

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

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Yvette narrowed her dark eyes a bit, lifting her eyelids, her eyes as clear as water and bright as stars. She said plainly, "Kash will win."

Just then, Jeremiah finished peeling an apple and placed the whole peel on the table. Emmett glanced at it, marveling at how Jeremiah, who never used to peel apples, had become so proficient at it for Yvette. The apple peel looked like a piece of art, truly fitting his skill. Jeremiah handed the peeled apple to Yvette and glanced at Samantha, Charles, and Emmett. "Even though the Eagle King is powerful in ancient combat power when it comes to pure physical strength and stamina, Kash is much better. In a bare-handed fight, without using inner energy, the Eagle King is bound to lose."

Samantha continued, "What if the Eagle King uses his ancient combat power?"

Yvette took a bite of the apple, crossed her legs, and stretched comfortably. She casually said, "It's evenly matched, but the Eagle King has a slight advantage."

Ancient combat techniques had always been quite mysterious and were almost lost to time, with very few practitioners. The ancient combat techniques focused on calming the mind and concentrating energy, similar to the inner strength practiced by ancient people. The stronger the ancient combat power became, the deeper the internal strength was.

To train in ancient combat techniques, many were disqualified from the start due to their physique. Furthermore, the more advanced techniques were hidden within busy city sects or passed down in families that had guarded them for centuries. Only a few individuals had the privilege to learn these skills, and such knowledge was rarely shared outside.

Jeremiah was sent at a young age by Jase to the Watwoz to train for five years, inheriting generations of dedication and top-level ancient combat techniques.

Emmett was adopted by the Chavez family from a young age, primarily because his one-in-a-million physique made him an ideal candidate for practicing ancient combat power. As a result, Jase and Jeremiah sent him to train in these skills.

Eagle King had an incredible stroke of luck. As a child, he begged alongside an old beggar, who turned out to be an ancient combat expert, imparting ancient combat techniques to him, shaping the Eagle King everyone knew today.

In today's age of modern weaponry, with missiles, rockets, bombs, and machine guns having so much power, ancient combat power might seem less important. However, those who had truly practiced understood its true value.

Compared to regular people, those who practice ancient combat power could easily live twenty years longer than the average person. They were generally healthy, with their organs sustained by their ancient combat breathing techniques, making them even less likely to suffer from any major illnesses.

Moreover, without weapons, someone skilled in ancient combat power could take on hundreds or even thousands of opponents. For experts like Yvette and Jeremiah, facing ten thousand people was not out of the question.

Jeremiah turned to Yvette and asked a question he had long been curious about, "Who taught you your ancient combat techniques?"

Yvette's strength in ancient combat power was profound, typically achievable only through training from an old family or prestigious sect.

Charles, Emmett, and Samantha unconsciously sat up straighter. Sitting there, they looked like employees waiting for their boss, Yvette, to start the meeting, always feeling she might drop another jaw-dropping bombshell. Yvette turned her head and glanced at Jeremiah. Her eyes, as dark as a cold, met his gaze, clear like crystal and shining with soft starlight, profound and mysterious,

Her voice remained cool and steady as always. "It's something natural. I've been able to sense the ancient combat power

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within me since I was three."

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This was why Yvette had been using candy all these years to suppress the energy within her. She was naturally born with a very strong ancient combat power.

When she was younger, she didn't know how to control it, which led to a few wild days each month. But as she grew up, she gradually started developing her way of managing it.

By a twist of fate, she met Silas and learned to make potions. She began using these potions to suppress her deep ancient combat power and mixed them into vanilla toffees.

Everyone was eager to learn about ancient combat power. Some of them even practiced for their entire lives but never reached the highest level. However, Yvette was born with it and spent each day trying to keep it under control. Yvette knew that her ancient combat power was likely

connected to Lilian. Lilian seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. Despite all her efforts over the years, she could not find a single trace of her.

Back then, Lilian gave birth to her and left her at an orphanage, leaving only a letter explaining her origins before disappearing completely. It was as if this person never existed in the world at all.

'What kind of person can disappear so completely that not even bones can be found?' Yvette lowered her gaze, a cold glimmer appeared in her eyes, an impenetrable heaviness.

When they returned from Mysonna, they should visit the director of the biology lab, Rashad, in Betrico. Yvette mentioned it casually, but Emmett, Samantha, and Charles were too shocked to say a word. They knew they shouldn't have asked. Asking would just show the difference between Yvette and others.

Charles was all right since he grew up in Mysonna and had only heard about ancient combat power but didn't know much about them. But even he knew that the idea of being born with such mystical power was just a myth. Every day, they would ask in their hearts, 'Is Yvette even human

Emmett trembled as he picked up a glass of water and took a couple of sips. He needed to calm down.

After following Jeremiah at Watwoz for so many years, the phrase most often heard was someone praising Jeremiah's extraordinary talent. They said his five years of training could match twenty years of others, making him an ancient combat genius.

Now when Yvette claimed she was born with ancient combat power, anyone else would be skeptical, but if Yvette said it, he couldn't help but believe her.

It was also Emmett's first time admitting someone could be born with ancient combat power. He was convinced that, in this lifetime, Yvette might be the only special case he would ever meet.

Samantha slowly and painfully turned her body. In families like theirs, they would start special tests from the age of two to see if they were suitable for practicing ancient combat power.

If they were deemed suitable, they would use all their connections to send them for training by prominent families. Both she and Andrew had undergone the tests, and the results were clear. Neither of them was fit for it. She ended up learning taekwondo, while Andrew gave up completely.

By now, Samantha's feelings toward Yvette had gone beyond simple admiration. She wanted to invite her home every day and almost worship her. She decided that when she got pregnant she would stick by Yvette's side for twelve hours a day.

At the very least, just being around Yvette might let her absorb some of her mystical energy, and maybe her next generation could pick up some ancient combat power techniques.

Jeremiah stared at Yvette. His eyebrows rose attractively, and his gaze was deep, as profound as the night.

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Unlike Emmett and the others, Jeremiah immediately thought of Yvette's mother when he heard her speak. Lilian mysteriously vanished without a trace.

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After meeting Yvette, he tried to use his connections to locate the missing person. At least he could give Yvette some closure, whether she was alive or not. But all that effort yielded no clue.

If Yvette was born with such strong ancient combat power, it could only mean that her mother was truly incredible.

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Just as Emmett, Samantha, and Charles were trying to process the fact that Yvette's ancient combat power was innate, the Eagle King came in with Kash and Rodney. The Eagle King held his spine, almost kicked to the point of fracturing by Kash, his eyes full of complaint. Kash didn't have any honor in ancient combat. Now he'd even learned to launch sneak attacks, targeting his rear. Kash had a bloody mark at the corner of his eye, and deep scratches on his bare arms. Out of the three, only Rodney came out unscathed, showing how intense the fight was.

Eagle King stuck out his butt without any hesitation, showing the footprint to everyone. "Boss, Kash is too cruel. He ambushed me and kicked me in the butt. That force of his... It hurts so badly. I thought I'd die."

Kash looked at Yvette with a blank expression. "Ms. Zeller, I didn't ambush him. It was all above board. It was Eagle King who scratched me like a girl because he couldn't beat me."

Saying this, he imitated the Eagle King and raised his injured arm. Kash was complaining, yet he was so deadpan that everyone at the table couldn't help but burst into laughter. Seeing Kash's serious face as he said those things was undeniably funny. Rodney dashed over to Yvette. "Yvette, I swear it was Eagle King who started it first. He couldn't beat Kash, so he went for sneak attacks. That's so uncool. When I grow up, I definitely won't be like him."

Yvette patted Rodney's head. Looking at the two people who wouldn't give in to each other, she said calmly, "Stop it."

Kash suddenly went down on one knee in front of Yvette. This sudden act caught everyone's attention at the dining table, There was no need to kneel.

Samantha watched as Kash knelt, showing off his more defined abs, and quickly turned her gaze. Seeing too much of that might just give her a nosebleed. Samantha pulled out her phone and sent a message to Zion, who was far away in Berrico. Samantha: [I want an eight-pack stomach.]

In a short while, she received a reply from Zion: [Sure, I'll hit the gym right away and be ready for your inspection when you get back.]

Samantha looked at the message Zion sent her and smiled with satisfaction. Men should act this way. An obedient man was the most charming.

Kash, kneeling on one knee, shouted to Yvette, "Boss, the team is ready."

Yvette stood up slowly, half-closing her eyes, her voice cool and clear. "Let's go."

After having breakfast, they all got into the car and went to the military base. The base, which housed a two-thousand- person army, wasn't far from Rodney's protective barrier.

If someone wanted to challenge Rodney, these two thousand people were the first line of defense This was one reason Rodney had stayed safe for so many years. Taking the same route back, they traveled for half an hour before reaching a rainforest entrance, where they got out of the car.

Yvette was wearing camouflage and military boots, exuding a spirited aura. Her dark, mysterious eyes and smooth, fair face added a stern air, with sharpness contained in her gaze.

Jeremiah stood beside her, his presence as strong as ever. His well-defined features and proud, distant demeanor radiated a commanding aura, standing alone yet exuding an air of defiance

The two stood together, their aura equally matched, complementing each other. They were a perfect match. Behind them were Emmett, Charles, Samantha, and Kash, along with Rodney and the Eagle King, all dressed in camouflage. All of them

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were handsome men, beautiful women, and a cute little boy.

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As Emmett looked at the rainforest in front of him, memories came rushing back to when he ventured into the Mysonna jungles a few months ago to find Jeremiah. The image of Yvette killing the giant snake was vivid in his mind as if it happened only yesterday. Thinking back, it was an unforgettable moment in his life. At that moment, Yvette seemed like a deity standing between heaven and earth, so majestic that no one dared to look at her directly. Kash stepped forward. "Ms. Zeller, please follow me."

Kash led the way, with the group following him into the jungle. They headed east for about twenty minutes before the path gradually widened before them. A complete base came into view with a grand gate and two rows of guards, ten in total, five on each side, all equipped with the latest model guns.

Each wore a serious expression, dressed in neatly tailored black uniforms, specially made. Surviving in this rainforest was hazardous, as even a single poisonous insect could be deadly.-

The guards at the gate, upon seeing Kash and Yvette approaching, immediately came forward, barely containing their excitement. "Boss, Kash, nice to see you."

All ten soldiers' eyes were on Yvette. Three years ago, Yvette saved their whole village and had Kash train them, funding the creation of this sanctuary where they could rebuild their homes. Only now did she finally appear before them.

Each of the ten guards here had been saved by Yvette herself back then. They allowed her a lot. Seeing Yvette now, they were practically buzzing with excitement. Even Emmett, Samantha, and the Eagle King, Charles, who were standing behind her, could feel the men's enthusiasm.

Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly, looking at the ten soldiers in front of her. Her eyes were deep, and her expression was calm. She spoke in a cool and clear voice, "It's been a long time."

The men all nodded eagerly, speaking over one another. "Boss, it's been a long time."

"Boss, it's been a long time."

With Yvette and Jeremiah leading, the group made their way into the base with a grand entrance. Once inside, Emmett and the others were wide-eyed with amazement.

Observing the base's construction, it was quite impressive to have built such a facility in the rainforest. Originally, they thought it was just a simple base, but it turned out to be a hidden marvel packed with technology. There was facial recognition too. One had to pass through three verification steps to enter, with the last being a retina scan. All the roads inside were concrete, with only robots moving along them, which wasn't surprising in other places.

But this was a rainforest. As for electricity, water, and the internet, they couldn't figure out where all of those came from. Just maintaining these basic infrastructures must have cost a fortune. Now, this rainforest base seemed more advanced than the one Rodney had. They wondered, 'Is living in

the rainforest so easy now?' It seemed much more relaxed than life outside. With this in mind, the group was filled with curiosity.

Samantha tugged at the Eagle King. "Hey, Eagle King, have you been to this base before? It's so impressive."

The Eagle King, with his hands in his pockets, casually waved to the curious Samantha. "Samantha, there's nothing to be surprised about. This entire rainforest is privately owned by Yvette, and it's officially approved by the government. It's not very big or dangerous. The boss chose this spot for her people because it was ideal, and she even designed the base's blueprints herself. As for stuff like power and communication, it's not that complicated. We use satellite systems here, and there's a deep river behind the base for water. The electricity setup was redesigned by Yvette herself, but I don't know the details. You'll have to ask Yvette about that."

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After hearing this, Samantha, Emmett, and Charles found that all their questions were answered. Wow, Yvette managed the entire base construction on her own.

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As the group entered the core of the base, they were astonished once more. Unlike the high-tech perimeter, the interior was a vast and primitive area that could accommodate thousands of people.

In contrast to the exterior, the core region of the base had a raw and natural feel. Towering trees intertwined to form a dense canopy, mingling with various rainforest plants. There wasn't a trace of human design. A whole wall of weapons lined the area.

Samantha was amazed. Even though she knew little about firearms, she could easily see that the guns were different models. This meant that this wall alone had at least hundreds of types of guns.

The weaponry here was probably more extensive than what Yvette had back at the base. Emmett and Charles looked at the vast and untouched natural area.

This suggested that when Yvette designed the base, she intentionally left this central area open. The entire base was truly a perfect blend of nature and technology, both inside and out.

Kash led the group up onto the platform. He bowed slightly, placing his left hand on his chest, and solemnly addressed Yvette, saying, "Ms. Zeller, please review the results of the three years of training."

Yvette leaned on the railing, overlooking the entire field. Her eyes were deep and shadowed, and their pure blue and white showed no emotion.

Jeremiah stood beside her, gazing into the distance with equally deep eyes.

The next second, drums started playing from afar in the field, getting louder, followed by a dark mass moving toward the platform.

A grand army of thousands, all in matching black uniforms, with stern faces, bare-chested and moving forward with unstoppable momentum.

Samantha watched as the army got closer to the field, thinking that the sheer masculinity, even without a word, was almost/ overwhelming.

The Eagle King glanced at Emmett beside him, while a hint of shock appeared on Charles's face. It made sense. He couldn't have been the only one shocked.

He remembered the first time he experienced the strength of Yvette's army, and he was even more astonished back then. He initially thought it was just a group of loosely organized militia with basic training, but once they engaged, he realized that each member had their particular skills.

If Yvette personally led this army out into the world, probably no one in the underground world could compete with her.

Charles had the same thoughts as the Eagle King. He looked at the dense crowd of over a thousand people in front of him with a complicated expression.

He finally understood why Yvette never seemed to take the Seventy-Two Chambers seriously. The aura surrounding this army was undeniable. It would be a breeze to find someone here to form the next Seventy-Two Chambers.

Standing next to Jeremiah, Emmett whispered, "Mr. Chavez, Yvette's army, even though it only has two thousand people, could probably take on ten times their number. Even our elite troops would have to be cautious against them, as the result is uncertain." Emmett sighed. Jeremiah's secret soldiers went through rigorous selection and endless tests with the harshest evaluations every year. Anyone who failed was immediately kicked out.

Ever since Emmett met Yvette while following Jeremiah, he was numbed by shock. He originally thought Jeremiah had

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found an ordinary but beautiful woman.

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At that time, he was worried that Yvette could match up with Jeremiah. But the event after the event broke his expectations.

Yvette's revealed identities became more shocking each time, up to this trip to Voraxia. Suddenly, a base and an army of two thousand soldiers appeared right before him.

Now he finally understood a truth he should have realized long ago. Yvette was all-powerful. When the divine walked among humans, it was only to effortlessly crush ordinary folks like them. Humans could never stand shoulder to shoulder with deities. Jeremiah stood on the high platform, gazing steadily at Yvette's silhouette ahead. His eyes narrowed slightly, and his cold and distant expression was like icy water under the sunlight.

He said, "Yvette has her way of training soldiers. All of them have been pushed to their physical limits."

Emmett's eyes lit up at those words. "Mr. Chavez, if Yvette has such skills, we could ask her to help train our army. In two months, armies from all nations will participate in the World Special Forces Competition, and with her help, we will have a better chance." The World Special Forces Competition Emmett talked about was an annual event where the top soldiers from each country took part, with both individual and team events. Winners earned medals, but the most important prize wasn't the medals. It was the country's honor. Jeremiah had participated in this competition three times already, and each time he came first in the individual category. But after three victories, he was banned from further participation. The official reason was that no one could compete more than three times. This rule obviously targeted Jeremiah, but there was nothing that could be done. Afterward, Clusia continued to send special forces to compete, consistently staying among the top ranks but never securing first place again.

With a loud shout from Kash, about a thousand people started rearranging their formation. A minute later, everyone was kneeling on one knee facing Yvette, who was on the high platform.

The sound from the thousand voices was deafening. "Ms. Zeller, welcome back."

The scene made everyone on the platform feel an overwhelming excitement. Samantha clutched her chest.

She said, "Oh my goodness. If I didn't know better, I'd think I was in ancient times. Yvette looks just like a powerful general with a brave army under her command. It's absolutely breathtaking." Rodney tugged at Samantha's hand, looking quite proud. "Samantha, isn't Yvette so cool? Too bad she's the one I can't have."

Samantha, Emmett, Charles, and Eagle King couldn't hold back their laughter at this. The earlier part was amusing, but the last sentence really took the cake.

Even Eagle King gave Rodney a pat on the shoulder. Samantha reached out and pinched Rodney's cheeks.

Samantha then said, "Rodney, it's okay. Just remember, besides Mr. Chavez, no one else can have Yvette either."

Samantha's words instantly turned the frown on Rodney's face into a bright smile. "Samantha, you're right. I think you're really sweet. Maybe you could wait for me to grow up and be my girlfriend?" Rodney's innocent words brought a wave of relief to the people on the platform. Samantha pretended to think it over for a

moment.

She shook her head. "No way, Rodney. I've already got a boyfriend."

Rodney nodded seriously. "Alright, alright. I can't be the guy who comes between you two, so I just have to wish you and

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your boyfriend the best, Samantha."

The group was already used to Rodney's surprising outbursts.

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On the platform, Yvette slightly lowered her dark eyes. Her long straight blond hair flowed down, and her dark eyes showed no emotion as she looked at the impressive crowd of over a thousand people. With a blank expression and a calm voice, she said, "It's been a while."

Those words made nearly two thousand people present fall silent instantly. All eyes turned to Yvette, their gazes intense and

eager.

At that moment, a tall and rugged man stepped out from the front lines, his build matching that of the Eagle King.

Seeing him stand out, the Eagle King cursed, "Damn it!"

Back in the day, this guy almost ruined the Eagle King's happiness with a strong kick. However, the Eagle King admitted he was too careless then.

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COMMENT

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The burly man, known as Charlie, was the second-in-command here, right after Kash. Years ago, after Yvette saved him, it was discovered that Charlie had a unique physique compared to ordinary people. His resilience was a hundred times greater than average, and he hardly felt any pain. So Yvette taught him a special technique that Charlie mastered, developing skills similar to having an impenetrable body.

After saying this, Eagle King felt the urge to give Charlie a few kicks, but remembering Charlie's fortress-like build and impenetrable muscles, he held back and decided not to.

Rodney chuckled. "Samantha, Emmett, you probably don't know about the silly thing Eagle King did back in the day. He insisted on..."

Before Rodney could finish, Eagle King hugged him from behind and covered his mouth. "It's fine. It's fine. Don't listen to this kid's nonsense."

Eagle King then quietly warned Rodney, "Listen here, kid. If you dare to talk, you're in big trouble with me."

Eagle King thought everything was settled after silencing Rodney and finally relaxed. But he didn't account for someone else. he absolutely didn't dare to confront.

Without turning around, Yvette casually said, "Eagle King once underestimated Charlie in a contest and almost got himself in serious trouble."

Yvette's tone remained neutral. Emmett, Samantha, and Charles struggled to hold back their laughter upon hearing this. But out of respect for the Eagle King, they stifled their amusement. The scene was undeniably funny.

The Eagle King hadn't expected his secrets to be revealed by Yvette. He could only defend himself, saying, "Back then, it was really an accident. It's not like it was that serious. The boss is exaggerating."

Everyone knew that Yvette never exaggerated when she spoke, so the Eagle King's situation was quite awkward.

Seeing everyone's gaze, even the thick-skinned Eagle King couldn't handle it. Resorting to the old wisdom that retreat was the best strategy, he quickly made his escape.

On the high platform, Yvette watched Charlie emerge from below. Compared to three years ago, he looked even more imposing.

Charlie looked at Yvette excitedly and shouted, "Boss, want to come down for a spar?"

That shout was so loud it scared the birds away from the trees. The people nearby immediately started chanting, "Boss, come down." "Boss, take Charlie down." "Go, boss. Go, boss." Charles, Emmett, and Samantha didn't expect Charlie to challenge Yvette right away. He was bold and brave

Yvette smirked slightly, her expression remaining unchanged, and her delicate eyebrows showed a casual indifference. Her voice was low and husky, "Alright, but there has to be something at stake."

At that moment, Jeremiah stepped forward and held Yvette's hand in front of the three thousand people below.

Yvette tilted her head slightly, not saying anything, just looking at him and raising an eyebrow.

Jeremiah's action caused the crowd below to erupt with excitement.

"What's going on? Is this guy the boss' boy toy or something?"

"The boss let him hold hands, so their relationship must be special. Otherwise, anyone trying to hold the boss' hand would be history by now."

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"The boss' new guy is kind of good-looking, right? Can you really trust a handsome man? What if he betrays the boss?"

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"You have a point. But if this guy dares to betray the boss, the boss won't let him get away with it. So we wouldn't even need to do a thing."

"You're right. Who is the boss anyway? If I had known the boss was into guys earlier, I would've tried to compete for the position. Being the boss' favorite, I'd have no regrets in this life.

"Come on, with your looks, you think you can be the boss' guy? You better forget about it."

"Just look at the boss' guy and then look at yourself. Forget about your skills, even in terms of looks and vibe, you're way off."

Charlie stared at Jeremiah with a hint of challenge. In their eyes, no one in the world could be worthy of Yvette.

He thought, 'What kind of skills does this guy have?' Although he didn't look weak, one couldn't tell until there was a fight. Charlie looked at Jeremiah. "Hey, buddy, since you're the boss' boyfriend, that makes you our future man of the army. It's not enough to look good if you want to be with the boss. You've got to show some real skills. Are you up for coming down and giving it a try?"

Jeremiah's eyes were deep and steady, bright yet completely emotionless. He nodded politely. "Sure."

The crowd responded together, "Great... Great... Great..." Their voices were thunderous and filled with excitement. Jeremiah turned to Yvette. "Wait for me."

Yvette slid her hands into her pockets, raised her eyelids slightly and a playful light flickered in her eyes. "OK."

Without hesitation, Jeremiah turned and walked off the stage. His tall and striking silhouette radiated a sense of coldness and sharpness.

Kash glanced at Jeremiah, his eyes showing newfound admiration. A man meant to be a leader needed courage. Without it, he had no better than dead.

Emmett, Samantha, and Charles didn't expect things to escalate to Jeremiah going down to challenge someone in the army. Nonetheless, none of them were worried.

After all, it was Jeremiah. He joined the military in his teens, undefeated, and became the youngest major general in Clusia. Varied techniques might work on others, but they were nothing compared to Jeremiah.

Yvette was even less concerned. She gave Kash a knowing look, and he immediately brought a chair over for her to sit on. Everyone knew Yvette's habit. If she could sit, she'd never stand. If she could lie down, she'd never sit. Simply put, she was lazy.

Rodney approached Yvette with a worried look. "Yvette, what if Jeremiah ends up losing? Won't that be embarrassing?" Rodney subconsciously thought Jeremiah's physique seemed a bit "weak", making a victory against Charlie seem unlikely. Yvette pinched the corner of her eye, her long legs stretching out casually. "He won't lose. He simply won't."

Charlie went up against Jeremiah like an ant trying to topple a huge tree.

Rodney's eyes danced with mischief. "Yvette, if Jeremiah ends up losing, you might feel embarrassed. You still have time to consider me instead. I'll wait for you until I'm 18."

Emmett was standing nearby and couldn't help but twitch at the comment. He thought, 'Wasn't Rodney just being buddy-buddy with Mr. Chavez earlier? And now he's openly trying to step in.'

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This kid was incredibly smart. Down on the ground, Jeremiah walked up to the packed crowd.

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Standing at the front was Charlie, who sized up Jeremiah. Despite his rough appearance, he was surprisingly polite when he spoke. "What's your name?"

Jeremiah's expression was indifferent, his deep blue eyes slightly raised, exuding a laid-back yet fierce vibe, full of danger.

Charlie immediately sensed the danger coming from Jeremiah and couldn't help but pay close attention to him.

"Jeremiah, Charlie said with a slight bow. "Mr. Chavez, our usual custom is to have three challenges. The first round is hand-to-hand combat. The second is a shooting match, and the third is a mental math competition. Jeremiah nodded, indicating he had no objections.

From the platform, Samantha asked curiously, "I understand the hand-to-hand combat and the shooting for the first two rounds, but isn't having a mental math contest for the third round a bit strange? Do these guys even have someone good at that?"

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Kash turned around to face Samantha and said, "Out of these two thousand people, nearly a hundred aren't skilled at fighting. They're intellectuals with deep expertise in math, physics, biology, and other sciences. They usually study externally and return to the base during summer and winter breks. Yvette once said that relying solely on physical strength isn't enough in this

world. Education is just as important. Neither should be neglected. Continuous learning is essential for progress. To build an unbeatable army, we need to develop well-rounded talents." Emmett, Samantha, and Charles were impressed by Yvette's foresight after hearing these words. They hit the nail on the head. Emmett admired Yvette and remarked, "Isn't this exactly a well-rounded development? Yvette truly is a remarkable leader. They all nodded in agreement. That made sense. At that moment, everyone's attention shifted to Jeremiah and Charlie. For the first round, it was Charlie's turn. He stepped up shirtless, muscles twitching, and gave off an intimidating vibe. Just then, Eagle King, who had been on the run, appeared out of nowhere and shouted, "Mr. Chavez, go for it, take Charlie down." This shout let out three years of pent-up frustration he had been holding back, waiting for Jeremiah to get revenge for him. Jeremiah stood in the arena with a sense of aloofness, standing out among the surrounding men. Deep within his dark eyes, a chilling intent stirred. Charlie was the first to charge forward, trying to use his size to gain an advantage.

Jeremiah stood still, not planning on dodging. Watching Charlie charge toward him, he slowly extended his right hand, releasing a powerful force. Suddenly, Charlie saw Jeremiah right in front of him, swiftly lifting his foot to kick Charlie. There was a fierce look in his eyes. Charlie didn't try to dodge the kick, confident he could handle it. However, to everyone's shock, what seemed like a simple kick sent Charlie flying seven feet.

By the time, Charlie realized what had happened, he was already on the ground, utterly shocked. He couldn't believe Jeremiah had knocked him down with just one kick. But he had to accept it. The evidence was right in front of him. He had lost fair and square, and he wasn't someone who couldn't take a loss.

Standing not far from Charlie, Jeremiah casually brushed the dust off his clothes. His expression was unchanged. He calmly said to Charlie, "Thanks for letting me win."

Charlie patted the footprint on his chest as he got up from the ground. He gave Jeremiah a complex look but then burst into laughter. "Alright, you got me. I admit it. Jeremiah, you're just as impressive as the boss said. Three years ago, the boss knocked me out with one punch, and now her partner floored me with a kick. I concede I'm impressed."

Charlie nodded respectfully before stepping back. Then, a handsome young man walked out. He was Tyshawn, the sharpshooter of this area. His aim was flawless, never missing a target, with eyes like a hawk that could see clearly even in the dark as if it were daylight. Tyshawn first nodded slightly toward Yvette on the platform, then looked at Jeremiah. "Mr. Chavez, the rules are simple. In a moment, we'll randomly throw things into the air. You'll shoot while moving, and whoever hits more wins."

Jeremiah nodded, and they began selecting their guns. At this point, Jeremiah glanced up at Yvette, who was lounging casually on the platform, and said, "Let me borrow your gun."

Yvette raised an eyebrow, a hint of a smile in her eyes, and without a word, took out her gun and tossed it to Jeremiah. After catching the gun, Jeremiah looked at Tyshawn and then calmly pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it over his eyes.

This action left everyone present surprised. He couldn't hit the target with his eyes covered, Kash asked in confusion, "What's he up to?"

Only Yvette on the platform, sitting confidently with her legs crossed and a sly smile on her face, remarked casually, He can pinpoint by sound alone."

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Emmett nodded proudly from behind. "Yvette is right. Mr. Chavez doesn't really need to see. He can figure out the position just by sound. He's been doing this since he was thirteen."

Emmett looked at Jeremiah on the stage, feeling that Jeremiah seemed to intentionally tone down his skills in front of Yvette. Emmett had no experience of love. And he didn't quite get it. He wondered, 'Is this a special part of their relationship? He really couldn't understand. Samantha said, "I've heard my dad talk about Mr. Chavez's skill before, and I'm finally getting to see it for myself."

The people in the audience also understood Jeremiah's intention and were completely stunned. All of them couldn't believe it would work. But Tyshawn remained calm.

The competition officially began, and Charlie emerged from the crowd. He fired a shot into the sky and shouted, "Start" As objects were thrown into the air one after another. Jeremiah twitched his ears without taking a step. "Bang, bang, bang... After the intense gunfire, the entire area fell silent.

They stared in disbelief at Jeremiah's gun and the various items around, all pierced by bullets. Not a single miss. Every shot was perfectly on target. They all wondered, How accurate must one be to have each bullet hole exactly centered? It's insane. Tyshawn on the other side put down his handgun and quietly said, "I lost." And then he turned back to his team Jeremiah pulled off the scarf in front of his eyes, as calm and collected as at the beginning.

The next second, the crowd burst into loud applause. Then, for the third round, a scholarly-looking man with glasses stepped out from the team.

He placed a complicated problem he had solved in ten days in front of Jeremiah. "Mr. Chavez, this is a mathematical conjecture. I proved it in ten days. If you can solve it within ten days, you win."

On the platform, Kash looked at the man with glasses and said to the few people beside him, "Yvette rescued him two years

ago

and brought him to the base. He's a math whiz and is now a mentor at the Yoris Institute of Technology. He just came back a few days ago."

Emmett, Charles, and Samantha looked at the man below the stage. They thought, 'Where does Yvette find the people she rescues?' Now she had brought in a mentor from the Institute of Technology.

At this age, it was no exaggeration to call him a prodigy. Yvette wasn't just the leader. Even her team members were at the top in their fields. It didn't make sense. Well, in Yvette's world, she was the ultimate authority. The few of them could only console themselves. Jeremiah glanced at the test questions, looked up, and said casually, "No need, half an hour will be enough. Just wait a bit." The man with glasses was shocked. He thought, If Jeremiah could complete it in half an hour, then who's the actual genius? Charles turned to Emmett and asked, "Is Mr. Chavez's specialty related to math?"

Emmett nodded, then shook his head, "Mr. Chavez's major and minor aren't related to math, but he started participating in math competitions out of boredom in high school. Anyway, he's never placed second" SEND GIFT

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The crowd thought it was a stretch when Jeremiah claimed he'd solve the complex math problem in thirty minutes. But just twenty minutes in, he put down his pen and calmly announced, "Done"

The bespectacled young man nearby felt the most significant shock; he could hardly believe his eyes. Even his professor hadn't solved this problem in under twenty minutes.

Skeptical, he picked up Jeremiah's completed sheet, carefully examining each step. With every line he read, his amazement deepened. Jeremiah's method and approach were utterly different from his own, much clearer and more efficient. If only he had thought of it this way, he wouldn't have wasted the past ten days on it.

As a self-proclaimed math fanatic, the young man's admiration was written all over his face. The crowd noticed his reaction and leaned in, curious.

"Wait, so he really solved it? Is the answer right?"

"I mean, we know this guy is pretty skilled himself. He took ten days to work through this, and Mr. Chavez solved it in twenty minutes. Sounds impossible."

"Yeah, come on, let us know if it's right. You're just standing there

The an finally nodded, turning to the crowd. "Yes. The answer is correct, the logic is flawless, and his a

young is unique. Even my professor couldn't come up with a solution like this. Mr. Chavez managed it perfectly."

The crowd burst into exclamations of admiration, and their initial doubts swept away. Jeremiah Chavez had gained their respect, and while the crowd buzzed with excitement, he remained as calm and composed as ever.

The young man stepped forward, his gaze fixed on Jeremiah, admiration practically sparking in his eyes. "Mr. Chavez, would

be interested in an honorary position as a mentor at our Institute of Technology?"

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Jeremiah's deep, unreadable eyes gleamed slightly, and he smirked. "How about you consider a position at Betrico University? I think you'd be a better fit there.

The young man pondered for a moment and then nodded, smiling. "If Mr. Chavez is willing to mentor me, I'd be honored to accept a position at Betrico University." "Deal, Jeremiah replied with a slight nod.

The two men sealed an agreement. Jeremiah's trip to Voraxia not only left a lasting impression on everyone at the base but also managed to "recruit a brilliant mathematical mind for Clusia's Betrico University. This led to the math department at Betrico University securing a solid place in international math competitions for the next three years.

As the crowd cheered, their voices echoed throughout the base, celebrating Jeremiah's undeniable win.

Standing on the high platform, Emmett, Charles, and Samantha watched Jeremiah with admiration and pride.

Samantha said, "No surprise there. Jeremiah doesn't just win the competition. He brings a new talent back with him."

Standing nearby, Rodney's face lit up with sudden realization. Jeremiah wasn't just skilled-he was on a whole different level. With that, Rodney realized he'd been thoroughly duped by the friendly uncle' act. As Jeremiah made his way back to the platform, he joined Yvette Standing side by side, the two commanded admiration with their combined poise and presence, leaving the crowd stunned and speechless. 21:03 Sat, Dec 21

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The base was bustling with activity that evening as everyone gathered around a grand feast with all sorts of game hunted from the surrounding jungle.

The air was thick with laughter and warmth as everyone reveled the moment, knowing it would be one of their last nights. with Yvette before she left the next day.

Despite the bittersweet mood, everyone made sure to drink and laugh heartily. Emmett, the Eagle King, and Samantha quickly blended in. Even Charles was a bit reserved initially, but eventually, he joined the fun with everyone at the base. The entire base felt alive, like a festival was in full swing.

The next day, everyone gathered together to bid Yvette farewell. As Yvette walked toward the Jeep, the base people called out her name, their voices full of reverence and admiration.

"Yvette!"

"Boss"

Yvette paused, standing still for a moment without turning around. Just as when she arrived, she kept her composure, letting the voices of her people fill the air as she climbed into the Jeep and headed out of the jungle.

To the people here, Yvette was more than a leader. She was the person who had saved their lives, giving them a second chance and binding them together as a family. Each came from different place and story, yet they all shared a single unwavering belief: Yvette. A woman who had changed the course of their lives.

Just as Yvette, Jeremiah, and Emmett boarded their private jet bound for Mysonna, Braydon was deep in conversation with his grandfather, Damian, at the Goodman estate.

Damian leaned heavily on his cane, his deeply lined face contorted with barely strained anger. He looked at his grandson, the one he had nurtured all his life, now standing before him with enough power and audacity to turn the tables. But ironically, this outcome was precisely what Damian had hoped for.

With a dark glint in his eye, Damian fixed Braydon with a cold, cynical smile.

Damian said, "Well, Braydon, you've won. I no longer have any cards left to play. Whatever you decide to deal with me is entirely up to you.

Braydon's long lashes lowered slightly, hiding the sharp, almost cruel glint in his gaze. His expression tightened as he spoke Braydon asked, "Damian, all these years, you did everything you could to stop me from pursuing Yvette. Was it because you feared her strength? Worried she might overshadow me and even seize the Goodman family's power?"

This conversation was the calmest the two had had in years, though the words were underlined with years of bitterness.

Standing nearby, Tyson watched with a complex expression. He knew all too well that this clash between Damian and Braydon had everything to do with Yvette. Braydon, it seemed, still didn't understand Damian's intentions.

To Damian, Yvette's strength was precisely the issue. A woman cannot overshadow the head of the Goodman family. It would be a disgrace to their name.

Damian's eyes darkened as he assessed Braydon's icy expression

"Braydon, I've warned you before-you can't control Yvette. To be frank, no man on this earth can. You need someone gentle, who would stand by your side and support you-not someone who would always overshadow you." 21:03 Sat, Dec 21

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Damian paused, his tone growing more somber. "And tell me, do you really believe Yvette has feelings for you? Braydon, she's become an obsession, a fixation born from your inability to possess her. It's become pathological." Braydon's eyes flared red, his expression turning deadly, looking like a bloodthirsty predator's.

He snarled through clenched teeth. "Damian, I'll say it one last time. I love Y

I love her more than anything. From the moment she appeared in my life and pulled me out of that hellhole, she's been the most important person in my world. This battle between us has cost me enough. But in a way, I should thank you-it gave me the chance to rid myself of every traitor in my path"

Damian sighed, the sound heavy with years of fruitless effort. Despite all his attempts, he had failed to turn Braydon away from Yvette. He knew that Braydon's obsession would never fade as long as Yvette lived. But he also knew that no one could stop Yvette.

In a voice that sounded older and wearier than ever, Damian murmured, "I, Damian Goodman, spent decades ruling the underworld, surviving storms that would have destroyed lesser men. But in the end, I'm defeated by my own grandson. It's fitting. I suppose." Braydon's face remained impassive, unreadable as he rose to his feet. His deep-set eyes held no hint of emotion as he addressed his grandfather.

"Damian, the Seventy-Two Chambers will personally escort you back to the island tomorrow. Once you're there, you'll be under constant watch, and from then on, you're forbidden to leave. If you ever try, the entire island will be blown to pieces, and you'll disappear with it."

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Damian looked up at Braydon's cold, expressionless face, and hearing his words, he showed no surprise-it was almost as if he had expected this outcome all along. "Braydon, remember this: never let anyone become your weakness. You should have killed me, not sent me back to the island."

Tyson was shocked and immediately knelt to plead for Damian, Mr. Braydon Goodman, Mr. Goodman only spoke out of anger. Once he returns to the island, I assure you he will no longer stand in your way."

Braydon looked into Damian's cold eyes, which held a mix of emotions. After a moment of silence, neither spoke. Braydon turned and walked out the door.

Tyson turned back to Damian, who looked older than ever, slumped on the sofa, drained of all his former vigor. He spoke quietly, "Mr. Goodman, you should have let Braydon know that coming out of the island wasn't to compete with him but to remove the last obstacles in his path. You didn't have to let him despise you like this.

Years ago, when Braydon's father was still alive, he had treated Braydon with nothing short of cruelty, forcing him to live in a cage, depriving him of food, and subjecting him to conditions meant to break his spirit

Since being saved by Yvette, Braydon had never been the same; sometimes, his mind still bore the scars, and he would even harm himself in moments of distress. His father's legacy of abuse had left lasting wounds on Braydon's heart.

Damian let out a dry, bitter laugh. "You think Braydon doesn't understand my intentions? He knows everything, But that doesn't change a thing. He will never forgive me for keeping him away from Yvette. He despises me for it. If he let me live. it's only because he understood my purpose; otherwise, he'd have killed me already, grandson or not."

No one knew Braydon better than Damian himself. His grandson had room in his heart for only one person-Yvette-and she was the only one he would ever show mercy toward. For Braydon, everyone else was expendable

Damian took a slow sip of coffee, then looked at Tyson. 'How is Nathan getting along with the Carter girl?*

Tyson bowed slightly. "Mr. Goodman, the young lady from the Carter family, is refined and attentive to Nathan. They're getting along well. Since Yvette intervened last time, Nathan has focused on his responsibilities and hasn't gone after Sienna." Hearing this, Damian nodded in satisfaction.

Yvette, Jeremiah, and Emmett had taken a private jet to Mysonna. Charles had opted out of the trip, preferring to stay back for a while, while Samantha had returned to Betrico for an urgent matter.

The Eagle King was also heading to Betrico. Flying Fish had recently debuted, and with just one performance, her mesmerizing looks and captivating acting had made her an overnight sensation

in the entertainment industry, Chasing her newfound fame and love, the Eagle King had naturally followed Flying Fish to Betrico.

Once Yvette, Jeremiah, and Emmett disembarked, Bruce, Frankie, and Chris were already waiting at the airport. Despite two months of separation, their friendship was as seamless as ever.

Frankie, ever the joker, grinned. "Jeremiah, Yvette-long time no see!"

Bruce, the steady one, couldn't hide his excitement either. Jeremiah, Yvette, welcome back

Chris was similar, being the least talkative of the three. "Jeremiah Yvette, Emmett."

Yvette was dressed in a white T-shirt and jeans and wore her usual black cap, framing her refined features and slightly upturned eyes with a sharp elegance. She still had that same spirited energy the group knew well

After exchanging greetings, they split into two cars-Yvette, Jeremiah, and Bruce in one, with the rest in another. Ten

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minutes into the drive, Bruce revealed why he'd opted to ride with Yvette and Jeremiah.

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Bruce said, "Yvette, I'm with Sienna now. She's a little shy and couldn't bring herself to tell you. She hopes to have your blessing, though. She's been busy with the International Fashion Competition in Mysonna, so she couldn't come along to see you. She wanted me to apologize on her behalf

Nestled comfortably in the back seat, Yvette paused momentarily with her phone in hand, glancing up. She smirked, turned to Jeremiah, who had his arm around her waist and raised an eyebrow. "Your guy ran off with my girl. So what do we do about that?" Yvette asked, a hint of playfulness in her tone.

Jeremiah's hand tightened around her waist, his deep, intense gaze fixed on her as he leaned close to her ear and whispered, "Bruce took Sienna, and I'm here for you. Sounds fair, doesn't it?"

Yvette put on a slight smile, impressed by his quick comeback. Without another word, she returned to her phone, casually remarking. "If Sienna is happy, you're safe. If she isn't, then Jeremiah's in trouble."

The warning in her tone was direct, almost possessive. Bruce chuckled at Yvette's statement. Her message was clear-if he ever let Sienna down, the one to suffer wouldn't just be him but Jeremiah too. Only Yvette could throw both men off balance with a single line, effortlessly asserting her expectations.

Jeremiah, realizing he'd been roped into this as well, watched the relaxed figure of Yvette nestled beside him. A hint of amusement flickered in his eyes-this girl could be so unapologetically demanding yet so effortlessly charming

Yvette sensed Jeremiah was smiling and looked up, playfully annoyed. "What are you laughing at?"

Jeremiah squeezed her hand, his expression composed. "Not laughing. Really"

Yvette didn't buy it, giving him a skeptical glance before returning to her game.

Up front, Bruce caught the scene in the rearview mirror, smirking at how much warmer Jeremiah seemed around Yvette.

In the other car, Emmett had just learned from Frankie that Bruce and Sienna were together. He thought they made a great pair and was surprised.

He'd always assumed Bruce would go for a more reserved type. But love worked in unexpected ways.

After arriving at the villa and settling in, Bruce returned to pick up Sienna. Yvette took a quick look around the place, noting that everything remained just as it had been.

After they unpacked and enjoyed a quiet dinner, Yvette curled up on the sofa, surrounded by Emmett, Chris, and Frankie. Suddenly, her phone chimed.

The others glanced over as Yvette picked up her phone to read a text from Joe Yoder, inviting her and Jeremiah to Yoder Manor to discuss arrangements for returning a national treasure to Clusia.

She shared the message with the group, and Jeremiah responded, "Alright. Tomorrow at noon, then."

Emmett, the only one aware of the context, was impressed with Joe's swift response. Meanwhile, Frankie and Chris exchanged glances, intrigued at the mention of the Yoder family but still in the dark about the details.

Frankie raised an eyebrow. "The Yoder family? Which one? As far as I know, there aren't many families named Yoder in Mysonna worth mentioning. Yvette, is this Mr. Yoder a friend of yours and Jeremiah's?"

Frankie certainly wasn't naive enough to think that Jeremiah and Yvette would know an obscure Yoder family. Any Yoder family recognized by these two big figures must have some fame.

Chris thought for a moment and asked somewhat uncertainly, "vette, by any chance, are you talking about Carl Yoder?"

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Frankie sat back on the couch with an incredulous expression. Come on, Yvette, do you know Carl Yoder? That guy's been off the radar for years! The Mysonna Business Association has been trying to lure him back, but he never even shows his face. He's practically a legend. Everyone knows he's pushing eighty by now." Emmett raised an eyebrow at Frankie's confidence, giving him a light cough as a hint. "Don't be too sure. You never know."

Chris stayed quiet, watching Yvette peel an orange leisurely, her expression as calm as ever. He'd only asked about Carl Yoder on a whim, though he doubted it could be him. An invitation from a reclusive figure like Carl Yoder seemed like a long shot. Yvette popped a piece of the orange in her mouth, finally meeting everyone's gaze with a faint smile. "It is Carl Yoder."

Jeremiah sat quietly, showing no emotion on his face. Frankie, without missing a beat, jumped in. "See, I told you, how could it be Joe Shi..."

Jeremiah sat beside her without much reaction, but Frankie was left speechless, only to blurt out, "Wait, hold on-THE Carl Yoder? The one we all know about?"

Frankie's reaction was understandable. Carl Yoder was a legend, someone the previous generation admired and respected. For him to invite Yvette and Jeremiah-it was like a bombshell revelation.

Chris looked equally surprised but handled it more gracefully than Frankie. "Yvette, you know Carl Yoder? He's been out of the public eye for so long, and they say he's been recovering from heart problems for years. Most people think his eldest son has taken over his empire." Emmett was also curious and recalled how warmly Joe Yoder treated Yvette in Voraxia. They were more than just acquaintances. However, the age gap between Yvette and Carl was too wide to explain their connection easily.

Jeremiah tilted his head slightly, meeting Yvette's gaze. His deep, steady eyes held a hint of question.

Yvette looked back, her gaze clear as crystal, one brow arched. "Curious?"

A gentle warmth flickered in Jeremiah's eyes as he replied, "Everything about you intrigues me."

Yvette smirked, her tone calm. "Carl Yoder had a case of heart failure, and it happened to be around. I just treated it as I went

Yvette's connection with the Yoder family started with Joe. When Damian discovered him back then, Joe was undercover with the Goodman family's Seventy-Two Chambers and attempted to use Joe as leverage against Carl Yoder. But with Yvette backing Joe up, Damian had no choice but to back down.

Later on, Carl's heart failure took a severe turn, and it was Yvette who saved his life. After recovering, Carl repaid her with a one-billion-dollar thank you. To Yvette, it was a simple transactional relationship-a life saved, 1 billion earned. Calling it a deep friendship would be a stretch.

Yvette's casual tone left Frankie, Emmett, and Chris speechless. Just happened to be around" and "treated it on the side" coming from anyone else, that'd sound like a lightning magnet, but from Yvette, it somehow felt natural.

They knew heart failure wasn't something you "just treat" With the resources the Yoder family had, they'd have tried every possible doctor before reaching out to Yvette, meaning Carl must have been on the brink.

Chris nodded. "No wonder there were all those rumors about Carl's declining health a few years back. People thought he was done for. Guess it was true. And it was you, Yvette, who brought him back."

Frankie swallowed hard. The idea that Yvette could pull someone from the brink of death-even from heart failure? It was like rescuing someone right from the hands of the reaper. The more he thought about it, the more awe he felt www.

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Seeing their shock. Emmett figured they might as well get the whole picture. He explained everything that had gone down. at Voraxia, including Carl's offer to donate three national treasures on the condition that Jeremiah would personally escort them back to Clusia

By the end, Frankie and Chris sat wide-eyed and completely floored.

Yvette stretched, letting out a yawn before standing. Tim heading upstairs."

Jeremiah also stood up, and the two of them went upstairs together, leaving behind Frankie, Chris, and Emmett, who was leisurely sipping red wine.

Frankie watched Yvette and Jeremiah's retreating figures, shaking his head in disbelief. "How do people like that even exist?"

Emmett almost choked on his wine at the unintended double meaning.

Frankie quickly waved it off. 'I didn't mean it that way-it's like she's not even human. I've never seen a girl like Yvette, who's practically superhuman. Really, besides Jeremiah, who could ever be a match for her?"

Chris nodded in agreement. If he hadn't met Yvette, he might never have believed someone like her existed.

Just as they were talking, Bruce and Sienna walked in.

Sienna wore a cropped top and hot pants, her wavy hair cascading down her back in a bold and alluring way Bruce, by contrast, was in a sleek black suit. The two were polar opposites in style, yet somehow looked perfectly in sync. When Sienna stepped inside and didn't spot Yvette, her previously excited expression fell. "Yve's resting already?"

The guys exchanged glances. By now, everyone knew that "Yve" was none other than Yvette. According to Sienna, Yvette's casual sketches had spawned "Vibe," the hottest brand in the fashion industry. To everyone else, Yvette was "Vibe's" hidden mastermind. Having spent much time at the villa, Sienna was already quite comfortable. She headed straight for the sofa and plopped down while Bruce casually took her jacket and hung it nearby.

Frankie raised a brow. "Hey, you're always talking about Yvette. Aren't you worried Bruce might get jealous?"

Sienna glanced over at Bruce and scoffed. "Oh, please. My Bruce isn't as petty as you are. I told him from the start that Yve is the most important person in my life."

Bruce could only chuckle. It was true-when they'd started dating. Sienna had laid down her rules: Yvette was non-negotiable. Still, hearing her call him "my Bruce" made it all worthwhile.

Emmett, Chris, and Frankie shared a look. The air in the living room was thick with that unmistakable scent of romance. For single guys like them, it was torture.

The three bachelors resigned themselves to stick together, the last line of defense against a world turning sweet and sour

with love.

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The next day, Emmett drove Yvette alone to Yoder Manor after breakfast.

An urgent matter had called Jeremiah away-something had come up with the First Military District back in Betrico that required his attention. While Jeremiah headed to the airport with Chris driving him, Yvette would go alone to meet with the Yoder family. Yoder Manor sat on Mysonna's eastern edge, a legacy of Carl Yoder's early success.

Like many in his generation, Carl valued the old traditions. Rumor had it that he'd consulted a master, who deemed the location highly promising for the prosperity of future generations. Every tree and stone seemed carefully placed, steeped in intention and respect for tradition

As Emmett's car approached the manor's gates, he noticed a flashy sports car parked ahead. Leaning against it, wearing trendy clothes and dark sunglasses, was a young man surrounded by uniformed men. The look on his face and the intimidating stance of his entourage suggested trouble.

Emmett frowned. "Looks like someone's waiting for us up ahead, Yvette. Doesn't look friendly."

Resting in the backseat with her eyes closed, Yvette glanced toward the group. "Ignore them."

Emmett nodded. "Got it, Yvette."

However, as they drew closer, the young man raised a hand, signaling his men to block the road, stopping their car.

Emmett glanced at the scene, his brows furrowing. Something about this felt deliberate like they'd been waiting here specifically for them.

Turning to Yvette, he said, "Looks like this guy was expecting us

Without a word, Yvette opened the car door and stepped out, her pace unhurried. Emmett quickly turned off the engine and joined her.

As they stepped forward, the young man, none other than Oliver Yoder-Carl's grandson-swaggered toward them, backed by a large group of his men, clearly intending to cause trouble.

Oliver eyed Yvette up and down, a cocky smirk on his face. He thought, "So this is Grandpa's idea of a potential match? She was way too attractive, nothing like the usual types his grandfather would approve of for a marriage prospect."

Feigning an aggressive tone, Oliver sneered, "So, you're Grandpa's guest today? Here for a little matchmaking? Let me make something clear-I'm not interested. Whatever daydream you're having about being with me? Forget it. I may not mind your looks, but I've already got someone. So take my advice and leave before you embarrass yourself. I don't hit women, but don't push me."

Emmett's eye twitched. He wondered where this fool had come from, thinking he could say this to Yvette. It was clear this guy had no clue who he was talking to.

Yvette stared at Oliver and his crew, her expression flat and unreadable. Her eyes, cold and slightly narrowed, showed not a hint of warmth. "Your grandpa... Carl Yoder?"

For a moment, Oliver was caught off guard. She'd just called his grandfather by name-a level of boldness he'd never expected. His shock quickly turned to anger.

"You... Do you dare say my grandpa's name? You've got a death wish!" Oliver clenched his teeth. "Get her! Let's bring her to Grandpa and show him what kind of person he's trying to match me with."

Yvette raised her eyebrows, her eyes carrying a mischievous glint dark and cold, with a faint smile on her lips.

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Oliver felt a shiver run through him as he met her eyes. Realizing his fear, he quickly masked it with anger. Oliver yelled, "Get her! This woman has no respect for my grandfather. Grab her now!" Emmett leaned over and said, "Yvette, why don't you step back for a moment? I'll take care of them. You do not need to get involved here."

Yvette took two steps back, hands in her pockets, granting Emmett the lead.

As Emmett dispatched Oliver's men with effortless ease, a few made a bold attempt to sneak up on Yvette from behind. Without even looking, Yvette kicked one back precisely, sending him flying several meters. Another tried his luck, throwing a punch, but Yvette caught his fist, barely flexing as she tightened her grip until his bones cracked.

The last man standing attempted a desperate lunge, only for Yvette to grip his throat and fling him under the car with surprising ease..

Watching Yvette calmly dismantle one attacker after another, Oliver was stunned. He thought, Is Grandpa trying to kill me by setting me up with someone so... lethal? This isn't matchmaking. It is like being fed to a lion. Like his older brother, Joe, Oliver shared the same survival instinct: when the fight wasn't winnable, it was time to run.

Following Joe's philosophy-live to fight another day-Oliver immediately dashed for the manor to call for backup.

But before he could make a move, Yvette's cold voice stopped him in his tracks. "Where do you think you're going?"

Without looking back, Oliver gritted his teeth, turning to see Yvette standing there, hands in her pockets, that same unsettling smile on her face. "Fine," he spat, "stay here if you're so brave. I'll be back."

He attempted another sprint, but just as he thought he was home free, a small stone whizzed through the air, striking him in, the right leg. His leg went numb instantly, and he face-planted into the ground hard.

Having finished handling the rest of Oliver's men, Emmett returned to Yvette's side with a calm, "Yvette."

Halfway up the hill at Yoder Manor, the scene looked like a full-blown accident site. Oliver and his men were sprawled out on the ground, groaning in pain.

Surprisingly, Oliver, after managing to get back up, pulled an unexpected move. He plopped down on the ground again, glaring at Yvette and Emmett. Tears were growing

Oliver sobbed, "You violent woman! I'm a Yoder-your supposed match, in case you forgot! Couldn't you be a bit gentler? Can't you just talk things out? This is a civilized society, not a wrestling match! I was only trying to scare you a bit, and now I might be scarred for life. Just wait-III have Grandpa deal with you!"

Meanwhile, Joe was approaching the manor, having just bought a top-quality diamond necklace to gift Yvett . But as he reached the entrance, the sight of bodies lying scattered around and Oliver holding his bruised face made Joe's expression darken.

Joe wondered, 'Who had the guts to bully his family at their doorstep? Unbelievable!'

As Joe drove closer, he recognized two familiar silhouettes, sending a chill through his heart. He thought, "Wait that stance, that posture...is that Yvette? 'A horrifying possibility dawned on him, making him hit the gas.

Joe could only hope in his heart that it wasn't Yvette. If Oliver had managed to annoy Yvette, Joe would have been left with only one very painful choice.

Pulling up and stepping out of his car, Joe's heart sank as the two figures turned to face him.

As soon as Joe stepped out, Oliver spotted him, his face lighting up with relief as if he'd just seen his savior.

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Oliver said. "Joe! Finally, you're here! You have to avenge me! This so-called 'match' Grandpa set me up with actually dared to hit me. You have to lock her up!"

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COMMENT

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Chapter 490

Just as Oliver was thinking Joe would finally help him seek justice, Joe completely bypassed his complaining brother, practically skipping over to Yvette with the most groveling smile of his life.

Joe said, "Yvette, you're here already? I was just about to pick you up! Grandpa is waiting for you inside. Let's head over."

Oliver stood there in disbelief, frozen by what he was witnessing. He wondered, 'Is this really my older brother-the guy who never even glanced at a woman? Who on earth is this man with that fawning smile?' Oliver shouted at Joe, "Joe, what the heck is wrong with you? This woman nearly killed me! Are you out of your mind? Are you even my brother?"

Feeling the weight of Yvette's almost dangerous expression, Joe wished he could kick his oblivious brother right now. He thought. This idiot-can't he see I'm trying to save him here? And he has the nerve to yell at me?" Joe looked up, and the faint smile on Yvette's face sent a chill down his spine, nearly bringing him to his knees.

That smile was legendary. In their training days, whenever Yvette had that look, it always meant someone was about to suffer. Joe remembered the first time: twenty recruits thrown into a no-rules fight arena. Only three made it out, and those three spent the next three months recovering.

Then there was the second trial. One hundred people were tossed into the Amazon rainforest. Ninety tapped out before things even got intense, barely escaping with their lives. The ten who remained were in for it, though. Nine didn't make it back, and the lone survivor who walked out of that rainforest without a scratch? Charles.

The only reason Charles survived was because he'd endured three months of Yvette's brutal training beforehand.

Joe stole a nervous glance at Yvette and, without hesitation, put on the most pained grin and swiftly denied, "Yvette, I swear I don't know this guy. You believe me, right? Who is this anyway: Going around calling me 'brother'? Definitely mistaken me for someone else. Emmett watched Joe's poorly executed fib with raised eyebrows. Joe forgot that they were literally on the path to Yoder Manor and that all the land around here was famously Yoder property.

Oliver's face fell, utterly heartbroken. His brother had just denied him in front of this woman.

Yvette's gaze flicked over to Joe, her expression both amused and intimidating. With a mischievous smile, she asked. "Your brother? Biological?"

Hearing that, Oliver suddenly found a bit of confidence. After all, he and Joe were family. You can't just break blood ties.

Standing there with a pout, Oliver grumbled, "He's my brother, all right? My real brother. He's Joe Yoder, and I'm Oliver Yoder."

Emmett glanced between the two brothers, noticing the resemblance. "Oh, so you two really are related huh?"

That one remark hit Joe like a punch, and he shot a glare at Emmett. 'Great, thanks for that Emmett, Joe thought, I'll remember this.

Having no other choice, Joe forced a strained smile as he looked over at Yvette. He explained, "Oh, look at that-my memory must be slipping. Now that I think about it, he's my little brother, sure... but it's been ages since we've really gotten along. Oliver's eyes went wide with disbelief. He thought, Wait a minute... wasn't I just playing video games with Joe yesterday?"

He couldn't help but blurt out, "Joe, you're lying! Yesterday we were...

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Joe cut him off with a fierce glare. "What? What about yesterday Shut it before I kick you from here to the Manor.

Seeing his brother's scowl, Oliver reluctantly clamped his mouth shut, looking as hurt as a scolded puppy. Joe was ready to throttle him.

Joe turned back to Yvette, still flashing that sunny grin. "Yvette, really don't know him that well. Actually, I was considering severing our relationship altogether. I officially declare that I have

nothing to do with his nonsense. If you'd rather not get your hands dirty, I'd be happy to tie him up for you-nice and secure,"

At that, Oliver's jaw dropped. His own brother, willing to tie him up just to impress some woman their grandpa had introduced: Everyone's gone nuts, completely nuts

Yvette looked over at Oliver, who was on the verge of tears, and Joe, who seemed so eager to please. Her lips quirked up slightly, her cold gaze steady and piercing

Yvette said, "Oh, well then, go ahead. You tie him up."

Now, it was Joe's turn to be stunned. He thought, 'Why couldn't Yvette stick to the usual way? Isn't she supposed to say "don't bother at times like this?'

Yvette didn't wait for a response. She turned and returned to the car while Emmett followed with a smirk.

As Emmett passed Joe, he patted him on the shoulder and said, Tie him tight. Thanks."

With that, the car pulled away toward Yoder Manor, leaving behind a trail of exhaust and a scene of groaning bodies, while Joe and Oliver stood in stunned silence, processing the absurdity of it all.

Joe finally snapped out of it. Turning to his stunned little brother, he landed a hard kick right on the spot where Oliver had been hit by the rock earlier.

Oliver yelped in pain. Joe What are you doing? First, you pretend not to know me in front of that woman, then you say you'd tie me up for her, and now you're kicking me? Have you lost your mind?"

Grinding his teeth, Joe glared at Oliver. "You absolute moron. You actually dared to mess with Yvette! If you have a death wish, fine-but don't drag me down with you! I swear, I must have the worst luck in the world to end up with a brother like you.

Oliver watched Joe and muttered defiantly, "Is it really that big of a deal? She's just some girl Grandpa set me up with, right? Who in Mysonna would ever dare mess with the Yoder family

Joe looked at his brother's cocky, clueless face and felt the urge to smack him into next week. 'Does he even hear himself? A blind date?' Joe thought bitterly. "What kind of cosmic favor would it take to get Yvette on a blind date with this fool?" "Oliver," Joe said slowly, restraining himself, "you think Yvette is your blind date? Are you out of your mind? Listen, not in this life, the next, or ever. Even I wouldn't dare to think that far, but here you are, saying it out loud like it's even possible" Realizing he might have misunderstood the situation, Oliver hesitated. "So... she's not Grandpa's choice forme! Then who is she, anyway? What's got you so scared of her? Sure, she's good-looking and can throw a punch, so what?" Joe could barely contain his frustration, watching Oliver, who still hadn't grasped the gravity of the situation. He took a long, deep breath. And yet another, willing himself to remember-This is my brother. My flesh and blood. I can't just... Then, he muttered under his breath, "Or can I? Oh, screw it."