

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 451[1,170 words]

Chapter 451

Samantha asked, "Jeremiah, we should hurry and follow them. That woman doesn't look good. The way she looked at Yvette. it was like she wanted to eat her. She's definitely a pervert. What Yvette accidentally gets ambushed by that woman?" Charles and Eagle King remained calm. Having followed Yvette for years, they knew better than anyone. No one can touch Yvette unless she allows it. Whatever bad intentions this woman has, she'll likely end up hurting herself.. Emmett, while believing in Yvette's abilities, still shared Samantha's concerns. He nodded and added, "Jeremiah, I think Samantha is right. We should follow them."

Jeremiah sat there, his eyes cold and his face expressionless. Despite hearing their words, he showed no intention of moving. Emmett and Samantha looked at Jeremiah, puzzled, 'Why isn't Jeremiah worried at all? This is highly unusual. Eagle King quickly calmed Emmett and Samantha down, glancing at Jeremiah. 'Could it be that he also knows the secret signal between the boss and me, which is why he's so calm? Eagle King thought.

Eagle King explained, "Just now, the boss's right finger moved three times lightly. It's our secret signal. She doesn't want us to follow."

Emmett, Charles, and Samantha looked at Eagle King, feeling a bit jealous. Yvette actually has a secret signal with Eagle King. Eagle King glanced at Jeremiah, curious. "Jeremiah, do you also know the secret signal between the boss and me?" The other three were also curious. They wondered, 'Could it be that Yvette gave the same secret signal to both Jeremiah and Eagle King?"

Jeremiah put down his wine glass, his gaze deep and his face expressionless as he scanned the group. In a low voice, he said, "She never compliments me on my looks during normal times."

It was clear that Yvette was just trying to reassure him, and he was completely taken in by it. Despite his concern, he wouldn't go against Yvette's wishes.

For some reason, the four-Eagle King, Emmett, Charles, and Samantha-could sense a hint of grievance in Jeremiah's tone.

In the car, Lucille drove a regular sedan, turning to look at Yvette in the back seat. She asked carefully, "Yvette, what brings you to Voraxia? Are you here for tourism?"

Yvette lowered her head, fiddling with her phone. Her gaze turned deep, like a cold pond when she saw the message from Jeremiah. Upon hearing Lucille's probing words, she raised an eyebrow and replied expressionlessly, "Got dumped by my boyfriend." Jeremiah was speechless.

Just those few words made Lucille, who was driving, instantly imagine a beautiful woman being hurt by a man and ending up utterly disheartened. She felt more at ease, especially since there had been some mysterious forces appearing in Phongsoy over the past two days.

They had wiped out the Crimson Blades overnight without a whisper, so she still needed to be cautious. 'But what could a pretty girl like Yvette stir up?' she thought. She didn't believe a woman could take down an entire gang-that would be absurd.

The car drove southeast for nearly an hour before finally stopping in front of a villa. By then, Lucille knew they were in the boss's territory. Even if Yvette wanted to back out now, she wouldn't stand a chance. She'd have to behave.

Two burly men stood guard at the entrance of the villa, one on each side, looking menacing. Lucille led Yvette to the door and whispered something to the man on the right. He kept glancing at Yvette.

Yvette, hands in her pockets, had a delicate and beautiful face, with a cool and detached demeanor, She paid no attention to

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the man's scrutiny, which made him wary.

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But after Larcille's persistent persuasion and the promise of a few days of companionship, the man finally relented and let them in

Seeing the man give the go-ahead, Lucille quickly gestured to Yvette. Yvette followed Lucille into the villa at a leisurely pace.

As soon as they entered, Lucille saw the figure standing in the center of the room and immediately knelt down, clasping her hands together and bowing to the ground. "Boss."

In the opulent living room, a tall woman slowly turned around. She wore a mask on her right cheek, revealing only the left side, which was burned and scarred.

The left side of her face was terrifying, covered in worm-like scars that twisted and turned, making anyone who looked at it feel nauseous.

When Yvette saw the woman, her gaze remained unchanged. She simply glanced at her and then, to the woman's and Lucille's surprise, walked over to the sofa and sat down, crossing her long legs.

Her face showed no emotion, and her eyes were half-lidded as she spoke in a flat tone, "Orange juice, thanks. The moment the masked woman saw Yvette, she was taken aback.

She had expected this woman to be terrified and run away or faint upon seeing her, but instead, Yvette was completely calm

-too calm.

The masked woman stared at Yvette, a smile curling at the corners of her lips, her eyes gleaming. She instructed the servant. Go, get this beautiful lady a glass of orange juice."

The servant bowed and said softly, "Boss, do you need anything extra?"

The woman paused, her smile deepening. Then she told the servant, "No need," indicating that she didn't plan to add anything.

In the living room, the masked woman ignored Lucille, who was still kneeling on the floor. She sat down opposite Yvette, deliberately showing her disfigured face. "Beauty, aren't you afraid of my face? You're the only one who stays so calm." Yvette crossed her ankles, her dark eyes devoid of warmth, a hint of ruthlessness in her smile as she stared at the masked woman's half-disfigured face.

She pulled at the corner of her lip and spoke in a calm tone, word by word, "Fire burn, ten years, at least three failed plastic surgeries."

The masked woman froze. She thought, "This girl was spot on, even knowing about the three failed surgeries.' She said sinisterly, "Are you a doctor? A plastic surgeon? What do you think of my face?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her delicate features slightly lifted. "It's quite nice."

The masked woman was stunned, and even Lucille, kneeling on the floor, trembled in fear. Everyone knew the boss hated such comments. Yvette was the first to call her face 'nice'

Lucille, fearing Yvette would implicate her, quickly said nervously, "Yvette, don't talk nonsense. Quickly apologize to the boss, hurry up."

The masked woman stared at Yvette; her eyes unmoving. Yvette shifted her gaze, her beautiful eyes showing no fear. 'Was she trying to outdo me in ruthlessness?' the masked woman thought.

After a moment, the masked boss suddenly burst into laughter and fixed her intense gaze on Yvette. "You're Yvette? You're a very interesting woman. I admire you. If you're willing, stay with me. I'll make you the best, standing where no one else can reach." 00%1

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Yvette lazily lifted her gaze and leaned back, and her eyes glinted with mischief. Her eyes narrowed, focusing for a few seconds, then her lips curved into a playful smirk. "Hello, Ms. Miller

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Rory was taken aback, her expression immediately turning cold as she looked at Yvette with caution. 'No one in Vorazia knew her true identity except for a few close confidants. How could this Yvette know?' she wondered. Rory had climbed to where she was today through sheer willpower. If she hadn't been careful, she would have been devoured in this man-eating Golden Triangle long ago.

Rory stared at Yvette with a sinister look. "How did you know my identity?"

Sitting on the sofa, arms crossed, Yvette watched Rory calmly. She curled her toes, still maintaining her indifferent demeanor, her beautiful almond eyes slightly narrowed. "I guessed. Do you believe me?" she replied slowly. Rory immediately pulled out a dark pistol from her pocket, aiming it at Yvette.

She shouted, "Do you think I believe you? Do you take me for a fool? Who sent you here? Best tell me the truth, or I'll make sure there's no place for you to hide within ten miles of here."

Seeing the enraged Rory Yvette remained unperturbed. She simply curled her lips, her flawless face exuding a casual air. In a blink, Yvette extended her slender, fair fingers, and the next moment, the gun in Rory's hand was in Yvette's possession. Lucille, kneeling on the ground, was stunned by the sight. So fast, she couldn't even see how Yvette managed to snatch the

gun.

Rory was equally shocked. Just as she was about to call for help, Yvette twirled the gun in her hand and then tossed it onto the sofa without a second glance. Rory's words were abruptly cut off. Yvette had taken her gun but then casually discarded it. 'What was she planning?' she wondered.

Rory took two cautious steps back, her eyes fixed on Yvette, filled with confusion. In terms of presence, Rory's aura had been completely overshadowed by Yvette. "You're here for what exactly? Speak plainly. You dared to come alone to my territory, saying it wasn't intentional?" Rory demanded.

Yvette flicked her eyelids, leaning back in a boss-like posture. Despite being on Rory's turf, it felt like this place belonged solely to Yvette at this moment.. Yvette's eyes were icy, her beautiful features cold and aloof. "I came to your territory? Wasn't it one of your women who brought me here?" she responded slowly. Rory's gaze immediately fell on Lucille, who trembled upon seeing Rory's eyes on her. She hurriedly explained, "No. It was me. Boss, I really didn't mean to.

"I just thought she was so beautiful and wanted to bring her to you. I didn't know who she was or why she's so-so good at fighting."

Lucille was also stunned after seeing Yvette's display. She thought, 'How could I have known that Yvette was so skilled and daring enough to act so recklessly in front of the boss? If I had known, I wouldn't have done such a foolish thing. Rory glanced at Yvette, then at the gun on the sofa. She felt a bit more relaxed. 'If Yvette was truly sent by the enemy, I would have acted when she took the gun from me.

'Since she didn't, it suggested she might not be an enemy, Rory thought. Already impressed by Yvette, Rory now had a favorable impression of her and was willing to believe that Yvette wasn't sent by the enemy.

'But how did she know who I am?' she wondered. That was still a mystery. To set an example, Rory ordered the guards

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outside to drag Laucille away and feed her to the dogs outside.

After saying this, Rory stared intently at Yvette, trying to find some trace of fear or a slip-up in her expression. Unfortunately, she was disappointed; Yvette remained as expressionless as ever. This only made Rory more uncertain. Lucille, hearing this, collapsed on the ground, frantically begging, "Boss, I'm sorry, I really just wanted to bring Yvette to you. Please let me off this time, I beg you.

"I've served you for so many years, I deserve some credit. I've found so many women for you. You-

She was cut off mid-sentence by Rory. "Shut up, take her away."

The guards who entered immediately covered Lucille's mouth and dragged her out. A few minutes later, a scream echoed, followed by complete silence outside.

Yvette lifted her gaze, and flicked her eyelids, her slanted eyes both alluring and defiant. She picked up the orange juice a servant had just brought and took a sip, showing no sign of caution.

Rory was taken aback but quickly regained her composure, sitting down. "You really guessed? Guessed that I am Ms. Miller?"

Yvette nodded calmly, a sly smile on her face. "Yeah, you're quite famous in Voraxia."

Rory's mood improved instantly. Yvette's words hit a soft spot. As a woman who had risen to her current position in Voraxia through her own efforts, it was partly for money and partly for status and reputation.

Though feeling somewhat elated, Rory maintained a bit of rationality. She continued, "Yvette, you're smart, and I like you. Since you stumbled upon the fact that I am Ms. Miller, you must have heard a rumor. "Those who have seen my true face can only be my close associates. If you don't agree to stay by my side, I won't let you leave this villa alive. Outside, it's all my people. Escaping is impossible."

Yvette propped her head up, legs crossed, raised an eyebrow, and smiled lightly. "Impossible? I love challenging the impossible."

Rory's anger flared at these words. Just as she was about to speak Yvette calmly added, "I'm from Clusia."

Rory paused, wondering if Yvette was changing the subject. Treating Yvette as prey, Rory nodded patiently, "I know. I have a quarter Clusian blood."

Yvette said, "I come from Dungo Village, and Holden is my uncle" Rory was thoroughly stunned.

The matter with Holden was her deepest secret, known to no one, not even her closest confidants. Most of her people were controlled by the poisonous insects provided by Holden, though they believed it was just some drug. It was her biggest secret.

Yvette was from Dungo Village and related to Holden. Rory stared at Yvette. "You say you're Holden's niece. What proof do you have? Should I just believe you?"

"Even if you are Holden's niece, what does that have to do with me? Did you come to Voraxia specifically to find me?" Rory had too many questions. 'Yvette was too mysterious,' she thought

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Yvette dangled her feet idly, slightly squinting her eyes as she tossed her hair over her shoulder. Her voice was cool and composed. "Poisonous insects."

Just those two words sent Rory into a panic. She now fully believed that Yvette was indeed Holden's niece. If this wasn't

coming from one of Holden's closest people, he certainly wouldn't have said anything about it.

Of course, Rory had no clue that Holden was already in deep trouble and had spilled everything. She hadn't been in touch with him recently, which led her to miss this crucial information

Rory's expression softened considerably when she looked at Yvette. "Has your uncle lost his mind? Didn't I tell him not to send anyone to find me? I'm not ready for the shipment yet. I'll contact him in three days to send them over. "The quality of the last batch was great, and I was satisfied." Having accepted Yvette's identity, Rory spoke freely, no longer holding back.

Yvette rested her hand on the armrest with a slight smirk, her eyes as calm and deep as a dark pool, hard to read.

She responded, "My uncle wants me to personally deliver this batch back. Things are getting tight, and he doesn't trust anyone else. That's why I had to come myself."

Rory felt more convinced of her claim to being Holden's niece. Holden was both suspicious and timid, and this was exactly how he would act and speak.

With a disdainful laugh, Rory replied, "Your uncle is way too paranoid. The vice commissioner at the Customs in Clusia has been taking my bribes for years. What could possibly go wrong?

"But since you're here, I can hand over the people to you in three days. Just this once, though. Next time, I hope your uncle doesn't try to overstep. If he does, he'll have to face the consequences."

Yvette narrowed her eyes slightly, her brows raised, exuding an air of effortless indifference. She sensed Rory still had prisoners hidden away and intended to send them to Dungo Village for her own purposes.

Rory observed Yvette's delicate collarbone and pretty face. There was an innate pride about Yvette, a quality that set her apart from other women. It made Rory a bit uneasy. She couldn't resist asking, "Do you have a boyfriend?" Yvette took a sip of the fresh orange juice on the table and nodded. "Yeah."

Rory responded, "What's so great about men? Don't you think women understand women better?"

Rory touched her exposed cheek, thinking if it weren't for men, her face wouldn't be like it was now. She stared closely at Yvette, eager to see her reaction.

Yvette, surprisingly in agreement, nodded. "Men aren't that great, but mine is pretty amazing."

Her words made Yvette seem like a lovestruck fool. Furious, Rory threw her cup to the floor.

Yvette responded with a playful smile, one with layers of meaning. Rory was momentarily dazzled by it but quickly hardened her expression again.

After a pause, Rory commanded, "Take Ms. Zeller to the guest room on the second floor to rest."

Immediately, someone entered and bowed slightly to Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, this way, please."

The maid looked like a local but spoke flawless Clusian. Yvette stood up slowly, not sparing Rory a glance, and followed the maid out.

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Rory watched Yvette walk away, feeling a heavy silence settle in. Just as Yvette reached the door, Rory called out, "Stay in the villa for these three days, and I'll take you somewhere in three days."

Yvette paused for a moment, her back to Rory, before curling her lips into a sly grin. Her gaze was thoughtful.

After Yvette left, Rory pulled out her phone, still feeling uneasy. She needed to double-check. After dialing Holden's number, she heard his voice on the other end asking, "Why are you just contacting me? Are the people ready? Did the person I sent arrive?" Rory sighed, her heart finally at ease. Yvette's identity seemed to be legit after all.

Just as she was about to ask Holden why he had taken matters into his own hands, he abruptly hung up. Rory figured it was just a signal issue or something important came up, not sensing anything strange at all.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah's phone rang, causing the other four to instantly fall silent. He stepped over to the window to take the

call.

A serious voice came through the line. "Mr. Chavez, just as you suspected, Ms. Miller has indeed contacted Holden again.

"But I'm sure they have no idea you had the tech team synthesize Holden's voice. With just a few clicks on a computer, it can perfectly mimic him, and they didn't suspect a thing."

Jeremiah's eyes narrowed, a chilly aura surrounding him. After hanging up, he glanced at the text from Yvette that had just come in a few minutes ago: [Get ready.]

Jeremiah knew Yvette must have gotten wind of Rory Miller or was likely close to her and her circle.

Emmett, Samantha, Charles, and Eagle King exchanged glances, sensing the tension in the air after Jeremiah ended the call. Emmett broke the silence first. "Mr. Chavez, what does it mean that Yvette's message was to get ready?" Jeremiah frowned, his tone low, "She's found out about Ms. Miller."

The others were taken aback, wondering, 'Wasn't Yvette just with a woman? What a coincidence that she'd pick up on Ms. Miller's activities!'

Samantha asked, "Mr. Chavez, since Yvette knows about Ms. Miller now, what should we do?"

Jeremiah shoved his hands in his pockets, his voice steady. "I'm going out tomorrow. You all stay at the hotel and wait for updates."

The group nodded in agreement. With both Jeremiah and Yvette on the case, they would simply await further instructions from the two.

On the couch, Emmett suddenly looked up at Eagle King, sizing him up. He remembered where he had seen Eagle King before.

It was in Kransbay, months ago, when he and Jeremiah were in Manchernia chasing down Caleb. They had crossed paths in

a hotel, where they briefly clashed using internal energy. Neither could gain the upper hand.

He thought, 'What are the odds? Eagle King is Yvette's friend. It all clicked; Yvette was also at that hotel.

Emmett then said to Eagle King, "We've met before, back in Kransbay, at a hotel."

Eagle King looked Emmett over. Hearing the latter jogged his memory. They had brushed shoulders and exchanged a few moves back then—wasn't that too ridiculous?

He couldn't help but exclaim, "Oh, it's you! No wonder you looked familiar. We crossed paths back then.

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Emmett nodded, acknowledging the peculiar twist of fate.

Samantha and Charles exchanged puzzled looks, wondering, 'I

Emmett continued, "Were you there with Yvette then?"

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Emmett nodded, acknowledging the peculiar twist of fate.

Samantha and Charles exchanged puzzled looks, wondering, 'Have Eagle King and Emmett really met before?

Emmett continued, "Were you there with Yvette then?"

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Eagle King nodded. "Yeah, I was with Yvette."

Jeremiah slowly turned away from the window, his gaze intense as he stared at Eagle King. He said in a low voice, "Did she kill Caleb?"

Emmett froze, suddenly piecing things together. There was a possibility behind Jeremiah's words that he hadn't considered before. He shot a look at Eagle King, whispering, "No way..."

But Emmett knew Jeremiah wouldn't speak like that without a reason. If Yvette really did take out Caleb, that was quite a twist. 'Could things be that coincidental? Do such events really align like that in real life?' he thought. Jeremiah had targets, and Yvette seemed to have already eliminated one for him. The way Caleb had died was still haunting; it was brutal-there wasn't a single good part left on his body.

Eagle King looked at Jeremiah and gulped, reluctantly nodding. He thought, 'Sorry, Yvette, but right now, my own survival mattered more. If I kept quiet about this, Mr. Chavez might end me here and now!

"Mr. Chavez," Eagle King replied, "Caleb Kerton was the jerk who kidnapped my girlfriend. Yvette got furious and wiped out the Kerton family."

Emmett stared at Eagle King, his lips twitching. 'Is he really saying this so casually? Now I've grasped how dangerous Yvette can be when she gets angry... he said to himself.

Just thinking about how Caleb must've suffered in his last moments was enough. Caleb's family wasn't just a few people

they were a whole clan.

When Emmett and Jeremiah arrived that day, it was like a scene from a horror movie, with bodies everywhere. Yvette must've taken out thousands of the Kerton family all by herself. Samantha and Charles exchanged glances, noticing Emmett's unease. They sensed the situation was far from simple, knowing Yvette probably did something unbelievable again. Samantha, curiosity tinged in her voice, asked Emmett, "Stop playing games! Who is this Caleb Kerton, anyway?"

Emmett's expression turned serious as he replied, "Caleb is a notorious drug lord from Voraxia. Most of his power was based in Kachin. He'd been ruling there for decades.

"We went after him for a case and tracked him down to Manchernia. We ran into Yvette in Kransbay and had no idea she was the one who took him out."

He paused and then continued, "We were supposed to take care of him that day, but when we got there, the entire Kerton family was already dead, and it was nothing short of gruesome." Samantha gasped, thinking, 'One girl taking on an entire drug family? In their territory? Epic!' A chill ran down her spine at how incredible that was.

Jeremiah turned calmly, looking out the window, his eyes deep in thought. He had guessed it was Yvette who did it because when he had entered Caleb's room, he noticed a faint scent of sweetness in the air. It was a smell that belonged to her, and Eagle King's words confirmed that his hunch was spot on.

The next morning at the villa, Rory sat at the dining table, waiting for the servants to bring Yvette over for breakfast. She had dressed up extra nice today, having put some effort into her hair.

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One of the servants walked-in, shaking a bit, and bent over to Rory. "Ma'am, Ms. Zeller said she doesn't want breakfast.

The servant knew Rory's temper all too well. If things didn't go her way, they'd end up dealing with her pets when she got mad. She had seen some servants hurled straight into the snake bit, with no trace left behind.

As expected, when Rory heard Yvette wasn't coming to eat, she immediately threw her knife and fork to the ground, her eyes sharp. "Did you guys upset her?"

The servant hurriedly knelt down, trembling all over, "Ma'am, we would never dare to upset your guest! We really didn't mean to!" She was too frightened to lift her head.

After a moment, Rory put away her fierce expression and stood up. "I'll go myself."

The servant scrambled to her feet, shock written all over her face. She thought, "The woman named Yvette is the first person Ms. Miller personally goes to invite. Who is she?"

'The villa often hosts big shots, but Ms. Miller has never treated anyone with this much importance before!

As Rory reached the door, she ran into Yvette. Her eyes lit up. "Is the food not to your taste? What do you like to eat? I can have the staff whip something up."

Yvette, with her hands in her pockets and her bright eyes devoid of warmth, replied coolly, "I've already eaten." Seeing Yvette's icy demeanor only fueled Rory's frustration. "Already eaten? Well, come with me to a special place." Yvette raised an eyebrow, her lazy air only adding to her overwhelming presence. "Where to?"

Rory glanced at her. "I'm taking you to check out the underground auction here in Phongsoy. Bet you haven't seen anything like it before."

In Rory's mind, Holden's niece surely hadn't experienced anything extraordinary, especially not a huge underground auction like this.

Yvette's profound gaze flickered slightly. She nodded, her voice as cold as ever. "Sounds good."

With Yvette's agreement, Rory decided not to say anything else. If Yvette realized her own power, she'd be more than willing to stick around.

At 1 PM, Rory set off with Yvette and a whole convoy of five or six cars to the biggest underground auction in Kachin.

Although it was called an underground auction, it was pretty much out in the open. Not only could items be auctioned, but people and rare beasts could be auctioned as well.

There was always something unexpected up for bids. Once, a rich guy from Mysonna even auctioned off his family members just to get cash for drugs.

In the car, Rory glanced over at Yvette, who was busy fiddling with her phone. Feeling a bit annoyed, she said, "You're Holden's niece and from Dungo Village, right? You should know how to make poisonous insects"

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, sending a text to Jeremiah about where she was headed. Then she looked distant, cold expression, arching her finely shaped brow. "Nope.

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Rory was taken aback 'How could she not know how to make poisonous insects?' she wondered.

Before she could respond, Yvette's stunning face slowly broke into a dangerous, enchanting smile. She said seriously, "But I got lucky-I found a 'poisonous insect king"

Rory scoffed, "Yvette, do you seriously expect me to believe that

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"I've done business with your uncle for years. I know a thing or two about 'poisonous insects, and a 'poisonous insect King is just a myth. Your uncle said no one can actually produce one. Why are you trying to fool me?" Yvette smirked lightly, calm and collected. "If you don't believe me, that's up to you?"

Rory was getting close to losing her temper with Yvette's attitude. Is she seriously treating me like an idiot?' she thought. Fearing more of their back-and-forth would give her an aneurysm, Rory just fell silent. Chapter 454

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As soon as Rory stepped out of the car at the underground auction venue in Phongsoy, a staff member rushed over, bowing and scraping with a fake smile. "Ms. Miller, you're here. We've prepared a VIP room for you on the second floor" Rory didn't even spare him a glance, her tone icy. "Lead the way"

The staff member was used to Rory's attitude and didn't bat an eye.

On the second floor, Yvette and Rory walked through the VIP corridor, bypassing the crowd, and entered Room 201. The underground auction venue in Kransbay was specially designed for such events.

From the VIP room on the second floor, they had a clear view of everyone and everything on the first floor, including the items on display. If anyone wanted to place a bid, there were attendants stationed at each of the VIP room doors to help out. Once one placed their bid, the attendant would call it out for them, ensuring both safety and privacy for the VIP guests. After all, only important people could access the VIP rooms on the second floor.

Inside the room, Yvette stood at the window, hands in her pockets, gazing down at the bustling hall below that could accommodate thousands.

The crowd was a mix of all kinds of people, each holding a special paddle to bid. Underneath the display stands, plenty of round tables and chairs awaited higher-tier bidders, complete with seat numbers.

Rory picked up a glass of red wine, took a sip, and wrinkled her nose. "This brand again? Same old wine, nothing new

Yvette turned around, casually taking a seat with her chin resting on the table, pursing her lips as if she had no interest in replying to Rory.

Rory huffed, "Yvette, your uncle struggles every year to pull in a few million from our business deals. He'll never experience, a life like this. If he attended the auction, he wouldn't even get a seat on the first floor with his wealth. This is reality.

"You're going nowhere if you head back to Dungo Village. Why not consider teaming up with me? I can elevate your status Soon, even your uncle will have to look up to you. Isn't this the life you want?"

Rory's intense gaze bore into Yvette, trying to persuade her to stay.

Yvette crossed her legs, expressionless at first, but then tilted her head slightly, a ghost of a smile curling her lips. Her eyes sparkled with an alluring light as she replied casually, "You really know how to paint a pretty picture."

Rory's grip tightened around her wine glass, trying to suppress her growing frustration. She kept telling herself, 'Don't get angry... Calm down...'

Yvette remained unfazed, continuing to play her game while Rory simmered in silence, left with no outlet for her feelings. She ended up downing glass after glass of red wine.

Half an hour later, the underground auction began. A glamorous woman emerged from the side of the stage, strutting confidently. The crowd erupted into cheers and whistles.

Most of the people here weren't engaged in serious business. The underground auction had a more relaxed atmosphere compared to formal auction houses.

The glamorous woman, used to such scenes, flashed a seductive smile and tossed her hair, exuding charm. "Alright, everyone, I know you're familiar with the rules of the underground auction. For the new folks, just a quick reminder: we only recognize cash, not names. The highest bidder wins. Let's get started!"

The audience could hardly contain their excitement.

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"Let's go! We've been waiting forever!"

"Yeah, bring out the good stuff! I've got cash ready!"

"Marina, what's up for grabs first? Last year it was a fifty-carat pink diamond. It'd better not be just jewelry this time!"

On stage, Marina observed the restless crowd below, her eyes filled with a hint of disdain. Then, she glanced up toward the second floor, and her expression changed entirely.

The people on the first floor were never the real targets of the underground auction; it was the guests on the second floor who truly mattered.

Marina smiled and spoke into the mic. "Alright, everyone, don't rush. Our first auction item today is a magnificent beast brought in from a mysterious donor in Southtoria: a lion."

With a swift clap, a group of burly men walked out, carrying a large cage. When the crowd on the first floor saw the sleeping lion inside, their eyes widened in disbelief.

"No way, am I seeing this right? That's a lion! Who in the world sent this thing for auction?"

"Who would even bid on a lion? What are they thinking at this underground auction house?"

"Hey, don't knock it! Just because you're not interested doesn't mean the esteemed guests on the second floor won't place a bid."

Marina's voice boomed over the microphone. "The starting bid for the lion is 300 thousand dollars."

On the second floor, Rory and Yvette stood by the window, watching the lion clearly sedated. Rory remarked, "I bet that young mogul will love this."

Yvette, hands in her pockets and a slight intensity in her gaze, raised an eyebrow. "I know a kid at home who loves animals like that too."

Rory shrugged it off, thinking Yvette was referring to a younger relative. After all, what kid wouldn't be fascinated by such a cool animal?

In the end, the lion was successfully bid on by someone in Room 201 on the second floor. The auction continued

effortlessly, featuring everything from porcelain and jewelry to rare herbs and potions. The variety was endless; they had it

all.

At the display stage, Marina watched the crowd with a mysterious smile. She knew the last item on the auction block would cause quite a stir. Truth be told, if she had the money, she would keep this gorgeous treasure for herself.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she called out, "for our final auction item, I know you're all aware that the last item at our underground auctions is always unique and precious. I am announcing that the starting bid for this final item is 30 million dollars."

Gasps erupted throughout the venue. Everyone wondered, 'What could this item possibly be with such a high starting bid?' On the second floor, Rory was momentarily stunned, thinking, A starting bid of 30 million dollars? The underground auction must have discovered something truly incredible to set that price. Now even she felt a spark of interest, eager to see what it was.

Marina let the suspense build and then shot a glance down at the staff. In the next moment, a cage covered with a black cloth was hoisted up. No one could see inside.

Marina surveyed the eager expressions around her before confidently walking over to the cage. With a sharp tug, she ripped off the black cloth. 18:05 Tue, Dec 10 G BB.

Chapter 455

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As the cloth fell away, a solid gold cage standing ten feet tall came into view. The crowd on both floors gaped at what lay inside.

Silence enveloped the room. Everyone was frozen, no sounds breaking the awe. But in their eyes were reflections of amazement and frenzy.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 456[1,152 words]

COMMENT

Chapter 456

Inside the cage, a man about six feet two inches tall slowly opened his eyes. His features were nearly perfect. Clad in a tight-fitting black outfit, his physique was on full display, while his golden hair shone softly under the lights.

His delicate face radiated a striking coolness, and his clear, bright eyes were filled with an intense, fiery rage. The earrings he wore emitted a faint blue glow, and his deep-set eyes had a wild

untamed look. As he tried to move, he realized his hands were shackled with chains. Looking down at the stunned crowd below him, he felt a wave of disgust wash over him.

Just as everyone was in awe of the man's beauty, he shocked them with his words. "What the hell? You pests, shut your eyes! If you dare to keep staring, I swear I'll gouge them out! Hurry up and free me!"

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The people in the underground auction were taken aback. No one expected a man who looked like Apollo to speak so arrogantly and crudely.

Marina watched the man in the cage, her lips twitching in irritation. Clearly, his bravado shattered the mysterious image he initially had in her mind

This guy was so different from what his looks suggested. He had been sent here after being drugged into unconsciousness.

As he gazed around, he probably realized the situation he was in 'What the hell... I'm being treated like some auction item? I used to be a VIP at underground auctions!' he raged inwardly.

Not seeing any familiar faces, he knew he was far from Mysonna Looking down at the crowd, he said ominously, "Let me tell you, anyone who bids on me, I'll make sure their entire family pays."

His words ignited anger among the auction staff. How dare an auction item speak so boldly! Many in the crowd had unique tastes, and after the cloth was removed, they were already eager. Who wouldn't want a man like him? Worried he would say something even crazier, Marina quickly signaled to one of the attendants. The attendant understood, the cue and rushed over to cover the man's mouth.

Unable to speak, he could only shoot fiery glares at everyone below him. Unbeknownst to him, this only piqued the curiosity of some in the crowd.

"Alright, everyone," Marina announced, "Bidding can begin. The starting bid is 30 million dollars. This exceptional man is truly a rare find."

As soon as she finished, the auction participants began feverishly bidding. The excitement was palpable.

"I'll bid 37 million dollars!"

"40 million dollars!"

"43 million dollars!"

On the second floor, Yvette stood with her hands in her pockets, gazing down at the man in the cage. Her eyes seemed like bottomless pits, and a chilling smirk played across her lips, shrouding her in mystery. When Rory noticed Yvette's expression, she assumed Yvette was taken in by the man too. After all, even she felt a stir of interest upon catching a glimpse of him.

But then she remembered the scar on her face, and the infatuation in her expression vanished in an instant. Beautiful men could be better liars and deserved the worst punishment.

Rory scoffed, "Yvette, have you fallen for this guy? He's just another pretty face. What's so special about him?"

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Chapter 456

Yvette tilted her head slightly, her delicate brows arched in amusement. Then, to Rory's surprise, she pressed the bidding button. Moments later, an attendant at the entrance called out, "100 million dollars!" Rory's face turned red with anger as she yelled, "Are you out of your mind? 100 million dollars for a guy? I'm telling you, I'm not spending that kind of cash. You figure it out! You think 100 million grows on trees?" She couldn't believe Yvette had the guts to make such a bold move and bid 100 million dollars without consulting anyone.

Even if Yvette had money, there was no way she'd be a fool to throw down that much. Unless Yvette was begging on her knees, Rory wasn't budging.

Completely unfazed, Yvette nodded slowly. "100 million dollars is like pocket change to me."

Rory was stunned, thinking, 'Is Yvette really that crazy? What did she mean by pocket change? Who on earth would think that 100 million dollars is just like pocket change? It's utterly ridiculous. On the first floor, when Yvette called out the bid for 100 million dollars, the room fell silent for a moment.

"No way! Someone actually bid 100 million dollars?"

"Yeah, that's from a VIP on the second floor. No big deal."

"But seriously, even if he's drop-dead gorgeous, 100 million dollars? I thought 85 million dollars was already over the top.. Who is this big spender throwing money around like this?"

"Man, you've got a point. 100 million dollars would get you rare diamonds or gold collectibles, but a man? Come on!"

"Ah, that's because you don't get it. There are lonely rich ladies on the second floor, and they're a different breed. We're just here for the entertainment."

"That's true..."

Marina, standing at the front, hadn't seen this coming either. They estimated the man's value at around 70 million dollars, so this was way beyond their expectations. They were about to score big. The man in the cage was struggling hard, his face flushed. 'Am I really only worth 100 million

dollars? Seriously, who do they think they are looking down on?' he snarled to himself. Suddenly, a spark of realization hit him. He stopped struggling, thinking that once he was free, he'd come back and burn this underground auction to the ground.

Just as Marina was about to bring down the gavel, a deep man's voice interrupted, "135 million dollars."

Marina's hand froze in the air, shock written all over her face. It wasn't just her; everyone in the underground auction was stunned, frozen in place as they turned to see who had made that insane bid.

A man? Some gazes shifted to a more dubious look. What could a man possibly want with another man at that price? It wasn't hard to guess.

A guy wearing a ghost mask stood tall, his intense gaze fixed on the second floor.

Marina regained her composure, surprised to discover such a big player lurking on the first floor.

A bid of 135 million made her hand tremble slightly as she stared at the man in the ghost mask.

He exerted a mesmerizing aura just by standing there. Although she couldn't see the face behind the mask, based on her experience, this masked man was probably just as intriguing as the one in the cage. The man in the cage couldn't tear his gaze away from the ghost-masked man, his eyes sharp as blades.

18:05 Tue, Dec 10 GBB.

Chapter 456

Marina quickly looked up at the second floor; everyone's eyes w second floor raise their bids?' everyone wondered.

Yvette cast her eyes down at the man in the ghost mask, pinchin dancing in her expression.

When Rory saw that Yvette turned quiet after someone had bid swooped in to save you with that 135 million. I wonder if that m at another guy."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 457[1,184 words]

Chapter 457

Downstairs, Marina and the others noticed the silence from the second floor. It was clear that the people up there weren't going to raise the bid anymore.

With a decisive bang of her gavel, Marina announced that the man in the cage had been sold for 135 million to the guy in the ghost mask.

The masked man casually tossed a 135-million-dollar check on the table and took the cage along with the man inside.

On the second floor, Yvette watched the figure of the man fade into the distance, her gaze deepening. Just from his back, she could tell how furious he was. He seemed hard to settle down.

Rory, itching to throw in a sarcastic comment, hesitated as Yvette turned to her. There was an edge of irritation about her, a cold aura that made Rory swallow her words.

Yvette said, "I've got things to do. I'm out."

Rory didn't have the right to tell Yvette where to go. She could only hold back her frustration, her expression darkening. "Yvette, Voraxia isn't Dungo Village. If you get into trouble or mess with the wrong people, no one will save you."

Without even bothering to glance back, Yvette turned and left, leaving Rory standing there, eyes burning with anger as she watched Yvette walk away.

She thought, 'How clueless could she be? Does she really think she can just get away with anything? Once this batch is shipped back to the village, I'll make sure Holden hands Yvette over to me, and then I'll make her pay...

At the hotel, Jeremiah sat on the couch, flanked by Emmett, Samantha, and Eagle King, all staring in shock at the man locked in the cage. 'What just happened? Mr. Chavez went out and came back with such a stunning guy? What is going on? they wondered. Charles had stepped out to handle something, and if he were here, he would've recognized the man in the cage.

It was none other than Joe Yoder, the famous scion of Mysonna's underground world and the only heir of the Yoder family, who was equally powerful as the Goodman family.

Joe stared in disbelief at Jeremiah as the latter took off the mask. Seriously? This guy's even better looking than me?' he thought. And the three bystanders, he had already categorized them as well: beauty, scholar, and beast.

After spending years in the underworld, Joe had seen all sorts of people, and while these three gave off no malicious vibes, it was still unsettling. He nodded toward the towel gagging his mouth, signaling that he wanted it removed. Samantha turned to Jeremiah, "Mr. Chavez, where did you find such a handsome boy? Shouldn't we loosen his bindings? He looks like he has something to say."

Eagle King studied Joe closely, feeling he looked a bit familiar. But the last time he saw the guy he recognized, the guy was over fifty.

He wondered, 'Is this a case of youthful rejuvenation? Unlikely-no way could someone look this good after turning back time.'

Jeremiah lounge on the couch, his eyes icy and sharp, radiating a sense of authority.

Watching Joe struggle, an inscrutable glimmer flickered in his gaze, sending an unexpected chill through the air. '100 million dollars? This man seems worth quite a bit to Yvette. Ha.. he snorted inwardly. Having worked for Jeremiah for years, Emmett knew by the look in his eyes that he was genuinely angry.

17:35 Wed, Dec 11 G GB.

Chapter 437-

After a long moment, Jeremiah ordered, "Let him go."

Emmett quickly moved to unseal the cage, removing the cuffs from Joe's wrists and the cloth from his mouth.

As soon as Joe was free, he instantly lunged at Emmett, ready to launch a surprise attack.

65%

But it was clear-the heir to the Joe family wasn't exactly trained in ambush tactics, In the next moment, he found himself pinned to the ground by Emmett.

Samantha looked at the guy pinned to the ground and raised an eyebrow. Does this dude seriously think he can pull off a sneak attack? He's all looks and no brains!' she thought.

Emmett kept his grip tight on Joe, his eyes sharp as he said coldly, "Just behave."

Joe quickly assessed the situation and decided to cooperate. "Hey, dude, can you let me go? I mean, look at me-I'm just a harmless pretty boy. No need to hold me down this tight, right? Eagle King nearly spat out his beer when he heard Joe speak. 'Seriously, does this guy really think he's some kind of hotshot? So annoying!' he complained in his head.

Jeremiah glanced at Emmett, who relaxed his hold but never took his eyes off Joe.

Rubbing his wrists, Joe casually plopped down on the floor like he owned the place.

He looked at Jeremiah and said, "You spent 135 million on me, right? No worries; I'm not here to waste your money. Just send me back to Mysonna, and I'll give you 160 million dollars in return."

It was clear to Joe that Jeremiah had zero interest in him. In his life, people had always wanted something from him because of his looks. Those intentions were easy to see.

But this guy? He seemed genuinely hostile. Joe couldn't figure it out. 'Why did he drop so much money on someone he doesn't like? Is he trying to extort something from my grandpa? wondered

Joe, Samantha, Emmett, and Eagle King exchanged glances. This guy was getting auctioned off, yet he was bragging about having 160 million? Something was definitely off.

Jeremiah leaned back, arms at the armrests, his gaze boring into Joe. "Your name."

After a moment of hesitation, Joe replied honestly, "Joe Yoder."

Just as Joe finished introducing himself, the door swung open. Yvette stood there, eyeing everyone in the room. When her

gaze

landed on Joe sitting on the floor. She paused for a moment.

Hearing the door, Joe turned around. In a flash, he leaped to his feet and dashed toward Yvette.

"Watch out, Yvette!" shouted the other people present.

Joe reached Yvette, tears in his eyes. Unexpectedly, in front of Samantha and the others, he squatted down and wrapped his arms around Yvette's legs, sobbing uncontrollably. He whimpered, "Yve, what are you doing here? Oh has been for me.

y gosh, it must be divine intervention! You have no idea how rough this

"Those people were only feeding me one meal a day, shooting me up with sedatives, dragging me to some awful underground auction!

"I can't believe they thought I was worth 135 million dollars. That's ridiculous! 135 million couldn't even buy a hair off my head!"

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Chapter 457-

Joe was so emotional that he completely forgot to wonder why Yvette was there in the first place.

Standing up, he quickly switched gears. He turned towards Jeremiah, Samantha, and Eagle King and sneered with all the arrogance he could muster, "Ha! My friend Yvette is here!

"You can still apologize while it's not too late. I'm a pretty generous guy, and I'll forgive you. Otherwise, if Yvette goes on a rampage, you'll be doomed."

Joe's boldness left Samantha, Eagle King, and Emmett speechless. It was obvious that Joe and Yvette had a pretty close relationship.

They couldn't help but wonder, 'Why is Yvette surrounded by such a bizarre crowd? This Joe guy clearly has some loose

screws.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 458[1,257 words]

Chapter 458

Joe grinned as he called out to Jeremiah and Samantha, then quickly darted back behind Yvette, looking as smug as he could be. With Yvette, his powerhouse, by his side, he thought he could just relax and trust her with everything. He looked up at Yvette with an exaggeratedly sweet smile, tugging on her sleeve a little. "Yve, they're not the ones who tried to kidnap me, so maybe take it easy on them, okay?"

Joe thought he was being reasonable enough. He decided that once he got back to Mysonna, he would make sure the people responsible and the underground auction house had nowhere left to hide.

However, he admitted that he did owe a bit to the guy on the couch who had kind of saved his life.

Jeremiah, sitting on the couch, squinted at Joe's hand on Yvette's sleeve, a sneer forming on his lips.

Yvette leaned casually by the doorway, casting a glance at Joe's self-satisfied expression. She cracked her knuckles, saying nothing. She thought, "This guy never gets tired of tugging on my sleeve... Jeremiah said in a low and firm voice, "Take your hand off her, or I'll cut it off."

Joe's reflexes kicked in before his brain did-he immediately let go and took a step back. Then, realizing how embarrassing that looked, he opened his mouth to try to say something defiant. However, seeing the gleam in Jeremiah's eyes, he shut up. Joe felt a chill as he realized that Jeremiah looked dead serious about that threat.

Samantha, leaning against the wall with one knee bent, cleared her throat. "Uh, maybe we should all just sit down and talk, It feels like there's a bit of a misunderstanding here."

Yvette turned to Joe who looked slightly hurt after Jeremiah's warning. "Let go and get in there."

Finally, Joe started piecing things together. He thought, 'If I was actually in trouble, Yve wouldn't be so calm-she'd be ready to fight anyone messing with me. So... Why has she shown up here so suddenly?'

Joe looked around the room and pointed a finger at the people inside, nervously turning to Yvette. "You... Do you know these guys?"

Yvette gave a slight nod. "Yeah, they're my friends."

Joe's face fell. Here he had been, strutting around and showing off, only to find out these people were actually Yvette's friends. That was embarrassing.

The next second, Joe quickly straightened his clothes and smoothed his hair, then flashed a big grin at Jeremiah, Samantha, Eagle King, and Emmett.

He said, "Well, this was just a misunderstanding, right? Since you're friends of Yve's, we're all on the same team. I was just joking around. Violence isn't really my thing, so let's just forget about it, okay?" Eagle King scoffed and went back to drinking his beer. Samantha and Emmett exchanged nodded politely to him and gave a self-introduction, but Jeremiah just sat on the couch with a blank face. Feeling a little uneasy, Joe edged closer to Yvette, clueless that he would regret that move in about half an hour.

Yvette strolled over to the couch, took a seat, and glanced at the very proper-looking Jeremiah. With a slight smile, she met his intense gaze and said, "Upset?"

Jeremiah's dark eyes held hers as he replied, unhurried, "Is he worth 100 million dollars? Then what about me?"

With a smirk, Yvette crossed her legs and tossed her hair back with a glint of amusement in her eyes. "Priceless." 17:35 Wed, Dec 11 G GB

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In an instant, the coldness around Jeremiah vanished. He gave her fingertips a gentle squeeze. "Alright, I'm good now."

Samantha, Emmett, and Eagle King felt speechless.

Meanwhile, Joe stared at Yvette and Jeremiah's intertwined fingers, stunned. He rubbed his eyes, then looked again as if he had just stumbled upon some shocking revelation. He thought, "What on earth is going on between them?" Joe raised a shaky hand, pointing at Yvette and Jeremiah's interlocked fingers, his expression a mix of shock and disbelief. "You... Yve, are you..."

Jeremiah glanced at the shocked Joe, then smoothly pulled Yvette closer with an arm around her shoulder, suggesting he step back.

Joe stumbled back a step, looking utterly crushed. He thought, 'Does Yve have a boyfriend? Oh, that hurts.

Yvette glanced up, rubbing her temples before turning to look at the long, slender fingers resting on her shoulder. She suddenly saw the naïve side of him.

With a steady voice, Yvette said, "Jeremiah, this is Joe. He's Carl Yoder's grandson."

As soon as Carl's name was mentioned, both Samantha and Emmett looked taken aback. Samantha studied Joe carefully. She thought, 'Sure, he does resemble Carl a bit, but the resemblance ends

there. His demeanor is worlds apart from Carl's. Emmett couldn't help but ask, "Are you serious, Yvette? Is he really Carl's grandson?"

Their reaction was understandable, and even Jeremiah, sitting on the couch, raised an eyebrow, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes.

Carl was well-known in certain circles. He was one of the earliest immigrants to Mysonna and had carved out a prominent name in business at a time when Clusia was still struggling to gain a foothold in the global economy.

At an early time, he became a leading figure for the Clusian community there, a legend in his own right.

For years, the Yoder family had been a legendary presence in Mysonna, representing the highest echelon among the Clusian community.

Back in the 1970s, Carl had gone abroad three times and managed to reclaim several invaluable national relics that had been looted by foreign forces.

He paid an enormous sum to retrieve them and later donated these artifacts back to Clusia. These treasures were still displayed in the Betrico National Museum. Emmett and Samantha were stunned that the boy, standing before them with such an easygoing air, really was the grandson of Carl, a figure of such renown.

Feeling the weight of their stares, Joe straightened up defensively. "What's with all the looks? I'm not worse than my grandpa."

Emmett couldn't hold back a laugh. "Are you sure? Just look at Mr. Yoder's elegance and charm-you're miles away from that."

Joe wanted to protest, but he couldn't find the words to counter that.

Meanwhile, the Eagle King, upon hearing Carl's name, looked at Joe with a bit of surprise. No wonder Joe's face had seemed vaguely familiar. It turned out that he really was Carl's grandson

Actually, Eagle King had a history with Carl. Back in his early days, he had even taken on a contract to assassinate him. Fresh into the field and far from as skilled as he was now, he had taken any job that came his way. Chapter 458

Over his long career as an assassin, there was only one time he had ever been caught-during a failed attempt to take down Carl. After capturing him, Carl, adhering to the usual protocol, had subjected him to some brutal questioning. As a professional assassin, loyalty to his client was paramount, and he had refused to reveal the person who had ordered the hit, holding tight to his code.

Later, Carl came to the dungeon and proposed a deal. He asked Eagle King for a favor, with the promise that if he agreed, he would be released. Knowing which side his bread was buttered on, Eagle King took the offer, and they worked together.

True to his word, Carl set him free, and in return, he managed to retrieve a crucial document for Carl. In the end, though, he knew he still owed Carl a favor-he had intentionally let him go.

And now, here he was in Fhongsoly, running into Carl's grandson Joe. On top of that, Joe was connected to Yvette, which surprised him.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 459[1,185 words]

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COMMENT Chapter

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Yvette raised her eyebrows, looking at the clearly battered Joe. "Who sold you out to the underground auction house?"

Joe's frustration flared as he gulped down water from the table and vented, "It was the Storm Wind! After you gave me that file, my grandpa cracked down on them. However, they wised up-their lousy leader ended up allying with Damian..

"Yve, you probably haven't heard it, but Damian made a public declaration in Mysonna's underworld gang that he has cut ties with Braydon. Who knows what's going on between them? Now, Mysonna's underworld is in chaos, with factions choosing sides. "Grandpa wants to avoid getting involved in their personal feud, and the Yoder family has already made its stance clear. However, those Goodman psychos won't leave me alone-they've been tailing me nonstop.

"I let my guard down, and sure enough, Damian managed to ambush me. Next thing I knew, I woke up at this lousy underground auction house."

Joe paused, his expression turning fierce, a stark contrast to his usual laid-back demeanor. "Once I get back to Mysonna, Storm Wind won't get away with this. I'll make sure they pay, and my grandpa won't let Damian off easy."

Joe spoke with confidence. After all, in Mysonna, if Carl were enraged, even Damian would have to tread carefully-which was why Joe had let his guard down and let Storm Wind get in. If it weren't for Yvette and Jeremiah, he would have been missing.

Yvette lifted her gaze, her expression partly shaded, chin raised as she spoke slowly, "Storm Wind going after you might not have been Damian's orders. What does Mr. Yoder say about the Goodman family's moves?"

Jeremiah tilted his head slightly, his eyes sharp and thoughtful.

Joe paused before responding, "Yvette, before I was ambushed, Grandpa did warn me that Damian was always scheming. Braydon is his favorite grandson, so there's no way he would genuinely cut him off. However, we just can't figure out why he's putting on this show." Yvette's fingers tapped rhythmically on the armrest as a mocking smile tugged at her lips. "He wants to unify Mysonna's underworld gang as a foundation for Braydon's rise."

Hearing Braydon's name, Jeremiah paused briefly before continuing, "Damian's announcement is just a test-to see who's truly loyal to Braydon and who's fickle. When he's done, only the most reliable people will be left by Braydon's side. Clever move."

Joe's mind clicked into place as he listened to Yvette and Jeremiah. He thought, 'If Yvette was right, then Damian had really played a long game. He was using the entire Mysonna underworld gang to help Braydon. What a ruthless move.'

"Those who allied with Damian would eventually be eliminated by Braydon. Most of these people would never even realize they were pawns in Damian's game. What a big plan!"

Samantha was a bit lost, trying to wrap her head around all this talk about the Mysonna underworld gang. She thought, 'How many people does Yvette know?'

'And now, a grandson of Carl? Who is going to show up next-maybe the president of Mysonna or even a king from another country? Everything seems possible in this circle.' Samantha didn't even want to think about how vast Yvette's network was.

Suddenly, Joe said, "Yvette do you know Charles? It seems like he's being hunted by Braydon. I've had people try to track him down but found nothing. His trail is like it's been wiped clean. I'm sorry. I couldn't save Charles."

Joe lowered his head, guilt evident on his face. After all, Charles was someone Yvette had personally mentored, and if

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something had happened to him, she would have been devastated.

Just then, a man's voice suddenly echoed from the doorway. "Who are you talking about?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Joe spun around in disbelief, staring at the man standing at the door. It was Charles! His body stiffened as he turned back to glance at Yvette, who was sitting on the couch, chin propped up, looking completely nonchalant.

Joe thought, 'What the hell... Why is Charles here? Wait, that means he's working with Yvette! No wonder I couldn't find him. no matter how many top hackers I hired. It was all Yvette's doing'

Charles walked in and placed the milkshake on the table. "Jeremiah asked me to get you a strawberry milkshake, Yvette."

He then turned to look at Joe, who was still frozen in place. He thought, 'What is he doing here, and why is he dressed like that? Normally, he would step out in flashy outfits, but today he looked so... "Dark":

Joe immediately stepped forward and gave Charles a big hug. Charles looked down at him, stepping back with a look of distaste, wondering, 'What was with all this heavy perfume?'

Joe grinned and said, "If I had known you were with Yvette, I wouldn't have had to waste so much time looking for you,

bro.

"I thought you were dead, killed by that ruthless Braydon, left to rot somewhere. I lost sleep because of this and even went to the wild mountains to find you!"

Charles gritted his teeth, looking at Joe, who was acting all theatrical. "I'm supposed to thank you, right? I'm still alive, bro." Joe awkwardly wiped away the tears that hadn't even fallen, being such a drama queen. "Yvette, some people from the Goodman family's Seventy-Two Chambers are starting to get dissatisfied with Braydon."

Charles' face darkened. After leaving Mysonna, he hadn't paid much attention to the Goodman family or the Seventy-Two Chambers. "The Seventy-Two Chambers is currently led by Carson. He's always been adept at navigating both sides, so there's no way he would mess up."

Joe plopped down on the couch, took a bite of an apple, and casually said, "The Seventy-Two Chambers was originally trained by Yvette. They didn't take any move because you were there, but now that Braydon's going after you, it's no surprise they are complaining." Joe thought everyone in the room already knew that Yvette had once been the instructor of the Seventy-Two Chambers.

However, as soon as the words left his mouth, the room fell silent. That was when he realized he might have said something he shouldn't have.

Charles looked at Joe who was holding the apple, feeling speechless.

Emmett stammered, "What? Is Yvette the instructor for the Goodman family's Seventy-Two Chambers? Isn't the instructor Deadlock?"

The apple core in Eagle King's hand fell to the ground. He thought, 'What? Is Yvette Deadlock?'

Deadlock was a legendary figure in the underworld gang-famous for being a ruthless instructor who trained the Goodman family's Seventy-Two Chambers into an elite force that dominated Mysonna.

She had once led them to wipe out three local gangs in a single night, laying the foundation for the Goodmans' power. In fact, the Goodman family's rise could be attributed to Deadlock and the elite forces she trained.

The Seventy-Two Chambers consisted of about one hundred of the finest fighters, each with their specialties. What made them even more terrifying was the fact that all their skills were taught by Deadlock herself. People of Seventy-Two Chambers only trusted Yvette, and now, Joe was saying that Deadlock was actually Yvette, which

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surprised everyone in the room.

Emmett felt like his brain was starting to shut down from sheer

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 460[1,264 words]

Chapter 460

Jeremiah tilted his head, glancing at Yvette, whose expression was indifferent. A cold smile flashed in his dark eyes. "When are you going to the military? Help me train some new recruits! Yvette slightly lifted her eyes, her gaze carrying a hint of defiance and mischief. She casually replied, "It will cost you a lot."

Yvette wasn't bragging. When Damian had asked her to train the Seventy-Two Chambers for the Goodman family, the gold bars he gave her could fill an entire room, but she had turned him down.

In the end, Damian had no choice but to offer her a life debt in exchange, and that was when Yvette agreed.

Jeremiah gently squeezed her hand, his long fingers tapping on her palm, his breath warm and tingling against her skin. "You just said I'm priceless, so I'll give myself to you to pay for it

Yvette was already accustomed to Jeremiah's jokes. Her gaze deepened, her voice cool and commanding. "You belong to me in the first place."

Samantha, who was the only one here unfamiliar with the Goodman family and the Seventy-Two Chambers, could tell from their expressions that it must be some formidable force. From Joe's words, it seemed that the Seventy-Two Chambers was personally trained by Yvette.

Samantha hesitantly asked, "Can I ask what exactly the Seventy-Two Chambers is?"

Emmett secretly glanced at Yvette who was sitting on the couch and cleared his throat softly.

He said, "The Goodman family is the leader of the underworld gangs in Mysonna, the undisputed king, and the Seventy-Two Chambers is the ultimate trump card that solidified the Goodman family's dominance in the underworld.

"The Seventy-Two Chambers has about a hundred members, all feared across Mysonna. And their instructor..." Emmett paused for a moment, then continued, "The instructor of the Seventy-Two Chambers is Yvette, known in the underworld as 'Deadlock.

"It's said that anyone trained by her will reach the peak of physical ability. Of course, not many survive her training-only about one in a thousand. This is why the Seventy-Two Chambers can sweep through the underworld gang of Mysonna." No matter how much Emmett tried to hide his shock, his slightly trembling voice betrayed his inner turmoil. He thought, 'If, as Joe said, the Seventy-Two Chambers is under Yvette's command, it means that she can take them away. 'With the Seventy-Two Chambers under Yvette's control and her own strength, it would only be a matter of time before she could dominate the underworld of Mysonna. Emmett became excited, surprised by Yvette's real strength. The Seventy-Two Chambers had appeared seven years ago when Yvette was just a teenager. The most frightening part was that this young girl, in her teens, had been capable of training such a fearsome force. Besides, it wasn't impossible for Yvette, who had already created the Seventy-Two Chambers seven years ago, to train an even stronger team now.

Eagle King glanced at Charles and suddenly asked, "You are the General Master of the Seventy-Two Chambers as well as the most outstanding subordinate of the Goodman family leader Braydon, right?" Based on what Joe had said earlier, Yvette's identity, and the rumors from the underworld in Mysonna, Charles's role was now clear to everyone.

Charles's expression darkened as he met Eagle King's knowing gaze. He hadn't expected him to be the first to guess who he

was.

Charles nodded and said, "Yeah, it's me."

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Emmett turned his head in shock and looked at Charles. He thought, 'Damn, I never knew Charles had such a background.

"The General Master of the Seventy-Two Chambers is seen as the king of the underworld in Mysonna-he has been following the Goodman family for years, and his reputation is well-known.'

All this time, Charles had been quietly by everyone's side, and no one had ever suspected his true identity.

Samantha swallowed hard, surprised that Yvette was the underworld instructor known as Deadlock and that Charles was the General Master of the underworld gangs.

Joe realized he had misspoken. After staying silent for a while, however, he saw everyone discussing it, so he perked up again. "I told you we're all on the same side, so there's no need to be so surprised. Whatever Yve does is normal, right?" Jeremiah glanced at Joe with a stern look and said in a low voice "Yve?"

Joe immediately mimed zipping his lips, looking utterly pitiful as he muttered, "I've been calling her that for seven years."

Yvette stood up, narrowing her eyes slightly as she calmly addressed Joe, "Go call your grandfather and have him take you home."

Joe nodded eagerly, his face filled with an ingratiating smile. "Can you help me? Can you just make a call to Grandpa for me? If he finds out I've been targeted by the Storm Wind, he'll probably beat me." Yvette lowered her gaze, showing no reaction to Joe's pleading. "Do it yourself."

Reluctantly, Joe picked up the phone on the table, his head hanging in defeat. He knew he was in for a scolding.

Samantha and Emmett exchanged glances, both with mixed feelings as they looked at Yvette. Learning that Yvette was also Deadlock was just too overwhelming.

Eagle King looked at the two of them with a knowing expression, thinking, 'If they only knew that Yvette was also the number one killer on the Black Gold Rankings, they'd probably be even more shocked! Eagle King said, "I truly respect you, boss. Seriously, are you even human?"

Yvette turned her head to look at Eagle King, raising an eyebrow. A faint, teasing smile curled at the corner of her lips as she slowly responded, "What do you mean by that?"

Eagle King froze and quickly took two steps back. "Oh, sorry. I got too carried away and didn't mean to say that. I mean..."

Samantha smiled slyly. "Eagle King meant to say that you're not human, Yvette."

Emmett, keeping his calm, added, "We did hear Eagle King say that you're not human, Yvette."

Eagle King trembled and pointed at Samantha and Emmett. "What the hell? You two are kicking me while I'm down, huh? You guys really have no shame."

Laughter filled the room. Outside, Joe was listening to his grandpa's furious shouting on the phone. "How could you be so careless, letting the Storm Wind scheme against you?"

"Where are you now? What have they done to you? Are you safe? How did I end up with such a stupid grandson after all my years of wisdom?"

Joe scratched his ear. "Please stop shouting, Grandpa. I know I messed up. You have no idea what kind of life I've been living lately. The Storm Wind sold me to Voraxia." Carl sounded surprised. "What? Voraxia?"

Joe worried that Carl might get too worked up and suffer a heart attack, so he quickly added, "Don't worry. The Storm Wind

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never imagined this, but I actually turned my misfortune into a blessing.

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"They wouldn't believe who I ran into in Voraxia. I met Yve! She saved me, and now I'm with her. You can rest easy now."

Carl, Joe's grandfather, grew visibly more anxious at the mention of Yvette's name. After a long pause, he finally spoke, his voice heavy with disbelief. "You're telling me you ran into Yve, right? You are a lucky one. Alright, tell me exactly what happened." Joe then quickly recounted everything that had happened over the past few days, including what had just occurred, to Carl.

Finally, Carl responded, his tone resolute, "Give me the address. Voraxia is no safe place, but as long as you're with Yvette, you should be fine.

"I'll send someone to pick you up tomorrow. Before my people get there, stay close to Yvette and don't leave her side, understand?"

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Joe hung up the phone, knowing that if Carl found out he was with Yvette, he would definitely feel at ease.

After they left, Yvette finished her shower and stepped out of the bathroom, only to find Jeremiah standing by the window. His tall, imposing figure cast a sense of unapproachable aloofness, even from behind. Hearing Yvette's footsteps, Jeremiah turned around, casually grabbing a towel and looking down at her. His eyes, deep and unreadable, flickered with an emotion that was hard to explain.

The droplets of water traced down Yvette's fair neck, glistening in the light. Her skin, smooth and soft, shimmered with a tempting glow.

Jeremiah looked away to avoid eye contact and slowly wiped Yvette's wet hair with the towel. His eyes never left her as he asked in a low voice, "Why did you agree to help Damian train the Seventy-Two Chambers?" Jeremiah wasn't curious about Yvette's connection to Deadlock. What really intrigued him was how Damian had convinced her to train such a fierce team.

Yvette lifted her gaze, looking calm. She looked at Jeremiah's handsome face and said in a cold voice, "It's a debt of gratitude. He saved my life years ago."

It was the only time Yvette had lost control of the toxins in her body, going into a frenzy. It was Damian who had saved her life. An eye for an eye, and a favor for a favor. That had always been her belief.

Jeremiah's grip tightened suddenly. He thought, 'A debt of gratitude? She made it sound so simple, but the truth must be far more complicated.'

There was no need to ask further. Without saying a word, Jeremiah pulled Yvette into his arms, holding her waist tightly, and at that moment, his silence spoke louder than anything.

Nestled in Jeremiah's embrace, Yvette felt a warmth she had never known before. From the moment she was born until now, his arms were the only place that had ever felt like home.

The next afternoon, many men in black entered the hotel and went straight to the floor where Yvette and her people were staying. A door opened from the inside, and the leading man, along with the others, bowed their heads respectfully, greeting, "Mr. Yoder." Joe nodded. "I didn't expect you to be so quick."

An hour later, the hotel was cleared out. The only people left inside were Yvette, Jeremiah, and their people.

The door opened again, and Joe came out, dressed in a custom-made black suit and polished shoes. His entire demeanor had shifted from yesterday's casualness to one of cold, calculated authority, and the black-clad men from before followed him in. Samantha, Emmett, Charles, and the Eagle King watched Joe's complete transformation. It was true that clothes made the man, but as soon as Joe spoke, they all realized that, despite his polished appearance, he was still the same guy as before. Joe said, "Your charming boy is back, Yvette."

Jeremiah handed a glass of water to Yvette, glancing at Joe with a raised eyebrow. Feeling his gaze, Joe felt timid again.

Just then, an elegant middle-aged man named Felix stepped out from behind Joe, bypassing the others and walking straight up to Yvette.

He bowed and said, "It's been a while, Ms. Zeller. I apologize for the trouble with Mr. Yoder's situation. Mr. Carl Yoder asked me to thank you and said that if you come to Mysonna next time, pay a visit to the Yoder family."

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Felix looked very humble. After all, this was someone who had served Carl for years, and even who never shown such reverence.

facing Damian, he had

Yvette took a sip of the water, her fingers lightly grasping the edge of the glass. Her expression remained indifferent, and her gaze was as cold as ever. Hearing his words, she simply nodded and replied, "Sure." Just that one word seemed to satisfy Felix to no end. After all, it was hard to get her to say yes.

Samantha, Emmett, and the Eagle King couldn't help but marvel at the situation. They thought, "This guy is representing Carl, yet look at Yvette's attitude. Did she just dismiss someone with one word without pissing him off?"

Felix clapped his hands, and immediately, a black-clad bodyguard stepped forward, carrying a black box. The man smiled faintly, showing politeness toward Jeremiah, though it was clear that he wasn't as deferential as he had been to Yvette. He thought, "The grandson of the old general from Clusia is indeed no ordinary person.

"Thank you for helping Mr. Yoder yesterday, Mr. Jeremiah Chavez." Felix said, "Mr. Carl Yoder is extremely grateful. This box contains a gift for you and Ms. Zeller, wishing you both a lifetime of happiness."

Samantha cast a glance at Felix, not surprised at all. She thought. He had been working for Carl long enough to know how to deliver a message with finesse.

'As for the blessing and gift, Jeremiah is unlikely to turn it down. If it were just a simple gift, he probably wouldn't have even spared it a second glance.

Jeremiah understood the unspoken message from Carl. He raised an eyebrow with his gaze fixed on the black box and replied with a calm nod, "Tell Mr. Carl Yoder that I appreciate it."

Emmett stepped forward to take the gift. Felix then instructed the bodyguards to hand over the prepared gifts for Samantha, Charles, Emmett, and the Eagle King.

Turning back to Yvette and Jeremiah, Felix said again, "Ms. Zeller, Mr. Jeremiah Chavez. Mr. Carl Yoder is eagerly awaiting your visit to Mysonna. He hopes to personally thank you both one day."

After finishing his words, Felix turned to Joe. "We should be leaving now, Mr. Yoder."

Joe, hearing this, couldn't help but pout. He regretted not waiting longer before reaching out to his family. He stepped forward to say to Yvette, "Yve... I mean, Yvette, next time you're in Mysonna, you have to contact me." Yvette flashed him a small smile. "I will. Go home now."

Joe nodded at Samantha, Charles, and the others before following Felix out.

Samantha looked down at the beautifully wrapped gift box she had just received from Felix. She opened it in front of the others. Emmett, the Eagle King, and Charles did the same with their gifts.

As Samantha opened her box, a diamond necklace gleamed brightly. She picked it up, examining it before glancing at the others. "Oh my goodness, only Carl would give away a 15-million-dollar diamond piece like it's nothing." Emmett opened his box to reveal a snuff bottle. Judging by its condition and craftsmanship, its value was easily in the same range as the necklace-around 15 million dollars.

The gift for Charles was an antique gun from the last century, a rare collector's item worth a fortune.

The Eagle King, however, found a simple note in his box. It read only a sentence, "We're even now."

Yvette's gaze darkened as she observed the gifts in everyone's hands.

Charles said in a low voice, "In just one

"ght, Carl managed to dig up everyone's background and preferences. His strength

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is no joke."

The gifts were meticulously selected according to their tastes. The diamond necklace, the gun, the antique-each one aligned perfectly with the recipients' personalities, except for the Eagle King's gift, which left him a little puzzled. Samantha, curiosity piqued, stared at the gifts on the table, especially the ones for Yvette and Jeremiah. "What do you think Carl has chosen for you two?"

Emmett, Charles, and the Eagle King put down their gifts, their eyes shifting to the box on the table. They thought that if Carl had such an eye for luxury with them, surely he would have something special in store for Yvette and Jeremiah. Without a word, Jeremiah picked up the box, peeling off the wrapping. Inside was a plain old box.

When opened, it revealed matched gemstones shaped like a dragon and a phoenix. The quality was decent, but their value- at most, around 25 million dollars.

They exchanged confused glances, thinking, 'Carl's gift for the couple is quite unexpected, especially given his usual flair for extravagance.

Just then, Jeremiah's phone, which had been lying on the table, rang. He glanced at the caller ID and saw that it was a call from Jase. Seeing this, he frowned.

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Jeremiah picked it up, and after a brief moment, Jase's serious voice came through the speaker. "What have you and Yvette been up to this time?"

Jeremiah's gaze darkened. It seemed a little too coincidental that Jase's call came right after Joe had just left.

Before Jeremiah could respond, Jase continued, "Yvette is with you, right? Hand her the phone. Wait, never mind, just put it on speaker."

Jeremiah hesitated for a moment before switching the phone to speaker mode. The next second, Jase's booming voice filled the room, sounding much more cheerful than before. "Yvette, my dear, you must be tired."

The unexpected warmth in Jase's tone caused Samantha and Emmett to exchange a glance. They thought, 'What happened to make him so pleased? He was usually stern and serious, rarely showing any sign of happiness. This is so weird. Yvette raised an eyebrow, her eyes dark and contemplative as she asked coolly, "What did Carl do?"

There was a brief pause on the phone before Jase continued, "Carl contacted someone in Betrico this morning. He said that he's willing to donate three of the national treasure-grade bronze artifacts to Clusia-no strings attached.

"The value of these artifacts is immeasurable. More importantly, with Carl's influence among the Clusian community, this will certainly bring more attention to the issue of our lost treasures."

Jase seemed a bit stirred as he spoke. When Clusia was invaded, many of its treasures were plundered by foreign forces. These items ended up in museums abroad, where they were flaunted as the spoils of conquest.

Each artifact lost overseas was a sign of the humiliation Clusia endured. They had been fighting to retrieve these lost treasures and reclaim what rightfully belonged to their ancestors.

After a pause, Jase continued, "Carl spoke to Clifford about it, and he said the donation of these bronze artifacts is a gift for you and Jeremiah. He also specifically requested that the Clusian government allow Jeremiah to personally escort the national treasures back home."

Normally, decisions about such matters would fall to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but in this case, the honor of escorting the treasures would go to Jeremiah, which explained a lot.

If Carl hadn't specified it, this opportunity would have sparked fierce competition. Now, with his request, there was no room for dispute.

Samantha, Emmett, Charles, and the Eagle King were all stunned. They thought, 'No wonder Carl only gave Yvette and Jeremiah matched gemstones-they were just the prelude. The real gift is actually this precious chance.'

Carl's request for Jeremiah to escort the national treasures back to Clusia was a move to put him front and center on the world stage.

As the youngest general in Clusia, this opportunity would undoubtedly pave the way for his future promotions. It was indeed a weighty gift.

Jeremiah remained calm, his expression unchanged. There was no shift in his eyes at all despite Jase's words.

Yvette barely lifted her gaze, her look as indifferent as ever. Her gaze was as cold as always, and her voice was neither hurried nor slow. "When?"

Jase replied, "In about two weeks. The exact date is still being finalized by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Carl, but once it's decided, the orders will be issued immediately for Jeremiah to personally escort the artifacts back to Clusia." In Betrico, Jase leaned on his cane and looked out the window, his gaze deep and distant. "On behalf of Clusia, thank you,

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Carl's message was clear. If it hadn't been for Yvette, he would never have donated those bronze artifacts.

Jase could never have predicted that Yvette was acquainted with Carl. She always surprised him. To have Carl donate such invaluable items was no longer just a matter of honor. It was something

far deeper. Yvette said, "I did nothing. It was Jeremiah who saved Carl's grandson, Joe. He's the one escorting them and he deserves

that."

A smile spread across Jeremiah's face in an instant. Hearing that Jase also smiled with satisfaction, thinking, 'Although Yvette is a quiet one, she's very smart.'

The news that Carl had personally appointed Jeremiah spread quickly, and soon the upper class of Betrico began to gossip.

People were saying that Jeremiah must have used some sort of dirty tricks to secure the role. The situation called for an explanation, and it turned out that the truth was his saving Carl's grandson.

Jase reassured them, "Don't worry, I know how to handle the rumors here."

When the call ended, Samantha exclaimed, "Carl truly is impressive. He handles everything so carefully, step by step, leaving no room for criticism."

Emmett agreed, "He's certainly smart."

Eagle King, holding the note that said "settled", grunted, "Not bad, I guess."

Charles set down the gift in his hand and said softly, "If Carl hadn't voluntarily left the underworld gang in Mysonna, Damian might never have taken the throne. In terms of vision, strategy, and the number of supporters, he was no match for Carl." Yvette stood up, hands in her pockets, and glanced at them as she said, "Once we are done here, head straight to Mysonna."

They nodded in agreement. Yvette pulled on a cap, covering most of her face, her delicate features subtly shifting with a slight raise of her eyebrows. "Wait for my message the day after tomorrow."

Samantha, Emmett, Charles, and the Eagle King were all aware of Rory's situation and were simply waiting for his next move in Mysonna.

Meanwhile, in a villa, Rory sat gloomily on the couch, her exposed half-face twisted under the harsh light, making her appear even more terrifying.

She looked up at the clock on the wall and found that it was already noon. She thought, 'Very well. Yvette was gone for an entire day. She's probably off having fun with someone.'

'I thought she was different, but it turned out she was shameless. And Holden, who hung up on me at once. What could he possibly be busy with? If it weren't for his ability to control poisonous insects, I would never have worked with him. Just then, one of her subordinates entered, holding a red box. Kneeling before her, he respectfully said, "Boss, the item you requested is here."

Rory's eyes turned cold as she gazed at the box. Every month, she endured excruciating pain-if it weren't for her husband, she wouldn't have sunk this low.

After the man left, she opened the box. Inside, a poisonous insect lay still. Rory donned a special pair of gloves, picked up the creature, and placed it on the burned side of her left cheek. The next second, she let out a miserable roar. The servants who were cleaning continued with their work as if oblivious to the sound.

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Half an hour later. Rory put the insect back into the box, her denying face healing as fresh scabs formed, leaving her skin looking much better.

In the afternoon, the moment Yvette returned, someone immediately reported it to Rory.

Fuming, Rory stormed into Yvette's room. She found Yvette about to change her clothes. When her gaze fell on Yvette's slender waist, her eyes turned wicked.

But before she could act. Yvette calmly lowered her hand that was reaching for her clothes, turned around, and met her gaze. Her eyes were dark, cold, and full of malice.

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The next second, Yvette pulled out a silver gun. Rory panicked, trying to dodge, but the bullet was faster. It grazed her right arm and embedded itself into the wall.

Rory clutched her wounded arm, staring in disbelief at the gun in Yvette's hand. When her eyes met Yvette's cold gaze, she trembled. "You... How could you have a gun? How dare you shoot me?" Yvette walked over to the bed, calmly putting on her jacket. Her jaw was clenched, and her expression was icy. Then she said in a threatening voice. "Remember to knock next time, or you'll die." Rory gritted her teeth, glaring at Yvette with a vicious look. Her eyes were filled with malice like a snake preparing to strike.

After a long pause, Rory suddenly burst into laughter. "Very well I never thought the useless Holden could have a niece like you. I won't forget this, Yvette."

After delivering her threat, Rory turned and walked toward the door. She glanced at the wall where the bullet had lodged, pausing for a moment. The bullet was embedded deep in the wall, which suggested that Yvette was good at it. After Rory left, Yvette finished changing her clothes and picked up her phone, which had several messages. She glanced at it an unfamiliar number, but the tone was familiar, and she knew exactly who it was. itfan

[Why didn't you contact me when you came to Voraxia?]

[Did you forget about me, Yvette?]

[I want to see you.]

[Can you text me back? I've been managing things down here just the way you told me to.]

[I miss you so much, Yvette.]

Yvette squinted slightly, staring at her phone. Her expression was nonchalant as she pinched the corner of her eye. After a moment, she put the phone down, clearly with no intention of responding.

Rory immediately summoned a doctor when she came home. Her trusted aide watched as the doctor carefully bandaged her wound, holding his breath.

He thought, 'Who did this to Boss?' Once the doctor finished, he hesitated and said, "The wound shouldn't get wet for now. Luckily, it's just a graze, no damage to your bones, but it was close. The person who shot you has extraordinary skill." Bank tese Trepate for the event the day after tomorrow. By then, I want Yvetteer

Rory stared at her bandaged arm in silence, exuding a suffocating aura of resentment. After a long pause, she said coldly,

For the past few days, Rory didn't show up, while Yvette continued her routine of going early in the morning and returning late at night.

The people Rory sent to follow Yvette had lost track halfway through and gave up. It wasn't until the agreed-upon day that Yvette walked in, and Rory, still feeling the sharp pain from her wound, glared at her with eyes filled with hatred. Yvette, dressed in black from head to toe, strolled leisurely to the couch with her hands in her pockets. With a calm expression, she poured herself a cup of tea and sipped it slowly.

Her calm demeanor only served to enrage Rory's subordinates, who glared at her with reddened eyes.

One man, unable to hold back any longer, stepped forward, pointing at Yvette and scolding, "How dare you act so arrogantly

you are?" in front of our boss? Do you even know where

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Rory didn't speak because she wanted to put Yvette in her place. Vette was the most arrogant woman she had ever seen. Sadly, the truth was, there was no one who could truly control Vrene in this world. Vette glanced at the sinister man with a raised eyebrow, calmly crossing her legs. A half-smirk tugged at the corner of her lips as she toyed with the teacup.

The man, thinking he had intimidated Yvette, was about to say something smug when she didn't even spare him a glance. She casually tossed the teacup, and with an uncanny precision, hit the man square on the head.

He yelled in pain, and the others, seeing this, quickly drew their guns, aiming them at Yvette. She surveyed them coolly, not a hint of panic in her demeanor. Calmly, she leaned back and raised her eyebrows.

Rory continued to stare at Yvette, but in her eyes, there was no sign of fear or distress.

The standoff lasted for a few moments until Yvette spoke. "Put down your guns."

Suppressing her anger, Rory said, "There are ninety-nine people this time—forty men and fifty-nine women. I'm taking you to them, and then I'll send you to the dock."

"Tell your uncle that if the quality of this batch doesn't meet our standards, we won't be working together anymore."

The "batch" Rory referred to was the poisonous insects. She needed a more advanced breed to control her people. That was why the people they had abducted had all been subjected to thorough medical examinations. Yvette gave a slight nod, her tone tinged with casual indifference. "Okay."

Rory waved her hand, and a group of people quickly piled into the cars, with Yvette taking a seat in another car. There were five Jeeps and three large trucks heading toward a secluded village.

After a two-hour drive, the roads began to narrow, the trees grew denser, and signs of civilization disappeared. Finally, they stopped at the entrance of a desolate village. A group of men in camouflage uniforms were patrolling the area, walking back and forth. Yvette casually sent a text message to Jeremiah, propping her chin on her hand as she watched Rory step out of the car and begin speaking with the men in camouflage.

From their lip movements, Yvette could tell that Rory was asking about the status of the people, and the man responded that one person had died, leaving ninety-eight others.

Hearing about the death, Rory slapped the man across the face. The man, flustered, kept apologizing and begging for mercy.

Rory glanced back at Yvette's car, then winked at the driver. Without hesitation, the driver got out of the car and opened the door, signaling for Yvette to get out.

With a nonchalant flick of her hand, Yvette brushed off the dust from her clothes and leisurely stepped out of the car. Rory said, "Stay close. There are wild beasts in this area. If anything

happens, don't expect anyone to come to your rescue." The man who had been struck by Yvette's cup earlier stared at her, a dark thought brewing in his mind.

Rory led Yvette toward a dilapidated house. Before they even got close, the air was filled with harsh, agonized screams of pain.

Yvette's eyes remained fixed on the house ahead, her expression cold and unreadable. There was an air of detachment around her.

Rory commanded her men to open the door. As the door creaked open, what greeted them was a grim sight-men and women locked in cramped cages, their bodies covered in crisscrossing lash marks and bite wounds. 17.32

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Sunlight poured in, casting an eerie glow over the faces of the prisoners. Their faces were pale, and there was no hint of energy left in them, only a deep, suffocating despair. Some were so badly beaten that their flesh had rotted. Rory stared at the scene, her fury rising as she realized how badly these people had been mistreated before even reaching Dungo Village. In a fit of rage, she roared, "What happened to these people?"

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The camouflaged man trembled as he stepped forward, trying to explain to Rory. "Boss, they wouldn't obey. They've caused

to escape. If we don't take harsh

trouble several times in the past few days, and there's one woman encouraging se measures, they won't stay obedient."

Rory stared at the wounds on the people in the cages. It was obvious that some of the injuries were not from whips. She thought that they must have tried to take advantage of the women here and that their lust clouded their judgment. Rory wasn't sorry for them. She was mad about the fact that these people had been so severely injured, their bodies no longer perfect vessels for the poisonous insects.

She turned to one of her trusted subordinates. "Forget it. Take them to the truck."

Just as the camouflaged man thought he had escaped punishment and began to feel smug, a gunshot rang out, cutting through the air. Rory, her subordinates, and the prisoners who seemed to have lost all life turned their gazes to the hole in the camouflaged man's chest. The next second, his eyes went wide, and he fell to the ground, stiff as a board. Yvette stood there, a silver gun gleaming in her hand.

Yvette's eyes were as dark as the night. She glanced at the fallen man, her gaze almost unreadable.

The village was eerily quiet. The dead body of the camouflaged man seemed to jolt everyone back to reality, stirring fear in the air. One of the women in the cage stared at Yvette, her eyes gleaming with renewed hope. Rory finally snapped, her anger reaching its peak. "Who gave you the right to kill, Yvette? They are my people. You really don't know what you're doing."

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression cold and indifferent. She lazily looked at the angry Rory and gave a sly smile. "Really? Teach me then."

Rory froze for a moment at Yvette's calm demeanor. Then, gritting her teeth, she turned sharply to her two trusted subordinates and barked, "Kill her."

No sooner had she spoken than gunshots rang out from outside accompanied by the sound of frantic shouting. Rory's face darkened, and she immediately rushed to the door, flinging it open.

Jeremiah, Eagle King, Charles, Emmett, and Samantha had already breached the village's defenses.

a hundred of her men had been silently and

Within half an hour, more than two-thirds of Rory's people were dead. Over a h swiftly taken down by Jeremiah and his team.

Rory's gaze hardened as she observed the group of newcomers, her eyes locking onto the advanced firearms they carried. She thought angrily, 'Who are these people? Why do they all carry such high-tech guns?'

In Voraxia, the hardest thing to deal with wasn't drugs-it was weapons. After the death of the former king of Voraxia, Hadley, After the death of the former king of Voraxia, Hadley, Rodney took over the territory.

It wasn't clear how Rodney had connected with Eldoria, but his long-term dealings with them allowed him access to the world's most advanced weaponry. With that power, he became the new ruler of Voraxia, and no one dared to challenge him. Rory's voice grew cold as she looked at Jeremiah and his team. "Who are you? Do you know where you are? How dare you barge into my territory?"

Jeremiah, dressed entirely in black, didn't respond immediately. Instead, he glanced at Yvette who was leaning casually

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against the door and flashed a slight smile.

Rory followed his gaze, her eyes falling on Yvette, whose face wore a smirk that oozed nonchalance. A sharp realization struck her, and her heart skipped a beat.

In that instant, everything clicked. She realized that these people like Yvette, were all from Clusia, which meant they were on the same side as her.

Rory's confidence began to falter, her stance defensive. She glared fiercely at Yvette. "It's you, right? They're your people. right, Yvette? What do you want? Does your uncle know about this? He won't let you get away with this." Samantha's lips curled into a smile as she teased, "When did you get an uncle, Yvette?"

Yvette, leaning against the door with a relaxed posture, raised an eyebrow and casually replied, "I never have one?

Rory froze, disbelief flashing across her face. "That's impossible. Isn't Holden your..."

She stopped mid-sentence as a sudden realization struck her. In that moment, everything clicked. She realized that Yvette had been pretending to be Holden's niece from the beginning, all to trick her into bringing her here.

Yvette put her hands into her pockets as she lifted her gaze. She said indifferently, "Holden's secret breeding of poisonous insects in Dango Village was exposed, and he's been sentenced to death. insects

"The deputy commissioner at the customs office you bribed has already been dismissed and punished. Now, it's your turn."

Yvette's acted like she was talking about a trivial matter. However, to Rory, it hit like a thunderclap. She thought, 'No wonder Wette knew about the poisonous insects. Holden must have betrayed me.'

The realization twisted something in Rory's eyes. She was filled with pure fury as she glared at Yvette. "You're smart, Yvette. You've fooled me, but you know what? Even if I die, I'll drag you down with me."

With that, she snatched a gun from one of her confidants and fired directly at Yvette. The bullet flew at lightning speed toward her, but Yvette swiftly bent down, dodging the bullet that whizzed past. The battle escalated into a fierce gunfight once again. When Rory fired her gun, Jeremiah's eyes turned cold. He glanced at her with the calm detachment of a corpse before quickly pulling the trigger. Rory, in a desperate move, pulled one of her subordinates in front of her to block the bullet. Before Rory could react, another bullet from Yvette's gunshot straight into her left leg.

Yvette and Jeremiah's cooperation was seamless. They gave Rory no chance to recover, and this time, no one was left to shield her from the incoming bullets.

Seeing the situation, Charles, Eagle King, Emmett, and Samantha immediately opened fire, unleashing a deadly barrage. The dozen people still with Rory couldn't hold up against their assault.

Five minutes later, Rory's entire team had been wiped out. She was the only one left, her left leg pierced by Yvette's bullet, unable to move.

Rory glared at Yvette, her expression venomous. "I admit that I underestimated you, Yvette, but you won't have a good end for this."

Yvette tilted her head slightly, then calmly addressed Eagle King, Emmett, Charles, and Samantha. "They are inside the house."

As soon as they entered the room, Samantha couldn't hold it in any longer and hurriedly turned to the side to vomit. The stench of decay inside was overwhelming, almost unbearable. Emmett, Eagle King, and Charles each took a gun and unlocked the cages. When the prisoners saw their freedom, they

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rushed out in a frantic scramble.

Some had been locked in too long, and their limbs had grown stiff, but even those who could only crawl did so with all their remaining strength, desperately dragging themselves out of the ages. Outside, Yvette glanced at Jeremiah, then slowly walked over to Rory, towering over her. She reached out and removed the

mask from her face.

Half of Rory's face remained flawless, and from that half, it was clear that she had once been a stunning beauty. It was now twisted.

Rory hurriedly covered the perfect half of her face, not worried about the disfigured side but terrified of exposing the side of her face that had remained untouched. "I will kill you, Yvette.

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Rory gave a sinister smile, then pulled a small bottle out of her jacket and twisted off the cap. The next second, a poisonous insect, almost identical to the one they had seen in Dungo Village, flew out of the bottle. She spoke to the insect coldly, "Go, suck this woman's blood dry

As if it understood, the insect flapped its wings and flew toward Yvette.

Jeremiah watched the insect, his gaze deepening without a hint of panic.

The events in Dungo Village were still fresh in his mind, and although he didn't know why Yvette wasn't afraid of the insect, he was certain that whatever it was, it posed no threat to her.

Just as Rory thought Yvette would be drained dry by the insect, something unexpected happened.

It flew right in front of Yvette and beat its wings desperately. After several circles around her, it suddenly plummeted from the air and landed hard on the ground. It lay motionless, its tiny eyes wide open.

The scene left Rory utterly stunned. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. "How... How is this possible? Why didn't it drain your blood? This can't be true." dfain

Rory looked completely shaken, her mind in a daze. It wasn't just her-everyone who had been locked up and had come rushing out behind her was frozen in place, staring in shock at the scene.

Just a few days ago, this very insect had drained the blood of an adult man right in front of them. They had all seen it with their own eyes-the man had been reduced to nothing but skin and bones in less than five minutes. Yvette raised an eyebrow, her eyes cool and aloof. She glanced at the insect playing dead on the ground, rubbing her forehead and feeling speechless.

The insect was acting so terrified because it was the poisonous insect king Yvette had brought back from Dungo Village.

Lately, it had been quietly living in a small transparent bottle she Yvette with her, and now that it was the poisonous insect king, who didn't need to eat much.

Yesterday, Yvette had casually fed it some junk food and it had devoured it with delight. It seemed that no one could resist the temptation of junk food.

Yvette had kept those men and insects for one simple reason-they were easy to take care of.

Yvette ignored Rory. Her gaze swept over the dozens of people who had just escaped. Each one looked utterly unrecognizable, their appearances twisted and unsettling.

Yvette said indifferently, "These are the people who sold you here. Now, you can do whatever you want with them."

The men and women who had been released stood frozen, numb to the core. Hearing her words, no one moved.

Charles, Eagle King, Emmett, and Samantha stepped up to stand by Yvette and Jeremiah.

Eagle King glanced at the horrible face of Rory and couldn't help but mutter, "Rory is a pure demon. Even if these people survive, the damage to their bodies is irreversible. They won't live long."

Rory had sent countless batches of people to Dungo Village. There were probably thousands who had died there.

Suddenly, Rory burst into a wild laugh. However, as she laughed, she began to cry. "Don't you want to know why a beautiful girl like me turned into someone so hideous, someone who can kill without blinking an eye, Yvette?"

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Rory knew she couldn't escape. She had accepted her fate, but she would never admit she was wrong.

Yvette lifted her gaze and kicked the "dead" insect lying beside her. An imperceptible smile curved at the corner of her lips. I'm not curious at all."

Samantha couldn't hold back her laughter. She thought, 'Honestly, sometimes Yvette's words can be pretty harsh, but she doesn't even seem to realize it. Every time, she managed to make her enemies furious without even trying Emmett, Eagle King, and Charles exchanged a glance, thinking, Yep, this is the Yvette we know-tough, concise, and always intimidating.

Sure enough, hearing Yvette's words, Rory's face turned bright red, and her eyes became bloodshot. She insisted on telling Yvette the truth because she knew if she didn't speak now, she might never get another chance. Wiping away her tears with force, Rory hissed, "Ten years ago, I was just a naive girl. I fell in love with a man who told me he would take me away and give me a better life.

"I believed him. To be with him, I left my parents and followed him to Voraxia, foolishly thinking he would give me happiness and make me the happiest woman alive."

Hearing that, Samantha sneered. She stared at Rory, unsure of what to say. She thought, 'It's the same tired old story. What kind of person who truly loved you would ask you to abandon your family and run away to live an illegitimate life? 'Honestly, someone should stop girls from watching so many dramas.

Yvette's expression remained neutral as Rory got lost in her memories with her face twisted in anger. Yet, Yvette remained indifferent.

Rory didn't care about the reactions around her and kept speaking. "After we came to Voraxia, he started working hard. For a while, I thought I was living my dream. However, he started coming home late, always smelling of another woman's perfume.

"I knew he must be having an affair. I followed him and found out he was with the woman of a gang leader. I thought if I just tolerated it and pretended I didn't know, he'd come back to me."

At this point, Rory's voice suddenly became frantic, her hands clawing at the ground. "But then, he got addicted to gambling. In the end, he lost everything. To pay off his debts, he sold me to a big drug dealer here.

"I resisted, but as a powerless woman without my phone and unable to contact my family, I had no choice. He beat me hard. To survive, I agreed and became the mistress of the local drug dealer, a woman who everyone could abuse."

Neither Yvette nor Samantha could empathize with Rory's experiences. Although both were women, they knew that from the moment Rory had chosen to run away with the man and leave her parents, everything that followed was karma. Rory sat up, her eyes fixed on Yvette, trying to find even a hint of sympathy in her gaze. Unfortunately, she was met with disappointment.

Rory continued, "You can probably imagine, in Voraxia where human lives are worthless, women have no rights at all. Eventually, I managed to stand out among many women and became the fixed mistress of the drug dealer." Emmett, Eagle King, and the others looked at Rory who was losing her sanity. They thought, 'Stand out? More like she probably used countless underhanded methods.'

Rory touched her scarred face, her voice trembling as she spoke "I slowly gained power. Once I had it, the first thing I did was capture him. I sliced the flesh from his body piece by piece and fed it to the dogs.

"That's when I knew I would never go back."

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Eagle King glanced at Rory who was losing her composure and clicked his tongue. He thought, 'If it weren't for her trafficking people and using live humans to raise poisonous insects, she could have been an inspiring one! Yvette squinted slightly. Her hair fell across her forehead, partially veiling her cool gaze. She said calmly, "The moment you decided to leave with a man, you should've been ready to take consequences for your choices. "When he started staying out all night and you

discovered he was cheating, you should've left him without hesitation instead of pretending everything was fine. The suffering you endure today is the consequence of your own decisions." Rory glared at Yvette, furious. She had expected her to empathize with her and acknowledge that her downfall wasn't her fault but the men's.

Instead, Yvette's lack of sympathy struck her like a blade. To Rory, Yvette was nothing more than an animal.

"You're heartless!" Rory shrieked at Yvette, her voice trembling with bitterness. "Do you even know what love is? That man manipulated me, broke me down, and made me fall in love with him. I gave up everything for love." Before Rory could say another word, Jeremiah shot, and the bullet pierced her right arm. "How dare you call her an animal?" Jeremiah's voice was cold and dripping with killing intent, leaving everyone shivering on edge.

Emmett's lips twitched. He thought, 'Seriously, who gave Rory the nerve to call Yvette an animal right in front of Jeremiah? She's making things worse.'

Eagle King had been ready to move, but Jeremiah acted faster. Now, his gaze toward Rory was filled with killing intent because he wouldn't allow anyone to be so rude to Yvette.

Charles shared the sentiment. His expression darkened as he stared at Rory. Just uttering the words "animal" was enough to seal her fate.

Samantha glared at Rory as she stepped in to defend Yvette. "What gives you the right to call her that? You let your obsession with love lead you to a tragic end. It's entirely your own doing.

"Complaining and blaming others won't change anything. If you had just had a little courage and left him the moment you found out he was cheating, you wouldn't have ended up in this mess."

Rory looked at the group, all genuinely standing up for Yvette, and a surge of jealousy mingled with a flicker of admiration rose in her chest. She thought that if she had had people like this by her side, things would have turned out differently. Clutching her wounded arm, Rory started pouring out everything she had kept buried all these years. It was the first time she had ever voiced these feelings in front of anyone.

She said, "I used to be very proud of my face, but after I got pregnant with the drug dealer's child, I couldn't satisfy him anymore, and he started ignoring me and found another lover.

"When that woman gained power, she pushed me down the stairs when I wasn't paying attention. Imiscarried-my son, already formed, was lost. That woman, relying on her newfound position, faced no consequences. After that, I swore I'd make them pay." Rory's eyes were wild with madness. "I slept with his subordinates to bribe them. When he found out, he set me on fire and tried to burn me alive. I barely escaped, but I was left scarred and turned into the monster I am now.

"Luckily, I met Holden. That's when I learned about poisonous insects-how they could control people's minds. We struck a deal. I used the insects he gave me, and that's how I rose to where I am today and became the so-called Ms. Miller."

By the time she finished telling her story, tears were streaming down her face.

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Yvette stepped forward, the sunlight catching her features and casting a glow around her. Rory stared at her, lost in her stunning beauty.

Yvette's deep gaze locked with hers, and then she said indifferently, "All your misfortune? It was never caused by others. It was always your own doing. One wrong step led to another: Do you know how each of those poisonous insects you used was created?" Rory shook her head slowly. "All Holden told me was that a human was used as a vessel for them and that the insects need human blood to survive, I don't know anything more."

Yvette kicked a small stone by her foot, her gaze falling on Rory without the slightest hint of warmth.

She said, "Humans are used as vessels. They're placed in a large jar, filled with dozens of the most venomous and toxic creatures. The insects slowly eat away at the person's internal organs and skull. At first, the person doesn't die."

With every word Yvette spoke, Rory's face grew paler. She had never imagined the process of creating the insects to be so horrifying. Yet, even if she had known, she was certain she would still choose to work with Holden.

To survive and reach the pinnacle of power, she had to sacrifice everyone. There was a struggle in her eyes but not a trace of

regret.

Rory met Yvette's gaze calmly. "It doesn't matter now. What's done is done, Yvette. I wasn't as lucky as you. Is that man with the gun your boyfriend?" she asked, pointing toward Jeremiah.

Jeremiah stepped forward, his eyes locked onto Rory's. His entire demeanor was chilling, a stark warning to anyone watching.

Seeing his reaction, Rory burst into crazy laughter. "This man loves you now, Yvette, but who can be sure about the future? "One day, he might deceive you, betray you, and push you to the edge just like I was. And if you ever find yourself in my shoes, you'd make the same choices as I did. You would-mark my words."

Rory repeated her last sentence as if trying to convince herself.

Yvette lifted her gaze slightly, her deep eyes showing no emotion. Her voice was as cold and steady as ever. "No, I wouldn't"

Rory sneered. "Don't be so sure. You've never faced such a moment. When that day comes, you'll know you are just being naïve now."

Yvette's next words, delivered with indifference, shattered Rory's composure entirely. "If he betrays me, there will be only one outcome for him-death."

Jeremiah's hand tightened briefly around Yvette's fingers as a slight smile curved his lips. His icy gaze bore down on Rory. "I swear on my life-never will I betray her. If I do, I'll end myself."

He turned his head slightly toward Yvette, his expression softening. "There would be no need for you to make a move. Just tell me how you'd want it done."

Jeremiah's solemn vow struck a nerve with everyone present. For no apparent reason, they all felt he was showing off. Samantha looked over at Eagle King with a wry smile. "Look at Jeremiah's devotion. I'm a little jealous now." Eagle King, chewing on a piece of grass with a roguish air, smirked. "Trust me, if Yvette did it herself, Jeremiah would die tragically."

Emmett cast a glance at them, his tone calm. "Watch

your

words

Meanwhile, Rory stood there, stunned. She gazed at Yvette and Jeremiah, unable to speak for a long moment. Finally, she broke down in an instant and murmured softly, "All my life, I longed for love, but in the end, I lost everything."

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Rory turned to look at the people she had trafficked and tortured, their humanity stripped away. For the first time, a flicker of regret crossed her face.

Perhaps Yvette was right-one wrong step led to another, and life offered no second chances. If she could go back, she wouldn't have run off with that man.

She would have stayed with her parents, married someone who truly loved her, and lived a quiet life. Instead, she had ended up a fugitive, dying far from home without even a final farewell to her family. Rory looked at Yvette, and from her pocket, she pulled out a pistol and aimed it at herself, looking calm. She had gone through a lot over the past ten years and it drained her.

She called out at Yvette, "Remember my name-my real name. I am Rory Miller. She didn't want to leave this world without a single soul knowing who she truly was.

With a faint smile, she pulled the trigger. The sharp crack of the gunshot echoed through the air, and Rory collapsed to the ground, her wide-open eyes staring at the sky. The sky was a brilliant blue, just like it had been on the day she left home all those years ago, but now, there was no going back.

Rory's eyes fluttered shut as her life ended in Voraxia, the place that had destroyed her utterly.

Samantha let out a soft sigh as she gazed at Rory's body. "Madly in love, and yet she paid the steepest price for it. She's a pitiful person, but also a hateful one."

Suddenly, a commotion broke out in the crowd. A young girl, dressed in tattered clothes, burst forward with a dagger in her hand. Without hesitation, she lunged at Rory's body.

The blade descended again and again until Rory's corpse was an unrecognizable mess of blood. Only then did the girl release her grip on the dagger and collapse to the ground, her eyes glinting with satisfaction.

Her brutal act stunned everyone except Yvette and her people. Yvette looked at the girl, who looked around fifteen. Although her face still bore traces of innocence, the scars scattered across her small frame told a story of unimaginable suffering. The girl stood with the bloodied dagger in hand and walked over to Yvette. She knelt before lifting her gaze. Her young eyes brimmed with determination. "Thank you for saving me."

Yvette raised her eyebrows, her expression remaining calm and indifferent. Her cold gaze settled on the girl's resolute face. "No need," she replied nonchalantly.

The girl wiped the blood off her face and stood up. "Your name is Yvette, right? I'll remember it. One day, I'll repay you." Without waiting for a response, she turned and walked away. In the glow of the setting sun, the small figure seemed to carry immense energy.

Yvette watched the girl's retreating. For a fleeting moment, it was as though she was looking at her younger self.

Jeremiah stepped forward, his tone thoughtful. "That girl is brave and decisive. She's going to achieve great things in the

future."

To accomplish great things requires neither age nor trivial concerns. At such a young age, she had acted with precision and ferocity. What was even more remarkable was her sense of gratitude. Yvette tilted her head slightly, her delicate brows carrying a hint of nonchalance. "The girl is pretty

cool."

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Emmett, Samantha, Charles and the Eagle King all nodded in agreement. The girl's composure and intelligence were indeed extraordinary for someone her age.

Yvette turned away, her gaze falling on the corpse on the ground and the trembling men and women huddled nearby. Her eyes darkened as she spoke softly, "Let's go." Jeremiah gently squeezed her hand. "Sure. Let's go back to the hotel."

As they prepared to leave, one of the trembling captives stepped forward. "Wait! Could you... Could you take us with you? We've got nowhere to go after being trafficked here. We don't know this place. Please help us out and take us away from here." "Yes, please! You look like good people and wealthy ones too. Surely you'll help us."

"We were tricked into coming here to work. If it's possible, could you help us find jobs? It shouldn't be hard for someone like you, right?"

"Please, young masters and ladies!"

"We'll die soon if you leave us here."

Samantha was speechless upon hearing this. She thought, 'After all the effort we have put into rescuing these people, now we are expected to provide food, shelter, and jobs, huh? These people certainly know how to play the guilt card

Eagle King sneered at their words. He wasn't surprised at all that some people were beyond pity. After years of being a killer, he had seen all kinds of people, including those who acted politely but stabbed you in the back when you weren't noticing. Charles, too, shared the sentiment. He thought that greed was the most treacherous thing. If they truly helped these people, all they would get in return was resentment. Those people would never be satisfied.

Yvette's lips curled into a wicked smile, her voice cold and without a trace of emotion. "Go die then."

She turned and got into the car, with Jeremiah following closely behind. Emmett and the others quickly followed suit, climbing into the car as well.

Seeing that Yvette was truly going to ignore them, the group of people immediately turned hostile.

"You're so cruel. If you were going to do this, you should've just left us to die!"

"Yeah. You gave us hope, then left us like this. You're not genuine at all."

"Exactly. You and Rory are the same people."

The crowd continued to hurl accusations, shouting louder than the last.

Inside the car, Yvette rested her chin in her hand, barely sparing them a glance. Jeremiah pulled out his gun and, with a swift motion, fired a shot into the air.

The sharp gunshot echoed, causing the crowd to fall silent.

Emmett revved the engine, and the car sped away, leaving the remote village behind.

Jeremiah holstered his gun, lifting his chin with a raised eyebrow. "What do you want to eat for dinner?"

Emmett couldn't help but twitch his mouth in disbelief. He thought, 'Come on, after what happened in the village, Jeremiah is still thinking about what Yvette might want to eat.'

Yvette casually played with Jeremiah's long fingers, meeting his gaze for a brief moment before responding. "I want to eat you."

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Emmett's hands trembled slightly, almost losing control of the steering wheel, narrowly missing the large tree at the side of the road. Thankfully, he regained control just in time. As he settled his nerves, he saw Jeremiah's sharp gaze in the rearview mirror.

Emmett panicked, thinking, 'Oh no... Is Jeremiah seriously going to make me jump out of the car now? I really didn't want to hear it, but with the way things were going, I couldn't pretend not to. Emmett forced a smile.

Jeremiah withdrew his gaze and gently pinched Yvette's face, his eyes intense and his breath warm against her ear, making her shiver. "When we get back, I'll let you. You can eat as much as you want. I don't mind if you keep eating me. Yvette shifted slightly, the tips of her ears faintly pink, but her composure was rock solid-she wasn't going to admit defeat.

With a calm smile, Yvette replied, "I won't take responsibility if I break you."

The next second, Emmett jerked the steering wheel again, almost losing control once more, but he managed to save it and muttered, "I swear I'm not doing this on purpose, Jeremiah." He thought it was Jeremiah to blame. Hearing that, Jeremiah laughed softly.

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Emmett glanced over at Jeremiah, his heart racing when he saw his smile. He had spent years working with Jeremiah and what really made him uneasy was when Jeremiah smiled. Jeremiah casually played with Yvette's hand and then looked up at Emmett who was driving. His voice was low and serious. "Pull over."

Emmett immediately patted his chest, thinking, "Thank God, he just telling me to pull over, not jump out of the car. Honestly, if I kept eavesdropping, I would probably be sent to Atria!"

Emmett quickly slammed on the brakes and put on a fake smile "You're in charge, Jeremiah." Without missing a beat, he opened the door.

Behind them, Charles saw the car in front pull over to the side of the road and immediately did the same. Samantha rolled down the window and saw Emmett getting out. She raised an eyebrow in confusion. "Why did Emmett suddenly stop? Did something happen?" Eagle King calmly wiped his gun as if it were his prized possession. It was a new model and its firepower was insane. Eldoria was probably going to make a killing off these weapons.

Unlike Yvette, who had the pull to just get things handed to her, Eagle King wasn't so lucky. He had to work for his connections, and there were limits to what he could secure.

Eagle King turned to Samantha. "Don't worry. With Yvette here, nothing bad is gonna happen."

By the time they finished talking, Emmett had already gotten into their car, and the car in front started up again, heading down the road.

Charles started his car and asked, "What happened? Why did you get out?"

Emmett looked awkward. "Jeremiah and Yvette are being all lovey-dovey, and I just can't take it anymore," he said, his tone carrying a hint of grievance.

Samantha chuckled. It was the first time she had seen Emmett like this. Watching Yvette and Jeremiah with their public displays of affection must have been enough to make anyone feel a little sick to their stomach.

Charles hadn't expected that, and his face reddened slightly. He hadn't realized Yvette could be so intense about romance. Eagle King put away his gun, observing their reactions with a nonchalant grin. "Relax."

Back at the hotel, the manager Quinn immediately approached them with a deep bow and a respectful tone. "Ms. Zeller, your friends have reserved the entire hotel for a week and provided us with a check for 330 thousand dollars. "Please take it back. If you find it too noisy, we won't accept any other guests while you're here, but please take the check back."

Quinn spoke with deep respect. He had already consulted Mysonna headquarters that morning, and they had made it clear that someone like Yvette must be respected. They had instructed him to do everything he could to meet her needs and leave a good impression. Quinn handed the check over with both hands, bowing deeply.

Yvette and Jeremiah exchanged a glance and raised an eyebrow. With an indifferent expression, she casually replied, "You can keep the check. We won't stay long, and you're free to take other guests."

Quinn glanced at Yvette's expression and saw no signs of hesitation. Only then did he finally relax. He thought that someone like her definitely wouldn't like small talk and surely wouldn't care about a check worth 330 thousand dollars.

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Quinn was even more humble. "Alright, Ms. Zeller, we will accept this check. To ensure your peace and privacy, we will not be accepting any other guests. The entire hotel will be at your service.

Yvette casually slid her hands into her pockets, her posture relaxed and easy. She gave Quinn a brief look, then replied, "Okay."

Quinn immediately stepped aside, watching as Yvette and her friends entered the elevator. The doorman, who was still new and clueless, leaned in and whispered, "Mr. Reese, who exactly is this Ms. Zeller? Why are you so respectful toward her?"

The doorman was new and knew nothing. The doorman who had been there before him had died on the night the Crimson Blades carried out the robbery.

Quinn's eyes darkened, and he sighed deeply. Looking at the naive doorman, he said, "I don't know who she is, but trust me, she's someone neither you nor I can afford to cross."

Once they had settled in, the servants quickly delivered a meticulously prepared feast. The entire hotel was now at the service of Yvette and her friends, and there were eighteen dishes in total, each made with the finest ingredients.

Samantha casually scooped up some caviar and immediately knew it had been airlifted in.

Charles looked over at Yvette and asked, "Everything's wrapped up here. Are we heading back to Mysolna tomorrow?"

Yvette was lounging on the couch, chin resting in one hand as she fiddled with her phone, replying to Lucy's messages. FastPulse Technologies had already decided to name their new game The Rise. The global launch event was scheduled for the 15th of next month, and it would be held at the Highland Hotel in Mysonna. If everything went well, Yvette would be there too.

Remembering her promise to Silas to help out at the lab for a week and train an intern, Yvette rubbed her forehead.

Lucy: [Boss, are you really not making an appearance?]

Lucy: [At least come to the launch event and witness it for yourself.]

Far away in Betrico, Lucy stared at her phone, praying Yvette would change her mind and take pity on her poor employee showing up at the event in person.

Yvette tapped on the screen with her slender fingers, sending Lucy a simple reply: [We'll talk about it then.]

Yvette looked up at Charles and nodded. "Yeah, we'll leave tomorrow."

Eagle King, who had been quietly watching the flurry of messages on his phone, glanced back at Yvette. He couldn't help but feel a little guilty.

Yvette gave Eagle King a cold glance. Seeing him quickly avert his eyes, she casually rested her hand on the armrest and said slowly, "Are you hiding something?"

Samantha, Emmett, Charles, and even Jeremiah who had just stepped in all turned to look at Eagle King.

Eagle King, already feeling guilty, immediately started rambling, "It's not what you think... I swear, it's that boy's fault! He kept trying to get information out of me, bombarding me with messages, and I wasn't trying to spill anything!"

"You know how clever that kid is. He's got a thousand tricks up his sleeve. I accidentally let something slip, and the next thing I knew, I told him the name of our hotel. It wasn't on purpose, I swear!"

Eagle King's explanation left everyone stunned. They thought, 'What the heck was he even talking about? And who was this boy he kept mentioning?'

Jeremiah calmly walked over to the couch and handed Yvette her milkshake. As he gently squeezed her fingers, he asked in a

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Quinn waited anxiously, but the leader still hadn't gotten out of the car. He couldn't help but mutter to himself, growing more and more puzzled until suddenly, a commanding yet youthful voice rang out: "I'm here." Quinn froze in place, his eyes widening in shock.

In the room, Yvette watched Eagle King who was clearly uneasy and the curious looks from Charles, Samantha, and Emmett. She casually rubbed her fingers, tilted her head, and glanced at Jeremiah. "I... Before she could finish her sentence, the doorbell rang. Eagle King, glancing toward the door, couldn't help but mutter, "No way... How could he be so fast?"

He immediately shook his head, trying to reassure himself. "That's impossible. He's not some kind of god. There's no way he's here already."

Eagle King's flustered reaction only made Charles, Samantha, and Emmett more intrigued. Who exactly was this person who could make Eagle King so rattled? Whoever it was, he didn't seem like someone to mess with. Yvette sat on the couch, propping her chin in her hand, her gaze deepening as she looked toward the door.

Samantha stood up and walked over to open it. As soon as the door swung open, Quinn, trembling and pale-faced, stood there in front of her. Samantha peeked out but didn't see anyone else.

In a polite tone, she asked, "Is something wrong?" After all, Quinn had already come by just half an hour ago when they brought the meal.

Hearing Samantha's question, Quinn froze for a moment. His body stiffened, and he forced a smile that looked painful. Stumbling over his words, he managed to get out, "Well..."

Before he could finish, someone suddenly interrupted from behind him. "Excuse me, lady, is Yvette here?"

Samantha immediately felt a chill run down her spine. She took several quick steps back, shocked. "What the hell? Who's speaking?"

Emmett and Charles noticed Samantha's sudden movement. They quickly stood up and moved toward the door. Eagle King's face instantly darkened when he heard the voice. He thought, 'How the hell did this brat get here so fast?' Yvette paused for a moment, her eyes narrowing slightly as she looked at Eagle King with a faint smile on her face. Eagle King could only beg for mercy with his eyes, but it didn't help much.

Quinn, trembling, took several unsteady steps back. Behind him, a boy, around thirteen or fourteen years old, suddenly appeared.

With soft black hair neatly styled, his round face lit up with a bright smile, his eyes sparkling as he flashed a set of white teeth. His skin was smooth and tender, his cheeks round and chubby making him look impossibly cute.

The corner of his lips curled into a radiant grin, and a small mole near his eye looked quite pretty. His long eyelashes fluttered as he blinked, looking every bit the mischievous troublemaker.

The boy, despite being only in his early teens, was dressed in a dark suit and shiny leather shoes, looking every bit the part of a grown man. Yet, surprisingly, the outfit didn't seem out of place on him.

The moment he appeared, his little "mature" look instantly melted Samantha's heart. She couldn't help but smile and asked, "Hey kid, are you looking for Yvette? Who are you?"

As soon as Samantha heard him mention Yvette, she knew he was as childish as he appeared. After all, this was Voraxia. It seemed totally illogical for such a young boy to show up alone at the hotel, especially to find Yvette.

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And when Samantha thought back to Eagle King's reaction and his cryptic words, her heart skipped a beat. She thought, 'Could this kid be the one Eagle King was talking about?'

The boy looked at Emmett and Charles as they stepped closer, then turned to Samantha with an innocent smile. "I'm Yvette's friend. Can you let me in?"

Emmett, who had just walked up, narrowed his eyes and asked in a low voice, "Are you a friend of Yvette's?"

Charles, taking in the boy's appearance, couldn't help but stare. The kid was delicate and well-sculpted, looking every bit like a doll. He was undeniably cute, but the claim that he was Yvette's friend didn't quite add up.

It wasn't just Charles who was skeptical; even Samantha and Emmett felt the same way. They thought, 'Why did Yvette have so many friends? Did she start making friends just after she was born?'

The boy looked at Emmett and nodded seriously, his voice soft and youthful. "Yeah, Yvette is my best friend. I need to see her."

Charles, his eyes dropping to the boy's waist, didn't say a word.

The boy saw the three adults fall silent and quickly lost his patience. He thought, 'Are they stopping me from seeing Yvette? Anyone who stands in my way should be eliminated. His eyes flashed with cold fury. Emmett and Charles immediately felt the change in the atmosphere. They both instinctively grabbed Samantha, stepping back with their eyes fixed on the boy.

Just as the tension thickened, Yvette's calm voice rang out from the room. "Let him in."

In an instant, the boy's killing intent vanished, his expression shifting to one of complete innocence. He ignored Emmett, Charles, and Samantha's suspicious gazes and eagerly walked past them, heading straight into the room. Samantha watched the boy's back, her curiosity piqued. "I'm really curious. How does Yvette make friends? Even a kid like this is so cool."

Charles's voice was low and serious. "This kid isn't just cool. His background is way deeper than we thought."

Emmett nodded thoughtfully. "Let's go. We'll find out exactly who he is once we go in."

As soon as the boy entered the room and saw Yvette sitting on the couch, his eyes instantly lit up. He straightened his suit jacket, adjusting it to look more presentable, trying to appear like a professional even at his young age. Eagle King sat off to the side, casually biting into an apple. He thought, "This little brat just loves to put on a show."

Yvette, sitting with her legs crossed, watched as the boy adjusted his clothes, looking every bit like a little adult. As the boy rushed toward her, she remained still with her usual cold composure in her eyes.

Without hesitation, the boy ran straight to Yvette, throwing his arms around her leg. He shot a quick glance at Jeremiah before using his little bottom to nudge Jeremiah's leg out of the way.

Jeremiah, leaning back on the couch, watched the boy's smug face. His gaze lowered, taking in his long legs that had nowhere to rest. He thought that this kid needed to be taught a lesson.

The boy pretended to wipe tears from his eyes, then launched into his performance. "Mom, why haven't you contacted me in so long? Have you forgotten about me? How could you do this to me? But don't worry, look at me-I'm all grown up now."

"I can feed myself, make money, and everything. Please don't ignore me anymore, I miss you so much. Remember, I'm the one you promised to love the most. How could you never come to see me?"

At this point, the boy's voice actually quivered as if he was genuinely feeling wronged. Tears began to roll down his cheeks, making him look pitiful and adorable.

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Eagle King nearly choked on his apple. He thought, 'Damn it. I knew this little brat had no good intentions.'

Emmett, Samantha, and Charles stood frozen, unable to process what the boy had just said.

Emmett couldn't believe his ears. "What did this kid just say?"

Samantha swallowed nervously. "Did he just call Yvette... What?"

Charles nodded slowly, still in shock. "He called Yvette 'Mom.'"

Even saying those two words felt strange to Charles. He never imagined that one day, some random kid would pop up out of nowhere and call Yvette his mom.

The three of them didn't immediately look at Yvette, but at Jeremiah, who remained silent as he watched the boy cling to Yvette's leg.

The boy seemed to shrink back in fear when he noticed Jeremiah staring. He looked up at him, his expression pitiful. "Are you Mom's boyfriend?"

"It's okay. If you don't like me, I can stay out of your way. I just want you to let Mom come back and see me. That would make me so happy."

Jeremiah observed the boy's smug expression and the little glimmer of triumph in his eyes. He slowly curled his lips into a faint smile, thinking, 'Is this kid playing pranks on me?' [SEND GIFT](#)

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Jeremiah glanced at the smug little boy with a smirk and said, "Getting a son out of nowhere-pretty nice, huh?"

The moment he said that, the boy couldn't hold back anymore. He snapped, "What the hell? Don't call me your son! I'm not your kid!"

Yvette, lounging casually with her chin resting on her hand, looked at the boy with a bored expression. "Are you done?"

The boy instantly deflated. His attitude vanished, and he hung his head, looking totally exhausted and defeated.

After a few moments, faint sobs echoed through the room. The boy's shoulders shook as he tried to hold back tears, and it was so pitiful that Samantha couldn't help but feel a twinge of sympathy. "Hey, kid, don't cry. We can talk." Emmett and Charles stood nearby, indifferent. They didn't see the boy as just a random kid. In a place like Voraxia, kids his age were already knee-deep in drug dealing and killing.

Eagle King watched the boy who was sobbing quietly. He scoffed and tossed the apple he was holding aside. He thought, "This little brat's acting skills have definitely leveled up. He knows how to work that innocent little face to fool people.

It wasn't the first time he had fallen for it, though. Back in the day, as the second-ranked assassin in the world, he was outwitted by a kid. If that ever got out, his reputation would have been completely destroyed.

The boy looked up, his big eyes staring at Samantha as she tried to comfort him. "I didn't mean to cry. I just felt so excited to see Yvette. It has nothing to do with this gentleman. Please don't misunderstand him." Then, with a sweet look, he turned to Jeremiah and said, "Please don't feel bad, okay?"

Jeremiah's gaze darkened as he locked eyes with the boy.

The boy's innocent eyes were glinting with an almost mischievous sparkle.

Eagle King couldn't hold back any longer. "What the hell, Rodney? Can you talk like a normal person? Stop pretending!"

Rodney paused for a moment. Then, with a serious nod, he stood up and dusted himself off. Turning to Jeremiah, he said coldly, "Would you mind moving over? Thanks."

Without waiting for a reply, Rodney squeezed past Jeremiah, taking his place between Yvette and Jeremiah as if it were the most natural thing in the world. He sat straight-backed, all proper like an adult.

Emmett, Samantha, and Charles exchanged glances. They heard Eagle King call the boy "Rodney". They thought, 'It sounds so familiar like we've heard it somewhere before.

Rodney turned to Yvette who had been quiet the whole time and said timidly, "I didn't listen to you and came over to find you. Are you mad at me? Please don't ignore me, okay?"

Yvette tilted her head slightly, leaning back with her usual lazy demeanor. Her eyes half-lidded, her voice calm and indifferent. "I'm not mad."

The moment Rodney heard that, his face lit up, and he nodded eagerly. "I knew you wouldn't be mad at me, Yvette. After all, I'm the cutest kid in the world, right? I know you love me the most."

The last part was clearly aimed at someone else. Rodney cast a smug glance at Jeremiah, but when he saw his expressionless face, he huffed inwardly. He thought, 'What about that, old man Rodney then turned to introduce himself. "Hi, everyone, I'm Rodney, the best friend and also the best little brother of Yvette."

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That was something Rodney had crowned himself with.

Rodney continued, his tone almost mischievous. "I bet you're all wondering how Yvette and I met, right?"

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Jeremiah's hand, resting on the armrest of the couch, stilled for moment. Rodney crossed his arms and began to recount the story.

He said, "Well, it's a pretty simple tale. When I first met Yvette, it was love at first sight. She came out of nowhere and saved me from a dire situation.

"I know I'm still young, but I'm a thoughtful man. When I grow up, I'm definitely going to marry Yvette."

The group was left completely dumbfounded by Rodney's words. Everyone except Jeremiah, who remained impassively seated on the couch, and Eagle King, who already knew the truth, reacted with complete shock. Yvette reached over and patted Rodney's perfectly styled hair, shaking her head. "Stop talking nonsense."

Samantha, still in a daze, stepped forward and looked at Yvette and Rodney's playful interaction. "Uh, Yvette... Who is this kid?" She knew that his calling Yvette "Mom" was obviously a joke, but she was curious about who he really was. Jeremiah stayed silent, staring at Rodney's face for a full minute.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, glancing at Rodney who was waiting obediently for her to introduce him. With a slow voice, she said, "Rodney is the largest arms supplier in Voraxia right now and the new King of Voraxia."

Before anyone could fully process that, Eagle King dropped another bombshell that nearly left them all speechless. "The man Yvette personally killed, Hadley, was this little boy's father.

Eagle King's words hit like thunder, completely stunning Emmett, Charles, and Samantha. They thought, 'What? No wonder the name "Rodney" sounded so familiar. Hadley? Rodney? It turned out that this kid was the son of Hadley, the former King of Voraxia.' Emmett, Charles, and Samantha exchanged looks, their faces reflecting a mixture of confusion and disbelief. They thought/ 'Shouldn't Yvette and Rodney be enemies? Why on earth were they acting so friendly with each other now?"

Jeremiah, his expression as calm and impassive as ever, lowered his gaze slightly. "He doesn't look anything like his father. Rodney paused for a moment, taken aback by the comment. Then, he slowly looked up at Jeremiah. His eyes narrowed with a dangerous gleam, and his voice, mature for someone his age, slipped out. "Do you know my father?"

Jeremiah's gaze remained steady, his tone indifferent. "I don't know him. I've only met him once."

Jeremiah remembered his first mission in Voraxia a decade ago when he had briefly crossed paths with Hadley. He thought that there was no way that man, with his rough and cold features, could have fathered this boy.

Rodney's expression softened slightly when he heard Jeremiah's reply, and the hostility in his eyes slowly faded. He straightened up, slipping back into his usual sweet and innocent demeanor.

Emmett, Charles, and Samantha were completely confused by what they were hearing. Emmett asked, "What exactly is going on here?"

Eagle King stepped forward and pointed at Rodney sitting on the couch. "It's simple. He's the result of Hadley, that disgusting man, forcing a foreign actress to have a child. Hadley kept her around by feeding her drugs," he explained. Rodney, sitting on the couch, showed no reaction to the statement. He just stared at Yvette with a pitiful look, not bothered at all by the conversation.

Eagle King continued, "It's a mess. The woman got pregnant and gave birth to Rodney. Because of drugs, he was born frail. He barely survived, but Hadley never cared for him. 14:40 Sun, Dec 15

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"He was always hungry and-cold, abused by Hadley. It's a miracle this kid even made it this far."

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Upon hearing this, Rodney immediately retorted, "It's not a miracle, Mr. Eagle King. It's all because of my own effort. I survived because I was waiting for Yvette." Eagle King was speechless. He thought, 'Who taught him those cheesy talks?'

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Eagle King continued, "Yvette came to Voraxia three years ago. I thought it was because Hadley had crossed her and that's why she killed him. Who knew she was actually an Interpol officer?" There was a touch of grievance in Eagle King's voice as if he still couldn't quite believe it himself. A tough guy like him, looking so pitiful-it was honestly a bit amusing.

Rodney, sitting on the couch, glanced at him. "That expression works for me, Mr. Eagle King, but on you? It's just terrifying."

Eagle King was pissed by his words.

Samantha, Charles, and Emmett were starting to piece things together. From what Eagle King was saying, Rodney didn't seem to care about Hadley. That was why he had no obligation to seek revenge. However, there was still one thing that didn't sit right with them. They thought, 'Even if Rodney didn't seek revenge, he still shouldn't be so close with Yvette, right?'

Seeing the confusion in their eyes, Eagle King sighed again and recounted the story. "Hadley wanted to sell Rodney to a local criminal in Voraxia. This man had a notorious reputation for torturing kids.

"If Rodney had been handed over to him... Well, you can imagine how bad it would've gotten, but you probably guessed it. Yvette saved him and then killed Hadley."

Hearing this, Samantha was enraged. She glared at Rodney who looked so delicate. "Hadley was absolute trash. How could he use his son to curry favor with others? He got what he deserved."

Rodney lifted his gaze when he heard Samantha's words, his voice calm. "It's okay. If it weren't for Hadley, I wouldn't have met Yvette. I ended that asshole myself."

Rodney spoke so calmly as if it were just another insignificant thing.

Samantha looked at Rodney, whose expression remained unfazed. Listening to him mention Yvette constantly, she sighed. She thought, 'No wonder this kid didn't hold any grudge against Yvette. If she hadn't killed Hadley, he might have been long dead by now. Emmett and Charles were also moved by what they heard. They thought, 'If Rodney hadn't met Yvette, he probably would've ended up dead. No wonder he treats Yvette so nicely. They're not enemies but family.'

Jeremiah glanced at Rodney, who was swinging his legs on the couch, his small stature still not reaching the floor. He turned his body slightly, his gaze sharp and cold. "Are you the new King of Voraxia?"

Rodney stiffened at the comment, casting an annoyed glance at Jeremiah. He thought, 'Yvette's boyfriend is always so sly... He is so lucky to have her.'

Eagle King snorted, "The reason Rodney became the new King of Voraxia is because the biggest gang in Eldoria provides him with the most advanced weapons every year at the lowest market price. In a place like Voraxia, power is everything." Emmett, Charles, and Samantha didn't need Eagle King to elaborate further. They all knew Voraxia was a brutal place. There was no way a ten-year-old child possibly rise to become its ruler.

When Hadley died his territory was bound to be contested by many, and a kid like Rodney couldn't just step in and take control without some help.

Eagle King looked at Rodney who appeared so innocent and said "Don't underestimate this kid. Weapons alone won't get him far. He may seem harmless on the outside, but he's ruthless. He

strikes hard and without hesitation." Eagle King couldn't help but think back to those days. Supported by Eldoria's weapons, the ten-year-old Rodney had, within

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a year, won the hearts of the local people, suppressed his enemies with force, and, thanks to a large influx of money, solidified his position.

For another six months, he had completely wiped out anyone who opposed him, officially becoming the new King of

Voraxia.

Charles suddenly had a thought. A ten-year-old kid didn't have much money, let alone connections to the biggest gang in Eldoria, How could Rodney have possibly...

Charles turned toward Yvette, who was lounging on the couch, r expression unreadable as she casually crossed her legs. He thought, 'Could it be Yvette? If she helped Rodney, then everything would make perfect sense!

Clearly, Emmett and Samantha had reached the same conclusion. Samantha swallowed nervously, almost bracing herself for the bombshell she was about to hear. She sat down on the couch, stammering, "So, the Eldoria gang... Are they the ones who provided us with the weapons?"

Eagle King glanced at Yvette, knowing there was no need for secrecy among friends.

He nodded. "Who else could it be? Honestly, I don't know what made her take a liking to this little boy, but she's been trying everything to help him.

"If it wasn't for her, how would Eldoria have been willing to provide Rodney with weapons at such a low cost every year?" Eldoria was a major weapons powerhouse, recognized worldwide. A place like Voraxia wouldn't even register on their radar without Yvette's involvement, let alone receiving the latest weapons.

It was all thanks to Yvette, and Rodney owed his rise entirely to her.

After hearing all this, Emmett, Charles, and Samantha all had a clearer understanding.

Samantha looked at Yvette with newfound respect, thinking, 'If anyone was truly impressive here, it was Yvette. She had personally helped a ten-year-old kid rise to the top of Voraxia. That's a story even the biggest braggarts couldn't top! 'If Rodney hadn't shown up, Yvette probably wouldn't have said a word about it. That's a lot to process.

Samantha was taken aback for a moment, then she sighed and said, "Who would've thought that one day I would actually meet the King of Voraxia? And the craziest part is that he's just a kid, barely in his teens. This is insane."

Samantha felt like the best decision she ever made was sticking by Yvette. This wasn't just about broadening her horizons anymore; it was far more than that.

Emmett nodded in agreement. He started thinking about Jeremiah's other identity. He thought, 'What would Yvette think when Jeremiah's true identity is revealed?' He found himself oddly curious about it.

Rodney smiled sweetly at them, his eyes calm as he spoke, "I'm not the King of Voraxia. Yvette is. I'll do whatever she says, even if it means dying."

Yvette lazily lifted her gaze and gave a half-smile. "You should stop watching soap operas."

Rodney pouted, his tone sincere. "I'm serious, Yvette. If you had stayed, the King of Voraxia would've been you. People would have followed you more easily."

The story only Yvette and Rodney knew was that back then, the followers of Hadley had no respect for Rodney. When he announced he was no longer dealing drugs, they rebelled. It was Yvette who visited every single one of them to talk to them.

By the next day, half of the rebels had disappeared, and those who showed up for the meeting eagerly nodded their agreement to Rodney's decision.

As for why so many had disappeared, all those who survived knew it well.

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Yvette's gaze was cold and mischievous, her eyes falling on Rodney as her voice came out soft and slow. "What's meant to be yours will always be yours." Rodney swung his legs, blinked, and said obediently, "What's mine is also yours, Yvette. We're family."

Rodney then turned his head to examine Jeremiah, letting out a haughty hum. "Man, I don't think you are the right one for

Yvette.

"How about this? Can we make a deal? You can be Yvette's knight for now and protect her. Once I grow up, I'll marry Yvette, and then you can retire."

Rodney said it so seriously that everyone in this room knew exactly what he was thinking. However, he looked unfazed.

Samantha stared at Rodney, astonished by how serious he seemed. She thought, 'How dare a teenage kid say this to Jeremiah? It was ridiculous. Jeremiah now has a new rival, and this one isn't even of legal age! Man, Yvette's charm was on another level! Jeremiah's eyes were as cold as ice as he spoke with a casual tone "Really? Haven't you heard? Things rarely go as you expect."

Eagle King let out a laugh, followed by Emmett and Charles who paused for a moment before laughing as well. They thought, 'How could Jeremiah be so cruel to a little boy? He just shattered his fantasies about romance.'

Rodney caught the meaning of Jeremiah's words, pouting and jumping into Yvette's arms, looking utterly wronged. "He is really bad. How could he curse me? He's just jealous of how handsome I am."

Eagle King watched as Rodney acted spoiled in Yvette's embrace and shook his head in disgust. He thought, "This little boy might act all sweet in front of Yvette, but when it came to others, he was a devil, killing without a second thought.

Eagle King sighed and said, "Enough, Rodney. You're the king of Voraxia. Do you really need to act like this? Can you at least consider your status?"

Before Rodney could say anything, Jeremiah suddenly grabbed the collar of his shirt, hoisting him up. Rodney's eyes widened in surprise as his legs dangled in midair.

Struggling with all his might but unable to break free, Rodney could only shoot a glare at Jeremiah, shouting, "Hey, let me down! I'm the king of Voraxia!"

Jeremiah smirked, glancing down at Rodney dangling from his grip. In a deep voice, he remarked, "Why didn't you mention being the king of Voraxia when you were acting all spoiled?"

Rodney grumbled, "You're just jealous that I can act cute with Yvette. You're just a jealous old man! Yvette, save me!"

Yvette observed the scene-Rodney kicking his legs helplessly in midair-and rubbed her forehead, her gaze dark and serious. She said, "Old man? Is that what you call him?"

Rodney froze at her words. This time, it wasn't an act. He genuinely felt wronged.

Samantha, Charles, Emmett, and even Eagle King who had been watching for fun could all feel the tension. Rodney's tears started falling. Sensing this, Jeremiah loosened his grip, releasing him.

Standing there, Rodney radiated an overwhelming sense of loneliness. "I'm sorry, Yvette. I won't call him old man again. Please, don't be mad."

Yvette stood up and walked over to him. She looked down at Rodney with a blank face, saying coldly, "Didn't I tell you that tears are the most useless thing in this world?"

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"Crying is a sign of weakness. No matter the reason, never try to use tears to solve your problems.

Rodney quickly wiped away his tears upon hearing Yvette's words. "I've never cried in front of others. I only cry when....

Yvette looked up with the usual lazy expression in her eyes, yet her silence made Rodney shut up.

Rodney lowered his head and murmured, "I'm sorry, Yvette. I remember you told me never to cry in front of others. It won't happen again."

Rodney quickly composed himself, his tears vanishing as if they had never existed. Samantha, Charles, and Emmett stood in stunned silence, all surprised at how swiftly he regained his composure. They thought, 'This kid is good at acting, man! Samantha still felt that it was a little unreal. She said, "How could such a child be the king of Voraxia?"

"He should be in school, sitting in a classroom, and living a carefree life. Instead, he's here, living in a ruthless world where he doesn't even have the right to cry."

Charles remained calm. He turned to Samantha and said, "Without Yvette, Rodney wouldn't be here. Voraxia is a place where only the strong survive. Yvette is right. Tears don't solve anything."

Eagle King glanced at Samantha and the others, shaking his head. "You might think Rodney's crying in front of Yvette is surprising, but you don't know that three years ago, he was killing hundreds of people every day.

"His methods were brutal, but it's not his fault. In this place, there's no family tradition. It's all about strength. If he didn't kill, others would kill him. No one cares if he's a child."

People couldn't choose where they came from. Some were born noble, while others were destined to walk a path full of difficulties. However, no matter the circumstances, the ultimate goal was to survive. Yvette patted Rodney on the head. Rodney, looking up at her with hope in his eyes, asked, "Can you come home with me for a couple of days? Don't you want to see how I've been managing my place?" Yvette glanced down at Rodney who was practically beaming with excitement and, after a long pause, nodded. "Alright, just two days."

Hearing this, Rodney was overjoyed. "Hooray! Two more days with Yvette!"

Yvette turned to Jeremiah, who was lounging on the couch. She raised an eyebrow, and he subtly shifted his gaze to her, replying casually, "Okay."

Downstairs in the hotel lobby, Quinn stood trembling, his legs aching from the strain. Despite the exhaustion, he remained rooted to the spot, staring at the elevator door with eager anticipation.

Quinn had never imagined that Yvette and her friends were acquainted with Rodney. In Voraxia, he was known by everyone. He was even more famous than his father, the former king of Voraxia, Hadley.

At the age of ten, Rodney had wiped out six gang leaders in one night, instantly rising to fame. Age was never a consideration in Voraxia-here, power spoke louder than anything.

Rodney was indeed a legend. It wasn't clear what methods he used to forge a partnership with Eldoria, but he had become the largest arms dealer in Voraxia, ruling it with an iron fist.

Anyone who wanted arms had to go through him, meaning he controlled the lifeblood of countless drug dealers and criminals. Without a doubt, he was the king of Voraxia, and his power was unrivaled, especially with a formidable army at his command.

In short, Rodney held absolute authority in Voraxia. Quinn was glad about how he had treated Yvette and her people.

After all, Rodney was not like the insignificant member of Crimson Blades. He was the kind of person whose words alone

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could shake the entire region.

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Finally, just as Quinn was about to give up and collapse from nervousness, the elevator door finally slid open. Yvette and Jeremiah, leading the group, stepped out of the elevator. Quinn wiped the sweat off his forehead and immediately approached. "Ms. Zeller...

Quinn's eyes widened in surprise when he saw Rodney, the quiet and obedient young man following Yvette.

To his shock, Rodney was not walking beside or ahead of her, but following behind her. This was highly unusual. It meant Rodney placed Yvette at the forefront. This was serious. Quinn's heart raced as he quickly bowed deeply, his voice shaking slightly.

Yvette glanced at the sweating Quinn and said, "We'll leave our luggage in the room for now, and we'll pick it up in two days."

Quinn nodded eagerly, "Sure, Ms. Zeller. We'll make sure your belongings are well taken care of. That floor won't be assigned to any other guests for now. You can rest easy."

Quinn made up his mind to guard the second floor even if it meant no sleep for him. If anything happened to Yvette's luggage, he feared Rodney might blow up the hotel into oblivion.

At the entrance of the hotel, a line of more than a dozen black cars was parked in an orderly fashion. The crowd that had gathered earlier had been cleared out, and now the entire street was empty, save for Rodney's people.

Samantha looked at the street which was now devoid of life, thinking, 'It was bustling just a moment ago, and now it's completely quiet.'

Eagle King was wearing bright red shorts, green flip-flops, and a flowered shirt with his chest muscles faintly visible. He surveyed the street and said, "Rodney has learned to make an entrance now, huh?"

Charles stood still, eyes locked on Rodney who was following behind Yvette. He thought, 'If it weren't for Yvette's help and his own strength, he would probably have been dead a hundred times!'

Charles suddenly wondered, 'How many people has Yvette saved? This time, it was the king of Voraxia. Who will it be next time?'

As Rodney stepped out of the hotel, two bodyguards in black suits, their muscles bulging and guns drawn, immediately approached him. They bowed deeply and respectfully addressed him as "Mr. Robinson", then flanked him on either side, taking up a protective stance. As soon as Rodney stepped out of the room on the second floor, he seemed like a different person. His face had turned serious, and with a ruthless demeanor that didn't match his age, he glanced at the bodyguards and said, "Go home now."

Then, turning to Yvette, his expression softened into a smile. "The people you saved are still in the village, Yvette. They talk about you all the time. Let's head back now."

Yvette lowered her gaze, noticing the slight unease and ingratiation in Rodney's eyes. With a casual tone, she said, "Alright."

The group split into two cars. Yvette, Jeremiah, and Rodney were in one car, while Samantha, Charles, Emmett, and Eagle King were in another.

Once inside the car, Eagle King looked at the modified black car. "This is no joke. I bet the modifications alone cost a fortune. The cost of these upgrades probably exceeds the price of the car itself."

Emmett and Charles could tell immediately. The entire car had been restructured using space-grade materials, and when they did the math, they realized the modifications were indeed more expensive than the car itself.

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Samantha didn't know much about cars, but she could tell by the materials that they were expensive. She sighed.

"Sometimes, I really feel like Yvette is some kind of goddess. She can do anything, effortlessly changing someone's fate."

It wasn't just about changing fate-it was more like defying the odds. For Rodney, meeting Yvette was the greatest stroke of luck in his life.

Emmett and Charles nodded seriously, fully agreeing with her statement. As someone who had personally been trained by Yvette, Charles understood just how deep this went.

Eagle King, lounging with his legs crossed, had on his glaringly right green flip-flops. It was impossible to ignore. He looked at Charles, Samantha, and Emmett, saying, "Don't make such a fuss. Yvette always surprises you. You'll get used to it." They thought, 'What else could we do? Yvette is just so powerful

Rodney sat in the passenger seat, visibly frustrated as he glanced at Yvette and Jeremiah in the back. His gaze lingered on Jeremiah.

Jeremiah, unhurried, peeled an orange and held it up to Yvette's mouth. She naturally opened her mouth to take it, her gaze still fixed on her phone, not bothering to look up.

This scene made Rodney furious.

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Jeremiah raised his head and glanced at Rodney in the front seat, a smirk playing on his lips. He waved the orange in his hand and said in a low voice, "Would you like one?"

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Rodney turned around in a huff, closing himself off completely. He muttered, "No, I don't want it. It's too sour."

Jeremiah watched Rodney sulk, his smile fading slightly.

After three hours of driving, they arrived at the entrance of a training ground-Rodney's base. The grand gate stood before them, guarded by rows of fully armed soldiers in camouflage, standing at attention with guns in hand. Once the car stopped, they got out. Rodney nodded indifferently at the soldiers around them. Immediately, the soldiers stood at attention, holding their rifles, and bowed deeply.

Some of the soldiers froze for a moment when they saw Yvette. Though they tried to hide their excitement, it was clear from their expressions.

Rodney turned to Yvette and said, "Let's go inside, Yvette."

Yvette nodded, and they walked into the camp. It was only after they entered that Samantha, Charles, and Emmett realized that while the camp looked modest from the outside, it was actually a whole different world on the inside. They noticed that all the buildings were made of red bricks with distinctive designs. The red walls, combined with flowing water and artificial mountains, gave the place an elegant feel. It was carefully decorated.

They also passed several women in plain clothes and children playing. This didn't feel like a military base at all. It felt more like a paradise. From the faces of the women and children, it was clear they were genuinely happy, not pretending. This scene left the group in awe. It was nothing like what they had expected.

Jeremiah, walking alongside Yvette, looked around and felt a bit surprised. This definitely didn't look like Voraxia at all. If they hadn't been told, they might have thought they had stepped into a random village in Clusia. There was no war but happiness. Eagle King casually pulled a blade of grass from the ground and chewed on it, glancing at the astonished expressions of the group. "Rodney may be ruthless, but he's not the kind of person who kills indiscriminately or does anything to seize power. "The people here are either the soldiers' families, those who voluntarily followed him, or people who've suffered great

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misfortunes. As long as they don't betray him, he lets them live under his protection.

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"Yvette helped him out back then, both with money and connections, because she saw some goodness in the kid. Otherwise, why would she have gone to such lengths to help him?"

Charles and Emmett nodded. Regardless of whether this was a tactic for gaining loyalty or a mix of methods, the fact remained that the people here seemed to be living better lives than elsewhere. They were undoubtedly happier.

Samantha looked at the smiling children by the road, her thoughts running deep. If she hadn't come here, she would never have realized that a place in the notorious Golden Triangle, famous for its drug trade and chaos, could have a hidden sanctuary.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 474[1,259 words]

Chapter 474

Rodney's house stood right in the heart of the base-a grand, traditional courtyard with a touch of local ethnic flair. The three-layer design exuded an air of elegance and authority..

As the group stepped into the compound, it was clear that security was tight. Soldiers stood guard at regular intervals.

In the living room, Yvette took a seat on the main couch. Beside her sat Jeremiah, followed by Emmett, Samantha, and Charles. Eagle King, as casual as ever, sprawled lazily across the other end of the couch. Rodney poured a glass of juice, placing it carefully on the

table in front of Yvette. "Kash took a team out. There's been some trouble out there, and he's handling it. He should be back soon. he knew you were here, he'd be thrilled."

They could tell from Rodney's excitement that this "Kash" wasn't an ordinary figure. No doubt, it was another person connected to Yvette.

Samantha, Charles, and Emmett instinctively turned their gazes toward Eagle King, who had seemingly become their unofficial guide and source of insider information.

Eagle King popped open a beer from the table, nonchalantly taking a sip before addressing their unspoken curiosity. "Kash is insane when it comes to physical strength. He's the one Rodney trusts the most.

"They grew up together, but listen here, this guy is downright ruthless and he never blinks when he kills. Once he sets his mind on something, you'd better not stand in his way. I'm telling you, keep your distance when he's around." When Eagle King said that, the group immediately understood. They thought, 'Crazy physical strength? Probably another

formidable figure.

Eagle King took another big gulp of his beer, savoring the refreshing buzz. He looked at Yvette and said, "Kash fears nothing but Yvette. If she tells him to do something, he'll never refuse."

Yvette rested her chin on one hand, her left hand casually draped over the armrest of the couch. Her slender right hand held a glass, her expression calm. Without a word, she peeled an orange at her own pace and handed a piece to Jeremiah. Rodney watched Yvette's gesture, his mood visibly souring. He thought bitterly, 'One day, I'll make Yvette realize that I'm the best. She's just blinded by Jeremiah now.

Rodney muttered under his breath, "Damn it, Jeremiah!"

His voice wasn't particularly loud, but in a room full of people with sharp ears, it was impossible to miss.

Emmett decided to act as though he hadn't heard anything, while Samantha paused for a second before doing the same. They weren't about to get caught in the crossfire.

They thought, 'Rodney is just a kid. Jeremiah may not be able to deal with a kid, but he can do it to us.

Jeremiah, unfazed, leisurely ate the orange Yvette had peeled for him. He smiled slightly and said in a deep voice, "It's very sweet."

Yvette glanced at the two people flanking her-one a composed man, the other an eager boy-and rubbed her forehead. -Samantha took a sip of water before asking curiously, "Yvette, how did you manage to bring Kash under control?" Hearing Samantha's question, Rodney swung his legs innocently, his expression pure and playful. "Kash was an orphan. When my father found him, he was living in the forest. His behavior was just like a wolf's because he was literally raised by werewolves. "My father saw his savagery and used him to deal with anyone who refused to obey."

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Emmett, Charles, and Samantha were taken aback. They thought A child raised by werewolves? Moments like these always reminded them just how strange the world could be.

Rodney shuffled closer to Yvette. He thought his actions had gone unnoticed, but Jeremiah had already noticed it, watching his antics with quiet amusement.

Yvette tilted her head, looking down at Rodney, who was a little shorter than her. Noticing his sneaky maneuver, she smirked faintly but said nothing, simply finding his little schemes amusing.

Straightening up, Rodney continued, "Kash grew up with me. He's three years older, but after he was brought out of the forest, I was the one who taught him how to cat properly, how to dress, and everything." Speaking of which, Rodney looked rather proud of himself.

Eagle King, on the other hand, rolled his eyes. Sure, Rodney had taken good care of Kash-they had practically grown up relying on each other-but to say Rodney didn't benefit from Kash's abilities would be unrealistic. Kash's combat skills were nothing short of extraordinary. Even in a hand-to-hand fight without using any internal energy, people's chances of winning were slim.

Kash was born with a wolf's ferocity, and Rodney's years of ruling had been supported significantly by Kash's loyalty.

From assassinations to shielding Rodney from countless attempts on his life, Kash had been the unyielding shield. The scars on his body were too numerous to count. If not for his remarkable resilience, he would have been long gone. Eagle King downed the rest of his beer in one gulp before smirking. "As for how Yvette managed to bring Kash under her control, maybe you should just ask her directly."

He still remembered Yvette's method of taming Kash was nothing short of gruesome.

Rodney turned to Yvette as well, clearly not intending to spill the details himself.

Yvette, however, remained calm. Taking a sip of water, her expression stayed indifferent. Leaning back lazily against the couch, her cold eyes swept over the room.

With a casual tone, she said, "The first time, I broke his ribs. The second time, I hung him from a tree for seven days and nights. The third time, I personally sent him to the ICU."

Eagle King winced at the memory of Kash's battered state back then. He couldn't help but marvel at how much Yvette's temper had mellowed over the years.

Yvette's tone was light, but her words struck like a hammer. Emmett, Charles, and Samantha all felt a rush of adrenaline as they listened. Yet deep down, they knew one thing for certain-Yvette would never act so harshly without a reason. Rodney immediately jumped to Yvette's defense. "This wasn't Yvette's fault. Kash was raised by wolves and his wild instincts are part of his nature. If Yvette hadn't completely subdued him, he would've fought her to the death. "Besides, Yvette's medical skills are incredible. She treated Kash all three times he was injured, and there's not a single scar or lingering issue."

Rodney's flustered explanation softened Jeremiah's gaze toward him slightly.

Yvette lowered her head, her expression unreadable. What no one knew was that those three treatments had unlocked Kash's potential, pushing his already extraordinary physique to its absolute peak.

From then on, Kash had become a true master. That was also why he was loyal to her. More importantly, in his mind, Yvette had become his alpha-his absolute leader, much like the head wolf of his old pack. Samantha stared at Yvette with wide-eyed admiration. "Wow, my admiration for Yvette grew. If someone doesn't submit, she

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doesn't just make theirrobey-she beats them and makes them loyal."

Jeremiah tilted his head slightly, his expression thoughtful as he mulled over everything he had just heard.

While they were talking, a rhythmic sound of footsteps echoed from the entrance.

A man stepped in, shirtless, wearing only loose black shorts that hung low on his hips. His bronzed skin gleamed under the sunlight, accentuating the twelve-pack abs. His thick brows and sharp eyes exuded an untamed energy.

The moment he saw Yvette sitting at the center of the couch, he became excited. Without hesitation, he quickened his pace, closing the distance between them. Then, just seven feet away, he dropped to his knees, straight-backed, without a word.

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COMMENT

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 475[1,272 words]

Chapter 475

The scene len Emmett, Samantha, and Charles, who were forming on the couch, completely dumbfounded. They thought, What is going on? A man coming in and kneeling right away way too much, isn't it? Rodney and Eagle King, however, didn't so much as blink. They were clearly used to this

For Kash, seeing Yvette meant one thing he had to kneel. It didn't matter where they were, what time it was, or when w around. He said that I was the highest form of respect his pack could show to a king they recognized

Jeremiah's gaze moved from Kash to Yvette. His eyes were intense, full of thought. He thought. There is always something extraordinary about her.

Yvette, with one leg crossed over the other, looked at Kash without any visible emotion. Her chin shifted slightly, her half-lidded eyes cold and detached. Suddenly, she said coldly, "Get up

Before standing, Kash pressed his head to the floor with one last firm bow. Despite being among humans for years, he hadn't let go of his instincts or traditions.

"Ms. Zeller," Kash said with his voice trembling slightly with excitement, "you've finally returned.

Kash's expression was enough to shock Samantha. She was so surprised that she sprayed the water she had just swallowed all over Charles's face. Charles turned to her with a deadpan expression, calmly pulling a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his suit clean. Eagle King straightened in his seat, clearly sensing it was his turn to play the role of the spokesperson.

He said, "Well, Kash calls Yvette 'Ms. Zeller' because she oversees a private army here. When Kash isn't guarding Rodney, he spends most of his time leading training sessions for that unit."

Samantha's eyes widened in disbelief. She always told herself to stay calm, but every time something like this came up, it completely shattered her composure. She thought, 'A private army? Is that even real?'

Emmett took a moment to gather his thoughts before speaking. "Are you saying Yvette has her private army here in Voraxia?"

Voraxia was a notorious no-man's-land, where every major drug dealer or criminal had their armed forces. However, the idea of Yvette having an army still shocked him.

Rodney nodded eagerly as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "That's right, Samantha. Didn't you know? Yvette has her own army!"

Kash, meanwhile, scanned the room, and when his sharp gaze landed on Jeremiah, his expression hardened. His body tensed immediately, shifting into high alert. He squinted at Jeremiah, his stance brimming with hostility. He thought, What a dangerous man' Yvette glanced at Kash, her tone light and indifferent. "He's my friend."

The brief words were enough to instantly dissipate the hostility radiating from Kash. After all, the queen's friends should be respected.

Jeremiah cast a faint glance at Kash, his expression deep and unreadable. Kash, shirtless, stood tall and imposing, his muscular build exuding a suffocating sense of dominance.

Being raised by wolves, Kash never saw anything wrong about his lack of clothing, and over time, his subordinates had grown used to it.

Eagle King sneaked a peek at his own abs and couldn't help but thought, 'Damn it. When can I have such abs?'

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Yvene shifted her gaze hardly in Rodney, who was covering his mouth as if trying to stifle laughter. Fleeing was far, almost bored. It's not worth mentioning:

Eagle King cleared his throat, thinking. Not worth mentioning

Yvonne trying to draw them crazy with that comment? If

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their criminals in Voraxis heard this, they'd be so familiarized they'd probably hang their heads against a wall

Charles, usually the quiet observer, suddenly spoke up this time. How many people are in your army, Yvette?

Yvette's expression remained cool, with a faint air of irreverence. Just two thousand

Charles blinked, taken aback. In Voraxis, 190 thousand soldiers didn't sound like much. Samantha heaved in relief, parting her chest. She thought. Oh man, I thought she was gonna say a million. Emmett, too, was relieved to hear a number that wasn't as terrifying.

Kash's gaze remained cold as he studied the group sitting on the couch. Eagle King paused, deciding it might be better not to elaborate. The two thousand soldiers Yvette mentioned likely weren't the same two thousand normal people they were imagining. This wasn't a mere collection of bodies to bulk up Yvette's forces. Every one of those soldiers was a force to be reckoned with.

Other criminal factions relied on sheer numbers, but even one of Yvette's men could probably take on several from another gang. Eagle King knew that from experience.

He thought, 'Well, they'll all find out for themselves tomorrow.'

Jeremiah placed his hand gently over Yvette's, and at that moment, Kash and Rodney's expressions shifted—one grew fierce, while the other was unmistakably filled with jealousy.

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the door, a chaotic clamor of footsteps. Unlike the perfectly synchronized steps from earlier, these sounded uncoordinated and lackluster. "Mr. Robinson, Kash. The traitor has been captured. What should we do with him now?" At the mention of the traitor, Rodney immediately sat up straight, his eyes glowing with a chilling light, so unsettling that it sent a shiver down anyone's spine. "Bring him in."

Three soldiers marched in, escorting a disheveled man. The man, barely holding himself together, spotted Rodney and tried to break free from their grip, stumbling and crawling toward him.

Unfortunately, he didn't even take a single step before Kash, who had walked past the couch, kicked him hard in the ribs. There was a sickening crack, and the man attempted to scream in pain, but Kash swiftly shut him up by covering his mouth.

Rodney's eyes were cold and his voice was laced with venom. "Did you think I really went to Tower Village? selling me out and running off with your mistress was going to work?"

The disheveled man's eyes widened in shock, and he began shaking his head frantically in denial.

Did you think

However, Rodney didn't even give him a chance to speak. Without a hint of emotion, he turned to Kash and said, "Take him away. Stuff him in a sack, drag him through the streets, and kill him."

When Rodney said "Kill him", it wasn't some quick, merciful death. It meant putting the man in a sack, binding his limbs, covering his mouth, and beating him senseless with a stick-no sounds could escape him.

Afterward, the body would be tossed into a dog pit for the animals to tear apart, leaving absolutely nothing but bones. Kash nodded expressionlessly. "Understood." He glanced at Yvette before dragging the terrified man out of the living room. The man struggled violently but failed to escape. The fate of a traitor was always sealed. If he had truly succeeded in his

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Chapter 475

betrayal and if Rodney had fallen into the enemy's hands, his end would be far worse than it was now.

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Rodney turned to Yvette and his demeanor changed completely. He flashed a sweet, almost childlike smile, his voice dripping with false innocence as he cooed, "Yvette, you must be exhausted from the journey. I've already arranged a room for you. Please go rest." Samantha, Emmett, and Charles were surprised by his swift change in attitude.

Yvette gave a small nod and murmured, "Okay."

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Rodney stepped closer, positioning himself between Jeah and Yvette, then looked up at Jeremiah, his big eyes wide and innocent. He said with a playful grin, "Let me show you to your room, Mr. Chavez."

Samantha, Emmett, Eagle King, and Charles exchanged amused glances. Samantha turned to the others, a little incredulous, "Why do all of Jeremiah's rivals have such strange personalities?"

Emmett shook his head, resigned. To be honest, he had lost count of how many people had tried to steal Yvette away Jeremiah.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 476[1,200 words]

Chapter 476

Jeremiah looked down at the innocent-looking Rodney, his eyes glowing with a faint displeasure. He said in a low, "Okay"

Rodney smiled obediently at Jeremiah "Please, Mr. Chavez, this way."

Rodney turned to the others and said, "Samantha, Emmett, your rooms are on the second floor, just like Yvette's. I'll take Mr. Chavez to his room first. His is a bit farther."

Rodney's arrangement of Jeremiah's room so far from Yvette's left no room for doubt about his intentions.

Jeremiah walked over to Yvette, his eyes softening with a gentle tenderness as he gazed at her. He raised an eyebrow with a charming smile and said in a low voice, "Wait for me."

Yvette casually slipped her hands into her pockets, her posture relaxed. A playful smile danced at the corner of her lips as she looked at him, saying nothing.

Eagle King muttered as he watched Jeremiah and Rodney leave, "Rodney must be up to no good again."

Samantha, Emmett, and Charles all nodded in agreement, feeling a bit sorry for Jeremiah in his ongoing battle of wits with Rodney. They all had the feeling that if Jeremiah wanted to win Yvette's heart, it would definitely not be an easy feat. Yvette tilted her head slightly, yawning. She looked at them and said, "I'm tired. I'll head upstairs. You all make yourselves at home." With that, she went upstairs, leaving them alone.

Jeremiah and Rodney walked side by side, but Jeremiah was walking faster than Rodney. The latter struggled to keep up,

falling behind a couple of steps without realizing it.

Looking at Jeremiah ahead of him, Rodney's face darkened. He thought, 'Damn, this guy is definitely doing this on purpose. He thinks I don't know what he's up to, huh?'

Jeremiah, hearing Rodney muttering behind him, paused and turned his head with a subtle smile curling at the corners of his lips. "Why did you stop?"

Rodney froze for a moment, realizing that Jeremiah had caught onto his little struggle. He thought, 'He is simply too cunning, pretending to be oblivious when he knew full well that couldn't keep up.'

Rodney took a deep breath and forced a smile, playing innocent. "Nothing. I just suddenly remembered some little stories about me and Yvette and got a bit distracted."

Jeremiah's eyes darkened, feeling a little pissed as he stared at Rodney's innocent yet slightly defiant face. His expression remained unreadable, his voice cold and indifferent as he responded, "Oh? What kind of stories?"

Rodney, fully aware of what he was doing, decided to stop walking. He perched himself on the nearby railing and fixed his innocent eyes on Jeremiah. "It's nothing. Yvette once helped me with a medicinal bath to cure my natural weakness. "And, well, she insisted I take it completely naked. I still get a little embarrassed thinking about it."

Jeremiah's smile quickly faded, his gaze sharpening like a bottomless abyss. The calm, almost chilling depths of his stare seemed to freeze the air around him.

Rodney knew exactly what he was doing-provoking Jeremiah. If he could just get the man to snap, even better if he ended up hurt. That way, Yvette would surely turn her back on him.

Rodney continued to smirk, his eyes dancing with defiance, daring Jeremiah to do something.

Jeremiah lowered his gaze. When he finally looked up, his expression remained cool, almost dismissive. "What's good about a child's underdeveloped body?"

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Rodney blinked, caught off guard for a moment. His cheeks flushed with a mix of anger and embarrassment. Without thinking, he leaped from the railing and charged at Jeremiah, full of righteous fury. Jeremiah's eyes flashed briefly, but he made no move to dodge. He stood perfectly still, awaiting Rodney's approach.

The next second, Rodney run into Jeremiah. He didn't expect his surprise attack to succeed so easily. For a moment, he was left stunned and dumbfounded as Jeremiah smiled and simply collapsed to the ground. It happened so fast that Rodney was left standing there, wide-eyed. This wasn't how he had imagined it at all. He thought, 'How could he be so weak? No way... Why would Yvette fall in love with a weak man? Panic surged through Rodney as he rushed to Jeremiah's side. He felt frightened when he felt the weakened pulse beneath his fingers.

He thought, 'One can fake fainting, but the breath can't be faked. Why does he look like he's on the verge of death?

If it were anyone else, Rodney wouldn't care, no matter how many of them died. However, Jeremiah was Yvette's boyfriend, and if something happened to him because of him, it would be a serious matter.

Just as Rodney was starting to panic and about to call for help, he heard Emmett's voice from a distance. "Jeremiah Without a second thought, he quickly shouted back, "We are over here!"

Within two minutes, Emmett arrived, feeling stunned when he saw Jeremiah lying motionless on the ground. He glanced at Rodney who was still kneeling anxiously by Jeremiah's side and asked, "What happened? Why is his breathing so weak? What happened to him?" Rodney had to recount what had just happened. Being too nervous, he naturally didn't notice the unnatural look on Emmett's face when he heard these words.

Emmett lowered his head and pretended to be worried, but deep down, he was at a loss for words. He glanced at Jeremiah lying unconscious" on the floor and couldn't help but think, 'Poor Rodney. He has no idea what is going on.

Rodney, of course, had no clue that if anything really happened to Jeremiah, Emmett wouldn't have time to listen to him ramble on about all this nonsense.

After hearing Rodney's words, Emmett's expression turned grave as he spoke to him, "We need to get Jeremiah to Yvette's place right away. If we wait any longer, it'll be too late."

Rodney hesitated for a moment, then reluctantly nodded. There was no way they could keep Jeremiah's condition from Yvette at this point. His plan had backfired.

Earlier, he had moved all the guards along this route, so now, if something happened to Jeremiah, he wouldn't have anyone to vouch for him and explain it to Yvette.

Emmett helped Jeremiah up, turning to Rodney and saying, "Hurry up and help me."

Rodney quickly moved forward, using his frail shoulder to support Jeremiah. As Jeremiah leaned against him, Rodney felt a chill emanating from his body, sending a wave of fear through him. He thought, 'Was he already dead? Why is his body so cold?' On the second floor, Yvette had just stepped out of the shower and changed into a new tracksuit. She was about to pick up the phone on the table when there was a knock at the door.

Yvette turned and walked to the door. As soon as she opened it, she saw Rodney covered in sweat, with the unconscious Jeremiah in his arms, and Emmett, his face full of worry. Before she could

say anything, the door to the next room opened. Charles, Eagle King, and Samantha had all heard the hurried knocking and came out.

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Samantha, who had just changed into her pajamas and was planning to rest, had no intention of staying in bed after hearing the knocking. She rushed out to see Jeremiah unconscious, and immediately all the drowsiness vanished from her. "What? Did Jeremiah pass out?"

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 477[1,332 words]

Chapter 477

Yvette kept her eyes half-lowered as she stared at the three people in front of her, her gaze settling on Jeremiah. Her sharp eyes narrowed, the chill deepening in her gaze. Seeing Yvette like this, Rodney immediately stiffened. He knew this was the sign of her anger. Yvette didn't lose her temper easily, so Rodney could tell Jeremiah mattered to her. Emmett rubbed his nose awkwardly, Jeremiah had pulled this stunt, but he really hoped Yvette wouldn't actually be mad because if she was, Jeremiah would suffer. Yvette watched Emmett's subtle gesture, raising an eyebrow. Her eyes were as dark as the night. "Come in" she said, turning on her heel and heading toward the room.

Seeing how distant Yvette was, Emmett's anxiety grew. He thought, 'Could she have figured something out? That shouldn't be possible. Even the world's top doctors wouldn't be able to notice anything without feeling Jeremiah's pulse, right?

Emmett and Rodney hurriedly helped Jeremiah onto the bed, then stood obediently to one side. Yvette sat down on the chair, her expression indifferent as she placed her hand on Jeremiah's wrist to feel his pulse. It was weak, indeed the pulse of someone dying. Samantha, Charles, and Eagle King also stepped forward, their eyes widening as they took in the sight of Jeremiah lying on the bed, all clearly shocked.

Eagle King changed into a pair of blue shorts, his usual casual demeanor replaced by a rare seriousness as he looked at the barely conscious Jeremiah on the bed. "What happened in the last half hour? Rodney, how did this happen to Jeremiah? Samantha's face was equally solemn. She knew that if something really happened to Jeremiah, it would be a disaster.

Rodney raised his head, his gaze shifting between the people in front of him and Yvette who was still checking Jeremiah's pulse with a neutral expression.

He anxiously explained, "I swear I don't know how he ended up like this. I just bumped into him, and he fainted! I didn't do anything else. I had no idea Mr. Chavez was so fragile. If I had, I would've been more careful,"

Rodney was frustrated as he spoke. After all, no one would have guessed that someone who looked as tough as Jeremiah turned out to be so weak.

It wasn't just Rodney-Charles, Eagle King, and Samantha were all equally shocked. If what Rodney said was true, that he merely bumped into Jeremiah and he collapsed, that would be ridiculous.

Emmett, overhearing Rodney's description of Jeremiah, was dumbfounded. He thought, 'Fragile? I couldn't imagine that anyone would describe Jeremiah that way.'

Eagle King and the others still weren't fully convinced by Rodney's explanation. Between the fact that Jeremiah had collapsed from a mere bump and the possibility that Rodney was lying, they were more inclined to believe that Rodney was hiding something. Eagle King knew how much Jeremiah meant to Yvette. With a serious tone, he stared at Rodney and said, "This isn't the time to lie. What exactly did you do? Tell us the truth."

Rodney immediately shook his head, his expression desperate. I'm telling the truth! I swear, if I'm lying, may Yvette never speak to me again for the rest of my life."

Seeing Rodney swear on Yvette, Eagle King was sure that he wasn't lying, but the situation was still bizarre. From the moment he first met Jeremiah, he knew his ancient combat power was profound. He couldn't possibly pass out from a simple bump. 20:07

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Eagle King was also confused, wondering what exactly had gone wrong.

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Charles, still eyeing Jeremiah's unconscious form, turned to Emmett and asked, "Did he pass out as soon as you got there?"

Samantha and Eagle King also looked at Emmett, who suddenly felt the weight of their gazes. Reluctantly, he nodded and replied, "Yeah, when I arrived, Jeremiah had already passed out"

Samantha kept staring at Emmett's face. She thought, 'There is something off about this. Why is Emmett so calm? Shouldn't he be more shaken up?'

Yvette looked at Jeremiah on the bed with a faint smile, her eyes carrying a trace of playful indifference.

Samantha stepped forward and, in a soft voice, asked, "How is Jeremiah now, Yvette? How did he suddenly collapse just from a bump from Rodney?"

Samantha's question mirrored what everyone was thinking. Yvette lazily lifted her gaze, her face remained cold and composed. Then she casually replied, "His pulse is weak. You guys can leave now. I need to administer acupuncture."

Samantha, Eagle King, Charles, and Rodney all nodded. Emmett, feeling a bit awkward, said, "Thank you for this, Yvette." Yvette's eyes were half-closed as she fixed her gaze on Emmett, though there was a deeper meaning in her eyes. She said softly, "Thank YOU." Emmett froze, his heart sinking. He thought, 'What did that even mean? Come on, this has nothing to do with me.'

As they began to leave, Rodney hesitated, then turned back halfway. He approached the bed where Jeremiah lay and said in a guilty voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Chavez. As long as you can wake up, I swear I won't fight with you for Yvette anymore."

Rodney's voice cracked slightly as he turned to look at Yvette. He rubbed his fingers and his eyes were red. "Yvette, I'm really sorry."

Yvette reached out and gently patted Rodney on his head. "You know my medical skills are good. He won't die."

As soon as Rodney heard this, his face lit up with joy. "I knew it, Yvette. I knew you could save Mr. Chavez!"

After they left the room, Yvette walked over to Jeremiah and stared at his handsome face. After a long silence, she leaned down, her lips almost brushing his ear as she spoke in a sultry tone, "Keep pretending if you want." Outside the room, Eagle King eyed Rodney up and down, sizing him up. "I never would have guessed you had this much power, kid. Did you really knock out Jeremiah with just a bump?"

Charles and Samantha also turned to look at Rodney. They thought. The kid has a bright future ahead of him. Imagine telling people he knocked out the great Jeremiah with a single bump. That is a story that will last a lifetime!' Rodney pouted and quickly defended himself, looking innocent. I didn't use any force. It's just that Mr. Chavez is too weak."

Emmett, overhearing this, sighed deeply. He thought, Jeremiah really went to great lengths for Yvette. Now, I'm afraid the phrase 'fragile' is going to stick with him forever.

Rodney shot Eagle King a glare before storming off, throwing a parting eye roll in his direction.

Eagle King just chuckled indifferently, knowing that he was probably off-sulking somewhere.

After Rodney left, the corridor was left with only Eagle King, Samantha, Emmett, and Charles. Emmett also seemed ready to leave, but just as he turned, Samantha called out from behind. "Where are you going?" Emmett turned around with a deliberately stern face, clearing his throat. "Ah, I'm just heading back to my room. I'm a bit

tired."

20:07 Tue, Dec 17

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Samantha, Eagle King, and Charles exchanged knowing glance:

Meanwhile, Rodney stormed into the courtyard, looking utterly returned from outside. Kash immediately squinted. "What hap Rodney glanced over his shoulder at Yvette's room on the secon lost my girl."

Kash paused for a moment, then replied bluntly, "She never be

Rodney blinked, his eyes wide in surprise, then stared at Kash i

Kash scratched the back of his head, not knowing What he said

20:07 Tue, Dec 17

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Samantha, Eagle King, and Charles exchanged knowing glances, then moved forward, slowly closing in around him.

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Meanwhile, Rodney stormed into the courtyard, looking utterly defeated. He looked at Kash with a grievance, who had just. returned from outside. Kash immediately squinted. "What happened?" Rodney glanced over his shoulder at Yvette's room on the second floor, his voice muffled with defeat. "Kash, I might have lost my girl."

Kash paused for a moment, then replied bluntly, "She never belonged to you."

Rodney blinked, his eyes wide in surprise, then stared at Kash in disbelief, feeling upset.

Kash scratched the back of his head, not knowing What he said wrong.

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As soon as Yvette's words fell, Jeremiah immediately opened his eyes.

Yvette leaned in, her expression casual, while Jeremiah raised his eyes with a flicker of amusement in them.

He lifted his hand and pinched Yvette's chin gently, his breath warm against her face. His eyes, calm and profound like a deep pool, met hers as his low voice echoed, "Aren't you even worried about me?"

Yvette licked her lips, a smirk curling on her face. She suddenly tilted Jeremiah's chin up, kissing him fiercely until his lips bled slightly. Pulling away, she stared at him with a mischievous grin. "Next time, you won't be able to get away with this." Jeremiah chuckled, the sound resonating deep in his chest. "Really? Then I'll pull this trick every day."

Yvette squeezed her fingers, glaring at him with exasperation. She felt that he was doing better at arguing.

Jeremiah saw that Yvette was getting upset, so he quickly sat up. He knew that if she really got angry, it would be hard to calm her down. As for him, he was full of energy, showing no sign of weakness.

Jeremiah lifted the blanket, wrapping his arms around Yvette's waist from behind with his chin resting on her shoulder. Yvette tilted her head slightly and asked, "What method did you use? Your pulse was weak, almost imperceptible."

Jeremiah stroked her waist, his voice casual as he replied, "When I was younger, I went to Watwoz once. My grandfather's friend is the master there, and he taught me a technique-a method that can make someone appear to be 'dead' temporarily." Yvette nodded slightly, not feeling surprised. She had already guessed as much. Traditional Clusian boxing was profound, and there were indeed many masters with hidden skills. Some ancient techniques had been lost to time, so the existence of something like this wasn't too unexpected.

Jeremiah suddenly lowered his voice and whispered to Yvette, "Have I been a good husband?"

Yvette glanced at him with a smirk as she narrowed her eyes. "What do you mean?"

Jeremiah nodded seriously, his eyes intense and playful, his voice oozing with charm. "I followed those rules. I always obey my wife's commands, and wherever she goes, I follow and listen to her."

Yvette raised an eyebrow, a spark of amusement in her eyes. "And?"

Jeremiah's hand, which had been resting on her waist, began to move slightly. "I've always indulged your spending and understood you. I've always tolerated your bad temper and didn't fight back when you hit me."

Jeremiah had learned about those rules from his close friend Andrew, who was a bit of an internet expert. According to Andrew, if a man mastered these rules, his girlfriend would never leave him.

Yvette's gaze

shifted to Jeremiah's hand, her lips curving up slightly as she teased, "What are you doing with your hands? Do you want me to cut them off?"

Jeremiah froze for a moment before deliberately sliding his hand further up her waist. Yvette's eyes sparkled with mischief as she grinned, clearly enjoying the playful tension. In the next instant, she shifted her position, riding on Jeremiah. Jeremiah's expression stiffened, and then he adjusted, lifting her slightly to find a more comfortable position.

At one o'clock in the morning, as the night deepened, Jeremiah pulled Yvette closer, wrapping his arms around her. He reached for the glass of warm water, handing it to her. "Do you have any other plans on your trip to Mysonna this time?" Yvette took a slow sip from the glass, her voice slightly husky as the water soothed her throat. She was wearing a loose white

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shirt, and from Jeremiah's point, everything was in full view. His throat tightened slightly, and his gaze deepened.

Yvette got off Jeremiah and stared at him. "It takes time."

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Just then, Yvette's phone rang. She casually picked it up without turning away from Jeremiah. Jeremiah glanced at her phone screen and noticed it was

message from Sienna.

Sienna: [Your design won an award, and the dean wants to present it to you personally. She said she'd missed you for years and would love to see you, Should I set it up for you?] Yvette paused, twirling the phone between her fingers as she read the message. She raised her eyebrows and texted back, [Sure.]

Not a minute later, another message came in from Sienna.

Sienna: [You finally said yes! Does that mean you're willing to show up? The fashion world is eagerly waiting to see the face behind Vibe. I'm so excited.]

The excitement in Sienna's message was almost tangible, and it was clear how much she had hoped Yvette would reveal herself to the public.

Jeremiah's voice broke through the moment. "Did you win an award?"

Yvette put the phone down, her expression calm. It was as if the award didn't hold much weight for her. "Yeah, it's just a small award. Convenient timing though, since I'll be in Mysonnal I'll also be visiting a teacher there." Jeremiah nodded. He was aware that Yvette was the mastermind behind Vibe, but to hear her brush off the award as "just a

small one" seemed a bit too humble.

Meanwhile, in Mysonna, Sienna was practically bouncing on her bed with excitement when she saw Yvette's response. However, someone said in a low voice behind her, "Come back to bed."

Sienna glanced at the man lying on the bed and pouted. She thought, 'Did I find myself a boyfriend or a babysitter?'

Sienna grumbled under her breath, though she knew better than to protest too much. With a reluctant sigh, she climbed back into bed and gave him a playful kick.

That kick, however, had no effect. The man didn't flinch. Unfortunately, Sienna's little toe almost felt like it had broken.

The man looked at Sienna who was pouting and smiled softly, his gaze brimming with unwavering tenderness.

Back in Voraxia, early in the morning, Rodney was once again outside Yvette's door, pacing back and forth and looking around.

Finally, the door opened, and out stepped Jeremiah, dressed in a white casual outfit, looking fresh and energized. When he saw Rodney standing there, he cleared his throat a couple of times. "What are you doing here?"

Hearing his cough, Rodney immediately darted over, his eyes scanning up and down. Seeing that Jeremiah seemed to be in decent shape, he finally let out a sigh of relief. At least now, Yvette wouldn't be mad at him. "I wasn't trying to hurt you yesterday, Mr. Chavez," Rodney blurted, his voice full of regret.

Jeremiah observed Rodney, noticing how, just the day before, he had been ruthless and decisive in dealing with traitors, but

in front of Yvette, he was just a teenage boy. He knew that his apology seemed to be more for Yvette's sake than his own.

With a quiet nod, Jeremiah's expression remained neutral, but his voice was calm and reassuring, "It's fine. I've always been in poor health. It's not your fault."

Rodney blinked in surprise, his heart swelling with unexpected gratitude. He thought Jeremiah was going to pick on him,

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but he actually reassured him.

Rodney's guilt grew stronger. Seeing how caring Jeremiah was made him realize that his feelings for Yvette should come to an end.. He had no choice but to let go and wish them well. Rodney seemed to come to a resolute decision. He looked up at eremiah and said, "Mr. Chavez, I won't fight you for Yvette anymore, but if you ever mistreat her, I will fight you for her. "You might be sick and weak, but I'm still stronger than you. You won't be able to defeat me."

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Jeremiah hid the smile in his eyes as he lifted his gaze to Rodney "Alright, don't worry. You know, there are a lot of people who like Yvette, and I..."

Jeremiah trailed off, his words leaving an open-ended hint. His comment, though vague, was enough to stir Rodney's protective instincts. He slapped his chest with a dramatic flourish, as though ready to face anything that came their way. He said, "Don't worry, Mr. Chavez. You're my friend. If any of those guys start bothering Yvette, just let me know. I'll take care of them. I'll make it clean and simple, and no one will ever know."

After saying this, Rodney waved his hand for Jeremiah to lean down. He whispered fiercely into his ear, "Don't worry, Mr. Chavez. I'm an expert at making people disappear."

Jeremiah nodded, his gaze softening for a moment as he looked at Rodney, his gratitude clear. "I really appreciate it." Rodney kicked his legs, beaming proudly. "It's no trouble at all, Mr. Chavez. Don't hesitate to call me, okay?"

In the living room, at the dinner table, Emmett, Charles, Samantha, and Eagle King watched as Rodney chatted and laughed with Jeremiah.

Samantha rested her chin on her hand, looking a bit puzzled. She glanced at the others and said, "What's going on here? How did Jeremiah and Rodney go from barely knowing each other to this close in just one night?"

It wasn't just Samantha; even Emmett, Eagle King, and Charles were completely baffled. Just yesterday, these two were at each other's throats, and now, they were acting like father and son. This was so strange.

The four of them barely touched their breakfast, too caught up in staring at Jeremiah and Rodney. Jeremiah handed Rodney a croissant, then carefully spread some strawberry jam on it before passing it to him.

Rodney took it with a smile, looking at Jeremiah with a charming grin. "Thank you so much, Jeremiah," he said, then picked up a piece of fried egg and placed it on Jeremiah's plate.

Emmett's fork clattered to the table, looking surprised. He thought, 'Jeremiah and Rodney actually looked like father and son. Why? Wasn't it just yesterday these two were practically at war with each other? What the heck happened?'

The four of them were left speculating, their curiosity eating them alive. They thought, 'What kind of trick had Jeremiah pulled on Rodney? Why did he address him differently? Yesterday, it was "Mr. Chavez" and now it's "Jeremiah". What happened exactly?' Eagle King couldn't hold back his curiosity any longer. He stared at Jeremiah and Rodney, asking bluntly, "So, can someone please explain what's going on here?"

Under the curious gaze of the four, Rodney sat up straight like an adult. He put down his fork and, in the most innocent voice, said, "There's really nothing strange about it.

"I've already become Jeremiah's friend. Jeremiah is in poor health, so I'm here to take care of him. You guys don't need to make a big deal out of it."

Jeremiah tilted his head, giving Rodney a very cooperative cough, putting on an almost convincing "fragile" act. "Thank you."

Emmett watched Jeremiah with wide eyes, his hand shaking as he picked up his milk and took a sip. The image of the all-powerful Jeremiah in his mind had completely shattered.

Samantha couldn't help but give Jeremiah a thumbs-up. She was impressed, thinking, 'Just look at Rodney-yesterday he wanted to slice Jeremiah into pieces, and now he's already protecting him. The power of a good strategy, huh? Jeremiah's tricks worked.

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Samantha's thoughts briefly drifted to her younger brother Andrew. She thought that if only he could learn something from Jeremiah. However, Andrew seemed to grow only in size, not in intelligence.

Charles quietly observed Jeremiah and Rodney, his gaze steady. He just wanted to know whether Yvette knew how sly Jeremiah was.

When Eagle King heard Rodney call him in such a rude tone, he lost interest in how Jeremiah had worked his magic anymore. He just wanted to figure out why Rodney appeared so respectful to Jeremiah, Emmett, and Charles while being so rude to him.

Eagle King shot a glance at Jeremiah, wondering if he should start copying him and pretending to be weak.

The next second, Eagle King turned to Rodney, his voice dripping with grievance. "Isn't it a little unfair to treat me differently, Rodney?"

Samantha, Emmett, and Charles immediately turned to look at Eagle King. They thought, 'What is he doing? Is today the day everyone playing weak?'

Eagle King, feeling the pressure of their gazes, awkwardly scratched his nose. "What are you staring at?"

Rodney stared at the pouting Eagle King for a moment, then, without hesitation, responded in a serious tone, "I'm more drawn to good-looking guys, like Jeremiah, Emmett, and Charles, but I keep my distance from less charming guys, like you." Samantha, Emmett, and even Charles couldn't hold back their laughter. They thought, 'Rodney's honesty can hurt people. No wonder he's close to Yvette-he knows exactly how to hit where it hurts.'

Eagle King, fuming with rage, felt his face burn. He thought, 'That was harsh. What did he mean by calling me less charming? Does he have to compare me to Jeremiah?'

However, Rodney wasn't done. "And the biggest problem with you isn't even your looks." Hearing that, Eagle King felt his wounded pride shatter completely.

Eagle King's eyes were practically blazing with fury. He thought, "What else is Rodney going to say?"

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Rodney sized up Eagle King, put down his croissant, and said, "Your biggest problem is your sense of fashion. Haven't you ever heard the saying 'Red and green should never be seen, except in the washing machine'?" Everyone turned to look at Eagle King, agreeing with Rodney. Eagle King's outfit-red vest, green shorts, and blue slippers- was basically a walking fashion disaster.

Samantha was struggling to keep it together, nearly dying of laughter. This was too much. She felt that Rodney comedic genius in the making, and he wasn't even trying.

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Rodney turned to Jeremiah with a proud look. Jeremiah gave him a pat on the shoulder, glanced at Eagle King who looked like he might explode at any second, and nodded with full approval. "You're absolutely right."

Eagle King was ready to take out all his frustration on Rodney when he heard Jeremiah's words. However, after hearing Jeremiah, he was completely deflated. He knew he couldn't mess with Jeremiah, so he resigned himself to quietly eating the oatmeal.

Yvette came downstairs from the second floor. The moment she appeared, Eagle King let out a roar. "Help, Yvette! Someone is picking on me!"

Eagle King's voice was so dramatic that it seemed like it could lift the roof off. It could be seen that he was deeply wronged.

Yvette paused, then casually walked over to the table and sat down. Eagle King, seeing his ally arrive, immediately dropped his gloom and shot a smug look at Rodney. Then, when turning back to Yvette, his expression shifted completely. "Yvette..." Yvette casually scratched her ear and looked at Eagle King with mild indifference. "What's wrong with you?"

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The Eagle King reached out, wanting to point at Jeremiah, but just as he extended his finger, Jeremiah gave him a calm, indifferent glance. His finger suddenly veered and ended up pointing at Rodney instead.

The Eagle King complained, "Boss, that little brat Rodney dared to call me ugly. I could handle being called ugly, but then he insulted my fashion sense. You know I'm at the forefront of trends, the fashion darling. This blows my pride. Boss, you have to support me." The Eagle King's accusation left everyone else speechless. They thought, "The fashion darling? That's a bold claim. Who in their right mind calls this peculiar get-up fashionable?"

Samantha took a sip of her coffee and decided to say something in defense of the Eagle King, "Actually, Eagle King's outfit does have an artistic flair."

Her comment was more artistic than the Eagle King's style. Even Emmett, Charles, and Jeremiah, who was slicing sausage, paused for a moment. Their eyes clearly showed, "Seriously? Doesn't lying bother your conscience?"

Samantha calmly exchanged silent glances with the others. She appeared to genuinely appreciate the Eagle King's fashion sense, which moved him deeply.

Eagle King said, "Samantha, you've got an eye for fashion."

The way Eagle King said it made Samantha's eye twitch. She thought, 'Is it too late to take back her words?'

Yvette looked at the slightly downcast Eagle King and calmly picked up the orange juice Jeremiah had poured for her. She lowered her eyes, relaxed her posture, and slowly smiled, speaking in a soft and gentle voice, "Your outfit is just perfect. Fashion is about standing out, and you're the brightest star in the crowd. Don't mind what the kid said. They're too young to understand."

Yvette's words immediately lifted the Eagle King's spirits, making him feel like he was on top of the world. It didn't matter if a million people said he looked bad. As long as Yvette said he did, it must be true. He trusted her sense of style more than anyone else's. The Eagle King glanced at the people around the table, feeling proud and satisfied after Yvette's affirmation, shaking off the earlier disappointment.

Eagle King said, "Listen to what Yvette just said. That's what I call a real compliment. Want to know what dressing well means? What is refined taste? Look at me, folks."

The expressions on the faces around the table were a bit difficult to describe as they looked at Yvette, sitting there with her chin resting on her hand. Emmett, Samantha, and Charles all pondered the same question, 'Is Yvette the boss of Vibe?' Jeremiah turned his head, took a napkin to wipe his mouth, and said seriously, "I think your style is very tasteful as well."

Emmett, Samantha, and Charles exchanged a look and took a sip of their coffee at the same time..Well, it seemed Jeremiah's position changed quickly. This was a perfect example of someone going along with their partner's views, clearly showing that he'd got a love- struck mind.

Rodney swung his little legs and sneaked a glance at Eagle King, his eyes showing a bit of inner conflict. In the end, he decided to go against his better judgment and said to Eagle King "Eagle King, Yvette was right. I suddenly think your outfit today looks great. The colors match perfectly. I was just joking before, so please don't be mad at me."

Rodney's abrupt change in attitude left Eagle King speechless. It seemed he was just being used. If Yvette hadn't praised him, Jeremiah and Rodney probably wouldn't have complimented him at all.

He was a stepping stone for Jeremiah and Rodney, trying to win Yvette's favor. He'd worn out. It should end here.

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Eagle King chuckled with arrogance and said, "Rodney, since you can admit your mistakes and recognize your aesthetic shortcomings, I'll be generous and forgive you this time."

Eagle King's skill in teasing kids was on full display. But Rodney didn't pay him any attention. He blinked his big eyes at Yvette and said, "Yvette, how about it? My sense of style is just like yours, right?"

Emmett, Samantha, and Charles looked at Eagle King. He was a pitiful guy. One praised him because Jeremiah was eager to show his love to Yvette, and the other for trying to show his style matched Yvette's. Hearing this, the Eagle King once again fell silent. Rodney turned to Eagle King, intending to console him, but what came out was a shocker, "Eagle King, don't be upset. Even though you're not good-looking, you're kind. Besides, no matter what, Flying Fish will never look down on you. Keep your confidence up." Eagle King lifted his head and gave a slight smile. Well, his confidence was completely gone.

Then, with a roar, the Eagle King made the living room floor shake. "Rodney, get over here. What do you mean by saying I'm ugly but kind?"

Seeing the situation was turning bad, Rodney thought it was now or never to escape. He said to Jeremiah beside him, "Jeremiah, cover for me. I'm going to make a run for it. Good luck, I believe you can take on Eagle King."

Jeremiah nodded. Rodney then politely told Yvette, "Yvette, take your time eating. See you later." With that, he turned and dashed out.

Eagle King called out, "Rodney, where do you think you're going?"

Hearing this, Rodney sped up, moving his little legs even faster.

Eagle King got up and said to the others at the table, "Take your time eating. I have to go and teach that little brat a lesson." With that, he stormed off after Rodney.

Yvette leisurely ate her bread without any intention of stopping the Eagle King, while Jeremiah calmly drank his coffee.

Emmett commented, "Hey, Yvette, is the Eagle King going to be okay with Rodney?" Judging by how mad Eagle King looked, he was definitely going to get a spanking today.

Jeremiah placed the sliced sausage in front of Yvette and asked softly, "Do you want an apple?"

Yvette glanced at him and nodded slightly. "Sure."

Having finished breakfast, Jeremiah picked up a big, red apple and started peeling it. Yvette tilted her head to look at Emmett, Samantha, and Charles, smirked slightly, and said casually, "Don't worry. Kash is outside. The Eagle King can't catch Rodney. And even if he did, he'd have to let him go."

While Samantha, Charles, and Emmett were still a bit doubtful, they heard the Eagle King indeed yelling in the yard.

Eagle King shouted, "Darn it, Kash, are you serious? I didn't hit him. Did you really have to go that far?"

"Hey, Kash, if you keep this up, I'm not gonna hold back.

"Seriously, you're too ruthless, taking over all three routes. You've really picked up some nasty tricks from that rascal, Rodney."

Kash's cold voice came through, "Who are you calling a rascal?"

What followed was the sound of fists and feet clashing, mixed with Randy cheering, "Kash, quick, hit him there. Eagle King, look, there's something strange flying over there.

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"Kash, go for it. Go for it. You're the best, give it your all!"

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At the dining table, Samantha, Emmett, and Charles could hear the commotion outside and the Eagle King's shouts, indicating just how intense the fight was. They all looked toward Yvette, who was calm and composed. Just as Yvette had said, with Kash on their side, the Eagle King stood no chance against Rodney today.

Emmett asked curiously, "Yvette, the Eagle King's ancient combat power isn't common. Is Kash really so strong that he can beat the Eagle King?"

Hearing Emmett's question, Samantha also got curious. "Yeah, Yvette, the Eagle King is supposed to be really strong. So, who is actually stronger, him or Kash?"

COMMENT

