

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 491[1,687 words]

Chapter 491

Joe picked up the rope from the ground. He looked at Oliver and sighed, "Will you crawl over here yourself, or should I tie you up? Quick, make your choice."

Today, Oliver faced the biggest defeat of his life. Everyone he brought along was wiped out, and now even his doting elder brother wanted to tie him up for that woman coming from nowhere. He thought it was unfair.

Oliver shook his head hard, looking resistant. "Joe, you can't be serious. That woman already left. I'm your younger brother. Stop kidding around."

Joe looked at Oliver with annoyance, knowing there was no way Oliver would come over on his own. He walked up to Oliver and smiled at him. Seeing Joe's smile, Oliver felt happy again and thought, "There's no way Joe would treat me like that." In the next moment, Joe quickly used a grappling move to pin Oliver down and, before Oliver could react, skillfully tied him up securely.

As he tied Oliver up, he said, "You got yourself into this mess, so deal with it. We'll be brothers again after today. If you don't make it through for today, then our bond is over."

By the time Oliver realized what was happening and tried to fight back, he found himself all tied up by Joe

Oliver shouted, "Joe, seriously? You really tied me up? Hurry and untie me, or I'll go tell Grandpa on you."

Oliver's ultimate threat was Carl. Every time he mentioned telling Carl on Joe, Joe would always give in, without fail. He assumed this time would be the same.

Unfortunately, Oliver did not know that the biggest surprise of his life would come so suddenly. Joe gave him a weird look. Out of a bit of brotherly love, Joe decided to warn his clueless younger brother, who might not be around tomorrow.

Joe said, "Oliver, I advise you not to tell Carl about the silly thing you did today? Oliver was about to say something, but Joe, simply stuffed a clean handkerchief in his mouth.

"Alright, now it's peaceful," thought Joe who pressed the gas pedal.

Yvette saw the gates of the manor opened when she had just parked at the entrance of the Yoder Manor. Leading the way was an elderly man, followed by the servants in a grand procession.

The elderly man leading the group was someone Yvette knew, Lucas, Carl's personal butler. He had been meticulously taking care of Carl for years, especially during Carl's recovery from illness.

Lucas' eyes lit up upon seeing Yvette. He knew that Yvette was the one who had personally lectured Joe and even saved Carl's life.

He thought Yvette's medical skills were truly amazing. He personally saw how she brought Carl back from the death with just a few silver needles. Over the years, after Carl took the medicine she left behind, his health had been great, and his heart had not had any issues again.

Lucas still felt amazed every time he thought about that back in the day, many renowned doctors were stumped, but Yvette managed to revive Carl using only a few silver needles.

Lucas approached with the utmost respect and said to Yvette, "M. Zeller, it's been years since we last met. Mr. Yoder is waiting for you in the garden. Please follow me." Yvette nodded politely. Emmett walked behind her, marveling at the construction of the Yoder Manor. He thought it truly lived up to being a billion-dollar project by Carl. 21:04 Sat, Dec 21

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Lucas was quiet all the way until they reached the garden e go after you."

The garden, built against the mountain, featured path pave flowers and trees, which offered a delightful view. The spec white structure surrounded by trees, added a touch of rom: Yvette's gaze settled on the Rothschild's Orchids at the gard exactly top-grade, but still very rare on the market. Yet, Car

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Before Lucas could say more, a strong, authoritative voice sp the soil here isn't suitable for Rothschild's Orchids."

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Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly, half-closing her eyes, and nod the wheelchair, and lingered for a few seconds.

Her voice was detached, "It seems like your health is quite good years.

Emmett stood by, feeling a bit nervous. He thought, Yvette's al her indifference?"

The next moment, he found out that Carl, who was in the whet laughing heartily. His laughter was full of energy, not at all like

Carl said, "Ms. Zeller, you sure are straightforward, and I'm reli since I find it bothersome with doctors asking me so many que gladly give up everything if I could have a doctor like you with

Carl was not exaggerating at all. At his level, money kept coming his life, it was all over

Yvette raised her gaze, her eyes cold, giving off an air of arrogant voice, "Even if you gave up everything, you couldn't afford to hi

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Lucas was quict all the way until they reached the garden entrance, where he spoke again. "Ms. Zeller, Mr. Yoder is inside. Il go after you."

The garden, built against the mountain, featured path paved with cobblestones. The path was lined with some bonsai with flowers and trees, which offered a delightful view. The specially designed gate at the entrance, with its contrasting red and white structure surrounded by trees, added a touch of romance, clearly showing that a lot of thought had been put into it.

Yvette's gaze settled on the Rothschild's Orchids at the garden crance. There were two pots of Rothschild's Orchids, not exactly top-grade, but still very rare on the market. Yet, Carl casually placed them at the entrance.

However, someone unfamiliar with orchids would never be able to spot these two pots of Rothschild's Orchids among the abundance of other plants.

Lucas watched Yvette closely. When he noticed her gaze fall upon the Rothschild's Orchids, he explained, "Ms. Zeller, they re Rothschild's Orchids. Mr. Yoder spent 15 million dollars to cultivate these from seeds. However, he mentioned that these two pots of Rothschild's Orchids are of average quality, so he's planning to part with them sometime soon."

Emmett was not knowledgeable in this area but was quite amazed by the price of this flower. The seeds alone cost 15 million dollars, so if the Rothschild's Orchid was of high quality, it would probably sell for a fortune.

Yvette nodded casually and said, "It's a soil issue. With the soil here, the seeds can't grow into top-notch Rothschild's Orchids." -

Lucas was surprised. He wondered, "Does Ms. Zeller really know about tending to flowers? Is she informed in this area?" Before Lucas could say more, a strong, authoritative voice spoke up, "I see. I thought it was a temperature issue. It turns out the soil here isn't suitable for Rothschild's Orchids."

Emmett turned to see an elderly man in a wheelchair. That man emanated a commanding presence, with his hair fully white and each wrinkle telling a story of time, and his eyes though hazy, were strikingly sharp.

Apart from Carl, no one else in the Yoder Manor had such presence. Emmett thought this must be the legendary Carl, the foremost figure in Clusian business. Just from his aura alone, Emmett could tell what an impressive figure he was in his younger days. Upon hearing the voice, Lucas bent down slightly and addressed him as "Sir" before moving behind the wheelchair.

Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly, half-closing her eyes, and nodded faintly. Her cool gaze settled on Carl, who was sitting in the wheelchair, and lingered for a few seconds.

Her voice was detached, "It seems like your health is quite good. It shouldn't be a problem for you to live another several years."

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Emmett stood by, feeling a bit nervous. He thought, "Yvette's attitude towards Carl is really too casual; wouldn't Carl mind her indifference?"

The next moment, he found out that Carl, who was in the wheelchair, heard Yvette's words and immediately stood up, laughing heartily. His laughter was full of energy, not at all like that of an eighty-year-old man.

Carl said, "Ms. Zeller, you sure are straightforward, and I'm relieved to hear that from you. I might skip this year's check-up since I find it bothersome with doctors asking me so many questions. When you're old, who has the patience for that? I'd gladly give up everything if I could have a doctor like you with me."

Carl was not exaggerating at all. At his level, money kept coming in; if he lost some, he could make more, but once he lost his life, it was all over.

Yvette raised her gaze, her eyes cold, giving off an air of arrogance as she raised her eyebrows and spoke in a light and slow voice, "Even if you gave up everything, you couldn't afford to hire me

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Carl nodded in agreement. "You're right, Ms. Zeller. I couldn't if you could check on me every couple of years."

Carl spoke in such a humble tone. If Emmett had not heard it himself,

leader like Carl could be so submissive to Yvette. Chapter 491

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Carl nodded in agreement. "You're right, Ms. Zeller, I couldn't afford to hire you with all the wealth I have. It's my fortune if you could check on me every couple of years."

Carl spoke in such a humble tone. If Emmett had not heard it himself, it would be hard for him to believe that a charismatic leader like Carl could be so submissive to Yvette. 21:04 Sat, Dec 21

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underworld alone.

Carl was eighty this year. He went to Mysonna when he was young and single-handedly built the fortune of the Yoder family. Mysonna was known for its intense discrimination against outsiders. Initially, Carl did not start his empire through business; he entered the Back then, Mysonna was incredibly chaotic, and people needed strong ability to make a name for themselves there. Carl was renowned as the first legend among Clusian businessmen because he pioneered business ventures for the Clusian in Mysonna, becoming the undisputed leader of overseas Clusian.

To this day, despite the emergence of many outstanding Clusian businesses in Mysonna, Carl and his family's leading position remained unchallenged. Looking at Yvette, Carl could not help but think about how the younger generation rose. Years ago, when Damian uncovered Joe's true identity, Carl knew Damian's nature well enough to anticipate he would use Joe as a bargaining chip against the Yoder family. Despite being in Damian's custody, Joe returned safely and even brought Yvette back with him.

Then Carl found out that the person who shocked the entire underworld in Mysonna, sweeping through and wiping out three top gangs overnight-the legendary instructor of the Seventy-Two Chambers from the Goodman family-was actually the young woman Yvette who had just reached adulthood.

Throughout his years navigating the underworld, he considered himself well-experienced, but when Yvette stood in front of him, the shock he felt was indescribable.

Later, when he was critically ill and doctors worldwide were at their wit's end, Yvette stepped in and saved him. It was said she brought him back from the death with just a few acupuncture needles and a few different prescription medicines.

For years now, he had been taking the prescription medication Yvette left behind when she departed. Strictly speaking, the Yoder family owed Yvette two lives.

Carl thought the debt of saving a life could not be offset by the billion dollars from that time, especially considering the recent incident where Joe was framed and sent to the underground auction in Voraxia. He knew that it were not for Yvette, Joe would have definitely suffered.

Carl had never owed anyone a favor in his life, yet with Yvette, it seemed he could never fully repay her. In his later years, he found himself burdened with such a huge obligation. Carl lost in his thoughts.

In the vast garden, only the sound of the wind rustling the leaves interrupted the silence. Yvette stood there with her hands in her pockets, giving off an aura that was both cool and aloof.

She looked at Carl and said casually, "The past is gone. With 1 billion dollars, we're clear now."

Carl froze for a moment when he heard that, then he smiled. "Ma Zeller, you're right. I was being a bit narrow-minded."

he

Lucas grasped the situation and lamented how big-hearted Yvette was. They all knew Carl's life could not possibly be valued at just 1 billion dollars.

Back when Yvette treated Carl's illness, she did not mention anything about a reward. If it had been anyone else, he would have asked for a hefty sum. After all, the Yoder family was committed to repaying the life-saving favor.

Carl said, "Ms. Zeller, please come in and stay with me. If I had heard you were also knowledgeable about plants, I would have had asked for your advice long ago."

Over the past few years, Carl had been passionate about growing various rare plants. He did not want others to handle them, preferring to do it all himself, but every plant he cared for ended up dying, regardless of how rare it was. Carl was particularly stubborn. The more the plants died, the more he tended to them. Over the years he had spent countless money just on seeds.

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Yvette nodded. When Emmett watched Carl, who did not have any airs, tagged along with Yvette, asking questions and sincerely seeking guidance, he twitched the corner of his mouth

Emmett thought. Today I really got my eyes opened. No... Actually, every day with Yvette is an eye-opening day.

"The well-known Carl, in front of Yvette, looks just like an obedient student before a teacher. Really, who wouldn't be stunned seeing that?"

Lucas watched them from afar. Yvette occasionally spoke a few words, and Carl would suddenly seem enlightened.

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There was a significant age difference between the two, yet their presence was equally strong. Yvette had a maturity that was rare among her peers, along with the unique rebelliousness of her age. Having such characteristics in Yvette did not seem strange at all in fact, it felt just right.

While Carl and Yvette were chatting, a servant came in and whispered something to Lucas. Lucas' expression became more and more peculiar.

He turned his head to glance at Emmett, then looked towards Yvette in front. The servant finished speaking and moved aside.

Lucas looked troubled, sighed, and walked over to Yvette and Carl. Emmett was watching the back of Lucas. He just caught snippets of the names Oliver and Joe mentioned by the servant

Emmett thought, "If there's no surprise, Joe and Oliver had returned, and Joe probably has told them about what had happened on the hillside. Now it's about Carl's reaction.

"After all, Oliver is his grandson. What will Carl do? Will he blame Yvette for being too hard on his precious grandson?" Lucas walked up to Carl, glanced at Yvette, and then whispered something in Carl's ear. Yvette stood there, waiting.

Casually fiddling with a pot of flowers, Yvette paid no attention to what the two people were saying, Carl's face continued to darken. After finishing speaking, Lucas left.

Carl looked furious. The atmosphere in the garden suddenly became tense. Emmett immediately felt the tension. Even though Emmett was confident, he still felt somewhat flustered as they were in the Yoder Manor,

Emmett thought, "Who knows how many hidden cards Carl has. If a conflict arises, getting away unscathed might not be that easy."

Carl looked at Yvette. "Did Oliver upset you? That silly boy has never been very bright. He probably misunderstood my introduction of you as a potential date and did something foolish like blocking your road on the hill."

Carl was almost driven to anger by his foolish grandson and added, "Honestly, my relationship with Oliver is pretty average. We don't see each other much. He should be responsible for his own fault. Ms. Zeller, you can handle him as you see fit, without considering my feelings." Emmett finally relaxed. He realized he had been overthinking; Carl's attitude towards Yvette was genuinely sincere.

Then Emmett wondered, "Why do Carl's words sound familiar? seems like Joe just said something similar. Truly, Carl and Joe are family.

They share the same approach. That guy Oliver, who's being diiked by his elder brother and grandfather, is so pitiful. Criticism from his own grandfather must be truly harsh for him

Lucas visibly winced when he heard Carl's words, He thought, "Oh, poor Oliver. Why did you have to provoke Ms. Zeller?" Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression indifferent, and said slowly, "Oliver is quite interesting

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Carl nodded reluctantly, "Whether he's interesting or not isn't my concern. You can rest assured, Ms. Zeller. I'll definitely

teach that brat a lesson and give you a satisfactory explanation:

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Carl waved at Lucas. "Go and make Oliver kneel until I'm finished talking with Ms. Zeller. Find the sunniest spot to give him a good sunburn. He's got shit for brains. How can someone his age still act so thoughtlessly?"

Lucas bent slightly and whispered, "Sir, should we have Oliver carry the rattan on his back? The new rattan was just delivered a few days ago, and he hasn't used it yet."

Emmett was extremely shocked to hear that. He thought, "Carl's punishment is already harsh enough, given that I and Yvette were unharmed and Oliver suffered. Who would've thought the seemingly kind Lucas' suggestion would be even more severe?

"Must Oliver be punished with the rattan on his back?" Emmett originally thought Carl would not agree to that.

To everyone's surprise, Carl seriously considered the idea and told Lucas, "That's a good idea. Let Oliver carry the rattan on his back. By the way, have Joe join in as well, but he doesn't need to carry anything on his back"

Lucas nodded and then left. Seeing that Yvette did not seem to re much, Carl finally felt relieved.

Carl said, "Ms. Zeller, let's not talk about Oliver anymore. Please, have a seat and enjoy a cup of coffee while we discuss the three bronze artifacts."

Yvette nodded, and the two of them, along with Emmett, went to the garden's conservatory. In the center was a classic rosewood table and stools, already set with brewed coffee, a freshly squeezed juice, and an assortment of elegantly crafted desserts. It was obvious that someone learned Yvette's taste in advance,

If there were people in this world who knew Yvette so well, Joe must be one of them. Carl and Yvette sat down as Emmett stood behind them.

Carl took a sip of coffee and casually glanced at Emmett. He lowered his eyes as he remembered how Yvette always used to be a loner. As Joe had said, she never kept anyone close.

As soon as Emmett walked in, he caught Carl's attention. Emmett was so young yet had such a strong ancient combat power. Carl thought Yvette sure knew how to find talented people.

What surprised Carl even more was that Yvette had found a boyfriend who was a major general from Clusia. This major general Jeremiah was no ordinary person; he was the grandson of Jase Chavez, a marshal of Clusia

Carl had met Jase decades ago, and the impression Jase left on him was unforgettable even today. Carl could imagine how remarkable his grandson Jeremiah would be. Not many people from Carl's generation were still around today.

Jase's contributions to Clusia were known worldwide. Carl wondered if the Chavez family was really okay with Yvette's past and truly allowed Yvette, a girl with a complex background, to enter their family.

Carl said, "Ms. Zeller, these three bronze artifacts are all from the Merchance Dynasty, and I've collected them over the years. It has been my longtime wish to donate them to Clusia, and I'm using this opportunity to finally return them to Clusia. Could I ask why Jeremiah isn't here today?"

Yvette replied casually, "He has to deal with something in Betrico, he'll be back as soon as possible."

Carl waved his hand with a chuckle. "I see, then we might not be able to discuss the related matters today. It's a real treat for me that you came to visit me."

Emmett watched Carl from the side. He thought, "Carl is truly a seasoned veteran; the way he spoke is just so pleasing to the

Yvette lifted her eyes slightly as the sunlight in the greenhouse lit up her stunning face and beautiful, brown hair. She raised her lovely eyebrows and said casually, "Emmett will take care of the escorting of the bronze artifacts on behalf of Jeremiah. 1/3

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Just work with him to arrange everything?

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Emmett nodded and said to Carl, without any trace of arrogance or obsequiousness, "Mr. Yoder, I'm Emmett. Until Mr. Chavez returns, I'll discuss all the plans with your men about escorting the bronze artifacts back to our country. Once Mr. Yoder is back. I'll relay everything to him. You have my word that there won't be any problems."

Carl nodded. "Alright. Since you're with Ms. Zeller, your ability must be top-notch. I'll have Joe reach out to you later. You both can finalize the details. I'm old so I'll keep out of it." Emmett responded politely. "You honor me, Mr. Yoder. You're as energetic and impressive as ever."

In the middle of the courtyard, Oliver was kneeling on the ground. He had more than 50 pounds of rattan on his back. After an hour under the scorching sun, he was drenched in sweat, his face pale, lips cracked, and his hands were shaking uncontrollably. He complained, Joe, Grandpa is too harsh on me. Just because accidentally offended that Yvette, he made me kneel in the sun for so long with heavy rattan on my back. Carl has never punished me this harshly before. Who in the world is that Yvette? Why does Carl value her so much?"

Joe, kneeling beside a much more exhausted Oliver, appeared to be in much better physical condition, with only a slight sheen of sweat on his face. "Who is she? It's like you've got shit for brains. You don't know who she is, but you dared to offend her?"

After Joe finished berating Oliver, he turned to Lucas supervising them with a pitiful look on his face. "Lucas, it was Oliver who messed up, but Grandpa is being unfair by making both of them kneel. Can you please talk to Grandpa and ask him to let only Oliver kneel?" Lucas stood to the side, unmoved by Joe's appeal. His face remained expressionless as he faced the pleading Joe. "Joe, it might not work to ask for leniency. Mr. Yoder is currently discussing important business with Ms. Zeller. Are you sure you want me to interrupt them?"

Hearing that, Joe reacted faster than he could think, shaking his head quickly. "Lucas, I was just joking. How could I interrupt Grandpa when he's talking with Yvette? I'll kneel here as long as needed. It's been ages since I've enjoyed such a lovely sunbath; it's actually quite pleasant."

Joe's sudden change of attitude left Oliver stunned. Oliver thought, "How could Joe become so scared at just the mention of Yvette's name, even willing to kneel? It's really terrifying

Joe kept a smile for Lucas, but when he turned to Oliver, his tone switched as he threatened, "Listen, brat, if I get sunburned, don't even think about driving any of my limited edition supercars ever again."

Oliver's back was almost bent double from the pressure of the rattan. Knowing he was at fault, he did not dare with Joe, only muttering to himself.

argue back

Lucas looked at the two kneeling before him silently, his gaze deep and thoughtful. He thought, "This time, Oliver should learn his lesson. If Ms. Zeller really decides to pursue the matter he'll be in serious trouble, and maybe even face irreparable" consequences,"

Meanwhile, Yvette, Carl, and Emmett walked out from the garden. As they made their way to the courtyard, they saw Joe and Oliver kneeling in the center.

Lucas immediately spoke up when he saw them, "Sir, Ms. Zeller

Upon hearing the voice, Joe was the first to turn around, while Oliver, who was carrying a bundle of rattan, moved a bit slower.

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Even after kneeling for two hours, Joe was still full of energy. He cheerfully greeted them. Grandpa, Yvette, are you done

talking?" Yvette nodded in response.

Carl glared at Joe with disapproval. Joe rubbed his nose defensively and thought, "It's not my fault, after all. If Oliver, that silly fool, hadn't provoked Yvette, none of this would've happened. Had I known earlier, I would've broken Oliver's legs to prevent it."

Carl then looked at Oliver, who was kneeling with a pale face. Oliver Thought about playing the sympathy card with Carl, but before he could speak, Carl sternly interrupted, "Kneel properly. Have you figured out what you did wrong by now! Hurry over here and apologize to Ms. Zeller."

Even though Oliver was kind of a drama king, he was not so naive that he could not recognize Yvette, the girl he stopped halfway, was not an ordinary person. Despite feeling wronged, seeing Carl clearly angry, he decided it was wise not to confront him right now. Oliver hung his head and

meekly said to Yvette, "I'm sorry," His voice was as weak as a mosquito's buzz: people would miss it if they were not paying attention.

Yvette stood casually with her hands in her pockets, her legs long and straight. With a touch of smile on her mouth, she was radiating an aura of wildness. She looked at Oliver, who was apologizing unwillingly, but had no intention of responding. Joe, seeing that, shrunk back to lessen his presence. Meanwhile, Carl, furious with Oliver, felt the urge to smack him. His voice was full of rage. "Oliver, apologize again. If Ms. Zeller don't forgive you, you'll be kneeling till sunrise." Carl was furious, and the staff stood by, hardly daring to breathe trembling in fear. Oliver was startled by Carl's stern voice, He knew that Carl was truly angry and would not go back on his word.

"How can I hold on to kneel with heavy rattan about 50 pounds on my back until tomorrow? Thinking of that, Oliver immediately spoke up loudly, "Ms. Zeller, I shouldn't have mistaken you for my blind date and shouldn't have caused you trouble. I was truly wrong. After finishing speaking. Oliver kept his head down. He felt truly embarrassed today. Only then did Carl turn to look at Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, Oliver upset you. Feel free to punish him as you like. It's his fault for being immature, and he deserves! whatever comes. Yvette noticed the concerned look in Carl's eyes and raised an eyebrow. Slowly, she said, "It's fine."

Joe finally relaxed after hearing those words. It seemed like Oliver's life was spared, and he would not have to kneel with Oliver anymore.

Carl understood that Yvette was not bothered. He said to Oliver, "Why'don't you thank Ms. Zeller for being generous enough to forgive you? You can stand up now."

Oliver stood up shakily, his throat so dry that speaking was difficult. Thank you, Ms. Zeller."

Carl gave a look to Lucas, who then went to help Oliver limp away. Joe dusted off his clothes and stood up as well.

Joe asked, "Yvette, why isn't your boyfriend here with you today Yvette lifted her eyes casually and said slowly. "He's busy."

Joe glanced at Emmett behind her with a sharp gaze. Carl spoke to Joe, "You and Mr. Chavez should set up a time in the next couple of days to discuss the issues about escorting the bronze artifacts back to Clusia. It's a big task and needs to be thoroughly discussed with care.

When Joe heard that, he immediately straightened up and became serious. "I understand, Grandpa. Don't worry. I'll take care of this.

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When Yvette left the manor, Carl personally escorted her to the gate with Joe. Joe watched the car drive away and casually said, "Grandpa, those three bronze artifacts are your favorites and you've cherished them for half your life. Don't you feel a bit of loss giving them away like that?"

Carl glanced at him. "If you didn't let others take advantage of you, would I need to use them as a peace offering? How dare you even bring it up?"

Joe pursed his lips and did not expose Carl's real intention. He thought, "This situation is indeed largely my fault, plus it was Yvette who came to my rescue.

"Even though Grandpa is in Mysonna, his heart has always been with his homeland, Clusia. If not for being forced by circumstances in the past, how could he willingly leave his home The Yoder family now operates a specialized antique collection company to retrieve from other countries or individuals the antiques that Clusia has lost because of its war-torn history.

"Every year, the Yoder family invests billions into this endeavor, and Grandpa never worries about the expense. When I was a kid, I was curious why he would spend so much money collecting these antiques but never donate or sell them for profit. Later, Grandpa explained that all the family's collected artifacts were to be donated back to Clusia after his death.

"When I asked why he didn't donate during his lifetime, he said he didn't care for any unnecessary fame. This time, because of Yvette, he decided to bring forward the donation plans.

"Grandpa often says that fallen leaves return to their roots, meaning no matter where he dies, his ashes must be taken back to his hometown in Clusia."

In the car, Yvette rested her chin on her hand, looking at the trees rushing past outside, lost in thought with a furrowed brow.

While driving, Emmett spoke up, "Yvette, it'll definitely cause a great stir to donate those bronze artifacts back to Clusia, Carl truly lives up to his reputation; he's indeed a formidable character."

Yvette's slender fingers tapped rhythmically on the armrest. Hearing Emmett's words, she slightly lifted her eyelids and said calmly, "At twelve, Carl journeyed across the ocean to Mysonna. By fifteen, he joined a local gang, and on his eighteenth birthday, he single-handedly took down two gangs. By twenty, he embarked on his life's journey as a boss. Before turning forty, he repeatedly escaped death. That year when he was forty marked the beginning of his legend. Carl is brave, cunning, and skilled. He's a true hero." Emmett nodded in agreement. He thought, "His actions today alone speak volumes, though Yvette's influence played a p

as well.

"If Yvette didn't have strength, Carl wouldn't treat her this way. Strength is the ultimate truth- whoever has it holds the power to speak up."

When Yvette and Emmett got back to the villa, they just caught Sienna returning from setting up for the fashion competition in Mysonna. Vibe was entrusted by Hazel, who was both the principal of the top fashion school in Mysonna and the competition chair, to handle all the VIPs wardrobes for the day. Sierina was too busy these days, and she only managed to sneak back to the villa for a little rest because Yvette had come back.

The moment Sienna saw Yvette, she pounced on her. Just as she was about to reach Yvette, hands from behind grabbed her by the neck and pulled her back.

Sienna did not even have to turn around to know whose hands they were. "Hey, Bruce, can you stop treating me like a kid and picking me up like that? It really makes me look weak, you know?"

Bruce looked at Sienna, who was flailing around, and said in a deep voice, "You look weak? I like that."

When Sienna heard that, her face flushed with embarrassment. Yvette, standing at a distance, looked at them and said nonchalantly, "Let's go inside."

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Emmett gave a slight cough surprised at how flirty Bruce was when he was in love.

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As the group walked into the villa, they found Frankie lounging on the living room carpet, engrossed in a game with snacks. and drinks scattered around him. Meanwhile, Chris sat at the bar typing away on his laptop, clearly the busier of the two. Frankie immediately put down his game console when he saw Yvette walk in. "Yvette, you're back!"

Then he noticed Bruce and Sienna. "Oh, Bruce, Sienna! Did you two come back with Yvette? Wait-Sienna, weren't you supposed to be busy with that fashion competition?"

Yvette sat o

on the couch and glanced at the game on the large TV screen. Emmett brewed a cup of herbal tea, setting it gently before her, then settling onto the sofa himself.

Sienna cozied up beside Bruce, casting a playful look toward Yvette. "Yvette, tomorrow's the World Fashion Competition. and Hazel's been asking about you for ages. You're really not planning to see her before then? Every time Vibe drops a new collection, she asks me when you'll come out of retirement' and visit her."

Yvette held the teacup by its rim, her eyes devoid of emotion as she said. "Tomorrow will do.

Sienna could only nod. If Yvette had decided on tomorrow, then tomorrow it is. Poor Hazel probably wouldn't mind waiting one more night.

Bruce, who had heard Hazel's name from Sienna before, looked curious. "So, Hazel's your teacher, right? Does Yvette's also one of her students?"

that mean

Everyone paused to look at Sienna, who sipped her orange juice before responding. "Hazel is my teacher, yes-but she's not Yveme's.

That piqued everyone's curiosity even more. Sjenna went on, "Hazel is the dean of Mysonna Fashion Academy and the chair of the World Fashion Competition. In the industry, she's called the 'Fashion Icon. There's even a saying: if you want to make it big as a designer, just get Hazel's approval."

Frankie put down his chips, looking all gossipy, and said, "What does both yes and no' mean? That's so contradictory!"

Sienna finished her juice, glancing cautiously at Yvette, who had her gaze lowered. "Hazel has always said that no one in the fashion world can truly be Yvette's teacher. Whether it's her talent, design skills, sensitivity to trends, or vision, Yvette hit her peak in design three years ago.

Sienna continued, "Hazel taught Yvette for just two months before giving up because, according to Hazel, there was nothing left to teach. Hazel even called her the most gifted, fastest-learning designer she'd ever met.

Can you imagine a student so brilliant they drive their teacher to quit? Or a student whose mere existence haunts one of the fashion world's icons, enough to have her call in now and then, pleading for new designs?

Sienna had seen it all, right here with Yvette-the same woman who probably wouldn't blink if the world were ending around her.

After hearing this, everyone wasn't all that shocked. Compared the stories they'd already heard, this was just another dazzling addition to Yvette's impressive resume,

If Yvette ever went to an interview, they figured her resume would need at least ten pages to fit all her life experiences, achievements, and countless skills.

Seeing everyone's gazes, Yvette simply shrugged and said, "Just picked up fashion design casually.

The next day, the 21st fashion competition took place as scheduled. The venue was exciting and filled with stunning, stylish

1/2

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guests

62%1

Even though the top three winners had already been announced, aspiring designers from across the globe arrived early, eager to network and lay the groundwork for their future careers

Every designer there was eager to be noticed-especially if it meant catching the eye of the iconic Hazel. Gaining her favor could launch an unstoppable rise to the top, a dream shared by every designer and model in the industry. The event also attracted celebrities and prominent figures from Various industries, many drawn by Hazel's legendary reputation.

Among the well-dressed crowd, Sienna graced the crowd in a royal blue gown with a train, her hair in a high ponytail, smoky eye makeup, and red high heels, projecting a cool and edgy vibe.

As the chief designer of "Vibe" and Hazel's protégé, Sienna was immediately swarmed by admirers and acquaintances. Used to the spotlight, she handled each interaction with poise.

By the time she finally got some rest. Sienna's face felt slightly stiff from smiling. In fashion, reputation mattered, and Sienna had long learned that it paid to be polite even to newcomers. Stepping out onto the balcony, she quickly dialed Yvette's number. Hearing Yvette's calm voice put her at ease instantly.

Knowing Yvette was only five minutes away, Sienna couldn't wait to go meet her. She headed to the entrance when an executive from a luxury brand she had collaborated with stopped her. Stuck in conversation, Sienna texted Yvette and told her to head to the main hall on the second floor.

When Sienna finally managed to break away, she glanced at her watch and frowned. The event was only half an hour from officially starting, but Yvette hadn't arrived at the hall yet.

Just as she was about to make a call, a commotion near the entrance caught her attention. Sienna approached and saw a crowd gathered around a woman with a plunging neckline, clearly trying to draw attention with every move.

The busty woman, dressed in the latest gown from a designer brand, pouted dramatically and addressed the crowd in a high-pitched voice, "I'm telling you, this girl was in the elevator with me, and right after we got out, my diamond watch was missing! It's a birthday gift from my dad, worth ten million. She was the only one behind me. Who else could it be?"

The busty woman then squeezed her chest for emphasis, earning more accusations from some of the men in the crowd.

"Young lady, you're too pretty to stoop to this behavior."

"Looks like she probably spotted that diamond watch the second she saw it and was waiting for her chance."

"Times are getting worse. Girls these days would rather take shortcuts than work for a living."

"She's probably broke and targeting the wealthy. Otherwise, why would she even be here, looking so out of place? I can't imagine Hazel inviting someone who doesn't even bother to dress up."

As Sienna finally got a clear view of the accused, her clutch nearly slipped.

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Chapter 496

Yvette stood calmly in the center of the crowd, her sharp, icy gaze slicing through the chatter. She glanced at the busty woman with an air of authority and said coldly, "You didn't have the diamond watch on when you entered the elevator."

The statement landed like a thunderclap, silencing some of the murmurs. Just then, Sienna pushed her way through the crowd, her towering heels clicking decisively on the marble floor. The busty woman, who had been the picture of arrogance moments earlier, quickly

softened her demeanor.

Before Sienna could reach Yvette, the busty woman stepped into her path, putting on a sweet, simpering tone. "Oh, Ms. Sterling, thank goodness you're here! This woman somehow sneaked into the event. We were in the elevator together, and as soon as we got off, my limited-edition diamond watch was missing! It's worth ten million. I didn't want to cause a scene at Ms. Winslow's event, but she refused to admit it. What else could I do?"

The busty woman hinted that she wasn't making a fuss out of respect for Hazel. By saying that, she wanted to leave a good impression on Sienna and Hazel.

Without waiting for Sienna to say anything, the busty woman continued, "Now that you're here, Ms. Sterling, you've got to give me an explanation. My diamond watch is worth ten million dollars!"

The mention of the price tag sent a ripple through the crowd. Their scornful remarks came in quick succession:

"Exactly! This girl must have taken it. There's no other explanation"

"I mean, we're all people of status here. None of us would stoop to such lowly acts."

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This poor woman is being so kind, trying to handle this quietly for Ms. Winslow's sake, yet this girl doesn't even appreciate it. They should call the police right now!"

"Yeah, just arrest her already! She's ruined the whole mood of the event."

Sienna, watching the growing frenzy, clenched her jaw. She thought, Thief? Call the police? Are these people out of their minds?'

Yvette could have dozens of diamond watches given to her as gifts. Ten million dollars meant nothing.

Of everyone here, no one would dare talk about status in front of Yvette. Sienna was ready to knock some sense into this busty woman. She took a deep breath, looking past the crowd at Yvette.

Sienna exhaled slowly, realizing Yvette had no intention of revealing her identity as the mastermind behind Vibe-at least not yet.

Turning her attention back to the accuser, Sienna's expression hardened. The sharp lines of her smoky eye makeup accentuated her steely demeanor, and her towering frame loomed over the other woman, exuding an icy, almost intimidating aura. Sienna's voice dropped to an arctic chill. "Excuse me, ma'am, but accusing someone without evidence is slander, not justice. If you genuinely believe a theft occurred, call the police immediately rather than stirring up a baseless scene." She stepped closer, her cold gaze locking onto the busty woman. That being said, I find it laughable to suggest my friend would need to steal a watch-especially one worth only ten million. I doubt she'd even bother to look at it." Sienna's words were like a bucket of ice water poured over everyone. All eyes turned to the calm and unbothered girl in the center of the crowd. No one had imagined that the girl in a tracksuit was Sienna's friend. Without glancing at the busty woman, Sienna turned on her heel and strolled to Yvette. "Yvette, you're finally here! I'm sorry I didn't come down to meet you earlier. Let's go someone's been waiting for you." 21:05 Sat, Dec 21

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Yvette's icy eyes lifted to meet Sienna's, Sienna knew Yvette wouldn't be upset about such trivial matters. This entire scene was nothing more than a petty sideshow to Yvette.

The busty woman noticed the crowd's sudden silence and Sienna's apparent deference toward Yvette. Her expression twisted. She'd already accused Yvette in front of everyone-if she didn't see this through, her reputation would be in shambles. She'd be a laughingstock in the socialite circle if word got out. The busty woman glanced at Sienna, fully aware of her prominence in fashion. Still, letting it go so easily was unbearable-after all, it was ten million dollars on the line.

Forcing herself to maintain composure, she addressed Sienna again. "Ms. Sterling, even if this girl is your friend, that doesn't mean she didn't steal my diamond watch. You shouldn't take sides just

because you're close to her. Isn't that a bit unfair?" Sienna turned back to the busty woman with a cold laugh, then pulled out her phone and waved it. "If you want justice, it's simple. I'll call the police right now. They can handle this. If my friend didn't take your watch, I'll ensure you're prosecuted for defamation. I'm sure everyone here will gladly testify on my behalf."

The crowd gasped. The firm resolve in Sienna's tone left the busty woman visibly flustered. Accusations of defamation in Mysonna were no joke, and she didn't have a shred of evidence the police proved Yvette's innocence, she'd end up in deep legal trouble. Caught between a rock and a hard place, the busty woman's gaze darted nervously before landing on Yvette. Clearly, no wealthy person would dress so plainly. Surely, this girl was just one of Sienna's less fortunate acquaintances.

Her attitude towards Yvette softened just a tad. "Hey you, why are you hiding behind Ms. Sterling? Why don't you explain yourself if you didn't take the watch?"

Hands tucked casually in her pockets, Yvette's nonchalant smirk sent a shiver down the busty woman's spine. "And what's there to explain to a delusional, brainless woman who makes things up as she goes?" Yvette's words were like a slap across the face. Sienna let out a laugh. "Delusional and brainless-she couldn't have put it better herself. The phrase fits the woman perfectly.

As Sienna laughed, the onlookers also began to chuckle, their ridicule echoing through the hall. The busty woman's face turned crimson, her venomous gaze darting between Yvette and Sienna.

The busty woman hissed, unable to maintain her false composure, "Fine, Sienna! You're Ms. Winslow's prized student and the head designer of Vibe. But is this how you treat a guest at her party? I'll be sure to tell Ms. Winslow about this. Mark my words-you haven't heard the last of me!"

Before anyone could respond, a low, menacing voice cut through the tension like a blade. "And who exactly do you plan on having the last word with?"

All eyes turned to the elevator doors as a man stepped out. A faint scar near his brow did nothing to diminish his striking, chiseled features. Instead, it added an air of enigmatic allure.

He stood tall, his presence exuding a mix of nobility and grace, with an undercurrent of predatory sharpness in his gaze. His commanding aura was so intense that even Sienna found herself momentarily frozen.

The only exception was Yvette, who lifted her gaze toward him with a frown.

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Chapter 497

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The man who had just arrived was Braydon, fresh from handling matters within his clan. The moment his eyes fell on Yvette, his heart skipped a beat. It had been so long since he last w her-his dearest Yvette.

In the high society circles of Mysonna, there was hardly anyone who didn't know Braydon Goodman. As the undisputed leader of the underground world and the reigning "most desirable bachelor" among the elite socialites for five consecutive years, Braydon's face and formidable reputation drove countless women to obsession.

The busty woman trembled with excitement upon seeing Brayden. But Braydon had no attention to spare for anyone else. In the vast expanse of the main hall, his world narrowed to just one person: Yvelle.

Without hesitation, he strode toward her. His movement snapped the rest of the crowd out of their daze, and whispers. broke out

"Is that... Braydon Goodman? Oh my God, I can't believe it. Why would he show up at an event like this?"

"Isn't he known for skipping social functions altogether? What's he doing here tonight?"

"Ms. Winslow must have some serious influence to get him here. He hasn't attended a single public event in almost three years! I think he's only done one magazine interview in that time

Watching Braydon approach, Sienna clenched her fists. Seeing hon brought back the shadow of Nathan Goodman-his despicable cousin. This was the same Braydon who had once nearly had her drowned for Nathan's sake. And now, he boldly showed his face at Hazel's event.

Suppressing her anger, Sienna leaned closer to Yvette and muttered, "Yvette, as far as I know, Hazel didn't invite Braydon. What the hell is he doing here? That bastard's men nearly drowned me back then.

Yvette stood there radiating an air of nobility, her calm expression accentuated by sharp, upturned eyes

Braydon made his way to the busty woman. When the woman realized Braydon was standing before her, she hastily adjusted her dress, her eyes alight with excitement. She batted her lashes and spoke sweetly, "Mr. Goodman, I'm Ellie, 1..." Before she could finish, Braydon cut her off with an icy voice. "Who is it you said you wouldn't let off?"

The words froze the air around them, but Ellie lost in Braydon's striking looks and powerful aura, failed to notice the sharp edge in his tone.

Instead, she shot a smug glance at Yvette and Sienna, emboldened by Braydon's presence. If Mr. Goodman was on her side, Sienna would kiss her ass.

Ellie continued, "Mr. Goodman, here's what happened: I was in the elevator with that woman. When I got off, I noticed my diamond watch was missing. At first, I didn't want to make a big deal out of it-I just asked her to return it. But she refused!"

Ellie added a few well-timed tears to her performance. Then Ms. Sterling came along and used her status- to shield her friend, even threatening me with the police and legal charges for defamation. Can you believe it? They're the ones being unreasonable here." Ellie's words painted her as a poor, bullied victim. No one around dared to speak up.

Sienna bristled with anger at Ellie's manipulative tale and was about to step forward to confront her when something unexpected happened.

Having listened in silence, Braydon reached out and placed a hand on Ellie's neck. His expression turned vicious, his eyes glinting with malice.

The crowd assumed that Ellie had caught Braydon's eye and that this was the start of some dramatic "hero rescuing the

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damsel" story. Whispers of envy rippled through the room.

"This Ellie is so lucky. She's about to be the woman who tamed Braydon Goodman."

"After all these years with no women by his side, is Braydon finally breaking the streak tonight?"

Even Ellie believed this to be the case. Her body shivered slightly under Braydon's touch, a mix of excitement and anticipation. The envious stares from the crowd only fueled her pride. She looked up at Braydon, her tone dripping with sweetness, M Goodman, I...

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Her words were cut off when Braydon suddenly tightened his grip and, without warning, flung her to the ground. The room fell into stunned silence. No one dared to breathe.

For a moment, Ellie lay on the floor, dazed and humiliated. Her confidence shattered, and she looked up at Braydon with wide, fearful eyes,

His icy, murderous gaze made her shrink into herself, trembling "Mr. Goodman, why... why would you do this to me?"

It was the question on everyone's mind. Ellie hadn't visibly done anything to provoke Braydon-or so they thought. No one thought this was related to Yvette.

Only Sienna had a suspicion that Braydon was doing this to stand up for Yvette.

Braydon towered over Ellie, his face dark and menacing as he spoke, "You said she stole your diamond watch worth ten million?"

Now visibly shaken, Ellie hesitated but felt trapped by her earlier accusations. She nodded stiffly. "I... It was just the two of us in the elevator, so I thought..."

Braydon's voice was cold. "Five years ago, the three diamond mines in Afria that caused a global sensation-sold off as useless sites only to reveal they were diamond-rich-do you know who the buyer was?"

A murmur swept through the crowd. This wasn't just idle gossip Braydon was referring to a real-world scandal that had rocked international headlines.

The three "worthless" mines had been sold for just 30 million dollars, only to yield diamonds worth billions after excavation The buyer's identity had always been shrouded in mystery, with rumors pointing to a tycoon in Auroria.

The crowd felt a jolt in their chests, their thoughts racing as they processed Braydon's words. Slowly, their gazes shifted to Yvette, standing in the center of it all. Her calm, detached demeanor made her seem untouchable-untouchably powerful. If things were really as they imagined, they must have made the biggest joke in the world.

Ellie's body stiffened, her eyes widening in disbelief. "N-no... That's not. Are you saying it's her? That she's-?" The rest of her words caught in her throat. The courage to even finish the sentence deserted her.

Braydon's tone dripped with contempt. "The buyer is right in front of you. Does it make any sense that someone who owns three diamond mines worth billions would bother stealing a ten-million-dollar watch? What a ridiculous joke." Braydon's words left everyone in shock. Each person who had accused Yvette wore a look of embarrassment....

Ellie sprawled on the floor, feeling like she had been plunged into a frozen abyss. Her body trembled as she realized what foolish mistake she had made.

Sienna swallowed hard. She thought, 'Wow... Yvette really does own a mine. This is the golden ticket of a lifetime-it makes me want to just lay back and enjoy the ride.

Yvette's expression remained indifferent, completely ignoring the stares from the crowd.

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She noticed a laptop on the reception desk and walked over at a calm, unhurried pace. Braydon's gaze followed her every step, his fierce demeanor softening as a rare gentleness flickered in his eyes. COMMENT

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- Secrets Of MrS 498[1,053 words]

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When the crowd learned that Yvette owned diamond mines worth billions, their attitudes shifted instantly. They couldn't fathom someone with such immense wealth stealing another woman's diamond watch.

This is human nature-how people perceive situations often changes depending on whether someone is rich or poor. If Yvette were to claim now that she lost a million dollars and Ellie stole it, the same crowd wouldn't hesitate to brand Ellie a thief. Some even began to look at Yvette with a tinge of fear.

As for Braydon, it was obvious whose side he was taking. Everybody at the scene was wondering about the relationship between Yvette and Braydon.

Yvette sat down in front of the laptop, her slender, porcelain fingers flying across the keyboard with lightning speed. Everyone couldn't help but marvel at her incredible typing skills.

As her fingers finally came to rest, Yvette curled her lips into a faint smile. Sienna immediately stepped forward. The moment her eyes landed on the video playing on the laptop, she froze and then glanced at Yvette, who remained composed in her seat.

Sienna thought, 'Oh my god... Just how many surprises does Yvette have in store? Isn't this the kind of skill only a hacker would have?

Sienna turned the laptop toward the crowd, and everyone rushed to see. Except Braydon, who remained still, his intently on Yvette as though he couldn't look at her enough.

gaze

ze fixed

The video displayed the entire sequence of Ellie entering and exiting the elevator and her sudden accusation that Yvette had stolen her diamond watch. It was clear for all to see: Ellie hadn't been wearing any diamond watch at all. From the moment she stepped into the elevator, she only had a simple bracelet on her wrist.

The truth was undeniable now. The video slapped the faces of everyone who doubted Yvette, especially Ellie, who was utterly speechless on the floor. The crowd, upon seeing the video, quickly turned on Ellie.

"We're so sorry, miss. We only doubted you because Ellie misled us. We didn't mean it!"

"Exactly! This has nothing to do with us."

"Yes.

We only said a few things-certainly not intentionally, Blame Ellie, she's truly despicable!"

"Right. It wasn't on purpose."

Yvette barely lifted her eyelids, her expression as calm as ever, completely indifferent to their attempts at reconciliation. Her apathy unsettled the crowd, yet none dared to speak up.

With a wave of his hand, Braydon summoned several black-suited bodyguards who strode in and hauled Ellie to her feet.

Ellie let out a panicked scream. "What are you doing? Let me go! Please, let me go! I was wrong, Mr. Goodman. Her cries drew everyone's attention as the black-suited men dragged her away.

Silence blanketed the room. This was Braydon Goodman, a man known in Mysonpa for his ruthless reputation. No one dared provoke him.

Braydon's lips curled into a chilling smile. "Take her away."

At his command, Ellie erupted in desperation, summoning strength from nowhere to shove off the guards and crawl toward Yvette's feet.

Ellie's voice was boarse as she begged. "I'm really sorry. I didn't mean it. Please ask Mr. Goodman to forgive me. I promise I won't dare to do it again." 21:05 Sat, Dec 21

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Ellie continued, "It was a momadness-I shouldn't have looked down on you. This is all my fault. I'll kneel and apologize. Just please, help me!"

Ellie knew that if Braydon's men took her away, her fate would be grim. His cruelty was legendary in Mysonna

Clinging to Sienna's dress hem, she wailed again. "Ms. Sterling, Im begging you! Please ask your friend to let me go! I'll never dare offend anyone again, please!"

Ellie's pitiful cries echoed through the venue, stirring faint sympathy in some.

62%

Yvette, however, looked down at the woman at her feet with an icy gaze. Her tone was cold and deliberate. "If I hadn't been able to prove my innocence and were just an ordinary person, you wouldn't be here crying and admitting your mistake." Yvette's words struck like a dagger. The truth was plain: if Ellie had accused someone powerless, she wouldn't even consider apologizing. To her, someone without wealth or influence didn't deserve an apology.

The crowd watched Ellie's expression shift from panic to despair. Whatever defense she had prepared died in her throat.

Braydon's sharp glance signaled his men to act. The guards grabbed Ellie again, and this time, when she resisted, one delivered a brutal slap, knocking her unconscious.

Everyone watched in stunned silence as Ellie was dragged away. Any lingering thoughts of pleading on her behalf evaporated.

Braydon approached Yvette, his excitement barely concealed as he stood before her. In front of everyone, he spoke softly. "It's been a long time."

Yvette's lips curled with a mix of wildness and disdain. She raised an eyebrow and uttered a single word: "Leave."

The crowd froze in shock. Their minds raced, and they couldn't believe someone had just told Braydon Goodman to leave.

In Mysonna, no one dared speak to Braydon like that. Unless they had a death wish... no, their entire family would have to be tired of living!

Sienna stood by Yvette's side, her body tensing as she became acutely aware of the sudden chill from Braydon. Her nerves tightened instantly.

This Braydon was unhinged. There was no way he'd simply let Yvette's command to "leave" slide. Everyone was expecting Braydon to explode in fury.

Instead, Braydon stared at Yvette, his eyes brimming with sorrow and pain he couldn't hide.

Braydon said in a low, almost broken voice, "I don't want to leave. I just want to stay by your side. Why can't you give me a chance? I don't need anything. Just being near you is enough for me. Isn't that okay?"

His voice was soft, almost inaudible to those standing farther away.

But Sienna heard every word clearly. Her eyes widened in shock as she looked in the sight of Braydon—aman known for his ruthlessness, someone whose name struck fear into anyone in Mysonna—reduced to this humble, almost pitiful, his words laced with a pleading tone.

Sienna's mind also wandered to Jeremiah, who had recently returned to Betrico. If it were anyone else, it wouldn't matter. But this was Braydon-someone who clearly harbored a deep, unrelenting affection for Yvette. Jeremiah better braces himself because Braydon was no ordinary threat.

Yvette fixed Braydon with an icy stare, her voice steady and deliberate as she spoke, "Braydon, do you remember what I said last time? If you keep clinging to me-death."

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Braydon's expression tightened at these words. A dark look passed over his eyes as he lowered his voice, "Yes, but I don't recall you saying I wasn't allowed to appear in your presence. I'm simply here to attend the event."

Yvette remained seated, exuding a commanding presence that seemed to suppress even someone as imposing as Braydon. Her expression is indifferent as if he weren't even worth acknowledging. Though the crowd couldn't hear exactly what Braydon had said, was obvious that he was humbling himself in front of this woman. This alone was enough to shock the room.

The infamous kingpin of Mysonna's underworld, a man feared for his ruthless and unfeeling reputation, was lowering himself for a woman. The rumors of Braydon's disdain for women had always been widespread, yet here he was, behaving in a way no one could have imagined.

Just as the tension in the room reached a boiling point, another male voice rang out, breaking the silence. It was casual and cocky, carrying a hint of mischief. "Well, looks like I'm late to the party. What's all the excitement about?"

The crowd instinctively turned toward the elevator. Yvette, however, remained completely unmoved, her face devoid of any reaction. Braydon's brow furrowed slightly. He didn't turn around and knew who was coming.

Joe Yoder strolled in, wearing a dark gray suit with the top two buttons undone, teasing a glimpse of his collarbone. His presence was as unruly as ever, his demeanor effortlessly rakish.

Unlike Braydon, who rarely appeared at public events, Joe was a regular at high-society gatherings. He was a stark contrast to Braydon-if Braydon was known for his aversion to women, Joe was infamous for his excessive indulgence. His girlfriends came and went faster than the seasons. But no one dared criticize him; after all, he was the next heir to the Yoder family empire.

The crowd could hardly believe their eyes. They had come to watch a fashion competition but were now witnessing the rare sight of Mysonna's two most formidable figures in the same room. And these two weren't exactly on good terms lately.

The air in the room grew unbearably tense. Onlookers were too frightened to breathe too loudly, let alone utter a word, for fear of being caught in the crossfire.

Joe ignored the crowd, and his gaze locked onto Yvette as he swaggered toward her.

Sienna clutched her handbag nervously. She didn't know Joe personally, but it was clear who he was here for. Based on his reputation, he was making a beeline for Yvette.

"Dear God... Sienna thought, "This party has turned into a battlefield.

Between Braydon and Joe, two powerhouses with explosive tempers, things could spiral out of control any second. The room held its breath as Joe stopped directly in front of Braydon. The tension hit its peak.

Joe shoved one hand into his pocket, smirking with a devil-may-care attitude as he glanced at Braydon's darkened expression. He scoffed and then turned his attention to Yvette. Yvette! If I'd known you'd be here tonight, I'd have shown up sooner. What a shame" His deliberate familiarity with Yvette sent ripples of shock through the crowd. Joe then turned back to Braydon, adding fuel to the fire by moving even closer to Yvette, his posture intentionally intimate.

Yvette remained calm, her expression neutral as Joe continued his antics. She didn't push him away, which only encouraged him further.

Joe's actions indeed angered Braydon, and he instantly became menacing, with a chilling rage and brutality.

Braydon thought bitterly. "Why is it that Joe can stand by her side while even a single word from me seems to disgust her? 21:05 Sat, Dec 21

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Joe shrugged nonchalantly and said, "Mr. Goodman, you're here too? I figured you'd be too busy to attend something like this. Funny, I didn't see a date with you. Oh, wait-how could I forget? You're famous for not liking women. Or... is it that you prefer men?" Joe's taunt was bold and blatant, earning a few horrified glances. Sienna, however, couldn't suppress a tiny grin. 'Now that's a good jab, she thought.

Braydon's eyes narrowed dangerously. He adjusted his watch with an air of calm that only made his presence more intimidating.

"Joe, don't push it." Braydon said coldly. "I see your time in Voracia didn't teach you any lessons."

Joe's easygoing demeanor vanished the moment those words hit him. He stiffened like a cat whose tail had been stepped on. "Braydon," Joe growled, "mark my words-this isn't over."

Turning to the crowd, Joe waved dismissively. "What are you all gawking at? The show's over. Go back to your drinks or whatever."

The crowd fled the scene faster than anyone thought possible. The room was empty in moments, save for Yvette, Sienna, Braydon, and Joe.

Yvette stood up, her gaze shifting briefly between Joe and Braydon, locked in a silent standoff. Tilting her head slightly, she addressed Sienna in a calm, detached tone. "Let's go."

Sienna nodded immediately, relieved. Staying in this suffocating atmosphere a moment longer felt unbearable.

Yvette walked past Braydon, she paused for a fleeting moment. Braydon's heart skipped a beat. He thought, 'Is she about to speak to me?' It had been so long since Yvette had initiated a conversation with him.

Seeing Braydon's poorly concealed anticipation. Joe let out a mocking scoff.

Yvette turned her gaze to Braydon, her expression as composed as ever. "Call off the hit on Charles, or I won't hesitate to bring down the Seventy-Two Chambers."

That one sentence sent Braydon into a cold abyss. His determination shattered instantly, and his expression grew dark. "Yvette, the Seventy-Two Chambers was your gift to me. I won't let anyone destroy it. It's your legacy. Are you really going to ruin it over Charles?" For once, Joe didn't mock Braydon. He remained silent, knowing full well the extent of Braydon's obsession with Yvette.

To Braydon, Seventy-Two Chambers symbolized something far deeper, an unwavering connection to Yvette. Her threat to dismantle it was a direct blow to the core of his existence.

Sienna felt her mind reel as she processed Braydon's words. She thought, "Seventy-Two Chambers? The Goodman family's infamous stronghold? The most feared organization in the underworld? What was Braydon talking about?"

And now Braydon was saying that Seventy-Two Chambers wasn't just his-it was Yvette's creation, her legacy

A cold, ruthless glint flickered in Yvette's icy eyes as she retorted, "Legacy? If I didn't owe your grandfather for saving my life. do you think Seventy-Two Chambers would even exist? Braydon you've been lying to yourself all these years, using your own delusions to justify everything. It's time to wake up." Without sparing him another glance, she turned on her heel and left. Sienna followed close behind.

Joe, who had been observing Braydon's unraveling composure, finally approached. Gone was his usual playful demeanor; his voice was grave and steady as he spoke. "Braydon, the moment you drugged Yvette to keep her by your side, you lost any right to her affection. Braydon's eyes were bloodshot as he looked at Joe, weakly defensling himself. "I know I was wrong. I've known it for years. I

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only did it because I loved her so much. Yes, I made a mistake, but I've been repenting ever since. Isn't it enough?"

His voice shattered as he continued, "Why can't Yvette give me chance? Why can't she forgive me, even once? Is one mistake enough to cost me Yvette forever?"

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Joe frowned as he looked at Braydon, who was stubbornly persistent. Braydon's extreme nature was just who he was, and he was beyond saving

Joe said, "Honestly, you know very well that back then, Yvette wanted to kill you. It was that shameless old man from your family who begged to save your life, and that's why she spared you. Otherwise, if Yvette really wanted to kill you, you'd be dead long ago. There's no way the people around you could have stopped her. Do you think you're the Underground King now? Don't be too greedy, Braydon."

Braydon narrowed his dark eyes. Joe, you have no right to lecture me here. Yvette will surely be mine. Anyone who tries to stop me will be crushed."

Joe thought Braydon was utterly unreasonable. "Braydon, stop daydreaming. If Yvette doesn't want to stay, who on earth can make her stay by their side? I really don't know where your confidence comes from. Oh, by the way, do you know? Yvette's man is the youngest Major General in Clusta, and he's annoyingly handsome. His character and temperament are unmatched.

When Joe talked about temperament and personality, he felt a bit insecure. Mr. Chavez's temper and character were also quite intimidating. Upon his first encounter with Jeremiah, he sensed that the man had unfathomable depths within him.

Joe's words instantly stirred up a fierce intent to kill in Braydon's eyes. Not long ago, the assassin he sent had been returned from Clusia in less than three days, with every bone in his body shattered. There was also a note with four words written on it. [Return it as it was] Thinking of

this, Braydon glared at Joe with a chilling stare, making Joe's hair stand on end. Joe thought, "What kind of sinister plan is this lunatic plotting this time?"

Joe didn't say anything and just left, leaving Braydon alone at the entrance of the venue.

As soon as Yvette and Sienna entered the main hall, all eyes were on them. Most people at the entrance had witnessed the whole incident, and for those who hadn't, word spread quickly. The participants all knew about it and looked at Yvette with both fear and curiosity. wine and

Yvette and Sienna walked over to the couch in the corner and sat down. A waiter promptly brought over some juice. Remembering that Yvette had to go on stage to receive an award later, Sienna didn't take any wine for her.

After all, it was Yvette's first appearance at the competition under the name "Vibe." After today, everyone would know who the owner of Vibe was. It was such an important day, so it was better to skip the alcohol. That was why Sienna specifically chose a glass of orange juice for Yvette.

She didn't realize this was a lucky mistake until she later saw how Yvette was after drinking. She was extremely glad she thought twice back then.

Yvette lounged on the couch, relaxed and confident, her long legs casually bent. Her gaze was sharp as she glanced around the room, her eyes deep and intense. Everyone caught by her stare instinctively looked down. Yvette took a leisurely sip of her orange juice.

Sienna sat to her right, wanting to say something but swallowed her words, looking conflicted.

Yvette gave Sienna a calm glance and leisurely said, "If you've got something to say, just go ahead and say it."

Finally, Sienna could ask her question; she'd been holding it back for ages. "Yvette, did you really train the Seventy-Two Chambers of the Goodman family? Nathan said it's their biggest trump card!"

Yvette half-closed her eyes, looked at the curious Sienna, then glanced at Joe walking over, and replied indifferently, "Yeah." Just that one word was enough.

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Sienna felt she could hardly breathe, and before she could say anything else, Joe came over and sat across from Yvette with a roguish charm. Before starting his rant, he made time to greet Sienna. "Hey there, Sienna!" Sienna nodded graciously. She had known Joe for several years, and he never hesitated to spend on clothes. She hadn't expected Yvette and Joe to be acquainted; they seemed to get along quite well. Sometimes she felt the world was really small, but it looked like Joe didn't know Yvette was the boss behind Vibe.

Joe continued to complain to Yvette after greeting her. "Yvette, I think Braydon's gone crazy. He says he'll keep you by his side even if it kills him. I mean, he's been living in his own world all these years—it's got to be exhausting." Yvette held the rim of the cup, her eyes dark as night, brushing her long hair aside. Her voice was soft and slow, "If the Goodman family doesn't want to be the Underground King, then let someone else take over."

Joe was momentarily stunned by her words. He wondered, 'Who else but Yvette could casually suggest a power shift in Mysonna's underworld?'

Yvette raised her eyes to look at Joe, her gaze reserved.

Joe hesitantly pointed at himself, starting to stutter. "Yvette, you're not suggesting I do it, are you? Yvette, that's not something to joke about—I don't even have the slightest idea about this!"

Yvette slowly curled one side of her lip. "Oh? Who said four years ago that they would rule the underworld

day!"

Joe's face turned red. He quickly waved his hand. "Yvette, stop teasing me. I was young and reckless back then. Honestly, I'm not made for the underworld. I'm not even a third as ruthless as Braydon, and for that alone, I've completely lost. Plus, my grandpa spent decades cleaning up the Joe family, severing ties with the underworld. If I were to drag the Joe family back, my grandpa would be the first to oppose."

Yvette leaned back a bit. She seemed genuinely considering who should become the new leader of the underground world.

Sienna sat to the side, feeling complicated. She suddenly wondered if there was a chance that Yvette had another identity, with being the boss of Vibe as the most inconspicuous one. So, all these years, Yvette never intended to reveal the person behind "Vibe." While the three were talking, Braydon walked into the hall.

When he arrived, the women in the hall became all excited. Seeing Braydon in a public setting was rare—opportunities like this just didn't come often. So, even though Braydon wore a cold expression that screamed 'stay away,' some women had their eyes on him the moment he walked in.

Holding their drinks, they went over to say hello. In less than five minutes, six women had been bluntly rejected by Braydon and left the venue, feeling embarrassed.

Joe stroked his chin. "What's with Braydon acting all superior? Refusing pretty ladies—how rude! Plus, don't these women see? I'm cool and handsome too, aren't I? Why isn't anyone approaching

me? Could it be that my looks have faded recently?" As he spoke, he touched his face again. He thought, 'Nope, still as handsome as

s ever!

What Joe didn't realize was that Yvette and Sienna's striking looks were too dazzling, and after what happened earlier, no one wanted to become the second Ellie. Even those interested in him didn't dare to approach and instead looked for someone else. Braydon saw Yvette sitting on the couch in the corner, his gaze deepened. Knowing he wasn't welcome, he chose a spot not far from Yvette and sat down.

From his position, Braydon could clearly see Yvette's beautiful profile.

Yvette didn't even glance at Braydon.