

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of Mr S 421[1,219 words]

Chapter 421

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Yvette curled her lips, her gaze fierce and wild as she looked at the men rushing at her, wielding all kinds of cold weapons. Her tone to Jeremiah was light and slow. "The game has begun."

A hulking man charged straight at Yvette. Holden wore a sinister smile, clearly pleased with what he assumed was the obvious outcome, a burly man against a young woman. However, the very next moment, Yvette moved so swiftly that no one even saw how she made her move. By the time Holden and the others in the distance realized what had happened, the brute was already under Yvette's boot. With a resounding snap, she mercilessly broke his leg underfoot. Yvette's lips curled into a cold, wicked smile as she looked down at the man, her voice chilling. "You thought I'd be easy to handle?"

The man cried out, spitting obscenities. "You... bitch..." But before he could finish, Jeremiah, having just taken down another opponent, caught what the man was saying. A glint of icy rage sparked in his eyes.

He turned, took a single stride, and delivered a brutal kick that shattered the man's cock, leaving his testicles crushed. The horrifying sight made everyone freeze, feeling an involuntary chill in their lower bodies. After flooring one of his own opponents, Charles turned and raised a brow. 'Jeremiah's picking up this trick now? No surprise, being Yvonne's man, he's just as ruthless,' he thought.

Holden screamed madly. "Get them! Kill them all! Whoever kills them, I'll give an extra 150 thousand dollars next month!"

With this incentive, the guards went berserk, charging at Yvette and Jeremiah in waves. Charles faced far fewer opponents than Yvette and Jeremiah. Evidently, these people knew who the main threats were. Most of them were fixated on Yvette and Jeremiah, turning the scene into utter chaos.

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Yvette kicked the man at her feet aside, grabbed a swinging club aimed at her, and sent her attacker flying back with a powerful kick. With a thud, he crashed into three or four others.

As more men appeared, she wielded the club she'd just taken, swinging it at the nearest attacker. The man spun halfway around from the impact, coughing up blood before collapsing to the ground.
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Another man lunged at her, but Yvette jabbed him in the stomach with the club, following up with a kick that sent him sprawling backward. He hit the ground with a loud crash.

Eventually, Yvette discarded the club altogether and began fighting the remaining men barehanded. Despite their large, intimidating builds, they fell almost helplessly under her blows. Jeremiah was equally relentless. In no time, the courtyard was littered with fallen men, groaning in agony. Only Holden and Gideon remained standing on the other side, watching in shock Yvette retracted her left leg, sending yet another man flying. Her expression was impassive, effortlessly kicking away a grown man as though it were nothing.

Bang! Crash!

Finally, the last guard from the Jacobs family was flung by Jeremiah, landing right in a cactus patch with a panicked scream before passing out.

Charles and Winnie watched from the side, Winnie's mouth hanging open the entire time. She'd never seen a woman like Yvette before. She felt a newfound admiration. 'So there really are women who can be this strong, Winnie thought, feeling in awe. Charles, meanwhile, had hardly gotten a chance to fight after his initial few hits. Yvonne would kick, Jeremiah would punch,

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and they coordinated seamlessly.

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Left with nothing to do, Charles was so bored he was nearly plucking the flowers out of a nearby pot to keep himself awake.

Checking his watch, Charles looked at Yvette and Jeremiah standing in the courtyard. "Yvette, Jeremiah, it's time."

Yvette and Jeremiah exchanged a glance before moving back toward the entrance. Charles and Winnie followed them to the door, leaving Holden and his men bewildered, clueless as to what this meant.

In the vast darkness, all of Dungo Village was jolted awake by an earth-shaking explosion. One by one, lights flickered on in every home, and the once-quiet village burst into life.

"What happened? That was so loud! It seemed to come from Holden's residence."

A pale-faced man got out of bed, dressed quickly, and reassured his wife. "I'll go check. You stay here and keep sleeping."

Across the village, people hurried to get dressed, murmuring quietly to each other. Hearing the noise, Bonnie's eyes shot open. She could guess that Yvette must have made her move.

She quickly dressed, carefully cracked the door open, and peered through to see the guard at the door still fast asleep. Holding her breath, she gently shut the door and made her way quietly toward Holden's residence.

Before long, villagers had gathered outside Holden's house. However, no one dared to enter. Everyone in Dungo Village knew Holden hated it when anyone barged in unannounced. They could only wait outside, casting anxious glances inside. Seeing the crowd and the ensuing chaos, Bonnie slipped inside through the front entrance.

In the study, just as Yvette and the others retreated to the doorway, a deafening explosion sounded. In an instant, tiles flew off the roof, and windows burst open.

A wave of heat blasted the people in the courtyard, scattering them in all directions. Holden and Gideon were knocked to the ground, covered in dust and debris. Gideon lay unconscious

Holden and the others sprawled on the ground stared in shock at the collapsed room, then at Yvette and her group standing a safe distance away.

Holden scrambled to his feet, frantically shouting, "Quick, find it. Everyone, search for the box!"

The air was thick with the acrid stench of burning mixed with a foul odor, and black smoke blanketed the sky above Dungo Village. Holden's face was ashen, realizing everything was lost. Nearly ten years of painstaking work cultivating his poisonous insects had been destroyed in an instant.

His expression twisted in despair as he yelled furiously at Yvette and her companions. "Give me back my poisonous insects! Those were my life's work, you thieves! You'll all die miserable deaths!"

Charles could hardly believe Holden's shamelessness. 'He actually has the gall to call those poisonous insects his hard-earned work?' Charles thought, shaking his head. 'Those insects were bred at the cost of countless lives. What a monster!' Hands in her pockets, Yvette strolled calmly over to Holden. She looked down at him with a faintly raised brow, ignoring his venomous glare. Grabbing him by the neck, she forced him to the ground, slamming his forehead hard against it.

Blood spurted from Holden's head, covering his face in red. He touched his forehead in disbelief. "You...you actually dared to hit me..."

Before he could finish, Yvette pressed his head down again, slamming it harder. Blood poured out, covering Holden's face like a mask.

Yvette released her grip and, after meticulously wiping her hand looked down at him with piercing eyes and asked in a

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measured tone, "Tell me.

"What do you think it feels like to have the heart eaten away bit by bit by those insects you raised?"

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With an angel's face and a devil's ruthlessness, Yvette embodied both beauty and terror in Holden's eyes.

He flinched involuntarily at her words but sneered. "So what if you know about poisonous insects? Don't try to scare me. Generations of Dungo Village have bred these insects. They'd never obey a stranger like you."

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- Secrets Of Mr S 422[1,250 words]

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Charles watched Holden's arrogant demeanor, thinking to himself, 'He really doesn't regret anything until the very end.'

He'd just seen firsthand how that plump poisonous insect listened so intently to Yvette's words. If that insect could talk, it would probably be fawning over her like there's no tomorrow.

Just then, Andrew and Emmett rushed in from the outer courtyard, having heard the explosions. Emmett took in the mess in the courtyard and the bodies on the ground, frowning until he saw Yvette and Jeremiah standing unharmed, which visibly eased his expression. Emmett stepped forward. "Jeremiah, Yvette, you both made it out. There's a crowd of villagers outside, but they haven't tried to come in. They're just peering in from a distance."

Andrew, scrunching his nose in disgust, wondered, "This rotten smell is enough to knock someone out. You'd think a cesspool had exploded here."

Andrew said, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez, what's happening here? The smell is unbearable!"

Jeremiah nodded, his expression cold and intense, his voice carrying an icy edge. "Holden built a secret chamber in his home where he uses the bodies of abducted people to breed poisonous insects."

Emmett immediately understood. 'So, there really are people who breed poisonous insects this way. It's revolting and vicious beyond imagination,' he thought to himself.

Andrew, envisioning the whole process of raising poisonous insects this way, felt his breakfast threatening to come back up. "Jeremiah, this guy is the so-called chief of Dungo Village? And he's responsible for all this?"

Holden held his chin up, a dark glint in his eyes, still speaking defiantly. "This is Dungo Village. If anything happens to me, the villagers here won't let you off so easily." Andrew, fed up, kicked Holden. "This bastard dares to act so arrogantly after committing such heinous acts? He thinks he's the president or something," he wondered. Just as Andrew was about to kick him again, Emmett pulled him back. "Keep calm. Jeremiah and Yvette are here. They won't let this scum get away."

Andrew backed off but muttered viciously, "Jeremiah, Yvette, make sure this piece of trash gets what he deserves."

Yvette lowered her gaze, and right in front of Holden, she pulled a small ornate box from her pocket. Holden's eyes widened in terror the moment he saw it.

His hand trembled as he reached out. "What are you doing with that box? You... you opened it?"

Holden thought all the poisonous insects had been destroyed in the explosion. He hadn't expected even one to survive. Yvette, expressionless, casually brushed some dust off her sleeve

Looking down at Holden on the ground, she gave him a slow, chilling smile. Her refined features appeared mysterious amidst the smoky courtyard, her eyes glinting with a fierce edge. Then, in full view of everyone, she calmly opened the box.

Out flew the small poisonous insect, which had just gorged itself on Winnie's flesh. Its previously bulging stomach had now shrunk as it digested the meal with impressive speed.

Charles blinked in surprise. He hadn't expected this little insect to have such a voracious appetite and quick metabolism.

The moment the poisonous insect flew out, Holden's eyes lit up. Despite its tiny size, Holden knew that with it under his control, it could drain the blood of everyone here in no time.

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Then Holden noticed the golden markings on the insect's body, and he froze. "This... this is the poisonous insect king?"

He stared in disbelief at the floating poisonous insect. This was the legendary poisonous insect king that generations in Dungo Village had attempted to create. Somehow, he had succeeded.

Suddenly, Holden burst into a chilling, maniacal laugh, filling the courtyard with an eerie feeling. Pointing at Yvette, he sneered. "You're finished, you bitch! I've crafted the poisonous insect king, and today, you'll all die right here." With that, he pulled a small flute from his coat and, in front of everyone, began to play. One minute passed, then two, then five...

Andrew, watching Holden play louder and louder, scratched his ear. "Is this guy stupid? He's been at it for five minutes now. Does he really think he sounds good? He's torturing my ears."

Emmett watched Holden's flute playing with a grim expression, observing his shift from smug confidence to frantic desperation. He surmised that this flute must have some special ability, likely to control the poisonous insect king. But he wondered why the insect circling was around Yvette. Besides, it even seemed to act shy around her. This odd behavior left Emmett feeling somewhat baffled.

Jeremiah, meanwhile, watched the scene with an impassive face, though his fingers tightened slightly. Another rival? And this time, it's an insect?' he thought.

Finally, as everyone began to reach their breaking point with Holden's incessant flute-playing, Yvette made her move. She looked up at the poisonous insect hovering in midair and said calmly, "Eat him."

The poisonous insect gave its wings a couple of quick flutters before abruptly spinning and darting straight toward Holden.

Seeing the insect hurtling toward him, Holden screamed. "No! Don't come near me! I'm the one who raised you. Kill them, and I'll feed you with all the fresh blood you could ever want."

The insect king paused midair, its wings quivering furiously. Sweat poured down Holden's face, dripping along his temples. He assumed the insect king understood him and exhaled a shaky sigh of relief.

Emmett, Charles, and Andrew all tensed, readying themselves for what might come next. 'What if the insect king turns on Yvette instead?' they wondered.

The poisonous insect king flapped its wings and turned toward Yvette, fixing its gaze on her. Yvette stood there lazily, her eyes narrowed, a cool indifference in her gaze, with a touch of wildness lurking beneath her calm exterior. "You want to die?" Yvette's voice was cold and unyielding.

At her words, the insect king shivered in midair. Without a moment's hesitation, it spun back toward Holden, plunging into his skin within the blink of an eye and following his veins straight to his heart.

Holden clutched his chest, looking up at Yvette in disbelief. "You, you can control the poisonous insect king? How is that possible? What kind of power are you using?"

With her hands casually tucked into her pockets, Yvette looked serene, her delicate features almost radiantly beautiful, her gaze sharp, with a faint air of mischief in her brow. "I don't control it. It just developed intelligence and knows it'll die if it's disobedient." Holden shook his head repeatedly, visibly shaken. "No way, absolutely no way. How could the poisonous insect king fear you?"

Charles couldn't help but recall the scene from earlier, where Yvette's mere presence had sent a swarm of poisonous insects fleeing in terror. He gave a slight grimace. If Holden had witnessed that, he wouldn't be making such incredulous statements

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In the next moment, Holden's strength gave out, and he collapsed, writhing on the ground in pain. His cries for help grew weaker and weaker until they ceased altogether. His body curled up, face pale as death, breathless, and just like that, he was gone.

Emmett was about to step forward to check when Holden's body suddenly shriveled as if drained in an instant, leaving only skin and bones.

This gruesome sight stunned Bonnie, who had just managed to sneak in through the gate. She gasped in horror. "Yvette!"

Upon hearing Bonnie's voice, Andrew immediately turned around. Spotting her, he rushed over, his face lighting up. "Bonnie, are you alright?" Bonnie, seeing Andrew, ran straight into his arms, clutching him tightly. "You're finally here... I was afraid I'd never see you again."

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Andrew gently ruffled Bonnie's hair, his voice uncharacteristically tender. "You're the woman I have my eyes on. How could I possibly let you marry someone else?"

Hearing this, Bonnie's face flushed bright red, and she buried her head in Andrew's chest. Andrew held her close, frowning slightly as he whispered, "You've lost weight." Bonnie looked up. "I miss the food from the cafeteria."

Andrew gave her an indulgent look and nodded. "Alright, we'll go back, and I'll make sure you get your fill."

The others were rather unfazed by the couple's open display of affection. The two walked hand-in-hand over to Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others. When Bonnie saw Yvette, she tried to pull her hand away. Andrew flashed a roguish grin and refused to let go, making Bonnie's face turn even redder. Embarrassed, Bonnie nodded to the group and said, "Hi, Yvette, Jeremiah."

Just then, the poisonous insect king that had been inside Holden's body suddenly flew out and landed on Yvette's shoulder. It shook its wings, almost like it was showing off, looking quite pleased with itself.

Bonnie, catching sight of the poisonous insect king on Yvette's shoulder, was so shocked that she stammered, "Oh my gosh, Yvette, that's the poisonous insect king! Where did you find it?"

Everyone turned to look at Bonnie. Andrew, puzzled, asked, "You know about this poisonous insect king? What exactly is it?" Emmett and Charles were curious as well. It seemed like Bonnie had a good deal of knowledge about the poisonous insect king. Bonnie took a closer look before daring to speak. "For hundreds of years, Dungo Village has taken pride in raising poisonous

insects.

"Anyone who successfully raises poisonous insects gains a higher status in the village. But poisonous insects aren't easy to cultivate. Generally, lower-grade poisonous insects are common.

"This one, however, is a high-grade poisonous insect, and in the past hundred years, Dungo Village has only produced two of them. Then there's the one that exists only in legend, the poisonous insect king. We've only ever seen it in books.

"No one has ever successfully created one. So, I'm not entirely sure, but the golden poisonous insect on Yvette's shoulder, from its appearance and markings, closely resembles the poisonous insect king described in the books."

At this point, Bonnie couldn't help but swallow. She felt it was almost unbelievable to witness such a legendary poisonous insect in her lifetime.

Andrew looked at her in astonishment, pointing at the poisonous insect king on Yvette's shoulder. "You're saying this chubby little insect is the poisonous insect king? Isn't that a bit far-fetched?"

At that moment, the poisonous insect king on Yvette's shoulder suddenly fluttered its wings and aggressively flew toward Andrew.

"Come back," Yvette commanded sternly.

Halfway to Andrew, the poisonous insect king halted at Yvette's voice, sulkily turning back to land on her shoulder, where it lay completely dejected, flipping onto its back and even closing its eyes. Bonnie, who'd been watching nervously, finally relaxed and glared at Andrew. "Don't talk carelessly! If you anger it, it could cost you your life in a matter of seconds."

Noticing how the poisonous insect king seemed fearful of Yvette Bonnie twitched slightly. The books were right. An

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intelligent poisonous insect king had the intellect of a five- or six-year-old child.

Andrew, recalling Holden's death, felt a hint of fear himself.

Emmett urged. "Go on, Bonnie."

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Bonnie glanced at Yvette, and after seeing her nod, she continued. "The poisonous insect king is a legendary creature, and I only know about it from ancient books.

"The poisonous insect king grows stronger over time, born in environments saturated with toxins. If the poisonous insect king develops intelligence, its mind will be like that of a young child. Andrew's words just now really angered it.

"If Yvette hadn't stopped it, Andrew would've been done for. Poisonous insects, in general, can be used for good or ill, depending entirely on their master's intentions. This is especially true for the poisonous insect king. "According to legend, the poisonous insect king can not only kill but also heal. However, I don't know exactly how it heals. None of the ancient texts explain that."

Bonnie paused, then added, "Well, with the way the poisonous insect king listens to Yvette, it's likely that it's already acknowledged her as its master.

"Once a poisonous insect king chooses a master, it won't ever leave that person's side unless it or the master dies."

Bonnie was the only one in Dungo Village with access to all the ancient texts, so her knowledge of the subject was extensive. But her understanding of poisonous insect cultivation was purely theoretical, as she had no experience actually raising any. Emmett and Charles both looked serious. From Bonnie's explanation, it sounded like this poisonous insect king was firmly attached to Yvette.

Charles said gravely, "Yvette, keeping it with you is too dangerous. Perhaps it would be best to..."

Emmett nodded in agreement. "Yvette, something like this is highly unpredictable. I agree with Charles. It shouldn't stay." With Yvette's already formidable skills, she didn't really need the poisonous insect king for support.

Bonnie wanted to speak up for the poisonous insect king, but she held back. As precious as it was, it couldn't compare to Yvette. If something happened because she insisted on keeping it near Yvette, she'd feel guilty for the rest of her life. Looking at the poisonous insect king, a creature Dungo Village had hoped for over a century to see, Bonnie nodded reluctantly. "Yvette, Mr. Chavez and the others are right.

"Everything I know about poisonous insects comes from the ancient texts passed down by our ancestors. Keeping it with you constantly is indeed dangerous." Jeremiah remained silent, watching Yvette closely. He understood her well enough to know that getting rid of this poisonous insect king wasn't likely an option.

Yvette lifted her gaze and glanced coolly at the group. Her beautiful face held a hint of icy indifference.

Raising an eyebrow with casual defiance, she tilted her head slightly toward the poisonous insect king, which was sulking on her shoulder, and spoke to it lazily. "Get up. Show your loyalty."

The four of them looked on in stunned confusion.

They didn't expect that Yvette was telling an insect to declare its loyalty. Even if it was intelligent, it was still an insect. 'How could it possibly show loyalty? They couldn't believe what they were hearing as they wondered. Jeremiah rubbed his temples, thinking, 'Yvette's at it again. Only she would come up with something like making the poisonous insect king show loyalty.'

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Just as Andrew was about to say something, the poisonous insect king took off from Yvette's shoulder. It flew a circle around every one, then hovered in front of Yvette, flapping its wings and wiggling its backside. Charles, Emmett, Andrew, and Bonnie were utterly shocked. It was downright surreal to watch a chubby, fleshly insect that had just drained a grown man dry now wriggling its rear end in front of them was almost too much to take in. Only Jeremiah seemed unfazed, calmly observing the scene.

After about two minutes, the poisonous insect king flapped its wings and returned to Yvette's shoulder, resuming its previous position lying flat.

The group was left speechless, staring in stunned silence.

After a long pause, Andrew stammered. "Bon, are you sure that the poisonous insect king described in the Dungo Village's ancient texts is... this little chubby insect that was just wriggling around?"

Emmett and Charles also looked at Bonnie. They honestly had their doubts as well.

Bonnie nodded vigorously, staring at the obedient poisonous insect king resting on Yvette's shoulder, still in shock.

'What kind of person was Yvette to have even the poisonous insect king listening to her so obediently? Bonnie wondered.

Bonnie recalled something her grandmother had once said. The process of a poisonous insect king accepting a master was grueling and could nearly cost the master their life.

Now Bonnie was starting to wonder if her grandmother had been exaggerating.

COMMENT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 424[1,266 words]

Chapter 424

Jeremiah addressed Bonnie who was confused. "What does the poisonous insect king usually eat? Human blood?"

Emmett, Charles, and Andrew immediately grew tense. Although it seemed harmless and even cute, they all knew exactly how it had been raised on human blood.

Bonnie shook her head. "Jeremiah, the poisonous insect king is different from other low-level poisonous insects. It doesn't need human blood to survive.

"According to ancient records left in Dungo Village, once the poisonous insect king has fully matured, it can feed on ordinary tree leaves or dew."

She paused for a moment before continuing, "Of course, if the poisonous insect king falls into the wrong hands and is constantly fed human blood, over time, it will turn bad.

"At that point, it will need human blood every day. But since it hasn't chosen a master yet, what it eats depends entirely on

Yvette."

Everyone relaxed upon hearing this. Yvette tilted her head slightly, behaving quite obediently, and looked at Jeremiah who looked cold

"I want to keep it," said Yvette.

Jeremiah stepped forward, casually glancing at the poisonous insect king perched on Yvette's shoulder. The insect seemed to flinch as if startled.

Only Yvette and Jeremiah noticed the small movement. Yvette spoke lightly. "Don't scare it."

Now it was Jeremiah's turn to feel a little wronged. His face remained stern, but his eyes held a touch of accusation. "I didn't scare it."

Andrew, Charles, Emmett, and Bonnie fell into an awkward silence. 'Did we just hear something we weren't supposed to? Is Jeremiah going to silence us? Was he just acting cute?' they wondered.

Yvette lifted her gaze, her delicate fingers gently picking up the poisonous insect king from her shoulder and returning it to its box.

She smiled, her lips curling mischievously. Her bright eyes locked onto Jeremiah as she spoke nonchalantly. "It's your own. aura that's too strong."

Her words made Jeremiah's heart soar, and his expression softened instantly. "You're right. I think it's my fault. I won't blame it."

Emmett stood there, stunned. 'Wait... Is this really the legendary cold-blooded General? First, he gets jealous of a poisonous insect. And now, after just one sentence from Yvette, he's smiling shyly?' he wondered.

Charles found it perfectly normal. In this world, there was nothing Yvette couldn't handle, and it wasn't just limited to people. Even a newly awakened poisonous insect king had to obey her, so what was there to be surprised about with Jeremiah? The group exchanged glances, and after a silent conversation through their eyes, Emmett was pushed forward.

Emmett spoke up. "Jeremiah, what do we do now? Holden is dead, and the villagers are still outside. Samantha and the police are out there. Should we send someone to prevent a riot?"

Bonnie immediately stepped forward. "Jeremiah, Yvette, can you give me a chance? I'll find out why they were feeding the poisonous insects with blood. If the people of Dungo Village really did something terrible, you can handle it however you

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see fit."

Yvette nodded, her tone indifferent. "Okay."

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Jeremiah nodded as well. The villagers of Dungo Village knew full well that men weren't supposed to raise poisonous insects, yet they were feeding them human blood. That was certainly suspicious.

Bonnie rushed out upon hearing this, and Andrew quickly followed. "Wait for me. I'll go with you."

At the entrance of the Jacobs residence, the villagers had gathered. Seeing the black smoke rising from the study above, they were hesitant to enter but didn't dare leave either.

When Bonnie came out, almost all the villagers had gathered at the door. As soon as they saw Bonnie with a stranger, the crowd became even more restless.

Janice was among the crowd. Upon seeing the man beside Bonnie, her heart skipped a beat. "This man is the same one in the photo Bonnie showed me. He really came to save her. Why? Why does Bonnie get so lucky?" she wondered.

Janice suspected something must have happened at the Jacobs residence. 'Could it be because of this man?' Janice thought. Janice concealed the jealousy in her eyes and hid within the crowd, watching the two of them. Bonnie stood at the door, Andrew beside her. Bonnie raised her voice and called out to the crowd. "Hey, everyone, please be quiet!"

Her voice immediately silenced the crowd, with only a few people still whispering among themselves. Bonnie's expression turned serious as she addressed them all. "Holden is dead."

Janice's words froze everyone in place, too shocked to believe it. After a long pause, someone finally spoke.

"What did you say? Bon, you said Holden's dead? He's really dead?"

"Impossible. How could Holden die? He can't die! What will we do if he's dead?"

"Yeah, we won't survive this. It's over. Everything's over."

The villagers' overwhelming sense of despair sent chills through the air. Bonnie furrowed her brows, her suspicion confirmed. From the very first day she returned to Dungo Village, she had sensed it.

These villagers hadn't willingly fed blood to the poisonous insects. They seemed to be coerced into doing so. There had to be a reason behind it.

'Just as I thought, Bonnie mused. She continued, "Everyone, you know that the poison arts in Dungo Village are passed down to women. So what exactly did Holden do?"

"Do you know Holden built a poison chamber in his home, where he raised the poisonous insects using people he trafficked? Human trafficking is a grave crime, and it's illegal in Clusia."

Upon hearing Bonnie's words, the villagers fell silent, too ashamed to speak. This scene struck Bonnie hard. She took a step back, visibly shaken.

Andrew immediately stepped forward to support her, his expression full of concern. The truth was, for Holden to have kept -such a large operation hidden in the basement, there was no way the villagers weren't aware of it. They were all accomplices. Finally, an elderly man with a cane stood up. He was a respected figure in Dungo Village. Bonnie's face lit up with emotion as she saw him.

"Rafferty, you're here too. What's going on? Why did the villagers end up like this?" asked Bonnie.

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Rafferty sighed and looked at the villagers, who all kept their heads down. "Bon, the villagers never intended to feed blood to the poisonous insects, but Holden made us a deal.

"He promised that if we gave him our blood every month to feed the insects, he'd pay each of us 3,000 dollars."

Andrew froze for a moment upon hearing this, and then a feeling of bitter irony washed over him.

So, these villagers had been willing to give up their blood to help Holden raise poisonous insects, all for just 3,000 dollars a month? It was incredibly foolish.

Bonnie hadn't expected it all to boil down to money. She looked at the villagers with disappointment. Each of them would rather sell their blood for that money than go out and find a legitimate job.

Bonnie lowered her head for a long while. It seemed like she had made up her mind. For the first time, she raised her voice firmly in front of the villagers.

She began. "Everyone, Holden committed a crime. He trafficked people, used human blood to raise poisonous insects, and caused the deaths of many people. The police already know about this. You all helped him cover up his crimes, and that makes you all guilty too." She paused, then added, "When the police arrive, I hope you'll all confess and show remorse, so you can receive a lighter sentence."

Bonnie turned to Andrew and said, "Let Jeremiah's people in."

Andrew saw how downcast Bonnie was and knew she was struggling inside. He spoke gently. "Alright." He reached out and gently ruffled her hair, softly saying, "I will be with you." SEND GIFT

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Bonnie's words caused an uproar, and everyone glared at her with anger. Even Rafferty, who had just spoken up, looked at her disapprovingly, his eyes full of accusation.

"Bonnie, are you out of your mind? Calling the police? Don't forget that you're one of us in Dungo Village. Your duty is to protect Dungo Village!" he roared.

"Yeah, how could you call the cops? You're so malicious! Can't we decide for ourselves what to do with our blood?"

"If we want to sell our blood to raise poisonous insects for money, what's that got to do with you? Calling the police will get us killed!"

"Bon, please, make them leave. Tell the police to go away!"

"You bitch, Dungo Village is your home. Are you going to destroy the very place where you grew up?"

"Bonnie..." The voices of accusation were deafening.

Suddenly, a stone was thrown from the crowd, aiming straight for Bonnie's head. The next moment, a gunshot rang out, and the stone fell to the ground.

The bullet had gone straight through the stone, hitting a man in the leg. The man collapsed to the ground in pain, and Janice, who had seen the shooter, shuddered in fear.

How could it be her?' she wondered. Janice immediately thought of the woman Bonnie had mentioned countless times, Yvette. Her mind exploded with realization. 'Yvette. That's her.'

It had to be the woman Bonnie kept talking about. Janice was so frightened that she froze, not knowing what to do. Terrified that Yvette and her group might spot her, she quickly covered her face and slipped away in the chaos.

The man on the ground cried out in agony. Bonnie snapped back to reality and looked up to see Yvette, Jeremiah, Emmett, Charles, and Andrew, who had just gone inside to make a call to Samantha, walking out from the inner courtyard. Bonnie turned her gaze back to the bleeding man on the ground and instantly recognized him. It was Xavian Jacobs, Holden's nephew, the man from Dungo Village who had been pressuring her to marry him. Bonnie gasped. "You... Xavian!"

The villagers nearby rushed to help Xavian, lifting him up while accusing Bonnie.

"Bonnie, how could you bring outsiders into Dungo Village? Xavian is your fiancé! How dare you have someone shoot him! You're out of your mind!"

"Yeah, Xavian is your fiancé. How could you let this happen to him?"

Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others reached the doorway. The crowd fell silent once Yvette appeared. Some of the villagers had known her since the first day she arrived.

When they saw the gun in Yvette's hand, the villagers froze in shock. Andrew hurried to Bonnie's side, anxiety written all over his face. "Are you alright? Did you get hurt?" Bonnie shook her head. "No, don't worry."

Yvette's gaze swept across the room, her eyes turning cold. She raised an eyebrow, speaking in a calm, measured tone. "I fired the shot. If anyone has a problem with that, keep it to yourself." Seeing the gun in Yvette's hand, the villagers fell silent, too afraid to speak. Xavian pointed at Yvette, his face twisted with

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rage. "You bitch, who are you? How dare you shoot me? You must have killed Uncle Holden!"

Before he could finish speaking, another bullet shot through Xavian's hand. The gruesome scene left the villagers stunned into silence.

Yvette tilted her head slightly. Jeremiah calmly put his gun away a wicked grin curling on his lips. "Keep barking, and you're dead."

Xavian now understood that the man and woman before him were not to be trifled with. With no other outlet for his anger, he vented it all on Bonnie.

He roared. "Bonnie, you're my fiancée! How could you bring outsiders to attack people from Dungo Village? What's legal and what's not? We don't understand, so stop trying to fool us.

"Even if the police are here, we won't be afraid. Don't think that just because you've studied outside and met some people, you can act like you are superior. You're nothing but a bookworm. Who would want you but me? Stop dreaming!" Xavian smirked maliciously at Bonnie, gritting his teeth in pain. The next second, another bullet pierced his groin, and Xavian howled in agony, the sound chilling to the bone.

The crowd was completely stunned. Just moments ago, neither the man nor the woman had fired a shot, so where did the bullet come from? Everyone turned around in confusion.

Yvette lazily lifted her eyelids, standing slightly askew, her gaze directed into the distance. Samantha was walking toward them, flanked by a group of police officers. It was Samantha who had fired the bullet earlier.

Emmett glanced at Xavian, who had been shot three times, and could only mutter, "Serves him right." Samantha was fiercely protective of her brother. Although she often teased Andrew, anyone who spoke ill of him would find themselves in trouble.

A couple of years ago, a rich second-generation heir from Betrico had called Andrew a worthless rich kid. When Samantha found out, she didn't hesitate. She launched a direct attack on the family's business empire.

In just three days, she managed to bankrupt the entire family. After that, no one in Betrico dared speak ill of Andrew again.

Bonnie was someone Andrew accepted as family, and that made her Samantha's future family too. Xavian had brought this upon himself, choosing to provoke Samantha at the worst possible time.

Samantha, dressed in black leather pants and a sleek black outfit looked incredibly cool. She holstered her gun, stepped through the crowd, and walked up to Yvette and the others. In a low voice, she greeted. "Hey, Yvette, Jeremiah."

The police surged forward, quickly subduing the villagers. They all hung their heads, finally realizing the gravity of the situation when they saw the police.

Samantha turned to look at Xavian, still lying on the ground. She walked toward him, the click of her boots echoing with every step. Her expression was icy and captivating.

In full view of everyone, she aimed her gun directly at Xavian's wrist and fired another shot without hesitation.

"Someone like you, a loser, thinks he's worthy of Andrew's girlfriend? You don't deserve her." She mocked.

With both of Xavian's hands destroyed, he immediately passed out from the pain. Samantha addressed the police. "Take him away. Don't be gentle with him."

At this moment, Samantha exuded the aura of a ruthless bandit. Bonnie stared at Samantha, who shared some resemblance to Andrew, widened her eyes, and seemed a bit naive. Samantha walked over to Bonnie's side. Bonnie, appearing somewhat clueless, just stood there, silent, looking a bit scared as she gazed at Samantha.

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Charles and Emmett looked at Samantha and exchanged looks. She was just protecting them a moment ago, and now she's giving that look? Women sure are unpredictable,' they wondered Bonnie lifted her head to look at Samantha, instinctively stepping closer to Yvette. Andrew quickly moved to her side. "Samantha, don't scare Bonnie."

Samantha looked at Andrew protecting Bonnie, and a twinge of sadness crossed her face. 'He's already thinking about protecting his girlfriend... she wondered.

Yvette shoved her hands in her pockets, glancing at Bonnie and then at Samantha, raising an eyebrow. "Bonnie, this is Samantha, Andrew's sister." Bonnie smiled and nodded with grace. "Hi, I'm Bonnie."

Samantha was momentarily taken aback by Bonnie's straightforwardness. 'Bonnie's way more interesting than I thought. She wasn't even scared when she saw me shoot,' she wondered. Samantha deliberately hardened her expression, trying to look tough. "So, you're Bonnie, Andrew's girlfriend? I fired the shot. What do you think about that?"

Bonnie nodded, her gaze serious as she looked at Samantha. "Samantha, you looked cool firing that shot, but you're just a little bit less impressive than Yvette."

Andrew pinched the bridge of his nose and looked up at the moon. 'Oh my god, someone please help me. Bonnie, you could lie just a little here. Do you have to be this honest?' he thought. SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 426[1,278 words]

Chapter 426

Samantha looked at Bonnie's serious expression and suddenly laughed. Bonnie was actually quite cute. Samantha then glanced at Andrew. 'Hey... Andrew's so dumb. I wonder if his kid will be as dumb as he is, she thought to herself. Andrew noticed Samantha's strange glance at him and then heard her sigh. He touched his face in confusion and asked, "Samantha, is there something on my face? Why are you looking at me like that?" Samantha didn't have time to respond to him. Instead, she reached out and pinched Bonnie's cheek. The soft feel of her skin was too tempting, so Samantha pinched it a couple more times, Bonnie's face turned red. Seeing this, Andrew quickly stepped forward and pulled Bonnie into his arms. Samantha chuckled. "Alright, alright, what's the big deal? I was just pinching her cheek. Do you have to overreact, Andrew?" Andrew didn't want to expose her behavior. Samantha had always enjoyed playing with beautiful, cute girls. If it weren't for the fact that Samantha had a boyfriend now, Andrew might have suspected that she liked girls.

At that moment, Rafferty, who had just stood up, hobbled toward them with his cane. Yvette gave him a quick glance and saw his hesitant look. "What is it?"

Jeremiah turned to look at Rafferty, exuding an air of nobility and grace. Rafferty was intimidated by their presence, and even his hand holding the cane trembled.

Samantha, Charles, and the others also turned to Rafferty. Bonnie immediately stepped forward to support him, and two policemen followed behind him, stepping aside to make way. "Rafferty, you..."

"Sorry. The villagers made a mistake. I..." Rafferty sighed deeply, his eyes clouded, and the bitterness on his face was impossible to hide.

He continued, "Bonnie, you didn't do anything wrong. You're right. The villagers have grown used to getting things without working for them.

"For money, they even turned a blind eye to Holden's terrible deeds. I was wrong. I shouldn't have played dumb, letting Holden do whatever he wanted just to keep things peaceful for a while.

"We all have to face the consequences of our wrongdoings. It's not your fault. Leave Dungo Village and live your own life. Forget about the identity that's tied you down for so long."

Bonnie's eyes welled with tears as she listened, wiping them away. "Rafferty, I..."

Rafferty waved his hand gently, lovingly patting her head, stopping her from speaking. Samantha, Andrew, Charles, and Emmett watched in silence.

A single wrong decision had ruined a village. This centuries-old village had been destroyed just like that. Rafferty shakily lifted his head and looked at Yvette. He could see that this woman was the heart of the group, the one who called the shots. Rafferty spoke. "Miss, hello. I want to tell you what I know. Whether you choose to investigate further is up to you."

Upon hearing this, everyone grew curious. 'What is it that Rafferty feels the need to tell Yvette specifically?' they wondered.

Yvette lifted her gaze, her expression calm. Her brows lifted slightly as she spoke lazily, "Do you know who Holden made the deal with?"

Charles immediately recalled something Holden had said. The man Holden had dealt with was a man named Mr. Miller from South East Aploth. Samantha and Andrew were unaware of the details, both extremely curious. Rafferty froze for a moment, gave a bitter smile, and then nodded. Chapter 420

He began. "Miss, you're right What I want to tell you is about the man Holden made deals with. He came to our Dungo Village once." 28%

Bonnie quickly asked, "Rafferty, are you saying Holden traded poisonous insects with people outside?" Rafferty's eyes turned red.

He continued, "I overheard their conversation once. Mr. Miller mentioned that he had connections in Clusia and could send people into Dungo Village to cultivate poisonous insects. Holden would then send the insects back to South East Aploth through special channels. Their trade has been going on for seven or eight years. Holden's poisonous insects aren't high-grade, but they can control people's minds. Mr. Miller seems to want to use these insects to control people and do some business in South East Aploth. That's all I know. You all don't seem like ordinary people, so if you want to investigate, go ahead."

After finishing his words, Rafferty looked at Bonnie and said, "Take care of yourself, Bonnie."

The two policemen saw this and stepped forward, handcuffing Rafferty before taking him away. From a distance, a police officer, around his forties, walked over and bowed to Jeremiah.

"Mr. Chavez, all the villagers have been apprehended. Please let me know if you have any further instructions. I'll take care of it immediately," he said.

Jeremiah's eyes half-lidded, his presence as cold as an ice lake, weighed down on the officer, who was struggling to breathe under the pressure and didn't even dare lift his head. This was the youngest General in Clusia, and he was handling a major case in such a remote village.

Jeremiah remained expressionless. "The people of Dungo Village will be dealt with according to the law. The case will be reported, and someone will be assigned to handle it."

The officer quickly nodded. He was supposed to handle this case, but there was no way he could deal with it alone. He'd be more than happy to hand it over.

After the officer led everyone away, the only ones left in Dungo Village were Yvette and the others. Bonnie gazed at the empty village, her sorrow unable to be hidden from her eyes.

Samantha looked at Yvette and asked, "Yvette, about Mr. Miller that Rafferty mentioned, should we investigate? Do you think we should head to South East Aploth?"

Samantha was eager, her face filled with excitement. This trip to Dungo Village showed her a lot of unusual things.

It was far more interesting than staying in Betrico, where life was dull. She could easily leave the business in Betrico for a year or two without a problem.

Samantha decided that for this year, she would stay with Yvette. She had a strong feeling that this year would be filled with excitement. Charles and Emmett didn't care. Wherever Yvette and Jeremiah went, they'd follow. Yvette, with her hands in her pockets, her gaze deep, and her lips slightly pursed, replied casually, "Yes."

Even if Yvette didn't want to pursue it, Jeremiah would. Illegal activities were never tolerated in Clusia. Anyone who dare commit such heinous acts within its borders would face legal consequences. Anyone who offended Clusia, no matter how far they ran, would be punished.

Jeremiah nodded, turned his head slightly, his eyes clear, and spoke in a low voice. "You go back to Seacrity first. Once I find out which Clusian Mr. Miller is working with, we'll head to South East Aploth." Yvette nodded indifferently. Bonnie suddenly slapped her forehead.

She nervously said, "Yvette, Sheldon wasn't among those taken away. If he's run, that's bad. He must know everything

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Holden's been doing.

Jeremiah's expression remained unchanged when he heard Sheldon's name. He raised an eyebrow and replied in a light tone, "He won't escape. He's in the east yard."

Yvette tilted her head and noticed the casual look on Jeremiah's face as if nothing had happened. Her eyes held a hint of

amusement.

Sheldon definitely wouldn't escape. By now, even would be difficult for him. Knowing Jeremiah's methods, Yvette could tell Sheldon was likely already finished.

Charles twitched his lips, then nodded. "Don't worry. Sheldon won't escape..." He glanced at Jeremiah, who seemed unbothered, and said nothing.

Charles silently complained in his mind as he wondered, 'Clearly, this could have been solved with one quick strike. Yet Jeremiah gave Sheldon three cuts before finally dealing with his cock. If no one knew better, they'd think Jeremiah's methods were lacking. He's so ruthless.'

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 427[1,236 words]

Chapter 427

In the east yard of the Jacobs residence, Sheldon lay in bed, hearing the explosions outside. Panic gripped him, but his body wouldn't respond.

He had no feeling in his lower half and could only scream in desperation. He yelled for what felt like an eternity, but not a single maid came to his aid. Furious, Sheldon grabbed the vase from the bedside and threw it to the floor, shattering it into pieces.

Finally, the door creaked open. Sheldon's heart lifted, and he looked up, only to have his expression instantly darken when he saw who had entered. It was Janice, who had just run out of the crowd outside. Janice pushed the door open and walked toward the bed. Sheldon glared at her, seeing her cautious demeanor, and snapped. "What are you doing here? Who let you in? What's going on outside?" Janice studied Sheldon. He genuinely seemed to know nothing, so she took a few steps forward, her voice barely above a whisper, "You... you're not getting up? Don't you know what's happening outside?" Sheldon glared at Janice. If he could move, he would have slapped her. Janice comes all the way here in the middle of the night just to ask me these stupid questions?' he wondered.

He shot her a look of contempt and growled. "Spit it out. What's happening outside?"

away. If he had Janice confirmed that Sheldon truly had no idea his father had died and that the villagers had been taken known, he would not be so calm. It was also clear that something had happened to Sheldon's legs, and he couldn't move.

A sinister smile slowly crept across Janice's face as an idea took root in her mind. She had already made an enemy of Yvette, and simply leaving with them wouldn't do.

But since Yvette was willing to risk coming to Dungo Village for Bonnie, it meant she cared a lot about Bonnie.

If that's the case, then I won't hold back. Bonnie's the softest-hearted one... Janice thought.

Sheldon, startled by Janice's smile, barked. "What are you doing now?"

Janice fixed her gaze on Sheldon, her eyes deep like a phantom in the night. With malice in her voice, she said, "Sheldon, the Jacobs family is finished.

"Your father is dead, and the entire Dungo Village has been taken by the police. I guess you're too injured to move, huh?" Sheldon felt a shiver run down his spine at the crazed look in Janice's eyes. Summoning all his strength, he shouted at her. "Janice, stop making stuff up! Not a word of what you're saying is true. Who could've killed my father?"

Deep down, Sheldon was also uncertain. 'If nothing happened to Dad, why hasn't anyone come to check on me after all this time?' Fear began to seep into him as he wondered.

Janice sneered. "Sheldon, if you weren't injured and could move you'd have come down and slapped me by now. Looks like you're seriously hurt.

"Huh, it's really about time, you bastard. You raped me when I was still a minor, and now it's time for you to pay."

Sheldon, propped up on his elbows, cursed at her. "Janice, you seduced me first! Besides, after I slept with you, didn't you ask me for 300 dollars? Now you're saying all this?"

At that moment, Bonnie's voice called out from outside the door. "Yvette, Jeremiah, is Sheldon here?"

Janice's heart hardened, and she pulled out a knife she had prepared earlier. She shouted, "Help!" before charging toward

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Chapter 427

Sheldon and stabbing him directly in the heart.

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Blood splattered across Janice's face. Sheldon gasped out. "You... but only managed one word before he died.

Janice's twisted smile grew wider as she heard footsteps approaching the door. She quickly discarded the knife and collapsed onto the floor, clutching herself in feigned terror. "Help! Help! Don't come in!"

Bonnie, hearing Janice's screams, rushed to push open the door. Yvette, Jeremiah, and Samantha followed close behind.

Bonnie froze when she saw the scene inside. She cried out in alarm and hurried to Janice's side. "Janice, what's wrong? What happened? Sheldon's dead!"

Janice, still trembling in fear, clung to Bonnie tightly. "I... Sheldon tried to hit me. I just grabbed something in self-defense, but he accidentally stabbed himself. It has nothing to do with me! Please, you have to believe me, Bon." As Janice spoke, she kept an eye on Yvette and the others, gauging their reactions. When she saw Jeremiah, who was even more handsome and charismatic than Andrew, her eyes lit up

But when she noticed Yvette's face, there was a momentary flicker of unease. She quickly lowered her head.

Yvette's gaze landed on the knife in Sheldon's chest for a moment before she casually looked over at Janice, who was crying pitifully. Her eyes were cold with a chilling resolve, Jeremiah stepped forward, taking her hand and speaking in a low, steady voice. "Given the depth of the knife wound, this wasn't an accident. It was intentional."

Wette pressed her lips together, arching an eyebrow. She turned her head, a faint, cold smile tugging at the corners of her lips as her eyes locked onto Janice. She said nothing.

Andrew had already heard from Bonnie about her older sister and their close bond, how the two had grown up together. He stepped forward and said, "Janice, Sheldon is a person who deserved to die. Don't be afraid." Janice's heart skipped when Andrew spoke to her directly. She quickly tried to mask her joy, pretending to be modest and shy as she nodded toward him.

"Sir, thank you. You must be Andrew, the friend Bonnie talks about. Thank you for taking care of her. I'm sure Bonnie must have caused you quite a bit of trouble," Janice said.

Bonnie didn't think much of it. Janice still didn't know that Bonnie and Andrew were dating, so it made sense that she'd say this.

Andrew paused, feeling something off about her words. 'Why does this sound so strange?' he thought to himself. Out of politeness, he responded. "I'm happy to take care of Bonnie. We're actually in a relationship now." Janice's face instantly became gloomy. 'How could this be? Just a few days ago, Bonnie told me they were just friends. She really did lie to me,' she wondered.

Trying to cover her unease, Janice forced a smile, her expression one of feigned contentment.

"Mr. Mitchell, Bonnie is lucky to have you as her boyfriend," she said, pausing before continuing, "But... Bonnie, have you resolved things with Xavian yet? I could go and have that engagement annulled if you'd like." Janice acted as if she was entirely concerned for Bonnie. Bonnie shook her head, touched. "No, Janice, that's not necessary." She then recounted what had just happened to Janice,

Janice tried to look genuinely shocked after hearing Bonnie's words. She sighed. "Holden really did something so heinous.... It's truly awful. Bonnie, I had no idea."

Bonnie, believing Janice wasn't involved in anything malicious, reassured her. "I believe you, Janice."

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Janice, pleased with Bonnie's trust, thought smugly to herself, "This fool has always been like this. She believes everything I

say

Emmett, watching the scene unfold, spoke coldly. "Let's leave here for now. We can discuss things later."

Janice, glancing at Yvette near the door, feigned surprise, pointing at her in disbelief. "It's you."

Bonnie asked, "Janice, do you know Yvette? Have you two met before?"

Samantha, Andrew, Charles, and Emmett all turned their gaze to Yvette, exchanging confused looks. 'What's going on? Janice and Yvette have met?' they wondered.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 428[1,328 words]

Chapter 428

Afraid that Yvette would speak first about what happened that day, Janice quickly forced an awkward smile and said softly to the group, "There was a bit of a misunderstanding between me and Ms. Zeller here.

"I thought she was someone Sheldon brought home. Sheldon treated Bon so badly, so I figured I'd vent my frustration a little on her."

Janice kept her head down, looking genuinely remorseful. Bonnie, hearing this, instantly suspected Janice had done something wrong. She felt a pang of guilt, knowing that if it hadn't been for her, Janice probably wouldn't have clashed with Yvette in the first place. "I'm sorry, Yvette. Janice was in the wrong," Bonnie said apologetically. Janice froze, feeling even more disdain for Bonnie.

Xavian was right. Bonnie's always been a coward, the kind of girl who only knows how to study. And she calls Yvette her friend? If they're friends, why humiliate herself by apologizing so grovelingly?' Janice wondered.

Bonnie turned to Janice, her tone firm. "Janice, apologize to Yvette." Janice cursed Bonnie a hundred times in her mind.

She had hoped playing the victim would let her slip through, but Bonnie actually had the nerve to make her apologize in front of everyone. It was infuriating.

Swallowing her resentment, Janice feigned an air of great grievance and muttered meekly, "I'm sorry, Ms. Zeller. I shouldn't have acted like that."

Yvette, with her hands in her pockets, fixed a calm, penetrating gaze on Janice. After a moment, she said nothing, simply turned around and walked away. Jeremiah followed closely behind her, with Emmett and Charles quickly tagging along.

Samantha leaned casually against the doorframe, watching Janice with one leg bent. She noticed Janice's dissatisfaction, knowing full well that Janice's act wouldn't fool any of them.

Yvette was letting this go purely out of consideration for Bonnie. Otherwise, Janice's fate would've been much worse, and that was obvious.

Somehow, Yvette had taken a liking to Bonnie, and Bonnie had a lot of support. Samantha let out a cold scoff and turned to Andrew. "Let's go. The car's waiting just outside Dungo Village."

Bonnie helped Janice to her feet. "Come on, Janice. Let's leave Dungo Village." But as Janice looked at Andrew's retreating figure, she suddenly stumbled, collapsing heavily back down as her ankle quickly swelled and reddened.

Janice's eyes brimmed with tears. "I'm so sorry, Bon. My ankle really hurts. I can't walk. Maybe you should go ahead without me." Bonnie shook her head immediately. "Janice, don't worry. I'll carry you. There's no way I'd leave you here by yourself." Andrew stood off to the side in silence. At first, he thought he could tolerate Janice since she was Bonnie's sister. But now, learning Janice'd managed to offend Yvette, he wasn't so sure.

Yvette had a strong personality. She wouldn't go out of her way to bother anyone unless provoked first. That meant Janice must've started it.

Andrew decided it would be wise to keep his distance from Janice. If Bonnie weren't here, he'd have left with Yvette and Jeremiah by now.

When Bonnie offered to carry Janice, Andrew finally spoke, but his tone was noticeably less friendly than before. "Forget it. I'll find a cart to push you in."

Bonnie looked at Andrew, clearly grateful. "You're smart. There should be something we can use in the yard." Janice felt a of frustration. 'Is Andrew clueless? Here's a chance to get close to me, and he's just giving it up,' she thought.

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Janice didn't believe any man could be so genuinely loyal. It had to be the wrong time for him to show his real interest. Outside, Samantha heard voices from inside the house and paused, then turned back in with a sharp tone. Her tone was cold. "Ms. Sanders, I'm strong enough to help you walk. Is that okay?" Janice glanced at Samantha's cold expression and, reluctantly, nodded. "Thank you."

Samantha told Bonnie and Andrew, "You two go on ahead. I'll help her from behind." Andrew quickly shot Samantha a grateful look. At this point, he was more than glad Samantha was stepping in. He had no desire to push Janice around.

At the entrance to Dungo Village, three Jeeps were parked on the cobblestone road. Yvette, Jeremiah, Emmett, and Charles had arrived first.

Charles glanced back but didn't see any sign of Andrew and the others. He asked Yvette in a low voice, "What did Janice do to offend you?"

Yvette lifted her gaze slightly, her eyes clear and bright as she replied in a relaxed, offhand tone, "Ran into her on the road. She tried to bump into me, so I kicked her and knocked her out cold."

Emmett had just taken a sip of water when he sputtered it out in laughter. Hearing Yvette say that was somehow hilarious. It sounded so effortless coming from her.

Janice was practically asking for trouble, and she probably didn't even come close to touching Yvette's coat hem.

Jeremiah's lips quirked into a faint smile, knowing without question that Yvette would never end up on the losing side. Anyone messing with her was just plain unlucky. Yvette paused for a second, then added, almost indifferently, "I kicked her lightly. She's just too fragile." Charles wanted to laugh but held it back, barely containing himself. Back in the day, even the top three underground fighters in Mysonna couldn't withstand a kick from Yvette, let alone Janice.

After all, Yvette was someone who could send a black bear flying with one strike in the colosseum.

Yvette had a serious misconception about her own strength. Jeremiah took off his jacket and walked over to Yvette, his gaze softening as he leaned down. With his long, slender fingers, he buttoned the coat for her one button at a time.

Emmett and Charles, in unspoken agreement, turned away at the same time, bracing against the cold wind by wrapping their coats tightly around themselves. Yvette looked like a child in Jeremiah's oversized coat as if she were playing dress-up

She looked up, her face barely visible under the large collar, and tilted her head a little, saying slowly and obediently, "I'm not cold." Since birth, she'd had an unusual constitution, with heightened senses but little sensitivity to temperature. Emmett and Charles exchanged a glance as they stood with their backs to Jeremiah and Yvette. 'Yvette's as unromantic as ever. Poor Jeremiah... he really has his work cut out for him with this relationship,' they wondered. Jeremiah was used to it by now. He looked at her, a faint smile in his eyes. "I'm warm." Yvette glanced at him, noticing he was only wearing a shirt under his coat.

'It's this cold, and he's warm? Could he be coming down with something?' she wondered.

Looking seriously at Jeremiah, she said, "Let me check up on you. If you feel too warm in this weather, it could be a symptom of illness." Jeremiah rubbed the corner of his eye, watching her clear, bright gaze, pure to the core. With a slight chuckle, he obediently extended his hand. After checking it for a minute, Yvette withdrew her fingers and said calmly, "You're fine."

Jeremiah had known he was fine all along, but he nodded anyway, playing along. "I don't feel warm anymore." Their banter left Emmett and Charles both sighing. Can these two ever learn how to date like normal people?' they wondered. They made such a unique couple. Neither would be suitable for anyone

else.

Chapter 428-

The group got into the Jeeps. Yvette and Jeremiah took the first one, while Emmett and Charles climbed into the second. No one wanted to share a ride with Janice who had managed to offend Yvette.

By the time Samantha and Bonnie had taken turns helping Janice to the village entrance, Jeremiah had already spotted them and stepped on the gas, speeding off into the night until their car was lost in the darkness.

Watching the Jeep drive away, Janice's expression darkened. She chose to ignore that Jeremiah was the one driving. 'Yvette is just too much! I already apologized, yet she still refuses to forgive me. She's so arrogant, Janice thought to herself bitterly.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 429[1,341 words]

Chapter 429

When they reached the car, Samantha immediately let go of Janice's hand, climbed into Emmett and Charles's car, and swiftly shut the door.

The car started in an instant, leaving only Andrew, who looked dejected, Janice, who was struggling to hide her resentment, and Bonnie who was confused standing at the entrance to Dungo Village.

Andrew turned around and said weakly, "Get in the car. Let's follow Jeremiah's car to the airport." Hearing this, Janice couldn't contain her excitement.

She had only ever seen big airplanes on TV, and now she was finally leaving Dungo Village to board one herself. She swore to herself that, no matter the cost, she would rise above her humble beginnings.

In the end, Andrew managed to rush Bonnie and Janice to the airport just in time to meet up with Jeremiah and the others.

As Janice took in the sight of the plane before her, her eyes sparkled. She had overheard someone mention that this was Jeremiah's private jet.

'How much must this thing have cost?' she thought. 'Bonnie is ridiculously lucky to have met such wealthy people.' Janice knew from Bonnie that Jeremiah was Yvette's boyfriend and that the two of them had a strong relationship.

Though her jealousy was intense, Yvette's earlier kick had left a lasting impression on Janice, one that made her too wary to even think of provoking Jeremiah.

Instead, she set her sights on Andrew. She and Bonnie were born only a day apart, but while Bonnie was Dungo Village's revered guardian goddess, Janice had to carefully navigate her way around people just to survive.

Janice resolved to win Andrew over. She was determined to climb to the top. Once on the plane, Yvette and Jeremiah settled into the backmost seats, drawing the curtains for privacy. Emmett, Charles, and Samantha took their usual seats.

Andrew led Bonnie to sit beside them, while Janice took a seat by herself. As she settled in, Janice sat rigidly, too nervous to look around openly, though her eyes couldn't help but dart from one luxurious detail to another.

She had never dreamed of flying in a private jet. The luxurious life seemed to be beckoning her closer.

Feeling a bit heady, Janice mimicked Samantha by ordering an orange juice, pretending to drink it while eavesdropping on the group's conversation. Emmett casually flipped through a financial newspaper. The stock market had been turbulent recently, and many people had lost fortunes.

Samantha took a sip of her orange juice and glanced at Emmett's newspaper. "So, you've started investing lately? The first thing you do is open the financial section."

Emmett gave a slight nod, setting down his paper with a casual air. "I've put in 70 million, just playing around to kill some time."

Charles looked over at him and said, "I sold off my stocks a couple of days ago. The market's too unstable right now." Samantha, half-joking, asked, "Made quite a profit, I bet? If you've got a good way to make money, why not share it with me?" Charles shot her a glance. "Could you maybe leave some opportunities for the rest of us?"

Samantha laughed brightly, yawning and stretching her fingers nonchalantly. "That's where you don't get it. No one thinks they have too much money except for fools."

Andrew chimed in, echoing Samantha's sentiment. "Dad always told us, 'Only a fool turns down easy money.'" As their conversation grew lively, Janice suddenly chimed in. "You're all so amazing."

15:49 Sun, Dec 1

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Her face was full of admiration, hoping to get close by flattering them in her usual way. But what she didn't realize was that this group despised such flattery, especially from someone with ulterior motives like Janice. The atmosphere immediately turned cold.

After Janice spoke, nobody responded. Conversation ceased entirely as each person turned back to their own activity. Seeing their indifference, Janice felt a chill. She couldn't understand why they treated her with such disdain.

After all, Bonnie was from Dungo Village, just like her. In Janice's mind, she surpassed Bonnie in every way, looks, figure, and intelligence.

Yet she had just witnessed Yvette discreetly slip Bonnie a piece of candy, and despite Yvette's expressionless face, Janice could sense the closeness between them.

And then Samantha, who had been cold toward Janice, had offered to order something for Bonnie. Even Charles and Emmett treated Janice and Bonnie entirely differently.

Andrew, who had been polite to Janice earlier, was now distinctly cold toward her. 'Is it all because of Yvette?' she wondered.

Seeing Janice near tears, Bonnie hurried over to comfort her. In truth, Bonnie wasn't sure what to say. She understood that Yvette's tolerance of Janice's antics was already a small miracle.

Bonnie looked at Janice with her usual innocent expression and asked, "Janice, is there anything else you'd like to eat?" Janice was speechless.

Bonnie had been a foodie since they were kids. 'Is she seriously asking me what I want to eat right now? Total blockhead, Janice thought.

She knew that if she wanted to stay close to this group, Bonnie was her only option.

Suppressing her irritation, Janice put on a pleasant tone and said, "I'm not hungry, Bon. Do you think everyone doesn't like me? I know I've messed up.

"I really didn't mean to target Ms. Zeller... I was standing up for you. But it seems like she hasn't forgiven me, and your friends don't want me around, either."

Bonnie sighed. "Janice, don't overthink it. Yvette is a really, really kind person. If she still had a grudge, she wouldn't have let you on the plane. So don't worry about it. I'll go with you to apologize to Yvette when there's a chance." Janice's head was spinning as she wondered, 'Has Bonnie been brainwashed by Yvette? She isn't even siding with me Resigned, Janice forced herself to nod. "Alright."

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In the private cabin, Yvette was resting with her eyes closed when suddenly, a familiar figure leaned over her, bringing quiet, familiar scent. Jeremiah planted a gentle kiss, watching her lashes tremble slightly, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

Yvette's sharp, defined features made her look flawless, and Jeremiah's deep gaze lingered on her, his eyes unfathomably intense. As Yvette opened her eyes, the smile in Jeremiah's eyes deepened. A small grin spread across his face, the corners of his eyes softening with laughter.

Yvette's fingers clenched, her voice low. "Playing tricks? So childish."

Jeremiah nodded calmly, his gaze clear, free from any trace of mischief. "Kissing my girlfriend doesn't count as a trick." Yvette raised an eyebrow, giving him a sidelong smile. The brightness in her expression shone with a captivating warmth, like flowers blooming in spring. Their mingling breaths filled the air with a subtle, sweet fragrance.

Jeremiah sighed softly, holding her hand, his voice barely a whisper. "We'll be apart for a while again soon."

Propping her chin on her hand, Yvette hooked his finger with her own, her tone leisurely. "Try not to miss me too much."

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Jeremiah paused, a glimmer of surprise in his eyes. "What if I

Yvette pondered his words with surprising seriousness. "I'll all

Jeremiah's laughter spilled out from his chest, his gaze fixed o

Outside, Emmett, Charles, and Samantha all heard Jeremiah's accustomed to the easy laughter that came from him whenever Only Janice sat there, staring at the closed cabin door. She could tell just how happy he was at that moment. 'What makes Yvette worthy of his love? Just because of her pre

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Chapter 429

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Jeremiah paused, a glimmer of surprise in his eyes. "What if I can't?"

Yvette pondered his words with surprising seriousness. "I'll allow it."

Jeremiah's laughter spilled out from his chest, his gaze fixed on her rosy lips. "I'll take a little interest in advance, then."

Outside, Emmett, Charles, and Samantha all heard Jeremiah's laughter, but none of them reacted. They were well accustomed to the easy laughter that came from him whenever he was with Yvette.

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Only Janice sat there, staring at the closed cabin door. She couldn't see anything, but from the sound of Jeremiah's laughter, she could tell just how happy he was at that moment.

'What makes Yvette worthy of his love? Just because of her pretty face?' she wondered.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 430[1,226 words]

Chapter 430

They reached Seacurity, and Emmett and Samantha still hadn't spoken a single word to Janice. Janice, however, seemed unbothered by their silence.

On the plane, Janice monopolized Bonnie's attention, chatting constop about trivial topics, seemingly to keep her from returning to Andrew's side.

Jeremiah dropped Yvette's group off at Seacurity before heading back to Betrigo to handle the situation in Dungo Village. The threat of Mr. Miller's backing in Clusia was a lingering danger that had to be eliminated, or more innocent people would suffer in the future. In Seacurity, Andrew, Emmett, Charles, and Samantha returned to a villa Jeremiah owned there, while Yvette and Bonnie headed back to Argrol University, with Janice tagging along.

As they approached the main gates of Argrol University, Janice glanced at the stylishly dressed students coming and going and couldn't hold back her envy. She muttered, "This place is huge. Must be full of rich people, right?" Bonnie, not paying full attention, only caught the first part of her comment. She replied casually, "Janice, this is just one of

our campuses.

"We actually have three others, but this one in the city is the biggest. We can pretty much get everything we need here on campus."

Bonne was just sharing information honestly, but to Janice, it sounded like Bonnie was flaunting her privilege of studying in such a prestigious place.

Here was Bonnie, thriving at Argrol University, surrounded by influential people, while Janice had to work hard just to get by. 'This world is so unfair,' she thought bitterly.

Janice's resentment had twisted her perspective. She had failed to prioritize her studies, which led to poor grades and, eventually, losing her opportunity to attend school outside her village.

Now she was stuck in Dungo Village, depending on men for a living, yet she blamed everything on Bonnie.

Yvette cast a cold, indifferent glance at Janice, whose head was slightly lowered.

The truth of Janice's character was something Bonnie would have to see for herself.

As soon as Yvette and Bonnie stepped onto the campus grounds of Argrol University, curious students started gathering around, and soon enough, fresh photos of them appeared on the university forum.

In the photos, Yvette was captured in profile, her intense, deep eyes and flawless features once again creating a stir. Predictably, the forum of Argrol University was ablaze with excitement.

As Yvette walked through campus, people constantly approached to congratulate her, students, staff, men and women of all

ages.

"Congratulations, Ms. Zeller! Goddess, you're incredible! You're the idol we all look up to! Yvette, we'll always support you!"

The reason for the buzz was clear. The results of the physics department's exams had just been posted yesterday, and they had shocked everyone.

In the entire history of Argrol University, no student in the physics department had ever scored a perfect score in every section. But yesterday, faculty and students alike witnessed history, the first-ever perfect-score achiever in the physics department's century-long record. "Yvette." Yvette's exam papers had even been posted on the campus bulletin board, and word had spread far beyond Argrol

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18:38 Mon, Dec

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University. Neighboring schools had heard about it too.

Other universities could only look on with envy. Everyone wanted talent like Yvette.

Another young man, handsome but clearly nervous, came up to Yvette, his face flushed. "Yvette, congratulations! You've made history again at Argrol University. I'm determined to learn from you."

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After blurting this out, he dashed away, while the people around looked on in admiration. Just talking to Yvette took a lot of

courage.

Janice glanced at Yvette, jealousy brimming in her eyes. "These students must have too much free time. Why are they so obsessed with Yvette? She is just a girl, she thought bitterly.

Bonnie, also surprised, wondered, 'What kind of remarkable feat did Yvette pull off while I wasn't around?'

Ignoring the stares around them, Bonnie turned to Yvette and asked, "Yvette, do you know what all this is about?"

As she spoke, they passed by the crowded bulletin board, where students were gathered, excitedly discussing something.

Among the crowd was Jahn, who looked proudly at Yvette's name at the top of the rankings.

"That's my Goddess!" he thought. 'No wonder she didn't care when Tobias assigned her extra work. It wasn't that she didn't want to do it. She probably just thought it was beneath her level. This time, Yvette gave everyone a big surprise with her exam results. In their eyes, she was undeniably a genius.

Ever since Yvette rescued John from Victor on the basketball court, he had quietly supported her from behind the scenes. In fact, he managed Yvette's entire fan club at Argrol University.

Noticing Yvette and Bonnie standing not too far away, John eagerly called out. "Hi, Yvette, Bonnie, you're back!"

His shout silenced the previously lively crowd. Most of the onlookers were from the physics department, naturally more familiar with Yvette than students from other departments.

There were also students from the physics department who had been at Sky Nimbus that day, witnessing firsthand as Yvette and Daniel placed an outrageous 100 million-dollar bet, ultimately driving Daniel to the brink of fury. People crowded around to greet Yvette, pressing forward so eagerly that Janice was soon pushed aside.

"Goddess, you're back! You're amazing! How did you manage a perfect score? You're the first student in the history of the physics department to get a perfect score!" John marveled.

It was the kind of achievement that defied envy. The others gazed at Yvette with admiration, hoping she might share her

secret to success.

Seeing their hopeful, admiring faces, Yvette's expression remained composed, her voice as cool as ever.

Calmly nodding, she arched an eyebrow and said casually, "The exam wasn't hard."

There was a momentary pause where she held back from saying the rest. 'It was actually quite easy! Hearing her remark, everyone's eyes twitched with envy and admiration.

-If these professors knew that all their painstakingly crafted exam questions were merely not hard in Yvette's eyes, they'd be furious beyond belief.

Yvette was only speaking the truth. Whether others believed her was up to them. For her, there was no such thing as a difficult problem, only problems she chose to solve and those she didn't care to.

If anyone else had made such a comment, the physics department students would've brushed it off as pure arrogance.

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But coming from Yvette, they believed it without question. After all, she was the one who had beaten the world champions. There was nothing wrong with what she said.

Janice, who had been pushed to the side, looked on with resentment as Yvette enjoyed the crowd's adoration. Her left hand clenched into a fist, and her gaze turned icy with venomous jealousy.

"The so-called first in the physics department? Acting all high and mighty, I refuse to believe anyone is just born gifted and can effortlessly score well. Who are they kidding?' she thought. These students must be brainwashed, believing whatever Yvette says. Standing nearby, Bonnie finally pieced it together. Yvette had aced the exam, ranking first. If Yvette said the test wasn't difficult, then it must have been challenging for most people.

Bonnie understood that Yvette's typical workload was likely much tougher than this exam. Such a difficulty level would naturally feel overwhelming for ordinary people, something Bonnie had long realized.

Bonnie knew ordinary students like herself could never match the level of a true genius.

Janice, unwilling to be ignored, glanced at Yvette, who was basking in the attention, and spoke in a soft, feeble voice. "Bon, where's your dorm? My foot hurts a bit."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of Mr S 431[1,193 words]

Chapter 431

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Bonnie had forgotten Janice was still there and quickly stepped out from the crowd. She walked over to Janice, and the attention shifted toward her. Janice looked innocent, drawing the eyes of a few male students nearby.

Seeing that she'd succeeded in attracting attention, Janice flashed a sweet smile at the onlookers, relishing the admiration.

Bonnie said with a shy smile, "Janice, my dorm is just up ahead. I'll take you there to rest for a bit, and later, I'll help you find a place to stay."

Just then, Yvette's phone buzzed. She glanced at it. It was from Simon, asking her to come to his office.

Bonnie walked back to Yvette. "Yvette, I'll take Janice to my dorm first, then find her a place later. I'll meet you and Jeremiah afterward."

Yvette put her phone away and nodded casually. "Okay."

John, hearing that Janice was Bonnie's sister and noticing her bandaged foot, eagerly offered to help her to the girls' dorm.

Janice assumed John was interested in her. She looked at his simple clothes and secretly sneered. "This guy's clothes are way too plain, she thought, though she kept a sweet smile on her face. "Thank you," she said to John, whose cheeks flushed.

He had no idea that his well-intentioned gesture would nearly land him in hot water. If he'd known, he would never have volunteered.

After the three left, Yvette nodded briefly to the onlookers before heading to Simon's office.

Inside the office, Yvette knocked and entered to find the usual spread of snacks on Simon's desk, though this time, there was a broader selection and even a fresh cup of milkshake, clearly just delivered.

Simon was on the phone, and he gestured for Yvette to take a seat. She settled herself on the sofa, pulled out her phone, and opened a bag of snacks, munching contentedly.

Simon, noticing her at ease, chuckled and continued his call.

Meanwhile, a text arrived from Eagle King. [Boss, any plans lately? I'm bored out of my mind. Flying Fish just got back home, and said he's going to try acting and make some extra cash to blow. I'm practically turning to stone over here.] Yvette bit into chips, then typed back: [I'm heading to South East Aplot in Golden Triangle in a few days. You're welcome to join if you're interested.]

Within a minute, Eagle King replied: [Boss, I'm definitely interested. Count me in. It's been years since I've been to Voraxia. Wonder if our old friends there are still around.]

Yvette's gaze deepened as she read the message, fingers pausing mid-typing, and her expression thoughtful. After a moment, she put her phone away.

Simon ended his call and sat down across from her on the sofa. This day's got my head spinning with all the work."

Since the incident with Patrick, the director's position at Argrol University had been vacant, leaving Simon to handle every aspect of university affairs.

Patrick's mess had kept Simon swamped until now, so as soon as he heard Yvette was back, he texted her right away. She was always busy, and catching her was no easy task.

Yvette pushed the freshly made coffee toward him and said politely, "Mr. Sunderland, here's some coffee."

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Simon, delighted, accepted it gratefully. "So, did everything go smoothly while you were away?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow and nodded, her tone light and unhurried. "Yes, all done. She came back with us

Simon nodded. After some small talk, he steered the conversation toward Patrick.

Simon looked grave. "The verdict on Patrick's case is out. It was handed down a few days ago. Amy was acquitted, and Patrick got fifteen years. By the time he's out, he'll likely be a broken man." Yvette leaned back and nodded, her voice cool. "Has Amy returned to school?"

Simon sighed. What Amy had endured at the hands of her advisor was something hard to heal from

He began. "No, she took a leave of absence, but the school will hold her spot indefinitely. Only she can work through the wounds, both mental and physical, on her own.

"We can't help. I'll make sure someone visits regularly to offer her whatever help we can."

Yvette's eyes darkened as she held her milkshake, her gaze sharp and steady. Slowly, she spoke. "I'll give you 70 million."

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Simon's hand trembled slightly, spilling half his coffee not because of the 70 million, but because he had no idea why Yvette would give him that amount out of nowhere. 'Is she just so wealthy that she's got money to burn? Simon thought, amused. It seemed plausible. Yvette's wealth likely surpassed what she could reasonably spend.

Yvette continued, her tone calm and measured, "Use the 70 million to establish a foundation under Argrol University's name, dedicated to helping women like Amy who've been raped. You can handle the details, Mr. Sunderland."

Simon was stunned. He'd considered a hundred different reasons she might have for giving him 70 million, but the thought of her wanting to establish a foundation never crossed his mind.

'Well... He was speechless, watching Yvette sip her milkshake with quiet composure. After a long pause, he finally spoke, his voice somber. "Alright. I'll make it happen."

Yvette always acted more than she spoke. Though she seemed indifferent and detached, her heart was compassionate and full of empathy.

Simon lowered his gaze, feeling an unexpected pang of sadness. In recent years, the teaching profession had somehow become one of the least trusted.

Cases of teachers harassing or raping students were alarmingly common. If not for Patrick's situation, Simon would never have believed such an ugly yet kind monster was working so close by.

It was too late, even with Patrick in prison. The scars he'd left on Amy would never fade. Amy was both unfortunate and fortunate, fortunate to have met people like Yvette.

But in other corners of the world, many young women were still caught in the clutches of abusers, too afraid to speak out. Meanwhile, outside the girls' dormitory, John dropped off Bonnie and Janice, practically making a run for it. He couldn't be blamed, though. Janice had practically clung to him the entire way.

Too shy to say anything about it, he was just glad to have fulfilled his duty, and he left the instant he could.

Janice, mistaking his reaction for shyness, felt utterly confident in herself. Once inside the dorm and alone with Bonnie, Janice dropped the act and started ordering Bonnie around, pouting. "Bon, my foot hurts. Could you get me some water?"

Bonnie nodded agreeably. "Alright, Janice, just wait here. I'll grab a basin and bring you some."

When Bonnie came back with the basin of water and opened the door, she found Janice fiddling with something on the

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18:39 Mon, Dec 2 GO

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desk.

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"Janice, what are you doing?" she asked, Janice looked at the skincare bottle in her hand with distaste and placed it back on the desk with a grimace.

"Bon, is this really what you use for your skincare? This stuff is so cheap, and it's not even a real brand. Won't it be bad for your skin?" she asked.

Bonnie set down the basin in front of Janice with some effort, wiping her brow as she answered cheerfully, "Janice, I've always used it, and it works just fine. It won't hurt your skin. Don't worry! Go on and wash up."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 432[1,279 words]

Chapter 432

Janice curled her lip, disgusted as she placed the lotion she was holding on the table, and muttered, "Bon, I'm not saying this to be harsh, but that Andrew looks like he's loaded."

She continued. "If you're out of money, why don't you ask him for some? He wouldn't be stingy enough to not give you a little, would he?"

Janice said this just to test how far Bonnie's relationship with Andrew had progressed.

Bonnie looked at Janice and suddenly felt that there was something unfamiliar about her. But then she thought maybe Janice was just casually asking.

"Janice, just because I'm dating Andrew doesn't mean I have to spend his money. I have a scholarship for school, and I also work part-time to earn my living expenses. It's enough for my daily needs."

Bonnie's satisfied look made Janice extremely annoyed, 'What an idiot! Attending such a top school and not trying to find a wealthy man to rely on, just burying herself in books and even working part-time - is this really living?'

Janice knew Bonnie wasn't lying. When Bonnie went to get some water, Janice had already sneaked a look into her wardrobe. It's full of cheap clothes from street stalls, not a single designer piece, and her makeup collection is just embarrassingly basic. Janice just couldn't get it, 'Yvette, Andrew, and Jeremiah even have private jets-they must be loaded. Has Bonnie lost her mind? Choosing to live such a tough life instead, she's absolutely crazy.

She was deep in her thoughts, 'How can I ever afford a mansion and a luxury car by relying on myself? If I have friends like that, I'd certainly take advantage of them.'

Janice watched Bonnie packing without any intention of helping

Originally, Janice thought she could connect with Yvette and her crew through Bonnie, but that's clearly not happening now. However, she's really fallen deeply in love with Andrew and doesn't want to give up. 'Even if Bonnie married into a wealthy family, it would be pointless. With her simple mind, how could she handle the scheming and drama of high society?' Janice thought, 'I would be more suited for that life!'

In the evening, Bonnie finished tidying up the dorm, leaving it spotless. She was so exhausted that her back ached and she could barely straighten up.

Janice, on the other hand, was lying on the bed, sleeping comfortably. It wasn't until Bonnie brought back dinner that she finally woke up.

Bonnie specially went to the cafeteria and packed four dishes and a soup, bringing them back in a thermal container.

Janice looked at the food in the container, wrinkled her nose in disgust, and put her chopsticks down. "Bon, is this really the food from your cafeteria?"

Bonnie nodded as she put on her coat. "Well, Janice, you should try it, it's really delicious. You eat first, I need to go Yvette for a bit. I might be a little late coming back."

As soon as she heard the name Yvette, Bonnie's sister's expression changed immediately.

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She looked at Bonnie and said with a sneer and a sarcastic tone, Bon, I'm just saying, be cautious around that Ms. Zeller. She clearly isn't an ordinary person. Be careful, or you might get tricked without realizing it." Bonnie stopped, turned around, and for the first time, looked at Janice with a scrutinizing gaze.

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After a brief silence, Bonnie's face became serious and her voice firm. "Janice, stop saying things like that. Yvette isn't the person you're describing. You may not know her well, but it's wrong to defame her." It was the first time Janice had seen Bonnie act like this, and she froze, stunned. Just as she was about to say something, Bonnie opened the door without hesitation and left.

Janice suddenly felt a huge wave of panic, as if something important was about to leave her.

11

At Jeremiah's villa, Yvette, Samantha, and Charles were cooking steak. The table was filled with a variety of dishes. Andrew picked up a piece of meat, put it in his mouth, and sighed, looking all despondent. Emmett poured some juice and looked at the distracted Andrew. "Why the sigh? Doesn't the steak taste good?"

Everyone else at the table also turned to Andrew, while Yvette, eyes lowered, was texting Jeremiah. She looked up and casually said, "Bonnie will be here in five minutes."

As soon as Andrew heard this, he perked up instantly. Without his girlfriend, even the steak didn't taste as good. Andrew exclaimed happily, "Look at Yvette, she always knows what I'm thinking, a true expert!"

At this point, Andrew didn't help but flatter Yvette, something he practically had ingrained in his bones.

Emmett was speechless, while Charles just shook his head.

Samantha looked at Andrew with disdain. "Sorry everyone, it's his first time being in a relationship, so please bear with him."

As soon as those words were spoken, the doorbell rang. Andrew quickly went to open the door, and as soon as he saw Bonnie, he instantly perked up.

"Bon, you're here!"

Bonnie forced a smile. On her way here, she had been thinking about Janice's words, feeling down.

After the two came in, Bonnie first greeted Yvette, then nodded to everyone else in turn. "Hi Yvette. Hi Samantha."

Yvette put away her phone, raised an eyebrow, and looked at Bonnie, her beautiful eyes maintaining their usual coolness. "Yeah, have a seat."

Samantha eagerly pulled Bonnie over to the seat next to her, calling her "little sister-in-law" at every turn. By the end of the meal, Bonnie was blushing, her face consistently rosy.

Andrew could only grit his teeth on the side, watching Samantha and Bonnie interact so closely. 'Seriously, his rival is his sister?' he wondered.

After they finished their steak, the group played a few rounds of Werewolf. By the fifth round, Andrew refused to play any longer, because Yvette identified the werewolf correctly every single time just made the game boring to him.

On the balcony, Bonnie looked at the moon with a heavy heart. Grandma was gone, and now it was just her and Janice. Yet, she felt like the sister who had loved and cared for her all these years had changed.

She changed so much that Bonnie barely recognized her. 'Am I just overthinking?' she wondered.

Yvette walked over to Bonnie with the warm milk Andrew had specially prepared for her. She looked at Bonnie with a blank expression and said casually, "Andrew warmed this up for you."

Bonnie took the milk and drank it quietly. Yvette didn't hurry away; she sat down on the rocking chair, rocking back and forth in a relaxed manner.

After a moment, Bonnie placed the empty cup on the table. She looked down and softly asked, "Yvette, do you think people really change?" 18:39 Mon, Dec 2 G

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Yvette half-closed her brows, her cold eyes glancing at Bonnie. Her dark gaze was tinged with a trace of malice.

With a lazy, nonchalant tone, she said, "The human heart is the most unreliable thing in this world. People change, or maybe they never changed at all. It's just that you're only seeing it clearly now." Bonnie was taken aback, and it was a while before she spoke again. "Yvette, you're right."

The next day, news surfaced that Argrol University, in collaboration with Seacriety's government and with \$70 million from an anonymous investor, had established a Women's Protection Association.

The identity of the mysterious person sparked countless speculations, but no matter how much the reporters pressed, Simon refused to reveal any details about them. In the end, the public could only let it go without any answers.

However, this incident sparked a societal discussion on sexual assault against women. Relevant authorities began to pay attention to the issue and promptly enacted related laws, which, to some extent, helped protect women's personal safety.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 433[1,281 words]

Chapter 433

In the following days, Janice came and went at odd hours, and her wardrobe had completely changed. She now wore branded clothes, and her bags went from a few thousand to tens of thousands, even over a hundred thousand. She wore heavy makeup every day. Bonnie watched all of this with her eyes wide open.

In the middle of the night, Janice came in smelling of alcohol. As soon as she turned on the lights, she saw Bonnie sitting on a chair, which startled her.

"What are you doing, Bon, up in the middle of the night instead of sleeping? You look like a ghost."

The clothes Janice was wearing were different from the ones she went out in earlier. She had obviously changed.

Bonnie said, "Janice, what have you been doing lately? Didn't you promise me that you'd seriously look for a job? What are you doing now?"

For a moment, Janice's expression was awkward, then she became embarrassed and angry. She snapped at Bonnie, "Bon, I'm your older sister. How dare you question me like this?"

Bonnie looked at the unfamiliar Janice in front of her and said weakly, "Janice, stop dodging the question. Are you in a relationship?"

Recently, Janice had been living quite comfortably. She used a few subtle tactics to latch onto a wealthy second-generation heir from the finance department at Argrol University. Although the man had a girlfriend, he promised to break up with her and give Janice a legitimate status. Now, everything she wore and used came from this man's money.

To Janice, Bonnie no longer had any value. She no longer wanted to maintain the facade of their sisterhood.

Janice sneered. "Bon, stop with that worried expression. I don't care in the slightest. To tell you the truth, I've found myself a rich guy. He's willing to spend money on me, buying bags and clothes, and now I'm living the life I've always wanted."

Bonnie watched Janice, now so arrogant and full of herself, with a heavy heart. She knew Yvette was right-people do change. Janice was no longer the older sister she once knew.

"Janice, do you realize you're being the other woman? That guy is a known player at our college and already has a fiancée who's a perfect match for him. He's not going to marry you."

Janice laughed dismissively while fiddling with her nails, and said, "Oh, I'm aware of his fiancée. She's not even as good-looking as me. Robert will dump her eventually, and I don't care!"

Bonnie felt a chill in her heart, 'Is Janice really knowingly choosing to be the other woman?'

Janice looked at the devastated Bonnie and, since things were already tense, decided to escalate it completely.

Janice said, "Bon, we've been sisters, so don't blame me for not warning you. A man like Andrew, who only earns a few thousand a month, isn't worth it."

She continued. "If you're smart, I'll have Robert introduce you to a rich guy. Why work so hard? Isn't it better to make money while lying down?"

Janice originally intended to target Andrew, but the next day, when she followed Bonnie to find him, she discovered that he wasn't a wealthy heir at all—he was just an ordinary worker. Andrew was a librarian.

No matter how handsome he was, his aura instantly faded. She had already known that Bonnie, that fool, would never be

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able to find a good marr

Bonnie suddenly felt a wave of nausea..She couldn't bear to look at Janice anymore.

Janice didn't care. She ignored Bonnie's reaction, packed her things, and looked at Bonnie before leaving.

"Bon, people from our little village have always treated you and me differently. You were the saint, while I was like your servant. Even Grandma favored you. That's why I've been jealous of you since we were kids, even hated you."

She paused and then continued. "When we were little, I even thought about drowning you. Now, it's all come to this. I've endured it for so long, but from today on, I'm no longer your sister. Let's just be strangers."

With that, she left Bonnie's room without a second thought, leaving Bonnie standing there in shock. It turned out that when she was five, Bonnie was really pushed into the river by Janice. If it weren't for the villagers passing by, she would have drowned. The next day at the Argrol University cafeteria.

Yvette, Bonnie, and Charles had just finished getting their meals when they ran into Janice and her group.

She arrived with that rich kid, Robert, and a few others. Among them, Janice was the only girl hanging onto Robert's arm. Janice leaned into Robert, her smile charming and cute. In just a few days, she had become the ultimate trendsetter. Janice froze for a moment when she saw Bonnie and Yvette, then acted as if nothing had happened and walked over casually.

After sitting down, Bonnie took a bite of a rib and forced a smile. "Yvette, you should try this, it's really tasty."

Yvette lifted her eyes and sat casually, saying, "If you don't feel like smiling, then don't."

Charles slowly ate the food on his plate and said calmly, "It's silly to get upset over someone who isn't worth it."

Bonnie was startled for a moment.

As soon as Yvette entered the cafeteria, everyone around recognized her instantly. With a face like that, staying low-key was impossible.

However, the students at Argrol University were very taciturn. Due to Yvette's powerful presence, no one dared to approach. They could only silently observe from a distance.

Janice noticed Robert and his friends deliberately avoiding the numerous seats near Yvette, choosing to sit farther away instead. She couldn't understand why they did that.

Janice tidied her hair and cautiously asked Robert, "Robert, there are so many seats over there. Why didn't you sit there?"

Robert thought Janice was just curious.

He whispered, "At Argrol University, wherever there's a Goddess, everyone just naturally leaves that seat empty." Janice's face went rigid, her pupils contracted, and her breath caught slightly. She stared steadily at Yvette ahead. 'Goddess? Are you referring to this Yvette? No way. Absolutely impossible, she thought.

Robert didn't notice Janice's bewildered expression. "See? That's the girl over there, the most beautiful one. Her name's Yvette. Don't you keep up with the news?"

Janice definitely wasn't going to admit that she was from a small, isolated town in Cloud Province, out of touch with the latest updates. She could only nod firmly. "Oh, I do watch it, every day, of course."

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Seeing Janice claim to watch the news every day, Robert didn't press further. 'Anyone who had been following the news recently should know about that international event, right? What's there to be surprised about?' he thought.

Robert looked at Yvette and the other two with a sense of admiration and said, "It's not just the goddess who's amazing. Look at the two people beside her. One is Charles, who was promoted to assistant by the law professor shortly after transferring here."

He continued. "The other is Bonnie. She seems ordinary, but she's outstanding-she gets scholarships every year and is one of the top students who's been recommended for graduate school by the university."

Everyone at the table was lively and animated, each offering their own thoughts about those three people.

"If the Goddess could just smile at me once, I'd die happy, really

"Stop daydreaming, man. I wouldn't even dare to think about the Goddess. But if I could just talk with Bonnie, that'd be great."

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"Who wouldn't agree with that? But let's not get ahead of ourselves; we're not that fortunate. I wonder how many days the Goddess will stay at the school this time."

"If the Goddess decided to stay on campus, I'd definitely be at the cafeteria every day."

Off to the side, Janice felt tense while listening to their conversation, forcing a strained smile.

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Chapter 434

Two days later, Bonnie and Yvette ran into Janice at an upscale mall where Bonnie worked part-time. Janice was strolling around with a middle-aged man who had a bit of a belly and was balding. The two of them seemed close. Bonnie stared at Janice, who was all dressed up, then quickly looked away. She turned to Yvette, who was seated on the couch, and said, "Give me a minute, Yve. My shift just ended, and I'll go change. Then we can meet up with Andrew." Yvette, lounging comfortably with her legs crossed, looked up. Her eyes sparkled faintly as she spoke, her voice calm and smooth, "Sure."

Bonnie smiled and was just about to leave when Janice's voice rang out. "Hey, you, the salesperson! Bring that outfit over here. I want to try it on."

Hearing Janice's voice, Bonnie let out a sigh. She thought, 'Life has a way of throwing people you didn't want to see right in your path, while those you missed stay just out of reach.'

Yvette didn't move from her seat, watching Janice approach with a cool expression as if she were a complete stranger. It was only when Janice came closer that she noticed Yvette behind Bonnie and gasped. "What are you doing here?"

Bonnie turned around to stare at Janice who looked utterly shocked. She worked hard to conceal the bitterness inside, keeping a polite smile as she said softly, "Hello. Let me know which outfit you like, and I'll bring it over for you"

When Janice noticed Bonnie's uniform, she immediately understood that Bonnie was working part-time there. Her initial surprise quickly turned into disdain as she scoffed. To her, Bonnie's refusal to use any "connections" meant she would stay low on the social ladder forever.

Seeing Yvette's indifferent expression, Janice felt a surge of anger. She couldn't understand why anyone admired Yvette so much at Argrol University. Yvette was just a "top student with a pretty face. She thought, 'What is all the fuss about?

Realizing Jeremiah wasn't around, Janice started scheming again. She was with her new sugar daddy, who had taken a particular interest in her. He had been generous and even had ties to the underground world-more than enough to handle someone like Yvette. Her sponsor even had a private jet. She thought, 'Sure, Jeremiah might have some money, but my man is nothing to scoff at I'm gonna pay Yvette back for that kick in Dungo Village!'

Yvette raised her head, her brow furrowing slightly as a chill settled over her expression. Her eyes, cold and deep like a lake, gave Janice a single frosty glance.

That look made Janice's grip on her bag so tight that she nearly tore it. She bit her lips. It was that same dismissive look that made her feel as insignificant as an insect in front of Yvette.

With a huff, Janice threw herself onto the couch directly across from Yvette. Then, just to show off, she called the chubby man over, acting overly affectionate and addressing him as "darling" at every turn.

When the man, Ben Murphy, waddled over and caught sight of Yvette, his eyes lit up. Although he was speaking to Janice, he couldn't stop sneaking glances at Yvette.

"Anything you like?" Ben said to Janice, "Whatever you want, I'll get it for you. Money is not an issue. I'll buy you a villa next time.

Janice froze, surprised by his sudden generosity. He hadn't been this lavish yesterday. However, seeing the way his gaze kept drifting toward Yvette, a wave of panic hit her. Yvette wasn't doing anything but sitting there, yet she still managed to steal all the attention.

Janice leaned in closer to the man, deliberately brushing her breast against his. Sure enough, his attention shifted back to

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her. She pouted and said, "I want this girl to serve me, babe."

Bonnie glanced down at her watch. Her shift was officially over. Taking a deep breath, she responded calmly, "Excuse me, Miss, Sir, but my shift has ended. Another girl will assist you shortly."

Hearing how Bonnie addressed her, Janice's expression flickered with unease, but she quickly masked it with anger. She thought, 'How dare Bonnie cut me off like this?'

Janice fumed, "I don't care if your shift is over. I'm demanding that you help me, or I'll file a complaint."

Ben dug into his black bag, pulled out a thick wad of cash, and tossed it onto the table. He sneered, "You need to learn some respect. If I say you're staying, you're staying. Serve us well, and this tip is all yours."

Seeing Ben back her up, Janice became even bolder. She figured that Yvette was silently watching because she was intimidated. She thought that Bonnie must finally see Yvette's true colors-she wasn't as impressive as she seemed.

Bonnie couldn't believe Janice had stooped this low, but this was the final straw. Without losing her composure, she looked at Janice and replied calmly, "Whatever."

Ben's face twisted with irritation at Bonnie's indifferent attitude. He had made his fortune in real estate during a lucky boom, becoming a nouveau riche who was used to people catering to him.

Now, seeing a mere salesgirl act like she didn't care, he shot up from the couch, raising his hand to slap her.

Janice watched eagerly, hoping the slap would land hard. Bonnie deserved it in her eyes, and after Bonnie, she planned to deal with Yvette too-neither of them would get away.

However, just as Ben raised his hand, he was suddenly sent sprawling to the floor with a fierce kick. He hit the ground hard, smashing his lips and losing a front tooth. Groaning in pain, he clutched his mouth, wailing loudly. Janice froze, a chill running through her as the scene struck an eerie familiarity. This was just like what had happened to her in Dongo Village a few days ago when she had been knocked to the ground. Her body shook at the memory. Ben glared up at her, furious. "What are you looking at? Get over here and help me up!"

Janice quickly rushed forward to help Ben up, feigning concern. "Are you alright, babe?"

Ben, whose speech was slurred by the missing tooth, glared at her in frustration. "Can't you see? I'm... I'm missing my tooth... It's gone!"

Putting on a sympathetic face, Janice cooed, "Oh, babe, does it hurt? I saw it all. It was that woman, Yvette, who kicked you. She's the one to blame! You can't let her get away with it!"

Ben shot a furious look at Yvette, his pride wounded as much as his lips. He thought, 'Is she trained in boxing or something? How could she kick that hard?'

Seething, Ben shouted, "How dare you kick me? I know people in high places, and I won't let you go easily. Have you ever heard of the Chambers family? Top dogs in Seacrity. I know the head of the family and trust me, you're finished." Bonnie's face showed a flicker of surprise and amusement when Ben mentioned the Chambers family. She thought, The Chambers family? Is he stupid? Did he even realize he was saying this in front of the daughter of Mr. Chambers? 17:18 Tue, Dec 3

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- Secrets Of Mr S 435[1,195 words]

Chapter 435

Bonnie glanced over at Yvette, feeling sorry for Ben. She thought, 'Why did he mention the Chambers family? If Mr. Chambers truly knew this guy, well, he might piss Yve off!

Yvette raised an eyebrow, tilting her head slightly as her intense gaze settled on Ben and Janice. Suddenly, a sly smile crept onto her face. "You're saying you know Zachary Chambers, right And that he has your back, huh?"

Ben was caught off guard when Yvette mentioned Zachary, momentarily stunned. However, he quickly regained his composure and nodded, trying to look confident.

He said, "Well, it seems you've got a little bit of sense, knowing Seacrity's top family and Mr. Chambers. Yeah, that's exactly who I talking about. He and I are close.

"If I call him, he'll definitely send someone to teach you a lesson. So, I'd suggest you apologize and hang out with me for a few days, and maybe I'll consider letting you go."

Ben's eyes roamed over Yvette, clearly more focused on her looks than on his threat. Sure, Janice was attractive, but compared to Yvette, she was just nobody. If he got to choose one between them, he would definitely pick Yvette.

Janice had no idea what was going through Ben's mind. She thought he was genuinely standing up for her Although she didn't know much about this "Mr. Chambers", she could gather from Ben's tone that he must be a powerful and wealthy figure. Feeling smug, Janice turned to Yvette and sneered, "My man and Mr. Chambers are as close as family. Offending us means offending him. If you don't listen to us, we'll kick you out of Seacrity."

Bonnie watched the two of them put on their little show and try to threaten Yvette, feeling disgusted.

She thought, 'Do they have any clue about the relationship between the almighty Zachary they were talking about and Yve? And yet, here they were, boasting like fools. What a joke.' Watching Janice's arrogant look, Bonnie knew there was no going back to their sisterhood.

Yvette, unfazed by their threat, sat down on the couch with a calm aura in her sharp gaze. Crossing one leg over the other, she casually played with her phone, exuding fearless confidence. She looked every bit the boss, with an air of defiance. Yvette looked at the two in front of her, her eyes gleaming with a hint of malice, and she gave a casual smile. "Since you know Zachary, I'll give you a chance. Call him over. The head of Seacrity's first family must be impressive, right?" Ben froze. He thought, 'Is she out of her mind?'

He did want to call Zachary over, but he had only sat at the same table with him a couple of times. Their relationship was nothing more than ordinary.

He had never expected anyone to believe that the Chambers family would actually come to his aid. He had said it just to intimidate Yvette, but now, he wasn't sure how to respond.

After a long pause, Ben stammered, but no words came out. Even Janice noticed something was off.

She immediately pulled Ben aside, whispering urgently, "What's wrong, babe? Yvette is challenging you. Hurry up and call Mr. Chambers to back us up, or we'll just be the laughingstock. Please, call him now!"

Ben couldn't tell her the truth without embarrassing himself, and the truth was, he had no way of actually bringing Zachary here. As he was caught in this awkward situation, suddenly, Yvette's phone rang.

Ben couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief as the phone rang, and their eyes instantly focused on Yvette's phone. She

sead "Zachary" and answered the call without showing any signs of surprise

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"Where are you, Yvette Are you coming home to have dinner with me?" Zachary's voice came through the phone, warm and familiar.

Yvette raised her eyes, glancing at Ben opposite her. With a faint lift of her eyebrows, she calmly replied, "I'm at Starlight

Plaza."

Before she could even finish, Zachary's excited voice came through. "Starlight Plaza? What a coincidence! I'm here inspecting the stores too. Which floor are you on? I'll come up in a few minutes." Starlight Plaza was part of the Chambers Group's holdings, and Zachary had unexpectedly come by to check on the business, never expecting to run into Yvette here.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression indifferent. "Fifth floor

Zachary immediately replied, "I'll be there in about 15 minutes."

After a brief pause, Yvette ended the call. Bonnie, who had overheard the conversation, wasn't sure at first and asked cautiously, "Was that Mr. Chambers, Yve?" Yvette nodded slightly and pursed her lips. "Yes."

Hearing that, Ben and Janice, who had been eavesdropping, immediately tensed. Janice's expression quickly shifted from smug to incredulous as she let out a sharp laugh, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

She said, "Wait, Bonnie, you're not talking about Zachary, the head of the Chambers family, are you? That's impossible! Don't think you and Yvette can just muddle through and get away with this. Yvette broke my babe's teeth, and we won't let her go."

Bonnie was taken aback for a moment but then nodded seriously, saying, "Yes, the person who called is the head of the Chambers family, Mr. Zachary Chambers. He's..."

Before she could finish, Ben's loud laugh cut her off. "You two little girls have no idea who Zachary is, do you? He's a prominent figure in Seacrity, someone you could never just casually call or meet.

"Don't think you can fool me with a phone call. If you refuse to apologize, neither of you are leaving. Get down on your knees and apologize now!"

Janice chimed in, agreeing with Ben, "Exactly, Yvette's surname is Zeller and Zachary's surname is Chambers. Come on, at least educate yourself before you lie. This is just ridiculous!"

Yvette slowly stood up from the couch, her eyes scanning her watch. Zachary would be here in about ten minutes-just enough time. She turned her head toward Bonnie and whispered, "Close the door."

Bonnie glanced at Janice and Ben, knowing all too well that crossing Yvette came with consequences. No one was exempt, not even her sister.

Bonnie quickly walked over to the counter, pulled out a smart key from the drawer, and used it to remotely lock the door, cutting off the view from the outside. Now, only the four of them were left inside the store.

Janice and Ben froze when they saw the door close, confused. They thought, 'Why is she shutting the door?'

Janice, feeling suddenly panicked, shouted, "What are you doing, Yvette? Open the door now!"

Ben, clutching his mouth where Yvette had kicked him earlier, was clearly shaken. His legs were still throbbing from the blow, and he couldn't stop trembling.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression sly and dangerous. Her gaze was sharp, and her voice was cold as she slowly said, "Why did we shut the door? To lock you in, of course. It's time for you to face the consequences."

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Janice and Ben stiffened, thinking, 'Lock us in? Oh no, this is going to be serious.

Janice quickly took a step back and hid behind Ben, her face filled with fear. "You... Don't come any closer!"

Ben, however, wasn't about to let Janice hide behind him. He roughly pulled her out from behind.

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Chapter 436

Ten minutes later, Janice and Ben stood there, rubbing their swollen faces, glancing at each other with nothing but resentment.

Bonnie stood aside, observing the two of them-Janice and Ben-who had been slapping each other moments ago. Her gaze drifted to the silver gun on the table, and she let out a sigh. Just ten minutes ago, after the door was closed, Yvette had done nothing to physically intervene. Janice and Ben, seeing Yvette pull out the gun, were so terrified they lost all composure. They had blamed each other until they finally started fighting. Throughout it all, Yvette had simply sat on the couch, not saying a word. And now, here they were, reduced to this pathetic state. Janice had it worse. After all, Ben, being a man, had the advantage in physical strength. Janice had been beaten badly, her screams piercing the air in a tragic, shrill cry. Finally, the two stopped. Ben, with a wounded face, spat on the ground and pointed at Janice, saying to Yvette, "She's the one who started all this and dragged me into this mess.

"I was just fooled by her. If you're angry, take it out on her. I'm innocent in all of this."

Ben trembled as he saw the gun on the table, his fear palpable. He understood that he had crossed a line he should never have crossed.

After years of navigating through society, he knew all too well what it meant when a woman could casually pull out a gun-he had just kicked a hornet's nest.

Janice, lying on the floor, slowly raised her head. Her face was bruised and battered, every inch of her body in pain. Her eyes locked onto Yvette who was sitting calmly on the couch, resembling a demon. Janice's chest rose and fell with every labored breath, her eyes wide with seething anger, tears of hatred pooling in them. "From the moment I laid eyes on you, Yvette, I hated

you.

"Why is even my only sister on your side and all I have left is this old man to help me get what I want? It's not fair! If I were you, I would be a thousand times better than you."

Yvette had beauty granted by heaven and a rich boyfriend like Jeremiah, and everything was handed to her effortlessly. Unlike her, Janice had to struggle and manipulate a man as old as her father to survive. Even Bonnie, for Yvette's sake, would easily cast aside their years of sisterhood, never even allowing Janice to speak ill of

Yvette.

Yvette lowered her head slightly, her gaze turning piercing as she glanced at Janice. Her eyes were as sharp as ice, chilling and emotionless. She leaned back against the couch, her profile distant and indifferent, and her expression devoid of any warmth.

It was this very indifference and unreachable aura around Yvette that stung Janice deeply, Yvette seemed so untouchable, almost divine as if everyone else were beneath her. Her presence made Janice realize just how insignificant and small she truly was. Bonnie stepped forward, observing Janice's expression, and at this very moment, she finally moved on.

With calm clarity, Bonnie said, "This is the last time I'm talking to you as your family. You always complain about why things are the way they are. The truth is, you're not Yvette, and you never will be.

"Even if you somehow became like her, you would still be walking the same path you're on now—using your body to get everything you want through men. You've turned Yvette into some imagined enemy, just to find a way to justify your

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feelings of inadequacy

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Janice froze, stunned by Bonnie's words. She thought, "That's bullshit. Yvette is the one to blame. Why did someone like her have to exist, showing me just how pitiful I am in comparison?

This is probably what they mean by an unexpected failure. Even if an exceptional person does nothing at all, just standing there will make others jealous.

Janice covered her ears and screamed frantically, "I don't want to hear it, Bonnie, you're such a fool. Stop talking! It's all Yvette's fault. You're my sister, not hers!"

Ben, processing what Janice had just said, paused in confusion. He thought, 'She's insane. Why had I ever gotten involved with her? She deliberately came to cause trouble for her own sister, making a scene in her store. What a madwoman. Bonnie stood there, watching Janice stubbornly cling to her delusions. She said in a low and firm voice, "Maybe I've never really seen you for who you are."

Janice sneered with madness in her eyes. "You're right. When you were five, I wanted to drown you. Too bad that the hunter saved you.

"Afterward, I burned down his house while he was out hunting. His pregnant wife died in the fire. He paid the price for his meddling."

Janice's words came out lightly, as though she were proud of them. To her, if that hunter hadn't interfered, Bonnie would have died long ago, and she would have been her grandmother's only granddaughter. Bonnie stared in disbelief at Janice, her eyes wide with shock as she processed her words.

She had been too young to remember the fire that had ravaged their village, but now she realized that it was because of Janice that the hunter's family had suffered. The realization hit her like a slap in the face.

Bonnie's lips trembled with rage as she glared at Janice, who was still smiling with a twisted sense of satisfaction. Bonnie's voice rose in fury. "You... You're hopeless."

Ben, who had never imagined that he had gotten involved with a murderer, turned pale. Fear overtook him, and he instinctively shrank away, not daring to utter a single word.

Yvette, who had been sitting on the couch, stood up slowly and walked over to Janice with an air of calm indifference. She looked down at her, her eyes cold. She thought, 'Humans are inherently good, but some people are born evil.

Yvette crouched down beside Janice. Without warning, she slammed Janice's head against the ground again and again, exuding an eerie, cold aura. Each strike was like a death sentence, and the room echoed with the sickening sound of Janice's skull hitting the tiles.

Janice didn't expect Yvette to act so quickly. Before she could react, her mind grew increasingly fuzzy, and all that echoed through the clothing store were the repeated sounds of her head hitting the floor.

It wasn't until Janice's head became a bloody mess that Yvette finally released her grip.

Bonnie looked down at Janice who was lying on the floor with weak breaths and said nothing. Instead, he pulled gloves out of her pocket, walked up to Yvette, and said, "Take this, Yve."

Yvette glanced at Bonnie for a moment before taking the gloves from her. With a calm grace, she began to wipe her hands clean slowly as if nothing had happened.

Ben, terrified and trembling, had long since retreated to the corner of the room, unable to do anything but watch in horror.

His eyes were wide, fixed on the bloodied and bruised figure of Janice and then to Yvette, who stood as still and unbothered as a statue. He was so scared he couldn't even breathe normally, afraid that the slightest misstep would provoke Yvette's 17:34 Wed, Dec 4GG.

Chapter 436

wrath.

188%

Yvette's gaze flickered toward Ben, her expression as cold as ice. Ben's knees buckled in-fear, and before she could even speak, he collapsed to the floor, tears streaming down his face. "Please, Ms. Zeller, I swear I didn't see anything! "I'm not even close to Janice. She came to me at the bar yesterday, and I was just out of my mind. Please, don't hurt me. I swear, if I had known she was a murderer, I would've never gone near her!"

As Ben knelt and begged for mercy, his tears flowed freely, making him more pitiful.

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Chapter 437

Yvette ignored Ben's frantic pleas. With a slight tilt of her head, she turned to Bonnie and calmly said, "Open the door." Bonnie nodded, taking the key out of her pocket. With a swift motion, she unlocked the door, and it creaked open. As soon as Ben saw the door open, he scrambled to escape, his fear making him move with panic. He didn't want to stay any longer in this terrifying place because he felt that Yvette was more dangerous than anyone he had ever encountered. However, as Ben reached the doorway, he bumped into Zachary Lucas, and a group of bodyguards. The bodyguards instantly went on alert when they saw someone rushing toward Zachary, and one of them delivered a punch, knocking Ben to the ground. Ben scrambled to his feet, and upon seeing Zachary, he thought he had found a savior. "Help, Mr. Chambers. There are two murderers in there! You need to call the police!" he cried out.

Unexpectedly, Zachary ignored Ben, his gaze sliding past him and landing on Yvette. His eyes flickered with a glint of recognition.

Ben, too consumed by fear, failed to notice the excitement in Zachary's eyes. He kept shouting for help.

Without a word, Zachary stepped around Ben and walked toward Yvette, entirely ignoring both Ben's frantic cries and the severely injured Janice on the floor.

Lucas looked at Janice lying on the ground, frowning. He thought, 'It seemed that Ms. Zeller did it. What did she do to provoke her to such an extent? It must have been something serious. Otherwise, Ms. Zeller wouldn't have been so ruthless. Zachary walked over to Yvette and Bonnie, a smile tugging at his lips. "What brings you to Starlight Plaza, Yvette? Is there something you're into? Everything here belongs to us, so if you like anything, we can have it delivered to you."

Lucas barely held back a sigh. It seemed that Zachary was so excited to see Yvette that he couldn't even notice the woman lying on the ground.

Stepping forward, Lucas lowered his voice and asked, "How should we handle the woman on the floor and the man who seems out of his mind, Ms. Zeller?"

It was only then that Zachary seemed to notice Janice, but he didn't show much surprise. After all, Yvette's actions were always so normal to him. There was nothing worth making a fuss over.

Yvette, with her hands in her pockets, answered casually, "The one on the floor should be sent to the police station. Zane will know what to do. As for this man, do whatever you want with him." Her words sealed the fate of both. Lucas nodded respectfully. "Understood, Ms. Zeller. I'll handle it immediately."

Ben froze in shock when he heard Lucas address Yvette as "Ms. Zeller". His eyes widened, his lips trembling, unable to form any words.

He thought, 'It seems that Zachary's butler has great respect for this woman. Wait, she must be the long-lost daughter of the Chambers family.'

Some rumors among the elite of Seacrity flashed through Ben's mind. It was said that in memory of his first wife, Zachary had his returned daughter take her mother's surname. Ben hadn't believed the stories, but now, it seemed that they were true.

Looking at the smiling Zachary and the expressionless Yvette, Ben lowered his head.

The Chambers family's bodyguards stepped forward, swiftly taking both Janice and Ben away, and sending them off to wherever they belonged.

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Yvette turned to Bonite and said softly, "Go change. Andrew is waiting outside."

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Bonnie, watching Janice being carried away, snapped out of her thoughts upon hearing Yvette's words. She nodded quickly. "Okay, I'll be right back, Yve. You can chat with Mr. Chambers for a while." She gave a polite bow to Zachary, acting sweet. Zachary had seen Bonnie before, but this time, noticing the way Yvette interacted with her, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy.

Honestly, the personalities of Bonnie and Yvette seemed completely different, so their friendship was certainly surprising to Zachary. However, no one could be sure where human connections came from.

Zachary couldn't help but sigh. "This girl doesn't seem like someone who could be your friend."

Yvette casually squeezed her fingers, raising an eyebrow with a calm expression, her gaze gentle but her tone still cool. "She's stronger and more decisive than you might think."

After all, someone raised to be the special woman of a centuries-old village wouldn't have an ordinary temperament.

Yvette hadn't overly involved herself in Janice's matter because she wanted Bonnie to see the people around her clearly. How she chose to handle it was entirely up to her.

Lucas, now a devoted fan of Yvette, was confident in her judgment. He thought that if she said someone was good, he was undoubtedly good.

Lucas was reminded of Zoe. He thought, 'Ms. Zeller is so good at reading people. Who would have expected that someone with Zoe's physical limitations would be talented in design and finance? In a short time, Zoe had brought immense profit to the Chambers Group. 'If Ms. Zeller hadn't seen her potential, Zoe would have been overlooked. That would have been a huge loss for the Chambers Group. If things kept progressing this way, Zoe would undoubtedly become one of the best employees there. Zachary knew that Yvette was planning

to go out for a meal, and he insisted on tagging along with them.

Yvette couldn't resist his request. With a sigh, she reluctantly agreed.

Fortunately, the meal turned out to be quite enjoyable. With Andrew, who was good at cheering people up, even someone as serious as Zachary was amused.

The two of them hit it off so well that Zachary even decided to adopt Andrew as his godson, a proposal Andrew eagerly accepted.

He thought, 'Who wouldn't want a rich father? Come on, he's the head of the most prominent family in Seacuity. Not to mention, he is also the future father-in-law of Jeremiah as well as Yvette's real father.'

Lucas observed Zachary and Andrew drink, thinking, 'How could someone with such close ties to Jeremiah be poor? But what if Andrew's father didn't approve of this godfather arrangement? That could cause some trouble.'

The next day, however, when Tim heard about the situation, he only said one thing. "Andrew must've stepped in some serious luck with this one."

This really was pure luck. Given his wealth, Zachary would be considered a royal member in ancient times. Whoever got to be his godson was lucky.

Of course, Zachary was unaware of just how distinguished he had become, and it was likely that his future standing would only grow more prestigious.

The next day, Zane called Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, the file on Janice was urgently transferred from Normis last night. I've had a look, and besides the hunter case you mentioned, she's also linked to an incident in her village where someone was tortured to death. 17:34 Wed, Dec 4 GG.

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"According to the testimony of a villager arrested from Dungo Village, he saw her and Sheldon beating a girl, and later, the girl drowned.

"This case still needs more time to verify, but rest assured, Ms. Zeller, I will personally handle it. If Janice is truly responsible for the girl's death, she will face the full force of the law."

Zane had rushed to the police station as soon as he received Yvette's call yesterday. As soon as she returned to Seacurity, he had plenty of work to do, but honestly, he didn't mind it at all.

After all, ever since he became a police officer, his goal had been to serve the country. He wasn't here to just sit idly by.

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Yvette said politely, "Thank you for your hard work, Mr. Chappell."

Zane chuckled softly, knowing exactly who he was speaking to. He wasn't about to accept any thanks. "Ms. Zeller, this is part of my job. It's no trouble at all."

They exchanged a few more words. Zane informed Yvette that Janice had woken up in the hospital and had been demanding to see Bonnie, insisting she wouldn't cooperate otherwise. However, Janice couldn't keep up her stubborn act for long. After all, she told the truth herself, and there were witnesses. Plus, they had sent people to Normis overnight to gather evidence. If something had happened, there would be a trace of it. The law never misses a detail, and no one could escape its reach.

Yvette hung up the phone and turned her gaze toward Bonnie, who was savoring her pork ribs. She raised an eyebrow and said, "Janice wants to see you." Bonnie paused for a moment, finishing the

last piece of rib. She nodded calmly, her voice soft but resolute. "I will go, Yve. It's the right thing to do." Yvette's expression remained indifferent as she replied, "Alright. Let Andrew go with you. I'll wait for you to come home. There will be a huge dinner." Bonnie paused, a little confused. She thought, 'A huge dinner? Who's making it? Emmett, Charles, Andrew, and Samantha- none of them can cook, right?' Yvette pursed her lips, casually replying, "Jeremiah will be back soon. He's cooking."

Now Bonnie understood. It was Jeremiah who was making dinner. If it weren't for Yvette, there was no way she would get to eat a meal cooked by him.

It wasn't just Bonnie. When Emmett and the others heard that Jeremiah was coming back to cook, they were all excited. They were shocked and couldn't believe he would do such a thing.

Bonnie put down her fork, grinning as she scratched her head, looking adorably clueless. "If Jeremiah is cooking, I'm definitely coming back on time. This kind of chance probably won't come around again in my lifetime." Yvette nodded, her finger tracing the rim of her cup. She casually took a piece of orange and popped it in her mouth, saying, "Fine."

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Janice was wrapped in bandages, her face disfigured. She had already realized the gravity of her situation-police were stationed outside her room.

She hadn't expected that her impulsive words would land her straight in jail. She couldn't understand why Yvette's single statement had led to her being brought to the police station. She wondered, 'What is she exactly?' Even now, in her current situation, Janice still didn't think she was wrong. She insisted that it was everyone else's fault, never

hers.

As Janice stared out the window, lost in thought, Bonnie and Andrew had already arrived at the hospital entrance. Zane had warned them in advance, so the police outside didn't stop them.

Andrew grabbed Bonnie's hand and gently patted her on the head. "If you need anything, I'll be right outside," he said softly. Bonnie nodded, reassuring him, "Don't worry. We need to clear this up one way or another." She then pushed the door open. As the door creaked open, Janice stiffened, turning her head. When she saw Bonnie enter, her eyes darkened with malice.

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Bonnie closed the door behind her and walked over to the bedside, sitting down calmly at the foot of the bed.

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Janice's voice was sharp. "How dare you show up here, Bonnie? Why didn't you stop Yvette when she called the police? You've ruined me, do you know that?"

Bonnie hid the bitter smile in her eyes as she looked up at Janice. There was no longer any turbulence in her heart when facing her so-called sister.

She said, "Janice, do you think Grandma was unfair to you because I was born special while you were born a day earlier? You thought if you had been born later, you would be the special one and Grandma would have treated you differently, right?" Janice's face twisted in fury as she glared at Bonnie, gritting her teeth. "Yes! Because I was born before you, I have to be just an ordinary person while you get to be the special one.

"What makes you so special? You're nothing but a disaster, and Mom died giving birth to you!"

Janice's words cut into Bonnie like a sharp sword. She wanted to see Bonnie break down and to see her despair. She wanted to take her down with her.

However, Janice was wrong. Bonnie just stared at her calmly, far too calm for what she had expected.

Janice couldn't believe it. She screamed in a frenzy, "Why aren't you crying? Don't you love to cry? You killed Mom! You should be suffering for that. You should be the one to despair!"

Bonnie remained calm. If she had heard those words in the past, she might have crumbled, but after being with Yvette for so long she had learned to build a strong heart to face any kind of hurt. She had to strive to become stronger. Those words were no longer the last straw that could break her. Instead, they just helped her see Janice for who she truly

was.

Bonnie locked eyes with Janice and said slowly, "You haven't read Grandma's will, have you?"

Her tone was certain. Janice froze for a moment and sneered, "What's so special about her will? It's probably just more of her useless talk about us sisters supporting each other. What's the point of reading it? I hate you, and I hate Grandma more." Bonnie remained calm as she walked forward and slapped Janice, putting every ounce of strength into it.

The slap sent Janice reeling, her head spinning as she held her face in shock. "You... How dare you hit me?"

Bonnie sat back down in her chair, her tone as indifferent as ever. "Grandma said in her will that you're not my real sister."

Janice's eyes widened in disbelief. "That's impossible. You've gone too far with your lies, Bonnie. How could you say I'm not your real sister? Do you really think I'll believe such nonsense?"

Bonnie didn't bother with Janice's outrage and continued speaking calmly, unfazed. "You're not my sister. You were found by Grandma in an old well.

"You know the village rules, don't you? You were our neighbor's daughter, and because you were a girl, they followed the custom and threw you into the well. Grandma found you just before you breathed your last.

"It just so happened that Mom was about to give birth around that time, so Grandma, being kind-hearted, lied and said you and I were twins to bring you back.

"If it hadn't been for my fortunate timing, I would have been the one to die instead. Now, do you still think Grandma was unfair?"

Janice shook her head violently, clutching it as if she were being driven mad. Her voice was hoarse as she screamed, "That's not true! You're lying. I don't believe a word of it! Bonnie, you liar!"

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Andrew heard Janice's cries and immediately sensed something was wrong. He rushed in and saw Bonnie standing calmly while Janice was on the bed, clutching her head, looking utterly had. He thought, 'What on earth had happened?' Bonnie looked at Janice with a cold expression. "You say Grandma was unfair, but every meal you ate was made by her to your tastes. She stayed up late to make you new clothes.

"According to the village rules, you shouldn't even have had the right to go to school. Grandma begged Holden, using my special status to secure your place. She gave you everything you wanted since your childhood."

Janice's mind seemed to cloud over, the pain in her head growing worse. Her vision was filled with the kind, elderly face of her grandma who had raised her.

Finally, Janice broke down in tears, covering her ears, but Bonnie merely gave her a cold glance. Without hesitation, she turned around and walked away. She felt sorry for her grandma that she had raised such an ungrateful brat.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 439[1,329 words]

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At the entrance of the hospital, Andrew gently held Bonnie and aid in a deep voice, "Let's go, Bonnie. Yvette is still waiting for us at home."

The moment Bonnie stepped outside, her eyes turned red. She tried to hold back her tears, forcing a huge smile on her face. Her voice was filled with confusion, and she appeared fragile, like a lost deer. "I don't have a home anymore, Andrew. She lost her grandma and sister, and she couldn't return to Dungo Village either.

Andrew's heart tightened as he looked at Bonnie, placing her hand over his chest. "You still have me, Bonnie. You have Yvette, Jeremiah, and Emmett. You'll never be alone."

Bonnie felt the warmth coming from Andrew's chest, so warm it made her feel comforted. She wiped away her tears with her sleeve. "You're right. I still have Yve." Andrew couldn't help but smile bitterly. He knew that in Bonnie's heart, Yvette definitely came first. It was going to be a long road, but his goal was to be a little closer to her. However, Andrew didn't think he could ever surpass Yvette.

In the living room of the villa, Emmett, Samantha, and Charles sat on one side of the circular couch. They glanced toward the kitchen where Jeremiah was cooking, feeling a bit stunned that Jeremiah had turned into a house husband. Samantha, with her legs crossed, held a bag of chips and was munching happily while watching Jeremiah cook. She couldn't help but sigh, "I really can't believe that one day Jeremiah would actually cook for Yvette." Emmett set down his laptop, adjusted his glasses, and said in a serious tone, "To be honest, I never dared dream of this scene, not even in my dreams."

Charles, hearing this, also put down his anatomy book. Earlier, when he saw Jeremiah walking in with a bag of groceries and Yvette, he had been taken aback. However, he felt that if the meal was for Yvette, then it made sense. He thought, 'Braydon is also a dominating figure in his own right, a man who kills without hesitation. Yet, in front of Yvette, he is as humble as could be, never daring to speak out of turn or risk angering her.'

'If Yvette asked Braydon to cook, he would probably do as he was told. There's nothing in the world that Yvette can't do.'

The doorbell rang, and Emmett stood up to open it. It was Andrew and Bonnie returning. Bonnie had pulled herself together and was back to her usual carefree self.

As soon as they entered the house, they saw the group sitting in the living room, all facing the kitchen. Andrew said, "Samantha, Charles, what are you two staring at so intently?"

Five minutes later, they were all seated neatly in a row on the couch-Samantha, Andrew, Bonnie, Charles, and Emmett- each of them staring at the kitchen in perfect unison.

Bonnie rested her chin in her hands and sighed with admiration. "No wonder they say men look handsome when they cook." Andrew shifted slightly to block Bonnie's view, clearing his throat. "Hey, my cooking skills aren't bad." The other three exchanged awkward glances. They didn't bother to call him out on it. After all, the last time he tried grilling skewers at Skyland, they came out completely burnt. And yet, he was boasting about his cooking skills. Bonnie rolled her eyes, clearly not buying it. She thought, 'Does he think I'm stupid? The most unlikely thing in the v that he can cook.'

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Yvette came down the stairs in a casual outfit, and as soon as the five of them saw her, they all turned their attention to her in 16:05 Thu, Dec 5

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perfect sync

Yvette ignored the curious gazes and walked straight to the couch, sitting down with her legs crossed and her wrists relaxed by her sides. She took a sip of the coffee, Jeremiah brought it back from Betrico, and it tasted good. She lifted her eyes to glance at them, her cold gaze softening slightly into a subtle, almost teasing smile. Her voice was casual as she asked, "Would you like to play games?"

The others froze for a moment. They thought, 'Why is Yvette suddenly bringing it up out of nowhere?

Samantha said, "Jeremiah is still in the kitchen, Yvette. Playing games while he's working doesn't seem appropriate?

She looked hesitant, but deep down, she thought it would be fun. However, she wasn't bold enough to voice that opinion out loud, especially since she still had hopes of making it back to Berrico peacefully. Andrew's eyes lit up at the mention of a game. He quickly chimed in, "I'm in! I'm definitely up for it!"

Therefore, the four players ended up being Yvette, Andrew, Charles, and Emmett, while Samantha and Bonnie sat back as spectators.

Halfway through, Jeremiah came out of the kitchen and saw the game underway. He glanced at Yvette and, in his usual calm tone, simply said, "Wish you good luck."

Half an hour later, Andrew looked at his cards with an expression of utter despair. He glanced at the cards on the table before he resignedly put down his hand. With a sigh, he said, "I'm done with this round, Yvette. I give up." Yvette put her cards down and raised an eyebrow, her sharp features displaying a faint smirk. "Give me the money right now."

Andrew was speechless. He gritted his teeth and transferred the money. He not only lost at Uno but also never won when playing card games. Out of twenty-eight rounds, he lost twenty-seven, and the only one was a tie. He felt frustrated. Emmett and Charles shrugged, laying down their cards. They had both had a feeling about how this would turn out. Trying/ to win money off Yvette was impossible.

In the end, they tallied up their losses. Andrew lost 300 thousand dollars. Emmett lost 70,000 dollars, and Charles lost 100 thousand dollars. Samantha patted Andrew on the shoulder, offering him a brief moment of sympathy. Jeremiah's voice called out from the kitchen. "The food is ready. Come here."

They quickly got up to serve the dishes. When the table was finally set with dishes that smelled and looked absolutely delicious, everyone froze in awe.

They had seen fancy food before, but the presentation was flawless. They thought, 'Did Jeremiah learn this from some top-tier five-star chef? Even the plating is done to perfection.

Yvette sat back on her chair, her hand resting casually on the table, her sleeve pushing up slightly to reveal her delicate wrist. She surveyed the dishes, all of which were her favorites, so she raised her eyebrows with satisfaction.

Andrew swallowed hard when he saw the fried chicken wings, buffalo wings, salmon salad, mushroom pasta, steak, grilled meat, lamb stew, and shrimp. Although none of these dishes were fancy, the homemade style made them even more tempting. Everyone at the table stared at Yvette, silently urging, "Why aren't you eating yet?"

Yvette smiled, leisurely picking up a piece of buffalo wings. She chewed slowly, savoring the tender texture. Then she nodded toward them and said, "It tastes good."

Andrew was the second to start eating. This was his first time tasting food made by Jeremiah, and after a bite of the fried

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chicken wings, he was left speechless.

He thought, 'Oh my goodness, I'm actually eating food made by Jeremiah, and it tastes so deliciou

Samantha and the others quickly followed suit, each taking a bite, unable to stop themselves.

Jeremiah sat next to Yvette, casually peeling shrimp with elegant precision, placing the peeled shrimp onto a clean plate.

Yvette turned her head and picked up a piece of meat for him, speaking softly, "The money I just won from them is enough to buy the food you made."

Andrew almost choked at her words. Suddenly, the meat in his mouth didn't taste so good anymore.

However, the next moment, with tears in his eyes, Andrew took another big bite. He thought, 'It doesn't matter how expensive it is. I just can't resist how delicious this meal is!'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 440[1,322 words]

Chapter 440

After the meal, they sat together. Samantha asked, "Jeremiah, have you found out who is protecting Holden, the village head of Dungo Village?"

Everyone looked at Jeremiah. He had his arms around Yvette, who was busy doing the final test for the game. If all went well, the game developed by FastPulse Technologies would be launched next month. Lucy had been pushing for updates every day. Jeremiah looked up, his eyes gleaming with a sharp light. His demeanor was full of elegance as he replied in a low voice, "The person cooperating with South East Aploth is a deputy director from Normis Customs, who has already been dismissed. "According to his statement, Mr. Miller, a Clusian, is the person behind this. They've never met in person, only communicated through coded phone signals."

Andrew handed a peeled apple to Bonnie. "Jeremiah, can we find out more about Mr. Miller? South East Aploth is a large area, and only knowing that he's a man isn't much to go on. Where do we even start?"

Andrew's point was valid, and Emmett, with a serious expression added, "Mr. Miller might very well be an alias, Jeremiah."

In these covert dealings, it was common for a person to go by several names.

Jeremiah said, "There's no one in the South East Aploth underworld known as Mr. Miller. The phone number linked to domestic contacts has been confirmed as an overseas virtual number."

Charles remained silent, his eyes thoughtful as he glanced at Yvette. He suddenly said, "What do you think, Yvette?"

Yvette put away her phone, turning her head slightly. Her delicate eyebrows lifted slightly, and her lashes lowered, hiding the emotions in her eyes, but a playful air lingered in her gaze.

She said, "Voraxia, being an ungoverned region, is the world's largest drug production and trafficking hub. It's also home to the most famous drug dealer, and its complex, ever-changing geography makes it a difficult place to control.

"There are over three thousand scattered villages, and Interpol has once joined forces with the governments of three local countries to launch crackdowns. Each major drug dealer in the area typically commands a small army-ranging from a hundred to over a thousand men.

"The entire region is involved in the drug trade, so Mr. Miller must need a large number of poisonous insects to control his subordinates. There's only one way of doing this..."

Jeremiah seamlessly took over, his voice low and steady. "Mr. Miller is a major drug dealer from Voraxia, and he uses poisonous insects to train his trusted followers."

Yvette raised her eyes, her gaze sharp like the stars, emitting a cold light that cut through the sky. Her voice was chilling "Didn't you already guess this?"

Jeremiah fixed his gaze on Yvette and his eyes shimmered faintly a fleeting smile passing through his eyes.

there ourselves." He gently squeezed her fingers. "I've already had people look into it. There's only one drug dealer surnamed Miller in Voraxia, but it is a woman, not a man. To get the full picture, we'll likely have to go

Emmett suddenly said, "Yvette's words just reminded me of something from three years ago. It's said that the king of Voraxia, the most famous drug dealer, Hadley Robinson, was killed by Interpol."

A few months ago, he and Jeremiah had met Yvette in Kransbay Back then, he thought it would be a long shot for Yveue to marry Jeremiah. Looking back now, though, he realized how wrong he was. Yvette and Jeremiah were truly a perfect match.

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Charles's gaze grew darker at the mention of Voraxia. He had been there several times, accompanying Braydon to meet some of the local drug dealers

Andrew raised his eyebrows and curiously looked at Yvette who was lounging on the couch, and asked, "Aren't you part of Interpol, Yvette? Did you participate in the crackdown on Vorax? Was the king of Voraxia hard to capture?" Samantha, Emmett, Charles, and even Bonnie who was too surprised to eat apples, turned their attention to Yvette, intrigued by her response.

If it weren't for Andrew's reminder, they would have forgotten that Yvette was an agent of Interpol. However, it was hard to remember when she kept switching between countless identities

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, her eyes as clear as water and her expression remained calm. With a subtle raise of her eyebrows and a slight smile, she casually remarked, "I've been there. It wasn't hard to catch Hadley. Actually, I killed him."

The room fell into dead silence as soon as the words left her lips Bonnie, who had been holding an apple, suddenly dropped it without realizing it, her mind momentarily blank. She couldn't comprehend how powerful Yvette truly was,

She thought, 'Not only is she part of Interpol but she had also taken down the king of Voraxia, a scary man. And now Yvette is casually claiming that he killed him... Oh my, I'm shocked.'

Andrew, sitting next to Bonnie, was also stunned. He never imagined that a casual question would lead to such a surprise. He could already feel another moment coming where he had to bow down to Yvette.

Charles and Emmett exchanged glances before picking up their cups of tea and taking a sip, masking the stirrings in their hearts. They thought, 'Killing Hadley? Come on, he's the king of Voraxia, whose underlings were said to command armies of thousands. 'It was a feat that seemed beyond belief-unless it came from Yvette. Anyone else saying such a thing would sound like a madman.

Hearing that, Samantha stopped eating chips. She thought, 'How could the gap between people be so vast? Yvette was storming through Voraxia, taking down its king when she was eighteen, but what was I doing?

'Well, I, at that age, have been trying to make a name for myself in business. However, in comparison to Yvette, it felt like nothing

Jeremiah's eyes gleamed with admiration as he observed Yvette. His long brows, sharp and defined highlighted his deep-set eyes, while his thin lips, soft yet serene, curled into a faint smile.

He thought, 'She just turned eighteen three years ago, yet she had already killed Hadley. That's insane.

Yvette, sensing the weight of their reactions, said in a calm tone. For this trip to Voraxia, Charles and Emmett will accompany us."

At these words, the rest three of the group immediately protested in unison. "We're going too."

Bonnie, Samantha, and Andrew all shook their heads vigorously in protest. Samantha quickly swallowed the chips and looked at Yvette, her eyes wide with determination. "I'm going with you on this trip.

"I'm a Taekwondo black belt, and I'm pretty good with guns too. Don't worry, I won't be a burden. Please, let me go, Yvette. I really want to learn from you."

She clasped her hands together and blinked her eyes playfully, her face filled with a mix of pleading and excitement.

Bonnie chimed in, "I want to go too, Yve. After all, it's related to Dungo Village, and I'm a part of it. Please let me join you." Andrew added, "Yvette, wherever Bonnie goes, I'll go. Please let us come with you." 019

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Yvette lazily raised her head, her gaze cold and distant. Her voice, calm but firm, broke the silence. "Samantha can go with us, but Andrew and Bonnie stay."

Jeremiah nodded in agreement. He looked at Andrew and Bonnie who seemed ready to protest and said with quiet finality. "You two stay in Seacurity. It's decided."

Andrew and Bonnie exchanged glances, then sighed. Since both Yvette and Jeremiah had made up their minds, there was nothing they could do.

In the end, the group heading to Voraxia was Yvette, Jeremiah, Samantha, Charles, and Emmett. They were scheduled to leave the day after tomorrow.

They returned to their bedrooms in the villa after their discussion. As Samantha passed by Andrew on her way to her room, she whispered something in his ear, and it cheered him up instantly.

Bonnie, who had been standing nearby, saw only Andrew's reaction. She blinked in confusion, wondering what had just happened between them.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 441[1,292 words]

Chapter 441

Yvette stepped out of the bathroom, and Jeremiah, who had been sitting in a chair on the phone, immediately focused his gaze on her as she appeared.

As Yvette reached for a towel to dry her hair, Jeremiah stretched out his hand from behind her, taking the towel from her

grasp.

Jeremiah wrapped his arms around her waist, his thin and neatly ironed white shirt casually unbuttoned at the collar, outlining his tall figure. His legs were long and straight beneath him.

He sighed softly and said, "Let me do it for you."

Yvette turned to face him, raising an eyebrow, her eyes sparkling with playful irreverence. "Okay."

Jeremiah ran his fingers through her soft hair. As his gaze accidentally fell on the small scar on her left little finger, he paused for a moment. His voice turned serious as he asked, "How did you get this scar?"

Yvette tilted her head slightly, tugging at his collar as she tilted her head back with moist eyes. Unconcerned, she replied, "When I was seven, they threw me into a Colosseum. A wolf bit me, but I chopped off its head with my own hands."

Jeremiah's hand, holding the towel, suddenly tightened, and a flicker of anger flashed in his eyes. "Which colosseum? Who did this to you?"

Yvette inhaled softly and her voice remained as cool and calm as ever. "I killed the person and burned the colosseum." Jeremiah's murderous intent gradually subsided as he stared at Yvette. His eyes filled with affection. He reached out, pulled her by the back of her neck, intertwined his fingers in her hair, and kissed her deeply. His broad, solid frame enveloped her completely.

In the dark, he kissed Yvette to try to warm up her cold lips. Having nowhere to retreat, she lifted her gaze to meet his and leaned in to kiss him back.

Jeremiah's body stiffened for a moment. He picked her up and pressed her against the column behind them. Then he bent down again, claiming her lips in another fierce kiss. Their lips met, breaths mingled, eyes closed in the shared moment.

In the middle of the night, Jeremiah suddenly woke up. Looking down at Yvette in his arms, he placed a soft kiss on her temple, holding her tightly. His expression was filled with complexity.

He couldn't help wondering how much danger she had faced throughout her life to reach where she was today. He couldn't bear to think about it because the thought alone made his heart ache.

The next day, Yvette returned to school with Andrew and Bonnie. Andrew went to the library for his shift, and Bonnie headed to class.

Yvette went directly to Simon's office. Simon, sitting comfortably in his chair, had become accustomed to Yvette's laid-back demeanor. Her request for time off didn't faze him much. After all, it had been a challenge just to get her back for a test. Simon asked, "How long do you plan on taking off this time? Is it okay to ask where you're headed?"

Simon's inquiry wasn't to pry into Yvette's personal business. He was just showing his care for her. After all, James from Betrico called him regularly to ask about Yvette's whereabouts. It wouldn't do for him to be completely in the dark. Yvette lifted her gaze, her fine eyebrows arched slightly as she replied coolly, "I'm heading to Voraxia, but I'm not sure when."

Simon spat out his tea, spraying it all over the table as he began coughing uncontrollably.

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Simon stared at Yvette disbelief. "What did you say? Are you going to Voraxia? You, a girl, going there? It's too dangerous."

Yvette glanced at Simon, her tone indifferent as she replied, "I'll be going with Jeremiah."

Simon froze. He thought, 'Is this the point? The problem isn't that you're going with Jeremiah, but that you're heading to one of the most dangerous areas in the world. You could die there.'

Simon shook his head disapprovingly, his tone earnest. "Even if you're going with Jeremiah, it's still dangerous, Yvette. Can't you reconsider? What could be so important that you need to go to such a place?"

Yvette responded slowly to Simon who looked worried, "It's about a case, Mr. Sunderland, and I have to go."

Simon looked at Yvette in silence, then let out a resigned sigh. He knew her well enough to understand that there was no stopping her. He thought that if James learned that, he would

probably be worried about Yvette. As Yvette prepared to leave, she added, "Please don't tell anyone in Betrico."

Simon paused for a moment before nodding. That was exactly what he was thinking.

Simon escorted Yvette to the school gate, and along the way, they encountered many students who greeted them warmly.

Simon's approachable nature was well-known on campus, which made the students treat him with great respect. As soon as they saw Yvette with him, they were even more excited, eagerly coming up to greet her one by one. Simon glanced at Yvette, noticing that her presence seemed to be drawing more attention than his. Usually, it wasn't this lively around him.

At the school gate, Simon couldn't help but keep giving Yvette reminders, urging her to be cautious and stay safe.

Yvette stood quietly, listening attentively to Simon's advice without a hint of impatience. It wasn't until Jeremiah arrived to pick her up that Simon finally stopped talking.

With a polite smile, Yvette said, "Goodbye, Mr. Sunderland."

Simon waved his hand, watching her get into the car. It wasn't until the car had driven far away that he turned to leave.

He thought, 'Yvette is no ordinary person. How could a place like Argrol University hold her back?' He had a feeling that the trip to Voraxia might be the catalyst for her to do something truly earth-shattering.

Once Yvette got into the car, she noticed Jeremiah sitting in the backseat and asked casually, "What are we having for dinner today?"

Jeremiah gave her fingers a gentle squeeze, a hint

amusement flickering in his eyes.

Emmett, who had been listening to their conversation, couldn't help but get excited. After all, the meals that Jeremiah made were absolutely delicious.

Turning to Emmett, Jeremiah instantly resumed his usual cold demeanor and said in a low voice, "Let's head to the supermarket."

Emmett immediately pressed the accelerator, speeding towards the supermarket, his eagerness palpable.

Emmett and Jeremiah were greeted warmly by the vegetable vendors as soon as they stepped into the supermarket. Jeremiah looked at the bags of vegetables in his hands, noticing that they had received more than they had actually bought. What was even more ridiculous was that one of the vendors asked if Jeremiah had a girlfriend and whether he would be interested in becoming a son-in-law. She said that if he was interested, she would even buy him a villa. Emmett was stunned, thinking, 'Are the vendors so rich these days?' He suddenly recalled a saying that had circulated

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internationally-it wasn't capitalists who took down Walos Street but rather, the middle-aged women from Clusia.

Now, Emmett finally understood what that saying meant. He thought, 'Look at Jeremiah! Those women are offering him a villa just to try to make him their son-in-law. When would I ever get such a good opportunity? I wish I was as handsome as him! As Emmett went back to the villa and carried the bags of vegetables inside, he bumped into Samantha, who was coming down the stairs.

Samantha's eyes immediately lit up when she saw the vegetables in Emmett's hands. After all, Jeremiah's cooking was so amazing, and it was better than a five-star chef's.

In a flash, Samantha ran down the stairs. "What's going on, Emmett? Is Jeremiah cooking again?" She couldn't believe what she saw.

Emmett nodded. "Yeah, Yvette asked Jeremiah to cook again tonight."

Samantha happily nodded. She had known all along that following Yvette meant enjoying a feast every day.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 442[1,300 words]

Chapter 442

The next day, Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others boarded their private jet and flew directly to Taos, Fhongsoly. As soon as they stepped out of the airport, their appearance immediately drew crowd, making them the absolute center of attention. Not far from the airport, Eagle King was wearing blue slippers, shorts, and a green tank top. He had a cigarette in his mouth, but when he saw Yvette come out, his eyes lit up. He tossed the cigarette away and ran over. "Hey, Boss!"

Samantha watched as Eagle King sprinted over and took off his sunglasses. 'Yvette mentioned on the plane that a friend would come to pick them up. It can't be this rugged guy, right?' Samantha thought.

When Eagle King reached them, he didn't waste any time and gave Yvette a big hug. "Boss, you finally made it. I was about to start growing grass waiting for you," he said with a broad grin.

Eagle King had arrived the day before. When Jeremiah saw Eagle King's actions, his gaze deepened, and a sharp glint appeared in his eyes.

Eagle King suddenly felt a faint aura of killing intent and turned his head to glance at Jeremiah, sizing him up. Then he turned back to Yvette and said, "Boss, is this your man? He's pretty handsome."

Hearing this, the cold aura around Jeremiah dissipated. Yvette raised an eyebrow, her eyes still retaining her usual dangerous edge, but her expression remained indifferent. Her voice was cool and clear. "This is Jeremiah, my man. Over there are Emmett, Charles, and Samantha."

Jeremiah spoke in a deep voice, "Hello, I'm Jeremiah."

As a killer, Eagle King was most sensitive to the perception of killing intent. He knew that Yvette wouldn't choose someone who was completely useless. If he hadn't flattered her just now, he might have gotten a beating. It was too close.

'But a real man knows when to bend and when to stand firm,' Eagle King thought. He smiled and said to Jeremiah, "Jeremiah, nice to meet you." Then he turned to greet Emmett and the others,

"Hey there, I'm Eagle King. I've been with the boss for many years. The boss's friends are my friends."

Emmett looked at Eagle King and felt a sense of familiarity as if he had seen him somewhere before. Charles's face froze when he heard Eagle King's name. He thought, 'Eagle King? The second-ranked killer on Black Gold. Is it just a coincidence? But what about Flying Fish? Could it really be a coincidence that both names match those of the second and third-ranked killers?' Charles fell silent.

Samantha, however, was quite enthusiastic. "Eagle King, your tattoos are really cool."

Eagle King laughed heartily. "Samantha, you sure have an eye for detail."

Samantha's lips twitched. She thought, 'Why call my name? Can't he just call me a beautiful lady? What kind of era is he living in?'

Yvette glanced at the chatty Eagle King and said coolly, "To the hotel." She knew if she didn't stop him, this talkative guy could chat all night.

Eagle King quickly took the black backpack from Yvette and said cheerfully, "Let's go, Boss. The hotel is already booked, and I guarantee you be satisfied."

Jeremiah noticed Eagle King taking the black backpack from Yvette, and Yvette handed it over naturally. This confirmed that the two had a very close relationship.

If they hadn't gone through life and death together, Yvette, with her temperament, would never have given up her bag so easily. Emmett, Charles, and Samantha also noticed this and exchanged a knowing glance.

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Eagle King was more than just a friend to Yvette; he could be trusted. In the car, Eagle King drove, Emmett sat in the passenger seat, and Yvette and Jeremiah were in the back, along with Samantha and Charles.

Phongsoly wasn't a bustling city; most of the roads were still dirt and uneven. The bumpy ride made Samantha feel almost nauseous. On both sides of the road, various vendors set up their stalls. Due to the climate, most people here had darker skin. While driving, Eagle King grumbled, "Voraxia hasn't been peaceful lately. There are riots every few days. Yesterday, there was a gunfight on this road, and many people died. The government spent the whole night collecting bodies. Samantha, trying to suppress her nausea, asked curiously, "Eagle King, are they fighting over territory?"

Eagle King shook his head. "That's one reason, but it's also about the shares of drugs and weapons. Every drug lord in this area wants a bigger piece of the pie. How do they divide it?"

"People here don't negotiate civilly; they settle things with their fists. The one with the stronger fist gets more say and a larger share."

The law of the jungle was vividly demonstrated in Voraxia. Emmett turned his head and said in a deep voice, "What's behind the recent unrest? From what I know, this isn't the time when the drug lords usually fight over territory. Eagle King's hand paused on the steering wheel as he glanced at Samantha. "Emmett, you did your homework. You're right; this isn't the time when the drug lords usually fight over territory in Voraxia.

"However, a major drug lord has emerged in the past two years. Her people are completely loyal to her, so her territory has expanded rapidly. Recently, she's been the one stirring up trouble, disrupting life here."

Samantha listened with wide eyes. Yvette watched the passersby on the road, propping her chin up with her hand. Her fair face showed no emotion as she raised her eyes and said casually, "Does this person go by the last name Miller?" Eagle King nodded; his face full of surprise. "Boss, you're a genius! How did you know she goes by Miller? The locals call her Ms. Miller. She's a female drug lord.

"Honestly, for a woman to establish herself and gain such power in Voraxia, regardless of her methods, she's quite impressive."

Jeremiah's eyes flickered. He thought, 'It seems the Mr. Miller we're looking for is likely this Ms. Miller.

Charles added, "We came here specifically for Ms. Miller. She might be the person we're looking for."

Eagle King's interest was piqued. He knew they weren't here for a vacation in this godforsaken place. They were after Ms. Miller. But it seemed they already had some information.

In Voraxia, if Yvette said a word, even ghosts would kneel to listen. Eagle King stole a glance at Yvette, who had her eyes lowered, and his thoughts raced. Even now, the boss was keeping her cards close to her chest.

'If we went straight to that man, wouldn't Ms. Miller or anyone else have to come forward obediently?' Eagle King thought. He didn't dare speak up. If the boss wanted to play it her way, he didn't want to ruin her fun. Eagle King nodded. "I have some information on Ms. Miller. Once we get to the hotel, you can take a look and see if she's the person you're looking for."

They arrived at the largest hotel in Fhongsoly. Although it was called the largest, it was far from being a true five-star hotel.

Eagle King said, "The rooms are all booked. Five presidential suites. Conditions here are a bit tough, but this is the best we have."

Samantha looked at the hotel's sign and thought, 'Well, it certainly has its own ethnic charm, but it's pretty run-down. It's hard to imagine what the worst hotels here must be like.'

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Fortunately, once they entered their rooms, they found the interiors much better. All the necessary facilities were there, and the space was decent. After unpacking their luggage, they gathered in Yvette's room.

Emmett, Charles, and Samantha saw the various Clusian snacks on the table and knew exactly who they were for. Eagle King picked up a freshly washed apple and took a bite. Samantha said "Eagle King, you're quite thoughtful. These Clusian snacks are all Yvette's favorites."

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Eagle King shook his head. He had arrived early and had already eaten his fill, so he was quite full. Samantha, these snacks weren't bought by me. Jeremiah went out and bought them just now.

Samantha understood immediately upon hearing that Jeremiah had bought the snacks. 'Showing affection is definitely Jeremiah's forte, she thought.

Eagle King watched Yvette cating and Jeremiah pouring her juice, letting out a couple of "tsk" sounds. Even the toughest men soften up in front of the boss. The man who can win Yvette heart must have some serious skills. he thought.

After dinner, the group gathered around. It was getting late, and Yvette was nestled on the sofa with Jeremiah serving as her personal human pillow. Except for the occasional curious glance from Eagle King, the others were quite calm, having seen

worse.

Emmett, Charles, and Samantha each held a detailed dossier on the major drug lords in Voraxia. The information was so thorough that it left Charles and the others impressed. Eagle King didn't seem like the type to be so meticulous.

Eagle King, noticing their skeptical looks, felt frustrated but couldn't say anything. "These dossiers cost me 1.5 million dollars on Black Gold. How could they not be detailed?' he thought.

Charles put down the dossier. "So, there are three major drug lords in Voraxia, controlling the majority of the drug market. Ms. Miller emerged four years ago and became a powerful drug lord in just a few short years."

Emmett glanced at the section on Ms. Miller's hobbies and personality, his mouth twitching slightly, and his face showed a hint of surprise. 'Prefers women? Samantha asked, "Are you sure about her hobbies?"

To be honest, Eagle King hadn't thoroughly read the dossier when he received it; he wasn't particularly interested in the details of the drug lords. Hearing Emmett's question, he picked up the dossier and took a closer look, finally understanding why Emmett was asking. Eagle King was certain that all the information in the dossier was accurate. No one would dare lie to him unless they wanted to die.

Eagle King nodded. "It's true. The information is spot-on. She prefers women, beautiful women."

Everyone fell silent. They had never encountered anything like this before. They had imagined ten thousand scenarios, but they hadn't expected Ms. Miller to have such unusual preferences. This was going to be difficult.

Yvette lifted her eyes, her delicate eyebrows arching slightly. She lightly traced the rim of her coffee cup and said nonchalantly, "Interesting."

Jeremiah's hand tightened around her waist. He hadn't forgotten that his rival had reached a level beyond human, becoming a bug. His breath was warm as he whispered, "Do you find her interesting? Or do I?"

Yvette looked up at him. "Don't compare everyone to yourself."

Jeremiah laughed. Yvette always managed to leave him speechless with just one sentence.

Samantha lowered her head and reviewed the dossier from beginning to end, making sure she hadn't missed anything. Puzzled, she asked, "Eagle King, the dossier has photos of the other three major drug lords, but why is there no photo of Ms. Miller?" Eagle King explained, "Samantha, Ms. Miller rarely shows her face. Whenever she does, she wears a mask. So, only her closest confidants have seen her true appearance."

Samantha was troubled. They knew it was a woman, but now they faced another challenge; knowing it was a woman but not knowing what she looked like. It felt like they had taken a step forward but were still stuck in the same place.

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Eagle King, noticing the expressions on their faces, paused and continued, "Actually, I heard from a local friend that Ms. Miller goes to Cobalt Blue Bar on this street every Thursday. "But this is just a rumor. Eighty percent of it is hearsay, and twenty percent is credible. Who knows?"

Yvette, lounging on the sofa, leaned back lazily, a hint of defiance in her eyes. She said slowly. "We'll go to Cobalt Blue Bar the day after tomorrow." The others nodded in agreement.

Since it was a rumor, there had to be some basis for it. Whether it was true or not, they would only know by going there. Thus, they decided to visit the bar the day after tomorrow. They chatted a bit more and then dispersed. Eagle King, seeing everyone leave, lingered and didn't move. Jeremiah, noticing this, knew the two had something to discuss. He said to Yvette, "I'll be back in a bit."

Yvette played with the game in her hands, glanced at Eagle King and then said to Jeremiah, "Hmm."

After Jeremiah left the room, Eagle King hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Boss, since you're investigating Ms. Miller, if you ask that man for help, it will be solved in no time.

"Last time during our vacation in South East Aploth, he was still thinking about you, wondering why you didn't visit him. He's become quite formidable now, a little wolf pup who has his people under tight control.

Yvette didn't stop playing the game. Just as Eagle King finished speaking, she completed a level. She put down the game, pursed her lips, and her gaze fell on Eagle King. She tilted her head, her eyes dark and intense. Eagle King quickly strain his posture, sitting as rigidly as a schoolboy. He wasn't afraid of Yvette talking a lot; he was

terrified of her staring at him without saying a word. It was bone-chilling, making it hard to breathe.

Yvette averted her gaze, her clear eyes cold and distant. She said nonchalantly, "No need. He has his own path and doesn't need to be involved in this."

Eagle King understood immediately that asking that man for help was out of the question.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, looking at Eagle King seriously. "Hmm Don't you trust me?"

Eagle King shook his head wildly. 'No way,' he thought. 'Even if I don't trust anyone in this world, I wouldn't doubt the boss It's just that I think there might be a shortcut.

'If the boss doesn't want to take it, then fine. They're just minor drug lords; it'll just take a bit more effort.'

"Boss, don't scare me like that. If I can't trust you, who can I trust Let's do it your way. I haven't taken a job in a year, and I'm getting lazy. It'll be good to stretch my legs a bit," Eagle King said.

Yvette nodded slightly. "You can go now. Have him come in."

Eagle King's heart sank. "The boss clearly favored her man over her friends, he thought.

Jeremiah re-entered the room and saw Yvette propped up on her elbow, swinging her feet. He said in a deep voice, "Wanna take a shower together?"

Yvette stretched out her hand, glanced at him, raised an eyebrow and curled the corner of her lip. "Carry me." Jeremiah, dressed in a restrained casual outfit, strode over with long strides. In the next moment, he scooped her up. Looking at the compliant Yvette in his arms, Jeremiah's eyebrows curved upward, and he smiled softly. "Don't beg later," he whispered.

Yvette looked at him, her smile challenging. "Don't say you're tired later."

In the middle of the night, a gunshot shattered the night tranquility, jolting everyone awake. Yvette and Jeremiah woke up

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simultaneously, exchanged a glance, and quickly got dressed and turned on the lights illuminating the room.

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Yvette walked to the window. Below the hotel, heavy vehicles line up-about ten of them-and people were continuously streaming out, all wearing black masks and carrying heavy firearms.

Yvette, seeing the scene below, didn't panic at all. She raised an eyebrow and said with interest, "Looks like we won't be getting any sleep tonight."

Jeremiah put on his jacket and walked over to the window.

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- Secrets Of Mr S 444[1,343 words]

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Jeremiah said gravely, "They're organized and disciplined, all armed with heavy machine guns."

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression indifferent. Just as Jeremiah finished speaking, the doorbell rang, followed by urgent knocking.

"Jeremiah, Yvette, something's wrong." Jeremiah opened the door to find Emmett, Charles, and a clearly groggy Samantha. Eagle King emerged from the adjacent room, carrying two large black suitcases, his face stern.

Emmett said solemnly, "Jeremiah, something's wrong. The lobby is in chaos. Those masked men in black will reach the fifth floor in less than ten minutes."

Eagle King added, "These are likely members of the notorious local gangs, the Black Shadows and Crimson Blades. They survive by robbing places. This hotel is the best in the area, and anyone staying here has money. They plan to make a big score tonight." Jeremiah remained calm, whispering to the group at the door, "Come in, let's talk inside. Once inside, Yvette sat on the sofa, legs crossed, looking quite relaxed.

"Yvette."

Yvette said nonchalantly, "take a seat."

If not for the chaos downstairs, Emmett would have thought nothing was happening, given Yvette's calm demeanor. Samantha yawned, finally waking up.

Samantha had a feeling this trip to Voraxia wouldn't be peaceful, but encountering such a thrilling robbery right away was overwhelming. But with Yvette and Jeremiah around, she felt incredibly safe. Samantha asked, "Just a robbery?"

Eagle King shook his head. "No way, Samantha. In Voraxia, there are no legal restrictions. Robbery, kidnapping, and murder happen all the time."

Every time she heard such things, Samantha felt immensely grateful to be born in Clusia.

Yvette's gaze fell on the two black suitcases Eagle King carried. She said calmly, "Everything ready?"

Emmett, Charles, and Samantha didn't understand what she meant. 'What was ready?' they wondered. Only Jeremiah, looking at the black suitcases, knew what was inside, his eyes revealing

understanding. Eagle King placed the two suitcases on the table and opened them. Both cases were filled with the latest weapons Eldoria, a superpower in arms manufacturing, surpassing even those from Mysonna

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Emmett and Charles's eyes lit up with excitement when they saw the sniper rifles. Emmett carefully picked up one of the rifles, his eyes wide with disbelief, gently caressing it.

"Wow, this is the NTW-20 sniper rifle, the latest model from Eldoria. It's a long-range anti-material rifle, with a total length of 6 feet, weighing 80 pounds, and a 20mm caliber.

It has powerful firepower and unique features from Southtoria. The initial velocity can reach 2362.2 feet/s, and if loaded with high-explosive rounds, it can attack targets within about 2 miles, such as cars, planes, or helicopters," Emmett said, his voice filled with awe. Charles also picked up a rifle, examining it closely, his expression serious.

"The Croatian RT20, a 20mm large-caliber sniper rifle with a maximum effective range of 1.9 miles. It can destroy protected

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targets within its range Theifle is 5 feet long and weighs 50 pounds.

"This is also a new release from Eldoria this year. Everyone in the underworld gang of Mysonna is vying to get their hands on the first batch. It's highly sought after," Charles explained, his tone grave.

The two exchanged a glance. Each of the seven sniper rifles her was the latest model from Eldoria, not yet on the market or even available on the black market.

They wondered, 'How did Eagle King manage to get his hands on these? Who is he really?'

Jeremiah's dark, intense gaze never left Yvette. Samantha noticed how agitated Emmett and Charles were, their excitement was almost palpable. While she didn't fully understand the technical jargon, she could tell these guns were incredibly valuable. Samantha turned to Eagle King with a grin. "Eagle King, you're something else. Getting your hands on these rare gems? You're a real pro!"

Eagle King, seated on the sofa, took a sip of water. He nearly choked on it, quickly waving his hand and stealing a glance at Yvette's expression. Seeing her indifferent and unconcerned, he finally spoke, "Samantha, I don't have that kind of pull." Samantha laughed, "Eagle King, don't be modest. If not you, then who else could it be?"

Eagle King, addressing the curious group seriously, said, "I didn't get these. Yvette did. I only found out after seeing them myself." Honestly, he could get some of these weapons, but a complete set of the latest models was nearly impossible. Even if they were available on the market, the price would be astronomical. The real kicker was that these were gifts from the leader of Black Shadows in Eldoria, given to Yvette for free.

All eyes swiveled to Yvette, who was lounging on the sofa in a simple pair of jeans and a black T-shirt, her hair still slightly disheveled from sleep, adding to her allure.

They thought, 'Eagle King said these were from Yvette. So, Yvette had that much clout in Eldoria? It wasn't just clout; it was more like having a face that commanded respect beyond measure.' Eagle King, noticing their stunned expressions, paused before adding, "And they're free, unlimited." The room fell into a heavy silence, the tension almost suffocating.

After a moment, Samantha couldn't hold back her shock. "Free? Do you mean what I think you mean?"

Emmett and Charles were at a loss for words to describe their feelings. Emmett had been getting stabbed in the butt with little knives this time, but it sure opened his eyes.

Emmett now understood that there's always someone better out there. But it should be that there's always someone better, and someone as amazing as Yvette. He thought, 'She's freaking awesome.'

Charles felt the same way. He knew Yvette wasn't ordinary, but he never imagined her influence and connections had reached Eldoria, a country known for its battle frenzy.

Jeremiah stood with his hands in his pockets, leaning against the wall, his legs-nearly six feet-slightly bent. His gaze was intense. Watching the others' reactions, Eagle King realized he had made the right call by speaking up. It wasn't just him who found it thrilling. Yvette lifted her striking face and spoke, her voice cool and detached. "Are you going to waste time on trivial matters?"

Her nonchalant tone made Emmett, Charles, and Samantha feel like they were overreacting. Only Yvette could dismiss something like this as a minor detail.

The three of them smiled bitterly. Eagle King picked up his water glass, took a sip, and lowered his eyes. He thought, 'Let the shock pass. This was just the beginning. He had been through countless life-and-death situations with Yvette over the years. 15:50 Fri, Dec 6 G W

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He sometimes couldn't fathom all the skills and hidden identities on everything, Yvette would surprise him with something new,

The most infuriating thing was that, to Yvette, all of this was just

Jeremiah looked at the stunned group, pinched the corner of his eye. It wasn't the time to stare. Pick a gun that feels right. Since they've co

He delivered the harshest words in the calmest tone.

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He sometimes couldn't fathom all the skills and hidden identities Yvette possessed. Every time he thought he had a handle on everything. Yvette would surprise him with something new, leaving him speechless. The most infuriating thing was that, to Yvette, all of this was just a bunch of 'trivial matters.

Jeremiah looked at the stunned group, pinched the corner of his eye, and whispered, "In two minutes, they'll be here. This isn't the time to stare. Pick a gun that feels right. Since they've come, let's make sure they all stay." He delivered the harshest words in the calmest tone.

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Yvette casually picked up a baseball cap from the sofa and stood up. She wore a black T-shirt, blue jeans, and a familiar pair of canvas shoes. The cap covered most of her face, leaving only her sharp jawline exposed. She glanced indifferently at the sniper rifles on the table, picked up the one closest to her, and chambered a round in one fluid motion. Her movements were clean, and precise, and exuded a cool confidence. Jeremiah also walked over and chose a rifle. Emmett, Charles, and Samantha, realizing this wasn't a time for shock, each selected a suitable sniper rifle. Eagle King had already made his choice.

Samantha, though experienced with guns at the club, had never handled a sniper rifle before and was practically buzzing with excitement.

Yvette glanced at Samantha's excited face and said in a cool, clear voice, "The recoil on a sniper rifle is much stronger than a handgun. Be careful."

Samantha nodded. "Don't worry, Yvette, I'll be careful."

Samantha knew she wasn't the main force; her goal was simply not to hold the others back.

Once everyone was ready, Emmett opened the door. The next second, they heard chaotic footsteps and cries coming from the hallway.

Yvette and Jeremiah led the way, with Emmett and Charles on either side, and Eagle King close to Samantha.

For Charles, who had grown up in the underworld, Emmett, who had been to battlefields with Jeremiah, and Eagle King, who lived on the edge of life and death daily, this scene was nothing out of the ordinary.

In the corridor on the fifth floor, people were crouching on the ground, hugging their heads and trembling.

Some tried to plead for mercy, but as soon as they opened their mouths, they were shot dead by the black-clad men. Seeing this, the others dared not speak a word.

The entire hotel had fallen. Each floor was littered with the bodies of those who had tried to resist—men and women, old and young. On every floor, a dozen black-clad men guarded the area, searching each room for valuables.

On the fifth floor, the black-clad men saw Yvette and the others emerge and immediately approached with a menacing air. Yvette and Jeremiah exchanged a glance and smiled.

The black-clad men, approaching with aggressive intent, saw the sniper rifles in the group's hands and shouted to their companions in the local language, "They have guns, be on guard!"

In the next second, a bullet pierced the black-clad man's body, and he fell to the ground, eyes wide open in shock. The bullet had been fired by Yvette.

Samantha watched Yvette shoot; her eyes filled with admiration. She thought, "This is what it means to be ruthless and efficient. One shot, one kill. So cool!"

The other black-clad men immediately opened fire on Yvette, Jeremiah and the group. Yvette held the sniper rifle with a stoic expression, firing at the advancing black-clad men. Every shot hit its mark.

Jeremiah, watching the advancing men, took out one after another with precise shots. Soon, all twenty-odd black-clad men on the fifth-floor lay dead at the hands of Yvette and Jeremiah.

Samantha, standing behind them, was dumbfounded. She thought, 'What happened to fighting together? I'm just lying here and winning. This feels more like a 'game' for Yvette and Jeremiah.

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Emmett and Charles shared the same feeling. The two of them had only managed to kill two people, while the rest were taken down by Yvette and Jeremiah.

Only Eagle King seemed at ease. He was already very used to it. There is nothing to be surprised about with just a few dozen people.

To Yvette, even a hundred or more were just small fry, mere practice targets. His job was simply to protect Samantha from behind. Suddenly, Yvette's eyes narrowed, and at the same time, Jeremiah quickly turned around, though Yvette was faster. Yvette raised her sniper rifle, aiming at the black-clad man who had just appeared at the top of the stairs. She lightly pulled the trigger, a defiant smile curling the corners of her mouth, with a hint of mischief.

The black-clad man hadn't expected that the moment he appeared, a bullet as swift as a meteor would be waiting for him. A blood hole instantly appeared on his forehead, and he crumpled to the ground.

This scene shocked all the ordinary people on the fifth floor. Some, seeing the bodies scattered on the ground, let out shrill screams, as if they had been severely traumatized. The entire floor echoed with their piercing cries.

Yvette watched the panicked crowd, her brow furrowing, and her eyes clear and deep. "Shut up," she said softly, but the words immediately silenced the boiling crowd.

Everyone trembled as they looked at Yvette. They had all seen her, like a goddess of death, take down each black-clad man with a single, precise headshot.

Several of the black-clad men had died gruesome deaths, yet this girl hadn't even flinched, her eyes devoid of any emotion. Yvette didn't realize that the people looking at her were even more terrified than they were of the black-clad men. It was truly frightening. The corridor was now filled with a heavy scent of blood. Jeremiah watched Yvette, who was radiating a cold aura, his gaze deep. He squeezed her hand and then barked at the terrified crowd, "Back to your rooms."

The crowd scrambled to their rooms, closing the doors tightly. Yvette turned her head, her eyes cold and her voice indifferent. "Emmett, fourth floor. Eagle King, take Samantha to the third floor. Charles, second floor. Jeremiah and I will go to the first floor." Compared to the other floors, the first floor was the most dangerous place. The leader of the Crimson Blades and most of the black-clad men were there.

Emmett nodded. "Got it, Yvette. Once I clean up the fourth floor, I'll join you on the first floor."

Charles also nodded. "I understood, Yvette."

Eagle King was still wearing his loose shorts, tank top, and most notably, his blue flip-flops. Anyone who didn't know him might think he was just a renter. His appearance was decidedly unconventional.

Seeing a hint of worry in Samantha's eyes, Yvette said firmly, "Eagle King may dress a bit oddly, but his skills are nothing to worry about."

Samantha's lips twitched. She thought, 'While I wanted to believe in Eagle King, his outfit really didn't give me much confidence'

Eagle King's heart broke. He felt so wronged. "The boss just doesn't appreciate fashion. This outfit is from the latest fashion week, and these flip-flops are one of only three pairs in the world. How can they be ugly?' he thought.

Eagle King fell silent for a moment, then turned to look at Samantha, patting his own chest. "Samantha, don't worry. I'm not bragging, but these punks, one by one, won't stand a chance. Follow me, and you'll be safe."

To lighten the mood, he rattled off a quick rhyme. "Samantha fly high, Eagle King will be right by your side."

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Emmett couldn't take it anymore. She thought, 'Eagle King was nothing but a living, breathing comedian. Where does Yvette find all these quirky friends?'

Emmett said, "Yvette, Jeremiah, I'm heading down," and turned to leave.

Charles, with a stern face, said, "Yvette, Jeremiah, I'm going down too," and followed suit.

Now, Charles wished more than ever that the second-ranked assassin had the same name as Eagle King by coincidence. If the second-ranked assassin was anything like Eagle King, he would really need to reevaluate his life.

Eagle King watched the two as they walked away and scoffed. "These two must not have girlfriends; they don't have a sense of humor at all, he thought. Just as Eagle King was about to say something to Yvette, Jeremiah interrupted, "Let's go down too."

Yvette nodded slightly, her brows furrowed with a cold expression, not even sparing a glance at Eagle King. Yvette and Jeremiah walked away as well. Samantha stood there, looking at Eagle King. She thought, 'Oh God. I want to leave too.'

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On the ground floor, the sudden bloodbath at the hotel by the Crimson Blades was due to a reliable tip that a Southtoria tycoon, carrying pink diamonds worth 100 million dollars, would be staying at the hotel today.

A man in camouflage clothing stood there, with three scars on his left cheek, looking menacing. There were roughly fifty people on the first floor, and apart from those who went upstairs to clear the building, the rest of the Crimson Blades were gathered downstairs. The burly men surrounded the hostages, while on the other side were several large black bags, filled with valuables and stacks of cash looted from the hostages.

The scar-faced man, Charlie Deja, held a machine gun and sprayed bullets at the captives kneeling on the hotel floor. He watched as one by one; the defenseless people fell to the ground. His laughter echoed through the room, spittle flying everywhere. Just then, Bob Jefferson, another man in camouflage ran over and whispered something in Charlie's ear. Charlie's face turned dark and menacing, and he casually shot a man who tried to escape.

The other hostages were terrified, huddled together with their heads in their hands. Men and women alike were like lambs waiting to be slaughtered, helpless and pitiful.

Charlie growled. "Why the hell aren't the people from the fifth floor down yet? Get up there and check it out, don't waste any time."

Bob nodded immediately. "I'll go up right away, Mr. Deja."

Bob yelled to the people behind him, "Come on, let's go up and see if these bastards are slacking off."

He led a dozen men and just pressed the elevator button when a voice, cold and chilling, echoed in their ears. It sent shivers down their spines. "What a lively scene."

Time seemed to freeze as everyone stood still, searching for the source of the voice. They could hear it but couldn't see anyone. Charlie tensed up and immediately raised his gun. "Who's there? Who's messing with us? Show yourself!" Bob quickly returned to Charlie's side from the stairwell. "Mr. Deja, what's going on?"

Charlie spat and slapped Bob. "You ask me? How the hell should I know? Go find whoever it is!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the voice came again, much clearer this time. "Are you looking for me?"

Charlie immediately looked up. When he saw a woman sitting on the railing of the second floor, he was taken aback. The same went for everyone else; they all stared dumbfounded at the second floor.

Yvette sat on the railing, her long legs dangling and swinging back and forth. Her hands were propped up, and she wore a carefree smile, her eyes exuding a hint of mischief. Her brown, deep eyes were cold and serious, giving off a chilly vibe. Her stunningly beautiful face, though seemingly relaxed and casual, carried an air of supreme confidence.

The starlight from the window behind Yvette's illuminated her face, making her look distant and mysterious, like a divine being descended from heaven, impossible to look at directly or disrespect, inspiring awe and fear.

The scarred man stared at Yvette; his eyes wide with disbelief. "A fairy? Are you really a fairy?" He quickly snapped back to reality, fixing his gaze on her with a lewd grin..

Charlie asked, "Who are you? Another guest at this hotel? Since you're a beauty, how about you come with me? I promise you'll eat and drink like a queen.

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"Trust me, I'm pretty good in bed too. You'll feel like you've reached heaven if you're with me." His buddies from the Crimson Blades burst into laughter around him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Deja! You've snagged a real stunner! You're one lucky guy!"

"Mr. Deja is so impressive! This woman is a real gem! She looks like she's from Clusia."

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Yvette lowered her gaze, her long lashes casting shadows over her eyes. When she finally looked up, her eyes glinted like icy blades, and a smirk curled at the corner of her lips, cold enough to chill the air around them. With a frosty demeanor, Yvette replied, "Go with you? I don't think so."

Charlie blinked, momentarily taken aback. "What do you mean, no? Babe, you don't look like you're from around Golden Triangle. Go ask anyone who I am-I'm Mr. Deja of the Crimson Blades."

"Follow me, and I guarantee you won't regret it. If you have a boyfriend, I'll take care of him, no problem."

Yvette tilted her head slightly, her gaze drifting to the man emerging from the shadows. A playful smile danced on her lips as she asked, "He's going to take care of you."

Just then, Jeremiah stepped out, having just dealt with some troublemakers hiding in the stairwell. He spotted Yvette perched on the railing, overhearing Charlie's crude remarks.

His eyes darkened, brows furrowing as he assessed the situation. His gaze was deep and unreadable, yet it shimmered with a soft light as he looked at her. "You'd let him take care of me?"

Yvette stayed silent. Charlie stared at the sudden appearance of Jeremiah. Alarm bells rang in his head. He could handle ten women without breaking a sweat, but a man like Jeremiah, who looked like he had depths that were hard to fathom, made him uneasy. Charlie aimed his gun at Jeremiah, but Jeremiah didn't even glance his way. His eyes were locked on Yvette, filled with a warmth he rarely showed.

Yvette and Jeremiah's intense gaze at each other infuriated Charlie. Just as he was about to say something, Yvette turned her head. Her beautiful eyes were cold as they fell on the gun in Charlie's hand.

With a hint of crimson at the corners of her eyes, she said softly "You think you can point a gun at my man?"

Jeremiah, who was closest to her, felt a smile tug at his lips at her words. In the next moment, before anyone could react, Yvette pulled out a sleek silver gun from her bag and fired with precision.

Cold sweat instantly dripped down Charlie's face. He never expected this woman to be armed. By the time he tried to turn his gun around, Yvette's bullet had already pierced through his chest.

The bullet went straight through, hitting a vital spot. Blood gushed out, splattering everywhere, even hitting one of the hostages in the face. The hostage fainted from shock.

Bob couldn't believe his eyes. He rushed to help Charlie, shouting, "Mr. Deja! Mr. Deja, you-"

With his last ounce of strength, Charlie pointed a trembling finger at Yvette, blood spilling from his mouth as he gasped. "She... revenge..."

Before Charlie could finish, he took his last breath, collapsing in Bob's arms. Panic set in for Bob. He thought, 'If Charlie died here, how would he explain it to Norbert Granger? He would definitely kill me.

He dropped Charlie's lifeless body and glared up at Yvette on the second floor. He shouted to the Crimson Blades members, "Go! Shoot them! Kill that couple!"

Seeing Charlie down, the hostages began to scatter, turning the first floor into chaos. Bob didn't have time to worry about

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them. He thought, 'If I didn't bring back the woman who shot Charlie, I wouldn't survive either.

As he turned, he suddenly clutched his chest, eyes wide with shock. Blood poured from a small hole in his chest, and he collapsed to the ground.

Bob looked up at the tall, imposing figure standing by the elevator, dressed oddly yet exuding an aura of power. He fell to the ground, lifeless. The once-boisterous crowd fell silent on

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Eagle King stepped out of the elevator, surveying the stunned crowd. He blew on the barrel of his gun and struck a pose that looked cool, but to Samantha, it seemed ridiculous.

"What's wrong? No one's clapping? Come on, give a round of applause for handsome me." Eagle King called out to the people on the first floor.

After a long pause, no one moved. Even the remaining thirty or so members of the Crimson Blades stood frozen in place,

With Charlie and Bob dead, they were at a loss for what to do. The atmosphere was awkward, and no one dared to make a sound. Eagle King thought for a moment and turned to Samantha. "Hey, Samantha, am I not handsome?" At that moment, Eagle King was more concerned about the lack of applause. Samantha beamed a big, genuine smile and replied, "Eagle King, you're the most handsome in the universe."

Emmett and Charles had just finished dealing with the situation upstairs and arrived on the first floor. They took in the scene and then looked up at Yvette and Jeremiah, realizing that Yvette and Jeremiah had already taken action.

Their arrival shattered the silence on the first floor. On the second floor, Yvette watched Eagle King and Samantha, along with Emmett and Charles, clowning around below. Leaning against the railing, she casually said, "Just kill them all, and leave only one alive." Upon hearing this, Eagle King immediately dropped his playful demeanor. Armed with dual guns, he fired multiple rounds at the Crimson Blades members. Without Charlie, they were nothing but a scattered mess.

Emmett and Charles quickly joined the fray, turning the gunfight into a one-sided slaughter. Even Samantha took down two members of the Crimson Blades.

In less than ten minutes, only one of the Crimson Blades members remained, kneeling on the ground. Emmett aimed his gun at the man's head, waiting for Yvette to give the order.

Samantha looked up, her gaze meeting Yvette's cold, expressionless face as she stood on the upper floor with her hands in her pockets. Yvette's eyes were as icy and piercing as a winter night, distant and aloof like the faint starlight of an autumn evening. Samantha knew this was the real Yvette. In her world, killing was just another day at the office.

The hostages on the first floor had thought they were doomed, but to their surprise, they were saved.

"Thank you, Miss! You saved us!" one of them exclaimed.

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"Miss, you're our savior. Without you, we'd be dead for sure," another added.

"Thank you!"

"Thank you, Miss!"

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The room buzzed with gratitude in various languages-Uprian, Frixia, Dermonian, Thairian, and even a bit of Saracian- making it a cacophony of voices that could give anyone a headache.

Yvette frowned her bright eyes calm and unperturbed as she looked at the diverse crowd. "Disperse," she said calmly. Even those who didn't understand Clusian could guess her meaning from her expression.

Five minutes later, the hotel lobby was empty except for Yvette's group and the kneeling man from the Crimson Blades. Jeremiah tilted his head, his narrow eyes sharp and cold. "Do you want to wipe them all out?" he asked. Yvette's deep blue eyes flickered, her delicate brows slightly raised. "Yes."

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In the next second, Yvette and Jeremiah leaped down from the over seven-foot-high floor, landing steadily. The Crimson Blades' man, who had been sneaking glances, was terrified.

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Emmett spoke up, "Yvette, Jeremiah, what should we do with this guy? Do you have other plans?"

'Yvette must have a special plan. Otherwise, she wouldn't have left a Crimson Blades member alive,' Emmett thought.

Yvette walked up to the kneeling man, hands still in her pockets, her toe tapping the ground nonchalantly. "Where's the Crimson Blades' headquarters? Is your boss there?"

The man fiercely shook his head, gritting his teeth, refusing to speak. Yvette tilted her head and glanced at Eagle King. In an instant, Eagle King stepped up to the man, producing a dagger from somewhere.

He plunged it into the man's thigh without hesitation. The playful demeanor he had just moments ago was gone, replaced by a cold; merciless killer. The Crimson Blades man screamed in agony, clutching his leg as he howled in pain.

"Answer my boss's question," Eagle King said, his voice hard. "Answer, and you live. Refuse, and I'll carve you up piece by piece."

Samantha's lips twitched. She thought, 'Eagle King is ruthless truly, one cannot judge a book by its cover. Emmett and Charles remained unmoved.

The dagger in Eagle King's hand glinted menacingly, breaking the man's resolve in an instant. "I... it's just three streets away, villa number 667. Mr. Granger is there," the man stammered.

Eagle King sheathed his dagger, smiled satisfactorily at the man, and patted his shoulder as if they were old friends. "If you'd said so earlier, we wouldn't have had to go through all this."

He walked over to Yvette and immediately switched his expression. "Boss, shall we go now?"

Among the group, Eagle King was the second to guess Yvette's intentions. Yvette had a habit—whenever on a mission and encountering gangs like the Crimson Blades who committed heinous crimes, she would always take the opportunity to rid such evils, never leaving a trace.

Emmett and Charles also caught on, understanding Yvette's plan. If they didn't eliminate the root cause today after killing so many Crimson Blades members, the gang wouldn't let them off easily. It was better to strike first and destroy the Crimson Blades. Samantha tentatively asked, "Yvette, you want to take the Crimson Blades down?"

'This day is really testing my nerves, but it is indeed thrilling, Samantha thought.

Yvette lifted her gaze, giving a brief, indifferent look at the others. Her voice was cool and detached. "Let's take while we're at it."

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Jeremiah gazed lovingly at Yvette. "Yes, that's a good idea. We should take care of it while we're at it."

care of it

Thus, the group decided unanimously to head straight to the Crimson Blades's headquarters and deal with them.

That night passed, and it was destined to be a night of terror in Ehongsoly. Early in the morning, all the major drug lords and various factions in Voraxia received a shocking piece of news.

The Crimson Blades's Charlie was killed in a hotel, along with all his men.

The Crimson Blades's leader Norbert and their headquarters were wiped out by mysterious assailants. The leader was shot dead, not even having time to dress, and none of the over three Hundred people at the headquarters survived. The police in Thongsoly police station mobilized in full force, causing panic throughout the city. The power dynamics in Voraxia had stabilized.

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The Crimson Blades had been tyrannizing this area for years, becoming a significant local power. It was unimaginable that they could be wiped out overnight, with no survivors.

To accomplish such a major feat silently spoke volumes about how terrifying the perpetrator must be. Local powers had all sent people to investigate the matter.

In Voraxia, the police station was just a figurehead. They merely collected the bodies of the Crimson Blades as per routine and then left it alone. In this place, human life is the cheapest commodity, and the police never invite trouble upon themselves.

At the hotel, the manager, Quinn Reese, stood outside Yvette's room, two people pushing a breakfast cart behind him. The cart was laden with a variety of local specialties and Clusian snacks, clearly prepared with care.

Quinn stood there, hesitantly raising his hand to knock, only to drop it again, repeating this action several times.

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After nearly half an hour of hesitation, Quinn finally knocked on Yvette's door. As one of the few who survived yesterday's ordeal, he truly feared that if Yvette inside was in a bad mood, his efforts today would be for nothing. He couldn't forget the image of Yvette standing on the second floor, expressionless, watching the massacre of the Crimson Blades.

When the door opened, Yvette saw the three people outside, trembling, and the cart behind them. She lifted her eyelids slightly and spoke in a cold, clear voice, "I didn't order any food. This must be a mistake." Quinn immediately bowed deeply, speaking in broken Clusian, "Ms. Zeller, this is a complimentary gift from the hotel."

Yvette raised an eyebrow and said coolly, "Come in," then turned and walked back inside. Quinn quickly instructed the servers to push the cart in and followed nervously. Despite being the owner of the hotel, he felt extremely anxious. Especially after learning this morning that the ruthless Crimson Blades had been completely eliminated overnight, his shock deepened. -

He couldn't imagine who else but Yvette in front of him and her people could have done this. What was most frightening was that they were just a few individuals who had wiped out over a hundred Crimson Blades.

Sitting on the sofa with her legs crossed, Yvette still looked somewhat groggy from sleep. The two servers respectfully placed the breakfast on the table and then exited the room.

Seeing his employees leave, Quinn immediately turned to Yvette and bowed ninety degrees. "Ms. Zeller, thank you and your friends for saving the lives of the hotel guests and me yesterday

Yvette's face remained indifferent as she looked at the anxious Quinn, speaking slowly, "It was just a coincidence." Hearing this, the manager became even more respectful toward Yvette. He hadn't come just to deliver breakfast. All the forces in Voraxia were investigating who had eliminated the Crimson Blades. He didn't want to invite trouble, so he needed to clarify his position to Yvette.

Quinn said solemnly, "Ms. Zeller, apart from expressing my gratitude, I also want to assure you that the hotel will not leak any information about what happened yesterday. However, if a guest leaks the news, we really can't stop them." Yvette listened to Quinn's words and placed her fingers on the armrest, tapping rhythmically. She lowered her gaze and remained silent.

matter."

Seeing Yvette's eyes, Quinn broke into a cold sweat. Just as he grew increasingly anxious, Yvette finally spoke, "It doesn't

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Quinn froze, staring at Yvette with a stunned expression. He wondered, 'It doesn't matter?' He speculated about Yvette's identity. 'Could anyone other than Ms. Zeller and her people have wiped out the Crimson Blades overnight? 'And to speak so casually and dismissively while all the forces in Voraxia were chasing down her trail-she truly impressed me, he wondered.

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This is Voraxía, a world dominated by men. 'Who on earth is this woman?' Quinn wondered. He didn't dare to speculate but could only think about it in his mind.

Quinn's face lit up with relief upon hearing Yvette's words, a smile spreading across his face. He had been worried all night long over this matter.

"Ms. Zeller, this is a special selection of Clusian snacks prepared just for you by our hotel. I hope you like them. Your stay here, along with your friends, will be completely free of charge.

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"Stay as long as you wish. Enjoy your meal, and if you need anything, just let me know," Quinn said.

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Quinn, who had been frowning earlier, now wore a radiant smile. He truly feared that this big shot might get angry and blow up their hotel in a heartbeat.

Yvette nodded slightly, lounging lazily on the sofa, and yawned. In a deep voice, she said, "Thank you." Quinn was taken aback by Yvette's simple 'thank you'!

He hadn't expected such an approachable demeanor from a big shot. He felt truly honored. He waved his hands hurriedly. "Take your time. I'll leave now."

Just as Quinn opened the door to leave, he saw Eagle King, wearing a pair of big slippers, about to enter. His hair was a mess, clearly just waking up, and hadn't even had time to comb it.

Quinn nodded nervously at Eagle King and then fled. He remembered that this man had killed most of the Crimson Blades members just because of Yvette's words.

Eagle King watched Quinn run far away. 'Am I really some kind of monster? Why did he run?' he wondered.

Eagle King pushed the door open casually and looked at Yvette sitting on the sofa. "Yvette, what did the hotel owner come for? Anything important?"

Yvette propped her chin up with one hand, extended her slender, fair fingers, and pointed to the breakfast on the table. Her voice was hoarse. "Here to deliver free breakfast."

Eagle King glanced at the table full of breakfast items, then plopped down on the sofa, pursing his lips. He thought, "This hotel owner sure knows how to flatter, personally bringing free breakfast for the boss."

'How come I never got such treatment after staying here for so many days? Everything comes when the boss arrives.'

Yvette arched her delicate eyebrows, tilted her head slightly, and spoke softly, "If you want to eat, go ahead."

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Eagle King chuckled; his entire demeanor becoming utterly fawning. "Boss, you're the best." After saying that, he got up and walked to the chair beside the dining table, starting to eat the breakfast Quinn had prepared. As he ate, he mused, "Delicious."

These Clusian specialties weren't listed on the hotel menu. It was obvious that they were specially prepared for the boss. 'Indeed, wherever the boss goes, people flock to please him. Why don't I get such treatment?' Eagle King thought. Eagle King took a bite of the bread. He turned to Yvette on the sofa. "Boss, come over and

eat

too."

Yvette shook her head, glanced at the time on her phone, and lowered her eyes, yawning. "No thanks, I have something else

to eat."

As Yvette and Eagle King were talking, Jeremiah walked in with the breakfast he had bought. Seeing Eagle King inside and the various snacks on the table, Jeremiah raised an eyebrow and scanned the room, understanding the situation instantly. He knew these snacks must have been sent by Quinn, as the others didn't seem like early risers who would go out to buy breakfast.

Jeremiah walked over and said in a deep voice, "A Clusian couple from the northeast runs an orange juice and fried dough. I happened to meet them while doing my morning exercise. Do you want to try?"

At the dining table, Eagle King looked at the snacks in front of him and suddenly lost his appetite.

He thought, 'No wonder Yvette didn't eat the hotel's free breakfast. It turns out Jeremiah had gone out to buy it himself. Now that's what dedication looks like!'

When they returned from the Crimson Blades last night, it was around three or four in the morning. After sleeping for just

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a few hours, Jeremiah went out to buy breakfast for Yvette, claiming it was a coincidence. How could that be?' Eagle King thought.

He had walked this street before; there were no Clusian couple from the northeast running a breakfast stand. He must have scoured several streets to find it.

Another day of envying someone else's love. Eagle King bit into a large bun fiercely, thinking it was good enough to have free breakfast.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mr S 449[1,243 words]

Chapter 449

It was almost noon when Emmett, Charles, and Samantha all woke up, got ready, and headed to Yvette's room. Samantha looked at the table full of delicious food, even including duck confit. This hotel really went all out.

Eagle King tore off a large chicken leg, his posture quite rugged, and waved at Samantha as she came in. "Hey, Samantha, come on over. This is the only chicken leg left, it's yours."

Samantha smiled and walked over, sitting down. She picked up the chicken leg and took a bite. It was soft and tender, the chicken well-seasoned. She said, "Thank you very much, Eagle King."

Emmett and Charles were sipping black coffee, their eyes on the spread of food. When the hotel delivered the meal earlier, they specifically asked for Yvette's opinion. From today on, their three meals a day would be prepared by a specially hired Clusian chef. Emmett said, "Jeremiah, I took a walk around town earlier. In Phongsoy, even the trash collectors are talking about yesterday's incident with The Crimson Blades being wiped out."

Charles nodded his voice deep. "I logged into the underworld's internal website. Everyone is speculating which force struck in Voraxia. However, the area has always been chaotic, so the attention isn't too high."

Samantha swallowed her chicken leg and took a sip of orange juice. Curiously, she asked Charles, "What kind of internal website do you have in the underworld? Sounds interesting."

Charles glanced at Yvette and hesitated. The website was casually set up by Yvette to train the killers from the Seventy-Two Chambers of the Goodman family. Nobody knew it would grow so much later, eventually becoming an underground website for the underworld in Mysonna.

Even hackers had attacked the site before, but all attempts failed. Charles looked at Samantha, who was full of curiosity. They were all in this together, and Yvette probably wouldn't mind him sharing this story.

Charles cleared his throat. "This website was casually set up by Yvette seven years ago for convenience." Emmett's hand holding the black coffee trembled involuntarily.

Charles and Jeremiah knew about the website, but he never imagined it was created by Yvette. He wondered, 'How old was Yvette seven years ago? Why could a minor accomplish such a monumental feat? That was something to ponder.'

Samantha was equally shocked. She looked at Yvette, who was sitting on the sofa. 'Was Yvette human or a god?' she wondered.

Eagle King's mental fortitude was pretty good; he was already used to it. The top-ranked killer infiltrating the Interpol. There was nothing he couldn't accept now.

Yvette lounged on the sofa, legs crossed, in a boss-like posture. Her eyes were half-closed, exuding a lazy charm. Noticing everyone's gazes, she said nonchalantly, "Is that website still in use?"

Charles nodded, swallowing hard. "Did you forget about the website, Yvette?" He genuinely believed Yvette could pull off something like this.

Yvette's expression was indifferent. Propping her chin, she leaned back lazily, almost rebellious. "I forgot it."

The expressions on Samantha, Charles, and Emmett's faces were surprisingly consistent. They thought, 'Indeed, Yvette was amazing. She forgot it!'

Jeremiah's eyes held a faint smile as he turned to look at Yvette. Your skills are pretty good."

He thought, Being able to create a website that even world-class hackers couldn't breach seven years ago. Her hacking skills must have reached the pinnacle. Yvette was truly blessed by fate

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Yvette lifted her chin slightly, her long lashes casting shadows over her clear, captivating eyes. Her voice was indifferent. "Which aspect of the skills?"

The room was quiet. Suddenly, Samantha stood up abruptly. As an experienced person, she felt the conversation was moving too fast, and it was time to leave.

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She thought, 'Whatever happened next, Jeremiah and Yvette probably didn't want anyone else to see or hear. Samantha said, "Yvette, Jeremiah, my little Cuttic is calling me. I'll take off." With that, she got up and left. Emmett and Charles also rose in perfect sync, without a word, They saw Eagle King still enjoying his chicken leg. They exchanged a glance and each grabbed one of Eagle King's arms.

Eagle King, suddenly hoisted up, looked bewildered at Emmett and Charles on either side. Emmett said to Eagle King, Come on, you're full."

"No. I'm not," Eagle King protested. His objection was in vain as he was forcefully carried out of the room by two people. The door slammed shut.

Jeremiah stared at Yvette in silence for a few seconds before getting up, walking over to pick up the prepared warm milk, and returning to hand it to her. "Drink more, replenish your strength," he said.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, then put the milk back in Jeremiah's hands, her eyes carrying a hint of defiance. She spoke slowly, "No need, my stamina is pretty good."

Jeremiah looked into her eyes, slowly spreading a smile that could turn heads, then scooped Yvette up from the sofa with ease, His voice was slightly husky, his breath brushing against Yvette's ear as he murmured, "My stamina is pretty good too."

At nine o'clock at night, after eleven hours had passed, Jeremiah took Yvette to the bathroom to clean up, dried her hair, and then ordered a meal. Yvette rubbed her right hand, thinking, 'Jeremiah is really getting out of hand!

In the next room, Samantha, Emmett, Charles, and Eagle King were playing poker. Samantha glanced at the clock on the wall; it was already past nine. She shifted her shoulders.

They had been playing for almost eleven hours, and the door to the next room still hadn't opened. Jeremiah's stamina was really freaking amazing.

Samantha wondered, 'How my adorable Yvette was doing. She must be exhausted by now. But it was also possible that Jeremiah was the one who was exhausted. Being Jeremiah's woman was really tough.

Eagle King gave a sly smile and said to the three of them, "Hey, do you think Jeremiah is on something?"

Emmett didn't change his expression and shook his head. "No need. The military has professional tests, and Jeremiah is always first every year. His endurance and stamina are the best."

Eagle King looked at the serious Emmett and gave him a thumbs up. "Bro, I was just kidding. Didn't tell Jeremiah it was me who said it."

Emmett shook his head. "I'll pass on your exact words, Eagle King. You asked if Jeremiah was on something?" Charles looked at his cards and casually played a two of diamonds. "Win."

"Win.

"Win."

Three wins at once. Emmett, Samantha, and Eagle King said in unison, "Pay up."

Charles pulled out a check from his pocket, a 3 million dollars check. 10 million dollars gone in one hand. As the three of

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them were settling the accounts, a voice from the hallway outside the door interrupted them.

The four of them exchanged glances, exclaiming inwardly, they thought, 'Oh my god. Jeremiah and Sister Yvette are finally done. These two have crazy stamina.

The next day, in the dining area on the third floor of the hotel, the guests had changed. Those who had stayed at the hotel either died or were injured, and the rest left on the second day.

The new guests hadn't seen Yvette, Jeremiah and the others. When they appeared, everyone's attention was drawn to them. All the eyes in the dining area focused on the group.

The moment Yvette went to the dining area, Quinn received the news. He quickly set aside his work and hurried to the dining area, feeling nervous.

He wondered, 'Could it be that Ms. Zeller didn't like the food prepared by the hotel's chef? That's why they came down?'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 450[1,216 words]

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When Quinn entered the dining area, he immediately saw Yvett. It was impossible not to notice them; their presence was so striking. Moreover, the eyes of nearly everyone in the room were fixed on the table where she was sitting. Quinn quickly walked to Yvette's table and respectfully said, "Ms Zeller, why did you and your friends suddenly come down? Is there something wrong with the food the hotel prepared for you?"

"If anything is unsatisfactory, please let us know, and we will rectify it immediately to ensure your satisfaction."

Seeing Quinn's attitude, the surrounding guests were somewhat shocked. After all, as the only five-star hotel in Fhongsoly, how could Quinn not have connections? Yet, he showed such respect to a girl?' they thought.

Yvette lifted her gaze, ignoring the curious and probing looks from those around her. She looked at the anxious and fearful hotel manager and spoke in a cool, slow tone, "Nothing is unsatisfactory."

Eagle King joked, "Quinn, why are you shaking? We're all very down-to-earth people"

Quinn was at a loss for words upon hearing this. 'Down-to-earth? They must have some misunderstanding about themselves,' he thought.

But Quinn finally felt relieved when he saw that Yvette wasn't displeased. He then turned around and instructed his staff to serve Yvette and her group immediately.

Thus, under the watchful eyes of dozens of people in the dining area, Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others finished their sumptuous breakfast without batting an eyelid.

As night fell, the famous Cobalt Blue Bar in Fhongsoly was just starting to get lively. People trickled in one after another, entering this place known locally as the 'Paradise of Desire'. Here as long as you had money, you could indulge yourself.

The decor of Cobalt Blue Bar resembled a disco from the 1980s in Clusia, not particularly fashionable, but it was already the best bar in Fhongsoly.

At a VIP booth, Yvette sat in a black outfit, wearing a cap that covered her cold, piercing eyes. She crossed her legs, and her fair, slender fingers gently tapped the armrest.

On the table was a glass of orange juice, which was what Jeremiah and the others had insisted on—she could only drink orange juice, not alcohol.

Yvette watched the men and women writhing on the dance floor a smile curling at the corner of her lips. Her eyes were cold, and she exuded an air of rebellious nonchalance, her posture relaxed.

At the bar, a flamboyantly dressed woman had been eyeing Yvette for a while. The woman had played at Cobalt Blue for

years

and had never seen such a beautiful girl before-she was simply a rare gem.

'If I could get this girl and present her to her boss, she would surely receive a reward,' she thought.

The masked woman mixed a drink and walked gracefully toward Yvette, sitting down at her booth and placing the drink in front of Yvette.

In a deliberately high-pitched voice, she said, "Hey, are you alone? I'm Lucille Poole, I've been watching you for a while. Is something bothering you? If you don't mind, you can talk to me

Lucille put on an understanding act, trying to hook Yvette with her eyes. She didn't notice that a few equally outstanding men and women were also nearby-Jeremiah, Eagle King, Samantha, Charles, and Emmett. Jeremiah gave off a vibe that warned people to stay away, especially when he saw Lucille sit next to Yvette and push a drink toward her.

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His eyes instantly became sharp, like a predator's, making everyone feel a chill. The next moment, the glass in Jeremiah's hand shattered with a 'bang, scattering fragments on the floor. Samantha stared at the broken glass in shock. 'Oh my god, Jeremiah is terrifying, she thought.

Emmett, Charles, and Eagle King quietly turned their heads, knowing that a jealous Jeremiah was not to be provoked.

+5

They could only pray that Yvette would tone it down and not go too far, or they suspected Jeremiah would twist the head off Lucille in front of her in a second.

At the booth, Yvette looked at the woman who approached her, her stunningly cold face showing a slight smile. Her long lashes drooped, making it hard to guess what she was thinking.

She lightly pressed her forehead with her slender hand, leaning back in a casual, rebellious pose, her lips curled in a cold, mocking smile. "Lucille?" Just this word made Lucille shiver.

She became even more attentive to Yvette. "Hello, beauty, sitting here alone in the bar. This is Voraxia, very dangerous. Why don't we become friends?"

Lucille guessed that Yvere must be feeling down about something, sitting here alone. Such a strong-looking girl must have a fragile heart, making her the perfect target.

Yvette suddenly smiled and said softly to Lucille, whose eyes were shining with interest, "Dangerous? I think I'm more dangerous."

Lucille paused, then covered her mouth and chuckled, looking seductively at Yvette. "Beauty, you really know how to joke."

Yvette leaned back, adopting a boss-like posture, a hint of mockery on her face, exuding a rebellious aura, quite serious. "I never joke, especially with strangers."

Lucille didn't get angry at all; instead, she became even more determined to win Yvette over. She moved closer to Yvette and whispered, "Beauty, it's not exciting here. How about going somewhere more thrilling? It'll be a hundred times better than this bar." Yvette raised an eyebrow, seemingly intrigued by what Lucille had said. Her eyes finally showed some reaction. Seeing this, Lucille grew even more excited. "Beauty, don't worry, I won't trick you. You're not scared, are you?"

After a moment, Yvette nodded and said to Lucille, "Let's go."

Lucille's face lit up with joy when she heard Yvette agree, her happiness evident in her eyes. "Beauty, I don't know your name yet."

Yvette glanced at her, her gaze cold and indifferent. "Yvette," she said casually.

Lucille looked at Yvette. Although this girl was quiet, there was no denying her stunning looks and figure. Lucille could already imagine herself being favored by the boss, her excitement making her hands tremble slightly.

Yvette stood up, and Lucille immediately followed suit. As they passed by Jeremiah's table, Yvette paused and turned back. She glanced at Jeremiah with a less-than-pleasant expression and four people whose bodies were tense. Her eyes narrowed, then slowly formed a smile. "Pretty handsome."

The icy aura surrounding Jeremiah vanished in an instant. He stared at Yvette, his gaze deep and dark. Lucille saw Jeremiah and his group, wondering, 'What was going on at Cobalt Blue today? So many attractive men and women had shown up all at once.

Her eyes fell on Samantha, pausing for a moment. 'If it weren't for Yvette in front of me, the boss might have taken a liking to this girl,' she thought.

Lucille, fearing something might go wrong, urged Yvette to leave quickly. "Come on, or the place will close soon." After

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Yvette and Lucille left Cobalt Blue Bar, Samantha, Eagle King,

Sure enough, it only took one word from Yvette to completely stroked his chin, looking at Yvette's retreating back. He wonde this time... 14:22 Sun, Dec 8

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Yvette and Lucille left Cobalt Blue Bar, Samantha, Eagle King, Emmett, and Charles all looked at Jeremiah.

- 68%

Sure enough, it only took one word from Yvette to completely turn around the furious mood of Jeremiah. Eagle King stroked his chin, looking at Yvette's retreating back. He wondered which unlucky sap was going to volunteer for a beating this time.