy looked at Patrick, who was lying on the ground, and laughed wildly. Her laughter was chilling.

She said, "You monster, you sleaze. I trusted you as my teacher and my mentor, but you drugged me, took those revealing photos, and blackmailed me into sleeping with you.

"Then you used my grad school plans against me. I've had enough. I don't want to live anymore. Let's die together."

Patrick's screams echoed in the room, but the others didn't even acknowledge him. After a while, Patrick fainted from losing too much blood.

Yvette stepped forward and looked at Amy, whose hands were covered in blood. She took a handkerchief from her pocket and placed it in Amy's hand.

Amy, with a distant look in her eyes, suddenly burst into tears at the sight of the handkerchief that appeared in her hand. Her once happy youth was completely ruined by that scumbag, Patrick. If only she hadn't trusted Patrick so much, she wouldn't be in like this now. Samantha watched the scene and sighed. Andrew couldn't bear to watch anymore and turned his head away.

Charles felt no emotion. In Mysonna, some gangs, driven by money, were involved in the trafficking of women and children. Honestly, he had become numb to it all. If this were Mysonna, these people would just be dealt with quickly.

Yvette crouched down, looking at the shattered Amy who couldn't pull herself together. Yvette's voice was as cool and detached as always. She said, "Wipe your tears away. Crying fixes nothing. You should be considering how to solve this problem perfectly now." 15:47 Thu, Nov 21 BU

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Yvette's nearly emotionless words brought Amy back to her senses. She realized she shouldn't waste her future on a beast like Patrick.

But the fact was she had stabbed Patrick, and the law wouldn't let her get away with that. What could she do now?

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Holding herself, Amy said, "Yvette, I don't know what to do. I was ready to go down with him. But I don't want to throw away my future because of him. I don't regret stabbing him. If he stays, more girls will fall into his trap."

Amy's biggest regret was not having the courage to stand up to Patrick the first time he threatened her and expose him for the scumbag he was.

It was a pity that life didn't offer a do-over; this was the price she paid for her weakness.

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Chapter 404

Samantha looked at the distraught Amy and said, "I can get you lawyer from Betrico. He specializes in these types of cases. Don't worry. This jerk doesn't stand a chance once my lawyer steps in. "However, there's one thing you need to be aware of: accusing l'atrick means openly exposing your own wounds to everyone.

After you report this, the media will definitely cover it since Patrick is a director at Argrol University, and it can't go unnoticed. I can introduce you to a great lawyer, but you must be determined.

"No matter how much gossip you face during this process, you must keep going with the lawsuit; otherwise, I won't be able to help you."

Samantha knew she was not a good person, nor did she have the compassion to meddle in others' affairs. But today, since she came across this situation, with Yvette and Andrew willing to help, she couldn't ignore it.

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The condition, however, was that Amy back down; otherwise, even the best lawyer would be useless.

Yvette paused momentarily, her face showing no expression as she put her phone away.

Andrew's eyes lit up, thinking, 'A lawyer who specializes in these kinds of lawsuits? Who else could it be but Benjamin? If he comes to Seacrity to help Amy with the case, Patrick might lose everything, even his last piece of dignity? Andrew asked, "Samantha, are you talking about Benjamin? You want to ask him to come and represent Amy in court?" He was surprised that Samantha would step in to help Amy.

Benjamin was a nationally recognized lawyer on Samantha's company's legal team. He pursued Samantha years ago. They were childhood neighbors and grew up together, but Samantha never fancied him.

In the end, Benjamin had to step back and work with the Mitchell Group as their chief lawyer. He'd been with them for eight years now, realizing there was no chance, and was planning to leave soon to start his own law firm. Seeing Andrew's gossip-hungry expression, Samantha gave him a light smack on the back of his head. She said, "Yeah, it's him. He's leaving next month but will handle this case before he goes, just as a farewell."

Andrew clicked his tongue twice. He gave Samantha a thumbs up. He thought, 'She is a true capitalist. It's shameless how she can make exploitation sound so justified.'

Amy stared in shock at the people before her, especially Samantha. She could tell Samantha was not ordinary. She had previously worked part-time at a luxury store, and Samantha was dressed in head-to-toe limited edition pieces.

Amy thought, 'Is she really going to help me find a lawyer? Has heaven really sent someone to rescue me?' Her life had been dark for so long that she couldn't believe someone would appear to help her.

Andrew looked at the stunned Amy and said casually, "What are you standing there for? My sister's asking you if you're determined to get this jerk in jail. Go ahead and say it."

"The lawyer my sister found for you is the best in the country for this sort of thing. With him on the case, you're sure to win." Amy wiped her tears and nodded right away. She said, "Thank you, Ms. Mitchell, for helping me. I've already decided. No matter what others say or how they judge me, I'll keep fighting. I will make Patrick pay for what he did."

Samantha nodded and said, "Alright." Then she turned to Yvette and asked, "Yvette, should we call the police now or wait a bit longer?"

Yvette glanced at Patrick and said, "No need, he won't die. Let's wait for someone to arrive."

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Samantha just realized Jeresiah was gone. She wondered where he had gone.

Andrew looked at Patrick, who was lying on the ground in a pool of blood, he wrinkled his nose in disgust. He thought, 'Is he dead already!?'"

Charles glanced at Andrew. He replied as if he knew what Andrew was thinking, "He's not dead. The stab didn't hit a vital part. He can bleed for three more hours, so it's not a big deal."

Amy calmed down. She stood up and tidied her clothes. She put on a jacket and bowed deeply in front of Yvette and the others. She said, "Thank you, Yvette, Mr. Mitchell, Ms. Mitchell, and this gentleman."

Andrew waved his hand dismissively and said, "Just helping out when I saw someone in trouble, no thanks needed."

again. She said. "Thank you, Yvette."

After Amy finished speaking, she bowed to e

Yvette lifted her gaze. Her eyes were cold and indifferent. Her voice was calm and cool as she said, "There's no need; I didn't really do anything."

No matter what Yvette said, Amy knew in her heart that Samantha's decision to help her was because of Yvette. Everyone present was focused on her.

Ten minutes later, Jeremiah pushed the door open, and to everyone's surprise, Simon, the president of Argrol University, was right behind him.

Simon's face was heavy with concern; he was clearly aware of what had happened.

-Patrick had done something that severely damaged his reputation. It was disgraceful for a teacher's conduct to be so

appalling. Nothing like this had ever occurred in Argrol University's hundred-year history.

Simon knew that after today, this news would spread everywhere by tomorrow. Patrick had destroyed Argrol University's hundred-year reputation in an instant. Jeremiah walked over to Yvette, lowered his eyes, and spoke sincerely, "He called the police himself."

Yvette lifted her beautiful eyes to look at Simon.

Meeting Yvette's gaze, Simon nodded at her. Then, he turned to Amy. As for Patrick lying on the ground, he didn't spare him a look before heading straight to Amy..

It was the first time that Amy stood close to Simon, especially in such a tense situation. It was impossible for her not to be scared. She feared Simon would tell her to keep it quiet, just to let it go.

She was worried that Simon would side with Patrick, thinking she was trying to seduce Patrick by any means to secure her spot. She feared Simon might tell her to forget about it and threaten her with not graduating if she spoke up. She was concerned Simon would blame her without knowing the facts, thinking it was entirely her fault.

Amy's nerves flared up again. She nervously raised her head, looked at Simon's serious face, and said, "Mr. Sunderland, I..."

Noticing her nervousness, Simon made a calming gesture to Amy and said seriously, "Amy, I know everything about this matter. Rest assured, the school will not cover for someone like Patrick.

"I have personally called the police. The school and I will fully support any decision you make without hesitation. The school will take care of all legal fees and any associated costs. Don't worry.

"Of course, I understand this can't make up for the harm you've suffered, and I'm truly sorry about that. As the principal, it's my fault for not discovering this sooner."

Hearing what Simon said, Amy immediately burst into tears. She felt it was her fault. Initially, she thought if she exposed

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Simon looked at Amy, who was crying uncontrollably, feeling more upset but unsure how to comfort her.

Samantha knew Simon; back when he was in Betrico, he would visit her grandfather during holidays, so she knew about his character.

Simon dedicated his entire life to educating and tirelessly nurturing countless talents for the country, only to see someone like Patrick appear under his watch in his later years.

Gossip could be frightening: Patrick not only damaged Argrol University's century-old reputation but also ruined Simon's lifelong reputation. One could imagine how difficult it was for Simon to decide to call the police. Samantha felt a wave of emotion; at a young age, Amy encountered a teacher like Patrick, which ruined her life.

Amy cried for five full minutes before stopping. She looked at Simon and said firmly, "Mr. Sunderland, I will ensure Patrick goes to jail. Please forgive me. I can't just act like this never happened.

"I know that once this gets out, the school's reputation might take a hit, but I will still go through with it. Mr. Sunderland, thank you for being willing to support me."

Simon nodded and said, "Child, this isn't your fault; you are the victim."

After finishing their conversation, Simon walked over to Yvette and the others.

Samantha politely greeted Simon, saying, "Hello, Mr. Sunderland."

Simon nodded at Samantha, feeling a bit surprised. He wondered why Samantha had come to Security. But it wasn't the right situation to ask further questions.

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Simon said to Yvette, "I'll stay here with Amy and wait for the police. The physics department exam is tomorrow, so you'd better go home early and get some rest."

Simon already knew about Yvette's plans to leave Seacrity. He personally approved her leave request. Yvette postponed her departure by a day for the physics exam tomorrow. Yvette nodded and said, "Alright, we'll be leaving now."

As they were leaving the bar, they ran into Zane and his group. Zane was completely surprised. He thought, 'Why are Yvette and Jeremiah here? Could today's events be linked to them?'

He quickly approached and respectfully addressed Jeremiah and Yvette, "Mr. Chavez, Ms. Zeller."

Jeremiah remembered Zane. He slightly nodded and said calmly, "Alright, go on in."

Upon hearing this, Zane realized the two were related to the event today.

Zane said, "Mr. Chavez, Ms. Zeller, I'll go in first." With that, he led the police officers behind him into the bar. Shortly after, the bar was sealed off.

In the car, Yvette was sitting in the front passenger seat, eyes down, playing with her phone. Andrew asked her, "Yvette, you have an exam tomorrow, right? I haven't seen you study at all. Do you feel prepared?" Andrew hadn't seen Yvette pick up any books about physics. He guessed her exam results might not be very good. That might be a huge disappointment for Yvette.

Samantha was also curious about how Yvette performed in physics. Charles said nothing because he was aware of Yvette's physics abilities.

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Chapter 405

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Once, the principal of Mysegna's top university tried three times to invite Yvette to become a tutor in the physics department, but Yvette didn't even care. Not to mention a simple physics exam. From Charles's perspective, Andrew's question wasn't worth answering.

Jeremiah continued to drive without saying a word. He thought, Siren's physics grades?"

Yvette replied to a text: [Get what I need ready and send it to Normis.] Then she looked up, relaxed and casual. Her voice was always cool and clear as she said, "It's okay."

Andrew quickly comforted Yvette, "Yvette, don't be discouraged just do your best; grades are just marks on paper. Look at me. I graduated from Betrico University, and now I'm a librarian" He then patted his chest confidently. Samantha looked at Andrew and gritted her teeth. She thought, Why does he boast so confidently about these things? Where in the Mitchell gene pool does things go sideways?'

Charles twitched his mouth and leaned towards the window. He felt it was better to keep a safe distance from Andrew; foolishness tended to be contagious.

Jeremiah was used to it by now, driving as calmly as ever.

The next day, Patrick's situation was the talk of the town from early morning. The entire city of Seacurity was buzzing, and the internet was ablaze with discussions.

As Samantha said, once things escalated, Amy would surely face all kinds of rumors and gossip. As expected, the internet was split into two camps.

One side thought that Patrick was deceiving students and using photos to threaten female students into bed, saying he deserved a harsh punishment.

The other side argued that it took two to tango; Amy brought it on herself.

One commented: [How could Argrol University have such a disgraceful director? Forcing female students with vile tactics is completely insane, like a monster ruining a girl's life. It's truly disgusting.]

Another one said: [How can someone like that even be considered a teacher? I really hope the authorities give this scumbag a severe punishment to give the victimized girl some justice. This incident is too terrible.] One said: [You can't only listen to the female student's side of the story, right? What if she's doing this to secure a spot in a better program? Who can know the truth in this society?]

Another person said: [Hey, do you even have any sense of humanity? Do you know how much courage and determination it takes for a female college student to stand up and talk about something like this?] The online debate was heated, but most people were reasonable, with more netizens supporting Amy.

Benjamin, the lawyer hired by Samantha, flew to Seacurity early in the morning. After meeting with Amy, he had lunch with Samantha and Andrew. Benjamin was confident about the case and convinced Patrick would pay for his actions. Today was exam day for the physics department at Argrol University. Yvette, dressed casually, walked into the exam hall right on time.

Everyone in the exam hall was excited, and even the proctors couldn't help but watch Yvette closely, as seeing her in person

was rare.

After distributing the test papers, the proctor announced loudly, "Once you finish the exam, ensure you check your answers well. You can submit your papers up to half an hour early." Yvette picked up the paper from the desk, read it thoroughly, and started writing. She moved through the answers

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smoothly, without pausing and finished her work effortlessly.

The proctor had been keeping a keen eye on Yvette. He was the test was designed by eight university physics professors, and he

He thought. Does Yvette take a good look at the questions before

even a

Doubting, the proctor chose to focus only on Yvette, ignoring the

After half an hour, Yvette stopped writing. She looked up at the proctor. "An hour and a half left before I can hand in the paper? What should I do?"

After considering for a moment, Yvette, under the invigilator's

Watching Yvette close her eyes while resting on the desk, the proctor finished in just half an hour? That seems impossible. Yvette stayed in her position.

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In the last half hour, most students in the exam room were still grappling with the final tough questions, feeling overwhelmed. Meanwhile, Yvette casually got up, walked to the podium, placed her test paper down, and nodded to the proctor. Seeing Yvette leave the exam room, the other students were left dumbfounded. They had mixed emotions.

They thought, 'What happened to the promised torture of difficult questions? There are differences among people. Observing this, the rest quickly buried their heads back into their tests.

The proctor couldn't hold back his curiosity. He genuinely wanted to see how many questions could be finished in half an hour and how many could be right.

He felt that completing the entire test correctly seemed impractical; maybe just barely passing was feasible. But he was taken aback when he took a closer look at the paper.

At the entrance of Argrol University, Jeremiah drove a black Jeep. Andrew, Samantha, and Charles were inside the vehicle. Andrew took a piece of vanilla toffee that Yvette had casually left in the car, and once he started, he couldn't stop.

He shook his head as he gazed at the school entrance and said sincerely, "Listen, Jeremiah, when Yvette comes out, she might not be in the best mood.

"I've heard the exam this time is challenging." As he spoke, he tossed another vanilla toffee into his mouth.

Jeremiah leaned against the car window and spoke in a low voice, "You've already eaten ten pieces of toffee."

Samantha snatched the last piece of toffee from Andrew's hand and put it back. She said, "You're grown man eating candy. like a kid."

Charles quietly swallowed the candy and then nodded in agreement, acting as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

Andrew quickly took back the candy and put it in his pocket. He said, "Samantha, you've never tried this. Yvette's candy is incredibly delicious. You won't find it anywhere else."

Samantha paused, wondering, "Candy that one can't find anywhere else?"

Just then, Yvette left the school and spotted the Jeep. She went over, opened the door, and entered the front passenger seat. Once she sat down, she instantly noticed the familiar sweet smell.

She gave Andrew a thoughtful look and said, "Don't forget to transfer the money. It'll be 30 million dollars."

Andrew was caught by surprise. The candy stuck in his throat, making him turn red. He thought, "Thirty million dollars? Are these candies worth that much?"

In the end, Andrew, with tears in his eyes, transferred 30 million dollars to Yvette, feeling his heart shatter. He swore never to eat that candy again.

Normis enjoyed a year-round spring-like climate with great weather and plenty of resources. In the past, it wasn't a major focus for national support.

However, with the recent boom in tourism, the government had been actively supporting the development of its tourism industry. Normis had become a place everyone wanted to visit. After the plane landed, Yvette and Jeremiah had a private car waiting at the airport exit. Jeremiah had already sent their

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luggage via air transport a day in advance.

Ar a villa in Normis, Andrew stood frozen at the entrance. The villa's gate looked exactly like the design from Skyland, and even the layout seemed the same. Samantha and Charles just paused briefly, then calmly carried their luggage into the villa, leaving Andrew alone at the

entrance.

Watching everyone walk ahead, Andrew called out from behind, "Wait for me!"

In the living room, Emmett, who had been sent to Afria by Jeremiah and had just rushed back to Normis, stood quietly on the side.

Emmett was thrilled to see Jeremiah and Yvette. He quickly stepped forward and slightly bowed. He said, "Mr. Chavez, Yvette, you're here! The room is ready for you."

He then nodded toward Samantha and Charles, who had followed Jeremiah in. He greeted, "Ms. Mitchell, Mr. Jameson." Emmett had already learned about Charles' background. Charles was once a dominant figure in the Mysonna underworld and the leader of the Goodman family's Seventy-Two Chambers undoubtedly a fierce character.

Emmett remarked inside, 'Yvette's circle is indeed full of remarkable people; even someone as tough as Charles is willing to take orders from her.'

Jeremiah nodded and gave a simple reply.

Yvette's expression was indifferent. Her voice was cold as she looked at Emmett and said, "Looks like you're doing well." Emmett's mouth twitched. He thought, "Doing well? How did Yvette come to that conclusion? My time in Afria was tough; I was chased by local girls asking if I wanted to have a child with them."

'Have kids, just like that? Do they think kids are like cabbages that can pop up whenever?'

Finally, two days ago, he received orders from Jeremiah that he could return home. He left Afria as quickly as he could, not wanting to stay a moment longer.

Emmett nodded with tears in his eyes, forcing himself to say, "It's fine." The words felt hollow, as insincere as they could be

Andrew walked in and saw a few people sitting on the couch. When he spotted Emmett, he exclaimed inside, 'What the heck? Why is he back?'

Andrew tossed his luggage aside, plopped casually onto the couch, and shouted, "Emmett, I want vanilla ice cream!"

Emmett glanced at Andrew, nodding without hesitation. Then, he went straight to the fridge. Inside the drawer, there were stacks of vanilla ice cream.

Emmett handed the ice cream to Andrew and softly reminded him, "Don't overeat."

Andrew nodded and said, "Alright. I knew it, Emmett. You're the best."

Charles paused briefly. Samantha was used to it.

Emmett had followed Jeremiah since he was young. He grew up with the group. Since childhood, he had been particularly fond of Andrew, often without any limits.

To others, Emmett was always serious and rarely chatty. People who didn't know them well might even think he and Andrew were brothers.

Yvette sat on the couch. She raised her eyebrows as she said, "I'm going upstairs to change."

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Jeremiah gently squeezed her fingers. With a serious look, he said, "I'll join you."

Andrew looked at Jeremiah with admiration. He thought, 'See? That's how one elevates flirting-saying the cheekiest things with a completely serious expression. Impressive, truly impressive.'

Yvette glanced at Jeremiah with a faint smile. She lazily curled one side of her lips and said, "No need." Then, she turned around without a second thought.

Jeremiah watched Yvette go upstairs, then turned to Emmett and said, "The Dungo Village's documents."

Samantha wasn't interested in hearing about this, so she went upstairs too. Soon, only Jeremiah, Charles, and Andrew remained in the living room.

As soon as Andrew heard Dungo Village, he quickly sat up straight. Emmett gave him a glance, then pulled a stack of papers from a nearby folder and handed them to Jeremiah.

Jeremiah flipped through the documents as Emmett explained: Mr. Chavez, Dungo Village is located at the southwest end of Normis, near Glenwood. This village has a long history and is inhabited by poison sorcerers.

"Usually, it isn't very open to outsiders. Several nearby villages have been developing tourism, but Dungo Village has always turned down the government's development plans, dragging it out for years. Now, the government has pretty much left it alone."

"To get to Dungo Village, one has to go through a cliff, which is why there haven't been many visitors. Not much information is available about it. There's only one interesting point."

"Over twenty years ago, there was an outbreak of plague in Dungo Village that killed about half the population. How it resolved is unclear, and the truth of this story is uncertain. It's a rumor that came from other villages."

Andrew asked anxiously, "Emmett, have you heard anything about Bonnie?"

Emmett looked serious and shook his head.

He said, "No, we've been asking around, but all we know is that ever since Bonnie entered the village, she hasn't come out.

"Someone saw her at the bus station; she looked really anxious, almost on the verge of tears. She even paid a hefty sum to hire an unregistered car to take her back to Dungo Village.

"When our people showed the driver her picture, he recognized her, which provided us with a lead."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 407[1,136 words]

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Hearing this, Andrew's heart was filled with worry. He thought, Crying? Why was Bonnie crying? What on earth happened?' Andrew pulled himself together and asked Jeremiah, "Jeremiah, can we head out tomorrow?" Emmett noticed the rare seriousness in Andrew and realized he really liked Bonnie.

Jeremiah looked at Andrew, nodded, and said firmly, "Yes, get ready; we're leaving tomorrow."

While they were talking, Yvette came down from upstairs, wearing a baseball cap and all black, looking quite cool. Jeremiah got up from the couch and went over. He asked, "Are you going out?"

Yvette gave a light nod, her eyes were dark and bright, with a hint of coldness. She said, "Yeah, I'm going out for a bit, don't wait for me for dinner."

Jeremiah paused, looking at Yvette with a deeper gaze, and softly said, "Okay."

Jeremiah and Yvette never needed to say much to each other. They had an understanding that avoided testing each other's limits and never touched on secrets they weren't ready to share. They had absolute trust and understanding between them. After Yvette left the villa, she took a cab directly to an antique shop, Vintage Vista. It was the most famous antique shop in Normis and a popular spot for treasure hunters trading quality items.

As Yvette walked in, a man of ordinary appearance approached her. He had a noticeable mole at the corner of his left eye and was dressed in traditional robes. He was Isaac Taylor, the owner of Vintage Vista.

Vintage Vista was a family business passed down through the generations, with a history of sixty or seventy years. Isaac, who was in his thirties, greeted Yvette enthusiastically.

He said, "Yvette, I didn't expect you to come to Normis in person. What brought you here? Just let me know if you need anything."

Yvette nodded, her deep and calm eyes meeting Isaac's as she raised an eyebrow and smiled slightly. She said, "It's been a long time."

Isaac thought carefully before he spoke, "Yes, it's been three years since we last saw each other in Mysonna.

"When I received your call recently saying you were coming to Normis, it surprised me. If it hadn't been your voice, I might have thought it was a scam call."

Yvette sat in the chair, her hand casually resting on the table. She picked up the coffee cup, took a sip, and asked unhurriedly, "How much have you learned about Dungo Village

Isaac nodded and said, "I have to say, Yvette, your sudden call asking me to investigate Dungo Village caught me off guard. Luckily, a few friends of mine recently visited a grave there, so I was able to get some firsthand information."

The friends Isaac talked about were the renowned treasure hunters from their circle. Isaac stood up and placed the prepared documents on the table.

He looked at Yvette seriously and asked, "Yvette, are you planning to go to Dungo Village? Can't you avoid it? That place is quite dangerous."

Yvette's fingers tapped lightly on the table. She lifted her gaze slightly and replied calmly, "Dangerous?"

Isaac nodded seriously and asked, "Yvette, did you know Dungo Village is a land of poison sorcerers?"

Yvette nodded slightly and replied slowly, "I know."

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Isaac continued, "Yvette Dungo Village is eerie. My friends, well known treasure hunters in our circle, have explored many dangerous places, but after returning from Dungo Village, they were all on edge. According to them, they barely escaped with their lives." Yvette raised an eyebrow, her eyes fixed on Isaac, and said calmly, "Go on."

Isaac, knowing Yvette's personality, didn't hold back and shared everything his friends witnessed in Dungo Village.

He said, "Yvette, the burial method in Dungo Village involves placing the deceased in a coffin set on a cliff. It's not surprising: this coffin burial is not unusual in some southern areas.

"However, unlike other regions, my friends saw that the villagers in Dungo Village raise venomous insects with the corpses

as sustenance.

"If I'm correct, the villagers must know some form of sorcery, which is extremely evil, somewhat like what we encountered in Mysonna."

Back in the day, Isaac met Yvette because of an evil sorcerer. If it weren't for Yvette, he would have been gone several years ago. So, strictly speaking, Yvette wasn't just a friend; she was a lifesaver for Isaac.

Yvette's eyes were downcast. She casually played with the coffee cup in her hand. Her voice chilled to the bone as she asked, "Using bodies to breed insects?"

Isaac nodded and said, "Yvette, Dungo Village has at least a thousand residents. Even if not everyone breeds insects, dealing with even a third of them isn't easy. These creatures can slip in anywhere and are impossible to guard against, making them dangerous." Yvette could handle one sorcerer, even two, but what about three or more? Isaac still didn't want Yvette to take this risk. However, he knew her temperament too well. She might appear aloof, but she'd do anything for a friend.

Isaac said seriously, "Yvette, can't you avoid this? Is this friend so important? Is it really worth the trip?"

Yvette narrowed her eyes without any expression as she held the coffee cup in her hand. Her voice was soft as she said, "Important."

Isaac had expected Yvette's answer. No one could stop Yvette from doing what she wanted or going where she desired. He sighed and shared all the information he had gathered.

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He said, "Yvette, have you heard of the Sacred Maiden? Some minority villages still hold on to this belief. Back in Dungo Village, this feudal tradition remains.

"They believe that a girl born at a certain unlucky time is a gift from the heavens and the protector of the village. Your friend might truly be a Sacred Maiden.

"Her being able to study at Argrol University already proves it; she's the Sacred Maiden of Dungo Village."

Yvette's hand, holding the coffee cup, paused. She raised her eyes, which were cold as ice, and murmured, "Sacred Maiden?"

Seeing Yvette's expression, Isaac swallowed hard, thinking, 'Her expression is frightening. He said, "Yes, because in Dungo Village, besides men who can go out for work or study, only the Sacred Maiden of each generation can receive a good education elsewhere, but..." At this point, Isaac's voice suddenly stopped. Yvette looked at him and said, "Speak."

Startled, Isaac quickly continued, "Well, when the Sacred Maiden reaches a certain age, she must return to the village to be with the chosen Sacred Son.

"Their children will be the next Sacred Maiden, so your friend's return instead of going back to school might mean she's getting married."

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Upon hearing this, Yvette crushed the coffee cup in her hand, scattering pieces all over the floor.

Isaac looked at his precious coffee cup with distress. It was the most valuable cup in his shop. But he didn't dare speak more. Seeing Yvette's expression, he didn't dare provoke her, or he'd be shattered.

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Yvette slightly narrowed her eyes, a cold hostility suddenly flickering in her gaze. She looked at the shattered pieces on the floor.

It was a porcelain coffee cup with a sky blue glaze that was at least worth 1.5 million dollars on the market. Considering its quality, it might go up by another 1 million. Yvette said mildly, "Give me your account number, and I'll transfer the money to you

later."

Isaac quickly waved his hands. He wouldn't dare take money from Yvette. He said, "Yvette, it's just a small broken coffee cup. I was planning to replace it anyway." Yvette nodded and said, "Next time I find a suitable set at the auction, I'll send you

one."

Isaac was thrilled to hear that. He thought, 'Is the renowned appraiser Evelyn in the antique world finally making a comeback?'

Evelyn appeared suddenly on the scene five years ago. She became famous for her keen eye at the West Auction House appraisal competition by identifying the authenticity of thousands of antiques with a flawless record, surpassing everyone and taking first place. Each time she appraised an antique, it cost at least 30 million dollars, and it depended on Evelyn's mood. In the past five years, no antiques appraised by Evelyn had ever been misjudged, making her the top expert in the antique appraisal field.

In the antique world, whenever Evelyn verified an antique as genuine, its value increases by at least 2.6 million dollars over a regular piece. Yvette was the well-known Evelyn.

Isaac found out that Yvette was Evelyn purely by accident. Yet, he kept this knowledge completely confidential and never told anyone.

Isaac cautiously said, "Yvette, the landscape painting you evaluated last time has now shot up in value. If you return to the antique world, the whole circle might go crazy again.

"Recently, the antique scene has been full of fakes. Not long ago, the Mysonna auction house bought a piece of blue-and-white porcelain for a staggering 30 million dollars, only to find out it was a fake, and now it's the butt of jokes among us." The world's top auction house bought a fake piece. That alone was a massive joke. They tried to cover it up, but news spread quickly in the antique world.

Even though it was never auctioned publicly, everyone in the circle knew about it, and they had completely lost face.

There were even rumors that Evelyn was planning to come out of retirement, but those whispers soon died down.

Yvette showed no emotion. Back then, she entered a competition at the West Auction House on a whim and surprisingly took first place.

She fiddled with another coffee cup and said calmly, "I'll pick one for you when I can."

Isaac felt disappointed. He knew that getting Yvette to come out of retirement wasn't likely. He looked nervously at the other coffee cup in Yvette's hand. If it broke, his poor heart wouldn't be able to take it.

Isaac composed himself and said, "Yvette, if your friend is a Sacred Maiden, Dungo Village won't let her go easily. For the villagers, the Sacred Maiden not getting married is a bad omen, so the whole village will do whatever it takes to stop you. "You know how dangerous poisonous insects are; they can kill without a trace. Silently taking someone's life is no problem for them."

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Yvette had a cold, wicked smile on her lips. Her voice was chilling as she said, "Without a trace? Do you think my life is that cheap?" Isaac awkwardly rubbed his nose. He had forgotten that Yvette in front of him wasn't ordinary.

Back in Mysonna, the sorcerer they met was already considered a master at using poisonous insects, and his skills were exceptional.

What was his outcome when he met Yvette? Isaac saw Yvette turn things around and defeat her opponent with a single blow, not leaving any chance for the last words.

The most important thing was that it seemed Yvette learned how to control those bugs back then. But that was only Isaac's assumption and hadn't been confirmed.

The sorcerer's last words before dying were: "You can do it too?" Isaac pondered these words for years, the only explanation he came up with was that Yvette knew how to control poisonous insects, too.

Isaac said to Yvette, "Hang on for a moment, Yvette, I'll go get something."

Yvette nodded. Isaac went into the inner room. Yvette sat there, looking tired and at ease. She watched the people coming and going outside Vintage Vista, lowering her eyes, lost in her thoughts.

She was unaware that every move she made was watched by a man with shifty eyes across the street.

Opposite Vintage Vista was Past Perfect, their long-time rival, constantly in competition.

The manager of Past Perfect looked at the stunned man in front of him, then followed his gaze to see Yvette sitting there. With just one look, the manager knew the man's flirtatious tendencies were kicking in again. With a flattering smile, the manager said to the man, "Mr. Jacobs, have you taken a liking to someone again?"

The man turned his head. He was Sheldon Jacobs, the only son of the current village chief of Dungo Village, and he looked like he'd indulged in excess. He nodded, his eyes gleaming with determined desire.

He said, "This woman is a real gem. Her looks and figure are top notch. Do you know if this woman has any ties with Isaac? Could she be his girlfriend?"

The Taylor family held a special status in Normis. If Yvette were Isaac's girlfriend, then Sheldon wouldn't dare to make a move, and he shouldn't either.

The manager of Past Perfect smiled and said. "Mr. Jacobs, from what I know, Isaac doesn't have such a beautiful girlfriend. He's single, famously picky in our antiques sector, and very selective about women." Sheldon nodded with satisfaction. He thought, 'In that case, it is easier to handle.

'I will take her back to Dungo Village, lock her in the basement, and with a binding love spell, she will obediently follow my orders and become my plaything for pleasure.'

The manager of Past Perfect looked at Sheldon and immediately understood his intentions.

The manager thought, 'Since she is a guest of Vintage Vista, getting into trouble is inevitable. If this woman ends up with Sheldon, she will be considered very lucky indeed'

In Dungo Village, everyone was dirt poor, except for the Jacobs family. They were not just not poor; they were actually quite wealthy. A few years ago, they somehow came into a fortune.

They began dealing with antiques and artifacts, becoming important clients of Past Perfect. Sheldon was attracted to beautiful women, and each time he visited, he was accompanied by different stunning women.

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These women all obeyed-Sheldon, following his every command, which made others envious. The manager figured Yvette wouldn't be any different.

In Vintage Vista, Yvette lowered her gaze, gripping her coffee cup as a flash of coldness appeared in her eyes.

Isaac came out and noticed that Yvette's expression seemed off. He wondered what had happened in those few minutes when he wasn't around.

Yvette lowered her gaze slightly. Her voice was calm as she asked, "Who are the people over there?"

Isaac paused and then looked over with disdain, scoffing, "A lousy store selling both genuine and fake goods, ruining the industry's reputation." Knowing something was fake and selling it as real was different from making an honest mistake.

Yvette held her coffee cup with long, slender white fingers and sipped, her eyes cold.

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Isaac asked curiously, "What's going on, Yvette? Is he coming over? That doesn't seem right. He'd rather throw a bomb at my shop than come here willingly." Yvette lazily glanced over with deep, hazy eyes. She said, "Well, that's easy to handle."

Isaac nodded and glanced across the street. Then he looked down at the photo in his hand again. He shouted in surprise, "No way, Yvette, this is such a coincidence!"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

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Yvette looked at Isaac, who was making a fuss, her expression calm and unhurried as she asked, "What's going on?"

Isaac took another careful look at the photo in his hand, placed in front of Yvette, and then walked to the door, pulling the curtain to block the view from the people across the room. In a low voice, he said, "Yvette, the man over there is Sheldon Jacobs, the son of the village head of Dungo Village."

Yvette's hand paused for a moment before she lifted her head. Expressionless, she asked, "Sheldon Jacobs?"

She picked up the photo and glanced at it to confirm it was Sheldon across the street. With his rat-like features, he looked sleazy and creepy, ugliness even the photo couldn't hide. Isaac nodded and said, "Yvette, I have discovered quite a bit about Sheldon. He's the only son of the village head of Dungo Village. He's been away most of his life, so he's quite experienced. "Don't be deceived by Dungo Village being remote and isolated. The village head is indulgent with Sheldon. He sent Sheldon away for education when he was young.

"Sheldon only returned a few years ago, changing girlfriends like he changed clothes. But he's quite odd; three women have committed suicide over him under mysterious circumstances.

"I think Sheldon might know how to control poisonous insects; otherwise, with his appearance, who wouldn't find him unattractive? How could he have had so many girlfriends?"

Yvette pondered momentarily, then casually remarked, "I think I look pretty alright, don't I?"

Isaac didn't know how to react. He thought, 'Does Yvette have some misconception about herself? What does she mean by saying look alright? If she looks alright, then there's no such thing as a beautiful woman!

If Isaac hadn't known Yvette for so many years, he'd definitely think this was some sort of humble brag. But he knew Yvette was genuinely unaware of her beauty.

Isaac looked at Yvette seriously and said earnestly, "Yvette, you don't just look alright; you look amazing."

Yvette nodded and said, "Alright then." She pulled out her phone, texted Jeremiah, and looked up. She said, "I'm going to Past Perfect."

Isaac's coffee cup slipped from his hands and fell to the floor, shattering. The two precious cups were both broken now. But he couldn't worry about that right now.

He said, "Yvette, are you joking about going to Past Perfect?" He suddenly had a revelation, thinking, 'Is Yvette planning to take action against Sheldon?'

Isaac awkwardly asked, "Yvette, are you planning to target Sheldon to get into Dungo Village?"

Yvette smirked and said, "Don't you find it interesting that the village chief's son is personally showing me into the village?"

Isaac swallowed nervously, thinking, 'Only Yvette can think of such a plan. Isn't having Sheldon take her into the village a bit too exciting?'

Isaac said, "Yvette, isn't this a bit risky? Sheldon isn't one to be easily dealt with. Why would he bring someone into the village unless..."

He trailed off, not wanting to say the rest. He thought, 'Unless Yvette is planning to use herself to entice Sheldon. Isn't that

too much of a sacrifice?'

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Yvette knew exactly what Isaac was implying. She raised an eyebrow. With a playful glint in her eye, she said, "Keep your wild ideas to yourself."

Isaac immediately stopped his daydreaming. He opened the bigbox he had just taken out and stroked the clothes inside. He said, "Yvette, it is a good thing. Do you know celestial silk armor?"

Yvette looked a bit surprised. The celestial silk armor was said to be impenetrable by weapons and resistant to water and fire. It was incredibly rare on the market. Seeing it here was indeed special. Yvette picked up the celestial silk armor and took a closer look, Judging by its craftsmanship, it seemed quite ancient. She asked, "Where did you find this?"

Isaac withdrew his hand and said, "Yvette, this is an heirloom of our Taylor family. It's been passed down through countless generations and never shown to anyone outside the family." Yvette put the celestial silk armor back in the box and closed the lid. "Take it back," she said calmly.

Isaac was taken aback. He shook his head firmly and said, "Yvette, please don't refuse. I can't go with you to Dungo Village, but keep this. Wearing it will give you extra protection." Yvette casually pushed the box back to Isaac and said indifferently, "Poisonous insects are useless to me."

Isaac was stunned. He thought, 'Poisonous insects are useless to Yvette? That sounds a bit exaggerated. After a moment, Isaac regained some of his composure. He knew Yvette wouldn't lie. Isaac looked curious and asked, "Yvette, back in Mysonna, was the last thing the great sorcerer said true?"

Yvette narrowed her eyes, a clear chill in her gaze, and said slowly, "Yes."

Isaac smiled, thinking, 'As expected. He couldn't figure out where Yvette got such talents. It was incredible that Yvette could learn how to control poisonous insects, which was related to ethnic inheritance. Isaac had long known that he could be friends with Yvette or just acquaintances, but definitely not enemies. Otherwise, he'd have no idea how he ended up dead.

Isaac said, "Yvette, I've wanted to give you the celestial silk armor for a long time. Without your help back then, I wouldn't be here today. I'll keep it safe for you until you need it."

Yvette looked at Isaac and nodded. She said, "Okay."

Ten minutes later, Yvette came out of Vintage Vista, dressed in all black, exuding a hint of menace. She glanced at Past Perfect and walked over.

At Past Perfect, Sheldon was thrilled to see Yvette walking toward him. He hadn't expected she would walk right into the trap; just when he thought he'd have to put in some effort, she showed up alone. Sheldon quickly straightened himself up, appearing neatly dressed and wearing a charming smile.

He pretended to move to the side casually, picking up objects as though browsing, but he never took his eyes off Yvette. The manager of Past Perfect saw through Sheldon immediately.

Yvette walked into Past Perfect and noticed the antique displays. With just a glance, she could tell that Isaac was right; the items here were mixed with counterfeits, and most were of low quality. Yvette approached a display. She casually pointed at a bracelet and looked at the manager, asking, "How much is this?"

Seeing a chance to start a conversation, Sheldon gave the manager a look and quickly walked over. He said, "Hello, Miss, is this your first time here? Do you like this bracelet? I can tell you more about it."

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Yvette sat with her legs curled up, looking lazy and relaxed. She lifted her eyelids slightly and smiled at Sheldon.

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That smile was enough to make Sheldon overjoyed. It strengthened his determination to win Yvette over, confident as he continued to talk.

The manager of Past Perfect chimed in to agree with Sheldon. He said, "Miss, this must be your first time at Past Perfect; you seem new here.

"Rest assured, everything we sell is genuine and of excellent quality. This gentleman, Sheldon Jacobs, is a regular with refined taste, generous spending, and truly a rare man."

Sheldon pretended to cough, still acting modest as he said, "You're too kind, manager. It's because Past Perfect has great products. I don't want to visit the store across the street, Vintage Vista.

"Their manager is stingy, the goods are poor, and they're arrogant. Miss, I sincerely recommend buying antiques here at Past Perfect."

Across from the street, Isaac packed up the celestial silk armor and yawned twice. He glanced at Past Perfect and wondered, 'What's Yvette going to do to teach Sheldon a lesson this time? Seems like Dungo Village is going to get lively.' In Past Perfect, Seeing Sheldon and the manager bantering, a hint of annoyance crept into Yvette's expression. She was impatient, annoyed, and disgusted.

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SEND GIFT

COMMENT

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Chapter 410

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 410[1,331 words]

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Chapter 410

Sheldon got more and more animated, words spilling out rapidly. He said, "With all this talk, I still don't know your name. A meeting must be fate..."

Before he could finish, Yvette interrupted him. "Yvette Zeller, remember that name," she said.

Sheldon nodded very seriously. He wondered what was so special about the name Yvette. He usually forgot about a woman after being with her, but Yvette's looks and presence were hard to forget, even for a playboy like him. Yvette stepped back. She bent her knee slightly and said casually "Do you have money?"

Sheldon was taken aback. He didn't expect Yvette to be so straightforward. He thought she was like a high and unattainable flower, but she turned out to be so ordinary and blunt, asking immediately if he had money.

He thought, 'Indeed, women all have the same demeanor in the end, just interested in money.' Sheldon considered Yvette a gold digger, and he became more relaxed.

He thought that a woman who talked about money so easily, what could be truly valuable about her?

Sheldon casually said, "Ms. Zeller, while I'm not super wealthy, I have enough money. If you need anything, you can come with me back to my village, and I'll write you a check."

Sheldon didn't want to lose Yvette. Worried that Yvette might doubt his intentions, he quickly added, "Ms. Zeller, please don't misunderstand. As for the check, I left in a hurry today and didn't bring it."

The manager immediately understood and said, "Ms. Zeller, rest assured. Mr. Jacobs is a trustworthy person."

Yvette slightly raised her eyes, giving a quick glance at Sheldon and the manager. Her delicate face was cold and distant. She spoke slowly, "Lead the way; I'll go with you."

Sheldon was at a loss for words. He thought, 'Her demeanor is something else. Who is lending money to whom here? Someone might think I am the one asking for a loan. She is the first person I met who could borrow money boldly.' Sheldon, holding back his dissatisfaction, nodded with a show of gentility. He said, "I haven't introduced myself yet. I'm the son of Dungo Village's head. Have you heard of Dungo Village?"

Sheldon remained cautious, mainly because their village was planning something major soon, and outsiders might not be welcome. But he couldn't just let such a beautiful woman pass by so easily.

He thought, 'A woman? What trouble could she possibly cause?' He didn't believe a woman, especially one who loved money, could stir up much trouble.

Yvette paused for a moment, then shook her head. She said, "I have no idea."

Seeing Yvette's sincere look, which didn't look like lying, Sheldon let his guard down. He said, "Then Ms. Zeller, please go this way. My car is parked not far from here."

Seeing Sheldon and Yvette leave, the manager smiled with envy. He thought, 'Sheldon is not handsome, but when it comes to romantic encounters, he's got all the luck. Each woman around him is more beautiful than the last.'

In the car, Sheldon kept talking to Yvette, but Yvette rested her hand on her head and closed her eyes in the back seat, not responding. Sheldon noticed her silence and stopped talking.

He was fuming inside, thinking, 'Is she mute? Can't she hear anything I am saying?' But despite his anger, when he saw Yvette's exquisite face, a wave of heat rushed through him again. Meanwhile, when Jeremiah received the text message, his eyes instantly turned sharp. He said to others, "No need to wait

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until tomorrow; we're treading to Dungo Village tonight."

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Hearing this, Samantha, Andrew, and Charles looked at Jeremiah. Charles was the first to react, his gaze darkening. He asked, "Mr. Chavez, did Yvette go to Dungo Village and run into trouble?" Samantha and Andrew's expressions changed when they heard this. They spoke in unison, "Yvette went to Dungo Village already?"

Jeremiah stood up and nodded. He said, "Yes, she ran into someone from Dungo Village and is on her way there. Pack up. We'll leave in half an hour."

The three nodded, their faces serious. Everyone knew that this trip to Dungo Village wouldn't be easy, and getting Bonnie out wouldn't be straightforward. So, they had to make the necessary preparations. Jeremiah finished speaking, turned, and walked out while taking out his phone. He said, "I need the stuff you prepared right

now..."

The man on the other end of the line didn't hesitate. He replied, "Understood, Mr. Chavez. Everything is ready for you."

The three people left in the living room exchanged looks. Then, they spread out, each going to take care of their own things.

Half an hour later, Jeremiah, Charles, Andrew, and Samantha had all finished packing.

Andrew looked at his clothes with curiosity; Jeremiah said they were made of a special material that could prevent bugs from burrowing into the skin. It was incredible.

It was Andrew's first time seeing such clothes, he felt it was like something out of a fantasy novel.

Samantha was much more composed about it; she knew Jeremiah wouldn't head to Dungo Village without some preparation.

Charles watched Jeremiah thoughtfully. To his knowledge, this nano high-tech combat attire first appeared with the world's largest mercenary group, Wolfpack. It had never been shared outside, so he wondered how Jeremiah got this. Andrew glanced around and asked, "Jeremiah, isn't Emmett coming with us?"

Jeremiah said, "No, he has other things to handle. He'll join us once he's finished."

Dressed entirely in black, Jeremiah had a cold and ruthless demeanor. He looked at the three and said deeply, "Make sure you protect yourselves. Poisonous insects can sneak in anywhere, so never let your guard down." The three nodded and said, "Don't worry, we'll be careful."

In Dungo Village, Sheldon led Yvette down a small path. The road was smooth, without the rumored cliffs and steep areas. They entered through a patch of woods and reached the village entrance in about half an hour. Sheldon had a reluctant and angry look on his face. He thought, Yvette is quite a peculiar character. Even though the path was smooth, it felt eerie and was hard to traverse. Even for Sheldon, a native of Dungo Village, it was challenging. But Yvette walked incredibly fast, covering that half-hour distance without sweat. Sheldon had planned to act in the woods but found the reason not to do so too embarrassing to even think about.

All along the way, Sheldon couldn't catch up with Yvette. No matter how fast he moved, Yvette seemed to have eyes in the back of her head, always maintaining a calculated distance that seemed intentional, making him suspicious. When Yvette saw the stone slab engraved with Dungo Village, she came to a halt. Sheldon, out of breath, caught up from behind and cautiously asked, "Ms. Zeller, why didn't you wait for me? Are you trained in boxing?" With her hands in her pockets, Yvette looked at Sheldon. She shook her head, raised an eyebrow, and, with eyes devoid of

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warmth, remarked coolly, "You're too slow."

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Sheldon choked, thinking, 'At a time like this, whatever. I have to take her back to the village first before dealing with her. He said, "Ms. Zeller, excuse me, I've not been feeling well lately."

Yvette's indifferent attitude made Sheldon feel even more uneasy. He escorted Yvette into the village, barely encountering any villagers. Those they did see were elderly, with withered faces and calm eyes. Yvette's face initially showed caution, but when she saw Sheldon her expression turned into a friendly smile. Since entering the village, Yvette hadn't spotted any young people.

She found it odd. How could there be no young people in an entire village?

Yvette glanced casually and noticed there was a piece of red cloth hanging at the entrance of every house. She asked casually, "Red cloth? Is there a celebration happening in your village?"

Sheldon felt more confident when he entered the village. Hearing Yvette's question, he replied with an air of mystery, "Ms. Zeller, in just three days, we'll have a huge celebration here in Dungo Village."

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COMMENT

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 411[1,197 words]

Chapter 411

Yvene became irrigurd Whare this happy occasion! It looks like you all are taking it very seriously."

Sheldon pointed toward one of the houses and quietly said, "Se that one? That's my uncle's house. In three days, my cousin Navian is going to marry Bonnie, the special woman from Dungi Village

"t's going to be the grandest wedding in our village. The whole village is looking forward to this day

Yvette raised an eyebrow, clearly interested. "The special woma

Sheldon, noticing that Martin was intrigued by this topic, was pleased.

He quickly explained to Yvette. "Bonnie is the guardian goddess of Dungo Village. Every few years, she has to marry a man chosen from the village, and Xavian was recently selected. If you're interested, you can stay here in the village. "Normally, outsiders aren't allowed to attend the wedding, but since you're my friend, I can talk to my father. He'll probably agree."

Sheldon wasn't hiding his thoughts anymore. Now that Yvette was in Dungo Village, he had plenty of time and opportunities to win her over. There was no rush. His plan was to keep Yvette here first.

Yvette nodded. "Alright."

Sheldon, already used to her cold manner, nodded back. He said kindly, "I'll go make arrangements. Let's come back to my place.

The Jacobs residence had a typical medieval style of decor, luxurious and exuding an ancient charm.

As soon as Sheldon entered, a man in a gray suit, Gideon, stepped out. "Mr. Jacobs, welcome back."

Gideon's gaze shifted to Yvette, his frown deepening as he eyed her with a look of suspicion and some distaste.

'Has Mr. Jacobs lost his mind? Doesn't he know that women always bring trouble? A beautiful woman is nothing but a disaster. If this keeps up, Mr. Jacobs will surely meet his end because of a woman,' he wondered. Yvette glanced at him, her gaze indifferent. With both hands in her pockets, she raised an eyebrow, her expression showing a hint of rebelliousness.

Gideon hesitated. "Sheldon, Mr. Jacobs is asking for you. I'll arrange a room for this lady."

Clearly, Gideon had handled such situations many times before. Sheldon nodded in satisfaction. "Thank you, Gideon. Please make sure Ms. Zeller is well taken care of. She's an important guest of mine." Turning to Yvette, Sheldon spoke gently. "Ms. Zeller, please rest for now. I have something to take care of."

Yvette nodded in acknowledgment, her hands still in her pockets, her eyes cold. Her sleeves were rolled up slightly, revealing her slender, smooth wrists. She didn't say anything.

Gideon's dissatisfaction was evident as he thought, 'What an arrogant woman. How dare she be so disrespectful to Mr. Jacobs!'

After Sheldon left, Gideon coldly addressed Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, follow me. Your room is on the left."

As they walked, Gideon casually asked her questions, to which Yvette responded.

At the door of her room, Gideon spread his hands. "Ms. Zeller, this is your room. I won't disturb you any longer."

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Chapter All

"Thank you," Yvette and sonly, then turned to close the door. Their eyes met, and Gideon's gaze darkened with a flash of malice. Does he want to kill met she thought.

After the door closed, Gideon stood for a moment before turning to leave. It doesn't matter what kind of woman she is. In the end, she's just fertilizer. Nothing worth paying attention to be wondered.

In the study. Sheldon straightened his clothes and knocked on the door. After hearing the invitation to enter, he pushed the door open and stepped inside. He walked toward the man sitting at the desk. Gideon bowed respectfully. "Dad, you're back from South East Aploth?

Sheldon's father, Holden Jacobs, was fifty-five years old. He had been the leader of Dungo Village for thirty years, and his power was absolute. No one dared defy him. The villagers treated him with the utmost respect. Holden's face was lined with deep wrinkles, and his narrowed eyes gave him a stern appearance. Sheldon resembled him quite a bit. It was clear that they were father and son.

Holden put down what he was holding and looked at Sheldon with a cold expression. "You brought back another woman?"

Sheldon knew he couldn't hide anything from his father, so he spoke honestly. "Yeah, Dad, she's incredibly beautiful. I fell for her the moment I saw her.

"But relax. She's just a silly woman who loves money. Once I'm done with her, I'll have her serve as fertilizer for the little ones. Don't worry about it."

Holden knew Sheldon's ways. After all these years, his weakness for women was no secret. He couldn't live without them. Nodding dismissively, Holden thought little of it. Sheldon had fallen for countless women over the years. It was nothing

new.

"Just keep a low profile," Holden warned. "In three days, it'll be Xavian's wedding with Bonnie. You'll need to lend a hand. Bonnie's been making trouble, refusing to eat in protest.

"Do whatever it takes to stop her from causing any more problems. She can't be allowed to stir things up before the next special woman comes along."

Sheldon nodded, then spat on the ground in disdain. "Dad, Bonnie's just out of her mind. She thinks a bit of schooling means she can escape Dungo Village, utterly delusional.

"If it weren't for her special role, I would have killed her by now and tossed her into Deathworm Hell."

Holden's expression darkened, his tone stern. "Watch your mouth! Do you think you can throw around talk about Deathworm Hell like that? Keep that place a secret from outsiders, or you can pack up and leave Dungo Village for good." Seeing Holden's anger, Sheldon immediately backtracked. "I'm sorry, Dad. I was wrong. Please, don't be angry."

With an annoyed wave, Holden dismissed him. "Get out of here. Stop making trouble and keep an eye on that woman you brought in."

Sheldon nodded, mumbling, "Yes, Dad. I'll head out now. Just get back to your work."

After Sheldon left, Holden's expression grew pensive as he gazed thoughtfully toward the bookshelf.

At the westernmost house in Dungo Village, the door opened, revealing Bonnie dressed in wrinkled clothes that she had clearly been wearing for days. She sat motionless on the bed, her eyes dull and unfocused, and a cold, untouched meal sitting on the table. The woman who entered glanced at Bonnie, her eyes flickering briefly before she turned to close the door.

Janice walked over, looking at Bonnie with concern, her voice soft and gentle. "Bon, please eat something. Don't keep

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For a moment, a fock of confer flashed in Jade's eyes. After a silence, under Bonnie's hopeful gree, Janies thank her head and took Bonnie's hund gently

Janice persuaded "Bon, you're the special woman. It's been your destiny since the day you were born. You can't escape it You know what Holden's temper is like. If you keep this up, and he truly gets angry, the consequences could be disastrous. "Really, is Xavian that bad? Marrying him could bring you happiness, respect, and admiration in Dungo Village Isn't that

Bonnie weakly pulled her hand away, looking up. "Janice, did you call Yvette with the number I gave your

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 412[1,257 words]

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At Janice's reaction, her expression stiffened slightly, and she avoided Bonnie's gaze. Awkwardly, she murmured, "Bon, I'm sorry... Holden had me under surveillance. I didn't have a chance to make that call

In truth, Janice did have a chance, but it was a call she was never going to make. Only if Bonnie married Xavian would she receive a generous dowry that would allow her to marry an elderly,

wealthy man from the neighboring area. She'd had enough of the hard life in Dungo Village. Marriage was her only escape to a better life.

"Bon, even if I did get a chance to call Yvette, do you honestly think she'd come all this way just to help you escape?" Janice thought Bonnie's studies had made her naive.

They're just friends. Who would risk everything to travel all the way to Dungo Village for Bon? Who would be that foolish? Impossible, Janice thought.

Bonnie was about to speak when a cough escaped her, but she steadied herself, looking resolute as she told Janice, "Janice, if Yvette knew about my situation, she would absolutely come to rescue me."

Fearing that Bonnie's excitement might worsen her condition, Janice quickly replied, "Alright, I understand."

The room fell quiet. Bonnie was already too weak. Her once-round face had grown gaunt over the past few days.

Beside her, Janice looked at Bonnie with a tinge of guilt, though helplessness filled her gaze.

Suppressing the itch in her throat, Bonnie forced herself to comfort Janice. "Janice, I know it's because of me that you're being watched as well. I'm sorry for dragging you into this."

Looking at Bonnie's frail state, Janice's resolve wavered momentarily, but in the next second, she steadied herself.

'Bon is young and doesn't understand Xavian's worth. Once she's married, she'll realize that life with him will be just like any other marriage. It doesn't matter who one ends up with,' Janice wondered. With some effort, Bonnie reached into her pocket and pulled out a small slip of paper, her voice barely a whisper. "Janice, I have one last request.

"After I get married, call the number on this paper. Just tell him that I'm glad I knew him, and I hope he'll have a wonderful future."

Hearing this, Janice's eyes lit up with delight. "Bon, does that mean you've agreed to marry Xavian?"

Bonnie nodded with a look of unshakable determination. "Yes, I've agreed."

She had mentally prepared herself for the worst. In truth, she had no intention of actually marrying Xavian.

Janice took the slip of paper, noticing there was a photo on it. The picture was crumpled as if Bonnie had held onto it tightly for a long time.

When Janice saw the man's face in the photo, her eyes sparkled. What a handsome man,' she thought.

Hiding her own excitement, Janice cautiously probed. "Bon, is he your boyfriend? Is he the one you're in love with?"

Bonnie, oblivious to Janice's shift in tone, shook her head and answered softly. "No... he's not my boyfriend. He's... he's just someone I love." Janice hesitated for a moment and wondered, 'Not her boyfriend?'

Carefully, she tucked the photo away. "Bon, is he a classmate? His clothes look like designer labels, He must be w

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Romme paused, feeling Janice's questions were a bit odd, but she nodded anyway. "His family's from Betrico. I don't know much about what they do, though."

Janice's mood soured slightly, thinking Ronnie wasn't being entirely honest. 'Does Bonnie think just because I never went to school, I don't recognize luxury brands! The man's clothes scream money'

An idea suddenly flashed in Janice's mind. "Bon, I'll leave your food here. Make sure you eat while it's still warm.

"I have things to take care of, including sewing your wedding dress, so just rest and wait for your big day three days from now. I'll check in on you tomorrow."

She paused before adding, "And don't worry, Bon. On your wedding day, I'll sneak away and call that man. I'll pass along what you wanted to say."

Bonnie nodded. "Thank you, Janice."

Janice turned around, a faint smile crossing her face, then walked out the door.

Inside, Bonnie looked at the food on the table, mustered her remaining strength, and walked over. She sat down, her hands trembling as she picked up a fork, lifting a bite to her mouth, but the food tasted like nothing at all.

As Bonnie continued eating, tears began to slip from her eyes, falling onto her plate. 'I was such a fool, blindly trusting her words, she thought bitterly.

The woman had claimed Bonnie's grandmother was ill and hospitalized, which had hurried Bonnie back from Seacrity, only for Holden to trap her here and force her to marry Xavian.

'A special man?' She scornfully thought, "This is all just Holden and Dr. Hansen's twisted scheme to deceive the villagers... Grandma passed away long ago. Holden has been lying to me all along.'

Just as Bonnie was crying while eating, she heard three quick taps on the window. Bonnie froze, listening intently, and then heard another soft knock.

Setting down her fork, Bonnie tiptoed over to the window, whispering cautiously, "Who... who's there?"

The next moment, the window opened, and a face appeared, the very face Bonnie had dreamed of seeing.

Bonnie stood in stunned silence, almost afraid the sight might vanish. She rubbed her eyes, wiped away her uncontrollable tears, and asked in disbelief, "Yvette? Is it really you, Yvette?" She pinched her arm. "Ouch." "The pain's real. So is Yvette!" Bonnie wondered.

Yvette, dressed in black, with a cap pulled low over her eyes, stood there with a cool, steady gaze fixed on Bonnie's gaunt face. Her voice was calm, almost icy. "Yes, it's me." Realizing it was indeed Yvette, Bonnie quickly glanced around, ensuring they were alone. "Yvette, how did you get here? How did you even find this place?"

Yvette looked at Bonnie, her usual calm gaze unfazed by Bonnie's chaotic excitement. "Step aside. Let me in first."

Bonnie immediately backed away, leaving space by the window, and stood awkwardly to one side.

Bonnie watched as Yvette swung herself gracefully through the window, landing in the room in one smooth, agile motion.

Before Yvette could even regain her balance, Bonnie threw herself into her arms, hugging her tightly.

Bonnie sobbed even harder, clinging to Yvette. "Oh, Yvette, you're finally here! I... they were starving me, and they're trying

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to make me marry a fan.

"I just want to go back to school. I miss you. I miss Andrew. I don't want to stay in Dungo Village another second..."

Bonnie went on and on, pouring out everything she'd been holding in, her words spilling out nonstop for nearly ten minutes. When she finally stopped, her eyes were swollen and barely open. 47%

Still clinging to Yvette, Bonnie looked up, her tear-streaked face a mess. She sniffled. "Did you come here alone? That's so dangerous!"

Yvette pointed to Bonnie's hands, a silent signal. Realizing her mistake, Bonnie quickly let go, remembering that Yvette didn't like people getting too close.

Yvette surveyed the room briefly before saying in a low voice, "No, I didn't come alone. Jeremiah, Andrew, and two other friends are with me. They're outside the village. They haven't come in yet." Bonnie's eyes widened. "Yvette... did you say Andrew came too?"

Yvette nodded slowly, her tone deliberately casual. "Yeah. He's been really worried about you."

A soft blush crept up Bonnie's cheeks as she murmured, "I didn't expect him to be so thoughtful."

Seeing Bonnie's shy smile, Yvette smirked. Her gaze was cold but held a hint of mischief. "So, Bonnie, tell me everything. What's going on? And what's the deal with your marriage with Xavian?" SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 413[1,055 words]

Chapter 413

Bonnie let out a sigh. 47%

She began. Yvette, there's an old custom in Dungo Village. If a woman gives birth and her firstborn is a boy, she's free to have more children without restrictions.

"But if her firstborn is a girl, and the second is also a girl, that second daughter must be killed unless she's born with a unique constitution that allows her to better control poisonous insects. "In that rare case, the girl is spared and given a special title. I'm one of those rare cases. For years, I've been the only second-born girl in Dungo Village who met these two conditions. "Before me, there hadn't been one in the village for nearly twenty years. Holden is pressuring me to marry because only a daughter born to me is chosen as the next special woman." Yvette's gaze sharpened, a glint

of ruthless clarity in her bright eyes. Superstitions like these had been passed down for generations.

Bonnie was the only surviving second-born girl in all these years, which meant many others had met their deaths at the hands of these ignorant villagers.

Yvette toyed with the cup in her hand, her tone detached. "How was Xavian chosen?"

Bonnie snorted coldly. "Yvette, Xavian's selection was nothing but a farce concocted by Dr. Hansen, the village's so-called great doctor. It's a sham, with no scientific basis whatsoever.

The villagers blindly believe in it. Marrying me off to Holden's nephew, Xavian, is just another way for Holden to keep the future special woman under his control."

Yvette let out a short, sarcastic laugh. "Quite the scheme."

Bonnie hesitated, her expression turning serious. "Yvette, since I got back, I've noticed something odd about the villagers. They look pale and listless, easily angered, almost as if something has drained the life out of them. It's frightening." Yvette's gaze lowered slightly, her voice cold enough to chill the room. She tapped her fingers rhythmically on the table, musing. "The villagers are raising poisonous insects, sustaining them with their own blood. Naturally, they'd lack vitality." Bonnie's eyes widened in shock. "Yvette, how do you know that everyone here raises poisonous insects?"

"Jeremiah and a friend of mine uncovered it," Yvette replied coolly.

Bonnie nodded. It wouldn't be difficult for someone with Jeremiah's skills to find that out. Suddenly, Bonnie looked a bit embarrassed. "Yvette, I'm sorry I didn't tell you who I really am." Yvette glanced up briefly.

Bonni

I..."

hurried to explain, "Yvette, I don't raise poisonous insects, and I don't know anything about using magical poisons...

Yvette gave a slight nod. "I know. There's no trace of poisonous insects on you."

Bonnie scratched her head, looking a little sheepish. 'So, Yvette knew all along,' she wondered.

Shaking her head, Bonnie added, "Yvette, not everyone in Dungo Village knows how to raise poisonous insects. Only the women do.

"Over the years, the conditions for raising poisonous insects have deteriorated, so successful breeding has become rare. But

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now the villagers, including some of the men, look so strange.

"Even if they're feeding their blood to poisonous insects, it shouldn't affect them like this. Yvette, could it be possible that they're actually sick!

Wette lowered her gaze for a moment, then replied in a chilling tone, "No, they're not sick. They're simply suffering from severe blood loss.

Every man here carries a strong scent of poisonous insects. It's been at least a year now. If this goes on, they won't survive another year."

Bonnie gasped. "Yvette, will they really die? I was here last summer, and everyone in Dungo Village seemed perfectly fine back then. How could things have changed so drastically in just one year?

They all know men shouldn't try raising poisonous insects with their own blood, so why would they suddenly take such a risk? There must be some hidden secret behind this."

Yvette glanced at Bonnie, raising an eyebrow. 'Seems Bonnie's gotten sharper. Strange events rarely occur without a reason. she wondered.

Yvette asked, "Do you know Sheldon?"

Bonnie's expression immediately soured, her disdain evident. "Yvette, Sheldon is a disgusting bastard. He's been a pervert since he was young. Before he was even of age, he got a girl from Dungo Village pregnant and then abandoned her. "The poor girl died in childbirth, along with the baby, and no one ever held him accountable. Why are you bringing him up, Wette?"

Yvette replied casually, "I see. He brought me into Dungo Village."

Bonnie's jaw nearly dropped. "Yvette, what did you say? You came here with Sheldon?"

Yvette nodded. "Yes."

Bonnie felt so touched she was on the verge of tears. 'Yvette took such a huge risk just to help me,' she wondered.

Seeing Bonnie about to tear up again, Yvette rubbed her temples and said calmly, "No crying."

Bonnie's tears stopped right in their tracks. 'Yvette is absolutely the queen of ruining a moment,' she thought.

Bonnie knew she couldn't afford to be weak now. Yvette had taken a huge risk to help her, and Bonnie was determined not to be a burden.

Yvette asked, "What kind of person is Holden?"

Bonnie thought for a moment. "Yvette, Holden is extremely selfish and controlling, ruthless too. Everyone in the village is afraid of him, and I think he's hiding a lot of secrets.

"Something strange happened when I came back. I visited Holden's house, and I saw him coming out of his study. But I'd just checked that study, and no one was in there. It was like he'd appeared out of nowhere."

Yvette set down her cup, her face expressionless, and her gaze deep and icy. "There's something off about his house."

Bonnie nodded. "Something off? Do you think Holden has a secret room or something? You know, like in those TV shows... how else would he just appear out of thin air?"

Yvette's brow lowered slightly. "His residence has a strange aura about it, and the layout is unusual. There's definitely a secret room there, but it's well-concealed and will take time to locate."

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Bonnie was shocked thurt her wild guess actually hit the mark. Just as she was about to say something more, Yvette's gaze turned sharply toward the window. She murmured, "Someone's Comming. We have two minutes? Bonnie instantly clammed up as she wondered. Who could be coming at a time like this? If they find Yvette here, we're doomed

Yvette whispered, "For the next three days, stay inside, eat on time, and keep up your strength."

Bonnic nodded quickly. "I understand, Yvette."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 414[1,319 words]

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Bonnie was sweating nervously, her face pale as she clutched her cup. Yvette raised an eyebrow, holding her own cup with a calm demeanor. "No need to be nervous," she said lightly.

Bonnie's heart skipped a beat. 'How could I possibly not be nervous at a time like this? If Sheldon finds out Yvette's in here, it'll be a disaster!' Bonnie was so rattled that she'd forgotten Yvette had entered the village with Sheldon. Outside, Sheldon's face darkened as he heard someone else's voice from within. He yelled, "Bonnie, is there s your room? Open up right now, or I'll break down the door!"

He bellowed again. "Open up! Who's in there with you? Hurry up! If you don't open the door, I'm calling for backup."

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In the next moment, the door swung open from the inside, and Yvette stood there. Sheldon's hand froze mid-air as he saw her.

"You..." He stammered, "How is it you? What are you doing here? His eyes filled with a terrifying suspicion.

'Why is Yvette in Bonnie's room? Why did she follow me to Dungo Village?' he thought, starting to doubt Yvette's intentions.

Yvette took a few casual steps forward, one hand in her pocket, her expression lazy and unbothered. "I got lost," she drawled, glancing over at Bonnie. "Saw her banging on the door and came in to check it out." Sheldon let out a cold laugh. "Ms. Zeller, cut the nonsense. This room is guarded outside. There's no way you could've even come close, much less entered. Who are you, really? What's your purpose in Dungo Village?" Yvette looked at him lazily, her delicate features cold and indifferent. "No one was here, and the door wasn't locked."

Sheldon's face showed clear disbelief as he turned toward Bonnie, who stood frozen in shock. "Do you know her?" he demanded. Although Bonnie's heart was racing, her body reacted faster than her mind. She quickly shook her head. "No, I don't know her.

"She barged in, and I was just about to throw her out when you knocked. Who is she? Is she another girl you tricked into coming here?"

Sheldon, seeing the anger in Bonnie's eyes and how she wasn't avoiding his gaze, began to believe that they truly didn't know each other. But even so, he still felt a twinge of doubt and glanced uneasily at Yvette. To cover his own insecurity, Sheldon raised his voice, snapping. Bonnie, what nonsense are you talking about? Tricked? Don't be ridiculous and stop accusing me!"

Bonnie shot a quick glance at Yvette and felt a sudden surge of courage. 'With Yvette here, I'm not scared at all, she thought, putting her hands on her hips and shouting back at him, her voice twice as loud as his. When it came to shouting, Bonnie had never lost.

She continued, "Sheldon, am I wrong? You're banging on the door like a mad dog, and now that it's open, you're saying all this weird stuff to her! I told you I don't know her, and you don't believe me?

"Then why are you even asking? Just take this woman and leave. I don't want to see either of you! Stay if you want, but don't cry when Holden finds out and scolds you!"

Sheldon was stunned. He'd never seen Bonnie act like this. 'Bonnie is so naive. All she's ever done is study. There's no way she's this good at acting, he thought.

He glanced again at Yvette, who looked calm and composed, showing no signs of guilt or unease. His suspicions mostly

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faded, though one question still nagged at him.

'Where was the guard at the door? How did Yvette even get inside?' he wondered.

Just then, a man in distinctive clothing came rushing over. "Mr. Jacobs, what are you doing here?"

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Sheldon froze as he noticed the man's trousers were still unfastened. Without a second thought, he slapped him and scolded him. "Where were you? Didn't lock the door? You didn't even know someone came in?"

The guard's face turned red with panic as he quickly tried to explain, "Mr. Jacobs, I'm sorry! I had an upset went to the restroom. I'm so sorry. It won't happen again, Mr. Jacobs!"

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Suddenly, a foul smell began wafting from the guard, and Sheldon grimaced, taking a couple of steps ba... disgust. He waved his hand dismissively. "Get away from me, now."

The guard's face flushed, and he looked a bit resentful. 'It's not like I wanted to have stomach problems! What else could I do? And now I'm getting slapped out of nowhere. This is so unfair,' he thought, clutching his stomach as he hurried off. After the guard ran off, the unpleasant smell finally dissipated. All of Sheldon's doubts disappeared. He now realized he had completely misunderstood Yvette.

Maybe Yvette had genuinely entered Bonnie's room out of curiosity. After all, when someone banged on a door and shouted frantically, it was hard to just ignore them.

'It's all Bonnie's fault, stirring up this nonsense and creating such a huge misunderstanding. Now I have to figure out how to explain this to Yvette, Sheldon thought to himself.

Putting on a smile, he turned to Yvette with a sheepish expression. "Ms. Zeller, I sincerely apologize. This entire situation was my mistake. I'm very sorry."

Throughout the ordeal, Yvette had maintained an impressively calm demeanor, remaining entirely unruffled. Bonnie's hands, however, were clammy with sweat. She thought Yvette was absolutely amazing.

Yvette's nerves were unbelievably strong. Bonnie couldn't help but admire her. There was no way the guard suddenly got an upset stomach for no reason. Bonnie was convinced Yvette had something to do with it.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, a faint, almost mocking smile playing at her lips as her eyes flashed with cold, steely resolve. Her voice was chillingly detached. "Since it seems Dungo Village isn't exactly welcoming to outsiders, I'll be on my way, then." Sheldon felt a sudden wave of panic. 'Yvette is a rare beauty. I can't just let her leave!' He quickly ran through his options as he wondered.

Noticing Yvette's apparent interest in Bonnie, Sheldon bit his lip and ventured. "Ms. Zeller, it seems you've taken a liking to Bonnie."

Yvette glanced over at Bonnie with indifference, shrugging slightly. "She's alright. Cute enough, and chatting with her isn't too bad."

Bonnie's heart leaped with joy. 'Oh my god, Yvette just called me cute... I'm thrilled!'

Everyone in Dungo Village knew Bonnie was timid, so Sheldon felt certain she wouldn't say too much.

Why not keep her here with Bonnie for now? Tomorrow, once I control Yvette with poisonous insects, she'll be mine to toy with however I please, he thought smugly. 'It's only a day. Two women could not possibly stir up, right?' Sheldon said, "Ms. Zeller, a guest is always welcome in Dungo Village. There's no way we'd be unwelcoming. Since you enjoy chatting with Bonnie, feel free to come by anytime. She's the one getting married in three days." Yvette gave a slight nod. "Oh? So, it's her."

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Sheldon, noticing her genuinely surprised expression, chuckled "Yes, that's her, Ms. Zeller."

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Bonnie looked over at Yvette as she wondered, 'Wow, Yvette's acting skills are incredible! Anyone watching would genuinely think we don't know each other.

'Sheldon is always paranoid, yet Yvette only said a few words, and he's already agreeing to let her come see me? She's remarkable.

Bonnie cleared her throat and, adopting a haughty expression, said disdainfully, "Don't bring this woman round to see me. I have no interest in chatting."

Sheldon snorted. "It doesn't matter what you want. Ms. Zeller is my honored guest, and you'd better show respect."

Bonnie pretended to be annoyed, turning away and refusing to look at either of them.

Sheldon then said warmly to Yvette, "Ms. Zeller, let's go. Bonnie's throwing a tantrum again. Let's leave her to her antics."

Yvette gave a slight nod. "Okay."

Once Yvette and Sheldon left, Bonnie finally turned stiffly around, cold sweat streaming down her face.

If Sheldon had stayed any longer, Bonnie wouldn't have been able to keep up the act..

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 415[1,368 words]

Chapter 415 55%

At the Jacobs residence, Sheldon walked Yvette to her door, trying to think of a reason to follow her inside.

But before he could speak, Yvette shut the door right in his face, completely cutting him off. Sheldon clenched his back teeth so hard he nearly cracked them.

This ungrateful woman... she's already followed me all the way to Dungo Village, so what's she still putting on airs for? Let's see if she's still so cold tomorrow after I hit her with that binding love spell, he thought. Trying to mask his frustration, Sheldon said cheerfully, "Well, Ms. Zeller, get a good night's rest. Tomorrow, I'll treat you to some Dungo Village specialties."

Sheldon waited a while, and there was no response from inside. He knew she'd heard him, but he had no choice but to leave and head down to the basement to vent his desires on the women there.

In the dead of night, when every household in the village had turned off their lights and people were sound asleep, Yvette opened her eyes, instantly alert, her gaze sharp.

She got up, dressed, pulled on a baseball cap to shield half her face, and slipped out the door. Just as she reached the courtyard of the residence, a patrol team passed by.

Swiftly, Yvette slipped behind a pillar, merging seamlessly with the shadows. In the darkness, a faintly cold smile played on her lips.

Yvette wondered, 'A village chief's residence has this many well-trained guards? These people don't seem like ordinary villagers from Dungo Village.

'Each one carries a deadly aura. It's likely they've all taken more than one life. The Jacobs family is... interesting!

Once the patrol moved on, Yvette stepped out from behind the pillar, her destination set Holden's study.

In the study, lights burned brightly. Yvette walked to the blind spot by the window, her gaze sharpening. Inside, Holden was on the phone, his expression grave as he listened to the man on the other end.

He spoke in a cold voice. "Mr. Miller, I've already sent you three groups. If this continues and they trace anything back to me, I'll be in serious danger."

The man on the other end replied, and Holden's expression lightened considerably, though he insisted on tripling his price.

After hanging up, Holden's face grew dark again. The people from South East Aploth were demanding more and more, and he was barely keeping up with the supply. His only option was to accelerate the cultivation of new poisonous insects. However, the population in Dungo Village was limited, and most of the blood had already been taken. If he kept this up, everyone in the village would be at risk of dying, which would certainly raise suspicions.

After a long moment, Holden stood, walked to his desk, and shifted an inconspicuous book gently to the left. The next second, the bookshelf moved aside automatically, revealing a hidden passage. Holden glanced back at the doorway, then stepped inside. Once he entered, the bookshelf closed behind him. From outside, Yvette observed the entire scene clearly. She hadn't expected Bonnie's hunch to be so accurate.

There really was a secret underground chamber in Holden's study. 'What connection could the Dungo Village chief possibly have with someone in South East Aploth? Yvette wondered.

Yvette pulled her cap down a bit, memorizing the position of the book Holden had shifted, and then turned to leave. Along the way, she dodged two more patrol teams before making it back to her room undetected.

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Upon entering. Yvette sensed a familiar presence in the room. Without a hint of surprise, she walked over to the table and took a seat, pouring herself a cup of coffee.

Her deep-set eyes were partially obscured by her long lashes. She removed her cap, letting her long hair cascade down, revealing a face of striking beauty under the soft light.

Her slender wrist rested casually as she lifted the cup to her lips, faint, almost teasing smile playing on her mouth as she sipped her coffee.

Then, from the shadows, a man's sigh broke the silence. "Planning to leave me waiting here all night?" he said.

Yvette lifted her gaze lazily and saw the man emerge from behind the wardrobe. "I thought you liked hiding back there," she

d casually.

Jeremiah, dressed all in black, came forward. Since they'd been together, he had worn nearly the same color every day. His voice, low and magnetic, seemed to pull at her in the quiet of the night. "I only like you," Jeremiah said.

Yvette had long since gotten used to Jeremiah's constant flow of sweet talk. He had perfected the art of pretending to be a fool while hiding his true strength, and Yvette knew she couldn't afford to show any weakness. Taking her time, Yvette poured another cup of coffee. Jeremiah walked over and effortlessly scooped her up, placing her on his lap, then brought the coffee to her lips.

"Find out anything?" asked Jeremiah.

Nestled in Jeremiah's embrace, Yvette appeared small and delicate. She casually swung her feet and slowly spoke. "The village chief, Holden, has something going on. There's a secret room in this residence, right in Holden's study. "As for what's inside, I guess we'll have to go down and see for ourselves. There's something dark being hidden in Dungo Village. It's definitely not something good."

Jeremiah idly traced circles on Yvette's soft fingers. His voice was low as he responded. "Come with me. Tomorrow night, let's come back and find out what Holden's hiding."

Yvette shook her head. "No, tomorrow I have something to discuss with Bonnie tomorrow."

Jeremiah was surprised. He hadn't expected Yvette to meet Bonnie so soon after arriving in Dungo Village. His eyes narrowed, deep and intense.

Yvette's refusal was final. When she said she wasn't going, there was no changing her mind. "Alright, tomorrow night I'll come back. Once we figure out what's going on in Dungo Village we'll take Bonnie with us and leave," he said. Yvette nodded. "Okay. You should go now." Without hesitation, she slipped from his lap and stood up.

Jeremiah raised an eyebrow, lips pursed, standing up with her. He spoke casually. "What if I leave now and get caught by the patrol? What should I do? I'm a little scared."

Jeremiah spoke the words with an air of nonchalance. "I'm really scared..."

Yvette stroked her chin thoughtfully, her striking face and clear, wild eyes conveying a mischievous gleam. She patted his shoulder confidently. "Don't worry. If they catch you, I'll definitely come to your rescue." Jeremiah paused for a moment, then asked helplessly, "Last question, who did you come to Dungo Village with? A man or a woman?"

Yvette lifted her chin. "A man. It's Holden's son, Sheldon."

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Jeremiah smirked at her words, but the smile didn't reach his eyes. His cold, mocking laugh sent a chill down her spine. "Take care of yourself." With that, he turned and left.

Yvette watched him leave. 'Is he angry? What would an angry man do?' she wondered.

In the early hours of the morning, at the Jacobs residence, a furious shout from the east side of the house startled everyone at home. "Ah... I'll kill you! Bastard!"

Then came Sheldon's heart-wrenching cries. One by one, the lights in the Jacobs residence flickered on, except for Yvette's room, which remained dark.

The entire night, the sounds of Sheldon's shouting and cursing echoed from the east side of the house. The cries continued relentlessly, hour after hour, growing louder as the night wore on, until morning.

It was a sleepless night for the Jacobs family, except for Yvette, who slept soundly until dawn.

The next day, the Jacobs family servants gathered together, whispering about what had happened the night before.

"Did you hear Sheldon scream last night? What on earth happened? It sounded terrifying."

"Yes, I heard it too. I saw Mr. Jacobs go into Sheldon's yard, and he didn't come out until the early hours of the morning." "No, I saw something too. Someone carried out several basins of blood from Sheldon's room. It was so horrifying." "Something serious must have happened. Dr. Hansen came last night. If it weren't a big deal, Dr. Hansen wouldn't have come."

"I... I saw it... I saw Sheldon's lower body was covered in blood."

"Don't be ridiculous. How could his lower body be covered in blood? Unless..."

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 416[1,137 words]

Chapter 416

The servants immediately scattered when they heard that. They didn't dare stick around to hear it. Holden's temper was well-known to be explosive. Gideon, who had led Yvette in, quickly walked out of the east room, holding an elegant box in his hands. He made his way to the hall, carefully opening a hidden compartment in the wall, and placing the box inside with a dark expression. There could be no mistake with the contents of this box.

Last night, some bastard had somehow broken into Sheldon's room. The residence had over a hundred patrols, yet not one person noticed a thing.

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intruder had broken into the east room and severed Sheldon's cock, leaving behind a note that simply read: [Such a tiny

Soren had already examined Sheldon's condition. It was hopeless. Sheldon's cock had been severed, meaning he would never be able to have a normal sex life again, and the future of the Jacobs family had been utterly destroyed. Sheldon had passed out from the pain and hadn't woken up yet.

Holden was furious. Ever since he found out that Sheldon's cock couldn't be reattached, he had locked himself in his study, refusing to come out. They had scoured Dungo Village overnight, but not a trace of the culprit had been found. Gideon sighed as he stared at the box, his eyes filled with frustration. 'Neither Sheldon nor Mr. Jacobs can have children. The Jacobs family's bloodline is finished.

Meanwhile, in her room, Yvette overheard the servants gossiping quietly by the door. She raised an eyebrow, a hint of amusement in her eyes, and a smirk tugged at the corner of her lips. Her gaze deepened. Jeremiah is kind of cute when he's being petty. His work is thorough. Not bad... she wondered.

With the Jacobs family in chaos, everyone was focused on Sheldon's condition. The servants knew that Yvette had been brought by Sheldon, so they didn't dare comment on her coming and going.

The guard watching Bonnie had already been told by Sheldon not to stop Yvette. So, Yvette walked right in through the front door without any trouble.

When Bonnie heard the door creak open, she immediately sat up on her bed. Since Yvette had arrived the day before, Bonnie had visibly brightened up.

Janice, who had come to bring food today, noticed this but didn't think much of it. She just assumed that Bonnie had finally come to terms with things and was feeling better.

Last night, Bonnie had eaten much more than usual. She needed to regain her strength so she could leave Dungo Village with Yvette.

Seeing Yvette enter, Bonnie eagerly greeted her. "Hey, Yvette, you're here!" The guard outside leaned in close to the door, hoping to overhear.

Yvette walked over to the table and sat down, giving Bonnie a small nod. She then dipped her finger into the water in the cup and wrote on the table. [Uprian.]

Bonnie immediately understood. She switched to speaking in Uprian, and the two of them conversed in a language that the guard could not understand.

He could tell it was Uprian but couldn't follow what they were saying. Deciding it wasn't worth eavesdropping, he shrugged and went off to relax elsewhere, figuring that since she was Sheldon's woman, she wouldn't do anything inappropriate. 1/3

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When the footsteps faded, Yvette spoke in a cool, detached tone I've found Holden's secret chamber. I'll go check it out with Jeremiah tonight." Bonnie nodded, her excitement barely contained. "I knew it, Yvette. I knew there had to be a secret room in Holden's house. I wasn't wrong!"

Yvette lowered her eyes slightly, her voice calm and steady, "Does Dungo Village have any business dealings with South East Aploth?"

Bonnie blinked in confusion, then shook her head. "Yvette, not that I know of. Dungo Village is so small. Most people here have never left Clusia. There's no reason for Dungo Village to have business dealings with South East Aploth." Yvette, still holding her cup, glanced at Bonnie, her eyes calm and distant. After a moment, she spoke in a low voice. "Get

Tomorrow, I'll find a way to get you out of here."

A day was enough for Yvette to uncover the secrets hidden in Dungo Village. Bonnie immediately nodded. "I understand, Yvette."

After a pause, Bonnie scratched her head and awkwardly added, "Yvette, can I bring someone with me when I leave? My sister, Janice is the one I've always depended on since we were kids."

"I really want to take her with me. But don't worry. I won't let her be a burden to you."

Yvette glanced at her indifferently. "Sure."

Meanwhile, Janice, holding the phone number Bonnie had given her, hesitated for a long time without dialing. After thinking it over, she tucked the note back into her pocket.

Janice had realized that now wasn't the right time to make the call. 'If I call him, he will find out that Bonnie is getting married. What if something unexpected happens then?' she wondered.

Janice put the note away and started walking home. On her way, in the northwest direction of Dungo Village, she happened to run into Yvette, who had just come from Bonnie's place.

Janice knew that Sheldon had brought back a beautiful woman, and the news had spread throughout Dungo Village. Even those who never left their homes knew about it. Janice considered herself the most beautiful woman in Dungo Village.

Janice had thought the villagers were exaggerating, that Sheldon's woman was beautiful, but certainly not more beautiful than she was. But to Janice's surprise, it was true. Sheldon really had brought back such a stunning woman.

Jealousy flared up inside Janice, and her expression turned disdainful. 'No matter how beautiful she is, what use is it to be with Sheldon? She's just a plaything. Sheldon would never marry her,' she wondered.

Janice deliberately stepped toward the center of the road, planning to bump into Yvette in the next few steps. She aimed for Yvette's shoulder, a malicious smile spreading across her face.

But the next second, things didn't go as Janice had imagined. Just as she was about to bump into Yvette, she was inexplicably knocked back and sent flying.

Before Janice even had time to react, she was already lying on the ground in a disheveled heap. She lay sprawled, a look of astonishment on her face, utterly confused.

'What just happened? I was supposed to bump into her, so how did I end up falling down?' Janice wondered.

Of course, Janice had no idea that Yvette was an expert ancient warrior and that anyone trying to approach her had no chance at all.

Yvette stood looking at Janice, her gaze falling on her face. With her hands in her pockets, her cold, emotionless eyes sent a chilling wave through the air. 16:20 Wed, Nov 27

Her voice was indifferent, carrying an undeniable air of intimidation as she casually spoke. "You wanted to bump into me?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 417[1,321 words]

When Janice woke up, she found herself already back home, carried there by passing villagers. Enraged, she was ready to confront Yvette, but as soon as she reached the entrance of the Jacobs residence, she encountered Soren, whose expression was anything but friendly. Janice was about to greet him when a single look from Soren made her falter. Trembling, she lowered her head and dared not speak.

Only after Soren had passed did she look up again. She glanced at the Jacobs residence, where people were constantly coming and going. After some thought, she decided to head home instead. made up her mind to wait until Sheldon no longer cared about Yvette, then she would find a way to deal with her.

The entire day, there were people coming and going from the east room, and it wasn't until dusk that things finally quieted down. Finally, after an angry shout from Sheldon, the east room went completely silent.

At 10 p.m., the moon hung high in the sky, and Dungo Village was eerily silent. Every house had turned off its lights, leaving no glimmer of light in sight.

The door to Yvette's room was ajar, and the cold wind whistled, making the door creak eerily in the dark, sending a chill through the night.

Yvette sat in the yard, propping her chin up lazily, stifling a yawn with a faint look in her eyes.

The next moment, her gaze shifted to the wall not far away, where she heard some movement. Then, voices from a few people reached her ears. Among them, Andrew's voice was notably louder than the rest. "Charles, can you lift the wall."

your shoulder a bit higher? I can't reach

"No, higher still. Emmett, move a little to the side. That's it! That's the way! Emmett's the smart one. Charles, you're too slow." Andrew instructed. "I'm up here! Hey guys, hurry up. I'm waiting for you guys on top!" Andrew stood on the wall, hands on his hips, looking quite pleased with himself.

Below the wall, Jeremiah, Emmett, and Charles exchanged helpless looks. If Andrew hadn't insisted on tagging along, forcing them to take him, they would never have brought him.

Jeremiah gave Andrew a cold, indifferent look and spoke in a low voice. "Move over."

Andrew immediately stepped aside. Then, to his astonishment, Jeremiah, Charles, and Emmett each used the wall to climb up in turn. In the blink of an eye, the three of them were standing beside Andrew. Andrew rubbed his eyes in disbelief. 'What the fuck... What did I just see? Are they stunt performers? How did they even get up here?' he wondered.

Before he could fully process this, Jeremiah and Charles jumped down from the wall into the yard.

Andrew turned to Emmett. "Emmett, Jeremiah and Charles have already gone down."

Emmett calmly nodded. "Yeah, close your eyes. Count to three, then open them."

Without question, Andrew immediately closed his eyes. He knew Emmett wouldn't deceive him, though he wasn't sure what closing his eyes was for.

Just then, he felt Emmett grab his hand, and before he could count to three, he opened his eyes again to find himself already

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in the yard, having been moved from the wall.

In the middle of the yard stood Yvette, dressed in all black, her head tilted slightly, her brow raised, and her eyes lazily sweepin

over the group. Finally, her gaze landed on Andrew.

Yvette paused, then pointed at his outfit. "Why is he wearing all white?"

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'Does Andrew think he's not noticeable enough in the dark? Is he trying to be a target? Which idiot wears white clothes to sneak around someone's house at night?' she thought to herself. Jeremiah

stepped forward, his imposing presence making everyone step back in caution. As he approached Yve slowly. "He thinks it looks cool."

he spoke

proudly lifted his chin. "Yvette, do you like my outfit? It's custom-made. I'm going to wear it in front of Bonnie later. Wait and watch me make her fall for me."

Andrew was incredibly confident that his attire would make any woman fall for him. Next to him, Charles and Emmett exchanged a glance, their eyes twitching slightly.

Yvette looked at Andrew who was excited, raised an eyebrow, and pressed her lips together. "It's nice. Just stay away from me later."

Upon hearing this, Andrew shook his head firmly. 'What is she talking about? Being near Yvette gives me so much confidence. With her by my side, nothing is impossible,' he thought. Charles, Jeremiah, and Emmett were all dressed in black.

Charles spoke up. "Yvette, how are we proceeding? Jeremiah has prepared the clothing to prevent poisonous insects from burrowing into our skin.

"Emmett and I already did some reconnaissance. There are three patrol teams, and the shift change just happened, so this is the most relaxed moment." Yvette replied coldly, "Jeremiah, you, and I will go directly to Holden's study to find the secret room. Emmett will stay outside for backup.

"As for Andrew, two choices. If you change clothes, follow Emmett. If you don't, stay inside the house and wait for us to

come out."

In the end, Andrew changed into a black outfit. Emmett had already prepared it, and it fit Andrew perfectly. Emmett knew that Yvette wouldn't tolerate Andrew's antics.

It was clear that only Yvette could manage Andrew, as a single sentence from her made him change clothes without question.

At 11 p.m. sharp, Yvette, Jeremiah, and Charles seized the opportunity during the shift change to enter Holden's study Holden had just left to visit Sheldon in the east room.

Following the position of the book Holden had moved yesterday, Yvette gently shifted it to the left. The next moment, the bookshelf split open in the middle, revealing a long dark passage.

The darkness stretched out ahead. Yvette and Jeremiah exchanged a brief glance, their eyes flashing. Jeremiah whispered, "Let's go."

Charles followed closely behind, and the three of them entered the dark passage. The bookshelf automatically closed, and everything returned to normal.

Jeremiah switched on the prepared flashlight, instantly illuminating the dark, long tunnel. With the faint light, they walked for five minutes before encountering an old door, its surface adorned with intricate patterns that gave it an imposing

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looked

Yvette adjusted her hat, looked at the ancient door, and nodded slightly. In her usual cold tone, she said, "Behind this door should be Holden's secret. The smell is heavy, and there are plenty of poisonous insects inside." The smell inside was suffocating, unbearable to breathe.

Jeremiah nodded, his face grave. In a low voice, he said, "There must be at least a hundred poisonous insects in there." Charles glanced at Jeremiah, his gaze deepening. He couldn't shake the feeling that Jeremiah was more than just a general. Yvette raised an eyebrow, speaking indifferently. "We'll find out soon enough."

Charles stepped forward. "Yvette, Jeremiah, let me handle this."

Placing his hand on the door, Charles exerted only a slight pressure, and the door creaked open.

The moment the door opened, the overwhelming stench hit them like a wave, stinging their eyes and making it hard to breathe. When Yvette, Jeremiah, and Charles looked inside, their expressions darkened.

Behind the door was a room about 850 square yards in size, filled with at least a thousand large jars. Each jar was large enough to hold a full-grown man.

Every other jar was empty but filled with blood, already spoiled and putrid, emitting a foul odor.

In the center of a row of three massive jars, heads poked out from the tops of each one. Only the heads were exposed, their bodies shoved entirely into the jars.

The heads, with wide-open eyes, were clearly alive but seemed to be under some kind of control. Their eyes were lifeless, devoid of any spark.

Various poisonous insects, colorful and crawling, infested their skulls. Surrounding them were venomous snakes, their tongues flicking in and out as they hissed.

Even Charles, who had seen countless gruesome scenes, felt a wave of discomfort wash over him.

'What in the world is going on here?' they all wondered.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 418[1,329 words]

Chapter 418

Looking around, the secret room was filled with rows of jars, containing at least a hundred people. Charles spoke in a low voice. "Yvette, these people are kept in jars?"

"Surrounded by poisonous insects and venomous snakes, and they're still alive? How is that even possible?" This was truly an unbelievable situation!

Yvette took a few steps forward, glancing over the scene. She furrowed her brow slightly. "They can no longer be considered alive. They're merely bodies now, sustaining poisonous insects with their flesh and using their blood to nourish the parasites. It's nothing but a shell."

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Aploth."

spoke without changing his expression. "This method of breeding poisonous insects first appeared in South East

Charles's face grew serious. The method was so cruel. These people weren't dead, yet they lived in this horrific environment, having their blood drained, with poisonous insects crawling into their bodies. It would be better if they were dead.

Charles said, "Yvette, for Holden to secretly imprison over a hundred people in the basement without anyone noticing, this is no simple matter."

Over a hundred people had gone missing, and yet the authorities hadn't noticed. Holden must have some sort of protection. Otherwise, there's no way he could have gotten away with it.

Jeremiah clearly realized this as well. His brows furrowed, and his gaze turned cold. "I'll have people investigate this.

Yvette, hands in her pockets, a fierce expression on her face, kept her eyes calm and steady. She ignored the poisonous insects around her and moved forward.

Jeremiah immediately grabbed her hand, shaking his head with a serious expression. He spoke in a low voice. "No."

Yvette looked up at him, pulling her cold, slender hand away. "They can't harm me."

Jeremiah frowned and tightened his grip. "What do you mean they can't harm you? Listen to me. Stay close. If you want to do something, I'll do it for you."

Yvette looked into Jeremiah's eyes, raised an eyebrow, and said, word by word, "My blood is the poison to these poisonous insects. If you don't believe me, I'll show you." Charles was stunned. 'Yvette's blood is poison to the poisonous insects? What's going on here?' he wondered.

Jeremiah pursed his lips, remaining silent, and his expression dark. After a long pause, he finally released her hand. "They can't get close to you, right?"

Yvette paused, nodding obediently. She spoke slowly. "They can't."

Jeremiah nodded. "Good." The next second, he picked Yvette up, tightening his hold on her. In a low voice, he murmured by her ear, "I'll carry you out. Just let me."

Yvette nestled into Jeremiah's arms, looked up, and smiled slightly, rubbing against him. She appeared innocent and obedient. "Let's go."

Jeremiah lowered his gaze, looking at Yvette with a soft expression. He couldn't help but feel his heart soften. "Okay." Charles, following behind them, couldn't even put into words how he felt at that moment.

'Can't they be a little more mindful of the situation?' Charles thought. "They're calmly showing affection in such a disgusting place? Oh my god. Only big shots can make this look so effortless. Look at all the poisonous insects around them. Amazing..."

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16:20 Wed, Nov 27BB.

Chapter 418

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'Can't you notice me while you're showing off your affection? Yvette isn't afraid of the poisonous insects, but I am!' Charles wondered as he roared inwardly.

Jeremiah, carrying Yvette, kept his eyes on her. Without changing his expression, he took the first step.

Charles felt a sudden jolt in his heart. If these poisonous insects weren't afraid of Yvette, Jeremiah's life was in danger here.

'How much courage does it take to make that first step? These two really trust each other unconditionally, Charles thought.

The next second, Jeremiah's right foot landed firmly among the poisonous insects. To Charles's disbelief, all the poisonous insects instantly scattered in every direction.

They fled as if they had encountered their natural enemy. The people inside the jars suddenly opened their eyes, as though they had been startled, and began wriggling uncontrollably.

Charles said, "Yvette, they're moving."

Jeremiah paused and calmly responded. "It's just an involuntary body tremor."

Yvette patted Jeremiah's shoulder and jumped out of his arms. She glanced around at the jars, where eerie sounds were coming from, and said in a calm, unhurried tone, "Let's go. The real treasures are inside." Charles nodded. He felt that the treasures Yvette referred to were certainly not the same as what he had in mind.

The three of them passed through the jars and reached the farthest end. There, a small door appeared before them. Compared to the large doors outside, this one seemed rather ordinary, even lacking a lock. Yvette stepped forward. The scent of poisonous insects growing stronger seeped through the crack in the door.

Her voice was cool and detached as she spoke. "The people outside are just the hosts for the poisonous insects. What's inside is where the real poisonous insects are."

Jeremiah's eyes were cold and deep as he stared at the door, his gaze darkening. He stepped forward and pushed it open.

When the door creaked open, the foul, decaying stench from outside was replaced by a refreshing fragrance that filled the air. Beyond the door lay a completely different world. Inside a small room were dozens of exquisite wooden boxes. Just the craftsmanship of the boxes suggested their high value, so one could imagine the worth of what was inside. Charles looked at Yvette and asked, "Yvette, is this where the poisonous insects you mentioned are?"

Yvette nodded. A cold glint flashed in her eyes, and her voice grew colder. "Yes," she said nothing further.

The poisonous insects here were likely bred by sacrificing at least a thousand lives.

Yvette approached, crouched down, and slowly opened one of the boxes. Inside, a plump, golden-colored insect with vivid, sharp eyes was clumsily wriggling around.

It looked rather cute at first glance. However, this was a poisonous insect that fed on blood and could only survive after countless battles.

Charles stared at the insect in the box, stunned. "This is a poisonous insect? This chubby little thing is the poisonous insect everyone fears? This is ridiculous," he wondered.

Charles picked up another box and was about to open it when Jeremiah stopped him. "Don't."

Startled, Charles lost his grip, and the box fell, dropping the poisonous insect onto the ground.

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To his shock, the golden insect suddenly took flight, its tiny wings fluttering as it darted straight toward him. This poisonous insect was even more golden than the previous one, with its wings glowing faintly as it sped toward him. Charles took two quick steps back, his face full of shock. The insect was faster. In the blink of an eye, it was almost on him, about to burrow into his skin.

In a split second, Yvette stepped in front of Charles.

Jeremiah's face darkened as he immediately reached for his gun

The poisonous insect froze midair, its golden eyes locking on Yvette, and it stopped in its tracks.

Jeremiah saw this, his eyes narrowing as he held back from shooting, staying ready for it.

Yvette raised her eyes to meet the flying poisonous insect. Her beautiful, cold eyes narrowed slightly.

This poisonous insect had developed intelligence. It was a rare one indeed. Generally, these types didn't mix with ordinary poisonous insects. Either no one had realized it was intelligent yet, or it was too rare to be noticed. The insect suddenly moved again. It circled Yvette twice, flapping its wings as if excited.

Charles was stunned. 'So this poisonous insect distinguishes between people? Does it only like good-looking ones?' he wondered.

It turned out that Charles's assumption was correct. The poisonous insect seemed to be attracted to beautiful people. After circling Yvette for two or three rounds, the insect flew directly to her hand.

Yvette's clear, bright eyes fixed on the insect, and then she did something unexpected. Slowly, she extended her hand and opened her palm.

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In the next moment, the poisonous insect flew into her hand, landing on it as if it had decided to rest. It glanced at Jeremiah and Charles before lying down comfortably in her palm.

It rolled over and squinted its eyes, enjoying the moment.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of Mr S 419[1,275 words]

Chapter 419

Charles pointed at the poisonous insect in Yvette's hand, disbelief written all over his face. "Yvette, it's fixated on you..."

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her clear eyes lifting to meet his. She spoke slowly, "Maybe. It probably thinks I look pretty Charles was momentarily speechless.

Jeremiah stepped forward, noticing the poisonous insect in Yvette's palm. He furrowed his brow. "Could it have any effect on your body?"

Yvette picked up a box and placed the poisonous insect inside, sealing it. The other poisonous insects in the nearby boxes, which had been restless moments ago, instantly grew quiet. The one she had released earlier was now huddled in a corner, trembling. Yvette spoke again. "No, it's developed intelligence."

Charles felt as though he had stepped into an unfamiliar world today. Yvette had just mentioned a poisonous insect developing intelligence. 'How many strange and mysterious things are still hidden in this world?' he thought.

The world was vast, and nothing seemed too bizarre to exist. Today, Charles had witnessed something truly eye-opening. Every time he was with Yvette, he seemed to encounter one strange event after another.. Jeremiah didn't seem particularly surprised by Yvette's words. His expression remained calm and unaffected.

Just then, a faint voice drifted in from outside. "Help me."

Charles's expression darkened. "Yvette, aren't these all puppets? How is it that someone is speaking?"

Yvette exchanged a glance with Jeremiah. He murmured, "Let's go check it out."

Stepping outside the small hut, they found a large jar nearby. A woman, Winnie, suddenly emerged from it. Her face was a sickly pale white, yet compared to the others, her eyes held a flicker of clarity.

The moment Winnie saw Yvette and the others, she excitedly tried to reach out but then remembered her hands were bound and couldn't move. She hadn't had water for several days, and her voice was hoarse. Her face was scarred and disfigured from being bitten by poisonous insects. "Please save me. I beg you. Please help me," she cried.

Charles rushed forward, smashing the jar to free Winnie. Her lower body was completely rotted, oozing pus, a disgusting sight.

Yvette looked at her with an expressionless face. She pulled a piece of candy from her pocket and placed it to the side. Winnie would not survive long after leaving the jar.

The candy would only temporarily ease the spread of the toxins in her body and alleviate the pain, nothing more.

Winnie grabbed the candy and gulped it down without even chewing, desperate for the relief it promised. Once she had eaten the candy, a warmth spread through her body, and her breathing became slightly easier. Jeremiah observed her, his gaze deepening. "The candy in Yvette's hand is indeed extraordinary,' he thought.

Charles, watching Winnie, asked, "How did you end up in the jar? What happened?"

Winnie, enduring the pain in her body, spoke in broken Clusian, recounting how she had been tricked into coming to Dungo Village.

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Chapter 419

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She began. "I'm not from Dungo Village. I come from a small town in South East Aplot. A few years ago, a group of people

came to our town.

"They said they could offer good jobs, with salaries far higher than what we could earn at home, more than ten times what we made. Almost everyone in the town signed up.

"At first, we didn't believe them, but after a while, those who left would send money home regularly. Over time, we began to trust them, and everyone wanted to leave and work with them."

Winnie paused, regret flooding her heart. If only they hadn't been so easily deceived, she wouldn't have ended up in this terrible situation, transformed into something unrecognizable.

She wiped her tears and continued, "But after that, those people never came back. We didn't suspect anything until half a year ago when I was chosen to come here.

"At first, I worked as a servant at the Jacobs residence. A month ago, Sheldon... he... he raped me. Then I was drugged. When I woke up, I found myself inside this jar. Holden and Sheldon are both scum.

"Everyone who came with me has already lost consciousness and turned into hosts for poisonous insects. Since Sheldon still finds me appealing and is obsessed with my body, he keeps me here secretly, hiding it from Holden.

"It wasn't until a few days ago when I angered him, that he threw me into this jar with the poisonous insects. If it weren't for your arrival, I probably would have become just like them in a few days. Thanks... thanks so much." As Winnie finished speaking, her head began to feel increasingly heavy. She sensed that her time was running out.

In the dim silence of the secret room, Yvette looked at Winnie's trembling form, pressing lightly at the corner of her eye

Yvette spoke calmly. "I have a way to keep you alive, but I can't restore your looks or heal the damage to your body. You'll have less than ten years left to live, and during that time, pain will be your constant companion." Jeremiah tilted his head slightly, his gaze cold and penetrating. Charles was stunned. He hadn't expected that even with Winnie's serious condition, Yvette might still be able to save her

Hearing this, Winnie nodded excitedly. She could hardly believe what she'd just heard.

"Miss, I... I... ten years, even three years... I'll take it. I want to go home and see my parents. I don't want to die here," Winnie said.

Yvette lowered her gaze, taking out the ornate box holding the poisonous insect. She opened it and, with a serious tone, addressed inside. "Wake up. It's time for you to get to work." Charles was utterly bewildered. "Yvette, who... who are you talking to? Who's supposed to work?"

Jeremiah looked intently at the poisonous insect in the box, a thoughtful expression deepening in his eyes.

Charles glanced into the box and saw the insect. He was incredulous. "Wait, Yvette, you're saying it... it can heal?"

The poisonous insect moved, stretched its tiny wings, and then shot Charles a look of pure disdain.

Charles rubbed his eyes. "What the heck? Did that big, fleshy insect just give me a look of contempt? This world's he thought.

The poisonous insect then flew out of the box. Yvette pointed to Winnie lying on the ground. "Go on."

gone mad,

The insect flew around Winnie, sniffing her scent with a hint of disgust. It tried to turn and fly back, but Yvette's steely gaze made it change course, and it reluctantly went back to Winnie.

Reluctantly, it settled onto her, and Winnie froze, not daring to move an inch.

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Half an hour later, the poisonous insect's belly had swollen significantly, while Winnie's face grew visibly healthier. Finally, Yvette said, "Come back."

As if it understood, the poisonous insect immediately flapped its little wings, flew back to the box, and flopped down, belly

1. up.

Charles, who had watched everything from start to finish, had gone from initial shock to complete numbness. His heart had settled into an unshakable calm. Winnie's face became gradually rosy, strength returning to her body. After the insect flew away, she was able to support herself against the wall and stand. Overcome with joy, Winnie bowed to Yvette. "Thank you, Miss. I promise to repay you once I leave."

Yvette sidestepped her, still looking relaxed and indifferent. "No need. Go and do what you want to do."

Meanwhile, Holden exited Sheldon's room, his face dark, gripping the note Jeremiah had left behind yesterday.

The words on that note stabbed painfully at Holden. Despite his rage, he couldn't bring himself to tear it up. It was his only clue.

No matter how much hatred he felt, Holden was determined to hunt this person down and tear them to pieces.

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COMMENT

17:00 Thu, Nov 28 BB.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 420[1,245 words]

Chapter 420

Holden was heading toward his study when Gideon rushed over looking flustered. "Mr. Jacobs, something's happened."

Holden stopped in his tracks, his face darkening as he shouted. "What's all this noise? I told you to take the person to the secret room. Why are you here?"

Gideon, visibly shaken, replied, "Mr. Jacobs, someone tampered with the bookshelf in the study. Someone might have discovered our secret."

Hearing this, Holden's expression changed dramatically. He snarled. "What did you say?"

Gideon, nervous, continued, "Mr. Jacobs, someone entered the study. I've already stationed guards at the door. As soon as they come out, our people will capture them. There's no escape. Holden's expression eased slightly at this. First, Sheldon was attacked yesterday, losing his cock, and now, someone had broken into Holden's study.

There hadn't been any outsiders in Dungo Village lately, so it was clear that the Jacobs family was targeted.

Where did things go wrong?' Holden couldn't figure it out, but this wasn't the time for reflection. 'I'm going to find out exactly who dared to break into my secret room.

'Whoever it is, they won't leave Dungo Village alive. If my secrets get out, everything will be over.

By the time Holden and Gideon reached the study entrance, all of the Jacobs family guards had assembled, each armed with various cold weapons. Holden's face was grim.

Entering the study, Holden approached the bookshelf, where he immediately saw that the switch book had been moved. Rage surged within him.

Holden turned to Gideon and asked, "Has there been any outsider in Dungo Village recently?"

Gideon immediately thought of Yvette but quickly dismissed the idea.

'She's just a young lady. There's no way she could break into Mr. Jacobs's secret room. Any woman who saw what was inside would be scared badly. It can't be the girl Sheldon brought back stirring up trouble.

Gideon shook his head. "Mr. Jacobs, there haven't been any strangers in Dungo Village recently, except for the woman Sheldon brought back. But she's very quiet, rarely leaves her quarters, and mostly stays in her little courtyard." Holden couldn't believe that someone capable of finding the secret room and harming Sheldon could be a mere woman.

He waved Gideon over, gritting his teeth. "Prepare the torches. As soon as the intruders emerge, I want everyone who's dared to enter the secret room burned to ashes."

Gideon nodded. "Don't worry, Mr. Jacobs. I'll handle it right away. There's no way they'll escape. Rest assured." With that, Gideon turned and skillfully led a group of guards from the courtyard.

In the yard, under the sparse moonlight, the entire Jacobs residence soon lit up brightly. Holden's loyal guards waited on standby outside the study's courtyard.

Holden stood in the center of the yard, silent, his gaze fixed intently on the study door, lost in thought.

In the secret room, Winnie, now healed by the poisonous insect, trembled as she followed Yvette, Jeremiah, and Charles.

At the entrance of the secret room, Yvette looked inside, her brows knitting at the sight of the barely alive people crammed into large jars. A fierce, icy aura radiated from her, and her gaze was chilling.

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Seeing her reaction, Charles stepped forward. "Yvette, these people are living in misery beyond belief. Let's put an end to it for them."

Winnie looked at the people in the jars and thought of herself, a look of sorrow and anger crossing her face. She muttered bitterly, "Miss, they would rather die than live like this."

"Mr. Jameson is right. At this point, death is a mercy for them."

Yvette turned, nodding in agreement. "Okay." Jeremiah stood beside her, reaching out to hold her right hand, his face calm.

Upon hearing this, Charles immediately took out a time-activated bomb he had prepared. Just one of these new bombs was enough to level the entire secret room.

The noise would surely alert Holden, the leader of Dongo Village. But that was perfect. After all the innocent lives he'd taken, Holden's end couldn't come soon enough.

Charles carefully placed the bomb, then closed the door to the secret room and returned to Yvette and Jeremiah.

With a serious expression, he said, "Yvette, Jeremiah, in half an hour, the bomb will go off right on time."

Yvette stood with her hands in her pockets, expressionless, and nodded slightly. In a low voice, she said, "Let's go."

They'd arrived as a group of three, and they left as a group of four.

Passing through the same tunnel they'd used to enter, Charles was just about to push open the door when Yvette and Jeremiah spoke in unison, stopping him. "Hold it. Someone's there." Their perfect synchronicity was enough to make Charles uneasy. Winnie, rescued yet shivering, huddled close, glancing nervously between Yvette and Jeremiah as they exchanged a look and paused.

Yvette's lips curved slightly, her voice indifferent. "Feel like a fight?"

Jeremiah nodded. "Want to make it a contest?"

Yvette tilted her head, a loose strand of her long, gleaming hair falling to one side. She replied, "Sure."

Raising her brows with a casual air, she added, "The Jacobs family guards are all outside."

Jeremiah chuckled lightly. "Plenty of them, too."

Watching them calmly betting on the situation, Charles felt his eye twitch. 'Betting here, of all places? Only Yvette and Mr. Chavez would do something like this,' he wondered. Being around the big shot, anything could happen, and everything was possible. Judging by what these two were saying, it seemed like the people outside had already found them.

"Those poor souls outside have no idea what they're in for. If Yvette's getting involved personally... Just the thought of it made Charles's skin crawl. Holden's fate would be worse than death. Winnie, following along with the three, stood frozen at Yvette and Jeremiah's words.

Meanwhile, Holden had been waiting in the courtyard for over half an hour, his patience wearing thin. Anxiety gnawed at him, especially about the poisonous insects in the hidden room. He'd secured an offer of 7 million from South East Aploth for that batch of insects. If anything went wrong, it would all go up in smoke.

Finally, the bookshelf door opened once again. Holden watched the people stepping out of the study with a gaze as sharp

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and venomous as a poisoned dagger.

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Beside him, Gideon's eyes narrowed as he caught sight of Yvette and he pointed a trembling finger at her, unable to believe what he was seeing. "Mr. Jacobs, she's the woman Sheldon brought back a couple of days ago!" At this, Holden turned, glaring at Yvette with a fury that bordered on bloodlust. "Who the hell are you?"

Yvette spared him a glance, her gaze as icy as it was empty. The suffocating aura she exuded made Holden instinctively take a step back.

Realizing this, he immediately grew enraged and shouted. "Who are you people, and why have you broken into the Jacobs residence? Leave that woman behind. She's a maid of the Jacobs family!"

At the sight of Holden, Winnie reflexively cowered behind Charles, trembling uncontrollably. Jeremiah stepped forward, his eyes flashing with cold menace.

As Holden got a closer look at Jeremiah, he froze. The darkness made it hard to recognize him at first. And now, seeing him clearly, Holden was stunned.

'It's that general?' Holden thought, suddenly panicked as he recalled the officer who'd once pursued fugitives through Dungo Village, staying overnight there.

'If the authorities find out what I've done, everything will be ruined. No! I can't let that happen. Today's matter can't get out,' he wondered.

Gritting his teeth, Holden growled. "Since you know what's in the study, you're leaving your lives behind."

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