

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 541[1,042 words]

Chapter 541

Just then, a chilling female voice came from the doorway to the balcony. "What's up? Are you looking for me?"

Gael was still ranting, but when he spotted Yvette standing not far away, he was stunned. Everyone else also turned to look at Yvette and Klein. Yvette stood at the door, with the hotel lights casting a glow around her, like a beautiful painting. Klein stood calmly next to her, gave a sweeping glance over the guests, and his eyes settled on Gael with a serious expression. Yvette slowly walked in, and Klein followed her closely, watched by everyone.

He glanced at carefree Yvette and suddenly felt at ease. Yvette walked up to Gael without saying a word, which was enough to suppress Gael. Before Yvette spoke, Gael's confidence had weakened. Rebecca stiffened when she saw Yvette. Her panic surged as she recalled her secret deal with Gael. She had planned to target Sienna, but Rebecca never expected that the real boss of Vibe was Yvette. Rebecca should have realized it earlier because, in Seacurity, Sienna would have Yvette wear an exhibition-level haute couture worth 30 million dollars and support Yvette so strongly

But to deal with Vibe, she had already invested a lot of money. If she gave up now, her hard-earned position as general manager of Arcanum Group would be in danger.

Seeing Yvette take Gael on directly, she had a quiet rapture, thinking she could get herself out of trouble.

Yvette was known to everyone in fashion as the real boss of Vibe. Gael was stunned by Yvette's pretty face when he recognized her.

When Yvette was right in front of him, Gael was guilty of breaking his contract with Vibe, so his attitude wasn't as tough as

before.

Gael said. "M-Ms. Zeller, Nina said you're pitting my two sons against each other. That's unethical"

The guests whispered among themselves about Yvette being the real boss of Vibe and knew that Xander Group preferred to pay a large settlement rather than honor their contract with Vibe. Everyone stayed quiet, waiting for the drama. Yvette flicked her eyes upwards, a roguish smile on her face, and casually said, "Unethical? I think it's okay. I love fighting and watching people fight. I was enjoying it just now. Do you have a problem with that?"

Gael's face turned sour, and he paused, thinking, Yvette is inflexible. I'm not going to hold it against her, but she continued to provoke me. Why does she have to make things so awkward!

'She goes too far. What does it mean to say she's enjoying it and then ask if I have a problem? That's insulting Gael was so taken aback by Yvette's words that he couldn't reply and could only stand there with a stern look.

The situation was deadlocked. Sienna gave a thumbs-up, her face filled with admiration. "Yvette is amazing. Her simple sentence pissed Gael off."

Bruce wrapped an arm around Sienna's waist and said to her earnestly, "It's your turn. Go and get back what he owes you." Hearing that, Sienna's eyes brightened, immediately understanding what Bruce meant. With all the upper class from Mysonna gathered here, she was determined to make Gael and his company pay for their broken promises.

Yvette was an expert in fighting, and Sienna was good at making a scene. As the banquet hall went silent, Sienna gracefully stepped out from the crowd.

Sienna walked as she said, "Oh my God, are you the chairman of Xander Group? I've been trying to meet with you for a long time. I'm waiting for your explanation, you know?"

1/2

2/2

Chapter 341

Sienna's sudden appearance broke the silence. She walked over to Yvette, giving her a playful wink

With just a look, Yvette instantly knew what Sienna was thinking. She smirked slightly on one side of her mouth.

Bruce watched Sienna quietly, his eyes filled with tenderness. He wanted the Sienna to always be the brightest girl and be the best version of herself.

Sienna's unexpected appearance completely caught Gael off guard because Gael remembered there was no one from Vibe on the guest list. He was worried that Sienna would make a big deal out of this, but that was exactly what Sienna wanted

Seeing Gael remain silent, Sienna said with sarcasm, "Have you forgotten everything. Mr. Xander? You broke our contract for no reason. Do you think we're weak?"

"Well, today is a special day, and my boss is here. Don't you think you should offer us an explanation? Mr. Xander, I warn you my boss is quite intimidating."

Sienna's tone was half-serious and half-joking. Yvette lifted her gaze to scan the crowd, her knees slightly bent, her eyes cool as she simply said, "Yeah, I'm intimidating, very,"

Yvette spoke with such an innocent demeanor, and the guests didn't take it seriously. But Nathan and Rebecca, silently watching from the crowd, knew perfectly well just how ruthless Yvette could be.

Nathan let out a cold laugh as he glanced at the unconcerned crowd and thought, They didn't know how vicious Yvette is. In fact, she's no ordinary person at all.'

Back then, when Yvette was just a teenager, she fought hundreds of ancient combat experts gathered by the Goodman family. Thanks to Yvette's mercy, they survived but took three years to fully recover.

As Nathan's cold laughter reached her ears, Rebecca cautiously asked, "What's up? Do you know Yvette too?"

Nathan gave Rebecca a cold look, a chill forming between his brows. Rebecca was his future wife, so he needed to give her a heads-up.

Nathan said, "Remember, Rebecca, there are some people you should never provoke, and Yvette is one of them. If you annoy her, no one can protect you."

Although Nathan hated that Yvette had intervened to separate him and Sienna, he was self-aware. If it weren't for Yvette, his brother wouldn't have been crazy, isolating himself at home for days, not eating or drinking, like a useless man. Nathan wished he could kill coldhearted Yvette, but he knew it was impossible. Yvette her. Rebecca was left standing there, stunned, her heart skipping beat.

e was so powerful that no one could kill

Rebecca wondered, 'Does he know what I did? What does he mean? He's exaggerating. This isn't Clusia, but Mysonna, where business tycoons are everywhere. So what if Yvette is the real boss of Vibe? Who is she to deserve Nathan saying these words? SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 542[1,172 words]

Chapter 542

When Nina heard the guests talking, she was stunned that Yvette was the boss of Vibe. The dress she was wearing was from Vibe. Although it wasn't custom-made, it was still hard for her to book it Nina was so scared and deeply regretful because she worked in the entertainment industry, which is closely connected to the fashion industry.

She had invested a lot of money in the announcement of wearing a dress designed by Vibe, trying to have more resources. and boost her status. But now, Nina offended Vibe's owner and thought she ruined everything: Gael realized Sienna was prepared, and the only thing Gael could do was make an eye gesture to ask Klein for help. He guessed that since Klein had come with Yvette and had hit Jill, they must have had a great relationship. Standing next to Yvette, Klein pretended not to notice Gael's gesture. Instead, he stepped closer to Yvette, showing his position. Gael's face turned pale upon seeing this.

Sienna glanced at Gael and then surveyed the guests around, many of whom were general managers and business owners.

The news of Gael's breach of contract had spread in the business circle. If Vibe didn't handle this situation with Gael well, other companies would shit on Vibe in the future.

Sienna sternly said. "You broke the contract without any reason. We will pursue full compensation through legal means. Mr. Xander, be careful."

Gael had some offshore funds at his disposal, so he wasn't worried about compensation. He had a shameless look on his face as if saying. "What can you do to me?"

"I can afford to pay Vibe's compensation, so there's no need for any concern from you or Ms. Zeller," Gael said without hesitation. He was fearless and arrogant, giving Yvette a malevolent glance.

The guests were stunned by Gael's words. They didn't know why Gael got the courage to fall out with Vibe. Just a while ago, Xander Group was in trouble, and Gael was seeking investments everywhere.

All eyes turned to Yvette, who had remained silent throughout, maintaining a calm expression. Nathan glanced at the boastful Gael and sneered. "He's digging his own grave. Rebecca's face changed slightly, and she tightly clenched her handbag Yvette leisurely lifted her eyelids, looking at furious Gael. She asked simply, Do

I mean, your 100 million dollars abroad? you think that's enough?"

Gael's expression suddenly changed, and Rebecca was so frightened that her bag fell to the ground. Rebecca quickly squatted down to pick up her bag, and when she finally calmed down and looked up, she saw Nathan's skeptical eyes. Gael tried to deny the whole thing and said, "What are you talking about, Ms. Zeller? You can't make baseless accusations just because you're Vibe's boss.

*Even if I breached the contract, I only need to pay 100 million dollars. Ms. Zeller, are you short of money? You can't go too far in demanding money."

Sienna was stunned by Nathan's shamelessness, blatantly denying everything and even shifting the blame. Yvette casually played with the watch on her wrist, raising an eyebrow, her face showing arrogance. She didn't hurry to speak. Sienna was about to argue back when Yvette stopped her, saying. Two minutes Sienna paused and obediently returned to Yvette's side.

Garl was a little smug, thinking Yvette couldn't argue with him anymore. Then, the phone in his pocket rang.

1/3

Chapter 512

Dec 25

Gael couldn't answer it on such an occasion, so he had to hang up, but it rang repeatedly, drawing everyone's attention to his pocket.

Gael answered the phone with a scowl "What's up? Don't you know I'm at a party? Can you wait until I'm back at the office?"

On the other end was Gael's secretary. The guests didn't know what Cael heard and only saw his face darken even more. After he hung up, his hand shook with anger as he looked at Yvette, who remained composed. Cael was bristling with anger and pointed a shaking finger at Yvette, stammering. "You-you ask Cyril Simpson to help Vibe with the lawsuit?"

Sienna's

eyes nearly sparkled with excitement at the mention of Cyril. She always wondered why Yvette could stay calm while Gael was so arrogant, and now she realized Yvette had a plan.

Klein was equally shocked, turning his head to look at Yvette. He thought it was a bold move. After all, Cyril was special, whose fees for a case were exorbitant. Of course, he also didn't expect Yvette to be the real boss of Vibe.

It was hard for Klein to imagine Yvette, a businesswoman, getting involved in medical experiments. Perhaps a talented person to excel in any field they got into.

Cyril Simpson, the hottest lawyer, was the lead attorney at the largest law firm in Mysonna, undefeated for four years. Besides, the clients had to book his service six months in advance and follow his strict rules

All the guests were astonished when they heard this name. I can't believe Vibe asked Cyril to be their lawyer. Xander Group is over, just a month ago, Cyril finished an international business dispute. Initially, the compensation was supposed to be only six billion dollars, but Cyril made that defendant pay nearly thirty billion dollars. His reputation as the legal demon is well-deserved." "Usually, Cyril will take a six-month break after each case. Why does he end his vacation so early to take Vibe's case? Jesus. How did Yvette, a woman from Clusia, manage to pull this off?"

"Did Cyril actually break his rules just for Vibe? That's unbelievable. If Vibe did it, I'm afraid that Xander Group won't get away with just paying 100 million dollars"

Nathan always knew Yvette had something up her sleeve, but he didn't expect Cyril would help her. He thought, Yvette's connections are always so peculiar.

She makes friends regardless of their status, as long as she likes. She's been strange since she was little, and only Braydon

could love her.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, glinting in them. Her voice was steady and cold. "Do you think 100 million dollars is enough now?"

Gael surely knew the outcome of taking Cyril to court that 100 million
anger.

US Could just be Cyril's legal fees

Filled with Gael suddenly started yelling at Klein, paying no heed to all the guests present. "Klein, ungrateful bastard. I'm your father. How dare you team up with an outsider against me? Aren't you afraid of divine punishment?" Klein showed no emotion. He had long since given up on his father. Even if Gael dropped dead in front of him, he wouldn't even shed a single tear.

With a blank expression, Klein said. "Gael Xander, do you want me to show everyone the document severing our ties? Since we ended our relationship, why are you still saying that? I hope you could have a little dignity." Gael clutched his chest, clearly shaken by Klein's words, and was left without a response. All he could do was repeatedly mutter. "Ungrateful, ungrateful!"

No one present defended Gael The Xander family didn't have a good reputation, and most of the business associates only

10:22 Wed, Dec 25 G GD

Chapter 542

worked with them out of respect for his wife Seraphina,

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 543[1,099 words]

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Chapter 543TM

Gael was fuming, and Nina, noticing the situation was turning hail, had already slipped away. The door opened once more, and this time, the few people who entered were even more unexpected. Seraphina

Gael's wife, hadn't been seen in ages. Different from the image of an independent woman in the past, she appeared worn out and sat in a wheelchair, her weak hands resting at her sides.

Her former elegance and smile were gone, but her gaze remained sharp, filled with sorrow and intense hatred. Behind her was an older white man pushing her wheelchair and a few blonde and blue-eyed men. All of them came from the Dixon family. Beside them stood Jeremiah, dressed in a black suit with the sleeves of his white shirt casually rolled up, exuding an indescribable charisma. His delicate features and deep eyes added to his striking presence.

Jeremiah walked over to Yvette, noticing her elegant dress and beautiful features. His eyes softened as he spoke gently, "I brought her here, just as you guessed. Mrs Xander was confined by his husband and was cut off from contact with everyone."

Yvette lowered her eyelashes and replied, "Thank you." Then she smirked at Jeremiah's gaze and asked, "Do I look good?" Jeremiah nodded seriously and said in a mixture tone of gentlemanly and libertine, "Yes, pretty good." Yvette replied leisurely, with a calm yet relaxed tone, "You can go back and take your time."

Watching Jeremiah and Yvette being so close, Nathan muttered under his breath, "These two are shameless, flaunting their affair even here."

Sienna, standing nearby, finally understood the fact. She thought Gael had locked up his wife, and Yvette had Jeremiah rescue her. That was why Jeremiah arrived so late. Yvette was working with him here. 'Cael was truly in trouble. Mr. Dixon was not someone to mess with, especially when his only daughter was treated this way, Yvette's plan was brilliant. The Xander family is about to face a major upheaval!

From the moment Seraphina appeared, Gael's face turned pale, trembling with fear. He watched as Seraphina, seated in a wheelchair, was pushed toward him by the old butler of the Dixon family.

Seraphina looked at her husband, feeling completely heartbroken. "You're surprised to see I'm here, right? You imprisoned me and broke my legs. Cael, you're dead."

Seraphina felt disgusted to say more, so she beckoned to the man behind her. A blond, blue-eyed man stepped forward and seized Gael, muffling his mouth to prevent any screams. Only a few people noticed Gael was injected with a small syringe and then Gael passed out instantly before he could struggle.

Yvette and Jeremiah exchanged a look. Jeremiah narrowed his eyes and remarked, "Professional

Yvette picked up a strand of hair with her slender fingers, playing with it as she slowly said, "Assassin."

Jeremiah squeezed her hand, tilted his head, and a cool smile played on his lips. "He was specially prepared by Mrs. Xander to punish Gael,"

Klein stood next to them and recognized Jeremiah as the man who had brought Yvette to the lab that day.

Honestly, before meeting Jeremiah, Klein really couldn't imagine what kind of man could be worthy of a strong and mysterious woman like Yvette. Now Klein thought he knew. 10:22 Wed, Dec 25 GGB

Chapter 343-

Even if Jeremiah and Yvette didn't say much, the two standing together had a vibe that fit perfectly, which was what he heard as the perfect couple.

Gael was taken away by the Dixon family, Sitting in her wheelchor, Seraphina looked at Yvette and Jeremiah with extreme gentleness

She said, "Ms. Zeller, Mr. Chavez, I'm aware of what Gael did, and we'll bear all the consequences. Even a small kindness should be repaid with great gratitude, so if you need me, please let me know. I'll help in any way I can." Yvette gave a slight nod, her voice clear, with no extra emotion her delicate features. "No, thanks." Jeremiah nodded as

well.

Seraphina felt a bit helpless seeing they didn't care. Many people would dream of getting a promise from her father, but these two didn't want any reward at all, which showed that they really didn't value the favor she was offering. It was then that Seraphina noticed Klein standing next to Yvette Surprised, she blurted out, "What are you doing here?"

Klein had been sent to the Xander family when he was just a child. To be honest, Seraphina didn't treat Gael's illegitimate children poorly but ignored them, which was quite generous for a family of their status, Klein nodded politely. "Hello, Ms. Seraphina."

Seraphina nodded at Klein and thought among all of Gael's children, Klein was the most outstanding and the one she liked most because he was ambitious yet principled, nothing like Gael

Seraphina ignored the mocking looks from others, and after a moment, as if making an important decision, she kindly asked Klein, "Would you like to return to the Xander family? If you will, come with me." Klein was taken aback, not understanding what Seraphina means at that moment.

Yvette tilted her head slightly, noticing Klein's confused look. She raised her chin a bit, her voice low and commanding. Do what you want

Hearing this, Klein looked at Yvette, and a struggle flashed in his eyes before they returned to calm with determination. "Fine, I'll go back with you." Seraphina

best choice.

led contently. Since Gael was gone, Xander Group needed a new chairman to take it over, and Klein was the

Before leaving, Klein suddenly turned to Yvette and bowed deeply. "Thank you, Professor." But he didn't say that thanks for her presence to change his life. Jeremiah looked at Klein. The two men's eyes met, and Klein's eyes showed nothing but gratitude.

After Seraphina and Klein left, the banquet hall was quiet for a moment, but everyone's eyes remained on Yvette and the unexpectedly appearing Jeremiah.

Jeremiah had a commanding aura that made people afraid to look straight at him. Rebecca glanced at Yvette, feeling anxious as if something was slowly getting out of control. Even though Gael had already been taken away, she couldn't stop the fear.

Rebecca tugged at Nathan's sleeve, pretending to feel dizzy and weak as if she might faint at any moment, and begged. "Nathan, I'm not feeling well. I want to go home. Can you take me home? Please."

Nathan looked at Rebecca impatiently. Her pale face seemed genuine, so he held back from speaking harshly. But his tone remained somewhat cold. "Come on, if you're not feeling well, why come here? I'll have the driver take you back." Rebecca felt a bit disappointed, but at this point, it didn't matter much to her. She just wanted to leave there as soon as possible,

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 544[1,072 words]

Chapter 544

Just as Rebecca was planning to quietly leave while everyone's eyes were on Yvette, she was stopped by a familiar voice. "Rebecca

With one word, everyone in the previously silent hall turned their gaze to Nathan and Rebecca who was trying to sneak

away.

Nathan quickly turned to Rebecca after noticing Yvette's gaze, his expression severe. He wondered how Rebecca upset Wette.

Rebecca's face was rigid as she clutched her bag, almost losing her balance. Trying to appear calm, she turned around, only to be met with Yvette's teasing look.

She knew that Yvette had found out about her using Xander Group against Vibe and thought she must never admit it. Rebecca could only reassure herself that Yvette wouldn't have any solid evidence. After all, the money for that transaction had gone through at least three transfers, making it hard to trace back to her and Arcanum Group.

Rebecca pretended to be confused and smoothed her hair. "What's wrong, Ms. Zeller? I'm feeling a bit unwell, so if there's nothing urgent, I'll leave so as not to disturb you

Yvette burst into laughter, watching Rebecca pretend to be weak as if she were about to faint. Yvette's brows slightly arched, her smile was captivating, and a hint of arrogance shone in her eyes.

"Rebecca, you've gone through so much trouble to transfer 160 million dollars three times to Gael. Don't you want to explain?" asked Yvette.

Jeremiah stood nearby, with an air of elegance and a doting smile in his eyes. He wasn't surprised that Yvette had figured out who targeted Vibe overnight. Yvette was always highly efficient, just like when she dated him. Rebecca unconsciously took a step back at Yvette's words. Seeing the skeptical glances from everyone, she quickly steadied herself and stood up straight, her eyes slightly red with grievance, and her voice shook.

Rebecca said, "Ms. Zeller, we know each other from Seacurity. You accuse me of setting up Vibe, but where's your evidence? Everyone in the industry is aware that it was Xander Group who broke the contract. What's that got to do with me! "Yes, Arcanum Group and Vibe are competitors, but the charge you have given me is too serious. I'm just the general manager of Arcanum Group, and you're Vibe's boss, but that doesn't mean you can slander me as you please." Rebecca's words were logical and convincing, causing the guests to subconsciously support her.

One of the guests said, "Yep. Ms. Carter really has no reason to target Vibe. She's such a kind and well-mannered girl, so there must be some misunderstanding, right?"

"I agree. She's Mr. Goodman's fiancée. Why would she do such a thing?"

Nathan looked at Rebecca with suspicion. In his opinion, Rebecca was intelligent and wouldn't do something like this, so he thought Yvette was deliberately creating problems for Rebecca, making his expression darken. Rebecca knew who her greatest support was at this moment. If Yvette intended to go against her, only the Goodman family and Nathan could protect her.

After speaking, Rebecca gave Nathan a pitiful look, humbly pleading for him to trust her. She quietly said, "I really don't know what Yvette is talking about. I don't hold any grudge against Vibe, so I don't have to do this. "Don't believe what Yvette says. Our families have always had conflicts, and she's probably trying to use this chance to get

1/3

Chapter 544

back at me."

Nathan didn't immediately believe Rebecca and simply remarked, "If you lie to me, it'll be the last thing you do."

Jeremiah stood with one hand in his pocket and a chill in his eyes, looking indifferent as he watched Rebecca try to gain everyone's sympathy.

"Rebecca, you can't do it without any trace. Do you really think you can deceive everyone?" asked Sienna.

With that, the guests stopped whispering and went silent. Nathan didn't want to go against Yvette, but Rebecca was his fiancée. If he didn't say something for Rebecca, he would lose his reputation and dignity. Grinding his teeth, Nathan finally turned to Yvette and spoke, with Rebecca's hopeful gaze on him. "Yvette, Rebecca is my fiancée and will be the hostess of the Goodman family. If you have no proof, don't make up a story."

If it weren't for Yvette, Nathan wouldn't be so polite and would've had her out already. But since the person targeting Rebecca was Yvette, he couldn't use a harsh tone because he couldn't afford to offend her, nor did he dare. Nathan's attitude surprised everyone because the Goodman family usually didn't treat their enemies so calmly. Rebecca was somewhat shocked, with increasing uneasiness in her heart.

Nathan then turned his attention to the fierce Sienna and said, "Sienna, don't target Rebecca just because she's my You were the one who left me."

Sienna wanted to throw up. "Oh, my God, shame on you, Nathan Don't be gross here."

Sienna was 50

fiancée.

disgusted by Nathan that she didn't even want to speak. Seeing his affectionate gaze gave her goosebumps. Yvette casually raised an eyebrow, her gaze downcast, making her emotions hard to read in her clear and bright eyes. "Proof? No problem."

As soon as the guests heard there was proof, they started gossiping eagerly.

"Jesus, did you hear that? Vibe's boss said there's proof. Wow, things got interesting."

"If Yvette really brings out the proof, Rebecca will be done,"

"If it's true, Rebecca's acting is so good."

Yvette's words stunned Rebecca, making it hard for her to stand, She gripped her bag tightly to conceal her growing fear.

Nathan's face suddenly became terrifyingly cold. Right then, Bruce came out from the crowd, looking distinguished and graceful, walking confidently over to Yvette and Jeremiah. Jeremiah, Yvette."

Handing the briefcase to Yvette, Bruce said, "Yvette, here is the evidence of Rebecca bribing Gael, along with the detailed financial transactions."

After speaking, Bruce stood next to Sienna. Sienna held Bruce's hand and softly asked, "Is this the folder that Yvette gave you when she got out of the car? Did Yvette really find all the evidence out overnight?"

Bruce casually put his arm around Sienna's shoulder and whispered in her ear, 'I bet Yvette didn't need the whole night.' Yvette's face was blank, her eyes deep. She pulled out the papers from the briefcase and tossed them at Rebecca.

The dozens of papers scattered through the air and covered the door in an instant. Guests bent down to read the contents, except for Rebecca, who stood motionless, eyes unfocused.

Nathan glanced at the paper and immediately turned to stare at Rebecca, his eyes filled with simmering anger, sending chills down Rebecca's spine.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mrs 545[1,170 words]

Chapter 545 device

Rebecca could no longer ride the strength to argue where before her anything he told her meaningless. The reputation she patiently the eyes of the Arymen's beauty shattered with some casual lie by Barth

son

couldn't. Tver was like a curse to the Carte family. Even after fleeing to and beating Searrity, they will eldrit en ape her she seemed best on destroying them

The murmuring of the summing gowns buzzed around Rebekka, leaving her in a daze. Shewtraightened her posture suddenly, not wanting to humiliate herself. There was point in feigning innocence anymore. As general manager, the company will deal with me

Yvette, I admit that I was behind this incident. As Arcanum accordingly Vibe wants to file a lawsuit against me, go ahead be waiting for the court summons. Rebecca said.

As she turned to leave, she glanced at Nathan and saw the disguise in his eyes. This was the man she had gone to great lengths to please, yet at this moment, all he showed was contempt. He didn't utter a single word of concern or support

Little did she know that even if Yvette hadn't presented the evidence today, Nathan still wouldn't have dared to defend her. Let alone now, when Yvette held undeniable proof

Hearing the crowd's murmurs, Nathan couldn't stand being there anymore. He left after saying, "Handle it yourself, or don't bother coming back"

After Nathan's merciless departure, Rebecca bit on her lip hard. Tears of humiliation streamed down her face. Yvette was indifferent to Nathan's exit, only glancing at the abandoned Rebecca impassively. Her tone was cold and detached as she spoke "Have Mr. Carter see me within two days. Does he really think the Carter family can escape their past by hiding in Mysonna? Wishful thinking. If I'm after someone, I'll still dig up their ashes," she said.

Yvette's words were so bold and arrogant that everyone present was left completely stunned. What she said was extremely audacious, yet coming from her, it felt perfectly fitting.

Rebecca froze before walking off with a cold expression. After the incident with the Smith family, Claude had warned her that Yvette wouldn't let the Carter family off the hook. Sure enough, Yvette found something to use against them. Now, Rebecca just wanted to rush home to report this matter to Claude.

Back in the ballroom, the guests realized there was nothing more to see and dispersed to mingle with others. In a corner, Jeremiah sat with Yvette, Sienna, and Bruce. The four formed their own little space.

Jeremiah stopped Yvette from picking up the glass of red wine she'd reached out for, and handed her some orange juice instead. He said softly, "Drink this."

Yvette glanced at him, obediently accepting the orange juice and sipping it slowly. Her defined fingers rested casually on the

armrest

In a low voice, Jeremiah asked, "Is Mrs. Zeller's situation related to the Carter family?"

Sienna and Bruce took a sip of their red wine silently. Sienna had known Yvette for quite some time, but she had never heard her mention anything about Lilian

Yvette blinked slowly, her expression calm. After a pause, she finally replied, "Yes. Claude was involved in the incident back then too." With Dennis gone, Claude was next, then Rashad in Hettrico. The truth was drawing closer by the minute. Yvette lowered her gaze, uncertainty clouding her eyes. 'I wonder what kind of truth I'd uncover from Claude about the past?' she thought.

1/3

Chapter 143

As the party began, the newcomers, being the tears, finally made their appearance. York Ramirez and Camila Ramirez, along with their son Filgar Ramirez, were immediately welcomed with enthusiasm and admiration by all the guests. Everyone in the ballroom, save for Yvette and her friends, eagerly approached York and Camila. They aimed to form connections, especially with Edg. As the powerhouse in Mysona, even the slightest favor from him would greatly benefit them.

Edgar, who was surrounded by the crowd, noticed someone sing in the corner. His eyes lit up immediately. Afraid of greeting the wrong person, he hesitated to approach rashly. He carefully observed them for a long while before confirming really was that big shot. Waving off the crowd, Edgar signaled for them to make way and headed straight toward Yvette and her group. Everyone watched as he strode across the room, curiosity sparking in the hearts.

York and Camila were surprised to see their son hurrying toward the corner. But when they saw who was sitting there, they couldn't contain their excitement either.

After exchanging a look and whispered words, they followed Edgar toward the group in the corner. For the party hosts to approach someone, the guests speculated that they were going to confront them.

After all, what happened earlier was still fresh on everyone's minds. The news would start spreading after the party, so it made sense for the hosts to step in and demand answers now.

Edgar stood in front of Yvette first. The chattering among the group came to a stop upon seeing him. Sienna was the first to

and greet him. "Mr. Ramirez, is there anything we can help you with?"

Though Sienna and Edgar had never interacted directly before, they knew each other through mutual friends, Edgar replied with a gentlemanly smile, "Hello, Ms. Sterling. I'm here to speak to Yvette." Edgar's gaze landed on Yvette. He seemed determined to see through her. His features were chiseled, with slightly upturned, hazel eyes that looked incredibly gentle.

Of course, this attitude was reserved only for Yvette. Edgar typically never acted this way. Yvette looked up, her clear, bright

met his. Her long lashes cast shadows over her face.

eyes

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"What is it?" she asked. Jeremiah honed in on Edgar, wondering if he had come chasing after Yvette.

Everyone in the ballroom was stunned. How could Vibe's boss speak to him so rudely?

This was Edgar Ramirez-the infamous figure every big industry leader sought to flatter since he commanded half of Mysonna's economic lifeblood. Aside from Mysonna's president, the only one bold enough to act this way in front of him was Yvette.

Did she even know who this was? Did she realize who she was talking to? Who could withstand the Edgar's wrath? These questions lingered in everyone's minds, and nobody dared to make a sound.

When Edgar heard these words, his expression didn't falter. Instead, he seemed even more at ease. When he spoke again, his tone was warm and relaxed, like a spring breeze.

"Ms. Zeller, I never imagined you'd attend. Your presence truly brightens up the event. Had I known you were coming. I'd have greeted you personally. Earlier, I heard there was a disagreement between Vibe's boss and the Arcanum Group's manager," said Edgar "Rest assured, our bank will terminate all business relations with the Arcanum Group. Any loan applications from them won't be approved as well. Edgar added.

Upon hearing what happened earlier and seeing Sienna seated here, Edgar immediately deduced that Yvette was the owner of Vibe. Without hesitation, he came to this decision immediately.

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10:23 Wed, Dec 25 G GD.

Chapter 543

What was Arcanum Group compared to this big shot? If Cyrus and out Yvette was upset, he would definitely be displeased.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 546[1,219 words]

Chapter 546

Just as Edgar finished speaking and before anyone could react, the Ramirezs stepped forward. Jeremiah stood up calmly, and they greeted him delightfully, speaking fluently in Clusian. Welcome, Jeremiah

Elgar turned around to see his parents radiating friendly similes Upon looking back at Jeremiah, Edgar noticed that he exuded an aura of commanding presence, clearly a formidable character.

It was surprising to know that Jeremiah was an old acquaintance of his parents, and their relationship seemed quite friendly.

Jeremiah's dark, deep eyes revealed a hint of aloofness as he politely nodded to York and Camila. "It's been a long time. How have you both been recently?"

The Ramirezs nodded together and said, "Good-how have you been doing lately?"

Jeremiah's gaze softened slightly. "Quite well"

When the Ramirezs saw Jeremiah's expression, they knew he wasn't planning to reveal his family background in that setting. They simply smiled and chose not to pursue the topic further.

Edgar asked softly, 'Dad, who's this?' With just a mention from the Ramirezs, Edgar immediately knew Jeremiah's identity. "Mr. Chavez is the one who saved my life back in Spaunia."

The remark was brief. Edgar was shocked. Years ago, his parents had been kidnapped by pirates in Spaunia, and a Clusian general led a joint operation with soldiers from two other countries to rescue them. It turned out that the person standing before him was Jeremiah.

What intrigued Edgar was the relationship between Jeremiah and Yvette. He didn't dare to speculate that they might be involved romantically as it was difficult to imagine what it would be like for a big shot like Yvette to be dating. "Besides, if she were dating, would that person from the presidential palace find out?' Edgar wondered.

The next moment, Jeremiah seemed to sense Edgar's thoughts and turned to Yvette with a gentle voice, saying. These are the Ramirezs, the former ambassadors to Clusia."

Then, he turned to introduce Yvette. "This is my fiancée, Yvette Zeller."

Yvette slightly lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes gently fluttering, and her bright eyes carried a hint of coldness. Her long hair was lazily draped behind her, casual and unrestrained. She nodded at the Ramirezs and greeted them. She then shot a displeased glance at Jeremiah. 'He sure said 'fiancee so naturally! She scoffed inwardly.

Edgar was shocked after hearing Jeremiah introduce Yvette as his fiancée. Fiancée? This big shot is already engaged?"

He was pondering whether he should quickly go out and report that to someone at the presidential palace or not. If that person found out, he would be sure to rush back from abroad immediately.

Edgar was lost in his own thoughts when he looked up and saw ette raising her eyebrows. Her eyes were cold with a hint of mischief, deep and calm like a frozen pond, with her lips curled into a smile.

Edgar's heart skipped a beat as he thought, This big shot's half-smile is too intimidating.' He quickly abandoned the thought of going out to make a call to inform that person.

Sienna and Bruce stood at the side, observing the atmosphere between the people in front of them. It felt off and strange. but they couldn't figure out what was strange about it.

It was normal for Jeremiah to know the Ramirezs, but it was clear that Yvette also knew Edgar. His attitude toward her was very odd. Not only were they acquainted, but there was also a hint of fear and flattery in their conversation. 10:23 Wed, Dec 25 GGO

Chapter 340

Although Yvette was an Interpol officer, Edgar's status was far from that of an ordinary public official. He was the vice president of Empire Bank and a confidant of the president of Mysonna. Everyone in Mysonna's elite society knew about. that.

Why was he being so respectful to Yvette? It seemed a bit too unusual. The atmosphere and conversation among them left others at the party confused. Edgar's attitude was downright shocking.

Why would the boss of a small business like Vibe be worth such atterry from Edgar? He didn't even mind the entire room of guests as he blatantly blacklisted Arcanum Group for Vibe's bossake.

Once Edgar's words got out, which bank in Mysonna would dare to support Arcanum Group or offer them loans? What's most surprising is that Yvette hadn't said a word, Edgar had brought it up on his own.

What did that indicate? It implied that Edgar was trying to curry Favor with Yvette. Everyone was confused; a situation that should've been about seeking accountability had somehow taken a complete 180-degree turn into that.

The party resumed with the Ramirezs taking the stage to share some thoughts on marriage. The screen showed a documentary about their lives. Eventually, the party was carried out smoothly and ended successfully.

Jeremiah, Yvette, Sienna, and Bruce were already heading back to the mansion. After a brief chat, Jeremiah suggested leaving early and didn't stay until the party was over,

Yvette curled up in the car, having already changed out of her black evening gown into a simple white tee and long jeans. Her long hair was loosely tied back, draping over her shoulders. Her stunningly beautiful eyes were subtly hidden behind a few strands of hair across her forehead, exuding an astonishing beauty.

Her eyes shimmered, her skin as smooth as clouds. She tilted her head slightly, resting her chin on her hand. Bruce was driving, with Sienna in the passenger seat. It was silent inside the car.

Jeremiah looked at Yvette's profile and asked, "What's wrong?"

Just a moment ago, when Edgar saw Yvette and the others preparing to leave the hall, he had called Yvette aside in front of everyone. No one knew what they had talked about during those ten minutes.

Anyway, after Edgar had returned, his face visibly showed disappointment. He seemed down as if he had suffered some kind

f blow, and there was even a hint of lingering aggrievance on his face.

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Yvette looked at Jeremiah and pondered for a while before speaking again. "He asked if he could be invited to my wedding" Jeremiah's lips curled slightly as he held her hand, his expression intense. He chuckled softly. "What did you say?" Yvette stared at Jeremiah's face, her tone light and relaxed, carrying a hint of indifference. "I said no-we barely know each

other."

Bruce, who was driving, and Sienna, in the passenger seat, truly didn't know how to describe their feelings at that moment. After they had heard that, there was no wonder Edgar had gone out ecstatically, yet returned to the party looking dejected. Yvette's remark could really leave someone speechless. If they were Edgar, their mentality would've shattered right then. It was just too embarrassing.

Jeremiah slightly raised an eyebrow, his gaze deep with a hint of smile. With a smooth and magnetic voice, he said, "Hmm, you're right. I'll go with whatever you say."

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Yvette tilted her head and glanced at him. Her eyes flickered slightly. Was he just agreeing with her? Why was he smiling? Was it that funny?

Sienna thought for a moment and said, "Um-Yvette, can we be a bit more tactful in the future? After all, Edgar is the vice president of Empire Bank. We should show him a little respect. Just a little. 10:23 Wed, Dec 25 GG.

Chapter 340

Yvette propped her chin, raised her eyes, and glanced casually at Sienna.

She smirked, and with a nonchalant yet serious tone, she responded to Sienna, "I don't sugarcoat my words. 194390%

10:23 Wed, Dec 25 G GO

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 547[1,296 words]

Chapter 547

Sienna was at a loss for words. Upon seeing how serious Yvette was, she realized it was probably impossible for her to be tactful. Those wounded by her sharp remarks would have to heat their own pace.

Jeremiah tilted his head slightly and glanced at Yvette with a fair smile on his lips. While Yvette gazed out the window, Jeremiah's eyes were fixed solely on her.

On the second floor of the mansion, Yvette stepped out of the room after her slower and saw Jeremiah standing on the balcony. His tall, broad back exuded a unique aloofness. He was dressed in a white shirt and black pants, and the radiant moonlight cast a cool, pale glow over his skin.

Several cigarette butts lay in the ashtray. Under the flickering light, Jeremiah's face looked intriguingly mysterious.

Upon hearing the sound of footsteps, Jeremiah glanced back and stubbed out the cigarette he hadn't finished. His profound, blue eyes gleamed with a brilliance akin to the starlit glow of the night sky. It was the first time he had smoked in front of Yvette.

Slipping off his coat, Jeremiah smiled and said softly, "There's the smell of smoke. Give me a second."

Before Jeremiah could say another word, Yvette approached. His long legs were subtly outlined beneath the white shirt. His blue eyes instantly lit up and grew more intense.

Yvette walked straight up to Jeremiah. Her eyes met his as she raised an eyebrow. Her clear, enchanting gaze was laced with an intriguing threat, while the curve of her lips hinted at a frivolous arrogance.

She glanced at the cigarette box on the table, nonchalantly picked one up, and lit it in one swift motion.

Her white shirt was slightly rolled up at the sleeves, with a few buttons undone, revealing her delicate collarbones that glowed softly. She held the cigarette with her clean, slender fingers. In the dim light of the night, her bare face was breathtakingly beautiful. Jeremiah met her intense gaze, and his eyes flickered slightly. An unspoken emotion surged between them.

Yvette took a puff, exhaled slowly, and gave a devilish grin. Her charm was irresistible. She asked, "What? Thinking about your ex-girlfriend?"

Jeremiah's lips tugged into a faint smile, and he raised his brows playfully. "No, never. From the very beginning until now, you're the only one in my life."

Yvette lifted off her toes slightly, raised her gaze, and reached out to pinch Jeremiah's chin. There was a faint stubble beneath, but it wasn't harsh. She spoke slowly and deliberately. Jeremiah, it's not just until now. Even when you die, there can only be me." Jeremiah's heart skipped a beat. His delicate brows and eyes were full of expression.

He held onto Yvette's hand that was pinching his chin. His features were sharp and defined. Under the moonlight, their two figures stood in perfect contrast. His voice, low and steady, was laced with a soft, husky quality. "All right. Only you, even until death."

Jeremiah saw her take a drag and then put the cigarette down. In low voice, he asked, "Can you smoke?"

Yvette nodded. Her face was cold and pristine, and her eyes were as pure as a child's. Under the starry night sky, her voice carried a chilling coldness. "Yes, but I don't like it."

When she was at Colosseum in Africa, there were three matches every day, with tight schedules for morning, afternoon, and evening. That was when she picked up the habit of smoking. Cigarettes were indeed a good thing.

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10:23 Wed, Dec 25 GG

Chapter 347

Jeremiah wrapped his arm around her shoulders and tilted his head. "Let's sleep"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, and her lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Hmm-you rest. I'll do it."

Jeremiah fixed her with a sharp look. His gaze was intense, like a wolf eyeing its prey. "Okay, you do it.

Yvette arched her brow and casually remarked, "You're quite shameless."

Jeremiah nodded. A rare fleeting smile appeared on his usually serious face. With a serious look, he said, "With you, I don't mind being shameless,"

Early the next morning, Joe brought Oliver over with gifts. When they arrived, Yvette, Jeremiah, and Bruce were having

breakfast.

Without a word, Joe left Oliver, a first-time visitor, in the living room and made his way to the dining table, sitting down wherever he liked..

"Gosh, so much food! Did you make extra because you knew I haven't had breakfast? That's so thoughtful," Joe said as he grabbed a piece of bread and started eating.

Frankie looked at Joe and pouted. 'Hey-you're quite shameless Did I say I prepared this for you?"

Joe casually waved his hand and gave him an unconcerned look.

Joe quickly finished his bread and started explaining his intentions to Yvette, who was sitting across from him. "Yvette, I know what that jerk, Oliver, did. My grandpa has already scolded him as well. That brat is out of his mind, thinking he could race with those skills. If it weren't for you, he'd probably have lost his life. Thank you for saving him, Yvette."

After saying that, Joe turned and shouted at Oliver, who was still standing there looking dazed. "Get over here and thank Yvette! You owe your life to her, so don't even think about pulling something like that again!"

After the racing incident, Oliver had completely submitted to Yvette, so no matter what Joe said to him, he wasn't angry at all.

Oliver happily walked up to Yvette's side and casually pulled out a chair. He smiled brightly, completely different from the spoiled rich kid she had met before on the hillside of the Yoder Manor. Right then, he seemed more like a boy next door. His hair was also dyed back to its natural color, and he looked extremely well-behaved.

"Yvette, I declare that from today onward, you're my boss. I'll be your most loyal lackey. From now on, I'll do whatever you want me to do!" Oliver said.

Oliver had resolved to be Yvette's most loyal lackey. Being her lackey would also allow him to learn her racing techniques. Oliver wore a smug grin, which made Bruce, Sienna, Emmett, Chris, Frankie, and Joe feel a bit uneasy.

Sitting casually on the chair, Yvette looked up with a hint of weariness in her eyes and nonchalantly remarked, "I don't take lackeys, and you're too weak."

After hearing that, Oliver pouted and moved closer to Yvette.

At that moment, Jeremiah suddenly stood up and picked up the orange juice on the table. Upon noticing everyone's gaze, he said slowly to Yvette, "I'll get some water. You go ahead and eat." Yvette nodded slightly as she narrowed her beautiful eyes.

As Jeremiah passed by Oliver, he casually brushed his hand against his chair. The action was barely noticeable.

In the next second, Oliver's chair broke apart with a loud crack, and he fell straight to the floor.

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Chapter 517

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With a resounding thud, the floor shook with the impact. One could tell from the sound alone how brutal the fall was.

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Oliver's face twisted in pain. He almost let out a yell but suppressed it. As a lackey, he wasn't allowed to show vulnerability. Even if he broke a tooth, he'd swallow the pain down and endure it. Jeremiah stopped in his tracks and turned back to help Oliver up. He said in a deep voice, "Be more careful. With that, he headed to the kitchen.

Oliver didn't expect Jeremiah to help him up. "Thank you," he said. He then mumbled to himself, "This chair's quality is terrible. It needs to be replaced."

The chair suddenly broke for no reason. It was clearly a defective piece.

Emmett and Bruce exchanged glances. They noticed Oliver's clueless look. Jeremiah was truly deviously cunning.

It was obvious to them that Jeremiah had deliberately used his internal energy earlier. Otherwise, the solid wooden chair would never have cracked like that.

The reason was obvious. Oliver had been sitting too close to Yvette just then. Jeremiah was jealous,

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 548[1,225 words]

Chapter 548

Yvette smirked as she watched Jeremiah from behind. Her gaze hifted to Oliver, who was sprawled on the floor after his fall. "It's time to replace it."

Oliver thought he'd just been unlucky with a faulty chair. Natyry, he had no idea Frankie had custom-ordered the solid wood chair which was worth a few thousand dollars from lugrea Joe sat cross-legged, not sparing Oliver a second glance, "How could the Yoder family end up with such a fool who'd continue to be kind to the person who betrayed him?" he thought. After breakfast, everyone moved to the living room. Frankie and Oliver were completely engrossed in a mobile game, the others quietly enjoyed their coffee.

while

Joe set down his coffee cup and hesitated momentarily before deciding to share what he knew. "Yvette, there's news about Braydon."

The moment he spoke, Jeremiah shot him a sharp look. Joe instantly regretted bringing it up.

Yvelle'sion remained calm as she peeled an orange leisurely. She lifted her gaze. "Hmm?" Joe wasn't aware that Yvette had already crossed paths with Braydon on Dead Street.

"Yvette, something's off with Braydon. People are saying he's been holed up for days without eating or drinking, looking completely wrecked. The underworld is stirring, everyone's itching to grab a piece of his turf," said Joe.

"Seventy-Two Chambers is keeping things in check for now, but smaller gangs are already causing trouble. If Braydon doesn't come out soon to take charge, the underworld of Mysonra could fall into chaos, Joe added.

Although the Yoder family had left the underworld, in Mysonna, the lines between legal and illegal dealings were always intertwined. To say they had no influence at all would be unrealistic.

Joe couldn't help but wonder, 'How can Braydon, who's typically ruthless and decisive, suddenly collapse like this and shut himself away? Something's definitely off. Yvette's the only person who can push Braydon into such despair. His obsession with her has long become an incurable madness.

Yvette lounged on the couch, popping an orange wedge into her mouth. Her unreadable gaze showed no emotion. She spoke slowly, "It won't."

Jeremiah's intense gaze fixed on her, a flicker of understanding flashing in his deep eyes. His voice, low and certain, cut through the room. "Braydon came to you, didn't he?"

The air in the living room seemed to be still as Sienna, Bruce, Emmett, and Chris instinctively quieted their breathing.

Yvette tilted her head slightly, crossing her long legs, her striking features cold and detached. "Minhm. Dead Street was a trap set by his lackeys to lure me there. If I'm not mistaken, Oliver was also part of their plan

Everyone in the room was aware of the recent racing incident on Death Street. Earlier, Oliver had vividly recounted the events, and just hearing it was enough to imagine how intense and dangerous the seeñe had been. Emmett frowned and said, "Yvette, what was Braydon trying to achieve by setting this up? What if something had happened to you during the race?"

Joe blurted out instinctively, "As if that could happen!"

The confident tone caught everyone's attention in the living room, and even the two playing games paused.

Joe felt the pressure of their gazes, which was a bit overwhelming. However, he had his reasons for saying so. However, it was

10:23 Wed, Dec 25 GGO

Chapter 348

clear that nobody aside from him knew just how skilled Yvette was at racing.

Should I hint at Yvette's reputation in the racing industry? That the question, thought Joe.

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Yvette raised her eyebrows, her green eyes narrowing slightly. Her expression remained indifferent, and her voice was soft and slow. "I've entered a few races and placed fairly well"

Hearing this, everyone immediately stopped pressing. They exchanged knowing looks, silently acknowledging they'd already guessed her standing in those races,

As the conversation continued, the doorbell suddenly rang, Chris, who was closest to the door, got up to open it.

The door opened, revealing an elderly man and a younger one standing at the entrance. The older man's piercing gaze contrasted with the deep lines etched across his face. His cloudy eyes hinted at age, and he leaned on a cane, dressed in a suit

The young man was dressed in a formal black suit. His expression was serious as he gently supported the elderly man with his right hand.

"Is Ms. Zeller here?" the young man asked.

Chris glanced at Victor briefly, then said calmly, "Yes. Please come in." He then led the way, with the two visitors following him into the living room.

Victor immediately spotted Yvette sitting on the couch. It was the second time he had seen her since leaving Seacurity. Her face was still as beautiful and emotionless as ever.

When he saw Yvette, Victor thought how he'd broken off their engagement months ago for Winona. He'd watched the recent Clusia-Ybaulla race and learned she was not only the owner of Vibe but also someone with international influence. The current Yvette was beyond his reach.

Yvette had probably never taken the Carter family seriously from the start. He truly regretted it, as he'd passed off the sham as genuine and let a true treasure slip through his fingers.

Sienna was stunned, noticing the elderly man and the young man. "Victor Carter?"

The young man was indeed Victor Carter and the elderly man was Claude Carter, who'd never shown himself before. This was also the first time Yvette and Claude were meeting face-to-face, and neither spoke first.

The atmosphere in the room grew tense and cold. Their gazes locked, one defiant and sharp, the other dull, lifeless, and calculating.

Jeremiah noticed the chilling intensity in Claude's gaze. His expression darkened.

Finally, it was Claude who broke the silence, his voice grating like metal being scraped, "Yvette, from the moment you returned to Seacurity, I knew this day would come. How could the child of Lilian be ordinary?" Yvette remained seated, her unwavering gaze fixed on Claude, completely disregarding Victor standing beside him.

Claude met Yvette's cold, unyielding gaze, and for a moment, he felt like he'd been cast into an icy abyss.

Yvette quietly sat there, her eyes lowered, yet her presence radiated an air of superiority like she was above everyone else. Her mere stillness exuded an aura of decisiveness, compelling an involuntary sense of submission Yvette spoke slowly, her voice laced with coldness

nd a hint of malice. "Sit."

Claude hesitated, thinking. 'Despite knowing full well that I was involved in the events from years ago, she's composed and asking me to sit? She truly has remarkable self-control.'

10:23 Wed, Dec 25 GG

Chapter 548

Victor took the initiative to speak. "Yvette, Rebecca understands her mistake. We'd like to make amends, We're offering five times the compensation. Please, show mercy and let this matter and here.

Yvette's green eyes narrowed slightly as she rested her hand casually on the couch's armrest. She smirked. "Twenty times."

Sienna, hearing this, couldn't help but want to applaud. Twenty mes? That would be at least 1.6 billion dollars!' she thought. Victor frowned deeply. Yvette's demand was harsh. He could only turn to Claude for a response.

Claude, unshaken despite the circumstances, tightened his grip on his cané slightly but kept his expression neutral. "Fine. 1.6 billion dollars. The check will be delivered to Vibe tomorrow. We'll consider this settled." Yvette smirked wickedly. "Of course."

Emmett, Bruce, and the others exchanged glances.

Overall, Vibe faced no losses this time and even secured a partnership with Skye Group. In the end, Yvette reaped free benefits, successfully swindling the Carter family out of 1.6 billion dollars.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 549[1,134 words]

Chapter 549

Claude said, "Tell your friends to leave. Don't you want to know what happened to your mother, Lilian, back then?"

Yvette's eyebrows raised slightly. A sudden chill appeared in her eyes, and she narrowed them and said in a low voice. "You guys go first"

Bruce, Sienna, and Emmett knew the following conversation was not meant for their cars, so they stood up and left.

Two minutes later, only Yvette and Jeremiah-who were sitting on the couch-and Victor-who was standing beside Claude -remained in the large living room.

Claude stared at Jeremiah with cloudy eyes. "Is he your boyfriend?"

Yvette pursed her lips and crossed her legs. Her eyes were cold and intimidating, giving off a rebellious vibe. "Fiancé."

Before Yvette revealed who Jeremiah was, Victor still had a glimmer of hope that the two were not that close. He had not expected Jeremiah to become Yvette's fiancé in just a few months. Their relationship progressed so quickly. Jeremiah's expression remained neutral. His features were sharp and defined, and a slight smile appeared on his thin lips. But, when he looked toward Claude and Victor, his eyes became cold and indifferent like eternal ice and snow. "Let's get to the point," he said.

Yvette rested her chin on her tanned wrist and stared blankly at Claude. She leaned back, looking like a boss.

Claude sighed then said, "Back then, Lilian suddenly appeared in Seacurity. She was remarkable, charming, mysterious, brilliant, and intelligent. Every positive adjective in the world could be used to describe her.

"The moment she got with Zachary, she was destined to be the most dazzling among the city's elite. You should already know how much Zachary loved her.

"If he didn't, he wouldn't have spent 20 years on such an elaborate plan just to get that small clue from Nellie and take revenge on every Smith family member involved."

Claude did not expect that Zachary would tolerate Nellie for so many years just to avenge Lilian. He underestimated Zachary, thinking that he had compromised by marrying Nellie and would soon forget Lilian.

After all, men always forget their old flames after finding new ones. But it turned out to be part of an elaborate plan in which Zachary used himself as bait.

Yvette's eyes were cold and distant, and her face expressionless. Sitting next to her, Jeremiah had the same demeanor.

Yvette nonchalantly asked. "How much do you know about the incident in which Dennis handed my mother over to Rashad Pollard, the director of Betrico Chemistry Lab, to experiment on

Claude had no intention of hiding anything this time. He paused for a moment after hearing Yvette's question, then continued. "When Lilian married Zachary, countless young men were heartbroken.

"The head of the Chambers family at that time-your Grandpa Matthew-strongly opposed it, so Lilian and Zachary secretly registered their marriage. Matthew had no choice but to use Lilian to

pressure Zachary into entering Chambers Group "It should've ended happily; but, unfortunately, an unforeseen incident happened."

Right now, the only ones who knew the inside story from back then were Claude and Rashad-who was far away in Betrico.

Yvette looked up. Her expression was cold and her voice indifferent. "Continue."

10:23 Wed, Dec 2:

Chapter 319

Seeing Yvette's calm expression made Claude realize she was truly ruthless.

Victor was stunned at how impressive Yvette's mother was. No wonder Claude insisted on waiting and would not let him cancel the engagement

Claude sighed and gazed at Yvette. "You've been able to feel the immense ancient internal energy in your body since you were little, right?" he asked in a weathered voice.

Claude was sure, if it weren't for that, Lilian would not have been targeted by Rashad for his experiments.

Yvette's beautiful face stayed expressionless, and her green eyes glinted evilly. "Did Rashad also discover internal energy in my mother's body?"

Claude nodded, his expression darkening. "Yes, Rashad accidentally discovered at a party that Lilian possessed a powerful ancient combat power.

"She knew she had it but didn't know how to use it. It could rapidly heal any injuries she suffered. That astonishing ability was what sparked Rashad's interest."

A murderous look flashed across Yvette's eyes, making them look cold and evil. "So Rashad asked you and the Smith family to work together?" she asked sinisterly.

Jeremiah looked at Yvette. He noticed her rather gloomy expression and reached out to hold her left hand that was resting

on the couch.

Claude glanced at their joined hands and nodded. "Yes, Rashad approached both me and Dennis. I refused because our families already had an engagement, but Dennis agreed. Rashad used his connections in Betrico to give the Smith family lots of benefits. "Although I refused, Rashad dragged me into it anyway. Lilian thought I was involved. Otherwise, she wouldn't have warned Yulia to stay away from me. When I wanted to explain, Lilian had already been taken by Rashad's people."

Jeremiah suddenly spoke up. "Twenty something years ago, Betrico Biology Lab applied for a project; but it was stopped by/ the government for humanitarian concerns. Chronologically, it should be related to your

Claude was shocked. "You know about the experiment from over 20 years ago?"

mother."

He paused, looking at Jeremiah with even more respect. Only people of a certain rank in Betrico could know about this experiment. Jeremiah was definitely more than just a major general.

Claude's reaction explained everything.

Victor asked in confusion, "Grandpa, is Mrs. Zeller related to this experiment?"

Yvette sat on the couch. The pressure around her dropped, her eyes reddened, and her delicate features emanated coldness

Claude continued, "Lilian was the test subject in the experiment from over 20 years ago. Rashad went to great lengths to understand why she had such an incredible ancient combat power and why her body was so special.

"The government couldn't allow such things, so they stopped the experiment and withdrew the funding. Rashad pretended to give up, but secretly continued his research. Dennis funded it, and together they engaged in those government-banned experiments on humans." Under Yvette's increasingly cold gaze, Claude's no longer looked as composed as before. He had played dumb and did not report the two in order to save himself, and even considered working with them.

Yvette's expression was icy; her eyes burst with chilling anger and her lips pursed with ruthlessness. "Did my mother escape on her own?"

10:23 Wed, Dec 25 6

Chapter 549

Claude's hand that was on his cane trembled slightly. "Yes, after lian was taken away, she reappeared looking heavily pregnant. She showed up briefly in Seacrity before disappearing again. Later, I learned that she'd escaped from the lab. "Rashad went crazy. He was afraid she'd report him, but she did. She vanished immediately. That incident gradually passed. As for what happened afterward, I really don't know. That's all I know.

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He thought the fact that Lilian managed to escape that lab by herself was nothing short of a miracle. But leaving Yvette, a baby, behind and vanishing without doing anything after escaping was very strange.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 550[1,225 words]

After Claude and Victor left the mansion, Yvette stood before the floor-to-ceiling window; her long dark hair draped over her shoulders, her eyes gleamed with a mysterious light, the skin on her neck was as delicate as fine porcelain, and her expression was indifferent. The moment Jeremiah walked in, he saw the sunlight streaming through the window and casting a soft glow on Yvette. She looked almost transparent, as if she might vanish at any moment. He asked, "What do you think of what Claude just said?" Yvette hummed softly. Her voice was slightly hoarse and her gaze was cold. "70 percent true, 30 percent

false"

Jeremiah nodded, his expression darkening. He thought so too. Claude probably painted himself in a better light out of fear that Yvette would retaliate against the Carter family. But that family's fate was already in her hands. Jeremiah said, "Claude probably wanted to know why Mrs. Zeller had ancient combat power too, but gave up for some reason. Maybe it had something to do with the marriage agreement they had."

If Lilian's ancient combat power was innate, her descendants might have it too. The marriage agreement Claude made then was much safer than those so-called human experiments. He talked so sweetly now, that sly old fox. Yvette's expression was cold. She tilted her head, looked at Jeremiah, and squinted slightly. "Rashad and the data from the human experiments back then?"

Jeremiah did not need to hear the rest. He had already investigated it after discovering Rashad's involvement.

Jeremiah put a hand in his pocket. His expression was solemn. Rashad told everyone the data on those human experiments

had been destroyed, and nothing was kept after the government ban. Therefore, he's the only one who knows everything about the experiments.

"He couldn't have destroyed the data. It's still unknown where they're hidden, but my people are already in the lab looking for clues.

Jeremiah had never mentioned any of this to Yvette, because he knew she would meet Rashad in person one day. So, he had already arranged for someone to enter the lab.

Yvette paused, her gaze lingering. Her long legs under the casual pants she was wearing were unbelievably perfect. With a slight smirk, she changed the topic. "Let's go out for a late night snack."

Jeremiah smiled faintly. His gaze was intense, and he looked elegant and noble. "Is this a reward?"

Yvette Isked and strolled leisurely to Jeremiah. She placed her delicate tanned hand on his broad shoulder, gently patted it, and casually said, "You're paying."

Jeremiah looked at Yvette's graceful, curvy silhouette and smiled.

The dim and narrow alleys in Mysonna were perfect hiding spots for the city's seedy underbelly. All around were weathered walls, dim streetlights, unsightly mechanical pipes, flickering neon signs, overturned trash cans, and lurking figures. The sound of pouring rain turned the vibrant street into a flowing mirage. The air was filled with a humid smell mixed with car exhaust and dust from the concrete roads.

The dim lights illuminated the faces of the passers-by-some weary, some sorrowful, some angry, some arrogant, some lively, and others numb and indifferent.

Mysonna was a paradise for the indulgent wealthy and also a place where the poor mingled. Just one street separated luxury

from destitution.

The southern region of Mysonna was also a chaotic area where many small gangs were stationed. Various fights, drug. Chapter 550

dealing and usage, domestic violence, and human trafficking happened every day.

A third of the people living there were illegal immigrants from all around the world. They came chasing the dream of getting rich, but did not have a place to settle down.

The Mysonnan government had also accepted the current state of the region because they were powerless to change it.

In that region, there was a diner owned by a Gablurgan folk which was quite famous and had attracted many Clusians over the years. It became lively at night.

All kinds of people patronized it-from tattooed gang members to young hookers. Most of them were Clusians and only a few were foreigners.

The owner, who was originally from Capston, had been running the diner for nearly 20 years. The diner's round tables were quite simple, and it was obvious they had been around for some time. The stool legs were pretty wobbly too.

The diner's environment was exactly as one would imagine; but the food was genuinely tasty, which was why it had stayed open in this spot for so many years. The flavors there were authentic.

The moment Yvette and Jeremiah sat down, they attracted the attention of everyone passing by and in the restaurant; mainly because their temperaments felt out of place. Their affluent aura, outstanding appearance, and cool demeanor clearly showed they were not ordinary folks.

The diner's menu was simple; it hung on the wall and featured only a dozen dishes-aglio olio, steamed broccoli, focaccia, risotto, shrimp ravioli, chicken francese, and other unique local dishes.

The owner, a man in his fifties, had a simple and honest face. Seeing that Yvette and Jeremiah were Clusians, he spoke pure Clusian. "Sit wherever you like, Sir, Miss. Order whatever you like Meeting fellow countrymen in a foreign land brought an immediate sense of familiarity.

Yvette sat on a blue plastic stool and casually ordered four dishes from the menu on the wall. Meanwhile, Jeremiah calmly pulled out a napkin and carefully wiped down the table.

The owner nodded enthusiastically. "Alright, sit tight. They'll be ready soon." Then, he rushed off to the kitchen

All eyes were on Jeremiah and Yvette-some with ill intentions, some curious, and a few excited and captivated by their presence.

On the table next to theirs sat a few hookers who had just finished accompanying clients. When they saw Jeremiah, their eyes lit up like wolves spotting prey.

These hookers usually dealt with rough, burly men and had never encountered someone like Jeremiah before. They acted provocatively, coyly playing with their hair and deliberately lifting their skirts up their thighs. Meanwhile, some men couldn't help but get excited when they saw Yvette's face.

The atmosphere in the diner suddenly became unusually lively and charged upon Yvette and Jeremiah's arrival.

Yvette sat on the stool, casually and lazily glancing around before leisurely picking up a fork. Jeremiah smoothly took it from her and carefully wiped it clean then placed it on the plate in front of her. Noticing this, the hookers pouted and looked at

Yvette enviously

While Yvette and Jeremiah waited for their food, there were five men seated at the table behind them with identical tattoos on their arms and right legs.

Those tattoos were typically symbols of small gangs from the southern region. To join a gang, the first step was to get a tattoo as proof of allegiance. 10:24 Wed, Dec 25 GG

Chapter 350

90%

A young blond man who looked barely of age spat on the ground and started cursing without caring how many people were around.

He said, "Dante, since the Goodman family hasn't stepped in to rectify the situation in the southern region yet, this is the perfect time for us to expand our territory.

If we don't act now, we really won't have the chance anymore once that person comes out."

A man with purple hair, who looked a few years older than the blond man, chimed in. "Give us the green light, Dante, and we'll follow you to the end of the world-even if it means facing death. "We're tired of being at the bottom of society. We want to strive for something better.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 551[1,188 words]

Chapter 551

The man they called Dante was in his early thirties. His face was unremarkable, but hi were fierce. Compared to the

others, with their colorful hair and clothing, he clearly stood a c above the rest.

eyes

Dante took a drag from his cigarette and exhaled a thick smoke ring as he looked at the others around the table. "This isn't the right time. The Goodman family won't let the southern region remain in chaos forever.

"Don't forget-even if they don't step in now, the Seventy-Two Chambers aren't people we can mess with. If we become impatient and try to snatch territories like the others, we might lose our current position. So, we're not gonna do anything" Dante's lackeys had heard the same warning numerous times, and they were clearly running out of patience. How much longer did they have to wait?

The other gangs were taking advantage of the Goodman family situation to expand their territories, but their leader was too timid and hesitant to make a move.

Although frustrated, they held their tongues since they were all brought up by Dante. They still looked sullen, and Dante could only reassure them.

It was all about who could be more patient. If they behaved and surrendered when the Goodman family dealt with those gangs, perhaps that family would accept their small gang of a few dozen people into their fold. That was their true path to success and Dante's ultimate goal, not the fleeting gains they see now,

Yvette and Jeremiah heard Dante and his lackeys conversation word for word, and exchanged knowing glances. Yvette's gaze was cold. She crossed her leg, and the corners of her lips curled into a faint smile.

"Smart man," Jeremiah remarked.

Yvette nodded casually. "Mm-hmm, pretty insightful."

Knowing Braydon's nature, the day he came out would be the end for those small troublemaking gangs in the southern region. If Dante stayed calm and kept his head down, he might achieve his wish.

Just then, the owner brought out the dishes and placed another side dish on Dante's table.

Dante politely thanked him. "Thank you, Mr. Cattaneo."

The owner, Mario Cattaneo, seemed familiar with Dante. "We should stay out of trouble if we can, Dante," he said earnestly.

Dante nodded in agreement.

sorry for Dante Mario practically watched Dante grow up since Dante was young and scraping by collecting trash. He felt and would leave leftovers for him every day. He was Dante's benefactor and an elder who truly cared for him. Dante reassured, "Don't worry, Mr. Cattaneo, I can keep my cool. I definitely won't act impulsively this time."

Lirit's

Hearing that finally put Mario's at ease. "Well then, eat up. Call me if it's not enough

No sooner had he said that than the door to the diner opened, and in marched a group of about a dozen men with a different tattoo. These burly men with scowls on their faces were clearly there to cause trouble. Mario and Dante's expression changed when they saw those men and their young Epean leader.

This group was the terrifyingly aggressive Union Gang that had been running rampant and snatching territories in the southern region recently.

Chapter 351

They went around collecting protection fees from businesses. Things would be fine if a business paid, but if it didn't, these guys would send people to vandalize their place and drive customers away. They were completely out of control. Recently, many small gangs in the region were taken over by Union Gang. They had even announced their intention to rule the southern region. Since the Goodman family had not intervened yet, the Union Gang members had become completely reckless. The gang members swaggered in then grabbed a bunch of empty stools and sat down like they owned the place. They had a variety of weapons on them.

Other people in the diner were terrified and tried to leave, but the gang's lackeys blocked the exit and did not allow any of them leave. Only the people at Dante's table stood up.

Jeremiah and Yvette were seated at their table, leisurely eating their food like they were not affected by the tense atmosphere at all.

Mario knew he could not afford to offend these men, so he lowered his posture and tried to be friendly with the young Epean. "Mr. Willis, are you here to eat? What would you like? I'll prepare it for you right away."

The Epean man, Hendrick Willis, pushed Mario away. If Dante hadn't been quick to catch him, that fifty-something man would have been knocked to the ground.

Hendrick glared at them, his imposing height of nearly six-foot-three greatly intimidating those around him, "Are you Dante? The one in charge of Pentagon Gang? I heard you're not satisfied with our Union Gang.

"You think your little gang of just a few dozen members can challenge us? I'll show you who really runs the southern region Jenight"

Although Dante's Pentagon Gang was considered small in the southern region, they operated independently without aligning with any gangs. This made them a thorn in the side of other gangs. Union Gang was clearly aiming for them.

How could Dante not understand what Union Gang wanted? They deliberately came here to corner them, finding a pretext to accuse them. But he had never said such things.

Dante had been in the southern region for years; so, although he knew he was at a disadvantage, he didn't show it.

on our

His expression remained calm in the face of Hendrick's rudeness. "I never said that. We, Pentagon Gang, stay on our own turf and mind our own business. Don't push it."

Dante's lackeys stood up to support him. Both groups were already geared for a fight. It was almost certain that there would be trouble in this diner tonight.

Mario was at his wit's end and was unable to help. He had witnessed many fights over the years, but Dante was like a son to him. If something happened to Dante right in front of him, how could he not feel guilty?

In his desperation, he noticed the couple sitting at another table. Aren't they a bit too relaxed? Do they not see all the other customers huddled in the corner and shaking in fear?' he thought.

Those two didn't even bat an eye and kept eating the food in front of them nonchalantly, as if nothing was happening.

'Aren't they worried about getting caught in the crossfire?' he wondered, as he knew that gangs do not care about bystanders when fighting.

Before Mario could think more, the Epean swore and Dante grabbed a bottle from the table then smashed it over a Union Gang member's head.

Chaos erupted instantly. There was a huge difference in numbers-Union Gang had four or five times more people than Dante's gang. But Dante and his subordinates were fierce and not inferior at all. Chapter 5M

Umon Gang was not to be rifled with either. They used their numbers to their advantage. Alcohol bottles, chairs, and all sorts of weapons flew everywhere.

A bloody knife flew directly onto Yvette and Jeremialy's table, splattering blood onto the steamed broccoli and making it inedible

Yvette's gaze darkened. She calmly put down her fork and looked up. Then, she grabbed a tissue to clean her hands, and slowly stood up from her seat. SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 552[1,218 words]

Chapter 552

"My food's ruined" Yvette said as she stood up. All the member of Pentagon Gang and Union Gang stopped immediately, plunging the diner into silence.

Hendrick, who led Union Gang, arrived later. Yvette and Jeremiah were facing away from him and his gang, so they naturally didn't notice the couple, whereas Dante and the members of Pentagon Gang had already been sitting here.

Dante frowned when he heard Yvette say that. He thought, 'Can't she see what's happening? The people of Union Gang won't let her off just because she's a woman, She's really risking her life

Although Dante was involved with the underworld in the southern region, he still had principles and a kind heart. He shouted at Yvette, "Our two gangs are settling things here, so get out. What's a woman doing meddling in our business? Leave!" Dante intentionally did that to save Yvette. He night not be able to save himself today, but it was worth it if he could save someone else's life.

Mario also hurriedly chimed in, "She's just a customer. She's new to the southern region and doesn't know the rules. Why are you arguing with her?"

When Hendrick saw Yvette's face, wickedness filled his eyes as he wondered, "Since when did such a beautiful Clusian woman appear here?"

With a nasty grin, Hendrick stared at Yvette and taunted, 'Do you wanna die, woman? Do you know who we are?' He looked

Yvette arrogantly, acting all high and mighty.

The lackeys holding knives and axes behind him laughed loudly and echoed him. "Let me tell you, Woman. Mr. Willis is third in command in Union Gang and the leader's most valued subordinate. Be sensible and follow our boss, and you'll live in luxury." Hendrick was in cloud nine because of his lackeys praises, as if he already owned the southern region.

Dante and his men were enraged by the Union Gang's arrogance and wanted to kill them right then and there.

The Union Gang members were truly shameless. They had been acting like bandits to quickly expand their territory, disregarding the underworld code of honor.

They had done all kinds of despicable deeds and had killed dozens of innocent people in the past three days. If they seized control over the southern region, it would really become hell on earth.

Dante's eyes filled with murderous intent. Even if he died tonight, he was determined to drag a few of those Union Gang punks down with him..

Before Dante could say anything else, Jeremiah stood up and turned around. Jeremiah's features were sharp like a sculptor's masterpiece. His lips were attractive, and his deep blue eyes were as mysterious as a frozen pond in winter. He looked devoid of warmth. Hendrick and Dante were instantly on guard. Jeremiah was no ordinary perso

Jeremiah turned his head to look at Yvette, who appeared calm and indifferent. Then, he casually glanced at the two groups of people.

When his gaze fell on Hendrick and the lackey who had just told Yvette to follow Hendrick, his brows furrowed coldly. His expression became even icier, and a murderous look flashed across his eyes.

"Should I?" Jeremiah asked. "You take a break."

Chapter 532

Yvette looked ruthless she, casually replied, "Let's do this together. Loser pays for the food

Jeremiah nodded slightly. "Sure.

No one understood the conversation between the two.

Hendrick shouted impatiently. "Are you done talking? Someone take this woman back to Union Gang and kill the man."

Yvette looked up, her eyes infinitely chilly, and a small smile appeared on her lips. She softly said, "I really shouldn't have wasted my breath on you. I should've ended you right then?

Hendrick was angered by Yvette's words. How dare she talk to him like that?

The next moment, two lackeys from Union Gang charged at Yvene and Jeremiah.

Dante wanted to help, but his lackey stopped him. "Dante, it's better to be safe than sorry. Let's go first. Things definitely won't end well for them if they get caught by Union Gang. We should leave now," Dante glanced at the blond guy beside him, and his expression darkened. "Elon, they were just having dinner peacefully. Our fight dragged them into this mess. Then, he broke away, ready to step in and help. The next moment, Yvette grabbed the blue plastic stool she had been sitting on and threw it at Hendrick. It smashed on his head, and blood immediately flowed out.

The sudden turn of events shocked everyone present. Even Dante, who was about to help, was stunned.

Jeremiah promptly kicked away the two lackeys who were trying to grab Yvette. His kick was precise and sharp, breaking the two men's ribs. They fell to the ground wailing.

Jeremiah stood with both hands in his pockets, looking relaxed and indifferent.

Dante finally understood the situation. This couple were no ordinary people. It was clear from their ruthless attacks that they were trained fighters.

As for Mario and the other customers, they were dumbfounded by the skills Yvette and Jeremiah displayed. The couple exchanged glances and knowing smiles, and Yvette's lips curled into a mischievous grin. Hendrick clutched his injured head and roared like an enraged lion, "Get them! Kill them both and don't let them live!"

Dante joined the fight without hesitation. Yvette grabbed a lackey who tried to sneak up on her and slammed his head against the wall repeatedly. Only when his blood flowed and his skull was about to crack open did she slowly let go.

The lackey in her grip collapsed to the floor like a rag. Hendrick who was certain of victory, was stunned by the barely noticeable wicked smile on Yvette's face.

How could there be a woman in this world who could smile while being so ruthless? Everyone there saw what Yvette did except for Jeremiah, who merely glanced over indifferently and continued dealing with the Union Gang members as if nothing unusual happened.

As for Dante who came forward to help and the few members from Pentagon Gang who were forced to start attacking, they could only stand there dumbfounded. Where the hell did this terrifying female grim reaper come from?

When Dante was distracted, a man from Union Gang swung a knife at his back. The blade was about to hit him and would certainly cause serious harm even if it didn't kill him.

But, in an instant, the lackey who tried to ambush him fell to the ground stiffly with a tiny silver needle stuck between his brows. Yvette slowly glanced at Dante who was still somewhat in shock.

Her delicate eyebrows hung low, and there was a wicked chill in her eyes. Dante was momentarily dazed by her gaze and

Chapter 352-

quickly snapped back to reality.

Ten minutes later, Yvette and Jeremiah stood amid the crowd with the Union Gang members at their feet.

Hendrick, whose head was bleeding from being hit with the stoc, was also forced to kneel by Dante and his group. The other customers fled as soon as the door opened.

Only now did the arrogant Hendrick felt fear. Mario poured a glass of water and handed it to Yvette and Jeremiah while trying to steady his nerves, "Here, have some water."

He was still shocked recalling what had just happened. These two people single-handedly took down 20 to 30 Union Gang members.

He had seen plenty of fights in the southern region over the years, but this was the first time he had seen a woman fight so fiercely.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 553[1,237 words]

Chapter 553

Yvette took the glass and politely nodded to Mario. "Thank you

Her gentle demeanor made Mario's hands tremble, and he quickly waved his hand nervously. "It's nothing, really," he replied respectfully

Mario glanced at Hendrick who was kneeling on the ground and at Dante and his crew. He sighed. With how things had escalated between Dante and Union Gang, it seemed like today would not end well.

Even if Dante killed Hendrick today, there was no way to hide it. If the people from Union Gang found out, how could they possibly let Dante and his crew go? There was also this mysterious couple.

Kneeling on the ground, Hendrick threatened Yvette and Jeremiah. "You'd better let me go. If our leader finds out, you're doomed. Even the Goodman family and the Seventy-Two Chambers don't dare mess with us. You're digging your own grave.

Hendrick was terrified, so his only option was to bring up the Goodman family to intimidate them.

Yvette raised an eyebrow. Her eyes were cold and her voice was chilling as she asked, "The Goodman family and even the Seventy-Two Chambers are afraid of you guys? Do they know about this?"

As she spoke, Jeremiah walked up to Hendrick and casually crushed his hand underfoot.

Hendrick's fingers were broken one by one, and he let out a blood-curdling scream.

It sent shivers down Dante and his friends' spines, and the way they looked at Jeremiah instantly changed.

Jeremiah calmly returned to Yvette's side, narrowing his eyes as he said indifferently, "They're all broken"

Yvette lifted her gaze and sneered as she looked at Hendrick, who was dripping with cold sweat. "Not bad," she said softly and slowly.

Dante and the others clearly heard Yvette and Jeremiah's conversation.

Hendrick was in excruciating pain. His eyes filled with desperation when he heard them and he began to plead for mercy. "Let me go. I can pretend today never happened. Our Union Gang won't trouble you. I swear." Seeing that threats weren't working, Hendrick opted for a softer approach, hoping to leave first and seek revenge later.

Yvette smirked, put her hands in her pockets, and tilted her head. Hendrick's words sounded awfully familiar, she had heard them multiple times over the years. They were so clichéd and unoriginal. Did she seem like the type who would believe that?

She raised her delicate brows, looking wild and arrogant like a rebel. "Union Gang? What's that?"

Hendrick's face flushed with anger. Their gang was widely known in the southern region, so what was this woman trying to pull? He did not believe there was anyone in the region who did not know their gang.

Dante stepped forward when he heard Yvette's question. Looking at her seriously, he replied, "Sir, Miss, Union Gang is the second most powerful gang in the southern region. They make a living from protection fees, drug dealing, and trafficking Women

"Lately, the entire underworld of Mysonna has been in chaos and Union Gang is trying to expand their territory by stirring up trouble everywhere. These people have no code of honor and commit all sorts of atrocities. Miss, you can't simply trust what Hendrick says." Dante explained the the gang's background and the chaos in the southern region because he was betting that the man and

Chapter 354

woman in front of him were not ordinary people.

Maybe they were people he could never match up to. Maybe these noble and wealthy figures could bring him unexpected gains. Dante was taking a gamble.

Although he wasn't sure if he was right or not, life itself was a gamble. If he won, it would be a bright road ahead. If he lost, it would be a plunge into the abyss. Either way, he was game.

Mario remained silent. Seeing the ambition in Dante's eyes, he understood what Dante was thinking. He glanced again at Yvette and Jeremiah as he wondered. 'Are they really people Dante can latch on to?'

When Hendrick heard Dante, he immediately started cursing, "Tuck yout. You're setting me up! I'm telling you, even if I die, your Pentagon Gang will always be a bunch of nobodies."

Dante glowered. He swung around and gave Hendrick a hard slap which made the corner of that man's mouth bleed.

Yvette watched Dante with interest. His gaze was determined and his ambitions were clear.

Her delicate face was cold, captivating, fierce, and wild. Looking at Dante, she slowly asked, "Do you want to be the leader of the southern region?"

Jeremiah glanced at Yvette and understood her intention. He remained composed. Yvette could do whatever she wanted. If she wanted someone to be in charge of a mere southern region, then so be it. Dante was stunned. He looked at Yvette in confusion, wondering what her question meant.

Everyone who came from the slums and hustled in the underworld wanted to be the leader of the southern region and become an important figure. However, no one had managed to reach that position for years.

There were many small gangs in the southern region, but none of them had made a name for themselves in the real underworld scene.

Even when the Goodman family unified the underworld gangs, they only incorporated the legitimate ones and did not care about the unruly and unorganized smaller ones. Because of this, they never intervened in the southern region's affairs.

It wasn't that the Goodman family did not dare deal with Union Gang. The family simply disdained the small gangs in the southern region, which gave Union Gang the opportunity to cause trouble during a lapse.

Dante was silent for a few seconds. He did not answer right away; but, when he looked up again, his gaze was even more determined than before.

"Yes, Miss, I want to become the leader of the southern region." Dante spoke with utmost seriousness, his words firm and deliberate.

Yvette casually tucked her hands in her pockets, and a mischievous smile tugged at her lips. Her eyes were exquisite, but there was no warmth in them.

With a cold voice, she said, "What if I make you the leader of the southern region? What will you do?

Hendrick, who was kneeling on the ground, looked stunned. He started to wonder if Yvette was crazy.

He couldn't help but taunt, "Are you guys daydreaming? A poor kid from the slums wants to be the leader of the southern region? And you and your boyfriend... Stop thinking you're capable enough to say such things. Dream on!"

Not only Hendrick, the people from Pentagon Gang thought the same. 'Does this woman really think that being good at fighting automatically makes you the leader of the southern region?"

Truth be told, becoming the leader of the southern region was difficult. Dante realized he was being unrealistic; but since a girl dared to ask, why would he not dare answer?

Chapter 353

Jeremiah tilted his head his blue eyes deep. "He's very suitable, he said calmly.

Considering how Dante jumped into the fight without hesitation, it was clear he was a decent person, Yvette nodded in agreement.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, she wordlessly pulled out her phone and pressed a few buttons at random. A call went through.

No one knew what to say. Yvette only said, "Come to the souther region, then hung up.

Not a single word was revealed regarding who was coming there.

After the call, Yvette turned and sat on the only blue plastic stool that was still intact. Jeremiah stood tall and poised beside her in a protective stance.

In the following moments, Dante seriously answered every question.

Yvette questioned him about his plans once he became the leader of the southern region.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 554[1,268 words]

Chapter 554

big shots.

After half an hour, Dante had poured out all his thoughts about the southern region's underworld gang. Feeling somewhat uneasy after his confession, he realized Yvette was more intimidating than any influential gangster he'd met before since he'd met his fair share of It wasn't a surface-level hardness but a chilling nonchalance. Yvette seemed like a woman who could end a life with a smile. Dante had never encountered such a person before. He stood there, waiting respectfully for Yvette to speak. Yvette sat with her legs crossed, her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly as she flicked a strand of hair behind her ear. Her tone was indifferent as she casually said only two words. Your background." Hendrick, kneeling on the ground with a broken hand, spat and neered, "That Dante is nothing but trash. A low-life from the slums. His mother abandoned him at birth, and his drug-addicted father, who also had a mistress, died years ago." Hendrick added. "He grew up in a dump and now he thinks he can rule the southern region? What a joke. Who does he think he is?"

Hendrick's words pierced Dante's heart like a knife. Dante's expression shifted immediately into one of both grimness and embarrassment. His humble beginnings were a constant source of shame he couldn't escape.

If it weren't for his utterly humble beginnings, Pentagon Gang wouldn't have missed out on their chance to rise.

Hendrick seemed to have given up now, starting to act recklessly, provocatively staring at Yvette and Jeremiah from a distance.

The next second, Yvette casually strolled over to Hendrick, hands in pockets, a slight smirk playing on her lips. "Who told you that trash from the slums can't rule the southern region?" she drawled.

Yvette's gaze held Hendrick captive, leaving him speechless. With a swift kick, she sent him sprawling, and a bone-crunching sound filled the air. After a blood-curdling yell, Hendrick lay motionless, his ribs broken under the forceful impact Dante had thought Yvette would dismiss him for being from the slums. But when Yvette stood up for him, Dante felt a sense of relief. His clenched fists loosened gradually. He was determined to prove that his past didn't dictate his future. Jeremiah's gaze was fixed on Yvette. When he saw her use the ancient combat power, he knew she was angry. Frowning, he wondered, 'What does a girl like her have to do with the slums? Perhaps it has something to do with her past. Mario watched as Hendrick lay motionless and beaten on the ground, having been assaulted by both Yvette and Jeremiah. He was about to say something when he hesitated. "Hendrick is one thing, but what about Union Gang? They're not to be trifled with, thought Mario.

Just as Mario had feared, a commotion and a bustling noise came from the entrance of the diner. Mario knew things had gone south and immediately tensed up, knowing that Union Gang had likely arrived after finding out what had happened.

Dante and the Pentagon Gang's members became extremely alen. Only Hendrick, lying half-dead on the ground, his eyes bloodshot, heard a familiar voice. Like a worthless lump, he suddenly roared, "Save me! Save me! I'm here!" As soon as he finished his plea, he fainted. Dante immediately turned to Yvette. With over 1000 gang members against them, a one-on-one fight was impossible. For now, they needed to escape with their lives. Anything else could wait.

Dante's face was grim. "Ms. Zeller, let's leave through the back door. The Union Gang must have arrived. Your men haven't shown up yet!"

He added, "Even if they did, with most of the southern region under the Union Gang's control, I doubt we'd stand a chance. Let's get out of here first."

89%

Chapter 554

Dante didn't get where he was today by brute force alone. If that was all it took, he'd have suffered a tragic death.

Taking off his apron. Mario urged, "Yes, you should all go now. Hendrick has to die. I can cover for you. Just get out of here."

Dante grabbed Mario's arm. "Come on, Mr. Cattaneo. Let's get out of here. I'll look after you. If the Union Gang sees Hendrick lying here dead, they won't believe any story you tell. absolutely refuse to leave you here alone."

As the heavy footsteps came closer, Pentagon Gang members grew more anxious. "We have to go, Dante!" his men urged.

"Yeah, Mr. Cattaneo, let's go together. We can't leave you here alone! It was clear that they all had a deep bond and a strong sense of loyalty. Even in this dire situation, they weren't willing to abandon Mario.

The tension was at its peak. Yvette's green eyes, as deep and still as a pond, seemed to pierce through the group. She casually ordered, "Sit down."

Her voice was so flat and cold, it sent a shiver down their spines, Yvette's two simple words instantly calmed the tense atmosphere.

Without a second thought, Dante sank into the nearest chair. Mario and the others quickly followed, all sitting up straight as if they were about to attend a formal meeting.

They exchanged glances. 'For once, we're actually on the same page, they thought to themselves.

Mario felt a bit embarrassed too. It was humiliating to be so taken aback by a young girl, especially at his age.

Yvette sat down leisurely, then slowly poured herself and Jeremiah a cup of coffee. She kept one cup for herself and pushed the other toward Jeremiah.

Jeremiah took a sip of his coffee, his expression impassive as always. "Have you made up your mind?"

Yvette lifted her gaze, twirling the cup in her hand with a mischievous glint in her eye. She gave Dante a lazy look while twirling her cup. "How about we go with him?" she said coolly.

The others were left completely baffled by the conversation. They seemed to grasp parts of the conversation but couldn't quite connect the dots

Dante felt like he'd been possessed too. 'Why am I listening to a woman I've only met once? No matter how capable she is, how could she possibly take on a gang as big as Union Gang?' he wondered..

For some reason, he believed in Yvette. It was a strange feeling, one he couldn't quite explain. However, he believed his gut feeling and chose to follow Yvette's advice, sitting quietly and waiting for Yvette to say something.

Dante and his men kept their eyes glued to the diner's entrance. As soon as the door swung open, they were prepared to immediately draw their weapons and fight. However, Yvette and Jeremiah sipped their coffee leisurely, unfazed by the growing threat. Just as the door was about to open, Dante and Mario, along with the others, felt their hearts leap into their throats.

The door, which was supposed to be opened, was suddenly slammed shut forcefully. Immediately after, they heard more footsteps, and the noise outside intensified. However, the footsteps they heard now were noticeably more uniform than before, indicating a high level of discipline.

Jeremiah quickly realized who Yvette called-she'd summoned the Seventy-Two Chambers of the Goodman family. These were ruthless mercenaries rumored to have ravaged Mysonna's underworld gang, and they were at Yvette's command. Jeremiah raised an eyebrow, his gaze narrowing. "When are you going to train me?" he asked casually, in an earnest manner,

Yvette put down her water glass and looked at him impassively. She raised an eyebrow and pursed her lips, slowly asking. "Aren't I training you every night? What, you think my training isn't intense enough?"

WELI, DOG 2

Chapter 35

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A knowing smile graced Jeremiah's lips as he thought, 'She'd never lost in this regard. After a pause, he said, "I think we could push our training a bit further,"