

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of Mrs 501[1,150 words]

Chapter 501

The banquet proceeded smoothly, with all the guests busy socializing-except in the area where Yvette and Braydon were seated, which was empty. Joe, who had recently taken a liking to a new model, left the booth to flirt.

As for Sienna, she thought that the area around the sofa was cold enough without the air conditioning. After exchanging a few words with Yvette, she headed backstage at the banquet... If she stayed any longer, the chilly aura from Yvette and Braydon was going to freeze her.

Yvette sat cross-legged on the couch, at ease and relaxed. Her simple and casual sportswear made her the only woman at the banquet not dressed in gowns and high fashion. She was sipping orange juice, completely out of place.

Braydon watched her intently. Before they realized it, half of the banquet had already passed.

The highlight of the party was about to start-that moment when Ms. Winslow, the godmother of the fashion world, personally presented trophies to the top three winners of the fashion competition. The winners' names were already announced yesterday on the World Fashion Competition's official website, according to the contest rules.

Unlike some competitions that create mystery to gain attention during live announcements, this world-class fashion competition was known for its transparency. The designs from both participants and winners had been posted on the website for everyone to admire. That was why the World Fashion Competition is recognized as the most authoritative and valuable event in the fashion industry, with Ms. Winslow judging alongside a panel of twenty respected editors and designers.

Suddenly, there was a commotion among the crowd as everyone turned to see Hazel walking in from the entrance. As the acknowledged godmother of fashion, Hazel's status was unassailable.

In her sixties, she wore a simple, elegant black dress, her hair neatly styled, with a pearl necklace adorning her graceful neck. Every movement exuded elegance. Hazel embodied the saying, "Age never diminishes beauty."

Even at sixty, she could still be an elegant and charming lady. Hazel gracefully greeted each guest, her eyes discreetly scanning the venue.

With so many people around her, Hazel didn't notice Yvette sitting on the couch in the corner. Hazel felt a slight sense of disappointment. She thought, 'Didn't Sienna say that Yvette would attend the awards ceremony in person? Why isn't she here yet?'

Sienna came out from backstage and saw Hazel surrounded by people greeting her. She lifted her dress slightly and made her way over. As soon as the guests noticed Sienna coming, they immediately stepped aside for her.

This was Mr. Winslow's prized student and the lead designer for this year's world fashion competition winner, "Vibe." However, the award-winning design wasn't created by Sienna but by the elusive genius behind Vibe, who once amazed the fashion industry with the "Blossom" series.

Since "Vibe" was founded, this mysterious owner had never appeared in the fashion world, with each new collection being presented by Sienna. The winning "Nameless" series from this competition was considered the best design in recent years, and no one questioned its first-place status.

Sienna walked over to Hazel and whispered in her ear, "Ms. Winslow, Yvette has arrived. She subtly motioned towards where Yvette was sitting.

Hazel looked past the crowd and finally saw Yvette sitting on the couch in the corner. Her eyes brightened with relief. She thought, Finally, the girl is willing to show up

Hazel nodded at the people around her, then walked towards Yvette, with Sienna following closely behind. As everyone saw which way Hazel was going, they started whispering again.

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14:50 Sun, Dec 22 GGG

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"OMG, why is Ms. Winslow going over there? Is it because of that girl from before?"

"Maybe Ms. Winslow knows that girl. She's worth billions and owns three mines."

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party "No way, Ms. Winslow really dislikes people who break the rules. Even if this girl owns a mine, she came to the wearing a formal dress. Even if designer Sienna brought her in, Ms. Winslow probably won't show her any respect." without

"If this girl upsets Ms. Winslow, she can forget about making it in the fashion world. I bet designer Sienna will suffer too.

"No matter how rich that girl is, if she breaks Ms. Winslow's rules, Ms. Winslow won't be friendly to her."

"Did you guys forget? This girl is under Braydon's protection."

That comment finally silenced the whispers. Everyone present was eager to witness Yvette's blunder and the subsequent scolding from Hazel.

Under everyone's watchful gaze, Hazel walked over to Yvette. She observed Yvette casually drinking her orange juice and smiled warmly, her voice not sounding aged at all. "Dear Yvette, it's been so many years, and you're still as beautiful as ever." Hazel opened with such a dazzling compliment that it stunned everyone around. Even Braydon, sitting nearby, slightly paused at Hazel's approach.

Hazel didn't know her, but she was a renowned figure in Mysonna's high society. She had Yoris heritage, and was secretly a princess from the Mysonna count's family, a fact known by few.

His grandfather had once mentioned that Hazel had refused the former president's romantic pursuit in her youth. Rumor had it that this strong-willed woman was not usually this kind!

Yvette knew Hazel? And her warm demeanor was thought-provoking. Everyone there was clearly shocked and stood still. Yvette lifted her eyes to Hazel, smiled slightly, and said slowly, "Yeah, I think so too." Sienna, standing behind, twitched her lips. She thought, 'Only someone like Yvette could get away with saying something like that-if it were anyone else, people would feel an uncontrollable urge to punch them.' She thought, 'Speaking so openly in front of Ms. Winslow, Yvette would definitely be the first, and quite possibly the only

one...

Braydon hesitated with his wine glass, then put it down as if nothing happened. He thought, Yvette has never spoken like this before. She has changed, and is it because of that man named Jeremiah?" Hazel heard this and laughed. Although time had caught up with her beauty, her every expression still had charm, faintly showing her former glory.

With graceful poise, Hazel addressed Yvette. "Dear Yvette, the award ceremony is about to begin. Come sit with me at the front. Please don't turn me down, or I would be so disappointed Everyone there was buzzing with excitement at Hazel's invitation Envious and jealous eyes were all fixed on Yvette.

They wondered, 'What on earth has this girl done to deserve an invite from Ms. Winslow? It definitely isn't about money; Ms. Winslow's fortune is in the billions.

Nobody expected Hazel to be acquainted with Yvette, much less act so kindly towards her, considering Hazel's typically stern manner. Not even Sienna had seen Hazel this tender-hearted before. Yvette's identity puzzled everyone. They wondered, 'What kind of background allows her to receive such attention from both Braydon and Hazel?

Yvette stood up with a casual air, her gaze carrying a hint of rebelliousness.

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Casually addressing the gentle Hazel, she remarked, "How could possibly refuse an invitation from such a beauty?"

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- Secrets Of MrS 502[1,232 words]

Chapter 502

Hazel was overjoyed with just those few words. "Dear Yvette, tonight's party and the competition will be even more perfect with your presence." Hazel and Yvette walked together to the front row of the party seating.

The seating at the event was quite selective. Only judges or those with high status, like Sienna, were in the front row. Others with significant influence, like Braydon and Joe, also had prime seating. As Braydon passed by, he unexpectedly stood up.

Hazel was certainly familiar with Braydon's face, especially since she had previously interacted with Damian. The Goodman family was well-known in Mysonna, and everyone was aware of their influence. But Hazel wondered why Braydon appeared here. She paused her steps.

Braydon, with an elegant demeanor, politely greeted Hazel, "Ms. Winslow, I'm Braydon." Normally, with his nature, he wouldn't have bothered to stand up and greet her if Yvette weren't standing next to Hazel.

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Hazel had heard about Braydon's reputation. She caught his look and turned to glance at Yvette, who showed no expression. She thought, 'Is there something going on between these two?'

Hazel nodded, "Mr. Goodman, your presence truly graces our event. Please feel free to make yourself at home."

Braydon observed that Yvette didn't even give him a glance. He then looked at Hazel and said seriously, "I wonder if you would be willing to invite me to join you?"

Yvette stood with her hands in her pockets. She simply gave Braydon a brief glance, as if he didn't exist.

Sienna, standing nearby, rolled her eyes at the comment. She thought, 'Braydon really knows how to push his way forward. Given his and the Goodman family's status, could Ms. Winslow refuse him in front of all these people? What a sly move!

Just as Sienna anticipated, Hazel paused briefly before smiling and saying, "Of course, Mr. Goodman, please take a seat."

As Hazel observed Braydon's real intentions, she couldn't help but note his keen insight, which far surpassed that of his grandfather.

Back in the day, Damian was infamous for his playboy ways in Mysonna, always surrounded by women and frequently caught in scandals. However, if the young Goodman heir fancied Yvette, it was understandable. Not to mention Yvette's talents, her looks alone could drive men crazy.

Sienna stepped forward and whispered, "Ms. Winslow, what's happening?"

Snapping back to reality, Hazel asked, "Is Yvette also interested in Braydon Goodman?"

Sienna shook her head vigorously. "Ms. Winslow, don't joke like that. There's no way Yvette would be interested in Braydon. She already has a boyfriend."

Hazel nodded. She was really curious about the boyfriend Sienna talked about. She wondered, 'What kind of over a girl like Yvette?' guy could win

As

settled into the center seats in the first row, Yvette and Sienna sat together, with Braydon across from them. everyone Hazel took the seat in the middle of the three.

When Joe came back from chatting with models on the balcony he saw Yvette and the others sitting in the front row. He muttered a curse. He thought, 'What did Braydon do to get a seat next to Yvette?'

Joe loved being where the action was, so he went to the front row too. He already had an invitation for a front-row seat anyway, but he wouldn't sit somewhere quiet when there was more going on. That wouldn't suit his gossip-loving personality at all.

He politely asked Hazel, "Ms. Winslow, is this seat taken? If not, could I take the liberty of sitting here?"

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Everyone was already trying to process their earlier shock when Joe, the young master from the Joe family, insisted on joining the group. Anyone who had seen the scene at the entrance knew Joe knew Yvette.

They thought, 'Who is Joe heading directly for? It is pretty obvious.'

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Hazel looked at Joe, who suddenly appeared, and heard his words. Even with her usual grace, she found herself getting a bit of a headache. She wondered, 'What is going on today? These two families had been quietly competing in Mysonna for years, and now they just have to sit together.'

Hazel nodded with a smile. "Of course, please have a seat, Mr. Yoder."

Joe cheekily ignored the stares and sat down next to Yvette. "Hey, Yvette."

Hazel looked at Joe, who was being surprisingly friendly towards Yvette, and exclaimed, "Joe, you know Yvette?"

Joe responded, "Of course, Ms. Winslow. Yvette is closer to me than my own sister. If she had wanted to, my grandpa would have already adopted her as his god-granddaughter, but unfortunately, she didn't."

Yvette sat in an incredibly comfortable position with her long legs crossed and her gaze lazily fixated on her phone. She casually unwrapped a piece of vanilla toffee and began eating it, her expression a blend of rebellion and mischief.

Hazel didn't give much thought to Joe's last remark. She thought. 'Unwilling? Who wouldn't want to be Carl Yoder's god-granddaughter?' She just assumed Joe was speaking offhandedly and didn't really mean it.

Braydon watched as Joe, ever since sitting down, had been diligently attending to Yvette-fetching water, handing over tissues, practically ready to bend down and massage Yvette's legs like an attentive assistant.

A menacing glint flickered in Braydon's eyes, making it seem like he wanted to cut off Joe's hands. A chilling aura radiated from Braydon, spreading coldness among everyone around.

Feeling Braydon's hostile intent towards him, Joe just laughed nonchalantly. Today, he was determined to make Braydon furious, so he kept being extra attentive, which only added to Braydon's growing irritation.

Holding a glass of wine, Hazel observed the overt and subtle tensions between Braydon and Joe with clear understanding, remaining composed. She then glanced at Yvette, who sat there with a detached expression, and gently rubbed her temples. Sienna quietly took out her phone, snapped a picture, and sent it to Bruce. On the other end, Bruce saw the picture and immediately forwarded it to Jeremiah. Just like that, a complete chain of communication was established.

Even for Bruce's sake, she had to side with Mr. Chavez. There was no way she could allow Braydon to sneak in and take advantage.

At the table sat four people, and two of them were on high alert, keeping Braydon from getting close to Yvette. After Sienna sent her message, she looked up to find the others staring at her.

She coughed awkwardly. "Um, just taking a selfie, don't mind me

Yvette squinted slightly at the phone in Sienna's hand, raised an eyebrow, paused for a few seconds, and then continued with her own phone.

Sienna quickly and guiltily tucked her phone away.

Everyone's eyes were glued to the table where Hazel and Yvette sat, wishing they could join them. Besides Yvette, those there were all renowned figures in Mysonna, so everyone was curious about why Yvette was able to sit at the head table with them.

The award ceremony officially began. Hazel gracefully stepped onto the stage, and the audience erupted into thunderous applause that went on and on.

Hazel was over sixty, yet she still had that slender figure. Her skin had loosened with age, but her features were still elegant.

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She waved to the audience from the stage. "Welcome everyone to the 20th World Fashion Competition! You've probably seen the top three winners on our website. Now, I'll be presenting the trophies, bestowing this ultimate honor in the fashion world to our top three winners." Hazel was always direct, never wasting words. She got straight to the point: presenting the awards to the top three.

The eagerly awaited moment in the fashion world had finally arrived.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 503[1,196 words]

Chapter 503

As Hazel finished speaking, the hall erupted in applause once more. Everyone turned their attention to the front row, focusing mainly on Sienna. Everyone knew that after a two-year absence, Vibe had returned to the World Fashion Competition and clinched the top prize

this year. Next year, the fashion scene would again be Vibe's to dominate.

Vibe had always been the rising star, with its sales and market share increasing every year, causing dissatisfaction among many luxury brands. But no one could afford to crack down on Vibe, not only because Vibe's designs were highly favored, but also because Sienna's mentor was the fashion icon, Hazel. Moreover, the rumored mastermind behind Vibe had remained out of the public eye for years; they could not risk offending someone so mysterious.

Hazel first presented the trophies for third and second place in order. Finally, it was the moment everyone was eagerly waiting for; Hazel was about to present the first-place trophy. Her eyes fell on Yvette in the front row. Yvette, with her head lowered, idly played with her phone, her expression neutral.

Hazel said, "Everyone, we all know the winner of this competition: it's Vibe's 'Nameless' design series. Nameless is the best design I've seen in years. This series captures classical aesthetics perfectly, with an aura of mystery unique to Clusia. It amazed me, so Nameless is undoubtedly the rightful champion of this year's contest. Whether it was me, the judges, or the public votes, Nameless stands out as the top design of the year."

Hazel generously praised Vibe and the Nameless series in front of everyone. The heartfelt compliments made it impossible for anyone to feel jealous. Over the years, there had been many fashion designs showing classical aesthetics, but most were altered too much to fit public tastes, losing the original beauty of the Clusian design in the process.

The Nameless series was recognized in the fashion world as a genuine representation of classical aesthetics, so winning this competition was well-deserved.

Continuing, Hazel said, "Everyone, there's been a rumor in the fashion world since Vibe's founding that except for me and Vibe's chief designer, Sienna, no one has ever met the owner of Vibe. Many stories have circled about the owner, and I'm sure everyone here is curious about who the owner of Vibe truly is. I can say after years in the fashion industry, she is the most talented and intelligent designer I've ever met, and today, she's here to personally accept this award."

Hazel's gaze once more landed on the table where Yvette was seated. Everyone else followed her gaze to Yvette's table as well. The brightest spotlight in the venue was also shining on that table.

Someone asked, "Who is Ms. Winslow looking at? Could it be Mr. Yoder or Mr. Goodman? Are they into design? I've never heard of that."

A girl sitting in the third row said, "Didn't Ms. Winslow say before that the boss of Vibe is the most talented and smart person she's ever met? Maybe Mr. Yoder or Mr. Goodman is such a gifted person?" Another guy chimed in, "I think you're right. People like Mr. Yoder and Mr. Goodman are truly favored by fate. What's so strange about them being the boss of Vibe?"

"I think it could very well be Sienna. She might be the real boss behind Vibe, just perhaps staying low-key all this time," said another audience,

A shy female voice suddenly spoke up, "I think it could also be the girl who sat in the main chair with Ms. Winslow."

As soon as she said this, everyone nearby looked at the girl, starting to speak in a tone tinged with sarcasm,

"How could that be? If that girl was the boss of Vibe, how could she dress so plainly? Just look at her tracksuit, it's clearly been worn for a long time."

"No matter how pretty she is, she's just a nouveau riche. So what if she owns a mine, wearing a tracksuit to a ball like this? The boss of Vibe is meant to be a design genius, how could they have such poor taste?" The girl who suggested that Yvette might be the boss of Vibe looked embarrassed and went silent.

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"Oh well, our guessing won't lead anywhere. Let's wait for Ms. Winslow to reveal the answer."

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Joe sipped his wine, listening to the chatter around him, and rolled his eyes. If he had a talent for design, he would have started a fashion company a long time ago, instead of spending 80 million every year on clothes. 78%

He thought, 'And Braydon being the boss of Vibe? That's even more ridiculous. This guy is top-notch at crime, not fashion design.'

Thinking of this, Joe drank his wine all at once and turned to look at Yvette beside him, his eyes lighting up instantly. He thought, 'Oh my... Yvette? No way...

'But when it comes to being naturally talented in everything, Yvette would definitely rank first; no one dares to say otherwise.'

As everyone chatted and whispered, Yvette looked down at the text from Jeremiah, and a slight smile appeared on her lips.

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Braydon kept his eyes on Yvette. Seeing her faint smile as she looked at her phone, he clenched his glass tightly, his gaze intimidating.

Yvette put her phone away and looked up at Hazel. Hazel, on stage, slowly lit up with a smile, pointing at Yvette.

She loudly announced, "Let's welcome the genius of the fashion world, Yvette Zeller, the designer behind the Nameless series that won the world fashion competition, and the mastermind behind Vibe."

Amidst everyone's stunned gazes, Yvette, who was sitting, stood up. At that moment, all the lights focused on her...

Her long lashes, like thin silk curtains, cast a shadow. Her eyes were slightly upturned, with a gaze that was cold and detached, emotionless, and depths as dark as night.

The baggy sports uniform was an old style with no sense of design, as it was the most typical spring school uniform at Argrol University in Seacurity. If not for Yvette's stunning face wearing it with a carefree flair, one might think she was a street-smart student from another school.

Yvette calmly walked up to the stage. Hazel gently handed the first-place trophy to Yvette.

In a soft voice, "This honor should have always been yours." The words echoed through the microphone for everyone to hear clearly.

Everyone looked at Yvette on the stage in disbelief. They thought, 'Who said she was just a simple rich upstart? She is clearly the mastermind behind Vibe, the fashion world icon adored by countless designers.

Braydon, sitting in the front row, looked at Yvette with great focus. He thought, 'Yvette is meant to be at the top, becoming the center of attention.'

Joe had guessed Yvette's role as the boss behind the scenes even before Hazel said anything. He was used to Yvette's strength,

else. and he was much calmer than

everyone

Sienna looked at the stage, and suddenly her eyes started to water. She had imagined this moment for years. She thought Yvette always deserved the best.

When she was at her lowest point, Yvette appeared in her life like a ray of light, pulling her out of the mud. Yvette lit up her future path, gave her dreams and hope, and a chance to start anew.

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Hazel smiled and handed the microphone to Yvette, making a gesturing motion. Yvette glanced at her and then looked down at the silent audience, their faces filled with shock. With a calm expression and cool demeanor, she softly said, "Thank you."

After speaking, Yvette left the stage and sat back in the first row. The whole award acceptance took less than a minute, leaving the audience completely stunned.

This was the simplest acceptance speech since the fashion competition started. No fancy words, no emotional tears, just a plain Thank you

Hazel stood at the side of the stage, watching Yvette leave after saying those two words. Though she was a composed person, she could not help but raise an eyebrow. Although she was surprised, there was no discontent on her face.

Hazel thought, "It's already something that Yvette stood up in front of everyone today. It's unrealistic to expect her to say more than a few words. She has never been one to talk much.

"Usually, winners talk about how they worked hard to learn design and where their inspiration came from. If Yvette were to speak, who knows how many designers there might get annoyed

"Yvette has only been learning design and tailoring for two months. There's no hardships she has gone through for it. She can remember all the related books she has read and all the designs she has seen. People like her are naturally born winners from the start. "Fashion design needs ninety percent talent and only ten percent effort. I've seen many people who work hard without the talent, and they usually don't make much progress."

Braydon was the first in the audience to start clapping, followed by Sienna and Joe. Gradually, more people recovered from their shock and began clapping. Everyone was looking at Yvette as she walked off the stage. It was hard for them to imagine she was the boss behind Vibe.

Some people even speculated about Yvette's age, and when they realized she might have been underage when Vibe was established, they were even more shocked. Plus, Braydon had just said that Yvette owned three diamond mines worth billions in Africa. Especially those who just called Yvette a nouveau riche, their faces flushed with embarrassment, and they lowered their heads. They thought, "How could Yvette be a nouveau riche? Clearly, she is the ultimate trendsetter in the fashion world. How could the owner of Vibe be short of gowns and haute couture?

"Vibe's exclusive haute couture is something that models and actors dream of borrowing but cannot get their hands on."

Hazel looked at the audience, all wide-eyed and open-mouthed. She knew today's events had deeply impacted the fashion crowd. The revelation that Yvette was the mastermind behind Vibe was sure to be the top headline in the fashion world tomorrow.

Hazel glanced at Yvette in the audience, who was lounging with one leg crossed. Once again, she expressed her admiration for Yvette before designers from around the world, praising her generously.

In a gentle tone, she said, "Yvette is the owner of Vibe and the most talented designer I've ever met. I hope to see her remarkable designs at the competition next year. I declare this competition a great success."

The applause thundered once more as the 20th World Fashion Competition officially came to an end. The media outside had already learned that Yvette was the owner of Vibe. As soon Yvette and Sienna exited the venue, a crowd of reporters rushed toward them. All the media outlets wanted to be the first to interview Yvette, leaving the second and third-place winners ignored

09:03 Mon, Dec 23

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A reporter asked, "Are you the secret owner of Vibe? Ms. Zeller, why did you keep your identity hidden for so many years

"It's always been Sienna in the spotlight. Ms. Zeller, do you have some unspeakable reasons? Also, where did the inspiration for your design come from?"

The Nameless series has been called the most impressive work in years by fashion icon Hazel. Ms. Zeller, do you think this praise is over the top?"

The media in Mysonna were surprised to find that the owner of Vibe was such a young girl from Clusia. Their questions were sharp and obviously had an agenda.

Braydon stood a little distance away, observing Yvette, who had her hands shoved into her pockets, looking a bit impatient. As he was about to step forward, Joe reached out to stop him.

Joe, with a laid-back attitude, looked at Braydon and said, "Braydon, do you really think Yvette is the type who needs you to play the hero? Wake up. Remember those two years we spent in the Seventy-Two Chambers? For old times' sake, my advice: don't embarrass yourself. You just took control of your family's power; it's not the best time for you to make headlines."

Although Joe usually seemed unserious, he was more perceptive than Braydon and hit the nail on the head. Braydon glared at Joe fiercely, as if he wanted to beat him.

Joe was not intimidated at all. The two of them were quietly clashing where no one was paying attention.

When Sienna heard the reporters' statements, her face turned cold. Having dealt with the media for so many years, she knew these questions were set to trap Yvette.

She thought, "Today's media will stop at nothing for attention. If Yvette makes even a small slip-up, the media will seize it and blow it out of proportion."

Yvette looked at the reporters ahead and held the microphone with a rebellious aura. Her demeanor was cool and aloof, her lips slightly curved in a smirk, yet her eyes held no trace of amusement.

Yvette casually put her hands in her pockets and told the reporters around her, "Move aside."

Yvette's refusal to answer their questions took all the reporters by surprise. These reporters were used to being pushy, never having met such an uncooperative interviewee.

When they wanted to press on with more questions, Yvette's deep and cold eyes made them silent. The words they wanted to say were swallowed back under Yvette's cold gaze.

Sienna gave a cold huff. She thought, "How could they ask that kind of question in front of Yvette? They're just asking for trouble. Yvette won't tolerate them at all."

Yvette kept walking, and the reporters in her way automatically stepped aside, giving her a clear path to the elevator doors.

A local gossip reporter, observing Yvette's flawless features and eager to dig up some juicy news, shouted at Yvette's back. "Ms. Zeller, are you still single? There must be a lot of guys after you, so could you share your standards of choosing a mate?" The shout brought silence back to the entrance. Even Braydon and Joe paused.

Braydon watched Yvette heading toward the elevator. He wanted to follow her, but Joe stubbornly blocked his way, being a real nuisance to him.

Yvette paused, turned around, and looked at the reporter who asked the question with a calm demeanor. "My boyfriend is my standard of choosing a mate

As soon as she finished speaking, the elevator doors opened, and tall, striking figure slowly came into view of everyone. Inside the elevator stood a man in a black suit, with sharp brows angled up and thin lips pursed. His chiseled facial features

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framed piercing blue eyes and seemed almost handcrafted.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 505[1,141 words]

Chapter 505

Jeremiah looked at Yvette standing by the elevator doors, and with decisive steps, he walked over and took her hand, gently squeezing her palm. Ignoring everyone else, he said in a low voice, "Let's go. There's barbecue and milkshakes ready at home

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Yvette tilted her head slightly and glanced at Jeremiah, who had evidently rushed back. She smiled and said, "Alright. Let's

Standing beside them, Sienna felt herself like the third wheel. She thought, "Yvette and Mr. Chavez, a duo with both strength and beauty, are really a stunning couple admired by all."

Since Jeremiah's arrival, the reporters in the distance had been silenced by his strong presence. Jeremiah deliberately released a bit of his intense aura, which was enough to keep the reporters at bay

At the elevator entrance. Jeremiah glanced past everyone to look at Braydon in the distance, his gaze calm and cold.

The gaze between the two men was charged with a deadly intent, unlike the playful interaction between Braydon and Joe just moments ago. Jeremiah and Braydon's eyes were filled with a piercing coldness and undeniable hostility. Jeremiah casually took back his gaze, tightly holding Yvette's hand. As Braydon watched their hands together, his eyes flashed with a fiery intensity. He signaled to the bodyguards, who then stepped forward to disperse the reporters. The reporters were surprised to see Braydon and Joe there. Especially Braydon-he had not attended a party in nearly three

Braydon's security team scattered the reporters, who, despite their unwillingness, had no choice but to leave. After all, this was Braydon. They were afraid that they might end up in trouble if they crossed him.

Once the reporters left, the place finally became quiet. Joe moved a bit further away, wanting no part of these two men's rivalry.

Braydon was disturbingly ruthless, while Jeremiah was powerful and mysteriously unfathomable. Joe thought he was only a poor guy in front of these two and should stay as far away as possible to avoid getting caught in the crossfire.

Jeremiah only had to stand next to Yvette to secure a win. Braydon walked over with a dark face. His eyes were cold and deep. "Mr. Chavez, I've heard so much about you, and it's great to finally meet you. I really appreciated your gift from before, and I promise to repay it double someday."

Seeing the three of them together, Sienna and Joe glanced at each other and both instinctively stepped back

Hearing Braydon's eerie words, Sienna and Joe were both puzzled. They wondered, "When did Mr. Chavez give gifts to Braydon? Aren't these two supposed to be rivals, fighting fiercely against each other? What's this all about?"

Jeremiah's expression did not change at all as he looked at Braydon casually and said, "Mr. Goodman, that's good as long as you like it. I'll make sure to have another gift for you next time.

Braydon clenched his teeth and thought, "As long as I like it, huh This guy really knows how to make an impression, taking down my best assassin right from the start."

Braydon stared intensely at Jeremiah as they stood face to face, both exuding a palpable aura of hostility.

Jeremiah's eyes were deep and unfathomable. He was right in front of Braydon but seemed beyond reach.

The cold aura from these two was enough to make

at her lips, and turned her head to Jeremiah Sienna and Joe shiver. Yvette stood with her hands in her pockets, tugged

She said slowly, Thungry. Let's go home.

Her words "Let's go home" pierced Braydon's nerves sharply, turning his gaze exceptionally sinister and cold.

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He longed for a home just for him and Yvette, but now he could only listen as she spoke about going home with another man right in front of him.

Jeremiah gently held Yvette's hand and looked into her eyes. With a charming smile curling his lips, he spoke softly, "Eat me up. I won't let you go hungry. Take what you want." Yvette smirked with a mischievous glint in her eyes and raised her delicate eyebrows without saying a word,

Joe was completely dumbfounded; he could not believe Jeremiah would say something so flirty.

Joe thought. "What did Mr. Chavez mean by his words? How dared he say things like that? He's definitely the master of flirting. He's too bold. I'm nothing compared to him."

Stenna could not help but be shocked hearing that too. She did not expect Jeremiah to say something like that, and she was practically covered in goosebumps.

She thought, "Mr. Chavez's flirty words are so shocking. Is this really how he won over Yvette?"

Sienna glanced at Braydon, whose expression was beyond furious. When Braydon heard Jeremiah's words, his gaze grew more intense, filled with hostility. His dark eyes were burning with unmistakable rage. Jeremiah seemed unfazed as he politely said to Braydon, "Goodbye, Mr. Goodman."

After speaking, Jeremiah took Yvette's hand and headed into the elevator. Sienna quickly followed, and Joe glanced at Braydon before joining them.

Braydon's face was extremely cold as the elevator doors closed, leaving him alone in the vast space.

He lowered his gaze, his eyes bloodshot, and murmured with a vicious tone. "My dear Yvette, since you will never love me. let's die together. Even as corpses, we'll be buried side by side."

In the business car, Bruce was driving, Sienna sat in the front passenger seat, Joe was in the second row, and Yvette was snuggled in Jeremiah's arms. Jeremiah basically served as a human pillow to Yvette in the car.

Yvette squinted her eyes, raised her eyelids slightly, and looked at Jeremiah. She asked slowly. "Did you hurry back?" When Jeremiah just showed up, he gave off a worn-out vibe.

Sienna, in the passenger seat, felt somewhat guilty hearing that, since she was the one who tipped off Jeremiah. But then she realized that it was not really her fault.

She had sent the photos to Bruce, not Jeremiah. If Yvette wanted to blame someone, it would be Bruce's problem. Sienna glanced at Bruce, who was focused on driving, and felt sorry for him.

This was what people said, "Lovebirds fly apart when disaster comes." She left first when trouble started.

Jeremiah looked down, playing with Yvette's slender fingers. His blue eyes were glowing, and the collar of his thin shirt was casually open, revealing his long neck. The lines of his clothes were neatly pressed, emphasizing his straight waist. Jeremiah's waist was slim, and his long legs were slightly bent because the car could not fit them.

-Jeremiah said in a deep, captivating voice as he leaned close to Yvette, his low and husky tone wrapping her whole being in

warmth as their heated breaths mingled. "It's late. I'm worried too many people are interested in my little girl

Joe pretended to be focused on his phone, but in reality, his ears perked up and tried to catch every word of them.

When he heard Jeremiah mention "little girl, he responded without even thinking, "Wait Who Who's the little girl?"

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 506[1,183 words]

Jeremiah gave Joe a deep look, and as soon as Joe realized what he had just said, fear overwhelmed him. Joe wished he could slap himself for having such a big mouth. He thought, "Why did I have to interrupt when these two big shots were being so sweet? But honestly, it isn't all my fault. In my wildest dreams, I never imagined a guy would call Yvette little girl. Does Mr. Chavez misunderstand what the little girl means?" Bruce, who was driving, exchanged a glance with Sienna. It seemed Joe's intelligence level was about the same as Frankie's. Honestly, they had seen bold people before, but never anyone this reckless. They wished good luck for Joe.

Joe quickly waved his hand, with a sheepish look on his face, and hurriedly explained. "Well, Mr. Chavez, when I just heard you say "little girl". I thought these two words were incredible. They sound so prestigious and eye-catching, absolutely fantastic. They're such sophisticated and elegant words, yet understated. Just hearing these two words is enough to keep me satisfied for three days without meals.

Joe finished speaking in one breath and finally took a breath. He thought, "Oh, man... As a science student, I have used every flattering word I know today, and it's all mindless praise-it's quite a challenge for me

Bruce and Sienna really did not expect Joe to come up with so much from just two words.

Yvette, relaxing in her chair, lifted her gaze and curled one side of her lips slightly. Her face had a hint of mischief. She looked at Joe and said casually, "Since you love these two words so much, you can go without meals for the next three days." Joe was taken aback. "What? Yvette, I mean..."

Yvette noticed Joe's face stiffen, her eyes deep and amused. She stared at him and clearly said, "You mean what exactly, huh?"

Jeremiah's dark eyes were fixed on Joe, and he did not say a word Joe could only nod reluctantly. "I understand, Yvette. I'll fast for the next three days."

After saying that, Joe immediately dropped his head, feeling completely deflated. He felt a wave of regret wash over him- this was classic trouble from speaking too soon.

In the next day, all fashion magazines and new media in Mysonna were buzzing with the previous day's world fashion competition events. The media used a variety of flashy headlines to grab people's attention.

[The secret boss behind Vibe, the winner of the world fashion competition, has been revealed.]

[A young woman in her twenties from Clusia created the legend of Vibe.]

[Unexpected incidents at the award ceremony-who is the mysterious man?]

Early in the morning, Yvette woke up to messages from Bonnic, Samantha, Andrew, Eagle King, Charles, Flying Fish. Zachary, and Simon

Bonnie: [Yvette, our school's forum has exploded. It's full of videos of you receiving your award at yesterday's competition. The views have already hit over a million. The principal has replaced the top spot on the school's Wall of Fame with your photo. I miss you so much. When are you coming back? It started getting cold in Seacrity yesterday.]

Samantha: [Yvette, I truly admire your greatness. You're incredible at the award ceremony. I'm waiting for you to come back to Betrico.]

Andrew: [Yvette, you're the best and the strongest. I can do everything for you] Yvette chuckled at Andrew's text message.

need to take care of all my clothes.] Eagle King: [Boss, you're Vibe's owner? That's so cool; from now on, you

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Yvette saw a text from an unfamiliar number: [When do you have time? Let's meet up.]

She paused for a moment, her gaze deepened, and then she continued scrolling. After she finished reading the messages, she went to the bathroom to freshen up and change into some casual clothes before heading downstairs.

In the downstairs living room were Frankie, Chris, Bruce, Sienna, Emmett, and Joe, who crashed in the guest room after last night's BBQ.

Jeremiah flew back to Betrico on a private jet late last night. There was still unfinished business at the military district that needed his personal attention.

As soon as Yvette turned up, Frankie eagerly ran over with some newspapers and handed them to her on the sofa. "Yvette, today's papers are all about you. The headlines are dazzling. Some media are ridiculous, calling you a princess and saying you started Vibe just to experience life. Honestly, they dare write anything

Bruce put down his coffee and casually poured Sienna a glass of milk. He said, "These days, the media will write anything to get clicks and attention.

Emmett and Chris nodded in agreement. It was not just entertainment media; even the trusted outlets were starting to chase

trends for more attention..

Joe lazily yawned, looking obviously half-awake. "How could a princess compare to Yvette? If they're going to make things up, at least call her a queen. Seriously, they have such little insight. Princesses are for political marriages; queens are the conquerors." Thinking of that, Joe took out his phone and called. As soon as the call connected, he said, "Hey, change the headlines on our website about the winner of the world fashion competition and the boss behind Vibe, and remove any mention of princess" or any other inappropriate words."

After hanging up, Joe casually sipped his iced Americano, instantly feeling refreshed and awake.

Everyone

was looking at Joe. Sienna spoke up, "Mysonna's Phoenix Entertainment website is owned by the Yoder family."

If Joe had not made this call, Sienna would have forgotten that the largest entertainment website in Mysonna was under the Yoder family. With Sienna's explanation, everyone understood immediately.

Yvette sat on the sofa with her legs crossed and a charming smile on her beautiful face. She looked at the incoming o her phone and answered it.

call on

As soon as the call connected, Aurora's gentle voice came through, "Yvette, how have you been lately? Is the climate in Mysonna treating you well? You've been away for so long. I really miss you. I watched the award ceremony yesterday. Yvette, you were amazing. Just by hearing Aurora's voice, Yvette could tell how delighted she was and how proud she felt of her.

Yvette held the phone, listening to Aurora's voice. Sunlight streamed through the window, casting a noble yet relaxed glow on her brow. She spoke slowly, "I miss you too."

In the living room, everyone's eyes darted towards Yvette after hearing those words. They wondered, "Mr. Chavez is still on the plane at this time. So who is it? Who could make Yvette say she missed him? Ob-my... Yvette at this moment is as gentle as an angel."

On the other end of the line, Aurora felt relieved upon hearing these words and stayed quiet for quite a while. Yvette did not hang up either; she just held the phone without any urgency.

After a long pause, Aurora's voice came back. "Oh my gosh. I'm so excited that you said you missed me. Yvette, you're so adorable. Im going to faint from happiness."

At that moment, a familiar man's voice came through the phone "Aren't you too grown-up to be jumping around?" Even

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over the phone, Yvette rould catch the hint of jealousy in his voice

**Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez
- Secrets Of MrS 507[1,277 words]**

Chapter 507

Frankie, Bruce, Joey, Emmett, Chris, and Sienna did not even bother to eat their breakfast. They all gathered around the sofa. Some were pretending to read, others acted like they were reading the newspaper, and some were just drinking water. Eventually, Jory saw that everything he could use to cover his actions at the table had been taken by the others, so he decided to just pretend to sleep, squinting his eyes and keeping his ears perked up. Yvette glanced around casually, and everyone quickly pretended to be absorbed in their own tasks. She slowly formed a mischievous smile, rested her chin on her hand, and continued on the phone, "I'm fine. No need to worry about me. Take care of yourself."

As soon as she said that, the people around her instantly froze. They exchanged secretive glances and wondered, "Is Mr. Chavez facing another rival in love? Judging by Yvette's tone, the guy on the other end of the line is very special to her."

On the other end of the line, Aurora reminded Yvette to take care of herself. Before hanging up, Clifford added, "We're waiting for you to come home. Without you, no one's been eating the desserts Cara makes."

In Betrico, after hanging up, Aurora looked at Clifford, who seemed a bit awkward. She thought, "Clifford is so pretentious. Clearly, he wanted to show he cared for Yvette but ended up using the excuse of no one eating Cara's desserts. He's such a stubborn man."

Clifford saw Aurora staring at him and unconsciously touched his nose, then grabbed a book to leave. Aurora watched his retreating figure and said, "You've been like this for years. Is it really so hard to say something caring to Yvette? Your excuse about Cara's desserts is just too weak."

In response to Aurora's joking, Clifford pretended to cough. "Who said I cared for her? Why are you taking my casual words so seriously?"

After saying that, he hurriedly walked out. He thought, "If I don't leave now, who knows what kind of scolding Aurora will give me next? But Yvette is really outstanding. I watched the award ceremony video, and she carried herself with such poise, making Clusia proud in front of the foreign media."

Meanwhile, in the villa, Yvette, who had just ended the call, was unaware that yesterday's award ceremony video had already gone viral on Clusia's video sites.

"Oh my gosh, it really is my Goddess. Yesterday, I thought I was imagining things, but it truly was my Goddess. She's actually the mastermind behind Vibe."

"It's truly astonishing; Yvette's name has become synonymous with miracles. Recently, she outperformed Ybaullans, leaving them embarrassed, and now she's made a splash in front of the Mysonna media. My Goddess is just so cool."

"I'm a fan of Goddess and usually adore Vibe's clothes. Unfortunately, they're too pricey for me to afford, but I'll scrape together whatever I can to buy something for my Goddess this time."

"Have you all forgotten Goddess' age? She wasn't even an adult when she started Vibe. It's amazing for a teenage girl to create a fashion legend like Vibe."

"Look at Goddess, then look at myself-I'm really just here to make up the numbers. Hugging my small self. I declare that Goddess is my one and only idol for life."

Yvette's bold and free-spirited attitude, along with her defiant stance in front of foreign media, had attracted a large fan base once again. Some people even uncovered the fact that she was the person who defeated the Ybaullans, and the recent incident at the coffee shop where she dealt with them had become a hot topic again.

The name Yvette became a trending topic nationwide once more. This time, even the official national media shared it, officially recognizing her as the Goddess of Clusia. Many people started imitating her style-sportswear, baseball caps, and canvas shoes-starting a new trend. It was found out that the outfit Yvette wore while accepting her award was sportswear from Argrol University, which led to

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Argrol University's sportswear becoming highly sought after. Yvette's fashion style quickly caught on and became extremely popular among the youth.

Emmett and the others saw Yvette hang up the phone and quickly acted casual as they asked, "Yvette, who was that? A friend of yours?" Everyone else perked up their cars.

Yvette stood up slowly, her long lashes slightly lowered to hide the sparkle in her eyes. She let out a soft, slow chuckle and smiled with interest. "Oh, just someone close to me. I have to go.

After finishing her words, Yvette began to walk away. Emmett called out, "Yvette, do you need a ride?"

Yvette paused mid-step, without looking back, and replied casually. "No need. You stay and discuss the return of the artifacts with Joe."

Emmett knew this was the most important thing right now, so he could only nod. "Alright. If you need anything, just give

me a call."

Yvette nodded slightly. "Okay." With that, she left gracefully, leaving the few people in the living room staring at each other in surprise.

Joe lounged casually on the couch, listening to the roar of motorcycles from outside the window. "Well, Emmett, you need to warn your Mr. Chavez to be careful. Yvette's got plenty of admirers, you know."

Joe was the type who loved to watch the drama unfold. He thought, "Poor Mr. Chavez. Usually it's the girlfriend who's fending off other women, but for him, it's the opposite."

"With Yvette's charm, it's likely she'll always have admirers buzzing around. Mr. Chavez really has it tough. Frankie rolled his eyes at Joe's delight in others' troubles.

Frankie said, "Hey, you're just here for the show, huh? Hurry up and discuss with Emmett, and then step aside."

Joe shrugged it off. He was just giving honest advice; if they did not want to listen, that was their own problem.

Meanwhile, Yvette revved her motorcycle as she sped towards the medical research institute on the outskirts. Her appointment with Silas in March was fast approaching, and yesterday Silas had called to see if she could come by a bit earlier.

Standing at the front of the medical research institute, Silas, looking lively and energetic, was waiting with eight newly recruited interns. Silas kept checking his watch. He thought anxiously. "It's late. Why hasn't Yvette shown up yet?" He felt like he had been waiting forever.

In reality, there were still about ten minutes left until his meeting time with Yvette, but Silas was feeling so anxious that time seemed to drag. The interns behind him could see the impatience in Silas' eyes.

A man wearing gold-rimmed glasses stepped forward, recognized as the smartest person here-Klein Xander. The interns all looked up to him and usually followed his lead in everything, Klein's eyes had a deep, thoughtful look as he said, "Mr. Walson, is the person we're waiting for the medical genius you mentioned, the one who can help us develop an enhanced version of the No.7 Toxin?"

After Klein said that, the interns at the back asked curiously. "Mr. Walson, is this the person you invited to teach us? Which top university in Mysonna did he graduate from?"

"Mr. Walson, besides you and a few teachers, who else has worked on the No.7 Toxin project? Isn't this the top secret of our lab?"

"Mr. Walson, we don't want anyone else leading us. Who could possibly be better than you? Are we just going to share our experimental results with others?"

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Silas frowned. He was annoyed with these proud and defiant interns, but he did not have time to deal with them right now.

Finally, with a roar in the background, Silas' eyes changed immediately. He saw Yvette on the motorcycle in the distance and wished he had two more legs to rush over.

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Chapter 508

Yvette rode her motorcycle directly in front of Silas, skillfully drifted to a stop, and parked it firmly. She removed her helmet, letting her long brown hair flutter in the air. Her black motorcycle suit clung to her shapely figure, cinched at the waist, which made her look delicate. Her eyes sparkled with brilliance, and her face was too cold to gaze upon. The eight interns stood frozen in place, awed by the woman in front of them.

It was not until Silas stepped forward to say hello that these interns came out of their daze. Silas could hardly conceal his excitement. "Oh dear, you've finally come. I've been waiting for over two months."

Yvette took out a hair tie from her pocket and casually tied her hair up. She glanced at the cheerful Silas and asked, "What stage are we at with the No. 7 Toxin now?"

Yvette got straight to the point, asking about what was currently the highest secret in the lab. The No.7 Toxin was universally known as the most powerful toxin being developed worldwide. If the project succeeded, it would bring huge profits, and those involved in its creation would instantly become the most sought-after figures in the medical field. Nobody would refuse to join in this project.

These eight interns were selected from prestigious universities after numerous exams and experiments. Due to a traitor in

admitted to the the last medical experiment, a thorough background and social evaluation were conducted before they were Lab.

That was not an exaggeration to describe these interns as top talents. So when Yvette spoke up, the interns exchanged looks, appearing somewhat displeased.

They thought, "Why did we have to overcome so many obstacles to get into the lab, only to handle basic data on the No.7 Toxin, meanwhile, a girl riding a heavy motorcycle just comes in and asks about top-secret information?"

The interns initially thought Silas had brought them here so formally to introduce their new mentor. They felt contempt when they saw the young and beautiful Yvette.

They judged in mind. What could a pretty young woman know about experiments or medicine?" Silas was about to speak when a voice from behind interrupted him. "Mr. Walson, the No. 7 Toxin is our lab's top secret. I don't think it's appropriate to discuss it with outsiders," said one of the interns.

It was Klein, the first one to speak earlier. He stared at Yvette with a serious face. Although he was momentarily dazzled by Yvette's beauty and aura, he was the quickest to regain his composure.

As a medical student who considered medicine his highest calling in life, he could not stand the idea of sharing their hard-earned experimental data just like that. So, he glared at Yvette with noticeable hostility, and the others did the same.

When Silas heard Klein's words, he turned with a deep frown. He thought, "Klein, despite being an illegitimate child, is very proud due to his background in a prominent family in Mysonna. He's indeed the best among the new interns, but that doesn't justify his disrespectful behavior towards Yvette.

"It's normal for a genius like him to be arrogant, so I didn't restrict him much, but being disrespectful to Yvette is unacceptable. After all, without Yvette, there wouldn't be a medical lab or the groundbreaking No. 7 Toxin."

Silas sternly addressed the eight interns with Klein as the leader. This is Yvette, your mentor for the next month. All information on the No. 7 Toxin and top-level access can be reviewed by Yvette anytime. Do you get it?"

At his age, Silas usually would not lose his temper easily unless an experiment was done incorrectly or someone had a bad aptitude, which might earn them a scolding, or else they would be fired. It was the first time for him to be so harsh on them.

Silas' words successfully stirred up dissatisfaction among the interns.

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"Mr. Walson, you're being too hasty. You need to think this through.

"Yeah, just because she's good-looking so she can get special treatment?"

"Mr. Walson, the No. 7 Toxin is our most confidential secret. We absolutely can't just loosen access like that."

"Why should she be our mentor anyway? We come from one of the top ten universities worldwide, and each of us has outperformed numerous others to get here. Have her as our mentor? She isn't even known in the medical field. We won't accept her as our mentor." Silas looked at these clueless interns, fuming with anger. He thought. These unaware rookies in the medical field, do they really think Yvette isn't famous? That's ridiculous.

"If this prodigy wanted to, she could take my president position. These so-called geniuses have no idea that there's always someone better out there.

"Yvette's return to the lab is all because of my persistent requests. Otherwise, she wouldn't come to mentor these rookies. They're truly pushing their luck."

Yvette stood to the side, her eyes half-closed, showing a cool look. She observed the disgruntled interns in front of her. She spoke leisurely, "Are these the interns you want me to mentor? Are they tough enough? How is their physical fitness?" Silas ignored the eight shocked faces and the slight stiffness in their bodies at Yvette's words. He carefully considered for a

moment

Then he said, "Among these eight, the fittest is Klein. He's also their leader. If you want to go for someone, start with him Don't worry. They've all signed contracts with the medical lab."

Silas appeared very much like a ruthless boss at the moment while the eight interns seemed as defenseless as lambs to be slaughtered

Yvette raised an eyebrow. Without glancing at the eight interns again, she simply walked through the crowd and went inside.

Yvette's disregard left these interns angry. They had always been privileged and never treated like this. Yvette's behavior made them feel themselves like nobodies whose opinions did not matter at all.

Silas glanced at the group and thought, These interns won't understand what reality means without facing the harshness of the real world

"They think they're the geniuses? Well, over the next month, they'll see what the real hidden genius looks like."

Silas immediately caught up with Yvette. Yvette led the way while Silas followed as they entered the medical research institute, leaving the eight interns staring at each other.

Klein watched Yvette and Silas walk away, his gaze thoughtful. He wondered, "Who is this Yvette? Why does Mr. Watson hold her in such high regard? How does she get the highest access level in the medical lab?"

A girl around Klein's age spoke up from behind, "Klein, who exactly is this Yvette? What qualifies her to be our mentor? Even

why could she?" you don't get the highest access level in the lab,

"Yeah," another intern added, "It must be a joke to have her as our mentor, We're not convinced."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 509[1,163 words]

Chapter 509

Klein turned around to face the other seven people who were filled with righteous anger.

He looked at them seriously and said, "No need to hurry. If she has no real skills, she won't stay long at our lab. Besides, si Mr. Walson promoted her to this position, she must have some exceptional qualities. Let's just wait and see Klein's words calmed down the seven people, but it was obvious they still felt quite resentful.

One of them remarked, "Klein is correct. If she proves to be merely an attractive face without genuine abilities, we must stand together to remove her. The field of medicine is sacred and should not be compromised by someone who is visually pleasing but talentless" Klem said nothing

He believed that Silas wouldn't just pick a girl who knew nothing to teach them. However, he wasn't sure if this girl truly was qualified as their mentor.

Meanwhile, Silas glanced at Yvette, who seemed relaxed and indifferent. He cleared his throat and said. "Yvette, if you're planning to teach the interns a lesson, could you ensure your methods don't accidentally leave them without an arm or a leg Yvette's indifferent eyes rested on Silas. After thinking for a moment, she asked in a calm voice, "Am I really that violent?"

Silas couldn't help but roll his eyes dramatically at that remark.

He wondered, 'Doesn't she lack the confidence to claim she isn't violent? I haven't forgotten the instances of her assaulting people over the past few years

When the medical lab was first established, it got robbed once. The thief, sent by a rival to steal their research, made the mistake of targeting Yvette. Of all the people to pick, he chose the wrong one.

After Yvette caught the thief, she quickly and mercilessly broke every bone in his body before sending him back to his employer. In just three days, that competitor's medical lab went under and disappeared from the scene.

The thief's pitiful state and Yvette's calm, mischief-laden expression at that time left a vivid impression on everyone who witnessed the scene.

Silas continued, "So, do you need me to set you up with a room the lab this month? I assure you, the Lab's conditions are much better now than before."

As he said this, Silas rubbed his nose.

The reason the medical lab had grown to this size now was all thanks to Yvette's continuous financial backing

The investments in medical equipment were massive and were a constant drain on funds. If Yvette hadn't transferred money from her account every month without fail, the medical lab wouldn't have reached its current size. Those students even challenged Yvette, which drove Silas crazy

Yvette was a generous benefactor. Silas wished to make a sacrifice to Yvette in the hope of securing her long life.

Yvette lowered her gaze nonchalantly, shrugged casually, and turned to Silas, saying, "No thanks, I'll commute."

Silas nodded in agreement when he heard this. He commented, "That's great!"

Then Silas rubbed his hands together, with a slightly awkward and sly look.

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Yvette saw Silas's expression and raised an eyebrow, her demeanor calm and a bit flippant.

"Running low on money?" she

asked.

Silas chuckled, his laughter highlighting the deep wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

He said, "Oh, you really do know me well! Yes, I'm short on funds. The enhanced version of No.7 Toxin keeps failing, and the costs for the new intern are significant.

"The thirty million dollars you transferred last time has dwindled down to just about a hundred thousand. The lab is nearly out of resources, so here I am, shamelessly asking you for more. Yvette stood there, hands in her pockets, watching Silas grinning like a fool. She pinched the bridge of her nose and said playfully. "Can't keep things going? That's a shame.

"Maybe you could sell some of those fancy collections of yours to keep things afloat a little longer."

Silas showed a bitter look as he repeatedly shook his hands.

He shouted. "No way! Those treasures are going with me to the grave. Without them, I won't rest easy in the afterlife. You wouldn't want me turning in my grave, would you, dear Yvette?" To emphasize his refusal, Silas added, "If I can't rest in peace, I'll have to come to haunt you at midnight!*

With her gaze slightly averted, Yvette regarded Silas with an amused expression and spoke softly. Til send you some money later so that you can rest in peace.

Silas felt relieved as he realized his collection was finally safe. Yet, there was something oddly unsettling about those words Yvette said.

Yvette turned to Silas, who was lagging a step behind, and urged, "Hurry up!"

Silas quickly caught up with her.

When Klein led the interns walked into the lab lobby, Yvette was lounging comfortably on a chair, legs crossed and chin propped up, looking as relaxed as if she were at home. Silas sat next to Yvette, surrounded by a heap of documents they were both familiar with, stacked up high.

The sight of this scene left a few interns feeling quite unsettled.

So far, they had only gotten through about a third of those documents, Klein had managed a bit more, finishing at least half.

The towering stacks of materials made the interns green with envy

They didn't know what made Yvette so special

Yvette glanced at the eight interns and spun her chair with a flick of her toe. She remained calm, with a slight smile.

Silas just glanced up at the students approaching him with a casual look.

Klein and the others watched Yvette rapidly flip through the documents, page after page, with remarkable speed.

They doubted how she could possibly process that information so quickly

Medical jargon, intricate equations, and the minutiae of experiments were all complex and challenging to grasp. Skimming. through them so quickly was likely just a gesture for appearances. Watching Yvette's quick reading disappointed Klein, who pondered, 'She does read fast, but what can she actually understand by doing so?

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Klein stepped forward and bowed sincerely to Silas, saying, "I'm sorry, Mr. Walson. We know we shouldn't interfere with your decision. I apologize on behalf of my fellows. We were too impulsive. We're really sorry, Mr. Walson." Silas

put down the papers he was holding and looked at Klein, whose expression seemed genuinely sincere.

Silas remarked, "You should apologize to Yvette. She's your mentor, and I've gone to great lengths to bring her in to guide you. What you did was very disappointing, you know? If you mean to apologize, apologize to Yvette." Although Klein's expression remained unchanged when he heard this, his hands at his sides suddenly clenched tightly.

These students had been elites since childhood, so they were unwilling to apologize to a woman with no background or reputation in the medical field.

The others stayed silent, watching Klein.

Yvette's eyes were deep and enigmatic, emitting a mysterious glow akin to the sparkle of starlight.

Although the atmosphere was depressing, her composure indicated that her mood wasn't quite affected.

Yvette noticed Klein's clenched hands and the defiant faces behind him. She frowned slightly and asked calmly, "Not convinced?"

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 510[1,222 words]

Chapter 510

Klein's eyes were fixed on Yvette, and he didn't answer immediately. The other interns stayed quiet, too. Yvette wasn't in hurry at all, flipping through her documents quickly, reading ten lines at once.

The interns were envious as Yvette casually tossed aside the high level documents that they usually couldn't access. After a moment, Klein looked at Yvette's indifferent profile and finally spoke, "Ms. Zeller." Hearing this, Silas reprimanded Klein again, "Yvette is your mentor. If you don't know how to address her properly, you'd better go back to school and relearn your manners."

Silas embarrassed Klein in front of everyone, making the interns realize how important Yvette was to him. Their expressions became much more solemn.

After all, no one wanted to be kicked out of Silas's lab-it was Mysonna's leading medical research lab.

Medical students who trained in this lab typically went on to become leaders in their field. Expulsion would signify a loss of standing in the medical community. After Silas's reprimand, Klein's expression remained unchanged, demonstrating his ability to maintain composure.

Klein turned calmly to Yvette, who was seated in the chair, and corrected himself, saying, "Professor Zeller, we would appreciate your guidance over the next month Those behind him were taken aback by Klein's response

Yvette glanced up briefly, continuing to flip through the pages as she cast a quick look at Klein and the interns behind him, who were suppressing their anger. She raised an eyebrow, her eyes twinkling with a hint of amusement.

TII make sure to teach you earnestly, Yvette said confidently. Her tone made the interns look even more displeased-except for Klein, who stayed completely calm.

Silas noticed the defiance in the interns' eyes and said nothing more. He was aware that for the next month, these interns would have to endure Yvette's temperament, allowing him some free time to enjoy a cup of coffee and walk his dog.

Silas spoke to the interns, "Team A, go ahead and redo yesterday's experiment. Then make the report. Team B, you need to submit the summaries of the previous clinical responses to Professor Zeller. If there's anything you don't understand, ask her Then Silas turned to Yvette and said. "Ahem, I'm leaving the lab to you. I've joined a senior dating dance club recently, so I won't have time to handle them. Just manage them however you see fit. Keep them alive."

After speaking. Silas promptly left. Having shouldered this responsibility for years, he trusted no one else to handle it except when Yvette was in the lab. It was only then that he felt secure.

After Silas left, the eight interns led by Klein deliberately ignored Yvette's presence and continued with their tasks. Only Klein remained, staring at Yvette seriously, a stark contrast to his earlier polite demeanor.

With a slight smirk, he spoke in a cold, indifferent tone, "Professor Zeller, you'd better not overstep our boundaries." This revealed Klein's true nature; the demeanor he had displayed earlier was nothing more than a facade.

Yvette put down the documents and took her time pulling a handkerchief out of her pocket, meticulously cleaning each of her fingers. She crossed her legs with a somewhat playful and rebellious look, looking up at Klein, who was mature and hypocritical. Yvette spoke slowly and clearly, "Klein Xander, aged twenty-two At the age of fourteen, he won first place in the Mysonna Math Competition, earning him a recommendation to the Mysonna Imperial College of Science.

"There, he excelled as the top student in the Medicine Department for four consecutive years. It's worth noting that he is the Xander family's illegitimate child." J:04 Mon, Dec 23

Chapter 510

The words "illegitimate child" made Klein's eyes widen slightly. The information about his academic background was accessible online, but hardly anyone knew about his identity as the Xander family's illegitimate son. Klein fixed a sharp gaze on Yvette, asking sternly. "How do you know I'm part of the Xander family? Have you been investigating me?"

Yvette casually lowered her eyes and looked cool and detached. She remarked, "Just a random check; remember to be more discreet if you want to keep your identity hidden. You can leave now."

Klein was taken aback. Yvette's indifference made him suspect that he was just being too cautious. It didn't seem like Yvette despised him because of his identity, but he wasn't sure.

Klein didn't believe it, but he saw no trace of disdain on Yvette's face. At that moment, his emotions were very complicated.

His hidden identity had been exposed just like that, and being an illegitimate child always made him feel ashamed. He had always strived for excellence, believing that being the best was the only way to earn his family's attention. Klein didn't move for a long time. Yvette squinted slightly at him, with a bit of impatience. Then she looked down at the documents as her fingers flipped through the pages quickly. Suddenly, she asked, "Why are you still here?" Klein snapped out of his daze, giving Yvette a complex look before leaving. Yvette was now alone there. At that moment, her phone rang.

She set the files down, took out her phone, and looked at the phone screen. It was Jeremiah. She answered the call and heard Jeremiah's magnetic voice.

He said, "I've arrived, just letting you know I'm safe. For some reason, Yvette sensed a hint of sadness in those words."

She was silent for a moment before she nonchalantly replied, "Okay." Meanwhile, Jeremiah stood with the phone in hand, and the large training ground in the military zone was quiet.

Jeremiah heard her detached and cool voice on the other end of the line. Then he inquired. "Why didn't you tell me to take care? I've not been feeling well lately." He added a slight cough to emphasize his point.

Upon hearing this, Yvette kept her relaxed posture, with a few strands of hair touching her forehead.

She pressed her lips together, her eyes twinkling with amusement, as she casually replied, "Oh, you're upset because I told your mom to take care of herself? Alright, I won't do it next time."

Yvette knew how to handle Jeremiah. While his tone showed a bit of grievance, Yvette's voice carried a lot more. She completely turned the tables on Jeremiah.

When Jeremiah heard Yvette's pitiful voice on the phone, he felt bit overwhelmed, and he instantly turned nervous. It was the first time Yvette used such a sad tone with him, and even though he knew she was faking it, it got to him. Jeremiah was even more surprised that it was Aurora who called Yvette this morning. He rubbed his forehead, regretting his jealous words.

Jeremiah said awkwardly, "Well, I'm still a bit busy here. I should be done in about a week and head back to Mysonna Emmett and the Yoder family have agreed to officially escort the bronze artifacts back home next Friday"

Those three bronze artifacts had great significance. After the press conference, to avoid attracting any unwanted attention, Carl quickly arranged for the artifacts to be sent back home, preventing any unforeseen troubles. After hanging up, Yvette thought about the embarrassment in Jeremiah's voice during the call and smiled tenderly

All afternoon, the interns in the medical lab acted as if Yvette wasn't there, quietly collaborating to pressure her into leaving and making her feel unwelcome,

09.05 Mon, Dec.

Chapter 310

After Yvette revealed Klein's identity, he spent the entire afternoon doing experiments in the room, intentionally avoiding

her.

COMMENT

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 511[1,147 words]

At 5 pm, the people in the labs were ready to finish for the day, feeling even more frustrated seeing Yvette relaxing in her chair. They believed that Silas must be out of his mind to make his woman their mentor.

They thought Yvette hadn't done a thing all afternoon and didn't look like she came to do any research at all. It seemed more like she was on vacation, which was truly infuriating.

However, the interns didn't dare say anything like they did in the morning, because if Yvette complained to Silas, they would face the consequences.

As a male intern passed by Yvette, he joked, Professor Zeller's had quite a leisurely day, unlike us who are reeling with exhaustion, our hands practically numb from all the experiments. Are you worn out from just sitting there?"

The male intern, who was admitted to the lab with the second-highest score in their comprehensive exam, only slightly behind Klein, was named Kellen Cairns,

As soon as Kellen said those words, the other interns who were about to leave stopped in their tracks, staring at Yvette in

Yvette lazily yawned, her eyes tinged with a hint of red. She smirked and tilted her head in an utterly nonchalant manner. saying, "Indeed. How about you give me a massage?"

in the

Kellen's temper ignited the moment he heard her comment. He felt insulted. As a top student and an emerging star medical field, he was convinced that his hands were not destined for massaging Yvette. To him, she was undermining his dignity.

The people around started to criticize Yvette too, and someone said, "Poor Kellen, he's just being nice, but she insulted him like that. How could she even be a teacher?"

Another commented, "With Mr. Walson backing her, Professor Heller doesn't even care about us. She can do whatever she wants in the medical world."

An intern remarked, "Shut up! What if Professor Zeller got her position through her ability? We shouldn't underestimate her" However, everyone could tell the sarcasm in those words, knowing it was meant ironically. Kellen angrily shouted, "Professor Zeller, isn't that too much? I wouldn't massage you even if you begged me. As a mentor, how could you insult your student like that?" He sounded righteous and very agitated. Yvette raised her eyebrow and casually picked up a medical book from the desk. She suddenly smiled and threw the book in her hand directly into Kellen's chest.

Stunned, Kellen stumbled back a couple of steps. Yvette's action left the others present dumbfounded.

Momentarily dazed by the hit, Kellen looked from the medical book on the ground back to Yvette with anger blazing in his eyes. Yvette twirled the pen in her hand, seemingly bringing it to life as it spun faster and faster With a defiant expression, Yvette leaned back in the chair. She asked in an icy tone, "If you don't want to massage me, why waste my time here?"

Kellen's face flushed red at those words, an just a brute."

he couldn't help but retort, "Yvette, you don't deserve to be our mentor. You're

Yvette shrugged indifferently with a playful smile. She pointed the pen in her hand directly at Kellen. For some reason, Kellen felt a chill down his spine, and he instinctively stepped aside. Yvette's long and slender fingers held the pen. The interns had a rather absurd feeling-that at this moment, the pen in Yvette's hand wasn't a pen, but a sword, sharp and unstoppable.

1/3

09:05 Mon, Dec 23

Chapter 311

Watching them. Yvette took out her phone from her pocket and dialed a number. Silas answered in less than ten seconds

He said. "Hey, Yvette, what's up? Are those students acting up again? Like I said, if they don't cooperate, just put them in their place.

"Don't worry

about me-just leave them breathing. Paralyzing them is fine if needed; after all, that's our field of expertise. no big deal, we can handle it

Since getting to know Yvette. Silas had come to believe that physical punishment was effective for taming unruly individuals and making them obey. If one instance of punishment didn't suffice, he would simply repeat it until compliance was achieved. Often, he found that straightforward and crude methods were the most successful.

Yvette spoke with a lighthearted tone, "Someone told me I'm not fit to be their mentor, and it's really getting to me. What do you think I should do about it?"

Kellen, who was standing closest, thought he heard someone shouting on the phone. He immediately recognized the voice as Silas, but surely Silas wouldn't be so respectful to Yvette.

Kellen pondered, That's absolutely impossible. Mr. Walson is a prominent figure in the medical field. Why would he lower himself like that? I must have misheard

Silas knew exactly what Yvette meant, thinking, "Yvette's probably thinking about whether to take action or not. Those damn

interns

Silas had repeatedly warned them not to provoke Yvette, and now, they made trouble for him.

Silas said, "Yvette, put your phone on speaker. Take a deep breath. You really need to take a deep breath, and don't take actions impulsively."

Then Yvette pressed the speaker button, and Silas's frustrated voice filled the lab.

He shouted, "Who? Who's causing trouble again? Is the workload I've given you all too easy? Is that why you're looking for more to do? Who is it this time?"

Kellen tensed up and glared at Yvette, thinking, 'She really knows how to find protection under someone powerful, doesn't she? How could just some harsh words get reported to Mr. Walson? This is outrageous!

What the interns didn't realize was that Yvette had actually made the call to help them avoid trouble.

Kellen could only brace himself and carefully explain over the phone, "Mr. Walson, it's me, Kellen. I had a little misunderstanding with Professor Zeller

"I was just concerned about her, and I didn't expect her to be so upset and call you. I'm sorry. I really didn't mean it." Silas really didn't want to hear Kellen's explanation right now. If Yvette got mad, then everyone would be in trouble.

Kellen thought Silas would definitely be convinced of his explanation and glanced smugly at Yvette. He couldn't believe Silas could be so biased towards Yvette.

Yvette looked at the smug Kellen with a wicked smile and said to the phone calmly. "Do you believe that he didn't mean to?" After a brief silence, Silas said in an even angrier voice than before. "Did you not mean it? Kellen, do you think I'm a fool? If you hadn't been aggressive, how could Yvette have gotten upset

I seems like you don't want to stay in this lab anymore. That's fine. If you don't think Yvette can supervise you, you even have to pay the penalty for breaking the contract."

don't

09:05 Mon, Dec 23

Chapter 511

Silas took a deep breath and went on to shout, "And to everyone there, listen carefully because I'm only saying this once. If anyone disrespects Yvette, you'll be kicked out. Yvette is in charge of the medical lab. Don't you understand my words?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 512[1,164 words]

Chapter 512

Silas' words over the phone frustrated the interns. Kellen could hardly keep his composure.

After warning the interns, Silas said to Yvette in an extremely gentle tone, "Yvette, if you find any of these people annoying. feel free to let any one of them go. Don't strain yourself. Make sure to keep your spirits up and enjoy your time there. - than

Silas knew clearly that as long as Yvette was happy, the enhanced version of No.7 Toxin could be developed in no more than half a month.

Just then, Klein walked out from another lab. With all the noise outside, it was impossible for him to pretend he hadn't heard anything. He had heard every single word Silas said.

He hesitated slightly before he casually walked over. As soon as Klein appeared, all the other interns seemed to become more confident.

They asked eagerly, "Klein, have you finished your experiment?"

Someone told him, "Klein, Kellen offended Professor Zeller, and Mr. Walson is really angry now."

Another stated, "Yeah, Kellen just asked a question."

At this point, none of the interns dared to directly confront Yvette, but their words implied more meaning. Kellen looked at Klein with a sad expression.

However, Yvette was sitting comfortably on the chair, tapping her toes. Her expression remained calm and indifferent. Gazing at the crowd with her bright eyes, she sneered silently. Looking at Yvette, Klein walked towards her. The other interns looked at Klein with anticipation, hoping he would stand

forward. for them. Kellen was particularly hopeful, so excited he could hardly speak as he watched Klein step

up

Klein nodded respectfully at Yvette, who was seated, and said politely. "Professor Zeller. I've organized the materials that Mr. Walson asked for. Here you are."

Yvette glanced down at the documents that Klein placed on the desk. She replied with a smile, "Okay."

After speaking, Klein turned to leave, leaving the other interns bewildered by his sudden shift in demeanor.

This morning, Klein had been irritable as well, so the others were at a loss to understand why he had become so deferential to Yvette in just a few hours.

Kellen was even more in disbelief, his eyes filled with disappointment as he looked at Klein. Seeing the others' expressions. Klein clenched his fists slightly before walking out. Unable to hold back, Kellen pleaded for his help and said, "Klein..."

Klein stopped, faced Kellen, and said sternly, "Kellen, if it was an honest mistake, apologize to Professor Zeller. It's not worth offending her impulsively."

Klein's words made Kellen's face flush with embarrassment, Seeing the sympathetic looks from those around him, Kellen felt like a fool, but he had clearly heard what Silas had said earlier.

If Kellen truly refused to compromise, Yvette would have no choice but to drive him away. Kellen bit his lip in a show of helplessness, lowered his head, and approached Yvette, his nails almost digging into his skin. Kellen said. "Professor Zeller, I'm sorry

Kellen felt humiliated, and the room fell silent.

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Chapter 512

After apologizing, Kellen lifted his head, veins bulging in anger. Yvette casually skimmed through Klein's documents.

She probably already knew where the issue with the enhanced version of No.7 Toxin lay. Upon hearing Kellen's apology, she didn't even look up, remaining expressionless.

She spoke in a detached tone, "Listen carefully. For the next month, cease dwelling on trivial matters. Should you have any inquiries regarding the enhanced version of No.7 Toxin, do not hesitate to voice them. "However, if you choose not to ask, that is your prerogative. Just member, I have a short fuse and can become quite dangerous, so I advise you to stay on your best behavior."

The interns were frozen in place by her words, wondering, What does she mean by she can become quite dangerous? Is she trying to threaten us?'

The interns thought Yvette was bluffing, so they didn't take her words seriously. After finishing her words, Yvette stood up and placed the documents she was holding back onto the desk.

As she started to walk out, she paused briefly beside Klein. Calmly, she remarked. "In Experiment A, the dosage of small molecule proteins was exceeded by two milligrams,"

Upon hearing this, Klein was shocked. A flicker of disbelief crossed his eyes, and he thought, How could that be possible?"

Yvette had only given his data a quick glance, yet she identified the small molecule protein dosage issue. Klein pondered. No wonder the experiment hasn't succeeded. Could this really be the reason? The interns watched Yvette's departing figure, which looked proud and arrogant. They didn't know why she was so confident.

After Yvette left, the interns remained still. Finally, Klein said, "Since Mr. Walson had her as our mentor, he must have his reasons. Let's leave the lab.

The interns gazed at Klein, and their demeanor had subtly changed. A tinge of reproach was evident in their eyes, Kellen exhibiting the most pronounced disapproval.

with

Kellen lifted his bloodshot eyes and spoke to Klein in an eerie tone, "Klein, we've always admired and followed your lead at the lab. But you've really disappointed us this time.

"We don't want Yvette as our mentor, and we refuse to take her guidance. She hasn't earned our respect

After finishing his words, Kellen stormed off, leaving the other interns standing there awkwardly. They glanced at Klein but said nothing as they each left the lab

Klein lowered his gaze, realizing that Yvette might be more knowledgeable than he had imagined.

After Fashion Week and the fashion competition, Sienna had very little left on her agenda and took the opportunity to savor her free time.

The management systems of Vibe were already well established. If Sienna had to handle everything personally, she would have been exhausted.

Sienna took a sip of her coffee and looked at Bruce, Chris, and Frankie on the couch, asking, "What do you think Yvette is doing today? She's being all secretive."

Joe and Emmett were upstairs talking about how to escort the bronze artifacts back home.

Bruce put down his newspaper and said, "I have no idea."

Sienna pouted and said, "Can't you just take a guess? You're no fun at all."

I

SEND GIFT

Chapter 312

Frankie chuckled and cast a sly glance at Siena and Bruce, saying, "Sienna, trust me, Bruce has always been this dull. If you ever grow tired of him, I promise to find you a rich and handsome alternative." Sienna nodded eagerly and replied readily, "Sure, Frankie, my future happiness depends on you."

Chris glanced at Bruce's face, which was cold and unreadable, but Sienna and Frankie went completely unnoticed.

Chris quietly shuffled in his seat, continuing with his own tasks. Bruce stood up and walked to the other end of the sofa where Frankie was, grabbing him by the neck.

Frankie, who was chatting enthusiastically, suddenly felt short of breath.

Frankie asked. "Who is it? Oh, Bruce, what are you doing? We were just joking around, okay? There's absolutely no one more suited for Sienna than you. You two are perfect together, a match made in heaven." As he spoke, he coughed.

Sienna observed Frankie being abruptly dragged away. Then, catching sight of Bruce's icy demeanor, she considered making a discreet exit.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 513[1,163 words]

Chapter 513

Sienna thought of slipping away while Bruce wasn't looking. She barely moved when Bruce, still holding onto Frankie, shot her a look. Sienna quickly gave an innocent grin, pretending to brush dust off the sofa. She murmured, "Well, there's dust. It's not clean. I wasn't trying to escape, just wiping it off. You know I have this thing about cleanliness."

Bruce's eyes flashed with a quick hint of amusement that was almost imperceptible.

Frankie, being dragged by Bruce, shouted loudly, "Sienna, save me! I'm about to be strangled. You can't just run off like that, Sienna. You need to do something, help!"

Sienna could only nod reluctantly, twirling her fingers. She cautiously spoke sweetly to Bruce, "How about first, and we go upstairs for a chat?"

you let him go

Bruce's gaze fixed on Sienna's delicate face. Though his expression remained a bit cold, he replied, "Okay, let's go upstairs."

Sienna felt a shiver when she saw Bruce's threatening eyes. The last time he gave her that look, she felt sore all over for two days. This time, she hoped he would be gentler to her. Bruce let go of Frankie and waved for Sienna to come over. Sienna reluctantly dragged her feet to him.

Then Bruce took her hand and went upstairs without looking back. Frankie, who had just caught his breath, was left there with Chris, who remained calm..

Frankie rubbed his neck, thinking. Bruce's really violent. But why don't they just chat here? What's the point of going upstairs? That's weird.

Confused, Frankie looked at Chris sitting on the couch and asked, "What's up with those two? Do they really need to go upstairs to talk? Damn, is Bruce really going to hurt Sienna?" Chris looked away from the analysis on the computer to glance at the not-so-bright Frankie. For the first time, Chris wondered why Jeremiah chose this guy as his follower.

Chris pinched the bridge of his nose and muttered, "Frankie, you are such a fool." Hearing this, Frankie immediately jumped up from the floor, bursting with indignation.

He asked, "Chris, that's unfair! Why did you insult me? I was just worried that Sienna might get beaten..."

At this point, Frankie suddenly stopped talking when he saw Chris helpless look and realized what was going on. "No way! Are they really going to do that? That's intense!" exclaimed Frankie. Then he looked upstairs and clicked his tongue twice with a cheeky grin, thinking, 'Poor Sienna. It was clear that Bruce was just using me as bait. Men are really conniving"

At that moment, Yvette rode her hefty motorcycle to a shop in the downtown area. The establishment was owned by a local couple hailing from Mysonna and was renowned for its delicious burgers.

In the past, when Yvette grew tired from her lab work, she would treat herself to two or three cheeseburgers from this shop. However, it had been three years since her last visit for a burger there.

At the burger shop's entrance, Yvette pushed the door open. There wasn't a single customer inside, just a plump lady behind the counter, sleeping on it.

As Yvette entered, the bell above the door rang. The plump lady woke up rubbing her eyes, looked at Yvette in disbelief, and rubbed her eyes again. Once she was certain it was really Yvene, she stood up excitedly. 09:09 Mon, Dec 23

Chapter 513

The woman exclaimed, "Oh dear Yvette, is that you? Oh my gos It's been three years since you last visited

K 84%

The lady's excitement was obvious. Yvette looked at her, raised her eyebrow, and softly said, 'Susan, it's been a long time"

Susan Jensen quickly approached Yvette but held back from hugging her, knowing she wasn't fond of close contact

Susan asked, "Dear Yvette, are you here for a burger today? Oh, hat bad luck, Mike's gone to the Best Chef Competition He's not in today. What a pity!

Susan looked apologetic. Yvette casually bent her long, slender legs and told Susan, "It's alright. I'll come back tomorrow. Ill be around for a while."

Susan nodded and said, "Oh, dear Yvette, that's great, looking forward to seeing you tomorrow."

Just as Susan finished her words, the door opened again. The shop owner, Mike Jensen, returned looking downcast. Seeing Yvette, he was as excited as Susan. Mike exclaimed. "Dear Yvette, it's really you! I can't believe it's been three years. You've become even more beautiful"

Mike was an elderly man nearing seventy, with grey hair. His body was slightly hunched from years of working in the kitchen, but his eyes were still bright Yvette nodded and said, "Hello, Mike"

Mike's compliment was sincere. Even though he tried to hide his disappointment, Susan and Yvette could easily see it.

Susan gently patted Mike's back and asked, "What happened, dear? Weren't you supposed to be at the contest? Why are you back so early?"

Mike looked at Susan and sighed.

He said, "I won't be joining the competition. Logan Brown, the chairman, has introduced a new rule: participants must be Certified Culinaricians. I've been in kitchens all my life but never took those exams. They informed me I'm ineligible because I don't fulfill the criteria" Hearing Logan's name, Yvette smirked. She thought, "That old guy really makes a fuss over nothing for a competition.

Mike didn't participate in the competition to win prizes but to showcase his craftsmanship to a broader audience. However, he didn't meet the requirements of the competition,

Susan gently comforted Mike, her weathered face radiating kindness.

She said, "Mike, the competition rules must have been established for good reasons. Let's give it another try next time. But hey, Yvette's here, and it's been three years since she last enjoyed your burgers"

Although Mike felt some regret, he wasn't one to complain. As soon as he heard Yvette wanted his burgers, he went straight to the kitchen to cook.

Half an hour later, there were three burgers in front of Yvette. They were made with Mike's special sauce and his freshly baked bread, a taste she wouldn't find anywhere else.

This was the only place across Mysonna where one could experience this taste. Yvette just couldn't get enough of it. Mike. and Susan watched as Yvette leisurely finished all three burgers

After that, Yvette wiped her hands and looked up at the two loving faces. She asked, "Do you have some paper and a pen?"

Susan nodded immediately and went to the counter, pulling out a sheet of paper and a pen, and placed them on the table. Mike asked, "Dear Yvette, what are you doing?"

09:05 Mon, Dec 23

Chapter 313

884%

Yvette nodded slightly, her gaze cool and composed. She wrote two lines on the paper and then folded it up to hand to Mike.

She said gently. "Mike, at the competition tomorrow, give this note to Logan. After he reads it, he'll let you participate."

Mike took the note from Yvette, his hands trembling with excitement.

He said, "Dear Yvette, maybe we should let it go. I think I shouldn't participate."

Mike didn't know what the relationship between Yvette and Logan was.

He was worried that Yvette might have traded something for the chance, which he wouldn't accept..

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 514[1,209 words]

Chapter 514

Yvette glanced at Mike, who was visibly anxious yet keen to participate in the competition. He was also concerned about what Yvene might have traded something to secure his spot.

With a nonchalant smile, she explained. "A few years back, he owed me a favor. Recommending you for the competition is just him repaying that debt."

Yvette's tone was casual, but the debt Logan owed her was not something that could be settled with just a spot in a competition.

If it weren't for Yvette's rescue in the past, Logan would never have risen to become the Culinary Titan; he would have vanished from the culinary scene long ago.

Mike and Susan watched Yvette walk away. Susan nestled in Mike's arms and remarked, "Yvette hasn't changed at all these years"

Holding Yvette's note. Mike said with a warm smile, "Yvette may appear to be aloof, but she has a kind heart. I shouldn't have bothered her.

Seeing Mike's guilty look. Susan gently said, "Dear, as long as you do well in the competition, you'll be honoring Yvette's kindness. Mike nodded, determined to enter the competition and achieve a good standing.

After leaving the burger shop, Yvette went straight back to the villa. As soon as she walked in, she saw Frankie lounging lazily on the couch, looking totally bored. Chris was sitting nearby, focused on the computer screen.

When Frankie saw Yvette strolling in leisurely, he jumped up from the couch and immediately complained. "Yvette, you're finally back! I was nearly strangled by Bruce just now, but thankfully, my good fortune saved me, or you wouldn't have seen your cheerful friend again!"

Yvette settled onto the couch, cast a composed look at Frankie, and teased, "I think you barely made it out alive"

Chris quietly stood up, poured a glass of orange juice at the counter, and placed it in front of Yvette. She nodded slightly. saying. Thanks"

Jeremiah always personally attended to Yvette's needs. In his absence, the others were well-practiced in stepping in, such as preparing orange juice or milk for Yvette before bedtime.

Chris said, "Right in front of Bruce, Frankie began discussing the idea of setting Sienna up with a wealthy and attractive man, as well as some young, good-looking options. Frankie and Sienna were chatting about it quite enthusiastically. Frankie barely managed to escape the situation."

Chris paused for a moment, glanced awkwardly upstairs, and added, "Sienna went upstairs with Bruce, and it seems like she's being punished now."

Chris uttered those words with a stern expression, which, oddly enough, appeared somewhat amusing,

Yvette sat on the couch with her eyes down, legs crossed, and holding her glass as she slowly sipped the orange juice. She glanced at Frankie and asked, "Is this what you call a lucky escape" Frankie knew Sienna was being punished by Bruce alone, so he just gave an awkward laugh.

"Well, Yvette, Bruce's got a soft spot for Sienna, but with me, he's incirciless. Sienna can handle it herself

Yvette sneered in a laid-back way, rubbed her temples lazily, and looked over at Chris, who was typing on the keyboard.

Chris sensed Yvette's gaze, looked up, and said, "Yvette, is my typing noise bothering you? I'll go to the study."

1/3

09:05 Mon, Dec.

Chapter 314 83%

Yvette said calmly, "No, you're not bothering me, What are you working on?" She noticed Chris had been constantly working on his computer, which interested her

Frankie smirked and said, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez has handed over the assets here in Mysonna for Chris to manage. He's been deeply into stocks lately and hasn't decided which ones to buy yet. "The market's been pretty shaky recently. One wrong move and Mr. Chavez's wedding gift money could be lost."

Frankie was just joking. With Jeremiah's wealth, he wouldn't run out of money. Even if he invested everything in the stock market today, the mines in Afria would earn him unlimited profit tomorrow, Chris turned his laptop towards Yvette, showing her the stock trend charts on the screen. The stock market was really complex, with many hidden dealings involved.

Purchasing stocks at their lowest prices and selling them at their peak was the key to making money. However, with thousands of stocks available in the market, this strategy was not straightforward.

Deciding which stock to purchase, the optimal time to buy, and the right moment to sell all demanded meticulous analysis: and a keen sense of foresight. In essence, the stock market was akin to an open and fair game of chance. Yvette glanced at the stock market trends chart on the computer screen and then looked away in less than a minute.

Chris said, "Yvette, Mysonna's stock market and international markets have been quite unstable recently.

"Three international companies have declared bankruptcy in quick succession, leading to many investors losing everything. This is due to some financial magnates manipulating the market from behind the scenes.

"Independent investors bore the brunt of the losses, while the insiders cashed out at the peak of the stock prices, making a fortune. They sold out just in time, and the market hasn't recovered for months because of their manipulation." Therefore, Chris hadn't made his move yet. He had been analyzing carefully all this time. He wanted to find the most suitable moment to invest, as it seemed those financial magnates might soon start manipulating the market again. Chris continued, "Yvette, I'm currently optimistic about three stocks: HiYoung Tech, AliGo Investments, and Derimay Finance. These stocks all have potential."

Yvette crossed her legs and lounged lazily on the sofa with a cool expression. She raised an eyebrow slightly, revealing a smart glint in her eyes.

She spoke casually. "In two months, insiders will manipulate the stock market. HiYoung Tech and AliGo Investments are merely distractions for ordinary investors, you might consider investing in Derimay Finance first." Chris was taken aback by Yvette's words. He asked, "Yvette, are you into stocks too?"

Frankie eagerly asked, "Yvette, can you just see the problems of these stocks? Is Derimay Finance really worth investing in? How did you figure it out!"

Yvette stood up, looking down at Chris and Frankie with an indifferent expression. She said calmly. Just a wild guess. I don't buy stocks."

Yvette hadn't been involved in the stock market for a long time, probably about six years. Six years ago, she lost interest because making money was too easy, and it didn't provide any challenge.

Yvette had a characteristic approach to learning: once she grasped a concept, she would quickly lose interest and move on to something new.

After saying so, Yvette went upstairs, leaving only Frankie and Chris on the sofa. Frankie smirked at Chris and said, "Yvette said she just guessed and didn't buy stocks. Do you believe that? 09:05 Mon, Dec 23

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Chris shook his head and asked earnestly, "Do you believe Yvettes idea of a wild guess aligns with our understanding of the

term?"

Chris gazed at the computer screen, contemplating Yvette's advice. Without a moment's hesitation, he transferred all 6 billion dollars from Jeremiah's account and invested it in the Denimay Finance stock that Yvette had recommended. Frankie clicked his tongue. 6 billion dollars wasn't a small amount, but putting it all in Derimay Finance seemed a bit too reckless, which was like a true all-or-nothing gamble.

After Chris bought the stock, he sent Jeremiah a message. Five minutes later, he got a reply from Jeremiah: [If she likes it, just buy it.]

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 515[1,184 words]

Chapter 515

The next day, when Yvette arrived at the medical lab, all eight interns were already there, in their lab coats, and ready to start the new round of experiments on the No 7 Toxin.

They were supposed to start after Yvette arrived, but it was evident they couldn't wait.

Kellen, who was pressured by Silas to apologize to Yvette yesterday, kept urging everyone not to wait for her. The interns collectively decided to play oblivious, except for Klein, who had already changed into his lab coat and was sitting there alone.

He ignored the other interns' hunt and didn't move an inch, waiting for Yvette to show up. The others had no choice but to wait for her as well. The lab had strict rules, and each intern had their own level. Without Klein swiping his card, the other interns couldn't open the lab door, so all their talking was pointless. Seeing that Klein was still, Kellen got impatient.

He said. "Klein, we understand you want to curry favor with Yvette, but you can't stop us from starting the experiment, can you? We've been in the lab for quite a while, and can't you just open the door for us?" Kellen was attempting to coerce Klein into surrendering his access card and joining their side, thereby turning all the interns against him. Klein, adjusting his glasses, met this pressure with a steady and composed gaze. Klein was well aware of Kellen's schemes, but he just chose to ignore Kellen. From what Yvette said yesterday. Klein realized that she was definitely not just a pretty face, so it was more advantageous for him to ally with Yvette. Klein would naturally side with Yvette, who could dismiss the interns if she became upset with Silas. As an illegitimate child. Klein had managed to endure in the Xander family all these years thanks to his cunning nature. Klein didn't answer Kellen. Instead, he looked towards the lab entrance and noticed Yvette approaching from a distance. He lowered his gaze, focusing intently on Kellen and the other interns

In a calm voice, Klein said, "Yvette is the mentor, and without her, the lab door can't be opened." No sooner had he finished speaking than the lab's automatic door opened, and Yvette walked in, having heard every word Klein said. Yvette stood there calmly, hands in her pockets, looking at the interns and Klein who had just stood up. With a slight smile. she spoke in a relaxed tone. "It's nine o'clock now. We will start the first round of experiments in an hour." Her words immediately caused dissatisfaction among the interns. Someone whispered. "What's going on? Another hour? She really doesn't seem to care about the experiment, does she?"

Another voice chimed in, "Exactly, she should have arrived early, especially since we have an experiment today,

"How can someone in the medical field be so lackadaisical? We'd practically live in the lab if we could, and yet here she is, showing up right on time and making us wait for an hour. It's quite unreasonable." "Keep your voice down; she's Mr. Walson's favorite. We can't afford to offend her, reminded someone.

After yesterday, the interns learned their lesson and didn't dare to confront Yvette directly. They only whispered quietly. Earlier, Kellen was acting all tough, but as soon as Yvette arrived he went quiet and hid behind the others, looking resentful. After Yvette spoke, she headed straight to the lounge, ignoring the reaction of the interns. As she passed Klein, his usually icy

with?" demeanor warmed up, and he asked Yvette, "Professor Zeller, is here anything I can help you

Having decided to win Yvette over, Klein knew he should show us sincerity. Yvette smirked slightly, with a hint of nonchalance in her eyes, and replied casually, "No thanks. I'll just grab some breakfast."

It was then that the interns noticed the bulge in Yvette's right pocket. Before coming here, she had made a stop at the burger

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shop a

and bought two burgers. Yvette raised an eyebrow and went to the lounge to enjoy her breakfast burgers

The interns stood in the lobby, fuming as they watched Yvette enter the lounge. As soon as she left, Kellen perked up again.

He remarked, "Professor Zeller's actions are outrageous! She brought breakfast into the lab to eat. It's such a breach of decorum; even Mr. Walson wouldn't stoop to that level-she's just too uncouth."

Someone agreed, "Kellen is right. The lab isn't a breakfast diner How could she bring breakfast in to eat? That just doesn't follow lab rules."

Another commented, "So what? Talking about it won't change anything. Mr. Walson has her back, so what can we do?"

"Exactly. Whether we can stay in the lab depends on Professor Zeller's mood. Just endure whatever dissatisfaction you have." said someone.

Klein glanced at the group of interns and returned to his desk. He cursed inwardly, What a bunch of fools! Do they genuinely believe that Mr. Walson would hire a layman to teach us

Yvette finished her burgers, changed into her lab coat, put on protective goggles and a proper mask, and thoroughly disinfected herself before stepping out. Led by Klein, the interns were already ready and waiting in the lobby

Seeing Yvette come out, Klein approached her and said, "Professor Zeller, we are ready to enter Quantum Lab." The Quantum Lab was the highest level among medical labs. Usually, only Klein and Silas had been there twice, while the others never had the chance. Yvette nodded and said. "Alright, let's go. Even if the interns didn't like Yvette, they were excited to enter the lab.

It was said that the Quantum Lab used the most advanced and expensive medical equipment in the world. Everything inside was made with space-grade tungsten material, which even bullets couldn't penetrate.

The Quantum Lab was packed with years of experimental data and core research from medical labs, and it was truly the most important part of the entire lab. Yvette led the interns into the elevator and headed straight for the fourth-floor Quantum Lab.

As soon as they got to the fourth floor, only Yvette and Klein remained expressionless, while the other interns were clearly excited about the Quantum Lab at the far end. Yvette stopped at the Lab entrance.

Klein glanced at Yvette, puzzled by her sudden halt. It then dawned on him that the Quantum Lab needed a special access card from Silas. In the haste of yesterday, he might have overlooked leaving it for Yvette.

Klein asked in a serious tone. "Professor Zeller, the Quantum Lab requires an access card. Mr. Walson is the only one with eye-scan access. Did he forget to leave it for you?"

Someone chuckled sarcastically behind them. The interns looked gleefully at Yvette in front. So, it seemed that Yvette didn't even have an access card to the Quantum Lab.

The interns thought. It seems Mr. Walson doesn't hold Yvette in high esteem. He didn't even give her an access card, which is the identity badge in the medical lab."

A profound silence filled the air as Yvette shifted slightly. She approached the door. There was a tiny eye-scan device located in the middle of the door. [SEND GIFT](#)

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When Yvette stood in front of the eye scanner, the interns were eagerly waiting for her to be embarrassed.

Then, they heard a mechanical voice announce, "Verification successful. The main lab door is now opening. Start-up complete." As the mechanical voice concluded, the door in front of them swung open.

The faces under the masks of the interns, except for Klein, showed various expressions. Kellen, who had just laughed at Yvette sarcastically, looked totally awkward.

He wondered, 'How could this be possible? Yvette just joined us yesterday. When would she have had the time to input her iris data?'

Once the door opened, Yvette was the first to step inside, with Klein right behind her. The other interns looked at each other before entering as well. Once inside the Quantum Lab, Klein and the other interns immediately became more cautious. True to its reputation, the Quantum Lab was filled with the world's most advanced medical equipment. There were even some new wireless ultrasound sensors that were so cutting-edge and hadn't hit the market yet, things they had only seen in magazines. Besides, the Quantum Lab was brimming with high-tech and artificial intelligence systems. As Yvette approached the lab's central operating table, she took in the array of reagent bottles, quickly grasping the situation.

The No.7 Toxin was extremely potent; just one drop could entirely dissolve a person. The lab's protective suits provided minimal safety and were not effective against the No.7 Toxin. Nobody knew how powerful the enhanced version of the No.7 Toxin could be. Currently, the experimental data they had come only from computer simulations and a few failed experiments. The enhanced No.7 Toxin might be fifty times more powerful than the version they had successfully developed,

making its potential strength unimaginable, Klein watched Yvette standing at the lab bench and approached her willingly. He said, "Professor Zeller, the No.7 Toxin on the bench is the original version

"Mr. Walson only left these because the experiments with the enhanced version of the No.7 Toxin have failed three times. The results are always just slightly off.

"Mr. Walson previously suggested it might be due to a reverse reaction of certain compounds, but we don't know which ones exactly. We need to conduct more tests to reach a final conclusion."

Just then, another intern shouted, "Kellen, don't move!"

"Oh my God! Watch out, exclaimed someone as a bottle of chemicals fell to the floor, instantly releasing a noxious smell.

The next moment, the lab's alarm system blared with a piercing beep beep beep, leaving the interns bewildered and unsure of what to do. The Quantum Lab was unfamiliar territory for them, as this was their first time inside

At that moment, they couldn't identify the type of chemical that had been spilled just by its smell. Kellen, the one responsible for the incident, stood off to the side, looking pale.

Seeing this, Yvette stepped forward a few paces and calmly gazed down at the broken vial on the floor.

Unperturbed, she said, "Activate the automatic disinfection function immediately." The lab's smart voice system instantly recognized Yvette's command and activated the automatic cleaning.

Klein was standing there, his eyes narrowing slightly. The AI in the Quantum Lab could actually recognize Yvette's voice. From what he knew, the Quantum Lab should only recognize Sins' voice.
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Klein realized that Yvette was much more important to Silas than he had imagined. Automatic disinfection was

te, the interns finally relaxed, each keeping silent with fear.

Given their skill level, such a mistake shouldn't have happened, but because they were at the Quantum Lab, they panicked just now.

Kellen explained to Yvette, "No, I didn't do it on purpose. I just wanted to pick it up and take a look. It has a safety label, so it's not a toxic substance. I...

No one was defending Kellen this time. Everyone present was among the top medical students, and they all knew that Kellen had made the biggest mistake a medical student could make.

Skills could be trained, but composure in emergencies and attention to detail were essential qualities for a medical student. In any case. Kellen was mistaken this time.

Everyone's eyes were on Kellen, who was now breaking out in cold sweat. Yvette stepped past the interns and walked towards Kellen, making him automatically take two steps back. At that moment, he panicked. Yvette walked up to Kellen, her eyes cold and serious, which sent a shiver down the spines of the other interns present.

The crowd automatically stepped aside, making way for Yvette. Kellen's anxiety only grew in this situation.

Yvette lowered her gaze. Her expression tinged with a trace of hostility as she calmly said. "Leave now. You are not to come. back to the lab in the future.

Yvette's words shocked everyone present, including Kellen. He was astonished that he was being expelled just for making small mistake.

Kellen was immediately flustered. If he was dismissed from this lab, no other lab would ever take him again. His medical career would be finished. He thought, 'No... That can't happen. I can't get fired like this. Kellen begged, "Yvette, no, Professor Zeller, I was wrong, I really was wrong! I know I shouldn't have made such a stupid mistake. I shouldn't have messed with things.

"I realize I committed a major error in medical practice. I'll be careful next time. Please don't terminate me. I'm begging you! Please give me another chance! I've truly realized my mistake!" Having worked with Kellen for six months, the other interns felt sorry for him and began to plead on his behalf.

Someone said, "Professor Zeller, please give Kellen another chance. It's our first time in the Quantum Lab, and this place is sacred to all of us med students. It's understandable that Kellen got a bit too excited." Another remarked, That's right, Professor Zeller. Kellen just made a small mistake, and it wasn't even during the experiment, just an accidental slip. Your punishment seems too heavy.*

One intern pleaded, "Professor Zeller, if you dismiss Kellen over this, he won't have a chance in the medical field anymore. Getting into this lab was really tough for us.

"Please give Kellen a chance. Everyone makes mistakes. I'm sure you've made some yourself. Professor Zeller, so why hold on to this so tightly?"

Seeing everyone pleading for him, Kellen felt that if he just humbled himself a bit more, Yvette might not expel him from

the lab.

Out of the eight interns, only Klein did not speak up for Kellen. Klein stood by watching as Yvette remained silent.

He wondered. 'Will Yvette really let Kellen off just because of what these people say? Kellen still has not realized what his mistakes are. ZON PICT

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"Making a mistake isn't the unforgivable part, but failing to handle it properly right away only makes it worse. Plus, he's been constantly make excuses, claiming it was just an accident.

When did it become acceptable to dismiss fatal errors as mere accidents? That's the true absurdity. Moreover, these so-called appeals for mercy are nothing short of ridiculous.

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Chapter 517

All the interns were waiting for Yvette to speak. She glanced around at the interns with a smirk.

She stated, "Do you think I shouldn't make Kellen leave the lab because of this mistake? But I have a flaw where I don't oftent listen to others."

Yvette's words created a tense atmosphere in the lab. The interns were astonished that Yvette was seriously considering expelling Kellen without showing any mercy.

The interns were already opposed to Yvette, and then suddenly, someone called out, "If Professor Zeller insists on forcing Kellen out of the lab. I might as well leave now too, because I cant promise I won't make any mistakes." When someone had taken the lead, the other interns immediately echoed. They were certain that Yvette wouldn't dare fire

them all.

The lab had a stringent selection process. If the interns were fired, the experiments couldn't be conducted.

Moreover, the development of the enhanced version of the No. 7 Toxin was at a critical stage. Yvette couldn't get by without the help of the interns. They believed that as long as they stayed united, Yvette would compromise and keep Kellen. Watching Yvette being threatened by the crowd, Klein said to everyone, "Kellen made a mistake. Professor Zeller is justified in letting him go. You're just making things worse like this."

Now, under Kellen's lead, the other interns gazed at Klein with disappointment. Yvette hooked a chair with her leg and nonchalantly took a seat on it.

Looking at these united interns trying to intimidate her, Yvette laughed, her laughter arrogant and a little mischievous. She said, "Since you all want to leave with Kellen, I'll grant you your wish. Take care, no need for goodbyes." Now the interns who had threatened to leave were completely shell-shocked, with their faces turning pale in an instant.

They didn't really want to leave the medical lab. If they left, their careers would be ruined. They just intended to threaten Yvette but didn't expect her to agree.

They wondered, "How could this be?" Yet, Yvette's words echoed in their ears. They found it hard to believe she had expelled all of them. They concluded that Yvette must have lost her mind.

Klein was just as stunned. He had thought Yvette wouldn't forgive Kellen but never imagined she'd be so cruel, dismissing all the other interns without any hesitation.

Even though Silas had said Yvette had the right to fire the interns, Klein wasn't sure if Silas would really agree on her to expel so many interns all of a sudden.

If everyone else left, except those out for training or on break, it would just be Klein and Yvette in the lab. Achieving the enhanced version of the No.7 Toxin experiment would be nearly impossible. Klein believed Yvette was impulsive this time, and the consequences were quite severe.

The other interns were in a panic. After hearing Yvette's words, they didn't dare move, not wanting to actually leave the lab. They looked at each other, unsure.

Kellen, who started the farce, remained silent nervously. He never thought Yvette would be so ruthless and not influenced by their threats at all.

Yvette half-closed her eyes, lazily leaned back in her chair, and adjusted her position. Her clear, bright eyes showed no emotion as she inquired, "Why are you still here!" Chapter 517

Hearing this, the dismissed interns felt like their minds were blank.

One of them demanded, "Yvette, even though Mr. Walson said you could decide whether we stay or leave, all seven of us were recruited by him. He won't agree you to fire all of us." Someone echoed, "Yeah, Yvette, do you really think Mr. Walson meant it? If you fire us all, we're not just going to let it pass."

A female intern scoffed arrogantly, "Do you really think we all come from ordinary families? Each of our families is influential in Mysonna, and firing all of us won't be that easy" Someone remarked. "Yvette. If you let this go, we'll acknowledge you as our mentor and won't make things difficult for you

again in the future."

Another suggested, "Just name your price. Anything that can be fixed with money isn't a real issue. We can write you a check. and you can act like nothing ever happened today" These interns finally thought of using money to deal with Yvette Yvette raised her eyebrow, a hint of rebellious arrogance and defiance in her eyes.

For so many years, no one really tried to bribe her. Yvette laughed, showing an easygoing demeanor, as though she was genuinely interested in what they were proposing. She asked. "Money?

The interns assumed Yvette was swayed by the money, feeling a bit disdainful, and thinking, 'After all the lofty rhetoric, she was simply bribed with money. Why the pretense?'

Kellen felt a sense of self-satisfaction. The arrogant female intern sneered, "Professor Zeller, you'll only make a few hundred thousand dollars a year in a medical lab, but Kellen and I are offering you 3 million dollars." Yvette crossed her legs and leisurely took out her phone from the pocket of her protective suit.

As soon as Yvette took out her phone, the interns seemed to tense up. Yvette twirled the phone in her hand.

The atmosphere in the lab was oppressively quiet. The interns' eyes were fixed on the phone in Yvette's hand.

As everyone expected, after Yvette turned on the speakerphone, they heard the familiar voice, "You scared off another one of my blind date partners with a call. You better find me a replacement dance partner quickly," Hearing Silas' voice, the interns all shot accusatory glances at Yvette. They thought they had solved the problem with money and were confused as to why Yvette called Silas again.

They pondered whether, without Silas's plea for Yvette to show mercy, they would have already been knocked unconscious.

No one would dare threaten Yvette again. Her standing there was Yvette's way of demonstrating to Silas that she wasn't as violent as he believed.

With her eyes lowered, Yvette said to Silas over the phone, "Fire the seven interns except for Klein Handle the contract details."

Yvette's tone was purely informational, not asking Silas for his opinion. The people present were completely astonished by her attitude.

They wondered if Yvette even realized who she was talking to.

Silas on the other end of the line paused for a few seconds before dropping his playful tone. He sternly said. "Except for Klein, the rest of you aren't needed anymore.

"Since Yvette says you're fired, then you're fired. The lab's legal team will have the termination contracts ready for you by

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tomorrow. You can all leave the lab now,"

Silas' words sent the seven interns into an immediate spiral of despair. They had not anticipated that Silas would agree to Yvette's suggestion of firing them without even inquiring about the reason behind it. They doubted whether they mattered so little to Silas who could dismiss them without hesitation just because of Yvette. which was utterly ridiculous to them.

To them, it felt like some kind of dream. They couldn't figure out how it escalated to this point.

One of the dismissed interns asked, "Mr. Walson, Professor Zeller is blowing things out of proportion. Aren't you even going to ask her why she fired us?" SEND GIFT

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Chapter 518

On the other end of the line, Silas chuckled when hearing the question. He knew Yvette all too well. She was definitely not. someone who would pick fights for no reason since she was too lazy for that Besides, if Yvette really wanted to go after someone, those interns wouldn't be arguing with him now

Silas didn't need any explanation from Yvette. He said bluntly. Tilon't need to know why. Since Yvette said you're dismissed. you should leave now,

"Go, and 111 tell everyone it was a normal resignation, but if you keep pestering us, you'll have to bear the consequences"

Silas was not merely an academic researcher or medical experimenter. His words served as a clear warning to the interns: leave wisely, or face the repercussions.

The seven interns felt hopeless upon hearing Silas' words. It sounded like Silas really wanted to fire them all just because of

Yvette's decision.

One of the interns said defiantly, "Mr. Walson, if you fire all of us, there's no way the enhanced No.7 Toxin experiment can be completed in a month."

Hearing this, Silas suddenly laughed with irony.

He pondered. Do these interns even realize that the groundbreaking No.7 Toxin, which shocked the international medical community, was actually developed by Yvette alone? The rest of the lab experimenters just managed the finishing touches For Yvette, developing the enhanced No.7 Toxin was just a matter of time.

If Yvette hadn't returned to the lab, there might have been concerns about whether the enhanced version could be completed on time. But now that she was back, the enhanced No Toxin would definitely be finished ahead of schedule. These interns were trying to use the No.7 Toxin to threaten Silas, which was a foolish move.

Silas said, "Since you've already been dismissed, you don't have to worry about the No.7 Toxin anymore."

The interns' confidence was crushed instantly. They had nothing to say. It seemed that nothing could threaten Silas,

Although the seven interns had tried to intimidate Yvette by leveraging their family backgrounds earlier, the combined influence of their families posed no threat to Silas. His social standing was simply beyond their reach

Yvette stretched her neck and crossed her legs, speaking leisurely to Silas on the other end of the phone. "Alright, then. Bye

Silas said, "Okay, I'll take care of their issues. You should just focus on your experiment. We're not taking any more interns for now; it's better to have none than to hinder your progress. Le Klein assist you with the enhanced No.7 Toxin experiment." After Yvette hung up the phone, the seven interns blushed. Silas words suggested that they were useless and slowing Yvette down, which was truly humiliating.

They were all top students, the best among their peers, yet Silas words made them feel worthless.

Yvette put away her phone, her beautiful eyes showing a cold and fierce look. She let out a scoff, her serious eyes were chillingly calm.

Facing the seven interns who seemned rooted to the spot,

she said "You can leave

e now!

The seven interns lost hope about staying in the lab and felt de regret. Just then, Kellen seemed clenched his teeth, and his eyes showed a fierce glint. to think of something.

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Chapter 518

He shouted, "Yvette, since we're no longer part of the lab, I'm golbig to get even for the insult you gave me yesterday."

Despite being a top student, Kellen suddenly acted like an irrational madman and rushed 4 other interns watched his actions with glee, eager for chaos.

at Yvette, aiming to slap her. The

However, the next second, Kellen, who had just been so fierce, was kicked to the ground by Yvette, his arms twisted behind Tris back.

Kellen cried out in pain, "Let go of me, you savage....."

Yvette smirked. Tilting slightly forward, she looked at Kellen, whom she had brought to his knees, and said playfully. "Savage?"

Kellen wanted to speak, but Yvette didn't give him the chance and tightened her grip slightly. Kellen immediately felt like his arms were about to break, and sweat instantly poured from his forehead, soaking his back. Kellen screamed in pain. "Ouch... You...

The other interns saw Kellen's arms twisted like that and knew it must be incredibly painful. They stood there, dumbfounded.

Yvette said coldly, "Are you going to leave on your own, or do I need to help you out?"

All the seven interns shivered with fear, looking at each other, until one finally moved. One by one, they hung their heads and slowly left the lab.

Yvette kicked Kellen a solid ten feet away, sending him tumbling towards the door. Terrified, he didn't dare to look back at Yvette as he scrambled to run away.

Standing beside the lab bench, Klein observed the now spacious hboratory, which had emptied in less than two minutes. and couldn't suppress a twitch of his lips. He marveled at Yvettes remarkable strength.

He suddenly felt relieved that he hadn't said more harsh words to Yvette yesterday, otherwise, he'd have brought trouble upon himself. Now, being the only intern remaining was actually an advantage.

Yvette turned around and looked at Klein, who was lost in thought, and said calmly, "We shall start now."

Klein looked at the composed Yvette and said, "Alright, Professor Zeller, let's start with Experiment A and then add the new enzyme to see if there are any new changes."

Yvette nodded and said, "No need for that. Let's go straight to Experiment B and shuffle the existing materials for new

data"

All afternoon, Yvette and Klein worked in the lab, while the seven interns Yvette dismissed could only pack up and leave, despite their reluctance.

They all understood there was no alternative. If Silas turned against them, they would undoubtedly be the ones to suffer the negative consequences.

At 4 p.m., Yvette and Klein left the Quantum Lab. Yvette walked head, with Klein beside her, a hint of shock on his face. Klein glanced at Yvette, hiding the amazement in his eyes. Silas usually oversaw Experiment B himself, with a success rate just reaching 95%, but Yvette just achieved a 100% success rate in her experiment.

It was astonishing. The data seemed simple, but it required the operator to carry out precise calculations every second without making any errors, which was very demanding.

Klein wondered, Who exactly is Yvette? The medical field has never heard of her. Where did Mr. Walson find her?"

Yvette returned to the lounge and took off her protective suit and gloves. Just then, Klein also changed and approached

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He said. "Professor Zeller, I apologize for yesterday. Starting today, I'll give my full support to help you complete the enhanced No.7 Toxin experiment. Please feel free to ask for my help anytime; lab work comes first."

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Chapter 519

Yvette leafed through the documents, betraying no emotion. Lining her gaze to Klein, she said, "Hmm."

Klein had begun to grasp Yvette's temperament and recognized the wasn't one for small talk. So, he didn't react to her cool demeanor as dramatically as he had the day before

Yvette's attitude towards the other interns and her capabilities during experiments had earned Klein's respect. It made sense for someone of her talent to possess a strong character.

Noticing Yvette engrossed in the materials, Klein returned to his seat and picked up a medical text on interventional cardiology. As a major in cardiovascular studies, he had worked Mysonna's premier hospital during his doctoral studies. Now, he held a distinguished position there and was often called in to perform surgeries on complex cases.

Yvette glanced at the interventional cardiology book Klein was holding, rolled up her sleeves, and her deep-set eyes glimmered with an enigmatic emotion. She asked, "Your major cardiovascular studies?"

Klein was surprised by Yvette's initiation of conversation. He raised the book slightly and replied, "Yes, I majored in cardiovascular studies at university and still occasionally return to the hospital to perform surgeries."

As an illegitimate child, Klein faced strict financial constraints from his wealthy family while the legitimate heirs spent extravagantly. His occasional returns to the hospital also aimed to earn some supplementary income.

He wasn't the only illegitimate child; had he not been exceptionally capable, he would have been discarded long ago.

Yvette merely responded with an "Hmm" and seemed uninterested in continuing the conversation. However, Klein seized the chance to engage her further. "Have you ever heard of Quiana? In the realm of cardiovascular studies, she's considered at true monarch."

Klein remembered Quiana, who had emerged five years ago when Mysonna's president was diagnosed with a brain tumor. All renowned doctors had been powerless, lacking confidence that the surgery could succeed. Failure would mean the tumor ruptured, and even divine intervention would not suffice. No physician wanted to shoulder

that risk.

If the president perished under the knife of a surgeon, it would be untenable in the medical community, with serious consequences for the surgeon involved. No doctor was willing to take on the daunting task. The president even launched a worldwide search for a miracle doctor, offering an astronomical sum for anyone daring enough to perform the surgery. Yet, no physician was willing to accept the challenge. Then, Quiana boldly stepped up to perform the president's brain surgery. The operation was a resounding success, leaving no residual effects. This single event catapulted Quiana to international fame. She became the idol of every medical student specializing in cardiovascular studies, including Klein. The success of Quiana's procedure for the president was enshrined in textbooks,

Upon hearing Klein's admiration, Yvette lazily raised her gaze. With a dismissive air. She remarked, "She's not as extraordinary as you think; she's just an ordinary person."

Klein chuckled softly, undeterred by her words. If Quiana were merely ordinary, then their cohort of medical students might not even qualify as human. That surgery had become legendary in medical history. Meanwhile, in the villa, Sienna descended the stairs from the second floor, supporting her waist with a limp while looking remarkably radiant, leaving onlookers with no doubts about what had transpired. Shortly after, Bruce appeared from the second floor, looking invigorated and vivacious, entirely free of exhaustion. The

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contrast between their states was striking.

Frankie hurried to ingratiate himself with Sienna, saying, "Come on, you've worked hard; have something to eat Sienna shot a glare at Frankie. Tm never saving you again."

Chris, leisurely sipping his coffee, remarked, "You shouldn't have saved him in the first place; let him fend for himself

Sienna lounged on the sofa and nodded vigorously in agreement. "By the way, has Yvette returned yet?"

Chris set down his coffee. "It seems Yvette is busy in some laboratory. I'm not quite sure what she's up to. Do you know?"

Sienna shook her head while still leaning on her waist. "No idea Yvette is skilled in so many areas that I truly have no clue about her lab assignments.

Bruce observed Sienna's delicate neck, his gaze deepening. "We'll find out when Yvette returns."

Just then, Yvette's voice echoed from the entrance, "What do you want to ask me?"

Bruce, Frankie, Sienna, and Chris turned to see Yvette entering and changing her shoes at the doorway. Sienna admired how even her loose, casual attire could not conceal her enviable figure Yvette's physique has utterly captivated me. I adore it." The combination of her angelic face and devilish figure was compelling. Yet, Sienna was curious how Yvette's prodigious appetite contrasted her sylph-like form-an unlikely juxtaposition.

Frankie nodded in agreement with Sienna's compliment. "If only Yvette could spare me half her intelligence-no, wait... even a third would suffice."

Chris turned to regard the two with a slight disbelief before wistfully commenting. "If only Yvette could share half her abilities with me."

Sienna and Frankie looked at Chris, astonished. 'Is Chris truly saying such things?

Chris, sensing their scrutiny, replied coolly, "Who wouldn't want Yvette's talents?"

Just then, a familiar voice chimed in quietly, "I would like that as well.

The three turned to Bruce, who shared their sentiments.

Yvette surveyed the four of them, neatly seated on the sofa with their heads poking forth, and took a seat herself. She gently lifted her chin, asking nonchalantly, "Do you four have something to discuss?" All four immediately shook their heads, responding in unison, "No."

Yvette scanned them briefly before producing her phone and engrossing herself in a game.

The four exchanged glances, and finally, Sienna couldn't hold back, asking. "Um, Yvette, which laboratory have you been visiting these past few days?"

Without pausing her game, Yvette said, "Medical laboratory."

Bruce, Frankie, and the others remembered Emmett mentioning Yvette's operation on his father after a car accident, attesting to her medical prowess.

Gaining access to a medical laboratory, especially one of the most prestigious in Mysonna, was no small feat. They speculated about Yvette's remarkable competency.

Frankie cautiously inquired, "Yvette, which medical laboratory are you visiting?"

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Yvette set aside her phone and stated flatly. "Silas's medical laboratory."

Frankie nodded thoughtfully. "That name sounds oddly familiar doesn't it? Feels like I've heard it somewhere before."

By the time Yvette mentioned that name, Chris had already searched for it, and a flood of results filled the screen. As Chris scanned the information, his eyes widened in shock. He glanced again at Yvette, who sat casually on the sofa. Bruce and Sienna remained silent, merely expressing curiosity. They knew little about the metlical field, but the name Silas sounded vaguely familiar.

Sienna dashed to the bookshelf, rummaging through magazines until she found one. Staring at the cover featuring Silas alongside the interview title, she exclaimed that he had been named Person of the Century by The Era last month. Holding the magazine, Sienna returned to the sofa and showed it to Bruce and Frankie. "See? That name sounds familiar because it's the same Silas from The Era's interview last month!

The Era typically profiles individuals with remarkable contributions to humanity or legendary figures in business-people most ordinary individuals could never aspire to meet. They publish only twelve covers globally each year. Since its establishment, only a few hundred have graced its pages.

Eagerly, Frankie opened the magazine. It was slim yet filled with accounts of Silas's life, achievements, and an exclusive interview. Initially dismissive, Frankie's astonishment grew with each page, leaving him so awestruck he felt as though he could swallow an egg whole.

At the same time, Chris shared the data he had found on his computer with Bruce and Sienna, their expressions mirroring Frankie's astonishment. The entire living room fell silent.

Ten minutes later, Frankie was the first to lower the magazine in disbelief. After a deep breath, he urged himself to remain calm and composed.

He believed there was nothing extraordinary about this for Yvette; it was merely Mysonna's most esteemed medical laboratory. No need for such agitation.

Bruce, Chris, and Sienna wore complex expressions as they closed their computers. Silas's lab wasn't just any laboratory; it was personally endorsed by the President of Mysonna. Recently they developed the internationally popular No. 7 Toxin. Silas's impressive resume could dazzle anyone.

Frankie inquired, "Yvette, how long have you been at the laboratory?"

Yvette smiled slightly and replied, "Ten years."

Frankie asked in disbelief, "Ten years?"

The realization hit him hard. Yvette was twenty-two this year, meaning she entered Mysonna's top medical lab at just twelve years old. Such talent in a child was astonishing.

Bruce and Sienna exchanged glances; given who Yvette was, her exceptional abilities weren't surprising at all.

Chris took a sip of coffee. These moments highlighted how Yvette dwarfed ordinary people like them.

Noticing the varied expressions of the four, Yvette leaned slightly, resting her chin on her hand and asked casually. "Is it strange?"

In unison, Sienna, Bruce, Frankie, and Chris shook their heads. No, it's not strange."

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Yvette smirked then ascended the stairs, leaving the four in stunned silence.

The following day, Yvette spotted Jeremiah seated at the dining table in casual attire. Jeremiah asked, "Did you sleep well?"

Yvette arched an eyebrow as she casually asked, "When did you come back?"

Jeremiah narrowed his eyes and replied. "At four in the morning

Yvette glanced at the wall clock-it was only eight. It seemed Jeremiah had only managed four hours of sleep after his

arrival.

Noticing the hint of redness around Jeremiah's eyes, Yvette's lips curled slightly. Her cool gaze fell upon him as she instinctively reached for his hand, stating nonchalantly, "Let's head upstairs.

Jeremiah raised an eyebrow, his usually stoic expression softening with the faintest trace of a smile. His deep-set eyes focused on Yvette, and his smile widened, revealing warmth.

His tone turned playfully suggestive. "Hmm, let's go upstairs."

Upon hearing this, Chris, Frankie, Bruce, and Sienna-all of whom had been busy trying to carve out a moment for breakfast-found their sandwiches suddenly lost their appeal. The entire living room was filled with the sweet aroma of budding romance. Yvette took Jeremiah's hand and ascended the stairs.

Meanwhile, Frankie looked disdainfully at his sandwich. "When will I ever have a sweet romance like Yvette and Jeremiah?"

As a single man for several years, Frankie felt the sting of loneliness most acutely.

Emmett sipped his coffee leisurely, casting a glance at Frankie. "You won't find a girlfriend like Yvette; one must possess self-awareness.

Chris nodded in agreement, picking up a piece of bread again. He stated gravely, "In your next life, you still won't find a girlfriend like Yvette."

Frankie shot a disgruntled glare at the two, annoyed by their brutal honesty, feeling as though he had been stabbed twice over with each remark.

Yvette was a muse, an extraordinary girl who might not emerge again for centuries; just being her son would suffice for Frankie's contentment,

In the room, Jeremiah entered and promptly lay down on the bed. His straight posture radiated a serene aura, while the gentle light danced within his deep, cold eyes.

The morning sunlight streamed through the window screen, casting a radiant glow up picturesque masterpiece.

him and rendering him a

Yvette watched this scene; at that moment, Jeremiah seemed to embody a flower ripe for plucking. A mischievous grin playing on her lips, Yvette remarked, "Are you seducing me?"

Jeremiah's deep-set eyes, resembling a bottomless pool, retained their composure and elegance even in repose. His home attire was slightly unbuttoned at the collar, exposing his collarbone and handsome throat. "It is you who desires me, you must learn to control yourself."

A playful spark danced in Yvette's eyes, her smile brimming with mischief, akin to a charming rogue. With a swift movement, she rolled up her shirt sleeves and leaned in, entrapping Jeremiah within her embrace. The warmth of her breath caught him off guard. 09:06 Mon, Dec 23

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Even in this calm moment, Jeremiah's body tensed instinctively, his heartbeat faltering momentarily.

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Chapter 521

A mischievous smile danced at the corners of Yvette's lips as she leaned closer to Jeremiah. Her lashes fluttered, radiating an air of nonchalance, with her eyes sparkling with an irreverent spirit.

Observing Jeremiah's calm demeanor, she couldn't ignore that his taut legs appeared somewhat unusual.

Yvette fixated on his deep eyes and declared, "Step aside; this is my spot. You should rest over there."

Jeremiah met Yvette's gaze momentarily before reluctantly shifting to the adjacent spot, harboring an inexplicable

resentment.

This scenario was not what he had expected. As Yvette reclined, she ignored him entirely, slipping into slumber without hesitation.

Watching her drift off, Jeremiah pinched the bridge of his nose in resignation, Relying on looks to win her over, after all, is not sustainable, and he realized he must seek an alternative.

Lying down without indulging in her proximity, his gaze lingered longingly. In a surprising turn, Yvette shifted and pulled him into her embrace. A tall man nestled in the arms of a woman sparked no sense of dissonance, yet Jeremiah's body stiffened slightly in this position. Yvette awoke, extending her hand to smooth the furrows on Jeremiah's brow. "Be good; when you wake up, I'll feed you well."

Jeremiah sighed, regarding Yvette's radiant face, pressing his lips together in thought. He understood the need to convey to her that some words should not be spoken lightly, as they carry significant consequences.

Throughout the day, no one emerged from Yvette's room on the second floor. While others in the living room enjoyed lunch and dinner, upstairs remained eerily quiet.

After coordinating the escort of the national treasures back home, Emmett and Joe swiftly finalized arrangements following Jeremiah's early arrival the previous day. Tomorrow, the Yoder family would hold a press conference to announce the matter publicly. Casting a glance around the living room and then upstairs, Emmett was astonished by Jeremiah's extraordinary stamina. "Haven't Jeremiah and Yvette come down yet?"

Bruce, feeding Sienna, who was enjoying her meal, replied, "No, they haven't made an appearance."

Sienna sipped her soda, lamenting. "Poor Yvette, Jeremiah is something."

Bruce turned to Sienna slightly, pausing momentarily at her praise of Jeremiah, making a mental note of it.

Curiosity bubbling within him, Frankie interjected. "This house is soundproofed with the finest materials, it's nearly impossible to eavesdrop."

Chris, witnessing the significant drop in Solstice Innovations' stock-nearly half evaporating in just two days-sipped his wine with remarkable composure. "Would you risk eavesdropping?"

Frankie immediately waved his hands dismissively. "Am I out of my mind, or just looking to get myself killed? Eavesdropping on Yvette and Jeremiah? I'd prefer a quick death"

Imagining the possibility of being caught eavesdropping, he recalled the moment Yvette had slain a giant python in the rainforest, If faced with entity from her, he would welcome de hon his own terms..

Having consumed a substantial meal. Sienna rubbed her stoma and declared, Shouldn't, we order ntore takeout. Once Yvette emerges, she'll surely be famished and need to replenisher strength, don't you think? 10:10 Tue, Dec 24

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Frankie, Bruce, Emmett, and Chris understood that like Yvette, Sienna had quite the voracious appetite.

Bruce affectionately ruffled Sienna's hair and refrained from debunking her assertion. "Yes, let's order some more." He then. placed his phone in her hands to facilitate the order.

After Sienna had ordered from eight different places, Yvette and Jeremiah descended from the second floor, prompting everyone to rise and greet them.

Yvette and Jeremiah gave them a nod and settled onto the sofa, surveying the disarray of the living room. Jeremiah furrowed his brow.

Aside from Sienna, the others had nearly forgotten Jeremiah's debilitating obsession with cleanliness.

Yvette turned to Jeremiah, saying, "I crave shrimp"

The others knew of Jeremiah's pronounced disdain for shrimp; it would be burdensome to expect him to peel them for her.

As Jeremiah relaxed his furrowed brow, the frosty air surrounding him dissipated. This transformation left those present temporarily stunned. Jeremiah said, "Stay seated; I'll peel them for you" Without hesitation, he donned gloves and commenced peeling shrimp, showing no sign of reluctance.

Emmett and the others hadn't anticipated Jeremiah would engage in this endeavor today. Truly, the power of love was formidable.

Following his encounters with Yvette, Jeremiah's compulsive tidiness appeared to vanish completely.

As Jeremiah peeled shrimp while Yvette lounged on the sofa, they harmonized perfectly. Soon, Sienna's takeout began to arrive, and several cans of beer were opened as the group continued their revelry before eventually dispersing The next day, Jeremiah escorted Yvette to the entrance of the medical laboratory. Casting a solemn gaze upon the facility, he remarked, "Silas's medical laboratory is the pinnacle of excellence at Mysonna

"Silas once lectured at Betrico University, and the president has persistently sought to appoint him as a guest professor, yer he's resolutely declined-quite a temperamental old man."

Yvette raised her delicately arched eyebrows and coolly replied, "Indeed, that old man does possess quite the temper."

Jeremiah said, 'I'll come fetch you in the evening.'

As Yvette stepped out of the car, she unexpectedly encountered Klein, who could only discern a vague outline of Jeremiah inside.

Feigning slowness, Klein awaited Yvette's approach before casually asking, "Is that your boyfriend?"

With her hands casually tucked in her pockets, Yvette ambled ahead, glancing back at Klein as she replied lazily, "Yes?" Klein smiled. "I would love the opportunity to meet him; he must be exceptionally outstanding." Yvette halted abruptly but didn't turn around. Noticing her sudden stop, Klein also came to a standstill, puzzled as to why she had paused.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mrs 522[908 words]

Chapter 522

With her hands tucked into her pockets and her tone icy, Yvette said, "Klein, mind your own business. There's no need to curry favor with me; what's yours will rightfully belong to you." After that, Yvette walked into the laboratory, leaving Klein frozen in place. For the first time, he felt a puzzling sensation stirring within him.

Having spent so many years living in others' shadows, he understood that in a world rife with family strife, one must charm valuable individuals or align with the right faction to find peace. Silas had entrusted Yvette with the No. 7 Toxin project, appointing Klein as her assistant. This clearly meant that if the enhanced No. 7 Toxin was successfully developed, all credit would go to Yvette.

It was evident that if Yvette wanted to take all the credit, Silas's favoritism toward her would remain unchallenged. Once the enhanced No. 7 Toxin achieved success, those involved would gain significant recognition in the medical community. Klein knew he couldn't let this opportunity pass; being included in this research could pave his way into his family and help him achieve his desires.

Klein had expected Yvette to selfishly soak up the spotlight, yet surprisingly, she seemed aware of his inner thoughts. Regardless, her words reassured him. If he remained diligent and focused on the experiments, the rewards would come. At one o'clock in the afternoon, the Yoder family, in collaboration with Clusia's Ministry of Foreign Affairs, hosted a global press conference streamed online. They announced the return of three national treasures to Clusia the following Monday. The conclusion of the conference sent waves of excitement around the world. Carl, the figurehead of Mysonna, voluntarily returning the treasures attracted attention to the lost artifacts,

Countless netizens in Clusia attentively followed the developments, and as the conference neared its end, online discussions ignited.

[Is Carl really that impressive? I was shocked to discover his credentials; his donation of national treasures is noble.]

[These three treasures have lingered abroad for so long; it's amazing they ended up in Carl's hands, destined for their homeland.]

[Did you see who's escorting the treasures home? It's our youngest major general from Clusia, only in his twenties!]

[I'm so excited! As the treasures return home, they're going global with this live broadcast. We'll finally see the general!]

Within half a day, hundreds of thousands of comments flooded the internet.

Throughout the week, Jeremiah and Yvette only met in the mornings and evenings, each immersed in their tasks. Emmett, Bruce, Frankie, and Chris also grew increasingly busy, accompanying Jeremiah to ensure the treasures' safe return, an undertaking demanding precision.

Military and foreign affairs officials from Clusia had arrived in Mysonna five days early to rehearse the escort of the

treasures.

Meanwhile, Yvette diligently conducted experiments on the enhanced No. 7 Toxin in the laboratory. As the week progressed, the experiments neared completion; if the final tests yielded consistent results, the toxin would be deemed successfully developed. Klein watched Yvette as she left the lab, filled with a complex mix of emotions. In this brief time, he understood the definition of a medical prodigy.

He also grasped why Silas had entrusted Yvette with full responsibility for the enhanced No. 7 Toxin experiments. It became

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* 88%

clear why Kellen's threats had evoked only disdain from Yvette, and why Silas showed no concern—Yvette needed no so-called assistant.

She was a veritable lab enthusiast, boasting an astounding success rate in experiments.

As Klein stood there, cup in hand, captivated by Yvette, she approached a chair where takeout had just arrived. Seated, she quietly began her meal.

Klein noted her consistently cold, aloof demeanor throughout their week of acquaintance, showing little emotion.

Sitting down nearby, he said, "Yvette, since today's experiments have concluded, if tomorrow's data is consistent, we'll conclude that the enhanced No. 7 Toxin is stable."

Stability indicated that success in developing the enhanced No. 7 Toxin was near. At this moment, Yvette and Klein were the only ones in the lab.

A week before, Klein could never have imagined achieving breakthroughs so swiftly, attributing it all to Yvette—he was self-

that. aware enough to recognize

However, Klein puzzled over why someone like Yvette remained so obscure in the medical field. It didn't make sense to him.

Yvette glanced at Klein nonchalantly. "Tomorrow, Silas returns; he'll handle the remaining experiments.

Klein paused, wondering. 'Did Yvette mean she would withdraw from the upcoming experiments? How could she relinquish fame and status so easily?

His expression grew complex. "Yvette, you should continue with the experiments, You know withdrawing now would undermine your hard work."

Yvette looked up, calmly finishing her meal. "It's unnecessary; my name won't be in the final results."

With that, she prepared to leave.

Klein, unable to hold back, called after her, "Yvette, may I ask why?"

His heart was a mix of conflicting emotions, having strived for recognition, while Yvette seemed ready to forfeit her well-deserved achievements. It was incomprehensible. Yvette halted, regarding Klein, her elegantly shaped brows raised as she leisurely rolled up her sleeves.

Seeing her prepare for action sent a jolt of apprehension through Klein.

A cool smile curved Yvette's lips, tinged with indifference. "Because it's unimportant."

In that moment, Klein beheld true audacity, feeling insignificant in comparison to Yvette.

He wondered, 'Which medical student can utter "unimportant about such matters? Is it really so easy for her to forsake the highest honors in medicine?'

Klein could only watch as Yvette waved goodbye and exited the laboratory

He gazed at her gracefully retreating figure, an overwhelming ery surging within him for Yvette's unrestrained spirit knowing he could never emulate her essence.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 523[931 words]

Chapter 523

On Monday, the day everyone had been waiting for finally arrived-national treasures were set to return home. That evening, the Yoder family invited media representatives from around the world, and all the invitees took their places at the Venue.

The diplomatic delegation from Clusia was seated in prime positions. Joe chose to forgo his usual flamboyant attire and instead wore a formal suit. He embodied sophistication and charm as he engaged with the media.

The escorting of these national treasures back home reflects Clusia's deep appreciation for their significance. Their value goes beyond mere physical worth; it carries a deeper meaning for this occasion.

The Yoder family had previously announced Carl's public appearance at the press conference, which became a highlight for today's media coverage.

After a long absence from the spotlight, recent rumors suggested that Carl was gravely ill, prompting the Yoder family to seek esteemed physicians for him.

This time, the Yoder family chose a five-star hotel under their name for the handover of the treasures. The hotel was transformed with Clusia's soldiers patrolling a day in advance.

The treasures had been escorted to the hotel the previous evening by Jeremiah, with the highest level of protection.

At the hotel entrance, three black armored military vehicles were lined up. Emmett opened the door, and the first sight was Yvette's simple yet elegant flat shoes, enhancing the delicate beauty of her ankle. Her stunning features radiated an air of unwavering composure.

The Yoder family invited several business leaders and notable figures, including Yvette. Joe and Carl wanted her seated in the front row, acknowledging that without her, these treasures might not have returned to Clusia so swiftly.

However, Yvette insisted on a seat in the back. The Yoder family understood her temperament and respected her wishes.

Yvette entered the venue and took her place in the last row. Emmett ascended to the top floor to find Jeremiah. As Yvette surveyed the room filled mostly with media personnel, she noticed the front row occupied by attendees and Joe engaged in interviews.

Adjusting her cap, she closed her eyes, seeking a moment of peace.

At precisely ten o'clock, the live broadcast of the national treasures' return began, captivating nearly ten million viewers worldwide. In this highly anticipated moment, Carl emerged, leaning on a cane, each step echoing determination and strength.

Despite his age, Carl commanded an undeniable presence when he appeared, a testament to his past charisma. As he approached the microphone, he addressed the media with gravity, "First, on behalf of the Yoder family, I warmly welcome everyone here and those watching online.

"Today, in everyone's eyes, the Yoder family will return three national treasures recovered from abroad back to our country. We've awaited this day for a long time, and we hope to see even more lost treasures come home to embrace their motherland." As he spoke, a hint of moisture welled in Carl's eyes. His weathered visage reflected the wisdom of time,

His efforts were limited; this event was not about personal gain for the Yoder family. Rather, it aligned with national objectives, Carl aspired to raise broader awareness for this noble cause, which represented its true essence.

When he concluded his speech, a thunderous applause erupted from the audience, supported by countless online viewers moved by the moment. Clusia finally had its voice on the global age, and it was time for the plundered treasures to return home. 172

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Yvette gradually opened her eyes, gazing at Carl on stage, arching an eyebrow in silence.

5.87%

Regaining his composure, Carl continued, "Next, let us welcome Major General Jeremiah, who will personally oversee the return of these treasures."

As he spoke, the venue doors swung open, camera flashes illuminating the air, and all eyes turned toward the entrance as silence descended.

Standing at the door in military attire, Jeremiah embodied the essence of a soldier—his brow furrowed, eyes dark like the night. His stature radiated confidence and extraordinary presence. The soldiers flanking him mirrored his demeanor, standing tall with resolute expressions.

Jeremiah stepped further into the hall, his gaze piercing through the bright lights until it landed on Yvette, as if traversing echoes of time and memory.

In response to Jeremiah's unwavering stare, Yvette subtly lifted her brows. Their eyes met briefly, a silent connection, before they looked away. Jeremiah offered a slight smile as he moved to the stage.

With a beaming smile, Carl gestured for Jeremiah to take centerstage. Jeremiah nodded respectfully and addressed the gathered media and audience, speaking with gravitas, "I am Jeremiah, a soldier of Clusia. First, I thank Carl for the return of these three national treasures.

"Our nation has been diligently working to recover more treasures-a challenging journey that requires the collective effort of countless Clusians. As long as we unite in purpose, that day will not be far off, and we eagerly anticipate its arrival" Jeremiah's words resonated, receiving an ovation that echoed throughout the hall. In the back row, Yvette removed her cap, allowing her gaze to settle on Jeremiah, a soft smile gracing her lips.

Meanwhile, in Betrico, countless others were captivated by the live broadcast. In a dimly lit room, Jase sat at his desk, gazing out at the swaying trees. The applause echoed on the screen, reflecting satisfaction, pride, and nostalgia on his face.

At his age, Jase had witnessed the trials and triumphs of the past decades, watching Clusia rise to prosperity. Some histories fade into memory, yet certain legacies must be preserved and never forgotten.

The nation hoped this opportunity would awaken the youth's interest in antique and cultural relics. Like Jase, many from the older generation tuned into this significant broadcast, their hearts filled with myriad reflections.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 524[800 words]

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Jeremiah's words resonated deeply with the Clusia people. After the press conference, online discussions exploded due to his remarks, drawing more attention to the incident of lost artifacts abroad.

That day, Jeremiah personally escorted three national treasures back to the museum in Betrico, leaving Mysonna behind.

As night fell, a gathering took place in the living room. Frankie id gravely, "I declare that today it's either your demise or mine. In times like these, don't blame me for my ruthlessness; we never

tasted defeat during this project." Sienna scoffed, her demeanor skeptical. "The outcome is yet to be determined; it's premature to make such sweeping claims."

Bruce sat beside Sienna, observing her in silence, affection in his gaze. Joe, glancing toward the pair while sipping beer, remarked, "Don't you both think you're overestimating yourselves? The undeniable victor today will be me, so consider stepping aside." Frankie and Sienna exchanged incredulous glances at Joe. Chris, observing the scene, pointed toward Yvette, who sat in the main seat, silent and poised. "Yvette is still here; doesn't it sting when you're proven wrong so often?"

Emmett nodded, already feeling indifferent after his elimination. He remarked quietly, "With Yvette here, do you really believe you can win? Such delusions are fanciful."

Emmett's words poured cold water on the bravado of the three. They turned their gazes toward Yvette on the sofa, sharing a knowing look.

Sienna suggested they should first eliminate Yvette before battling among themselves. Frankie agreed, stating that failing to oust Yvette would make any competition among them pointless.

Joe nodded in understanding, planning to target Yvette and deplete her resources first.

With their intentions aligned, the trio decided to unify their efforts. Joe grinned mischievously at Yvette. Yvette, after all these years, it's time for you to taste defeat. Do you realize that everlasting victory can be quite lonely?" Seated in her commanding position, Yvette casually adjusted her cuff, a smile playing at the corners of her lips. "Oh, is that

Frankie nodded enthusiastically, as if he'd already achieved victory. "Yvette, Joe is right; you should step down from your pedestal and see how the ordinary live. This exhilarating moment is nearly upon us."

Witnessing Joe and Frankie provoke Yvette, Sienna chose to join in, eager to contribute her own sharp remark. However, as she opened her mouth, Bruce covered it firmly, stifling her words. He told Yvette, "This matter doesn't concern Sienna," Frustrated, Sienna shot daggers at Bruce through narrowed eyes. Bruce leaned in close and whispered, "Do you really believe you can win with these two fools? Those words deflated Sienna's confidence instantly.

Once Bruce released his grip, Sienna faltered, her cutting comment evaporating. She glanced at Joe and Frankie, neither of whom showed much intellect.

Bruce was right; they were all brawn over brains, and she regretted aligning herself with them.

Yvette, delicately holding a card, cast a calm but piercing gaze at the trio. Her features bore a trace of wild elegance, and her smile implied amusement, showing she thought little of their combined efforts. Joe, Frankie, and hapless Sienna boldly prepared to confront her, each against one

Onlookers Chris, Emmett, and Bruce felt less optimistic. They couldn't fathom how Yvette would take especially against a trio they saw as lacking cleverness.

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Frankie played a card, instantly reducing Yvette's chips to a mere third of her original count.

Hope ignited in their hearts, especially for Frankie, whose chip count soared.

Joe remarked, "Yvette, if you lose just two more hands, your chips will vanish."

1987%

Sienna shared his sentiment, buoyed by their apparent advantage. Frankie, exuberant, boasted, "Yvette, this is my moment

to shine!!

Noticing their joy radiating. Yvette propped her chin on her left hand and casually raised an eyebrow. With a flourish, she pushed her cards forward and said, "Let's continue" Bolstered with newfound confidence, Frankie, Sienna, and Joe cagerly reshuffled the deck.

An hour later, Joe, Frankie, Sienna, and their former bravado had drastically changed; their faces mirrored despair.

Their grand strategy of a three-on-one assault to dethrone Yvette had unraveled. In that hour, they not only lost their accrued chips but now had little left. If Yvette won just one more substantial round, they'd all find themselves in the negative. Bruce, a quiet observer, was unfazed by Yvette's rising power. Without needing to look, he could tell that the most frequent sound in the past hour had been their exasperated sighs. Their acumen couldn't rival Yvette's.

In Bruce's view, Yvette had merely given the trio a fleeting taste of hope-one they took too seriously. The true master of psychological warfare was undoubtedly Yvette.

When Frankie lost all his chips, his composure shattered instantly.

Yvette revealed her hand, her expression unflappable.

Frankie's eyes widened in disbelief as he recognized that Yvette's cards mirrored his from the first round, realizing she had orchestrated the moment with intent. Yvette was employing his own tactics against him. SEND GIFT

**Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez
- Secrets Of MrS 525[1,029 words]**

Frankie gazed longingly at Yvette and lamented, "Yvette, you are so merciless! I swear, I'll never play cards again. As he spoke, he pushed his last chips towards her, having lost everything.

Yvette reclined with nonchalance, raising her gaze to reply indifferently, "Playing cards without using your brain will lead to defeat; relying solely on luck is pointless."

Frankie fell silent. He wished he could think strategically, but he lacked the cleverness Yvette possessed.

Yvette then turned her attention to the other two, her eyes questioning whether Joe and Sienna wished to continue the

game.

Joe and Sienna stared at their meager pile of chips. If they kept playing, they would soon find themselves completely out of funds.

Yvette casually sipped her orange juice before rising from her seat. Addressing them slowly, she remarked. "It's been amusing; maybe next time... Frankie abruptly stood up. "No next time. Yvette. Our game isn't suited for you, honestly."

For a rare moment, all three agreed in silence; no one wanted to play with Yvette again. The inevitable outcome made the game entirely meaningless.

Yvette looked at them and shrugged, feeling somewhat rejected. She chose not to speak and retreated upstairs. A solitary genius often walks a lonely path.

The following morning, Silas returned to the lab. Although his vacation wasn't over, he had cherished those ten days and felt content. Not only had Silas returned, but several senior researchers from the lab had also rejoined, bringing new energy to the space.

Klein knocked on Silas's door, holding the latest experimental report.

"Enter, Silas called out.

When Klein pushed open the door, he found Silas tending to a potted flower-the only bloom in the entire laboratory, which Silas cherished deeply. Silas personally pruned and cared for it; it seemed to be a gift from someone significant.

Klein adjusted his glasses and placed the documents on the desk speaking gravely. "Silas, I've compiled all of Yvette's recent data for you. Yvette has resolved the issues with the enhanced No. 7 Toxin entirely."

Silas set down the watering can and turned slowly, his restful ter lays having replenished his spirit. He looked at Klein and gently said, "Just place it there. The experiment has stabilized, so we can move forward." Sitting in his office chair, Silas regarded Klein and asked, "How has this past week been for you?"

The fact that Yvette hadn't dismissed Klein indicated her endorsement.

Klein, his expression a mix of emotions, nodded respectfully and said earnestly, "Silas, Yvette is a genius. I've learned so much this past werk."

Silas smiled warmly, reading the sincerity in Klein's eyes. "You're commendable too, otherwise, she wouldn't have kept you This is an opportunity others can only dream of, you will collaborate with her on the remaining experiments for enhances No. 7 Toxin." Silas was truly surprised that only Klein remained, he hadn't expected that everyone else wouldn't meet expectations. Yet, it was a situation of their own creation.

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One day. Yvette's true identity would undoubtedly be revealed, and he hoped the other interns wouldn't regret their ci

Klein stood momentarily stunned by Silas's praise. It was the first time he had ever received such commendation. He I often sought to build a better relationship with Silas for better resources, never imagining Yvette would be the one to p him such benefits. As as reviewed the data, satisfaction lit up his expression. Yvette's elliciency was unmatched; her only real flaw was a tendency towards laziness,

Klein quietly waited, and seeing the smile on Silas's face, he understood just how pleased his superior truly was.

After reviewing all the data. Silas looked up at Klein and said, "You may go."

Klein nodded but remained still. Silas, noticing his hesitation, asked, "What is it? Is there something else on your mind?"

After a brief pause, Klein could no longer contain his curiosity and asked, "Silas, Yvette doesn't have a degree from a prestigious university, nor is her name known in medical circles. Who exactly is she?"

Given Klein's usual caution, he should have refrained from such questions, but curiosity got the better of him. This ques had been on his mind since Yvette arrived.

Silas's expression darkened slightly, but he saw no malice in Klein's eyes. After a moment, he replied. "In this world, many people are indifferent to fame and status; Yvette is one of them. One day, you'll learn her true identity."

Silas couldn't reveal that Yvette graduated with perfect scores after just one year of university; as for fame, it likely meant little to her, possibly less than the value of a hamburger.

Realizing he could no longer press the matter, Klein left Silas's office and returned to his desk, lost in thought.

Adrian, who usually got along with Klein, approached and placed a hand on his shoulder. "What are you daydreaming about, Klein?"

Snapping back to reality, Klein shook his head. "Nothing, Adrian."

As Adrian turned to leave, Klein stopped him with a serious tone. "Adrian, do you know Yvette? Silas invited her to mentor us during the break."

Upon hearing Yvette's name, Adrian's expression shifted dramatically. The usually suave man couldn't suppress an expletive in surprise.

He looked at Klein enviously. "Wow, this big shot has returned. No wonder you're the only intern left from this batch."

Klein, surprised by Adrian's reaction, had asked casually; he never expected that Adrian knew Yvette.

Klein queried, puzzled, "Isn't this her first time at the lab?"

Adrian shook his head, his demeanor growing mysterious. "What a joke! Yvette used to spend time in the lab every year, but she's been less frequent in recent years. Surely you've heard of Quantum Lab?"

Klein nodded but he didn't know why Adrian mentioned Quantum Lab, so he asked, "What about Quantum Lab?"

Adrian replied, "Quantum Lab was initially established for Yvette's experiments; everything in it was designed by her according to her specifications. You, my friend, are incredibly fortunate. Among the eight of you, Yvette chose to keep you, your future is limitless." Klein was left dumbfounded, his shock evident. No wonder Yvette could gain entry with just a glance. "Are you saying Quantum Lab was designed by her and built at her request?"

Adrian nodded eagerly, "Exactly! There's so much you don't know just by arriving here. Even Silas shows Yvette the utmost respect."

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Klein hesitated to ask more: Yvette's identity was far more prestigious than he had imagined.

Noticing Klein's stunned silence, Adrian recognized it as a normal reaction, Adrian had felt the same bewilderment when he first started in the lab.

Adrian had initially accompanied Yvette during her experiment but she soon became unwilling to continue mentoring them, citing a lack of time. It was clear to everyone that Yvette thought they were too inept to pursue further guidance. Eight years ago, in their twenties, they couldn't understand how someone younger than them, like Yvette, could surpass them. The harsh realities of life taught them undeniable lessons about individual disparities.

Adrian comforted Klein, saying, "Don't overthink it. The fact that you're one of the eight interns means you made a positive impression on Yvette.

"After our cohort of twenty, she didn't take on anyone else. Just me and another guy remained. Your chance to work with Yvette makes our group envious. As for her identity, you'll learn in due time." Klein nodded appreciatively. Thanks for sharing this with me.

Now, he dared not speculate any further. Suddenly, he recalled Adrian's mention of eight years ago, and thinking about Yvette's age back then left him momentarily flabbergasted. "Eight years ago?" Adrian chuckled at Klein's realization. "Yep, eight years ago; Yvette was about fifteen. Have you realized what it means to face life's crushing blows?"

Klein stood silently, lost in thought for quite a while.

Mysonna's nightlife pulsed vibrantly, filled with dazzling lights and excitement, enacting thrilling scenes in numerous shadowy corners.

Mysonna featured a treacherous mountain road known as "Death Road", favored by underground racing enthusiasts. Each year, many lives were lost to deadly racing accidents on this perilous route. With steep cliffs and countless twists, a moment of neglect could lead to a fatal plunge, leaving no trace behind. Underground racing became increasingly popular in Mysonna, with astronomical stakes for each race. Winning could guarantee lifelong financial security, drawing many to the deadly circuit each year, hoping to strike it rich overnight.

Those fortunate enough might even catch the eye of a professional racing team's coach and embark on a genuine racing career.

Tonight at ten o'clock marked the eagerly awaited monthly racing event, drawing countless underground racers.

Ever since Oliver got a scolding from his dad, Oliver stayed home but finally ventured out with friends today. A devoted racing fan, Oliver wasn't quite at the top tier but enjoyed betting and indulging in the thrill-without participating. Upon arriving, Oliver became the target of subtle taunts, labeled a wealthy dilettante who only joined for the spectacle. Unable to withstand such provocation, he boldly declared his intention to compete in tonight's race.

This proclamation sent waves of excitement through the gathered spectators who knew Oliver's reputation. Recently, the Yoder family had returned to prominence following their contributions to

the country's treasures, basking in newfound prestige. The crowd electrified by Oliver's decision understood that despite Carl's formidable influence, Oliver was racing voluntarily.

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In a villa perched mid-mountain along Death Road, Braydon lurked in the shadows, eyes gleaming with a menacing light.

The villa's door swung open. One of Braydon's subordinates cautiously entered the living room, whispering, "Mr. Goodman, Oliver has taken the bait. He's boldly stated his intention to race today. Our team is ready, and we've lured Yvette as well." Braydon let out a chilling laugh filled with mocking derision.

He had meticulously orchestrated this scheme to draw Yvette to Death Road so she could understand his feelings today. He couldn't be with Yvette, he preferred to perish; her indifference was simply intolerable.

After discreetly assessing Braydon's demeanor, his subordinate quietly inquired, "Mr. Goodman, do you think Yvette will intervene to save incompetent Oliver?"

Braydon's eyes glinted a chilling crimson as he replied, "Yvette will undoubtedly help anyone from the Yoder family." On Death Road, Yvette's petite car appeared as an anomaly, weaving through the modified racing vehicles. All racers and their glamorous companions stood frozen, staring in astonishment at the small car, a hushed silence enveloping the scene. Yvette regarded the vanishing black sedan in front of her, a wicked smile curling at her lips, eyes gleaming with mischief. With brisk precision, she parked and swung open the door.

The first sight to capture the crowd's attention was her long, slender legs, followed by her entire face. The crowd gasped in

awe.

"Is she here to race?"

"Impossible; no woman has ever participated on Death Road."

"She's stunning!"

Yvette raised her gaze, letting her cool, intense eyes scan the gathering. With a slight flutter of her lashes, she radiated an icy allure that sent shivers down spines.

A man with ill intentions leered at Yvette. "Hey, pretty girl, are you racing, or just looking for a lover?"

His quip sparked laughter from those around, dismissing Yvette entirely. They saw her only as a pretty girl with no real

threat.

The surrounding cheerleaders and girlfriends of the racers shot disdainful looks her way, clearly unhappy about such a beautiful rival's presence.

Unfazed, Yvette approached the man, her face expressionless yet filled with disdain. With deliberate calm, she retrieved her gloves from her pocket and put them on.

Without saying a word, she swiftly struck the man, dislocating his jaw with a resounding crack before he could scream.

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In the following instant, Yvette unleashed a hard kick to the man's right leg. Another crack echoed, and he crumpled to the ground, trying to yell in pain, but only able to moan, his face contorted. Then, she landed another decisive blow to his chest, propelling him several feet backward before he collapsed, unconscious.

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Chapter

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In just a minute, Yvette's bold actions left the spectators completely astounded. Several racers stood frozen, as if struck dumb.

Indifferently, Yvette retracted her leg. In an instant, her fierce demeanor transformed into a relaxed air as though nothing had happened. Her brows remained serious, and her eyes cold.

Seeing her determination, the onlookers stopped their loud discussions.

At that moment, the organizer of the racing event stepped forward, speaking to Yvette gravely. "Miss, are you here to compete or just to cause trouble? If it's the latter, don't blame us for being unaccommodating. Gaming power."

As he spoke, several strong bodyguards approached, clearly well-trained and exuding

Yvette displayed a chilling smile. Her gaze held an undercurrent of danger, showing no intention of explaining herself.

Watching Yvette's demeanor, the organizer's anger flared; it was the first time someone had dared to cause chaos at the racing venue, showing utter disregard for the Goodman family.

With a commanding gesture, the bodyguards surrounded Yvette, while the crowd quickly left the area.

Yvette casually glanced at the insignia on the bodyguards shirts her presence even more intimidating

Braydon had instructed that capturing Yvette would suffice, but the organizer underestimated her, assuming she was just a woman with some strength.

In an instant, Yvette lunged, grabbing a bodyguard by the collar. Her right leg struck his abdomen with precision, and she hurled him aside.

The seemingly casual toss sent the bodyguard crashing to the ground, eliciting gasps from the crowd who watched, holding

their breaths.

Yvette quickly followed up with another kick, fierce and unyielding, leaving the man writhing in pain on the ground.

The remaining bodyguards soon found themselves dispatched with equal ease, crumpling to the ground as Yvette showcased her skills. With only Yvette standing amidst the astonished spectators, disbelief enveloped the scene. Shocking to see a young girl display such combat abilities. Brushing dust from her attire, Yvette surveyed the crowd impassively. Her gaze landed on a familiar face, whose astonishment was clear, and she arched an elegant brow in response.

It was

Oliver's friends, frantic with worry, were acutely aware of his racing abilities. They knew that if something went

wrong. Carl would not let them off easily.

Before they could ask for help, a girl in a mini car suddenly appeared, launching a series of one-sided blows that left them dumbfounded.

Snapping back to reality, they turned to see Oliver gaping in disbelief. His closest friend prodded him, saying, "Oliver, what's wrong? This girl is impressive, but you don't need to be so shocked."

Recovering from his shock, Oliver focused on Yvette, stammering. "I know this girl, I didn't expect her to be this formidable.

Yvette's strength was astonishing had he provoked her, he wouldn't have come out unscathed. Oliver felt immensely. grateful that fate had spared him.

Yvette approached the incapacitated organizer, looming over him like a queen surveying her subjects.

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Coldly, she asked, "Is Oliver participating in today's race?"

Oliver, caught off guard that Yvette named him specifically, was taken aback. It was only when he felt everyone's attention. that he regained his composure.

Looking at Yvette's back, he felt a twinge of fear and weakly murmured, "Tam."

His response lacked conviction, wrapped in an unsettling sense of trepidation. Although Yvette had only glanced at him, he felt profoundly guilty.

The organizer addressed Yvette with apparent righteousness, saying, "Oliver is competing tonight of his own free will. Our rules allow anyone to join voluntarily. Miss, I believe you didn't mean to cause trouble, let's forget the incident and kindly take your leave." The organizer thought his argument was solid, failing to see the inadequacy of his performance. He remained blissfully unaware of his shortcomings as he reveled in his perceived achievement of Braydon's directive.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her exquisite face devoid of visible emotion. A hint of defiance flickered in her gaze, resolute in her stance, showing no sign of leaving.

The onlookers were confused, wondering if she intended to continue the confrontation. Yvette slowly turned towards the crowd, her eyes locking onto Oliver's as she beckoned him with a delicate gesture.

Oliver, despite his reluctance, found himself compelled to comply and stepped forward. This time, he approached Yvette without the bravado he had shown earlier.

Now humbled, Oliver walked to Yvette's side like an obedient schoolboy, scratching his head in confusion. "Ms. Zeller, what do you need from me? I haven't done anything wrong, have I?"

Realizing he had never exchanged a word with Yvette, he was puzzled as to why she suddenly mentioned his name.

Looking at the cautious Oliver before her, Yvette raised an eyebrow. With nonchalance, she replied, "I intend to compete on your behalf tonight."

As her words echoed, the crowd could no longer contain their astonishment.

"My goodness, what kind of joke is this girl playing?"

"I can hardly believe it; this is the Death Road, where no woman has dared to compete. She must be insane.

"She wants to race instead of Oliver? What madness!"

"The very thought of a woman racing underground is completely absurd."

Even the racers were taken aback by Yvette's declaration. Oliver found himself equally stunned, contemplating her decision to race in such a dangerous competition.

While he had considered racing, Oliver understood the high stakes involved. He had never intended to gamble with his life. Yet here was Yvette, unexpectedly volunteering to take his place leaving him bewildered. Glancing around at the murmuring crowd, he leaned closer to Yvette, whispering, "Ms. Zeller, please don't be impulsive. This is underground racing; there are no rules and no jokes here

"Do you have any idea how many lives are lost on this road each year? I just aimed to join for fun."

Unashamed, Oliver shared his intentions, clearly recognizing who stood with him in this precarious moment.

Yvette's eyes narrowed slightly as she held a disarmingly innocent smile. Her tone leisurely, she responded, "I said I will compete on your behalf; do you have any objections?"

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Chapter 528

Oliver shook his head, knowing he couldn't argue with Yvette's words. His expression showed rare seriousness; he couldn't let Yvette take his place in the race.

Yvette was particularly important to his grandfather and brother. If anything happened to her during the race, Oliver's life would truly be at stake.

"Yvette," he said earnestly, "you may not grasp how serious this road is. It's known as the Death Road' because countless underground racers lose their lives here each year. Its twisting paths mean one moment of distraction can lead to death." Oliver's words carried heavy truth. He

expected Yvette would rethink racing for him after hearing his warning. To his surprise, she gave him an impassive glance and said nonchalantly. "I'll race for you, but the stakes will be mine." Frustration surged in Oliver. "Is this really about stakes? Just a mere ten million!"

Just then, a handsome man dressed in racing gear emerged from the crowd. He smiled at Yvette, wearing a bemused expression and clearly having ulterior motives.

Oliver furrowed his brow, confused by Benedict's presence.

Gasps rippled through the crowd.

"Wait a minute, is Benedict joining the race? He must be tonight's mysterious guest!

This race will be explosive now that Benedict is here."

"I need to place bets; with Benedict in this, first place is undoubtedly his. The others might as well be spectators."

"But isn't Benedict already racing professionally? Why is he here

Benedict took a long drag from his cigarette, casually leaning against it as he did. His relaxed demeanor sent excited shrieks through the women around him.

Used to such attention, Benedict wore an added layer of arrogance on his handsome face. He had moved from underground racing to claim three championships in formal competitions, and his future gleamed with promise.

He approached Yvette with flamboyant flair. "Beautiful lady, if you want to compete for Oliver, I'd be open to that, but let's raise the stakes: if you lose, you'll date me for three months"

Oliver's indignation erupted, his face twisting with fury as he shouted at Benedict, "You shameless cad! Don't you have any dignity! Everyone knows you've raced this Death Road hundreds of times. "Now

you dare challenge Yvette with such a ridiculous bet? Believe me, I could smash your head in!"

Benedict, startled by Oliver's outburst, felt a twinge of unease. While he wasn't worried about Oliver, he knew better than to underestimate the Yoder family and Joe.

Oliver quickly turned to Yvette, urging her urgently, "Yvette, you absolutely must not accept his terms."

Yvette leisurely lifted her eyelids, her deep-set eyes calm, lashes lowering as she poked the ground with her toe, showing -casual indifference.

Benedict pretended to be calm as he tossed his cigarette butt aside, grinning. "Oliver, you know the rules better than anyone. While we don't want to offend you, I must remind you that if you disregard the rules, your racing days could be numbered." Oliver, a passionate racing lover, couldn't let Yvette face this risk. Gritting his teeth, he mustered the courage to shout back, "Don't threaten me! I can quit racing!"

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Laughter erupted around him. "Oliver, if you can't handle it, drop all a favor and leave. Don't embarrass yourself here."

"Exactly! Oliver, are you scared? The beauty is ready to race for you, and yet you're holding her back? If you're worried about her, maybe it's best you go home."

"Is your fear so strong you need help from a pretty girl? That mini car she drove hardly screams 'racer'-is she here just to meet her end?"

"Raising the stakes is part of underground racing; if you lack the courage, you should really leave now."

Benedict feigned a grand, magnanimous demeanor as he addressed Yvette, "If you're afraid to 'compete, I suggest you go home in your mini car. This track is for men, and beautiful women should stay in their rightful places." His disdainful remarks towards women didn't go unnoticed by the crowd. But most present were men who agreed with

Benedict's sentiments.

Yvette, unfazed by Benedict's arrogance, suddenly broke into a smile. Her gaze was deep and unyielding, exuding chilling indifference. I agree.

"Let's raise the stakes even higher: if I win, you'll run three laps around the track in the nude while shouting, I am a pig!"

The crowd erupted into joyous uproar.

"Benedict, accept her challenge! Agree to it! Agree to it!"

Everyone raised their arms and shouted in delight, electric with anticipation.

Benedict looked at Yvette, his laughter showing he dismissed her words; he couldn't believe he could lose to a girl. "Fine, it's a deal!

"With so many witnesses, if you beat me, I'll run nude for three laps shouting, 'I am a pig!' But if you lose, you'll be mine for, task" three months, and I'll dictate your every

So, in front of the gathered crowd, Yvette and Benedict sealed their wager. The winner would be the one to cross the finish line first.

Oliver stood by Yvette, bewildered and frowning. He couldn't understand why she would accept such a wager, one that seemed destined for defeat.

Benedict swaggered off to prepare for the race, casting a last provocative gaze at Yvette as he left.

Yvette, however, didn't even glance his way. Instead, she tilted her head to address the frowning Oliver. "I won't lose, so wipe that sorrowful expression off your face and bring your racing car to the starting line."

Sighing, Oliver realized his futility in trying to dissuade her from racing. He conceded, "If you're determined to race, I'll sit beside you in the passenger seat. We'll shoulder the risks together; I can't let you face them alone."

Though fear gripped him, Oliver knew that standing by while Yvette raced went against his principles.

Seeing Oliver's brave facade despite his evident trepidation warmed Yvette's heart-A playful smile touched her lips as she replied, "If you insist,"

Oliver felt anxiety twist his face, fervently hoping fate would show mercy and spare him from an untimely demise. The outcomes of the race were simplified into two stark possibilities: either he or Yvette would meet their end on the treacherous road, or Yvette would have to endure three months with Benedict

As for the prospect of Yvette winning against Benedict on this perilous road, Oliver dismissed that notion entirely

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Chapter 529

Half an hour later, at the starting line, a dazzling and well-designed modified Maserati caught everyone's eye-a car Oliver had poured substantial resources into transforming.

Oliver handed Yvette a schematic while she was already in her racing suit. "Yvette, here's the map of the Death Road circuit.

"Take a quick look and memorize what you can. I'll be in the passenger seat guiding you, so if we coordinate well, we should reach the finish line easily.

Yvette nodded slightly, glanced through the track map, and, with just a cursory look, committed the route to memory. She had a remarkable photographic memory, and moments later, she returned the map to Oliver.

Oliver blinked in surprise. "Yvette, these routes are quite intricate. Aren't you going to take another look?"

Unhurried, Yvette donned her gloves and replied, "No need, I've memorized it."

Oliver felt skeptical. He struggled to believe she could absorb such a complex map so quickly; after all, the human brain isn't a computer.

He merely nodded, deciding not to press her. He committed to racing alongside Yvette and would provide navigation from the passenger seat.

Oliver's main goal now was to complete the race safely. The stakes could be discussed later; he wouldn't let Yvette herself against Benedict.

risk

Benedict, seated in his nearby sports car, was aware that his vehicle had undergone the most professional modifications, and he had participated in countless races. As he observed Yvette, resplendent in her racing suit, his nefarious thoughts intensified.

Amidst the cheers from the cheerleaders, all the racers and their navigators settled into their vehicles. Yvette, seated in the Maserati, deftly shifted through the gears. The moment the instructor waved the flag, all the cars surged forward like arrows released from a bow. The crowd watched in awe as a kaleidoscope of colors burst forth, with the initial straightaway revealing the difference in speed. Most striking were Yvette's red Maserati and Benedict's blue Lamborghini, capturing everyone's attention. Within a minute, however, the Lamborghini forged ahead, gaining ground on the Maserati.

As Yvette drove, news reports played on the radio, a refreshing contrast to the usual DJ beats in other cars. Oliver, hearing the broadcast and gazing at Yvette's composed expression, couldn't help but flinch.

Oliver thought, "It is utterly ridiculous! Which racer listens to the news while racing? If he hadn't been distracted by the rushing landscape outside, he might have thought they were on leisurely outing.

Ahead, Benedict cast a dismissive glance at the approaching Marasi, confident that winning this race would be easier than his daily meals. Competing against a girl like Yvette felt like mere formality, lacking any real challenge. Accelerating, shifting gears, and speeding up again, Benedict maneuvered around a curve, the Maserati trailing closely behind, maintaining a consistent gap between the two cars.

Yvette navigated the curves with remarkable ease, her movements fluid and confident. Nonchalantly, she retrieved a piece of candy from her pocket, steered the Maserati with one hand, and enjoyed her treat, completely relaxed. As Yvette pressed the accelerator, the two cars tightened their proximity. But Benedict still dominated the pace, keeping the Maserati firmly behind him.

Oliver, feeling less anxious than before, recognized Yvette's skill handling the car. Yet, compared to Benedict's

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professional skills, success still felt improbable. Thankfully, the ride remained steady for now.

Yvette observed the Lamborghini deliberately blocking the track ahead, a sly smile playing on her lips and mischief sparkling in her eye. She maintained her speed without a hint of urgency. 86%

Unbeknownst to them, the race had surpassed the halfway mark. As they ascended the mountain, the road lacked guardrails, where a single miscalculation could lead to disaster.

While the earlier part had been relatively safe, the more dangerous segment loomed ahead—where the real Death Road began.

Oliver scrutinized the map, his expression growing graver. He spoke somberly. "Yvette, we're about to enter a more treacherous section; there's a major curve ahead—reduce speed, or it'll be perilous."

No sooner had he spoken than a car in front misjudged the curve, accelerated without braking, and careened off the edge, disappearing from sight.

Rather than heed his caution, Yvette inexplicably increased her speed, her demeanor unaffected. She continued to accelerate, seemingly oblivious to the recent crash, aiming to conquer the curve at high velocity.

Oliver held his breath, his heart racing, fingers turning white as he gripped the safety handle inside the car. He watched the imminent curve approach, cold sweat trickling down his face.

Yvette glanced at Oliver, her eyes narrowing slightly before she shifted her focus ahead and slammed on the accelerator. "Slow down! We're turning! Accelerating through that curve could be fatal!" Oliver shouted in desperation. Seeing that Yvette had no intention of slowing down, he could only shut his eyes tightly and brace for impact.

Yvette commandeered the Maserati with unwavering confidence, maintaining her acceleration as she approached the curve. She deftly maneuvered through it and pulled the handbrake with

exhilarating precision. The car swerved gracefully, her steering spot-on as she merged back onto the track, performing the drift flawlessly.

Navigating that curve tested more than just racing skills; it required exceptional psychological fortitude and experience. The slightest error could lead to the same fate as the car that had just vanished over the cliff. After a minute, Oliver dared to slowly open his eyes, relief flooding through him as he beheld the road ahead, Glancing in the rearview mirror, he saw the recently conquered curve that had nearly claimed his life.

A wave of terror washed over him; he had genuinely thought he might meet his end there. Thankfully, it had been a false alarm, and they had passed unscathed.

With one hand gripping the steering wheel, Yvette's expression bore a mix of audacity and irreverence. "I won't lose, and you won't die."

Oliver felt a bit embarrassed, realizing the foolishness of his earlier anxiety. He hadn't anticipated Yvette's remarkable driving skills.

The average racer would never dare negotiate a curve so recklessly; yet, Yvette handled it effortlessly, revealing her skills were far beyond his initial estimations.

Ahead, Benedict cast a look in the rearview mirror, partly astonished to see Yvette's Maserati successfully tackle the recent curve. His brow furrowed with concern, though he still regarded her with contempt, believing her luck to be mere coincidence. Entering the curve at full speed was courting disaster, trying to overtake him in such a way was foolish. Yvette was undeniably stunning, but her reckless behavior seemed suicidal

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However, the Maserati remained a respectable distance behind him, and as long as Benedict could keep her at bay, he was sure he'd be the ultimate victor.

Benedict accelerated once more. Unlike Yvette's earlier strategy, he eased up on the throttle as he approached the next bend.

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COMMENT Chapter 530

As the corners approached, Yvette maneuvered her Maserati with incredible speed. Two bends were perilously close, yet she skillfully navigated each one, the two cars closely intertwined in the chase. Oliver, initially filled with trepidation, was now engrossed in the unfolding drama. Even though he had doubts about Yvette surpassing Benedict, he felt reassured that the loss wouldn't be too disheartening. He had to admit that Yvette's driving skills were the best he had seen among girls. Her reckless racing style was undeniably impressive, revealing a fierce tenacity reminiscent of her character. The final stretch consisted of relentless sharp turns, marking the climax of the race. In those moments, true endurance would be tested, pushing both man and machine under intense pressure. Oliver glanced at Yvette's profile, words caught in his throat. Sensing his hesitation, Yvette briefly turned her focus from the road and said. "If you have something to say, speak up."

Recovering from his shock, Oliver's complexion still showed some pallor. He questioned whether Yvette was truly human: how could she remain composed and chat during such a dangerous moment, where one misstep could lead to disaster? His voice faltered as he stammered, "Even if you lose, I can make sure you won't have to go with Benedict. Let's aim for a loss that's not too embarrassing-safety first." With a mischievous smile, Yvette replied, "Oh? What's the plan

Oliver's eyes glinted with obvious disdain. "Benedict's team is looking for investors. Even if we lose, as long as my brother is willing to spend, Benedict will definitely let you off." Yvette gave a cold, mocking smile, her gaze sharp and unyielding. She smoothly accelerated and shifted gears, casually saying, "Too bad that I don't want to let him off. Oliver was taken aback. Does Yvette truly believe she can beat Benedict?"

Before he could ponder further, another curve loomed ahead. Yvette swiftly pulled the handbrake, the roar of the engine reverberating as they barely grazed the edge of the bend.

In his Lamborghini, Benedict no longer exuded the confidence he once had. After years of racing, feeling Yvette's Maserati so closely behind him was alarming. It confirmed that Yvette wasn't just skilled; she was impressive enough to match him. At that moment, Benedict began to take Yvette seriously, slightly increasing his speed through the turns.

On the sunlit mountain road, the two supercars glistened-one red and one blue-tearing through the winding paths in a dazzling display, drifting around corners. The red Maserati swept through each curve like a whirlwind.

Dust swirled as high-definition cameras broadcast the spectacular race live, the crowds at the starting line were ecstatic They never imagined a woman could race alongside Benedict like this.

Anyone familiar with racing could see that Yvette's Maserati forced Benedict to accelerate repeatedly.

Each car was outfitted with cameras. While the interior dialogues went unheard, the expressions of the drivers and passengers were vividly displayed.

Yvette remained unfazed, her expression calm. In stark contrast beads of cold sweat glistened on Benedict's forehead, visibly struggling to keep pace.

Meanwhile, in the surveillance room of the villa, Braydon watched Yvette's stunning visage on the monitor. His gaze was intense, tenderness licking beneath a veneer of cold nulls. 10 12
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Beside him. Billy, who had just arrived with urgent news, kept his head bowed, afraid to breathe. He had no idea what Braydon planned or how far he would go to draw Yvette into his schemes.

As the leader of the Intelligence Hall within the Seventy-Two Chambers, Billy was one of the few who would choose Braydon over Yvette. For years, he had monitored the Seventy-Two Chambers for Braydon, an undercover sentinel near Charles. Billy didn't dare lift his eyes to meet Yvette's face on the monitor—a visage that haunted every member of the Seventy-Two Chambers.

Braydon greedily gazed at Yvette's image, and as he watched her navigate the treacherous bends, he furrowed his brows. "Did Yvette ever participate in a racing event during a training camp?"

Billy trembled slightly and replied softly. "Mr. Goodman, Yvette mentioned this to Charles; she did."

Braydon fixated on the monitor, his eyes ablaze with intensity, shifting between fury and resignation. "She shares everything with Charles and Joe. From the beginning, I've been an outsider

Billy, hearing this, lowered himself even more, trembling and rendered mute.

Suddenly, Braydon turned with icy resolve. "Prepare the car."

Billy nodded. "I have it ready right away, Mr. Goodman."

In the dimly lit villa, Braydon's face flickered ominously in the shadows, the scar on his visage giving him an air of seductive danger.

On the Death Road, the Maserati and Lamborghini had already left all other competitors in the dust.

As they

entered the most perilous segment of the mountain road, the next three corners would be crucial. If Yvette's Maserati couldn't overtake Benedict's Lamborghini during this stretch, victory would belong to Benedict. The crowd's cacophony grew louder, lively and intense

Through his rearview mirror, Benedict spotted Yvette's car, mentally planning his next move.

If he maintained his speed, barring any sudden acceleration from Yvette, he believed she couldn't surpass him in the upcoming bends.

The next three corners definitely couldn't be taken at an increased speed. As far as Benedict knew, there wasn't a single race car driver in the world who could do it.

He knew all too well that if he faltered on these three critical turns, the consequences could be fatal-an outcome from which no driver had ever returned alive.

Benedict was sure Yvette wouldn't dare attempt to overtake him He convinced himself that even if she tried, she lacked the skill to control her car through such swift turns. His confidence swelled; he believed victory was within his grasp

In the Maserati, Yvette's gaze was fixed on the Lamborghini ahead. Her expression was serene, devoid of urgency, her lips still curved in a carefree smirk. Oliver said, "Yvette, it's the last three turns now. Benedict is putting pressure on us; overtaking in these turns is impossible, We will lose this race."

Disheartened, Oliver had previously held onto a flicker of hope maybe Yvette could actually win

Yet, as the two vehicles reached this critical juncture, it became painfully clear to any observer that the outcome was already 10:12 Tue, Dec 24 G GG.

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sealed. There seemed to be no struggle left to mount.

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Chapter 531

Yvette gazed at the Lamborghini ahead, her long eyelashes casting shadows over her enigmatic eyes. With her eyebrows subtly arched, a playful smile graced her lips as she spoke, "Is the outcome already determined? I believe humanity can overcome destiny" Yvette pressed the accelerator fiercely. In the passenger seat, Oliver's heart somersaulted.

He thought. This is reckless.... Yvette dares to accelerate at a moment like this. Is this truly the end for me? My life might be forfeited today. I'm still a virgin! Couldn't I at least liave one last chance? Help me!

Onlookers watched as Yvette's Maserati surged forward and knew her intentions. She was utterly insane.

Cheers, screams, and shouts erupted on the Death Road.

"Oh my God, she's lost her mind! She's accelerating and challenging the divine; it's exhilarating!"

"I can hardly breathe; this girl is amazing! I've never seen anyone speed through the last three turns like this."

"I declare this the best underground race I've seen in years. It's a shame this girl might meet her end at the cliff."

"Oh heavens... Is she drifting? And still accelerating? Incredible! Her speed is incredible."

Just as the crowd buzzed with excitement, Yvette's Maserati swiftly caught up with Benedict's Lamborghini in the first turn, executing three accelerations.

The two cars raced side by side, their chassis grinding against each other. Fear crept into Benedict; in that fleeting moment of hesitation, he lost his advantageous position.

Yvette's tires grazed the mountain road as she maneuvered around the bend again. In the blink of an eye, the Maserati had overtaken the Lamborghini.

The positions had switched dramatically. Yvette's Maserati now led, leaving Benedict behind.

This unexpected turn of events left the spectators silent, their faces frozen in disbelief.

Inside the Maserati, Yvette glanced at Oliver, who sat wide-eyed. Her dark eyes glinted with amusement as she casually arched an eyebrow, "Do you enjoy racing?"

Yvette seemed to disregard the perceived peril that Oliver and the others had recognized moments before. Instead, she leisurely engaged him in conversation, ignoring the gravity of the situation.

In truth, Yvette found the turn lacking in challenge. For her, this so-called death road posed no real threat—just a test of her driving skills and sharp intellect.

Oliver, with tension etched in his posture, inhaled deeply. It was a bit embarrassing, but reflecting on how Yvette had seen him kneeling at the manor made this moment feel less shameful.

"I enjoy racing, but I seem to lack the talent. I've raced before, finished last twice, and once second to last, simply because the last car had a tire blowout."

Yvette was taken aback by Oliver's lack of skill; her hand on the steering wheel faltered for a moment before she nodded nonchalantly. With a dispassionate demeanor, she replied, "Maybe you should consider a different hobby." Oliver's heart shattered instantly; he had hoped for a bit of consolation from Yvette. "Yvette, I know I lack talent, but could you be a tad more diplomatic about it?"

Unfazed, Yvette continued to accelerate, processing Oliver's words. Her eyes narrowed slightly as she articulated, "Racing

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needs not just talent and calculation but also physical control. From what I see, you lack in all those aspects.

86%

"Your analytical skills appear underdeveloped, your physique seems frail, and your control is off. This sport isn't suited for you; I suggest you skip it."

Oliver forced a strained smile. He craved comfort, not brutal truths. Underdeveloped, frail, off... Each descriptor weighed heavily on him.

Lowering his gaze, he surrendered to resignation; if things went wrong in the next turn, maybe he could just leap from the car. If death was coming, so be it.

In the Maserati, Yvette kept chatting with Oliver, while in the Lamborghini, Benedict brooded darkly.

Now it was Yvette who was pressing ahead, and Benedict had been frightened moments before. By letting the Maserati overtake him, he realized that to speed past her, he'd have to take the same lethal risk-one he didn't dare to contemplate. Benedict understood he was facing a skilled opponent, and the pallor settled on his face.

This realization ensured he wouldn't surpass Yvette again; his mindset had completely collapsed.

Just as everyone thought Yvette had secured victory without needing to push harder in the next turn, she executed a jaw-dropping maneuver that left onlookers in awe.

The car surged forward once more. This time, her acceleration wasn't about competition but a test of her limits.

"What is she doing? She's already won; why take such a dangerous risk in the final turn? So reckless!"

"Is she challenging her own boundaries? Whoever bet against this girl might end up deeply regretting it!"

"What good does regret do now? Who would have thought this girl would be so formidable? She's more impressive than a

pro driver! When did such a talent emerge in racing?"

"Her drifting skills around corners are unmatched; few can rival that control. It's terrifying"

Inside the car, Oliver felt relief wash over him as Yvette sailed past the final turn. His heart soared at the sight of the finish line, exhilaration flooding through him.

He never imagined he'd finish first in a race, especially on a track called the death road.

That thought electrified him, even if it was thanks to Yvette's prowess; he still felt a sense of pride.

Yvette's Maserati crossed the finish line first, sending the crowd into a frenzy.

Some scouts from professional teams had already fixed their sights on Yvette, eager to recruit her.

As Yvette stepped out of the Maserati, her expression remained unperturbed. Oliver, bursting with pride, hopped out of the passenger seat and moved over to her. "Yvette, you were incredible! We won! It's a miracle; we defeated Benedict, the king of underground racing!" Yvette, unhurried, peeled off her gloves. The wind tousled her hair, and her unadorned face held a divine beauty that demanded attention.

Tilting her head slightly, she replied languidly, "Not a miracle, but merely skill."

Oliver's triumphant smile faltered. While her statement was undeniably true, it carried an air of arrogance. Truly, Yvette was formidable. 10:12 Tue, Dec 24 GG

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As soon as the words fell, Benedict's Lamborghini surged past the finish line. After his car came to a halt, it took a while before he finally stepped out of the vehicle.

A hushed silence enveloped the crowd at the finish line when they noticed Yvette and Oliver disembarking first. It wasn't until Benedict stepped out that the spectators began to murmur amongst themselves.

"Now this is exciting! That girl and Benedict had a wager, and Benedict lost-by an entire minute! It's clear he cracked under pressure in the latter half

"Benedict has raced this treacherous road countless times. He probably never thought he would lose to a girl. His pride must

be shattered."

"Losing to that girl will surely infuriate his team coach."

"Benedict's team is a formidable fifth-place contender linked to organized crime. That girl could be quite dangerous." The crowd fell silent at this speculation.

As passionate racing fans, they admired those with skill. Today, they respected Yvette for her undeniable talent on the track. Benedict's expression darkened as he approached Yvette, his earlier arrogance evaporating. "You've won." It was undeniable; Benedict had, astonishingly, been outdone by a girl.

News of today's race would undoubtedly spread, leaving Benedict utterly humiliated. There was no way to conceal it. Admitting her victory had completely shattered his pride.

Oliver, brimming with swagger, turned to Benedict. "Come on, Benedict, do you think we're just playing around here! Hurry up and take it off for a naked run! There are tons of cameras streaming live. You can't back out of the bet!" Oliver's words made Benedict's face darken further, resentment brewing in him towards Oliver's interference that touched on his reluctance to fulfill the wager. Benedict found himself momentarily speechless.

Yvette, with her long lashes lowered and a cold smile on her lips, regarded Benedict with a glint in her dark eyes.

"Strip," she commanded steadily.

Her bluntness ignited excitement among the onlookers, who began to chant, "Strip, strip, strip!" The crowd was whipped into a frenzy.

Benedict running naked would lead tomorrow's headlines in the racing world. Enraged by the crowd's taunts, Benedict felt like he was on a roasting spit, caught between a rock and a hard place. With an almost pleading gaze, he turned to Yvette. Benedict offered, "If you let today's incident slide, I'd happily recommend you to my coach. My team was the runner-up last year. If you join us, you'd enjoy a generous salary."

Oliver, incredulous, watched as Benedict tried to leverage money to entice Yvette, barely containing his urge to curse. The mere thought that their meager funds could sway her showed a serious lack of understanding.

Considering Yvette's racing skills, Joe could very well set up a new team with plenty of funds if she wanted to

Yvette's brows furrowed slightly. Her deep-set eyes radiated coolness, and her exquisitely crafted features wore an enigmatic

Benedict could read her expression-she wasn't about to let him off easily. His demeanor darkened further, but he kept a facade of nonchalance.

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At that moment, a middle-aged man's voice rang out. "Oh, dear lady, I'd like to invite you to join our team."

The man was slightly winded, perspiration beading on his forehead, and his urgency was clear.

Benedict was taken aback, stunned into silence as he realized the newcomer was Gerard.

Others in attendance recognized Gerard as well, sharing Benedict's astonishment.

"Isn't that Gerard, the head coach of the Wolf Team, currently ranked first in Mysonna? What's he doing here today?"

86

"Gerard's team has racers ranked among the top ten globally, all meticulously selected and trained under his watchful eye. If he's noticed this girl, her future is indeed bright."

"I predict she will be a rising star in the racing world. Maybe she can even secure a spot in the next world championship." "First place seems unlikely, though; let's not forget the unparalleled king of racing. Jules-Jules's position is unassailable." The renowned coach, known as the Eagle Eye of racing, approached Yvette with undeniable sophistication, showing little regard for Benedict. Benedict had sought Gerard's mentorship before but was dismissed due to a perceived lack of potential. His driving skills were barely noticeable, and his mentality would never make him a top-level racer. Gerard had watched the entire race, and while Benedict failed to impress, Yvette captured his attention.

In her, he saw a rare aura of supremacy reminiscent of long-forgotten champions. If Yvette joined his team, she day pose a challenge to Jules, the reigning champion, and Gerard was determined not to let this talent slip away.

With utmost

might one

Gerard Here's my card. As the head coach of the Wolf Team, I can the best treatment and an annual salary of 80 million

guarantee!lesy, Gerard introduced himself. "I am!

"I assure you, I'll guide you to be the brightest star in racing"

Oliver was ecstatic. The Wolf Team was his favorite, a renowned powerhouse. To think that Gerard would extend an Invitation to Yvette was exhilarating.

Benedict's demeanor crumbled completely; he felt like a joke-his team was nothing compared to the Wolf Team.

Yvette extended her delicately manicured hand, accepting the card from Gerard. She cast a dispassionate glance at it, nodding without showing any emotion.

Her nonchalant facade hid an air of arrogance; her half-squinted eyes concealed undisclosed feelings.

"Thank you, but I must decline, Yvette remarked indifferently.

Gerard was momentarily stunned. He saw no flicker of interest from Yvette and wondered if perhaps his offer was inadequate.

Meanwhile, Oliver felt anxious and torn, desperate to intervene but too cautious to speak up. He thought, "Would you even consider me, Gerard? I'd be more than willing to join!

Gerard gritted his teeth; if he lost Yvette, he knew he would regret it. He resolved to sweeten the deal. "If 80 million is insufficient, I can offer you 100 million annually. Plus, winning the championship will bring even greater rewards. What do you think?"

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Gerard's staggering offer of one hundred million caused gasps in the room. Even Benedict, who had faced Gerard before, showed signs of distress. This amount far exceeded what many famous racecar drivers earned, yet Yvette seemed perfectly fine with it. As a coach and businessman, Gerard wouldn't engage in a losing venture. His willingness to propose such a sum showed Yvette's undeniable worth.

Yvette frowned, showing hints of impatience as her deep-set gaze met the crowd. Her voice was cold and firm as she declared, "I refuse Gerard recognized her genuine disinterest. He furrowed his brow and fell silent, likely needing time to process this unprecedented rejection.

After Yvette's words, she turned her head toward Benedict. Her expression was completely devoid of warmth, causing him to instinctively withdraw. Oliver, noticing Benedict's hesitation, scoffed "Hurry up, or my brother will give you a call"

Oliver's insinuation was an outright threat. Benedict maintained a stoic demeanor, but his expression darkened as he gritted

his teeth.

In front of the gathered audience, he started removing his clothing piece by piece, beginning with his shirt, revealing a sculpted chest and toned physique. The crowd erupted into cheers and shouts, the atmosphere on Death Road getting wild again. Benedict, determined, continued to undress while

unveil the last layer-just a pair of white under rutinizing yette. His hands hovered over his belt buckle, ready to

At that moment, Yvette casually pulled a somewhat cold hamburger from her pocket.

As Oliver saw the hamburger in Yvette's hand, he grimaced. He wondered, 'Has she neglected to eat all day? She was unfazed during the race, only to get irritated over a lukewarm burger?' Benedict, hands still on his belt, paused, taken aback by Yvette's unexpected action and unsure of her intent.

Ignoring the astonishment, Yvette leisurely ate the now-cool hamburger, wiping her fingers clean with a tissue afterward.

Noticing Benedict still resting his hands on his belt, she frowned and said flatly, "Continue undressing."

Benedict, seething with frustration, decided to shed his jeans, leaving him in nothing but his underpants.

He met Yvette's gaze provocatively. "What do you think of my physique? Surely it's superior to any man you've encountered."

The crowd began to murmur among themselves. "Benedict's physique is impressive."

"I heard rumors he was once sponsored by a wealthy woman for his looks."

"I've heard that too; during tough times, he even sold himself for cash."

Confident in his physique, Benedict felt liberated, having stripped away his last bit of dignity.

Yvette lifted her eyelids and responded with disdain, "Not impressive. Even as a gigolo in Clusia, you'd be ineligible!"

Oliver erupted in laughter, soon joined by the spectators roaring with mirth. Benedict's face darkened with embarrassment 10:13 Tue. Dec 24

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Oliver remembered that just days earlier, he had foolishly confronted Yvette and received a well-deserved thrashing. In fact, he was lucky, since her words could cut even deeper. Yvette didn't spare Benedict a glance as she turned and climbed into her Maserati. Lowering the window, she

told Oliver, The car will be returned to the Yoder family by tomorrow." The engine roared to life, and she sped away, leaving Oliver in a stupor, battling the urge to ask for a ride.

As Yvette's car descended, Braydon's phone rang in the heavy-duty armored vehicle traversing the mountainside.

"Mr. Goodman, Yvette is on her way down; she should reach your location in about ten minutes," reported Braydon's subordinate cautiously,

Braydon's eyes glinted with frost as he furrowed his brows, shadowed with intensity. After ending the call, he exited the vehicle and positioned himself in front.

In just seven minutes, Yvette maneuvered her Maserati at breakneck speed, arriving at Braydon's location.

As she turned a corner, she spotted the black car parked on the hillside, alongside Braydon, who stood waiting. Yvette showed no surprise; her demeanor was unfazed.

Her long lashes cast shadows beneath her sharp gaze, as her lips curled subtly, her cold eyes narrowing into fierce slits. She pressed the accelerator.

The Maserati showed no signs of slowing down, hurtling straight toward Braydon. As it closed in to just 0.2 miles away, it was clear a collision was about to happen.

Their eyes locked, and electric tension crackled between them. Yvette's expression soured, filling the air with foreboding. Braydon had to hope she'd swerve away. But in the next heartbeat, Yvette's car surged forward like an arrow. At the critical moment, Braydon's driver nudged him aside, positioning himself to shield Braydon.

As the driver braced for what he thought was his doom, the Maserati stopped just inches away.

Unfazed, Braydon kept his composure, focusing on Yvette behind the wheel. His irises blazed with chilling intensity, red veins accentuating the knife-like scar on his face.

Emerging from the car, Yvette had changed into a sleek black ensemble-striking and formidable. Her expression remained unreadable as her piercing gaze scanned Braydon's face, slicing through the air with lethal precision.

Braydon adjusted his collar, his voice steady yet grave, "Yvette, did you realize it was my people who lured you here?" Yvette met Braydon's gaze with an unfeeling glare, her words languid and dismissive, "Of course."

At her response, a softness spread across Braydon's face, dispelling the darkness that had enveloped him. Only Yvette had the power to bring him peace over the years.

He asked, "Yvette, can you not give me one more chance? Abandon Jeremiah and choose me, just this once."

Braydon implored her, sinking into humility. Yvette was his only path to redemption; without her, a life of wealth and fame would mean nothing-

His feelings for Yvette ran deep, woven through years of longing In his midnight dreams, only she occupied his thoughts.

Upon hearing Braydon's plea, Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression unchanged. "Braydon, do you recall what I said when

rescued you all those years ago

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Braydon's haughty eyes seemed unfocused, filled with dark memories. After a moment lost in thought, he returned to the present, the past tugging at him. He fought to maintain his composure, lifting his gaze to Yvette, the corners of his eyes stained red. In a low, somber tone, Braydon said, "Saving me is just convenient? You want me to forget everything as soon as I escape the cage?"

Yvette looked at Braydon with a slight frown, her icy gaze piercing through him. Her voice was bone-chilling. "Braydon. I detest complications."

Those words struck Braydon like a dagger, piercing deep into his heart. He questioned loudly, "After all these years, Yvette, have I just been a nuisance to you? Is there no chance for redemption after that mistake I made?"

A glint of lethal intent flashed in Yvette's eyes, resolute and unfeeling. "Braydon, draw your weapon. I offer you a chance to Wager your life."

The game was simple. Each person takes turns with a revolver loaded with one or more bullets. They spin the cylinder, it, and point the gun at their own head.

seal

The one shot retreats, while the one who hesitates loses. Only one emerges victorious, likely at the cost of life. Braydon's eyes darkened with disbelief as he watched Yvette pull out a silver firearm- from her coat. He recognized it well- the modified weapon she crafted herself, with range and lethality over tenfold that of an ordinary gun.

Braydon wondered, 'Has Yvette grown to despise me so much that she wants to rid herself of me through this deadly game? Am I truly just a wretched joke?

Yvette's demeanor remained unfazed, as if discussing lunch rather than a game of life and death.

Braydon smirked coldly. "Very well, Yvette. I'll wager with you if that's what you want."

He pulled out a gun from his pocket, both of them standing opposite, guns in hand. He fixed his gaze sharply on Yvette's weapon. His lips thin in a tense line.

"I'll go first," Yvette declared, loading the gun and pointing it at her chest. Braydon's pupils constricted at the sight.

In the next moment, he interjected, "Yvette, let me go first."

With a frown, Yvette fixed her icy gaze on him, answering indifferently, "Suit yourself."

Braydon aimed the dark muzzle of the gun at his own heart, remaining silent as heavy stillness enveloped him, murderous intent gleaming in his somber eyes. Yvette observed him from a distance, a silent spectator.

As he gazed into Yvette's calm, unyielding expression, Braydon realized he had irrevocably lost her today. Despite his rise to power, escaping his grandfather and putting in effort, it was all in vain; he had never truly been in her heart or eyes. His finger flinched, ready to pull the trigger, but at the last moment, he relinquished the weapon, letting it drop weakly to his side. Despair was clear on his face, the melancholy impossible to hide.

Seeing his capitulation, Yvette coldly and slowly withdrew her gun, her expression unchanged. Raising her brows delicately, she said softly, "Since you've made your choice, live well. I hope we never meet again. With that, she turned and walked to her car.

Braydon stood frozen, watching Yvette drive off in her Maserati. He staggered a few steps, as if his feet were nailed to the ground, feeling like a withered tree. His complexion was ashen, the pallor of death evident, vitality seemingly drained from him. 1/2 10:13 Tue, Dec 24 GGG.

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The first time Braydon felt abandonment was at eight, locked in a dog cage and fed dog food for two years. The second was today: he once believed Yvette would return after sulking for a few years, but now he realized how wrong he was.

He pondered. Am I loving her the wrong way? Did she bet her life to rid herself of my nuisance? Maybe my existence has been a mistake since I drew breath. Inside the car, Yvette gripped the steering wheel tightly as she answered Jeremiah's call. "Where are you?" Jeremiah's voice resonated with a magnetic tone.

Yvette hesitated slightly, then replied, "On the highway, heading back to the villa. Is everything settled at Betrico?"

"Yes. We have a dinner tomorrow at nine in Mysonna; would you like to join?" Jeremiah casually asked, knowing well Yvett disdain for such events.

"I suppose." Yvette answered slowly. Jeremiah was surprised by her affirmative reply. Yvette pressed the accelerator, speedir toward the villa.

Upon entering. Yvette noticed Sienna, fuming with anger as she ranted into her phone. She was the only one at home since everyone else had gone out. From her tone, it was clear just how furious she was.

Sienna demanded, "What on earth is going on with the Xander Group? Didn't they assure us the new season's garments would be delivered on time next week? Now they claim they can meet the deadline! What are they playing at?"

Sienna's face flushed with anger, and spotting Yvette was like finding her anchor. "Enough! If Xander Group wants to jeopardize our agreement, let's seek compensation as stipulated in our contract.

L

"No concessions should be made, do you understand?" After hanging up, Sienna's expression shifted from fury to a wounder poul like a child seeking comfort. Yvette, something must be wrong with Xander Group.

"Our collaboration has been smooth for years. They assured us the garments would be delivered on time, yet their representatives just informed us of a problem. If that happens, our market will be severely compromised, leading to significant losses." The fashion industry is ever-evolving; failing to launch new collections on time brings serious consequences

Yvette, now in her slippers and observing Sienna's mix of anger and distress, approached her and gently patted her head. In a soft tone, Yvette said, "You're far too grown up to be this upse

Sienna's face flushed. In the world, she's a decisive and capable woman who can hold her own against anyone. But in front of Yvette, she feels like a child, unable to escape her dependence on her.

Sienna confessed, "Yvette, there must be an issue. The Xander Group must have a valid reason. Their production lines are too numerous for delays to be allowed. We must investigate to uncover the problem."

Seated on the sofa, Yvette leisurely sipped from a cup of water, her demeanor serene as she asked nonchalantly. Who is the chairman of Xander Group?

O